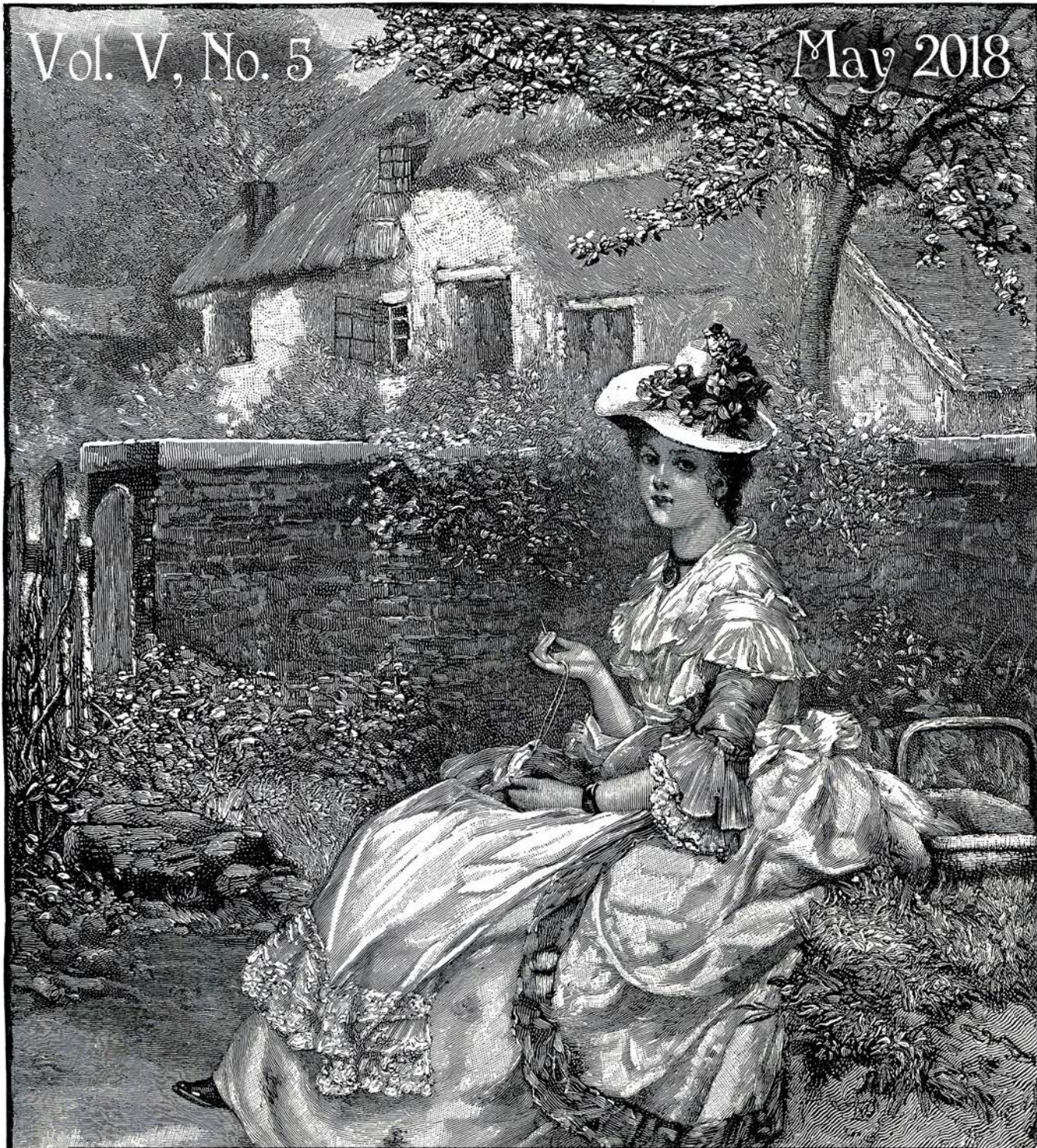


Victorian Times

Vol. V, No. 5

May 2018

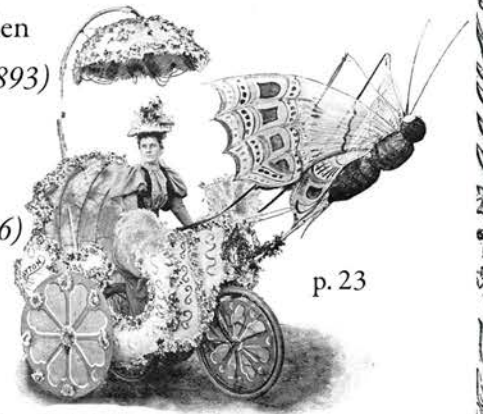


*Traveling in Style from London to Chicago • The Modern Servant
Confederate Make-Shifts • Aunt Mehitable's Letters from Washington
Amazing Decorated Bicycles • London's Home for Lost Dogs • Moorland Idylls
The May-Pole • Hints to Housekeepers • Fiction: "That Stout German"*

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

Confederate Life~Preservers

Thus far in *Victorian Times*, I've steered clear of articles relating to the Civil War. However, I couldn't resist including the piece on "Confederate Make-Shifts" that appears in this issue. Besides the fact that the substitutes found for everyday products are in themselves fascinating, the article also provides an interesting look at what we struggle to preserve when the world is falling apart around us. And what we struggle to preserve is, in many cases, the small things.

Hats, for example. A proper Victorian, male or female, does not venture out of doors without a hat. And so Confederate women became expert in plaiting their own straw, and even the husks of Indian corn, to ensure that no matter what else befell, they and their children would have hats. Dinner parties were another part of "normal" social life—and since sugar was scarce but milk was plentiful, one can perhaps thank the Civil War for making ice cream more popular. Clothing one must have, so one learns to knit and sew, turn seams, and make old garments "new" again. And it's interesting that today, you can buy as a novelty what was then known as the "Confederate candle"—a single long length of wax over wick that was wound into a ball, placed on a stand, and unwound as it was burned.

Some of the items that Southern ladies learned to make substitutes for are clearly vital—matches, for instance, and medicines, and even paper. (An article on the siege of Vicksburg reports that newspapers often resorted to printing their issues on wallpaper!) Some might seem, to us, more trivial—such as, again, hats, or dyes for cloth. But what these ladies were fighting to preserve was not their clothing, but a way of life—the Victorian way of life, if you will. These weren't just make-shifts; they were way-of-life-preservers. For example, one of the greatest Southern needs was for black dye. In a world that was falling apart, no proper Victorian lady would have considered for a moment the option of not dyeing her clothing black for the requisite year of full mourning. The great need for black dye tells us how many Victorian ladies were doing just that.

One might be tempted to ask if the world would really have come to an end if one couldn't have a straw hat or something vaguely approximating a cup of coffee. But that overwhelming need for black dye is a reminder that, for these women, the *world* had already come to an end. The big things in life, the truly important things, had changed forever, beyond repair. From these changes would emerge the new Victorian woman, the woman who discovered the strength to handle the household, the farm, the finances, perhaps even the family business, all on her own. But that woman did so by clinging to the small things, the things that suddenly matter so much more than we ever imagine when the rest of the world is changing around us.

If you've ever lived in another country, where perhaps your favorite foods or products are hard to come by, you'll know just how much the small things can mean. Sometimes it's easier to face disaster—because you have no choice—than to face another morning without a cup of coffee. It's not as trivial as it sounds. And throughout every crisis that people face, people triumph over the great disasters by finding makeshift ways to deal with the small things that keep their way of life intact even as the larger world is turning itself upside down.

Reading an article like this (and its counterparts about "the home front" in more recent conflicts), I can't help but wonder how we would face similar troubles today. I have no doubt that, when trouble arises, human nature will continue to arise to meet it. But what, I wonder, will we struggle to preserve as part of our "way of life" today? Will we cling to our cell phones, our apps, our music, and our Facebook pages? Would life go on if we couldn't meet the day with the latest Twitter feed? Or would we find ourselves more bereft than a Victorian lady at the height of the Civil War? For while it's possible to substitute a hat of cornhusks for a silk bonnet, it's not possible to weave a cell phone out of straw.

I like to suppose that we'll figure out "what's really important"—without daring to try to suggest what, precisely, that is. However, if one writes poetry and then posts it on Facebook, I suspect that in the absence of Facebook, one will go on writing poetry. If one snaps endless photos of one's toddler and posts them on a parenting blog, I suspect one will go on rearing one's toddler as best one can, even if the blog has gone with the wind. And as for selfies and comments on the latest political debacles, well, I'm sure we'll just emulate Scarlet O'Hara, and declare, with confidence...

"I'll tweet about it tomorrow!"

—Moira Allen, Editor
editors@victorianvoices.net

From London to Chicago.

By JAMES MORTIMER.



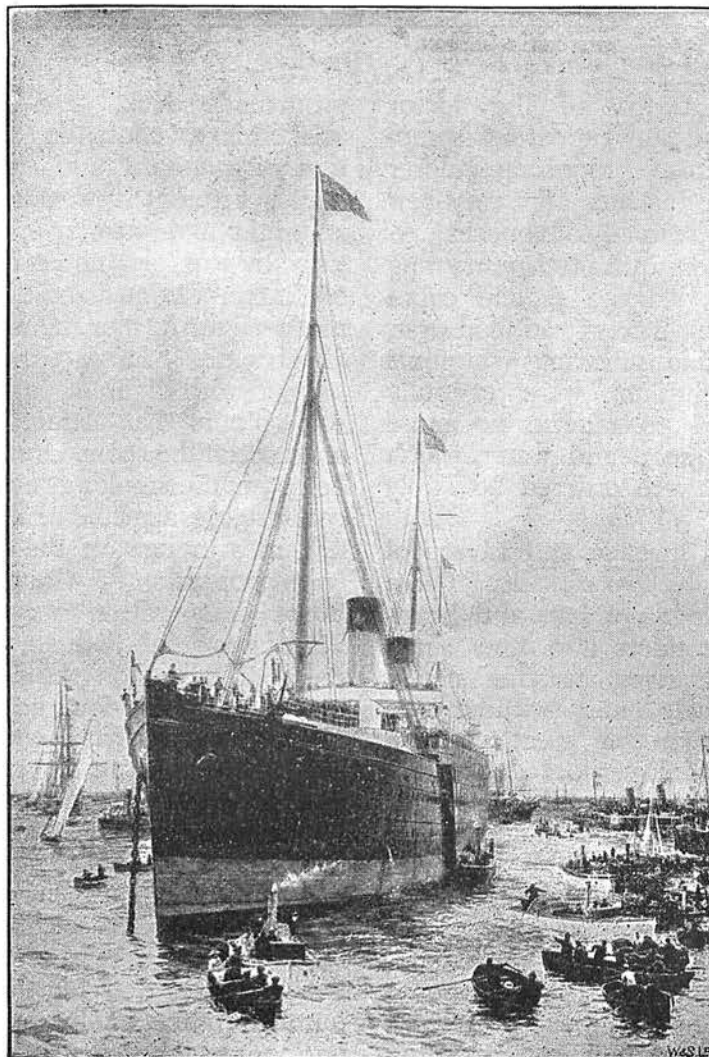
FROM the greatest capital of the Old World to the young giant city of the Western Hemisphere is now, comparatively speaking, only a step. The tourist may leave London, for example, on Wednesday or Saturday morning, and, with average fair weather, will cross the Atlantic in six or seven days from Liverpool. Arriving at New York in the morning, he will have ample time to take his place in a car the same day at noon, and, without any change of train, travel a thousand miles westward during the next twenty-four hours, finding himself the next day in Chicago, scarcely more than a week after his departure from London.

As a matter of fact, in this age of rapid locomotion on land, sea, and river, the voyage from England to America is an undertaking of scarcely more importance than a trip to Vienna, Rome, or St. Petersburg. It is certain that the last two or three decades have witnessed an astounding development of the means provided for transporting the travelling public with ease and comfort across the broad waters which roll between the Eastern and Western Hemispheres.

My last previous journey from Liverpool

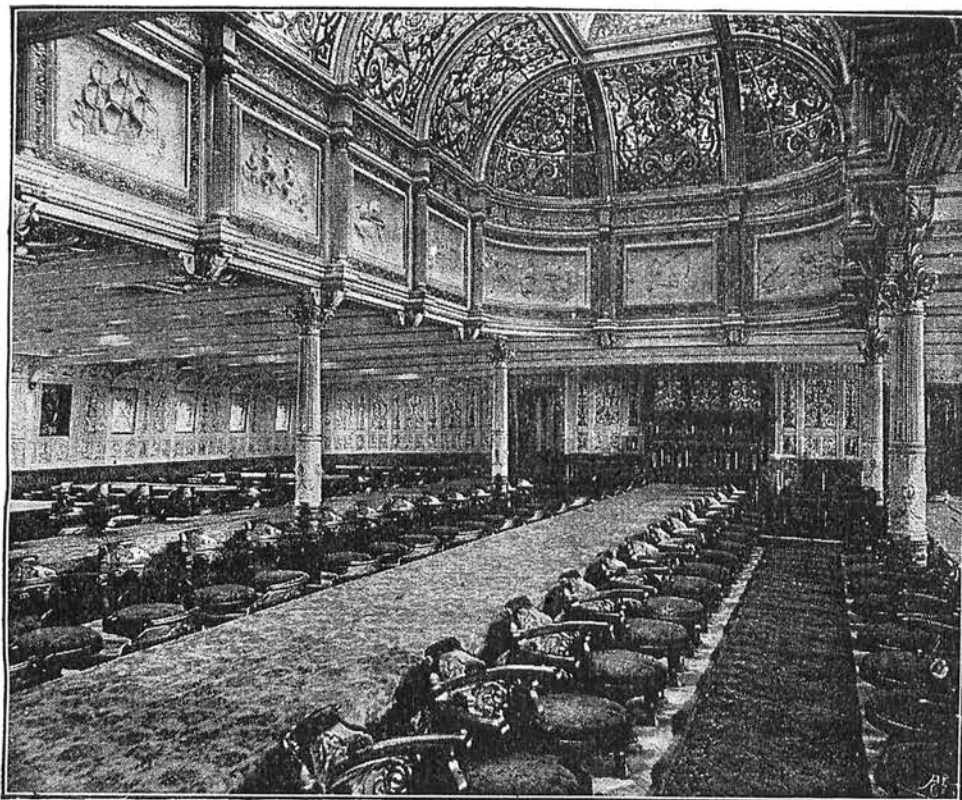
to New York was made in 1865, twenty-eight years ago; and the difference between one of the crack Atlantic steamers of that period and the splendidly-appointed modern steamship which recently carried me across the Atlantic seemed to me almost incredible. I do not propose here to institute a comparison which would offer to the reader only a retrospective interest. Suffice it to say that the advantages of the change which has taken place in ocean steam navigation during the past thirty years rest entirely with the improved methods employed at the present day for increasing the rapidity, the security, and the luxury of modern travel.

Through the courtesy of the "White Star" authorities at Liverpool, my companion and myself were permitted to go on board the *Majestic* some hours before the time appointed to receive the saloon passengers, and were thus enabled to witness the embarkation of nearly a thousand emigrants, on their way to America. Of these a large majority were Scandinavians, mostly Swedes, the remainder being of different European nationalities, including a relatively small proportion of English. We stood at the surgeon's elbow as these sturdy passengers filed past and were subjected to the usual rapid exa-



THE "MAJESTIC."

From a Painting by W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A.



From a]

THE GRAND SALOON.

[Photograph.

mination, the vigilant eye of the doctor immediately detecting any apparent symptoms of unhealthiness requiring closer scrutiny, which in the instance of a very few amongst the number seemed to be necessary. These were detained until the remaining emigrants, together with the second cabin passengers and the ship's crew, had filed past, after which the suspicious-looking symptoms of two or three children were carefully examined and found to require no more serious remedy than soap and water, which the anxious parents were ordered to apply without delay.

All the passengers, luggage, and Liverpool mails were on board by two o'clock. There was the customary waving of hats and handkerchiefs, from the tenders and other small craft in the broad river, as the stately *Majestic* glided slowly, and without the slightest vibration from her great engines, past the long vista of Liverpool docks and warehouses, on her voyage towards the shores of the Western World. The total number of souls on board, passengers and crew, was 1,415. When we were fairly under way, the first cabin passengers were summoned by sound of trumpet to luncheon in the saloon, which is in reality a spacious banquet-room over 60ft. long and nearly as wide. On all sides of this magnificent hall, and adorning the immense canopy which covers it, is a sea

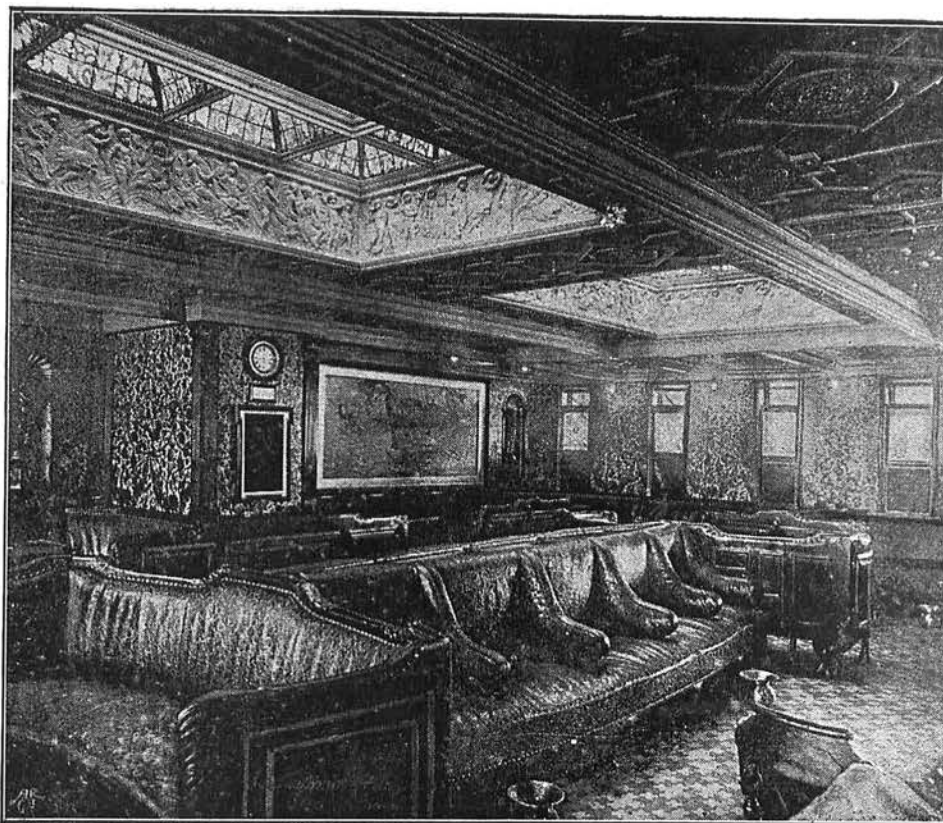
of ivory and gold, crowned with a dome of elegant ornamental panels. The remaining ornamentation is a profusion of tritons, nymphs, and, as Sam Weller would put it, "fabberlous animals of that sort," whilst the light of numberless electric lamps flashes across the ceiling at nightfall. The fore and aft ends of the saloon are decorated with fine specimens of carved oak, and the couches and seats are luxuriously upholstered.

Adjoining the main entrance of the saloon, on the

promenade deck, is a large and comfortable library, containing an excellent collection of standard and contemporary books. This apartment is panelled in light oak, and is bright and attractive, being lined at the sides by windows covered with glass shutters of Italian design, admitting a subdued and mellow light, further augmented by the stained-glass dome. Large panels artistically ornamented with different tapestries, relieved by soft colours that attract the eye, add to the elegance of the room. Further aft, on the deck below, is the smoking-room, one of the most comfortable apartments of the ship, and the favourite lounge of the male passengers, a large proportion of whom whiled away many hours daily within its pleasant precincts. Here was nightly held the auction sale of the pool, based on the figures of the ship's run each twenty-four hours—a mild species of speculation which appeared to meet with general leniency, even amongst those who took no part in it.

Our first day's log from Queenstown, whose harbour we left about two o'clock in the afternoon of Thursday, announced 480 miles, and these figures, posted at noon on the following day, were the foundation of a very lively competition for the possession of the numbers immediately approaching or exceeding 500, which it was expected would be the sea-mileage of the *Majestic* during the next

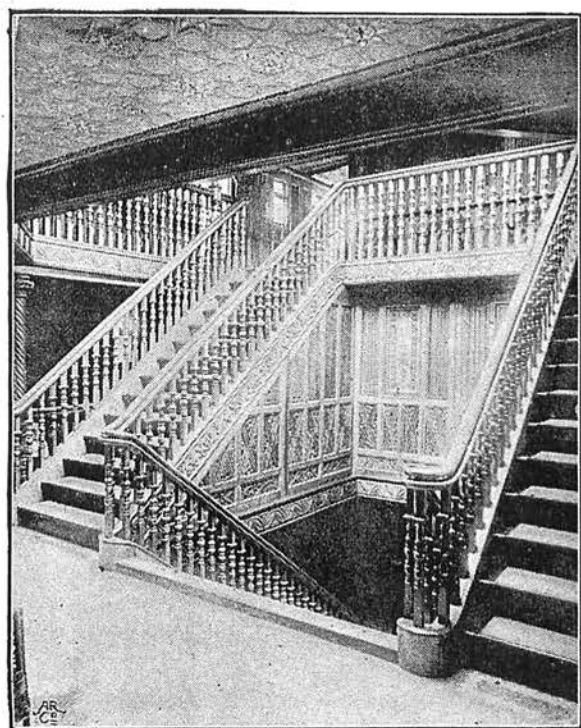
twenty-four hours, should she be favoured with tolerably fair weather. The sequel proved the prognostications of those who pinned their faith to daily runs of about 500 miles to be correct, the distances accomplished during the next four days being successively: 508 knots* on Saturday, 502 knots on Sunday, 509 knots on Monday, 501 knots on Tuesday, and the remaining distance of 336 knots to Sandy Hook was accomplished before daylight on Wednesday morning — a fine passage for the time of year, though it must be admitted that few voyages across the Atlantic in the early spring have been



From a

THE SMOKING-ROOM.

[Photograph.]



THE GRAND STAIRCASE.
From a Photograph.

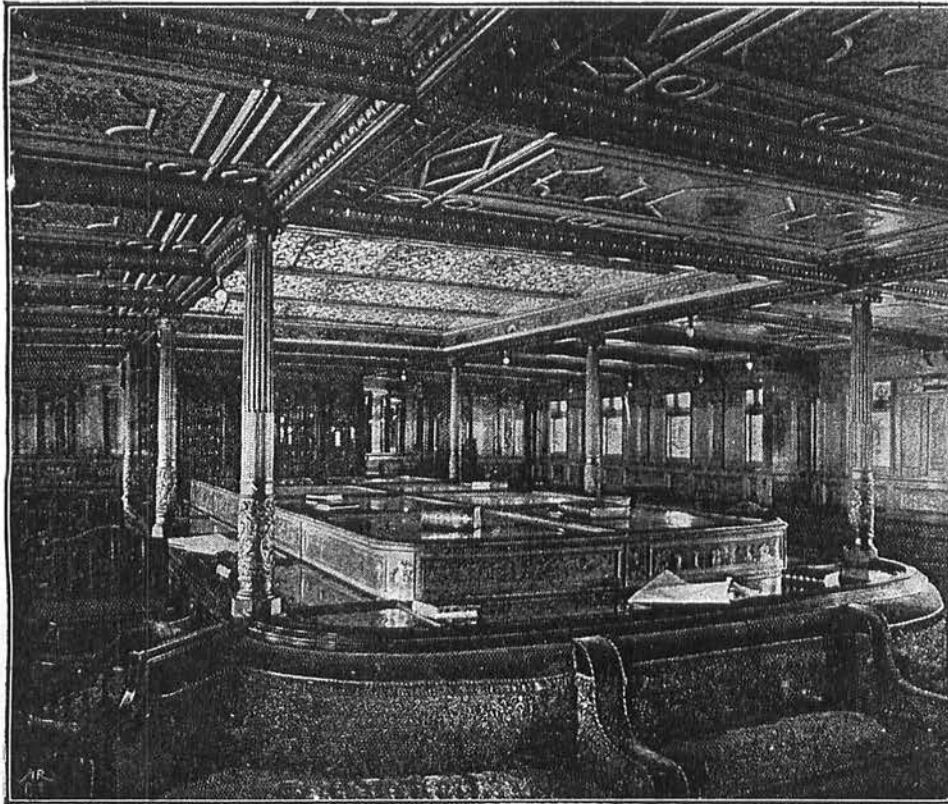
favoured with such magnificent weather as we enjoyed from first to last of our six

* Equal to 585 statute miles.

days' trip from land to land. The *Majestic* has previously made a voyage westward, in July, 1891, in five days and eighteen hours, whilst her sister ship of the "White Star Line," the *Teutonic*, in August of the same year, made the run in five days and sixteen hours.

Any description of the *Majestic*, however cursory, would be incomplete without some details concerning the really exceptional accommodation provided for all the passengers, including even those in the steerage, where a large number of the poorer class of travellers are, in every way, better treated than is usually the lot of the poor European emigrant. In common with all other parts of this fine ship, the steerage is lighted throughout by electricity, and there is plenty of space on the *Majestic*, without overcrowding or incommoding, for about a thousand passengers of this class. The married people have their own separate quarters, with separate entrances and dormitories, baths for the women and children, and a smoking-room for the men, together with a large pantry provided with a constant supply of hot and cold water and other comforts.

For daily exercise and recreation the entire upper deck is reserved for the exclusive use of the steerage passengers; and along each side, under the bulwarks, runs a sheltered bench, where they can sit in comfort. In other



From a]

THE LIBRARY

[Photograph

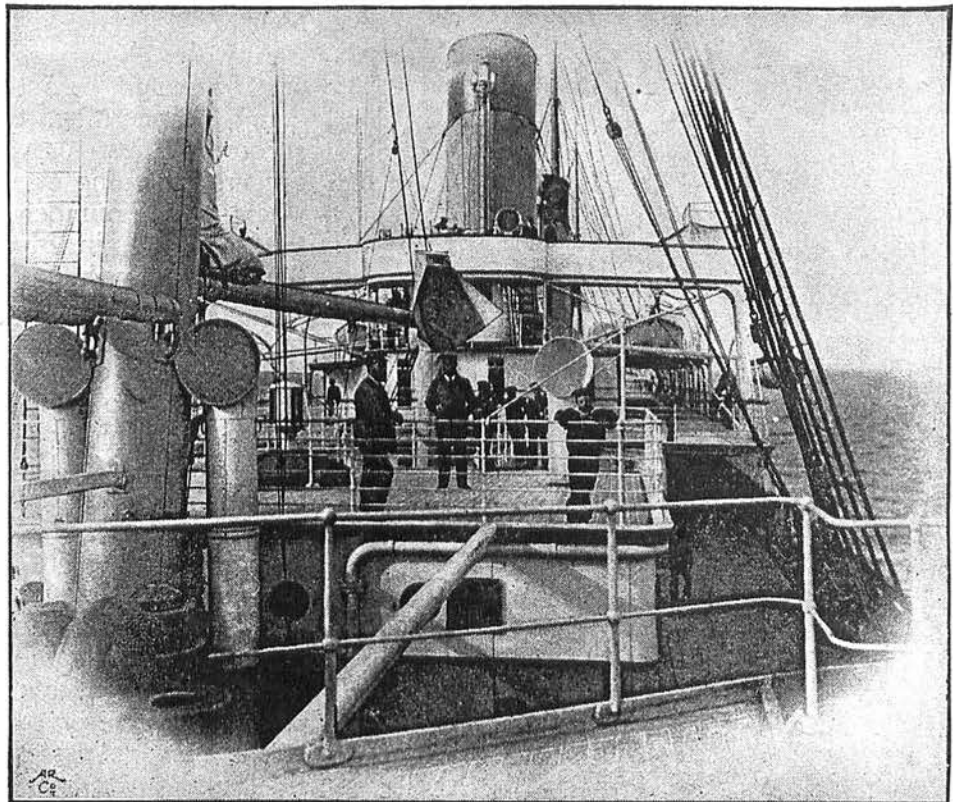
terms, they have provided for them over a sixth of a mile of covered and sheltered deck space. Single passengers, male and female, are isolated in quarters at either end of the ship. An ample provision of electric lamps (by which, indeed, the whole ship is lighted), perfect ventilation, and an elaborate system of lavatories, complete the list of substantial comforts enjoyed by the humblest of the *Majestic's* passengers.

The second-class department of the ship is capable of accommodating one hundred and seventy passengers. The second cabin dining saloon is on the upper deck, and there is also a smoking and reading room on the deck. The sleeping arrangements for these passengers are

course, furnished with quarters infinitely better than has ever previously been known in the history of Atlantic navigation; whilst the lucky few whose means permit them to indulge in the extra grandeur of special state-

in every way superior to the first-class accommodation of the steamships which carried the Atlantic traffic of a quarter of a century ago. The second-class passengers of the *Majestic* have an ample promenade deck devoted exclusively to their use, and are also provided with bath-rooms and other comforts, which in former years would have been considered unheard-of luxuries.

As regards the first-class passengers, all are, of



From a]

PROMENADE DECK AND BRIDGE.

[Photograph.

rooms find themselves as pleasantly and as sumptuously housed as they would be in the best hotels of either continent.

The *Majestic* and the *Teutonic* belong to the Naval Reserve of Great Britain, and in the event of war both these magnificent vessels would undoubtedly render inestimable services to the Government. The circumstances under which these twin steamships became included in the British Navy are simple enough.

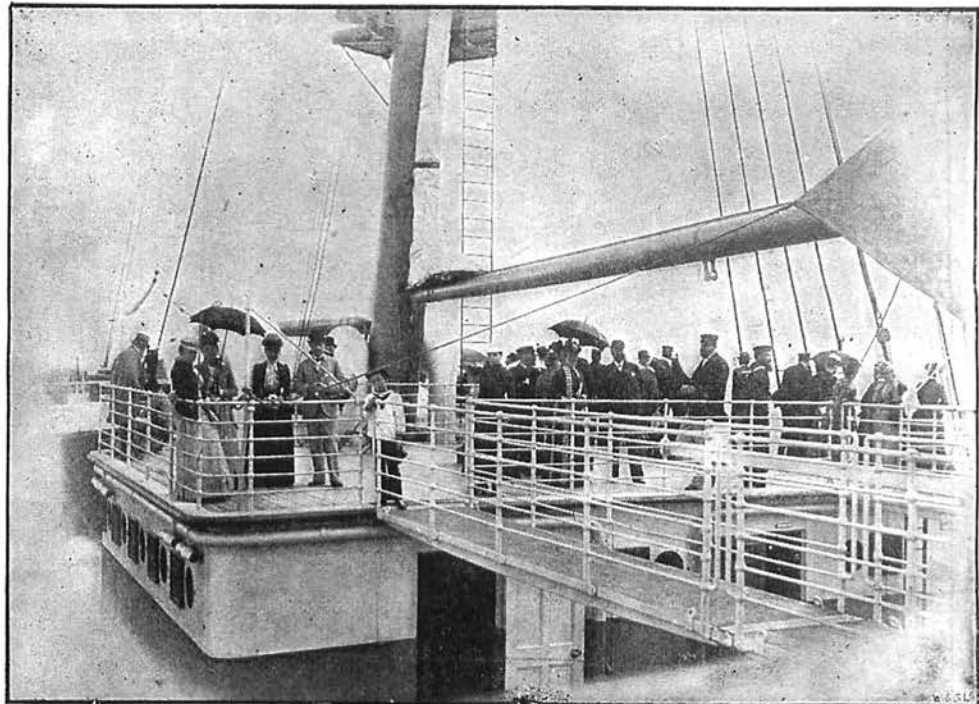
Mr. Ismay, founder and chairman of the White Star Line, having been long convinced of the necessity of applying Napoleon's theory of army supplies to our diffusive commerce, eventually submitted his views to the Government, offering to realize the practical demonstration of the idea with two ocean steamers to be constructed nearly on the same lines as the *Teutonic* and *Majestic*. Though the offer was at first declined, the Admiralty was induced some years later to reconsider it, and ultimately Mr. Ismay's proposition was accepted. The *Teutonic* was then constructed without delay, and the *Majestic*, her sister ship, similar in every respect, was built a few months later.

The value of these vessels as troopships will be readily understood from the following facts. The *Teutonic* or the *Majestic* could provide accommodation for one thousand cavalry or two thousand infantry, and could, if required, reach Canada in five days, or Cape Town in twelve and a half days. Through the Suez Canal, they could land troops at Bombay in fourteen days, at Calcutta in seventeen and a half days, at Hong Kong in twenty-one and a half days, and at Sydney in twenty-two days.

The coal supply of either ship is sufficient for seventeen days' steaming at full speed, or for three months' cruising at half speed. The immense amount of attention which the *Teutonic* received from all classes

of experts during the Naval Inspection in 1889 sufficiently establishes her great importance. The German Emperor, well informed as to what deserved examination, devoted himself principally to the *Teutonic*, of all the powerful war vessels then assembled in the Solent. She was at that time commanded by Captain Henry Parsell, himself an officer of the Royal Navy on the reserve list, and now in command of the *Majestic*, the flag-ship of the White Star Line. Captain Parsell is as good a specimen of the British sailor as one would wish to meet. That his ship is managed with an eye to the strict performance of his duty to his owners, and at the same time with every regard to the comfort and enjoyment of all who intrust themselves to his care, many hundreds who have had the good fortune to cross the Atlantic under his vigilant charge and agreeable companionship will eagerly testify.

In fact, Captain Parsell is one of the most popular sea officers afloat, and whether on the bridge of his ship, or amongst the passengers in the saloon, he is distinctly the right man in the right place. I should not, however, advise anyone taking passage in the *Majestic* to ask Captain Parsell superfluous questions, a sample list of which was thoughtfully supplied to me, probably with the benevolent view of maintaining cordial relations between the worthy captain and myself during the voyage. I quote a few of these doubtful queries, with a view to placing such of my readers as intend to cross



[From a.]

DECK VIEW—FORWARD.

[Photograph.]

the Atlantic on their guard against what may be technically described as "putting their foot in it":—

"Do you remember my aunt, who crossed with you in 1889?"

"What time do you get up in the morning?"

"How much does your uniform cost?"

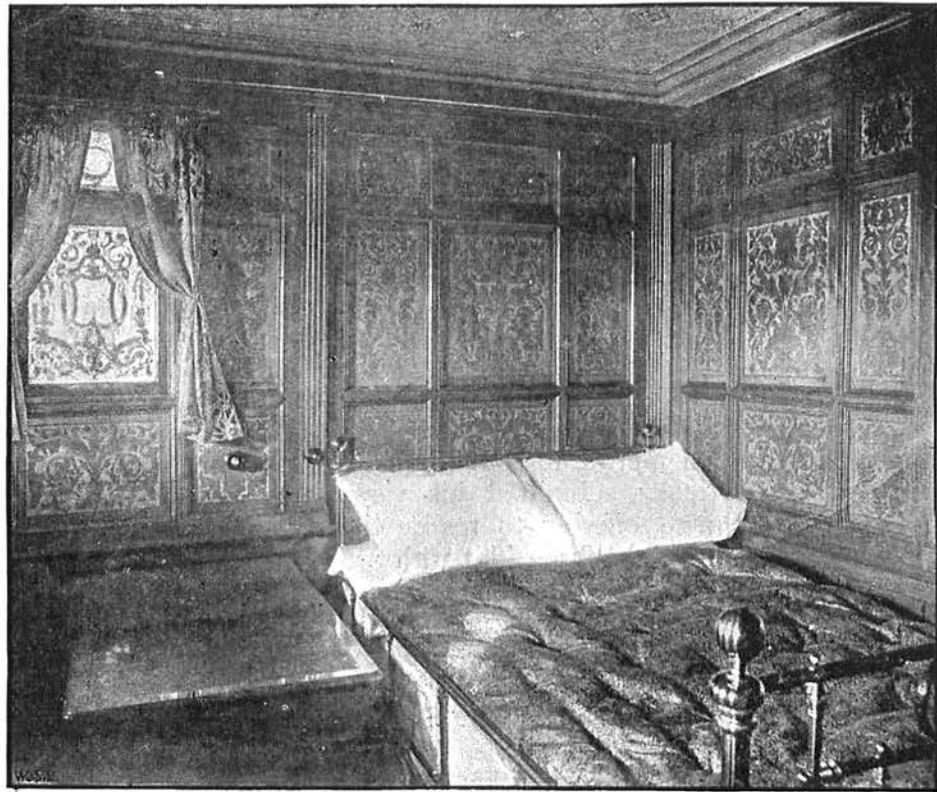
"What kind of oil do you pour on the waves in storm—cod-liver, olive, or linseed?"

"Have you ever been to Chicago?"

"What line of business were you in before you became a captain?"

"Are you acquainted with John Smith, of London?"

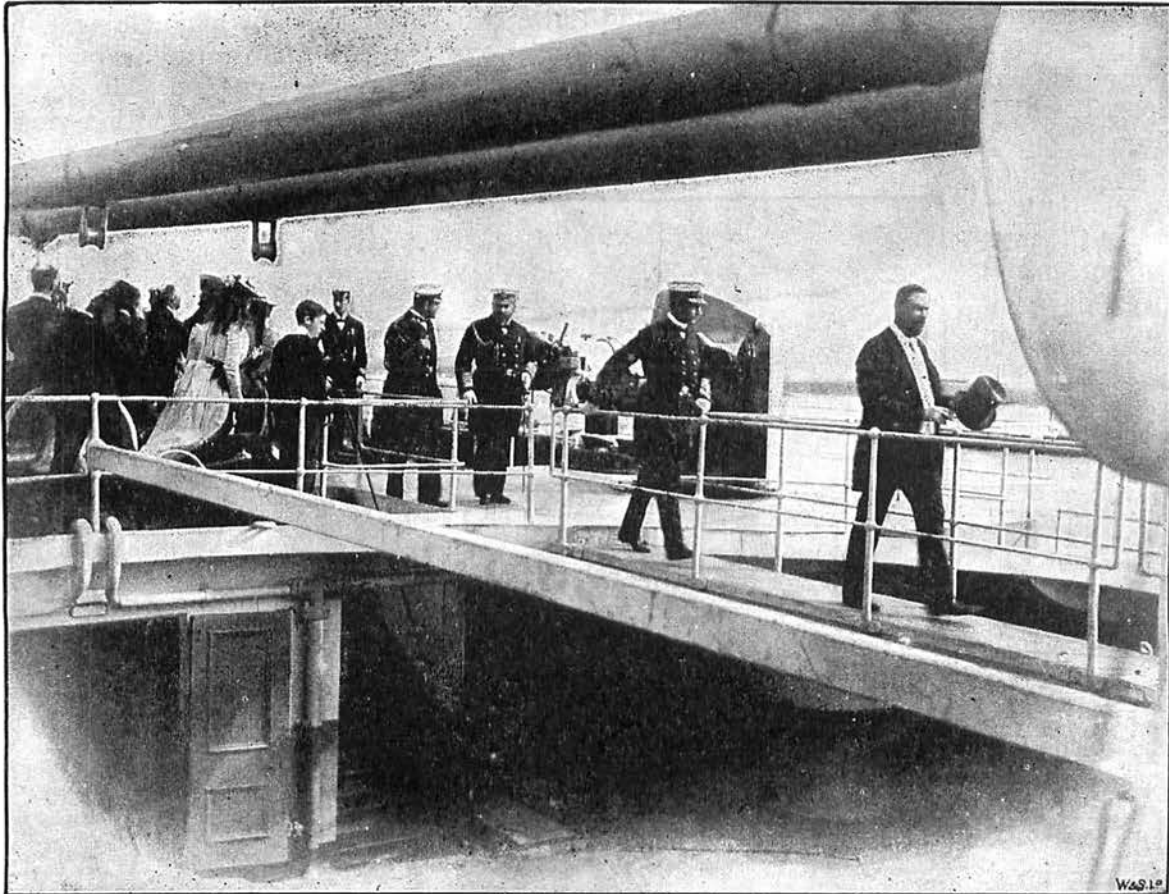
"Do you know a good shirtmaker in Piccadilly?"



From a

STATE-ROOM

[Photograph.



From a

VISIT OF THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY AND THE PRINCE OF WALES TO THE "TEUTONIC."

[Photograph.



From a

THE PRINCE OF WALES BOARDING THE "TEUTONIC."

[Photograph.

"Were you ever drowned?"

"When you go to sea, don't your friends at home miss you dreadfully?"

And a few others, which I leave to the imagination of inquisitive people.

Our voyage from first to last was so delightful that, if I interpret the feelings of others by my own, every passenger on board was sorry when it came to an end. The only approach to a *contretemps* during the entire trip occurred one evening in mid-Atlantic, in the heat of the auction sale in the smoking-room to which I have previously alluded. The proceedings on this occasion were partially interrupted by a somewhat hilarious young gentleman, who donned a false nose and proceeded to treat the company to a song, not having been invited to contribute to the general entertainment by any vocal effort whatever.

After several amicable attempts had been fruitlessly made to calm the musical ardour of this callow youth, he was, as a last resort, incontinently ejected from the room, accompanied by a chorus of threats of future punishment, deferred only for a brief period, until the serious labours of the pool committee should be completed. In fact, later

in the evening a sort of drumhead court-martial was held on deck, the speedy result of which was a verdict of guilty and a sentence by which the members of the court



MR. ISMAY.
From a Photograph.

unanimously adjudged that the offending vocalist should be immediately thrown overboard.

I have little doubt that this edict would have been promptly carried into effect but for the interposition of a passenger, who chanced to be a room-mate of the culprit. This gentleman, presuming to dissent from an eminently proper verdict, remarked that, although he had no personal acquaintance with the convicted person, yet, as he occupied a berth in the same room with himself, he felt bound on general principles to "stand by him."

The court, on hearing this audacious plea, was on the point of ordering a double execution, when it was discovered that the new offender was a Kentucky cowboy, very highly respected in virtue of the fact that he was reputed to carry about his person a 42 calibre revolver.

Under these special circumstances, the court graciously reconsidered its decision, and magnanimously proclaimed a general amnesty.

We reached New York without further incident of importance, and having spent a few pleasant weeks in the Empire City of America, our journey was resumed towards the great West.

At the foot of Desbrosses Street, on the Hudson River, we went on board one of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's ferry-boats, plying between the Jersey City station of that line and the terminus at either Desbrosses or Courtlandt Street, the latter about a mile lower down the river, near Bowling Green and the Battery. These boats are large and commodious, with handsomely-furnished upper saloons and broad decks, from which an excellent view of the busiest part of the Hudson River can be enjoyed.

The wide bow of the ferry-boat is quickly secured to the dock on the opposite side, and we walk along elevated passage-ways and under a wide-spreading arch, through the white glass of which the light gleams upon long lines of passenger-cars, made up into trains ready to start for widely different sections of the country. Our tickets entitle us to places in the "Pennsylvania, Limited," which is claimed to be the most perfect and luxurious railway train in the world.

A few minutes before twelve o'clock we are comfortably installed in our section of an admirably-appointed drawing-room and sleeping car, in which each division is represented by a space of about six feet by four, reserved for two passengers only. The car is much the same in appearance as the sleeping carriages of the American Pullman type now largely used on the principal English lines. But here the comparison with English railways ends. This "Pennsylvania, Limited," certainly possesses in its entirety no peer in the Old World, nor, so far as I am aware, is it equalled by any other special train in America.

Through an inclosed vestibule between each of the cars as they are cou-

pled together, the traveller may pass with ease and safety from one end of the train to the other. These vestibules are constructed of a strong steel framework, which serves as an additional safeguard against "telescoping," by which the greatest number of lives are lost in railway collisions. The car between the one we occupied and the dining-car, located further in the rear, is similar in appearance to our own, but in passing through it we observed one or two special features.

A coloured woman, in a neat blue serge



CAPTAIN HENRY PARSELL, R.N.R.
From a Photo. by Medrington, Liverpool.

frock, white apron, and snowy cap, is arranging a pillow for a lady, evidently an invalid, reclining upon a couch in a snug little separate drawing-room, the door of which is standing open at present, and reveals a cosy apartment, which, at the will of the occupant, may be entirely secluded from the remainder of the car. The coloured woman is the ladies'-maid of the train, and it is her business during the journey to make herself useful to the ladies and the children.

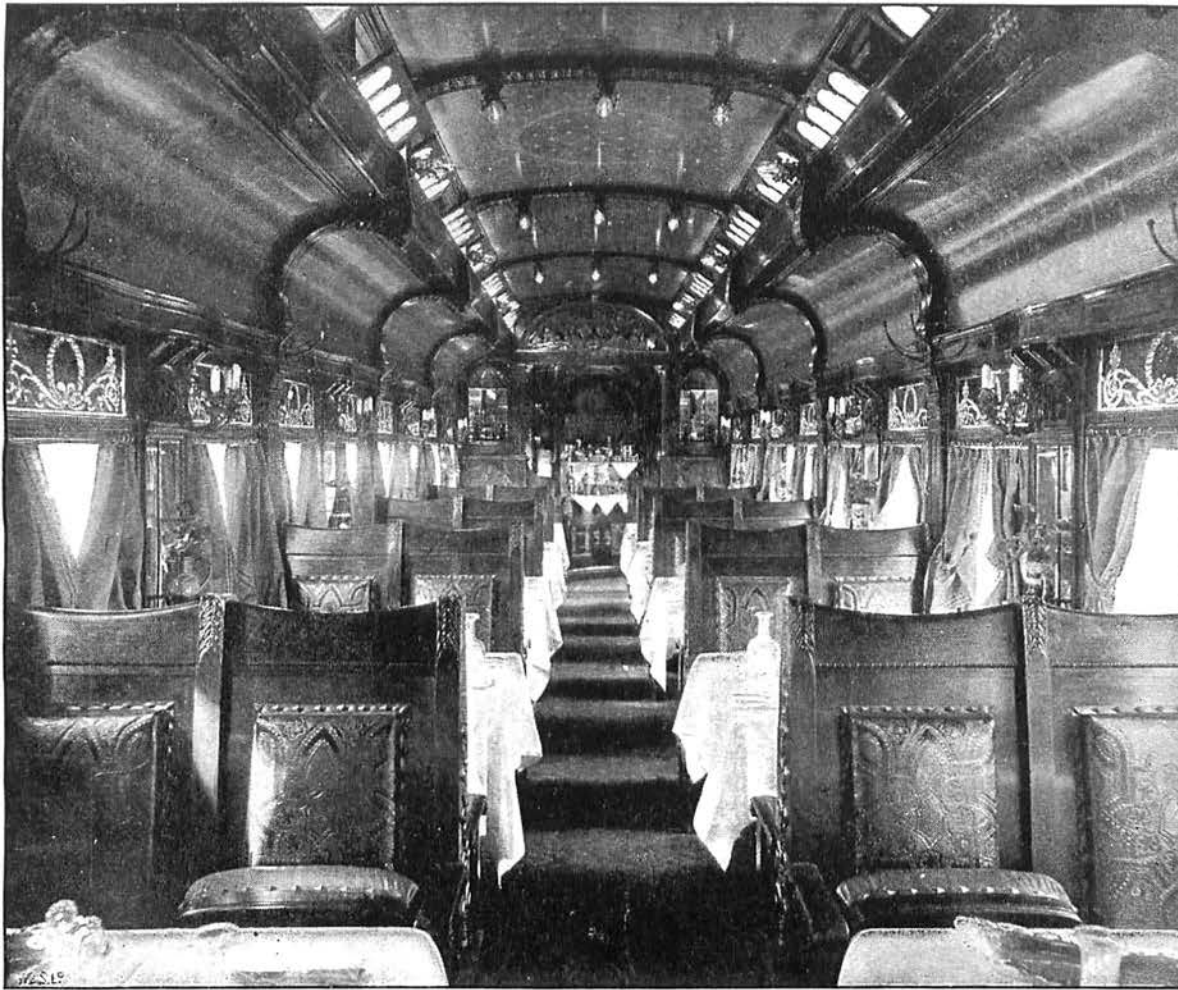
All the sleeping-cars are supplied with two state-rooms, such as I have above described, and the exclusive use of these may be obtained, for the entire journey of nearly one thousand miles, on the supplementary payment of a sovereign. In addition to the state-rooms, each car is divided into twelve sections, rendered entirely separate by means of draperies and curtains when the berths are made



up at night. Separate toilet-rooms are also provided, and one car has a fully-equipped bath-room for the use of ladies only.

Next to the rear sleeping-car is the dining-car, which is exclusively devoted to the purposes indicated by its name. The meals served in this perambulating restaurant, and, indeed, the restaurant and all its appointments (due proportions being observed), will compare favourably with similar accommodations in the best hotels. There is a sparkle of glassware, and polished silver reflecting snowy linen, a glint of china, frail and transparent as an egg-shell, a breath of fresh flowers, and an agreeable clicking of knives and forks.

White-coated and white-aproned coloured waiters move quickly to and fro with deftly-balanced trays of smoking viands, and when the conductor of the dining-car has provided us with a seat, one of these darky waiters places a napkin and a menu before us. We give our order from an ample bill of fare, and while



From a)

DINING CAR, "PENNSYLVANIA, LIMITED."

[Photograph.

the meal is being freshly prepared in the kitchen, which occupies about one-third of the car, completely separated from the dining saloon, we may take off the edge of our appetite with an abundance of the fruits that happen to be in season, glancing now and then out of the broad windows at the country through which we are travelling smoothly at the rate of about fifty miles an hour. The meals on this train, it may be useful to mention, are supplied at the rate of one dollar, or about four shillings for each person.

At the extreme rear of the train is placed what is called the "observation car," one of the latest and most attractive additions to this special service. This car is in reality a handsome sitting-room, with glass sides, and furnished with an abundance of wicker chairs and sofas. The rear platform is open at the end, and is large enough to seat fifteen persons, protected by the sides of the car and a strong steel railing. In fine weather a seat in this open observatory, in full view of the rapidly-passing landscape, is a thing to be enjoyed, and is particularly appreciated by ladies and children.

At the other end of the same car is fixed the desk of a stenographer and typewriter, employed by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. His services to passengers are rendered free of expense, and letters or telegrams may be dictated to him, which he transcribes and dispatches at the next stopping-place.

Forward of the sleepers is a smoking-car and library, containing lounges, couches, writing-desks, book-cases filled with standard and current literature, and tables supplied with the daily newspapers and the periodicals of the times. In a corner of this snug retreat, which to the male passengers serves temporarily all the purposes of a club, is a refreshment buffet, with which one may instantly communicate by means of an electric button always at hand. Beyond this is a barber's shop, through which is obtained entrance to the gentlemen's bath-room, and farther forward still is the passengers' luggage, carried from New York to Chicago without change, and delivered at the hotels immediately after the arrival of the train.

Whilst I have been writing this description

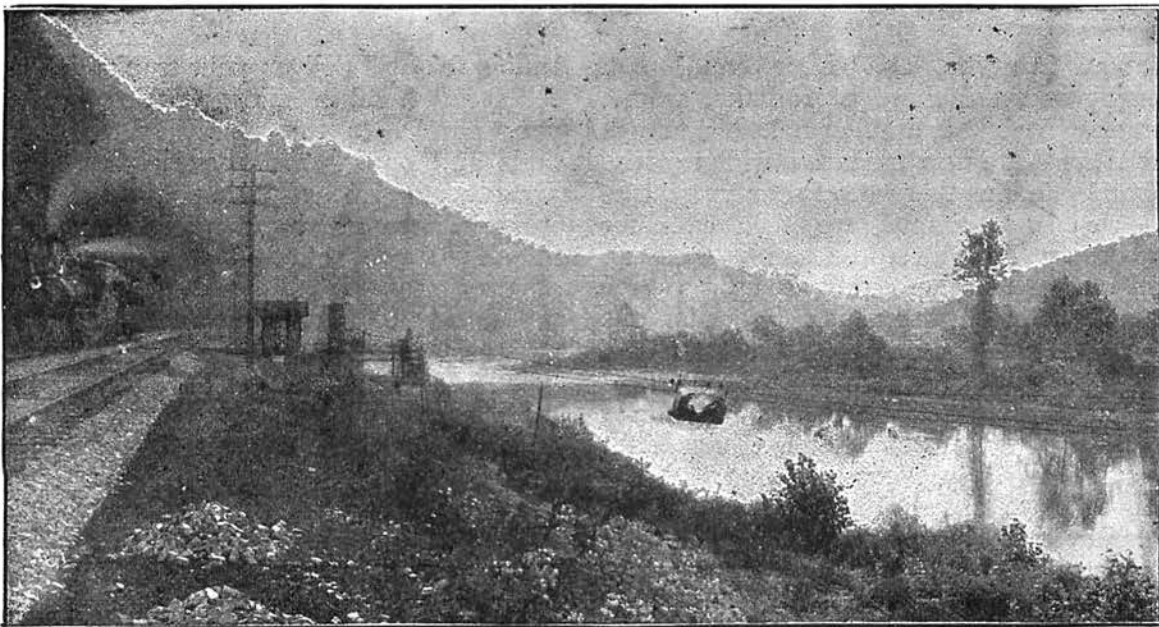


posted for consultation in the smoking-room. The train glides out once more into the open country, and still speeding along through Delaware, Chester, and Lancaster counties, and passing Harrisburgh, the capital of the State, we approach the first of the great Alleghany range of mountains, and, bending to the west, the train thunders across the Susquehanna River on a bridge 3,670 feet in length. To the right rise gigantic ridges, sundered by the waters in their passage, but leaving numerous rocks in the channel to break the river into rapids and fret it into foam; while to the left the stream sweeps away, with its wooded islands, towards Harrisburgh, whose steeples can still be seen in the distance.

A halt is made at the Altoona station, where are located the great workshops of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and then, once more on the way, the train begins the ascent of the heaviest grade on the line. The valley beneath sinks lower and lower until it becomes a vast gorge, the bottom of which is hidden by an impenetrable gloom;

we have passed rapidly through the State of New Jersey. We pause but a short time in the great station at Broad Street, Philadelphia, but such as are interested find there the latest stock and produce quotations,

and now commences the circuit of the famous horse-shoe curve, one of the most stupendous triumphs of engineering ever accomplished. As the enormous bend, sweeping first north, then curving westward,



From a

CABLE FERRY NEAR LACOLLE.

[Photograph.

and still again curving away to the south, presents itself to view, it is difficult to describe the grandeur of the scene.

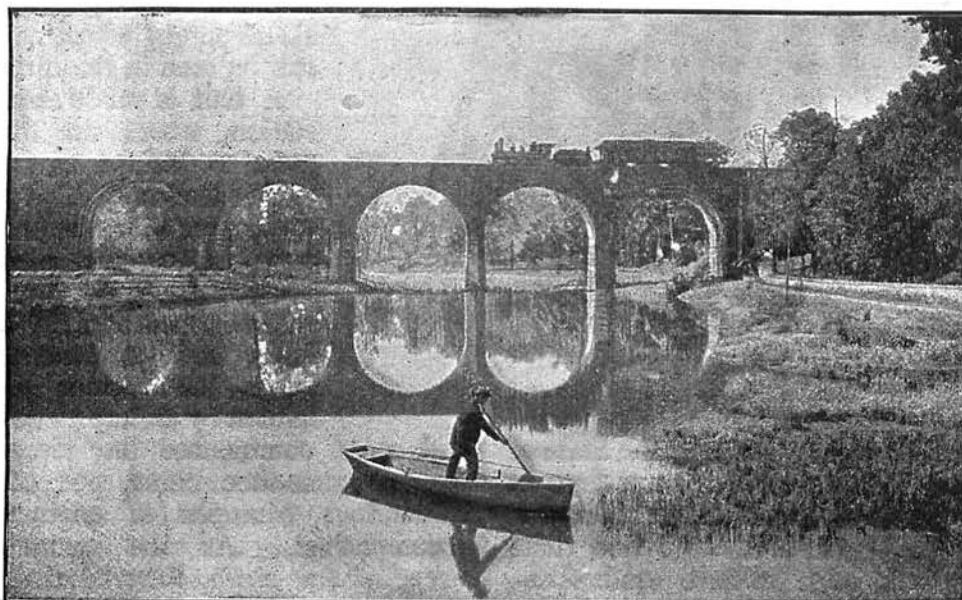
At Pittsburgh, the time carried by the train is suddenly altered and retarded one hour, in conformity with Western time.

After leaving Pittsburgh I am unable to give any further sketch of the journey from actual observation, as it is now late at night, and the compartment allotted to me in the sleeping-car has been transformed into a comfortable berth hung with tapestry curtains. The electric lights, which illumine the entire train, have been lowered, and in a short time all is silent, save the smooth rumbling of the heavy train, as it flies rapidly over the steel rails.

Across the State of Ohio, pausing at

tiful morning meal, we notice, as we glance out of the window on the right, a streak of greenish blue, which tells us that we must now be approaching Chicago, as we have already reached the lower borders of the great lake Michigan, upon which that city stands. But long before we enter the great metropolis of the West, there are numerous indications of a busy and populous neighbourhood, denoting that we are already in the suburbs of some vast industrial and manufacturing centre.

Presently an official, carrying a bunch of leather straps in his hand, passes through the car to take charge of any luggage you wish to be delivered without any loss of time at your hotel. He is the agent of an omnibus line and local express company, which, for a



From a j

CONESLOGA BRIDGE.

[Photograph.

Alliance, Crestline, and Lima, and then plunging into the State of Indiana, where, soon after daybreak, another halt is made at Fort Wayne, we now traverse a wide expanse of prairie, and, as this sort of scenery appears somewhat monotonous, we turn over for another nap, long after the sun is well up, when we are at length fully aroused by the voice of the dining-car waiter informing the passengers of the fact that breakfast will shortly be ready. The meal is served in a relay car, which we find has been taken on at Fort Wayne, and is as completely equipped for its purpose as its predecessor; in fact, these eating-cars are changed twice on the road from New York, in order that the provisions they carry may be fresh and of the best quality.

Almost before we have completed a plen-

trifling fee, will deliver your trunks and yourself at any hotel in Chicago. You hand over your checks to this person, gather up the odds and ends—small boxes, parcels, rugs, and other indispensable impedimenta of your journey, from which on no account do you intend to be separated—and by the time you have accomplished the gathering process the train comes to a standstill in the great depot at Chicago.

It is, of course, impossible within the limits of a traveller's sketch-book to convey any adequate idea of the great American Exposition of 1893. This description I must perforce leave to other pens and to the many readers of *THE STRAND MAGAZINE* who will visit the Fair—a trip which, as I set out by declaring, can be easily accomplished in an eight days' pleasant journey from London.



Illustrated London Almanack, 1851

COOKING IN MAY.



THE very mention of May and June brings to our thoughts bright sunshine, open windows, and a table that is appetising only to look at, not alone because it is gay with flowers, but because we know that salmon and

trout, lamb, asparagus, green peas and gooseberries are almost sure to find a place upon it. Then, too, we have cream and butter that taste so rich and sweet, for the cows are all out in the lush meadows; besides cream we have curds, junkets and syllabubs; we have buttermilk-scones, too, oh, and a host of other pleasant things that go with May and June days in the country! But can town-dwellers hope to share in them? Why, assuredly, for does not the best of everything find its way into town? The early potatoes, the first gooseberries, the first asparagus—all these are ready for the townfolk long before country people dare to venture on their gathering.

Now let us see if we cannot get together a few dishes that shall make ideal faring for these bright days.

Supposing that some kind friend has sent us a couple of *Trout*, or we have been tempted to buy them—how shall we cook them? First empty and cleanse them, then dry them, leaving the heads on; butter a fire-proof china dish, lay the trout on it, sprinkle them with salt and pepper, also chopped green

parsley; lay small pats of butter on the top and squeeze a little lemon-juice over; then bake them in the oven for about twenty minutes. They are a delicate fish and should not be too much cooked. The angler's favourite mode is to split the trout open, lay them on a buttered gridiron and broil them lightly over the red coals, laying small pats of butter on each one; this mode has much to recommend it too.

Here is a delicious way of serving *Salmon* when we cannot afford to purchase a large piece. Take two or three slices from the thick part of the tail, the slices to be nearly an inch in thickness; lay them in a shallow stew-pan, with water enough to well cover, and simmer them until tender through, but do not let them break. Lift the slices out and drain them on a plate; let them become cold. In the meantime prepare a mayonnaise sauce by beating the yolks of two eggs, adding a spoonful of salad oil to them, half a teaspoonful of made mustard, as much salt and pepper mixed, and the juice of half a lemon. Whisk these well for three or four minutes. Chop a few sprigs of fennel or parsley quite finely, then arrange the slices of salmon on a white china dish; spread them evenly with the mayonnaise sauce, but do not let it run over the edges; then sprinkle the chopped green over the surface and garnish with a double ring of sliced cucumber, dredging a little celery salt over the latter.

From the remains of some cold-boiled *Salmon* some very delicious *Breakfast Cutlets* may be made, by flaking the fish and mixing with it an equal quantity of fine breadcrumbs, a spoonful of chopped parsley, sufficient seasoning, and using the remainder of the sauce which went with the salmon when it was hot to mix the ingredients together. Shape them into very small cutlets, have a beaten egg on a plate, coat each cutlet with

it and cover with bread raspings. Fry them in boiling fat, first on one side, then on the other; arrange them on a fancy paper and garnish with fried parsley. A little piece of macaroni should be inserted in the end of each cutlet to represent bone.

The most economical way of buying *Lamb* is by the quarter, and even for a very small party this is still the best, as so many dishes can be made from it. Say that we have a fore-quarter to deal with; the shoulder we, of course, reserve for roasting whole, as either hot or cold that is equally good, especially if a salad of fresh lettuces and spring onions, also mint sauce, goes with it. Then we may take cutlets from the best end of the neck; the breast, if gently stewed until the bones will slip out, then well-seasoned and pressed into a mould, will make an excellent luncheon or supper-dish for eating cold; and the leaner parts of the neck make an excellent pie. A bay-leaf, a few sprigs of mint, and one or two spring onions should be used to flavour the pie.

It always seems something of a shame to see *Asparagus* served plainly boiled as an accompaniment to roast meat. It makes such a dainty dish by itself. When cooked until tender, then well drained, laid in cross bars (the hard part cut away) on buttered toast and a little creamy *sauce poulette* placed on the top, it becomes worth ever so much more. For the sauce dissolve two ounces of butter in a saucepan, work into them an ounce of flour, half a teaspoonful of mixed pepper and salt, and the yolk of an egg, then sufficient milk to make a quarter of a pint of sauce. Mix well, then stir over the fire until it boils.

The French always serve asparagus as a separate course, and the sauce is sent round in a tureen; very generally this sauce is pure dissolved butter, but a thickened sauce is better.



M A Y.

JACK-IN-THE-GREEN.

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flow'ry MAY, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous MAY! that dost inspire
Mirth and youth with warm desire.
Woods and groves are of thy dressing;
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing:
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee and wish thee long!

So sings Milton to the sweet bird-mouth—he whose mighty mind, "nigh sphered in Heaven," hymned the soft beauty of the first day that dawned upon the infant world, which surely must have been a May-morning—

Sweet day, so calm, so pure, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky!

The custom of welcoming in May-morning has been observed in various manners in different countries. We say "has been," for the refinements of civilization have in a great degree banished all the festival observances of our merry ancestors. But, perhaps, although Nature forgets not to bestow "her 'custom'd' liveliness on the fields and groves" at the usual time, no season has lost its poetic charm so much as the sweet May. A solitary bonfire, with a May-bush and pole are yet to be seen here and there in retired nooks and corners of Old England, to the delight of the children, "your only chronicles of merriment" now-a-days; but the games of this delightful season have nearly all vanished away from the general scene of the country. "Jack-in-the-Green," the gay scene represented in our engraving, is one of the few relics of the May festivals.

Time was when from the court to the cottage all "rose up early to observe the rite of May." Some went "a-dew-gathering," a sort of rustic love-spell that was sure to enchant every village-maiden, gentle or simple; others to "fetch in May," a rivalry that "rob'd many a hawthorn of its half-blown sweets;" while others set their wits to work to get up some pretty device, some rural drama, the purpose of which was to bring *The Ladie of the May* into a termination of her last year's coquetting between two rival suitors.

One of the additions to "The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia, written by Sir Philip Sydney, Knight," is an account of a rural mask, or May-game, performed at Wanstead, in honour of Queen Elizabeth, which begins thus:—"Her most excellent Majestie walking in Wanstead Garden, as she passed down into the grove there came suddenly among the train one apperelled like an honest man's wife of the countrie; where crying out for justice, and desiring all the lords and gentlemen to speak a good word for her, shee was brought to the presence of her Majestie, to whom upon her knees she offered a supplication," &c.

May-poles, May-fairs, and May-games, are as old as any English sports we have on record. May-poles may still be seen in some of our villages, decorated with garlands, for young people to dance round. Formerly, the inhabitants of London used to go out early in the morning to fetch May from the neighbouring fields, and return with it in triumph. The church of St. Andrew-under-Shaft, in Leadenhall-street, is so named from a pole or shaft which used to be set up there on May-day, higher than the church-steeple; and this May-pole is mentioned by Chaucer. Another, alluded to by Beaumont and Fletcher, flourished in the Strand, nearly upon the site of the church of St. Mary-le-Strand. This May-pole was removed in 1713, and a new one erected July 4, opposite Somerset House; it had two gilt balls and a vane on the summit, and was decorated on festival days with flags and garlands. This second May-pole was taken down in 1718, when Sir Isaac Newton procured it from the inhabitants, and afterwards sent it to the Rev. R. Pound, rector of Wanstead, Essex, who obtained permission from Lord Castlemaine to erect it in Wanstead-park, for the support of the then largest telescope in Europe, made by Mons. Higon, and presented by him to the Royal Society, of which he was a fellow. Soon afterwards, the following limping verses were affixed to the May-pole:—

"Once I adorned the Strand,
But now I've found
My way to Pound,
In Baron Newton's land:

Where my aspiring head aloft is rear'd,
T' observe the motions of th' ethereal herd,
Here sometimes raised a machine by my side,
Through which is seen the sparkling milky tide:
Here oft I'm scented with a balmy dew,
A pleasing blessing which the Strand ne'er knew.
There stood I only to receive abuse,
But here converted to a nobler use;
So that with me all passengers will say,
I'm better far than when the pole of May."

A third pole must have been set up in May-fair, where a fair, which still gives name to the spot, was held for fifteen days.

Stubs describes the "May-pole" as the "chiefest jewel," which the people "bring home with great veneration, as thus—they have twentie or fortie yoke of oxen, every yoke having a sweete nose-gate of flowers tied to the tip of his hornes, and these oxen draw home the Maie-pole * * * which they covered all over with flowers and hearbes, bound round with strings from the top to the bottoome, and sometimes it was painted with variable colours, having 200 or 300 men, women, and children following it with great devotion. And, thus equipped, it was reared with handkerchiefs and flagges streaming on the top, they strawe the ground round about it, they bind green boughs about it, they set up summer balles, bowers, and arbours hard by, and then fall they to banquetting and feasting, to leaping and dauncing about it."

Sir Henry Ellis quotes an old pamphlet, in which we find the May-pole mentioned in a new and curious light. We gather from the writer that our ancestors held an anniversary assembly on May-day, and that the column of May, whence our May-pole, was the great standard of justice, in the Ey-commons, or fields. Here it was that the people, if they saw cause, deposed or punished their governors, their barons, or their kings. The judges' bough or wand (at this time discontinued, or only faintly represented by a trifling nose-gate), and the staff or rod of authority in the civil and in the military (for it was the maie of power, and the truncheon of the field officers), are both derived from hence. A mayor, he says, received his name from this May, in the sense of lawful power; the crown, a mark of disparity, was also taken from the May, being representative of the garland or crown, which, when hung on the top of the May, or pole, was the great signal for convening the people; the arches of it, which spring from the circle and meet together at the mound or round ball, being necessarily so formed, to suspend it at the top of the pole. He also tells us of a mock-battle custom between youth, the one party in winter and the other in spring livery; when spring was sure to gain the victory.

Washington Irving says: "I shall never forget the delight I felt on first seeing a May-pole; it was on the banks of the Dec, close by the picturesque old bridge that stretches across the river from the quaint little city of Chester. I had already been carried back into former days, by the antiquities of that venerable place, the examination of which is equal to turning over the pages of a black letter volume, or gazing on the pictures in Froissart. The May-pole on the margin of that poetic stream completed the illusion. My fancy adorned it with wreaths of flowers, and peopled the green bank with all the dancing revelry of May-day. The mere sight of this May-pole gave a glow to my feelings, and spread a charm over the country for the rest of the day; and as I traversed a part of the fair plains of Cheshire, and the beautiful borders of Wales, and looked from among swelling hills down a long green valley, through which the Deva wound its wizard stream, my imagination turned all into a perfect Arcadia. One can readily imagine what a gay scene it must have been in jolly old London when the doors were decorated with flowering branches; when every hat was decked with hawthorn; and Robin Hood, Friar Tuck, Maid Marian, morris-dancers, and all the other fantastic dancers and revellers were performing their antics about the May-pole in every part of the city. I value every custom which tends to infuse poetical feeling into the common people, and to sweeten and soften the rudeness of rustic manners, without destroying their simplicity."

ANGLING.

PERCH, ruffe, bream, gudgeons, flounders, dace, minnows, eels, and trout, may be taken. Carp, barbel, tench, chub, roach, and bleak, spawn.

CONFEDERATE MAKE-SHIFTS.

By MRS. M. P. HANDY.

FOR four years the Federal army and the Federal fleet, with their lines of bayonets and open-mouthed Columbiads, shut in the Southern Confederacy from the rest of the world.

The Federal gun-boats fought their way up the Mississippi, dividing the country in two, and sea-port after sea-port was captured, till at last only Charleston and Wilmington were left as inlets for the outer world—narrow gates which the grim war dogs watched unceasingly.

Think of it, ladies! No hats nor dresses from Paris, no chocolate, caramels nor French bonbons, and, alas! no new fashions, save when some daring female went back and forth under flag of truce—a privilege not easily obtained—bringing on her return a limited wardrobe wherewith to excite the admiration and envy of her friends. Sometimes a soldier sent home a magazine found in a captured or deserted camp, and the fashion plates which it perhaps contained gave the recipient some idea of what the world beyond was wearing.

Now and then, under cover of a dark or stormy night, the stealthy blockade-runner, manned by men familiar with every nook and creek along the coast, stole out, carrying cotton and tobacco for Nassau, and crept in again laden with the foreign commodities so sorely needed by the blockaded people. But these vessels were of necessity small, and the stores they brought as nothing to the demand. Moreover, medicines and munitions of war formed large part of their cargoes, and the dry-goods and luxuries offered by their consignees to the general public were held at prices beyond the means of all save cotton and tobacco brokers, or rich government contractors. In the last days of the Confederacy a yard of calico brought forty dollars in Confederate currency, a spool of sewing cotton twenty dollars, and other dry-goods were proportionately dear. Flour rose to twelve hundred dollars a barrel; a ham of bacon cost a hundred and fifty dollars; sugar was seventy-five dollars a pound, and black pepper three hundred dollars.

Money was plenty, it is true, but it took so much to buy so little! The caricature in a Southern illustrated journal of 1863 which represented a lady going to market attended by a servant with her money in a wheelbarrow, and returning with the barrow empty and her purchases in a small hand-bag on her arm, was less exaggerated than are many of the best cartoons in the comic papers of to-day.

Inflation was tried to the fullest extent, with the result that Confederate money became comparatively worthless. This, however, did not occasion the general scarcity.

There was not much to be had even for those who could pay war prices.

Thrown thus on their own resources, the Southern people were forced to provide for themselves. To appreciate this difficulty, it must be remembered that prior to 1861 the Southern States were purely an agricultural community, depending on their staples of tobacco, cotton, and sugar for the means of purchasing every thing else. The West was in large measure their granary and meat-house, while New England supplied them with most manufactured articles. Now the blockade shut them in from these and all other markets, and it was as though some Jersey market-gardener should wake some morning to find around his little farm a stockade through which he could not break, and over which he could not climb without risking his life. Ingenuity, economy, and what New Englanders call "faculty" were taxed to the utmost. Every household became a nest of domestic manufactures, every farm had its cotton patch and its sorghum field. Spinning-wheels and looms, which in former days had been used for clothing the slaves on large plantations, but which during the era of cheap dry-goods were comparatively idle, were again set going. Ladies whose white hands were all unused to such labor learned to card, to spin, and to weave. Knitting became as fashionable in Southern parlors as it is in German homes. Homespun dresses were worn by the first ladies in the land, and she who was cleverest to contrive and deftest to execute had highest praise from her associates. Foreign dyes were well-nigh unattainable, and the woods at home were ransacked for the means of coloring the home-grown flax, wool, and cotton. Black-walnut bark furnished a rich brown, varying in intensity with the strength of the dye; swamp-maple, a clear purple; pokeberries, a solferino, bright, but not durable; wild indigo gave a tolerable blue, and elderberries an unsatisfactory black. Indeed, no experiment with bark, root, leaf, or berry ever resulted in any substitute for logwood; and as black was the dye most needed for Southern garments in those dark days, the blockade-runners learned to make it part of their regular cargo.

At one time in some sections of the South there was fearful destitution of salt. Speculators held it at enormous prices. Even the rich were forced to use it sparingly. The poor seemed likely to suffer for lack of it, and live stock were in many cases denied it altogether.

Barrels and boxes which had been used for packing salt fish or pork were soaked in water afterward, which was boiled down and evaporated for the sake of the salt thus extracted. The earthen floors of smoke-houses, into which the precious mineral had

been trodden year after year, were dug up, and the earth given to cattle, or treated with water after the same manner as the salt-seasoned boards.

The government at Richmond came to the rescue, and seizing the salt-works throughout the country, issued regular rations to each family at nominal prices for the rest of the war. By this high-handed measure the people were saved from a salt famine.

Coffee was a luxury seldom enjoyed, and for which rye or wheat, toasted and ground, was the usual miserable substitute. Some quick-witted person conceived the idea of using sweet-potato chips instead. These made a more palatable drink, but were, after all, only a hollow mockery. Dried raspberry leaves were used for tea, and some people fell back upon sassafras, the North Carolinian beverage, grimly assuring those who scorned it that it was good for the blood and would save doctors' bills. Not a few eschewed all these transparent deceptions—if that may be called deception which deceived nobody—and when unable to afford milk, drank cold water with patient heroism.

Children there were in the Confederacy, born of well-to-do parents, who at the close of the conflict did not know the taste of candy. After the fall of New Orleans, sugar became a luxury, never wholly unattainable, it is true, but enormously dear even for Confederate money values. Previous to the war, the United States government had made an effort to introduce the Chinese sugar-cane, or sorghum, throughout the South and West, principally with reference to its use as food for live stock. It was extensively cultivated in some of the Western States, but Southern planters did not take kindly to the new forage. Politicians denounced its introduction as an attempt to injure the sugar-growing interest of the far South. Amateur farmers who experimented with the seed distributed by the Patent-office preferred Indian corn and clover or oats as food for their cattle, and very few even attempted the manufacture of sorghum molasses. Now, in the general destitution, the despised sorghum became an inestimable boon to the besieged country. Far less exacting than its West Indian congener, it flourishes wherever maize can be grown, and soon it became part of every planter's crop. Every large plantation had its sorghum mill for crushing the cane, and smaller planters brought their little crops to the mills of those who were willing to grind for their neighbors. These mills were for the most part primitive affairs, consisting of three upright wooden cylinders, of which the centre one, turned by horse-power, moved the other two by means of cog-wheels. A tub set underneath the machine caught the juice which flowed from the crushed cane, and this juice, boiled down in huge kettles, and clarified with lime, soda, or even

with lye from hickory ashes, produced the molasses which became a staple article of food throughout the Confederacy. Efforts to reduce the sirup to sugar were, I believe, abortive, and in a copy of General Orders from the Adjutant and Inspector General's Office, C. S. A., for 1862-63, now in possession of the writer, no mention is made of sorghum sugar in the price-list established for military stores.

Prominent among the problems with which Confederate families were forced to grapple was that of lights. The gas-works in the principal cities were kept in operation, but the gas furnished was of the poorest quality and exorbitantly dear. Many private families were unable to afford its use, and the few who could pay for it were not always sure of getting it. On more than one occasion, in crowded churches, pastor and people were given a practical illustration of Egyptian darkness; and on one memorable night the gas in Richmond gave out simultaneously all over the city, in all buildings, public and private, leaving those who depended upon its illuminating powers in total darkness. Pine torches—in Southern parlance, light-wood knots—were to be had in plenty, and in winter their ruddy glow was comfortable and picturesque. But work or reading done by their flickering light was a terrible strain on the eyes, and the heat from the blazing wood was uncomfortable in summer. Moreover, the pitch smoke was objectionable, and blackened the walls.

Tallow-candles were the usual resort, and were often surprisingly hard and white. Old-fashioned lard lamps came again into use for parlors and state occasions, giving a soft, clear lustre, much like that of the favorite French lamp. But lard was costly and scarce.

For sick-rooms and nurseries, and for mills where the machinery ran all night, but where a bright light was not constantly required, the bolls of the sycamore or button-wood tree were dried and used as a wick in a cup of melted grease. During a tedious case of typhoid in the family of the writer, a friend introduced a taper so safe and satisfactory as to merit use in other than war times. A small triangular scrap of soft paper is twisted into a species of miniature fool's cap, the hypotenuse of the triangle forming its base. This, with the knob on top oiled and lighted, and the lower part spread out like a fan, is inserted as a wick in a small saucer of lard. There is no unpleasant odor, and it gives a dim light by which objects in the room are barely distinguishable, but from which a lamp may be instantly lighted. Near the taper its light is sufficient to tell the hour by a watch, to read the label on a vial, and to measure medicine with ease.

But the Confederate candle was, beyond

all else, the light of those days. Wax and resin were melted together in the proportion of two ounces of resin to a pound of wax, and through this mixture a long string of candle-wick was drawn once and again, until thoroughly coated. Making one was always a frolic for the younger members of a household, and occasionally furnished excuse for an afternoon party. It was a matter of pride to have the candle as long as possible, and the work was always done out-of-doors. The saucepan or "skillet" containing the wax rested on a shovelful of hot coals; the ball of wick was unrolled and passed through the liquid, and from hand to hand, until every inch of it had been immersed three times, and the long, irregular string became a smooth waxen rope about the thickness of an ordinary lead-pencil. This was then wound on a wooden stand—the "Confederate candlestick"—first around, then up and down. The free end was drawn through a hole in a strip of tin nailed for the purpose on the upper part of the candlestick, and when the candle was in use was lighted, the long rope unwinding like a reel of yarn as it was gradually consumed. The light was, perhaps, not more than equal to that of a toy candle, yet it was not trying to the eyes, and was sufficient for ordinary purposes. The place next the saucepan was the post of honor and of danger. The wick was held down in the wax by means of a small crocheted stick; but, in spite of this precaution, burned fingers were not unfrequently the result of the candle-making.

In view of the scarcity of breadstuffs, the use of edible grains in the manufacture of spirituous liquors was forbidden, under heavy penalties of fine and imprisonment, in addition to the confiscation of such liquors and the implements used in their distillation. Fruit brandies, apple, peach, and blackberry, and the rum distilled from the juice of the sorghum cane, became almost the sole intoxicating beverages of the Confederacy. These brought high prices, and much of the fruit crop was converted into brandy. From this, also, the alcohol for medicinal purposes was distilled. The wine of the scuppernon and of the common wild grape was also extensively manufactured.

Drugs and medicines were extremely scarce, and many lives were lost for lack of them. Prohibited as contraband of war, they were never suffered to form part of the one hundred pounds of baggage allowed each of the few persons granted permits to go South under flag of truce. Much smuggling was carried on along the border, and quinine and opium were standard articles in this dangerous traffic. The Medical Department at Richmond appealed to the women of the South to engage in the culture of opium, and distributed quantities of poppy seed for that purpose. After the flower

dropped its petals, the green capsules were to be pricked with a needle, and the gum which exuded collected and sent to the Medical Director. Large quantities of poppies were raised, but very little opium was gathered. Dried blackberries were a leading article among hospital stores contributed by Soldiers' Aid Societies in country neighborhoods. Flaxseed and the inner bark of the sweet-gum (*Liquidambar styraciflua*) and of the slippery-elm (*Ulmus fulva*) were also prominent among such supplies.

The natural resources of the Southern States are immense, and stood the people in good stead. Factories of different kinds were established in districts remote from the seat of war, but the machinery was necessarily imperfect, and the results such as would now be accounted far from satisfactory. It was almost impossible to procure rare chemicals, and where their use was important, the work was of course incomplete.

Confederate paper, in even the finer grades, resembled whity-brown wrapping paper. Confederate ink was pale and sick-looking. Confederate matches came in tiny blocks, from which they were broken as needed; boxes were too costly to be afforded them.

A volume might be written on the ingenious contrivances of the ladies to replenish their wardrobes. Homespun dresses were among the least of these. They made every thing they wore, from hats to shoes, and some of the work was exquisitely done. Such articles as were beyond their skill—and they were few—were substituted some way or another. Large thorns, with the heads tipped with sealing-wax, did duty as hair-pins. Common brass pins, imported from Nassau, sold near the close of the war for forty dollars a paper, and needles and thread were used instead wherever such use was practicable. Economy was an obligatory virtue in those days, and nothing was wasted which could possibly be turned to account. Mr. Hale's ingenious story of the old hoop-skirts which ruined the Confederacy was more far-fetched than even he supposed, for nothing so valuable was ever thrown away—though I must confess that they were often stored in a closet while awaiting the numerous uses to which they were put.

Luxuries were not many, and self-denial of the sternest sort was frequently practiced. Starvation parties, at which no refreshments were furnished, were ordinary entertainments in Richmond during 1864. Housekeepers who wished to give suppers to their friends, but who could not afford to call in the costly aid of a confectioner, resorted to various expedients. Calves'-foot jelly was made without wine or lemons, peach brandy and vinegar being the substitutes, and was not an unpalatable dish. Milk was always procurable, and ice-cream,

in consequence, not unknown. Such deserts as could be made with sorghum molasses were those most frequent. Indeed, there was a surfeit of sorghum to those who used it in lieu of something better, and the word became a slang term for flattery—the equivalent of the Yankee “soft sawder.” Preserves put up with sorghum molasses had always a twang which betrayed their origin—a twang barely mitigated by the use of soda. Yet few people could afford the use of sugar for the purpose, and those who could not, gladly availed themselves of the cheaper make-shift.

People whose vanity lay in their feet, and who were in consequence particular about their shoes, had a hard time of it in those days. Ladies not unfrequently made the upper part of their own cloth gaiters, using for pattern an old shoe ripped in pieces, and had them soled by a shoe-maker. Country tanneries were kept busy, and country shoemakers found themselves in request of those who had hitherto scorned their handiwork. Fine leather was scarce, and beef brought such high prices that calves were usually kept as a growing investment. Now and then one of tender age was sacrificed on the shrine of vanity, and then tanner and shoemaker had little peace until their work was done to the satisfaction of the fortunate owner. Goats had short lease of their lives, and dogs shook in their skins after somebody discovered that from those skins leather of the finest and softest quality might be manufactured. This known, they were ruthlessly slaughtered. Even the meanest cur was of value for once, and “nothing in his life became him like the leaving of it.” Sheep-skins tanned with the wool on were highly prized for saddle blankets; shorn, they made excellent riding gloves; and to these purposes they were usually applied. Remembering the *sabots* of the French peasantry, some one introduced shoes with wooden soles, to which the upper leather was secured by tacks. These were cheap and durable, and became popular for stout walking shoes. Shaped to the foot like a Roman sandal, and with low broad heels, they were not uncomfortable; and the fact that they were almost water-proof compensated in some degree for the difficulty of procuring rubber overshoes. In-doors their clatter on bare floors was objectionable, and many persons kept them in the hall, with hat and wrappings, for use in wet weather alone.

Straw plaiting became a usual accomplishment with Southern girls, and the bundle of wet straws and the constantly lengthening braid were of frequent appearance in the family circles gathered around the Confederate candle. The plait most common was that known as the “rough and ready”—a pointed braid woven with four straws. Ladies wishing for something more stylish

preferred the seven plait of split straw, identical with the popular English straw. An inventive genius produced and, I think, patented, a little machine for splitting the straw. This was a small block of wood with a fragment of steel from an old hoop-skirt inserted at one end and filed into tiny teeth for dividing the straw. A longer scrap of the same steel served as a lever for keeping the straw in place as it was drawn across the teeth of the splitter. Wheat straw was the kind most plentiful, and therefore most used. Rye straw, longer and whiter, was often cultivated expressly for the purpose of plaiting. Oat straw, soft and light, made a pleasant hat to wear, but the straws were short and coarse, and generally so dark that the work had always to be dyed.

The inner shuck of the Indian corn was woven into hats for children. These were as white and as soft as the chip hats of today. Trimmings for them were made from the same materials, intermixed with raveled silk. Ropes and tassels, flowers and leaves, and an exceedingly fine braid for trimming, were all made of straw. Feather bands for trimming sacques and wraps, with aigrettes and feather flowers for hats and bonnets, were exquisitely manufactured by the deft fingers of Confederate women. The feather fans, made by a family of sisters whose name is one of the oldest in Virginia, became famous throughout that State and North Carolina. Many of them are no doubt still preserved as relics of war times by those who were fortunate enough to obtain them.

Never, perhaps, was there more need for ingenuity; rarely has so much been exercised. Many of these make-shifts were contrivances of which the users were honestly proud, or over which they could at least cheerfully laugh; and, after all, it was comparatively easy to dispense with luxuries when all one's neighbors did the same. But there came a day when men told one another the story of the straw-adulterated bread of the Russian serfs, and wondered whether such food could be eaten by those used to better things, looking forward to the time when they might be forced to try the experiment themselves; when every ounce of meat, every spoonful of meal, was precious; when wheaten bread was thought a luxury; when butter was rarely seen except on the tables of the rich; when eggs were treasured as a delicacy for the sick; and when people endured privations so constantly that they ceased to consider them such.

When Lee's army surrendered, it had dwindled to a handful of ragged, starving veterans. The people at home had, in response to an appeal from their idolized general, vainly put themselves on half rations to send him supplies, and one of the first duties of the Federal troops on taking pos-

session of Richmond was to feed the country they had conquered. The war had written its record in blood on well-nigh every Southern hearth-stone, and many of those who had sacrificed most in the fight for secession drew a breath of relief that the struggle was ended, even though they had failed; for watching and waiting were done with, cannon and rifle shot would dig no more graves.

Household Hints from *Godey's Lady's Book* 1860

A FRAGRANT BREATH.—There are various ways of scenting the breath; the simplest is by chewing orris root or any other fragrant substance, Tooth-powders, lozenges, and tincture dentifrices, however, are preferable in many respects, as they can be easily used, and yet leave the mouth free for "chatting." The following is a good domestic receipt for a highly scented tincture to perfume the breath: Take either white wine, such as sherry, or any alcoholic spirit, a quarter of a pint; broken cloves and grated nutmeg, of each one drachm (one-eighth of an ounce); cinnamon, a quarter of an ounce; caraway seeds, bruised, a quarter of an ounce. Place all these dry substances into the wine, or spirit, in a half-pint bottle, and let them stand together for several days, agitating them every night and morning to accelerate tincturation, for at least a week. Then strain off the tincture through linen to get it bright. Then add about ten drops of otto lavender, and, if you can afford it, five to ten drops of otto of rose also. Although the receipt is complete without it, yet this latter substance greatly improves the formula. A few drops of this tincture put on to a lump of sugar, and masticated, will scent the breath. It may also be used with advantage on the tooth-brush, in lieu of tooth-powder, or, mixed with water, it can be used as a gargle. Either way will secure "a breath of flowers."

MISCELLANEOUS.

RED ANTS.—To get rid of these pests, wash your shelves clean, and while damp rub fine salt on them quite thickly; let it remain on for a time, and they will entirely disappear.

TO SAVE THE LADIES FROM BURNING UP.—By adding to the starch used in preparing their dresses, a tablespoonful of common alum in a powdered state; the alum makes the dress far stiffer, and prevents it bursting into flame when placed in contact with any burning substance.

UTILITY OF GAS TAR.—A discovery, which is likely to be of great advantage to agriculture, has recently been reported to a French agricultural society. A gardener, whose frames and hot-house required painting, decided on making them black, as likely to attract the heat better, and from a principle of economy he made use of gas tar instead of black paint. The work was performed during the winter, and on the approach of spring the gardener was surprised to find that all the spiders and insects, which usually infested his hot-house had disappeared, and also that a vine, which, for two years preceding had

so fallen off that he had intended to replace it by another, had acquired fresh force and vigor, and gave every sign of producing a large crop of grapes. He afterwards used the same substance to the posts and trellis-works, which supported the trees in the open air, and met with the same result, all the caterpillars and other insects completely disappearing. It is said that similar experiments have been made in some of the vineyards of the Gironde with similar results.

PARCHMENT GLUE.—Take half a pound of clean parchment cuttings, and boil it in three quarts of soft water till reduced to one pint. Then strain it from the dregs, and boil it again, till of the consistence of strong glue.

COVERING FOR CORKS.—The odor of a cologne bottle, or of any other scented liquid, may be prevented from escaping by keeping the cork and the neck of the bottle covered with a finger-end or thumb of an old kid glove, cut off, for the purpose, at a suitable length and breadth, and stretched or drawn down closely and tightly. This is more convenient than the usual kid-leather covers, that must be untied and tied again whenever the bottles are opened.

FINE YELLOW COLORING FOR WALLS.—Procure from a paint-shop one pound of chrome yellow, and three pounds of whiting. Mix and grind them thoroughly together; and then add a quart of boiling water, and stir it well in. Next boil a quarter of a pound of glue in a quart of water, and when completely dissolved, add it immediately to the mixture and stir the whole very hard. Thin it with more water till you get it of the desired consistence. It will be a beautiful yellow, approaching to lemon color.

TO GET A BROKEN CORK OUT OF A BOTTLE.—If in drawing a cork it breaks, and the lower part falls down into the liquid, tie a long loop in a bit of twine, or small cord, and put it in; holding the bottle so as to bring the piece of cork near to the lower part of the neck. Catch it in the loop, so as to hold it stationary. You can then easily extract it with a cork-screw.

POWDER FOR CLEANING GOLD LACE.—Of burnt roche-alum, powdered as fine as possible, take two ounces and a half. Mix, thoroughly, with it, half an ounce of finely-powdered chalk. Take a small, clean, dry brush; dip it into the mixture, and rub it carefully, on gold lace, or gold embroidery, that has become tarnished. Finish with a clean piece of new cotton flannel. Keep a box or bottle of this mixture, that it may be ready to use on occasion. It is equally good for silver lace, and for jewelry.

TO KEEP BRITANNIA-METAL BRIGHT.—Dip a clean woolen cloth into the best and cleanest lamp oil, and rub it, hard, all over the outside of your Britannia-ware. Then wash it well in strong soapsuds, and afterwards polish with finely-powdered whiting and a buckskin. The inside of Britannia vessels should be washed with warm water, in which a little pearlash has been dissolved. They should then be set, open, to dry in the sun and air. If not kept very nice, this metal will communicate a disagreeable taste. There is so much copper in its composition, that tea-pots or coffee-pots of china, or white-ware, are far preferable to Britannia metal.

TO CURE BEEF RED, LIKE HAM.—Two ounces of salpêtre, one ounce of bay-salt, one ounce of sal prunella, a few grains of cochineal, a quarter of a pound of coarse sugar, and plenty of coarse salt. Rub and turn it every day for a month. To be cooked in dripping, with a paste over it.

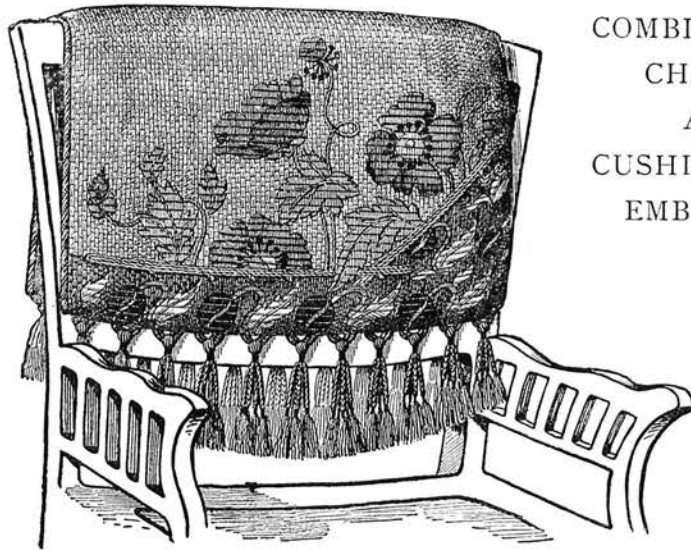


FIG. 1.

COMBINED
CHAIR-BACK
AND
CUSHION IN
EMBROIDERY.

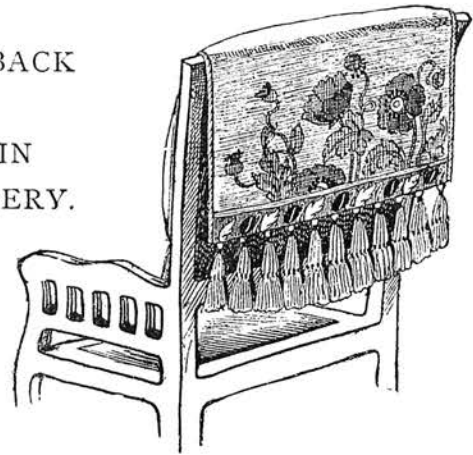


FIG. C.—BACK VIEW.

THIS cushion measures thirty inches long and twenty-five wide exclusive of the fringe, which is seven inches long. The material is white congress-canvas of medium strength and various shades of wool. The design is life-size and transferred on to a piece of the material by means of a tracing pattern, the outlines being defined in blue. The em-

broidery is done in the hand, satin-stitch being employed worked evenly in rows. One row occupies four lengthways threads of the material. Fig. A shows one life-size bud. The stamens, pistils, and stalks are carried out in long-stitch. The leaves are embroidered first of all in satin-stitch and then embellished with veins in long-stitch worked over the other. The straight strips which edge the borders are worked in long-stitch worked close together as in Fig. B. When the ornamental flowers are finished fill in the background with brick-stitch. One stitch covers six threads of the material. Finally the tassels are done in green and red wool mixed with threads of the canvas which is drawn out as in drawn-thread-work. These strands are bound round with wool, taking five threads at once and plaiting them. Every five plaits are then bound together as in Fig. B and the ends stuffed out. The lining is red roman-satin put on when all the embroidery is finished and secured only at the sides and one end. Now prepare a flat cushion twenty-five inches long and sixteen inches wide, place it between the lining and the canvas and sew it up, securing the cushion in such a way that it will not stir. So that the whole thing does not slip off the chair make a hem in the bottom edge of the part that hangs over the back (Fig. C) one and a half inches wide, and run through it a thin metal rod. Finish off each side of the cushion-chair-back with a thick green silk cord.

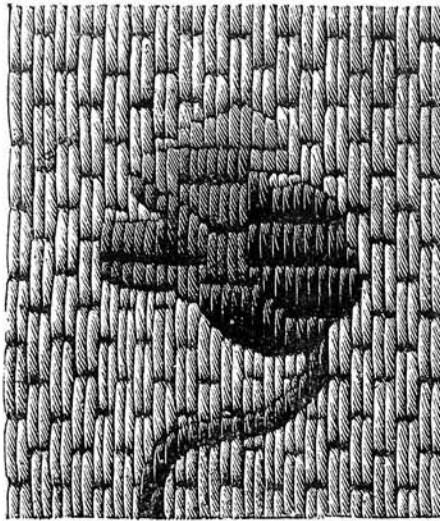


FIG. A.—DETAIL OF FIG. 1.

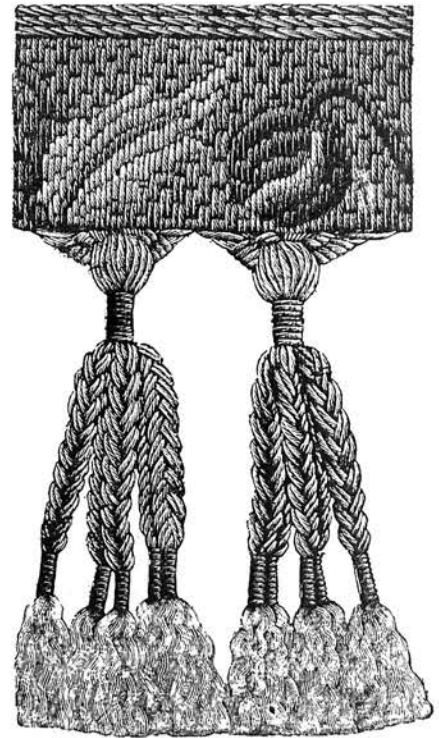


FIG. B.—DETAIL OF FRINGE.



USEFUL HINTS.

WHITE-ROSE SACHET.

Nine ounces of powdered orris root, half an ounce of powdered benzoic acid, thirty drops of oil of patchouly, thirty drops of oil of rhodium, three drams of oil of rose geranium, two drams of otto of rose.

CHERRY BLOSSOM PERFUME.

Ten ounces of essence of peach blossom, one dram and a half of essence of mirbane (1 in 10), one ounce and a half of extract of violet.

SPRING FLOWERS.

Ten ounces of extract of rose, ten ounces of extract of violet, three ounces of extract of cassie, one ounce and a half of extract of ambergris, one ounce and a half of extract of musk, one-eighth of an ounce of essence of bergamotte, three ounces of rose triple.

ROSE TRIPLE.

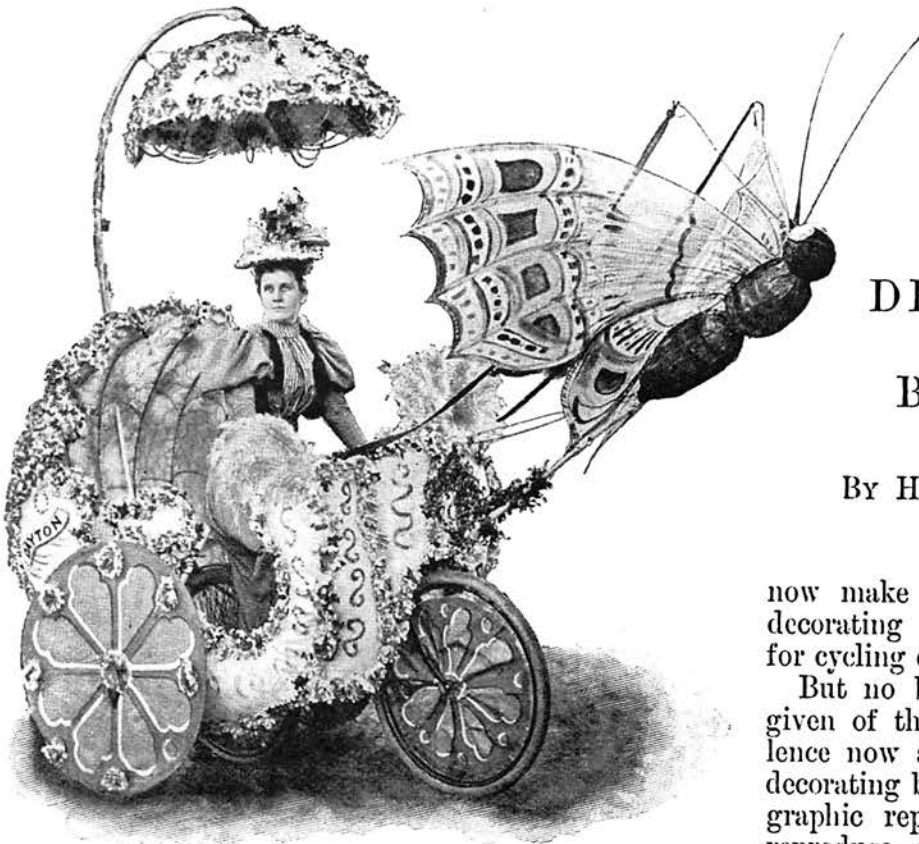
Three drams of otto of rose, twenty ounces of spirits of wine (dissolve).

MOSS-ROSE SACHET.

Eight ounces of white-rose sachel, twenty grains of musk grain opt., five drops of oil of santal flor, fifteen drops of oil of rose geranium, three drams of essence of ambergris, five drams of essence of musk.

STEPHANOTIS.

Five ounces of extract of white rose, three ounces of extract of jasmine, two ounces of extract of violet, one ounce of extract of storax.



DESIGN WITH WHICH MRS. P. L. HUSSEY WON THE FIRST PRIZE AT THE DAYTON CARNIVAL, OHIO.

DECORATED BICYCLES.

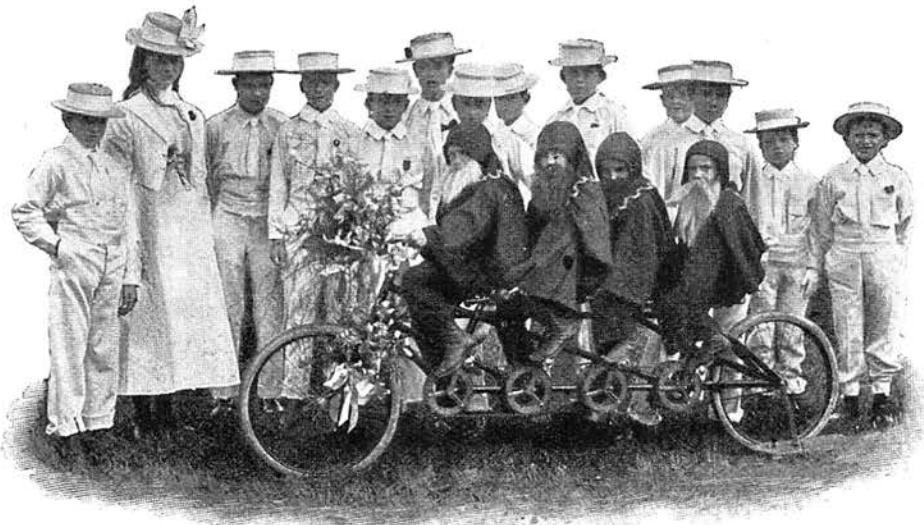
BY HAROLD J. SHEPSTONE.

now make a special feature of decorating their clients' machines for cycling carnivals.

But no better evidence can be given of the high pitch of excellence now attained in the art of decorating bicycles than the photographic representations which we reproduce of machines of prize-winners, and those who have gained special distinction at various cycling functions. For this purpose

DECORATED bicycles have now become such a common feature at cycling carnivals and club anniversary outings, that one might be inclined to regard such a subject as the ornamentation of a bicycle as an accomplishment hardly meriting particular attention. It is true that one gets almost tired of the conventional bunch of flowers, both real and artificial, attached or dropping from the handle-bar, which are to be seen at nearly every cycling festival. At the same time, however, the decoration of bicycles has now become an art, and as such can claim the attention of those who admire artistic taste and skill, as well as of those who appreciate the combination of colour and effect. It is also a well-known fact, especially in Paris and other Continental cities, that florists

the writer has collected photographs of the most striking designs that have appeared at carnivals and other festivals during the past season, both from the Continent as well as from America, and a glance at the result cannot fail to convince the most sceptical that the decoration of one's bicycle is no ordinary undertaking,



THE YOUNGEST "QUAD" IN HOLLAND.

but one that calls for a considerable amount of ingenuity and skill should the designer

wish to gain a prize, or even merit special distinction.

Where flowers are expressly concerned prettiness should be the aim of the designer rather than novelty. One of our most striking photographs, a quadruplet, ridden by four children, belongs to the latter category. The riders are dressed to represent gnomes, and very quaint they look in their cloaks and hoods, while their beard appendages add much to the novelty of the effect. These four young cyclists took part in a cycling festival held last September by Dutch cyclists in honour of the accession of Queen Wilhelmina, and claim the distinction of being the youngest "quad" in Holland.

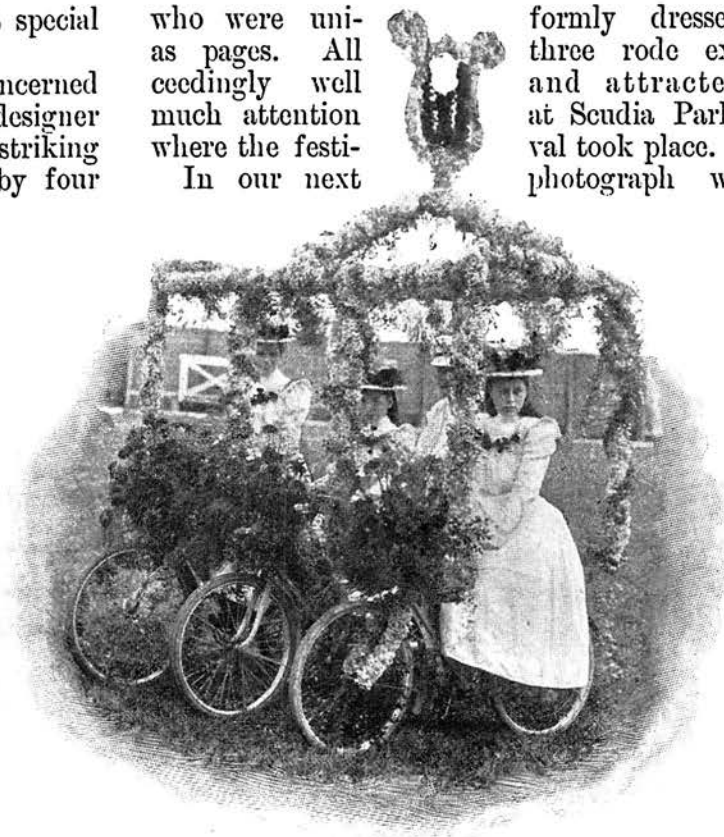
Wheels that supply some of the prettiest decorations, so far as children's bicycles are concerned, are the machines of Miss Dalma Rona and Masters Reiter and Augenfeld. These young people took part in the pageant held at Temesvar, in Hungary, in connection with the Red Cross Society. Little Miss Rona, whose machine is most artistically decorated with artificial flowers, ribbons, and bows, was dressed in blue, and rode under a triumphal arch, supported by Masters Reiter and Augenfeld,



YOUTHFUL CYCLISTS AT THE RED CROSS SOCIETY PAGEANT, TEMESVAR, HUNGARY.

who were uniformly dressed as pages. All three rode exceedingly well and attracted much attention at Scudia Park, where the festival took place.

In our next photograph we



TANDEM FLANKED BY SINGLES: MR. DUYL AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS AT ROTTERDAM.

have three machines, but four riders, the central one being a tandem. All three machines were firmly lashed together by wooden bars, on which the frame of the design was built. The gentleman on the rear seat of the tandem is Mr. J. C. H. Duyl, of Rotterdam, the three young ladies being his daughters. Orange blossoms are the pre-

dominating feature of the decorations.

In events where prizes are awarded to the most striking machines, the bicycles of prize-winners should represent a high excellence in the art of bicycle decoration. That this has been attained everyone must admit after a glance at our photograph of the ordinary lady's safety bicycle with which Mrs. P. L. Hussey won the first prize for the hand-

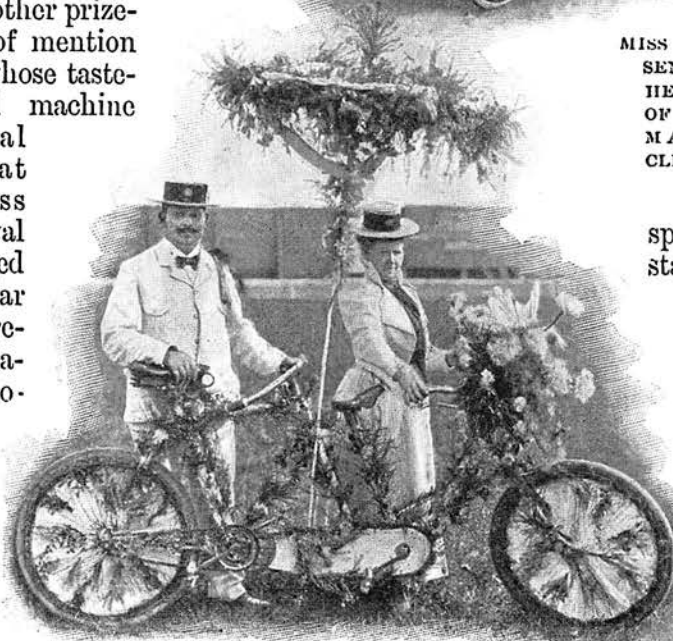
some of the most decorated bicycle in the Merchants' Carnival Bicycle Parade, at Dayton, Ohio. This is a chariot representation, marvellously and tastefully executed. The wheels on either side of the machine did not, of course, touch the ground, escaping it by about an inch. They are made of cardboard, covered with pink tissue paper. The general frame of the chariot was covered with white cotton batting, trimmed with pink and white tissue paper, the effect being pink and white. The edges of the chariot were covered with white chrysanthemums. The parasol was also trimmed with chrysanthemums and smilax. The butterfly, too, was very striking, and was made of gauze, properly painted and in proportion to the size of the chariot. Another prize-winner worthy of mention is Mrs. Rona, whose tastefully decorated machine excited general admiration at the Red Cross Society's Festival already referred to. Wild-briar roses are the predominating feature of the decorations, but the beautiful floral arch fitted on to the frame of the rear wheel helped not a little to produce the pretty effect.

It must not be thought, however, from the foregoing views that the wheelwomen of our own country are behind their sisters on the Continent or their cousins in America in displaying taste in the decoration of their bicycles, for our own cycling carnivals have shown us many examples of exquisite skill in this direction. The photograph we reproduce of the "Floral Queen" goes to prove this statement, for the decorations are both tasteful and pretty. The rider is Miss Clara E. Finch, who has carried off many prizes in the Midlands for her skill in decorating her wheel, and everyone must admit that her efforts are decidedly praise-

MRS. RONA'S WILD-ROSE MACHINE AT TEMESVAR.



MISS BRODERSEN AND MR. HERDEJOST, OF THE HERMANN CYCLING CLUB.



BARON AND BARONESS VAN REEDE DE PARKELER AT AMSTERDAM.



worthy. Quite a variety of flowers are included — smilax, dahlias, asters, scarlet geraniums, chrysanthemums, and marguerites.

Gentlemen as well as ladies, however, have shown remarkable skill in the decoration of their machines, and what is unquestionably one of the boldest designs we have seen was the machine of Mr. Koppl, captain of the Franzensbad Cycling Club. But the photograph will

speak for itself. When we state that Mr. Koppl rode

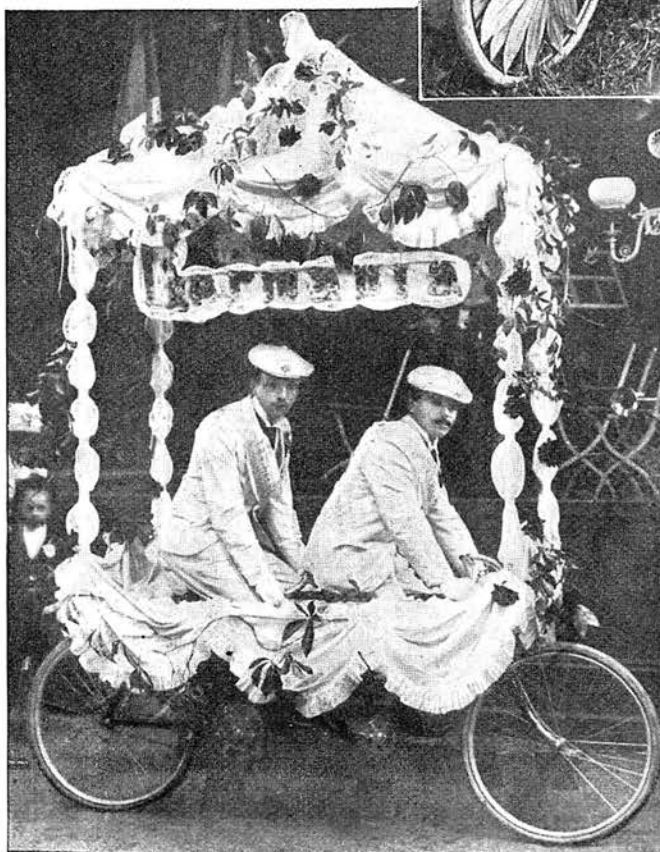
his machine with all the decorations seen in the picture, it not only testifies to his skill as an able cyclist, but also to the perfect arrangement and secure erection of the various decorations fixed to the machine. The iron framework on which the crown on the top rests was cleverly and neatly fitted to the frame of the machine, and was in itself no little weight. The drapery, palm leaves, and flowers show exquisite taste. It was a conspicuous figure in the Floral Corso, held at Franzensbad on



It often happens, however, that a less crowded machine will be equally as effective as one that is simply a mass of decorations, as is evidenced in the "Sunflower" design. The rider of this machine, Mr. Arthur Thomas, to whom the writer is indebted for the loan of his photograph, was awarded the first prize in the Portmadoc Cycling Carnival. A great amount of taste is shown in the arrangement of the flowers, and the little bicycle lamp in the centre of sunflower leaves is very novel, likewise the two flowers arranged

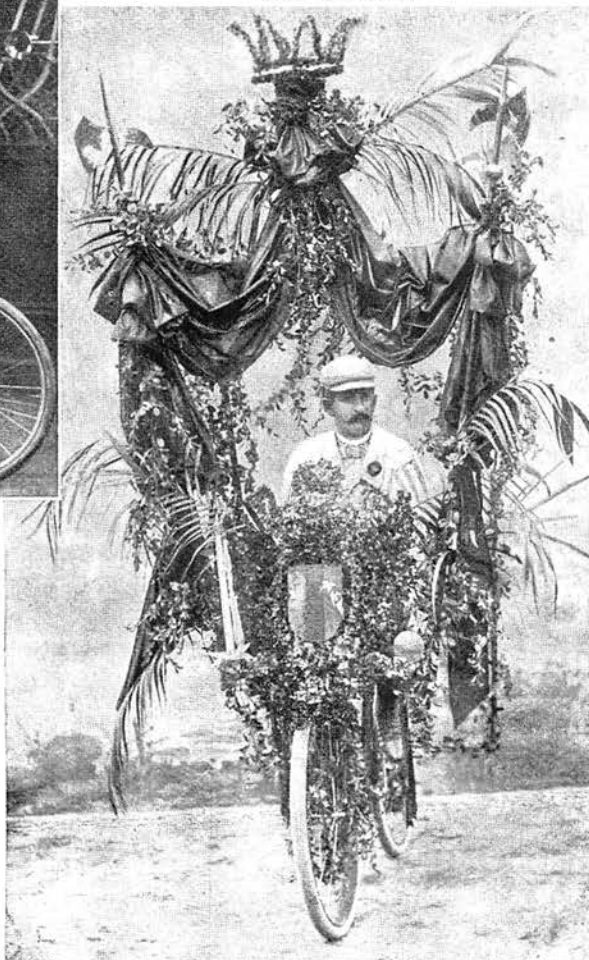
MR. ARTHUR THOMAS'S "SUNFLOWER" DESIGN AT THE PORTMADOC CYCLING CARNIVAL.

MR. KOPPL AT THE FRANZENSBAD FLORAL CORSO LAST SUMMER.



TANDEM RIDDEN THROUGH POTSDAM BY MR. STEPPIN AT THE GERMANIA CYCLING CLUB'S FESTIVAL.

the 3rd of July last, under the patronage of the Archduchess Maria Josepha of Austria. Altogether the carnival was a pretty sight, the machines presenting quite a picture, and well befitting the high rank taken by Franzensbad as a health resort of the *élite*. Many ladies of title took part in the proceedings, the Countess of Wurmbrand carrying off the first prize for the best decorated lady's bicycle.





A SALFORD WHEELER.

in an upright position on the handle-bar. Little sunflowers, too, may be seen shooting out from the pedals, while Mr. Thomas has not forgotten to trim his hat with the leaves of the same flower that decorates his machine. The design of the Salford wheeler, and also that of the cyclist dressed in velvet and wearing a sword, are novel and striking.

Those who have made it a practice to visit cycling carnivals must have often been struck with the fact that decorated tandem bicycles are exceedingly rare. It must be admitted at once that tandems are scarcer than singles, but considering their number, which may be said to be daily increasing, one could reasonably expect to see more of these double machines at cycling festivals than is at present the case. The only explanation we can offer for the absence of this machine at these gatherings is because it is more difficult to make a really effective picture of a tandem bicycle than is the case with single machines. One of the most striking tandem designs we have seen was the splendidly decorated machine shown in the accompanying illustration. It was ridden through the streets of Potsdam, in Germany, by Mr. Steppin, last year, on the anniversary of the Germania Cycling Club, and was applauded by thousands of spectators. The framework

consists of wooden bars secured to the frame of the machine. This framework is 5 ft. high and 22 ins. wide. The decorations consisted chiefly of thin blue and white material, such as tulle, etc., tastefully relieved by trails of creepers and dahlias. Very pretty also is the floral decorated tandem of Baron van Reede te Parkeler and his wife, of Amsterdam. Much pains and time were spent over the decoration of this machine, many varieties of flowers being called into requisition, while the canopy, which is also crowded with flowers, may be referred to as its crowning glory.

It is only occasionally that one can meet with such enthusiastic wheelmen who will endeavour to add to the novelty of decoration by combining more than one bicycle in such a way that both machines move harmoniously together. By some ingenious device Miss Brodersen and Mr. Herdejost coupled their machines together, thus giving the riders the opportunity of indulging in a larger canopy than would otherwise have been the case. They are members of the Hermann Cycling Club, a well-known cycling institution on the Continent, and their white canopy, with its floral trimmings, caused much comment.

There is always something interesting about groups, and the five ladies of the First Dutch Ladies' Cycling Association, who were awarded the first prize in connection with the cycling carnival held in



MISS CLARA FINCH AS "THE FLORAL QUEEN."

A SALFORD WHEELER.



honour of the accession of Queen Wilhelmina, presented a very pretty picture. The group was composed of five riders, whose machines were charmingly decorated with violets and other flowers. On the centre machine was fixed a kind of pole, with a flag at the top, while directly underneath appeared a shield bearing the memorable motto, "Honi soit qui mal y pense." Four strings of flowers attached to the top of the pole acted as reins to the four different riders, who endeavoured to keep that length from the centre machine. All five machines kept at their proper distance, and no doubt their faultless riding had a great deal to do with influencing the decision of the jury

carnivals, when they vie with one another in the decoration of their machines.

All the foregoing bicycles have been either decorated with flowers or drapery, or by some novel design attached to certain parts of the frame. Our last photograph, however, is a lady's bicycle of the ordinary height and pattern, and, like our other illustrations, claims attention on account of its unique decorations. In this case, however, it is not flowers, but precious stones! Now, it is somewhat difficult to show to the full advantage such costly ornaments as precious stones, but on the handle-bar of the machine mentioned there are no less than four hundred and twenty-two



THE WINNERS OF THE FIRST PRIZE AT THE CYCLING CARNIVAL HELD IN CONNECTION WITH THE ACCESSION OF QUEEN WILHELMINA OF HOLLAND.

in awarding them the first prize, a valuable gold medal. Mention has been made in this article of the Franzensbad Cycling Club's carnival, and of the elegance of the machines that took part in it, but perhaps we could not do better than reproduce a photograph showing some of the members with their machines, which has been kindly lent by the secretary of the Club. After a careful view of this picture it will hardly be necessary for the reader to be informed that the members of the Franzensbad Cycling Club are all enthusiastic cyclists, and look forward with pleasure to cycling

real precious stones. This fancy lady's bicycle was brought out by an Austrian firm, and caused quite a sensation at the Vienna Exposition of 1897, where it was exhibited, and also more recently at Turin. The whole machine is decorated in the most delicate colours, ivory white and blue, while all the plated parts, instead of being nickel-plated in the usual way, are heavily ruddy-gilt, whereby the elegant impression given to the machine is still further enhanced. The gear-case, which is shown so clearly in the photograph, is adorned with most artistic hand-paintings of Cupids on bicycles, deco-



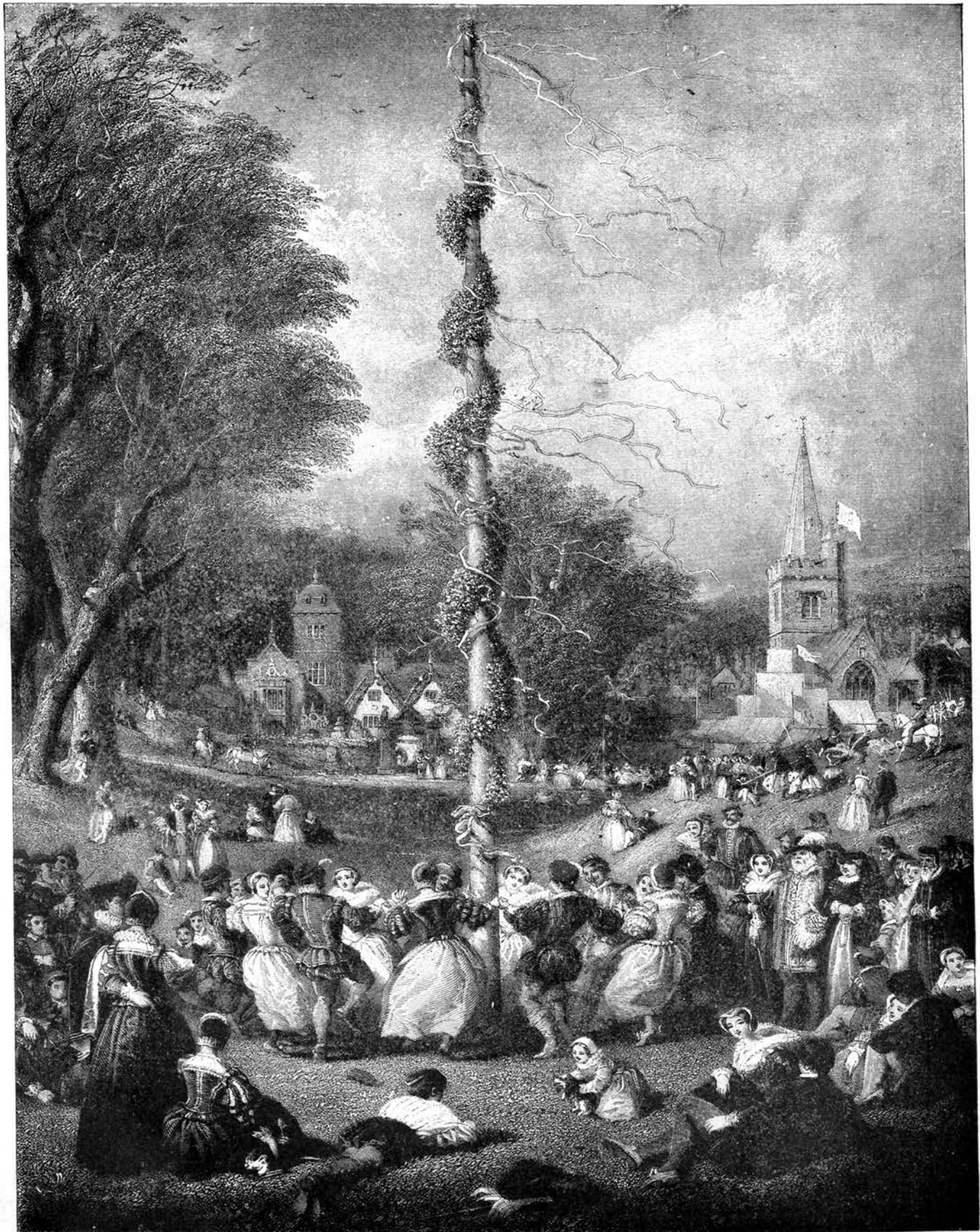
AT THE FRANZENSBAD CYCLING CLUB'S CARNIVAL.

rated with roses. The frame as well as the rims are also delicately painted, while the saddle cover is of blue plush lined with silk and ornamented with beautiful real gold embroidery. It is difficult to judge the value of such a machine, for in addition to the four hundred and twenty-two precious stones set on the handle-bar there are other costly

additions such as the mother-of-pearl handles with gold clips set with wonderful turquoises. According to the particulars the writer has received through the kindness of the British Consul at Vienna, Mr. Feldscharck, and to whom he is indebted for the accompanying photograph, the construction of the machine alone cost £300.



LADY'S BICYCLE, DECORATED THROUGHOUT WITH PRECIOUS STONES.



J. NASH. FINEP

C. COUSEN. SCULPT

MAY DAY AND THE MAY POLE IN OLDEN TIMES.

Demorest, 1879

AUNT MEHITABLE'S WINTER IN WASHINGTON.

BY MRS. HARRIET HAZELTON.

FIFTH PAPER.

WELL, about the last o' February, your Cousin Jacob Hyder come up from the Shana'doah and we concluded to go around an' see some o' the sights. Miss Rankin was good enough to offer to go 'round with us, an' tell us all about things. We went fust to the Treasury, where all the greenbacks is made, and where nearly all the gold and silver in America is kept.

Nat, he'd got a pass from the Secretary to take us through; for they have to be mighty pertick'ler what kind o' people they let in. We went fust to the cash room, where I set down an' watched the folks a-comin' in for awhile till the clerk got ready to go around with us. There was a great counter of solid mahogany, with thick plate glass all around the upper part, an' little open places between, where the clerks stood with pens behind their ears. One o' these was the place where they cashed the cheques, an' people would come in an' hand 'em through, an' the clerk would take 'em, look a moment, pick up a bunch o' bills, count 'em like lightnin'; take his pen down an' write on a book; count the money ag'in in a twinklin', hand it out to the man, an' put the cheque away—all quicker 'n it takes me to tell it, an' without sayin' a single word. Laws a me! at our little Virginny banks all the news an' gossip of a neighborhood is talked over when 'Siah an' me goes to deposit our money every fall. There was great portly men dressed in broadcloth, with big chains and seal rings; there was dirty-lookin' white an' colored men, fresh from their work on the streets; there was trim-lookin' treasury clerksses an' poor ole women, all treated alike. Of course you could notice the quick, admirin' glance given to the spruce young girl, an' *she* could see it too; it's all human natur', but one was *served* just as politely as the other.

This room is the one the fust Inaguration Ball was held in, an' it's perfectly beautiful. All the walls are lined with marble of the most wonderful colors and kinds, an' there's grand chandeliers and railins of bronze all around a gallery above, where visitors was a walkin'. When we left there we went to General Spinner's room, to git the pass signed. He's the man that writes so quarely on all the greenbacks. Nobody on earth, I guess, that hadn't been told, ever could guess the three fust letters o' his name. The "pinner" is plain enough, but the "F" looks more like an "L" than anything else, and the "E" an' the "S" look like fancy curleques instead o' letters. Ginerall Spinner's a bright lookin' old gentleman, real homely like, though; an' with eyes like Mr. Prentice, o' the *Louisville Journal*, that I seen

once up to Petersburg. He was settin' at a table in the middle o' the room, an' there was half a dozen or so o' pretty and stylish ladies in the room, all lookin' as if they was very much at home. I asked what they done there, an' the man said they was clerks, but I didn't see but one of 'em a-doin' anything, an' she was takin' it mighty easy.

We next went to the vault where they keep the money that's waiting to be sent away. There's a great open place just outside the door, with an elevator, where they send the money down in packages to an express office in the story below, where it's all boxed an' sent away without bein' exposed to outside eyes. In the vault was a great many millions o' dollars, in paper an' gold. They handed me a package o' one thousand dollar notes, an' told me there was four millions in it. Just try to think, girls, of a million o' dollars! You can't do it. They say Judge Allen's worth a hundred thousand, an' a million's ten hundred thousand. It takes my breath to think of it. An' so I had in my hand forty hundred thousand dollars! They gave me a small bag o' gold; I should think there was a quart or three pints of it; an', whew! I almost let it drop, it was so heavy. The man that showed us around told us several stories of the way visitors had tried to steal the money in goin' in an' out; but of course they was always caught.

We next went to another vault where they keep bonds of all the banks in the United States, an' then to the room where the lady clerks was countin' the currency. This room's as long as our barn, and full of women, an' it's wonderful to see 'em count. They count many thousands in a day, some of 'em, an' can do such work much better than the men; but I think it must be dreadful to count, right straight along, all day, an' all the week, an' all the month, an' to know all the time that you mustn't make any mistakes. Of course you can't notice any one that comes in—you must just go on. An' you can't *think* at all. It's a great sight worse than housework or sewin' or anything else, accordin' to my notion.

We then went through long halls with the doors locked after us, till we come to the Redemption Bureau, where they take all the old, ragged, wore-out money, an' count it, an' arrange it to send back in good money. They git pounds an' pounds of this every day, from all the cities in the Union, and send back any kind o' notes that's wanted, in place of it. They bind it up in bunches, so much together; they then cut through each end o' the bunch with a machine, then cut each bunch in halves, and send the halves to different ones to count, so that there can be no mistake about the amount, an' after it's all redeemed with good money, they have it burnt in packages, so as to be sure of its all bein' destroyed.

The Treasury buildin' 's made o' granite, an'

is wonderful large. The fountains an' flowers, they say, are beautiful in summer. There's a great fountain betwixt it an' the President's that sends up great showers of water all the time, when the weather ain't too cold. From the Treasury steps on the south you can see the river an' the Washin'ton Monument (what there is of it) and the Capitol, an' the whole mile of the wide avenue between, all filled with carriages an' street cars, an' full of bustle an' life. They say there's to be a great statue of General Grant on hossback to be raised on this portico. Maybe that's well enough; but I think they'd better finish the Washin'ton Monument first. Great men come on so fast that they'll always crowd out one another, if the people'll only allow it. An' while our people have made statues without number to all the other great men, we've let this monument stand as if our respect for the greatest of all our great men had suddenly and forever sunk out o' sight.

I've a good mind to finish it myself, by askin' every woman in the United States that can raise a dollar, to give it towards this work. That's the way they bought Mount Vernon; an' there's thousands an' thousands o' farmers' wives would sell chickens, or eggs, or butter to put their dollar in the Monument. Only let a list o' the names be printed, an' sent to 'em, so's they'd know it was put to the right use, an' it would be all right. An' there's many a sewin' girl, an' factory girl, an' shop girl, an' school teacher, to say nothing o' the rich ladies, that might send as much as they liked. An' there's many here in Washin'ton that would give a good deal, I reckon. Then I'd have the money *used for the purpose*, an' no humbuggin' about it. I do believe I'll try it! If Mr. Godey'll give me an advertisement, all the other magazines an' papers'll copy it for us; an' GODEY goes everywhere, you know. [What do you say, Mr. Godey? You mind how you advertised for the Mount Vernon Association.]

After we went through the Treasury, we walked down to see the Monument, an' it made my heart ache to look upon it. It's the very pictur' of desolation when you git inside an' look up. The wooden roof is all rotten, an' the sides o' the wall streaked with the water runnin' down. It's only a rough wall inside, yet there's hundreds o' the loveliest stones lyin' there in a long frame shanty near, a-waitin' to be placed in the inside wall. I thought I heard 'em cry out to me, "Why must we still lie here? Why don't we find our sphere?" There's poetry for you. But I think I've heard before o' stones a-cryin' out. Oh, it's pitiful! There's grand blocks from nearly all the States an' from all parts o' Europe, an' even one from Turkey, an' another from Egypt. Yet there they lie, unseen, unhonored, an' unused, in our glorious country, an' in the very city founded an' laid out by George Wash-

in'ton himself. *There's* the pity of it, an' the shame. Not a hundred years yit gone by. If this is what republicanism means, I'd rather live under a monarchy. *They* always honor their great men. But our men have such weighty matters always on hand—countries an' islands to annex, millions o' speeches to make, thousands o' summer excursions to take, fine mansions to build, so's to keep up with the fashions, Europe to be "done," an' the dear only knows what besides, that, girls, I think the women ought to finish the monument. What do you say? "Willin' to give *your* dollars, if you have to dig ginseng to git 'em with?" Well, that's the sperrit; so let's go to work in earnest. I'll consult Mr. Godey about the advertisement. I'll go right about it in the fall, when I git back to Washin'ton, an' hunt up the Monument Association, an' find out how much it'll take to finish it, an' then we'll do it. Why shouldn't we? We bought Mount Vernon, with the help of a few great an' good men, like Mr. Everett; an' the country's a mighty sight richer 'n it was then. An' though there's been some wrong-doing about it, it still belongs to the women o' the United States. Because one woman didn't do all her duty, that's no reason the good women shouldn't do their duty, no more'n one stumbling block in the church should keep out all the others that mean well. Besides, if the women had adopted the one-term system in makin' their President, *she'd* a-come out all right.

Some o' them stones are worth hundreds an' thousands o' dollars. Shall they lie there a hundred years or so for strangers to come an' look at, an' then go off an' talk about the shabby, an' shiftless, an' frothy patriotism of the American people? bubblin' up, spoutin' high, like the geysers o' the Yellowstone, for a little while, then dyin' out an' leavin' an old crater a-standin' there to show its weakness an' decay? No, no! Let the women take it in hand. Let all the women-righters put *their* shoulders to the wheel, an' show that there's *one* thing we can finish that the men couldn't. Their speeches might do some good in such a cause as this. They could show to the world that they insisted on the right to honor the name of the Father of our Country. An' let all the quiet home bodies, the angels of the fireside, coax a dollar from their mates to add their mite in this honor; or, if they can't git it this way (men have *so* many uses for their dollars!) let them sell eggs, or make a pair o' pants, or iron a dozen o' clothes, or copy a day for a lawyer, or make wax or leather flowers, or knit a shawl or a couple o' pairs o' socks, or make blackberry jam, or dry cherries, or can fruit, to git a dollar to put in the Monument. It wouldn't hurt any one of 'em much, an' there's plenty o' women in America to finish the work, if they'd only give a dollar apiece.

I can git Nat an' a few other members o' Congress that I know to be honest, an' Mayor Jones, an' Judge Thompson, an' a few other gentlemen o' the best character in Washin'ton, to superintend the business part o' the matter. For, no matter what some women think, I know when it comes to bossin' work, it takes men to do it.

But I must change the subject, or you 'll all be tired. From the Monument we went to the Agricultual buildin'. This is the place where they fix up all the seeds to send out to the people. It is brought from all the countries in the world, an' after they try it here to see if it 'll suit the climate, they send it out to the farms an' gardens. 'The green-house is beautiful, like picturs of Southern gardens, an' they say the grounds are covered in summer with the rarest flowers. A gentleman there that knows Nat promised to send me some slips an' bulbs in the spring, an' that's where I got them beautiful lilies and roses, girls.

The Smithsonian comes next, an' is a wonderful place. The buildin' is grand, with towers an' domes like some o' the old castles in our book of English scenery. It's made o' brown stone, an' stands in a great lot o' forty or fifty acres, that's all planted with fine trees from foreign lands. But the things inside, oh, girls! I couldn't tell 'em all over in a whole evenin', even supposin' I could remember. But there's hundreds o' stuffed animals, as nateral as life, an' thousands o' birds as bright in color as our red-birds, only they're green, an' blue, an' gold, an' all the colors' o' the rainbow. There's dozens o' the prettiest little hummin' birds, stuffed, but lookin' like they was alive; an' in a case where they keep birds'-nests I seen their cute little nests, about as big as a tiny little pill-box. An' there was eagles, an' owls, an' pelicans (them's the Southern birds, you know), an' the eider ducks, that live at the North Pole, an' thousands more that I can't remember. Then there was great bunches o' coral an' sea-weeds, an' shells, an' crystals, an' Injun arrows, an' pipes, an' tomahawks, an' many other things I can't mind just now. After lookin' all through the lower part o' the room, Miss Rankin asked me if I shouldn't like to see the mummies. I didn't care about it, but Jacob, he thought he'd like to see 'em. So we went up the stairs an' along to the fur end o' the gallery, an' there, a-standin' up, and grinnin' right at me, was a dried-up human bein', lookin' jist as much like a man or woman as an old dried-up burnt piece o' apple looks like a rich, red apple on the tree. It made me feel humble to think I could ever, by any means, be made to look like that. It was three thousand years old, an' its nation an' language gone from the earth; yit here it stood and grinned still. Oh, girls, let me be buried in the deep, deep sea, or burned to ashes, or chopped into mincemeat

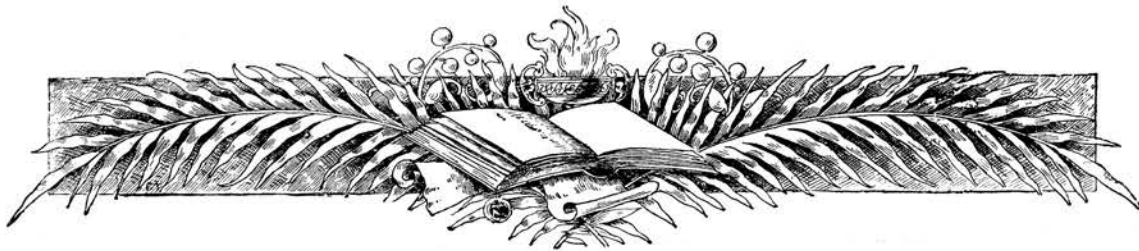
for cannibals, or let "worms devour my flesh"—anything, rather than be a mummy! This buildin' was partly burned in 1865. Miss Rankin told us how dreadfully she felt when she saw it a-blazin' out at the top o' the great tower. She lived on Tenth Street, an' could look right down to it. She thought o' the thousands o' beautiful things in it, an' feared they would all be destroyed. An' what a loss it would a-been to the country! An English gentleman give all his fortune to the United States to build this Institute an' fill it with wonderful things. I s'pose the English folks was jealous enough, but they couldn't help themselves. I was glad to hear that only a few of the things was lost. Professor Henry, the superintendent o' the place, is a man o' great learnin', an' looks, Miss Rankin says, like the great traveller, Humboldt.

ODE

TO AN ODIUS OLD DRESS.

BY MISS E. CONOMY.

Poor thrice turned garment with
 Thy threadbare air,
 Can I thy faded form
 Again repair?
 Turn yet once more thy well-
 Worn narrow skirt,
 Now fringed with specimens
 Of city dirt?
 Can I thy ruffles change
 To pleatings wide,
 And cover up the stains
 On either side;
 Give thy close sleeve a
 Graceful, easy flow,
 And pieco it so that
 Nobody will know?
 Thy shabby boddico can I
 Then restore,
 And shape the trimming
 A la Pompadour?
 Thy overskirt loop high
 With careless grace,
 Yet hide with cunning the
 Oft-mended place?
 Goddess of Fashion, at whose
 Shrine we bow,
 Lend me thine aid, sadly I
 Need it now;
 Inspire my hand with skill
 To turn the stuff,
 And make the scanty pattern
 Seem enough.
 And when I wear it,
 Howsoc'er I feel,
 Grant I may look
 Exceedingly genteel.
 May all beholders think it
 A new gown,
 And me the best dressed lady
 In the town.



NOMS DE PLUME.

The following list contains the *noms de plume*, together with the proper names of notable authors and writers. From it you can at any time readily identify a writer whose *nom de plume* only is given.

<i>Adirondack</i>L. E. Chittenden	<i>Fanchon</i>Mrs. Laura M. Sandford	<i>Mrs. Markham</i> ...Mrs. Eliza Penrose
<i>Alderman Rooney</i> ..D. O. C. Townley	<i>Frank Forrester</i> ..Houry W. Herbert	<i>Mrs. Gilman</i>Mr. Ballou
<i>Arp Bill</i>Chas. H. Smith	<i>Fanny Fern</i>Mrs. James Parton	<i>Nym Orinkle</i>A. C. Wheeler
<i>Alba</i>Alexina B. White	<i>Father Prout</i> ..Rev. Francis Mahony	<i>Nimrod</i>Chas. J. Apperley
<i>Agate</i>Whitelaw Reid	<i>Fat Contributor</i>A. M. Griswold	<i>Oliver Optic</i>Wm. T. Adams
<i>American Girl Abroad</i> ..Miss Trafton	<i>Figaro</i>H. Clapp, Jr.	<i>Orpheus C. Kerr</i>R. H. Newell
<i>Ariel</i>S. R. Fisk	<i>Fleeta</i>Kate W. Hamilton	<i>Old Bachelor</i>Geo. W. Curtis
<i>Arthur Sketchley</i>Geo. Rose	<i>Fanny Forrester</i> ..Mrs. E. C. Judson	<i>Olivia</i>Mrs. Briggs
<i>Americus</i>Dr. Francis Lieber	<i>Florence Percy</i>Mrs. Ackers	<i>Olphar Hamst</i>Thomas Ralph
<i>Amateur Casual</i> ...James Greenwood	<i>Gringo Harry</i> ..Lieut. Henry A. Wise	<i>Oliver Yorke</i>Ed. Frazer's Mag.
<i>Artemus Ward</i>Chas. F. Browne	<i>Gath</i>Geo. Alfred Townsend	<i>Onslow Yorke</i>Hepworth Dixon
<i>Asa Trenchard</i>H. Watterson	<i>Grace Greenwood</i> , Mrs. S. J. C. Lippincott	<i>Old Cabinet</i>B. Watson Gilder
<i>Azamal Batuk</i>N. L. Thieblin	<i>Gail Hamilton</i> ..Mary Abigail Dodge	<i>Old Humphrey</i>Geo. Mogridge
<i>A. Crowquill</i>A. Forrester	<i>George Eliot</i>Mrs. Lewes	<i>Owen Meredith</i> ..Ed. Bulwer Lytton
<i>Ally Sloper</i>Charles H. Ross	<i>George Sand</i>Madame Dudevant	<i>Penholder</i>Edward Eggleston
<i>Alnaviva</i>Clement Scott	<i>"H. H."</i>Hol Hunt	<i>Peleg Arkwright</i>D. L. Proudfit
<i>Anthony Poplar</i> ..Ed. Dublin Un. Mag.	<i>Hans Yorkel</i>A. Oakley Hall	<i>Peter Query</i>Martin F. Tupper
<i>Anchor</i>J. Watts De Peyster	<i>Hans Breitman</i> ..Charles G. Leland	<i>Paul Peebies</i>Augustus Maverick
<i>A. L. O. E.</i>Miss Charlotte Tucker	<i>Horns</i>G. C. Fisher	<i>K. N. Pepper</i>James M. Morris
<i>Aunt Mary</i>Mrs. Mary A. Lathbury	<i>Harry Hazell</i>Justin Jones	<i>Pisistratus Brown</i>Wm. Blacks
<i>A Veteran Observer</i> ..E. D. Mansfield	<i>Harry Franco</i>Chas. F. Briggs	<i>Parsee Merchant</i>J. S. Moore
<i>Bibliophile</i>S. A. Allibone	<i>Historicus</i>Vernon Harcourt	<i>Petroleum V. Nasby</i> ...D. R. Locke
<i>Bard, Samuel A.</i>E. G. Squier	<i>Howard Glyndon</i> ..Laura C. Reeden	<i>Porte Crayon</i>D. H. Strother
<i>Brick Pomeroy</i> ...Mark M. Pomeroy	<i>Harper's Easy Chair</i> ..Geo. Wm. Curtis	<i>Publicola</i>W. J. Fox
<i>Besieged Resident</i> ..H. Labouchere	<i>Harry Gringo</i> ...Lieut. H. A. Wise	<i>Perley</i>Major B. P. Moore
<i>Boz</i>Charles Dickens	<i>Holme Lee</i>Miss Harriet Parr	<i>Philip Quilibet</i>Geo. E. Pond
<i>Bayard</i>F. J. Otterson	<i>Ike Marvel</i>D. G. Mitchell	<i>Paul Creyton</i>J. T. Trowbridge
<i>Burleigh</i>Matthew Hale Smith	<i>Ireneus</i>Rev. Dr. Prime	<i>Parson Frank</i>F. Jacox
<i>Bookworm</i>Thos. F. Donnelley	<i>January Searle</i> ...Geo. S. Phillips	<i>Pylodet, L.</i>F. Leyoldt
<i>Barrett Walter</i>J. A. Scoville	<i>Jay Charlton</i>J. C. Goldsmith	<i>Polinto</i>F. B. Wilkie
<i>Benedict Crusser</i>G. A. Sala	<i>Joshua Coffin</i>H. W. Longfellow	<i>Peter Plymley</i>Sidney Smith
<i>Barnacle</i>A. C. Barnes	<i>Jacob Omnium</i>M. J. Higgins	<i>Parson Brownlow</i> ..Wm. J. Brownlow
<i>Barry Cornwall</i> ..Bryan Waller Proctor	<i>Jenny June</i>Mrs. J. C. Croly	<i>Peter Parley</i>Sam'l G. Goodrich
<i>Barry Grey</i>R. B. Cuffin	<i>John Phenix</i> ..Capt. G. H. Derby, U.S.A.	<i>Peter Pindar</i>John Wolcott
<i>Bill Arp</i>Chas. H. Smith	<i>Josh Billings</i>H. W. Shaw	<i>Richeieu</i>Wm. E. Robinson
<i>Colly Cibber</i>James Rees	<i>John Paul</i>C. H. Webb	<i>Romeo</i>G. W. Fellows
<i>Competition Wallah</i>Trevelyan	<i>Junius</i>Junius H. Browne	<i>Saxe Holm</i>Miss Rush Ellis
<i>Cousin Nourma</i>Dr. J. E. Nagle	<i>Kirke White</i>Henry K. White	<i>Sophie Sparkle</i>Jennie E. Hicks
<i>Carleton</i>C. C. Coffin	<i>Laertes</i>Geo. A. Townsend	<i>Sylvanus Urban</i> , Ed. Gentleman's Mag.
<i>Carlfried</i>C. F. Wingate	<i>Laicus</i>Rev. Lyman Abbott	<i>Sophie May</i>Miss. S. R. Clarke
<i>Carl Benson</i>C. A. Bristed	<i>Leone Leoni</i>J. D. Osborne	<i>Silverpen</i>Eliza Meteyard
<i>Cantell A. Bigly</i> ...Gen. W. Peck	<i>Lucy Fountain</i>Kate Hilliard	<i>Susan Coolidge</i>Miss Woolsey
<i>Currer Bell</i>Charlotte Bronte	<i>Louisa Muhlbach</i> , Madam Clara Munkt	<i>Sentinel</i>Wm. H. Bogart
<i>Cuthbert Bede</i>Rev. E. Bradley	<i>"Monsieur X"</i>Joe Howard, Jr.	<i>Shirley Dare</i>P. C. Dunning
<i>Country Parson</i> ..Rev. A. K. H. Boyd	<i>Marian Harland</i> ..Mrs. M. V. Terhune	<i>Savid</i>James Davis
<i>Druid</i>C. C. Flint	<i>Max Adler</i>C. H. Clark	<i>Sam'l A. Bard</i> ...Ephraim J. Squier
<i>Doesticks, Q. K.</i> ..Mortimer Thompson	<i>Mignonette</i>Emily H. Moore	<i>Sam Slick</i>Judge Haliburton
<i>Dow, Junior</i>Eldridge Paige	<i>Miss Grundy</i>Miss M. A. Sneed	<i>Stonehenge</i>John H. Walsh
<i>Dunn Brown</i>Rev. Samuel Fiske	<i>Minnie Myrtle</i>Anna L. Johnson	<i>Timon, John</i>Donald G. Mitchell
<i>Darby, John</i>J. E. Garretson	<i>Mrs. Ramsbottom</i> ..Theodore Hook	<i>Tom Folio</i>J. E. Babson
<i>Dick Tinto</i>F. B. Goodrich	<i>McArons</i>Geo. Arnold	<i>Thomas Maitland</i> ...Robt. Buchanan
<i>Dr. Oldham</i>C. S. Henry, LL. D.	<i>Malakoff</i>Dr. Johnson	<i>Timothy Titcomb</i> ...J. G. Holland
<i>Dr. Syntax</i>Wm. Coombe	<i>Major Jack Downing</i> ..Seba Smith	<i>Trusta</i>Eliz. Stuart Phelps
<i>Egyptus</i>Dr. Jos. P. Thompson	<i>Mrs. Partington</i>B. P. Shillaber	<i>Thomas Ingoldsby</i> , Richard Harris Barham
<i>Eusebius</i>Dr. E. D. G. Prime	<i>Mark Twain</i>S. L. Clemens	<i>U. Donough Outis</i> ...R. G. White
<i>Estelle</i>Miss Eliz. Bogert	<i>Mercutio</i>Wm. Winter	<i>Uncle Will</i>Prof. Wm. Wells
<i>Eli Perkins</i>M. D. Landon	<i>Miles O'Reilly</i>C. G. Halpine	<i>Vieux Mustache</i>G. Goron
<i>Eugene Pomeroy</i> ...T. F. Donnelly	<i>M. Quad</i>Chas. B. Lewis	<i>Veteran Observer</i> ..E. D. Mansfield
<i>Eleanor Kirk</i>Mrs. Nolly Ames	<i>M. T. Jugg</i>Joe Howard, Jr.	<i>Warrington</i>W. P. Robinson
<i>Elizabeth Wetherall</i> ..Susan Warner	<i>Major Muldoon</i> ..Wm. H. McCartney	<i>Warwick</i>F. J. Ottarson
<i>Elizabeth Berger</i> ..Elizabeth Sheppard	<i>Mintwood</i>Miss Mary A. E. Wager	<i>White Blythe, Jr.</i> ...Solon Robinson
<i>Edmund Kirke</i>J. R. Gilmore	<i>Mark Lewis</i>Math. G. Lewis	<i>Zadkil</i>Lieut. R. J. Morrison
<i>Ethan Spike</i>Matt G. Whittier		
<i>Felix Merry</i>E. A. Dnychinck		

GONE TO THE DOGS.

A VISIT TO THE "HOME FOR LOST DOGS."



MONEY was lost!

There was no longer a doubt about it, and a general feeling of regret pervaded the household, from the kitchen where our soft-hearted Mary shed tears, to the nursery where the young folks howled dis-

consolately. Money was lost, stolen, or strayed; for our Money was not gold, silver, or copper; in fact it had to be paid for at the rate of five shillings a year. It ran about on four legs and its value never changed. It often howled dolefully at nights, and it often troubled us by day—wanting to go out when it was in, and to come in when it was out. It annoyed the neighbours who had cats, and often irritated our friends, who would darkly threaten when we were not supposed to be near. Indeed we had ourselves often wished Money at Jericho, and yet now the little-valued creature appeared to have betaken itself to that remote part of the globe, we all wished it back again—praised its virtues and forgot its faults. "Sich is life, Sairy," all the world over.

Its, or rather his, original name was Mona, being a native of Anglesey, born on the same day as our eldest hope, whose nurse, playmate, and guardian he had been for the nine years they had lived and frolicked together. Once he had dragged the child out of a pool and laid him, a wet bundle of petticoats, at his terrified mother's feet; another time he had followed and found him when he had wandered far away over the hills in determined pursuit of "that ikle star." In those days we felt comfortable about the child when Money was with him. Now that Arthur was at school, and grown beyond the need of his protection, the dog appeared to have transferred his affection and taken charge of small Tots. But Arthur's short letters were usually half filled, as far as they could be made out, with affectionate messages concerning his dear friend and companion, Money, whose allegiance he never doubted.

"Whatever will Arthur say when we send word he's lost?" cried my wife in some distress. "It will spoil the poor darling's holiday."

"It is very vexatious," I agreed, "but he must get over it. It seems to have been nobody's fault; the

dog has strayed from home in some unaccountable manner. Perhaps he may come back again yet."

"I wonder, if we were to offer a reward, put bills about, advertise in the *Times*—Charlie, would you mind?"

"Well, do as you like. I think bills would be the likeliest, as the kind of people who would keep Money would be scarcely likely to see the *Times*. I'm good for a couple of sovereigns, Bess; he's really not worth it, but if it's only to satisfy the boy and Tots here who looks so disconsolate and out of curl."

To tell the truth, I missed the old dog's bark of delight and welcome more than I cared to own. The very next day I saw our loss announced on large white papers in all the sleepy-looking shops about our new neighbourhood; I read of it on shiny white skins of lard; I saw it upside down on the solid-looking leathery tarts at the confectioner's. Wherever I turned my eyes I read that "two guineas reward would be given to any person finding a large, rough, black dog, with a white spot on his head, and answering to the name of 'Money,' or 'Mona,' and bringing him to the house of Dr. Griffith, at 24A, Sunshine Terrace, Bath Road."

This golden offer had the effect of raising many false hopes and alarms among our young people, and also of introducing many curious varieties of the canine tribe to our notice. The surgery bell was constantly being tugged at by all sorts of ragamuffins insisting on knowing if "this here was the dorg that Dr. Griffin was a-looking arter." In one hour I was called up to declare that a small, one-eyed lurcher; a tall, mangy, white nondescript; and a dirty, patchy mongrel, in no way resembled our lost favourite. At first this was amusing, but it soon grew tiresome, and when the third day I heard Tots shrieking with alarm at the sight of a colourless, bandy-legged "bull-tarrier," whose red eyes fixed themselves with a hungry stare on her rosy, chubby knees, while he pulled and tugged at the short chain by which he led, or appeared to lead, a bandy-legged, colourless man, to whom he seemed closely related, I declared that I would have the bills called in, and that for the future no more of such visitors were to be admitted into the garden on any pretence whatever.

A fortnight had passed away, and poor old Money began to be spoken of as a memory of the past, when one morning we were disturbed at our breakfast by the announcement that the garden wall had been invaded, and our trim little green-house stripped of every pot of rare and pretty flowers that my wife had been at the trouble and expense of collecting there. We all rushed to the place, which presented a touching aspect of damage and destruction. I was half speechless with dismay and vexation.

"Oh, dear me, Charlie!" cried mamma, "this never could have happened if that dear old dog had been here."

"He'd a eated them up, wouldn't he, ma?" said

Tots, peeping from behind, and staring about with wide-open eyes.

"To think of all your pretty flowerses being sold for old closes, mum," chimed in Máry, almost wringing her apron-strings off.

"Eh sure, mim, I sha'nt get a wink o' sleep to-night for thinking of them wicked thieves who may come and murder us all in our beds, and it's myself that's trimbling all over," chimed in Bridget, her face as white as dripping.

"Don't be ridiculous, cook; they're only paltry thieves. I'll speak to the policeman; I dare say that he'll find out all about the vagabonds."

Accordingly I introduced myself to an intelligent member of the force—43, XYZ—told him of our trouble and requested his advice and assistance.

"What am I to do? they'll come again for more before long, I suppose."

The policeman nodded affirmatively, then he said solemnly—

"Not if you have a dog, sir; them sort of light thieves, that are not exactly thieves, hate dogs like poison—worse than us policemen even."

"But we have lost ours, and really I have no time to go dog-hunting; besides, I have always heard that there's a deal of cheating if one does not understand them. I don't know what to do. We never had such a thing happen."

The policeman took off his warlike headpiece and stared into its recesses, evidently in search of an idea; and having discovered one, he wiped his forehead, slowly replaced the helmet, and remarked confidentially—

"If you're a-thinking of having another dog, sir, why don't you go to the Dogs' Home? there's lots and lots of 'em there, cheap as dirt; it's pick and choose, and glad to get 'em a new master."

"That's not a bad idea, policeman; I never thought of that; but I had some kind of idea that was only a place where stray dogs were taken to be owned or buried. I did not know they sold them."

"Oh yes, sir, there's an Act of Parliament passed on purpose. When a dog's took in it's kept three clear days, some of them as many weeks, and all the owner has to do is to claim him and pay for his keep; if no one turns up to claim him, he's sold for very little more than his bill."

"And the poor things that are neither claimed nor sold?" asked my wife pityingly.

"Oh, they are popped out of their troubles in a moment; no more starving and snapping in the streets for the ugliest cur in London."

"Can any one take a dog and leave it at this Home?"

"No, sir, no dog is taken from any one but a policeman; they may be given to us in the street or brought to the station, where they are forwarded on and receipted for. It was different at first, but it was found people took their own old dogs and left them to be looked after. They used to come to the first Home, in Holloway, by twos or threes a day; now they have between three or four hundred a week. But you go and see them for yourself, sir; you'll find it a queer

sight, and one as will make you think more of dogs than ever. It isn't far from the station of the London, Chatham, and Dover Line, York Road, and there you are, and there perhaps is your dog."

I took the man's advice and a ticket to York Road Station, Battersea Park, arrived at which platform I heard a distant storm of canine thunder, that assured me that the Home of which I was in search was somewhere handy, as indeed it was, for its open door adjoined that of the station, and all I had to do was to walk in—and wonder.

At the precise moment I entered, there reigned a comparative silence, for there happened to be no visitor to the place. A rosy-faced keeper was attending to a small triangle of garden, yellow with crocuses, while a mild young man was slowly pacing up and down, gazing dreamily on the long range of kennels, behind the iron railings of which were the latest arrivals, yesterday's wanderers. The instant my footstep sounded on the stones, but before they could see me, the whole place became alive with noise and clamour; by some strange freemasonry, the arrival of a stranger was instantly known and signalled from cage to cage. A possible master or friend had come; at the very thought over four hundred doggy voices were raised in every variety of tone, yelling, screaming, squeaking, barking, "I'm here, I'm here in prison; oh! take me home, or I shall choke, fret, die; I—I—I'm the one you've come for; I can't get out, oh! I can't get out!" This they said as plainly as ever Sterne's starling said it.

As I walked by some cried and sobbed piteously, others shouted, bawled, called; but almost all rushed forward to get a sniff and a glance at the new-comer, and each eager face looked into mine with a pitiful blank expression that haunted me for hours. It may seem absurd, but it is not less true, that those anxious, straining eyes, all on the watch for some loved or familiar face, touched me with a kind of dull pain, such as I have felt on looking in those of a sick child longing for something I could not give it. I don't think I had even noticed the almost human intelligence in a dog's eye before, but I have noted it a good many times since, and wondered almost uneasily at its dumb intensity.

As I wandered on past the compartments in which the dogs were classed, I could not avoid noticing the striking differences of temper and character, as well as of species; the small dogs came first, and they of course raised the loudest outcry, being most of them mere baby-dogs, and behaving as such; now crying and whimpering as though broken-hearted, now blundering over each other in a thoughtless frolic, little heeding the trouble of older dogs around. I was surprised to see so many puppies, but the keeper told me the poor little things were mostly kept by thoughtless people who saved them to please children, and turned them out when it became a question of licence—a most cruel practice.

These and indeed most of the cages contained a great share of those long-tailed, ugly, mongrel street Arabs, that but a few years since were for ever humbly following at the heels of any one rash enough to give a

pitying look at their poor thin bodies : curs that stole, and starved, and went mad in our streets. But here they are side by side with dainty pets, whose necks still show remains of blue ribbons, but whose long curly coats are in dreadful need of the accustomed bath. As a rule I noticed that these showed teeth and temper under their adverse circumstances, and snapped at the still humble mongrels which misfortune had made their companions. Altogether it was evident that this assembly did not enjoy each other's society ; they had food, straw, comfort, but they wanted human society as only dogs can want it.

It was strange to watch how they pushed and elbowed each other out of the reach of a friendly pat, and how gratefully they received a few words of condolence.

"It don't do to notice them, sir, it puts them off their food for long enough," said the keeper as he heard me "poor-fellowing" an ugly mongrel that by a series of gymnastics had managed to reach and lick the hand I had rested against the rails. "That kind of dog is the most affectionate of all, and once taken to is never to be got rid of ; I'll be bound that he's hungry enough, but if I give him some biscuit he won't touch it for the next half-hour ; they can't stand pity, sir, it makes them miserable, they're that tender-hearted."

Not but what every now and then there was a sudden rush and riot, and a naughty quarrelsome dog was dragged out of a cage, appearing very much ashamed, and transferred with chiding words to another place, where he sneaked off to hide in the straw, looking much like some urchin in disgrace.

In the larger enclosures were other stray dogs—big, black, mild-eyed retrievers ; they did not bark and whine, but waited in silent, solemn composure ; two huge, sullen hounds, that scowled at me in a dignified manner, as much as to say, "*You* never owned such gentlemen as us ;" and several bull-dogs, suggestive of a muzzle, raw meat for dinner, and Bill Sykes for a master, besides many others to me of race unknown ; but I saw nothing of Money, or indeed any dog like him.

"Ain't found your dog, sir ?" asked the keeper, as I came to his green and yellow triangle again, and looked regretfully around.

"No," I said ; "I'm afraid it's a bad case ; I suppose I shall have to invest in another, but I should very much rather have had poor Money back again. You don't remember a black terrier with a round white spot on the top of his head—rather an odd-looking dog ?"

"Well, sir, we have so many odd-looking dogs here. Did you look in the infirmary ? There's two there." He

led me to a small separate building in a corner where, on masses of clean straw which each invalid enjoyed in undisturbed loneliness, lay two dogs : one a cream-coloured, black-muzzled ladies' pug, like a china ornament, valuable, quaint, and big-eyed ; the other, rolled up asleep in a dark corner, I could not quite make out, but he looked too small for our lost terrier.

"No," I said, "he's not here."

The poor ugly pet looked piteously at me, and never stirred ; but the mass of straw in the other cage was suddenly scattered, a rough black head poked out, and Money, our old Money, rolled moaning with delight over the hand I stretched out to him.

"I thought it might be him, sir ; but we always leave it to the dogs to recognise their own masters ; you see there's never no mistake about that, sir."

"Is he very ill ?" I asked anxiously, as, his excitement over, I noticed that the poor dog could scarcely stand on his feet, and was thin as a basket.

"Ay, sir ; he's fretted himself into a consumption wellnigh, which ain't uncommon, but if you take him home and nurse him up a bit he'll soon get well again, I have no doubt."

I did take him home, having settled the bill for his board, which was only two shillings a week, and he was tenderly received and welcomed. Tots almost smothered him with kisses, and cook gave him dainty messes. But somehow Money, after the first day's mad gladness, lay on the soft rug, languid and still, shivering in his sleep and often moaning softly in his waking hours ; no play, no rushing after "s'cats ;" the fact became evident, Money was dying. As a last chance I fetched a veterinary surgeon to look at our poor favourite, and that gentleman said—

"It's been too great a shock for his nerves ; another twenty-four hours and he would have been dead ; as it is—well, he may recover, but it will be a work of patience and time which some people would not care to give a dog. You had better send him over to me—it's only a lump of sugar business," he whispered over Tots' head.

"I will take any trouble over him if he can be made well again," said Arthur, just home from school.

The prescription was port wine and strong beef-tea, to be administered once every hour. At first Money totally refused to swallow the mixture, but having been coaxed and persuaded, took it for the sake of obliging his little master, then he took it because he liked it, and gradually grew stronger, left off shivering, and at last was able once more to run races with his nurse. Now I think he has almost recovered from his visit to the dogs.



THE MODERN SERVANT GIRL.



"A NICE GIRL, BUT SHE STOLE AND TOLD LIES."

WE hear a great deal now about "service not being what it was," and I cannot help thinking that there is some truth in the statement. Without committing myself to "Reactionary" or "Retrograde" views in general—without laying all the blame on the School Board—I am disposed, for reasons which I will proceed to explain, to echo the popular cry.

It is against young girls as servants—the products, presumably, of "improved education"—that I bring my charge. I do not want to complain of servants in general, for I have received from them in my life more kindness than I can ever repay; it is against the raw, untried, unapprenticed article that I inveigh. For five years I have suffered from a succession of these. They have been of all kinds: quick, slow, active, lazy, pleasant, sulky; but one and all incompetent to do the work they professed to do. When I have exhausted the resources of London, I have tried the country—for the unknown is always desirable. The results have been equally disappointing. While disclaiming any tendency to Mrs. Carlyle's spirit of romancing, and with no such awful revelations as hers to disclose with regard to either girls—or insects—I think I may safely say that, with rare exceptions, the young servant girl, under present conditions, is, to use a colloquial but expressive phrase, "more trouble than she is worth."

I began with a little damsel of sixteen, named Martha, who came to me from a large well-managed orphanage in the East End. In many ways she was vastly superior to her successors, being willing and obedient; but she was absolutely devoid of method. This, I will allow, was not altogether her own fault, for she had been "driven" like a machine all through her short life. One day had succeeded another at the orphanage with monotonous regularity, and the girls had been taught everything except to teach themselves. Martha, probably as a result of this training, was easily depressed; she took a saddened view of life, and everything made her weep. She could supply no originality, or even "gumption."

"What shall we have for dinner?" I once asked her vaguely, and waited for a suggestion.

Martha's eyes grew round as she revolved in her mind the dinners of the preceding days.

"Ye've 'ad chops, and ye've 'ad steaks," she said, after a prolonged pause; "and I don't see what else ye *can* 'ave."

Martha's kitchen was a sight to behold, and she never had a clean face; but she was sympathetic—almost too sympathetic. If I inadvertently complained of a headache in her hearing, I was always reminded of it for a week afterwards.

"Got the 'edache agin, m'm?" she would say as her morning greeting. "It *is* miserable, ain't it, to feel like that?"

Poor little Martha! I never enjoyed good health until she took her departure.

My next experience was with a young person named Marianne—a girl of eighteen, with curly brown hair, a round rosy face, and a perpetual smile. I flattered myself that I should spend several pleasant years with Marianne. Alas! I reckoned without my host. Like "Jane," in that well-known little work called "Reading without Tears," Marianne was "a nice girl, but she stole and told lies." She stole as unblushingly as Topsy, and told lies with at least equal ingenuity. She had also other affinities with Topsy, for one could not overcome a certain liking for her, notwithstanding her faults. She was *so* good-tempered, and directly after a severe reprimand would come up again smiling so sweetly. "The more you



"CHEAP 'DREADFULS.'"



“MY 'ED'S ALL OF A GOGGLE, AND MY LEGS ARE ALL OF A FUR.”

squeezed the bolster on her” (and it needed a deal of squeezing!) “the more she looked round the corner of it.” Reproofs rolled off her like water off a duck, and she was always pleasant and amiable. She was very fond, too, of reading—a pursuit which I encouraged until I found it hopeless to elevate her taste. Many servants, I have noticed—and many mothers too, for that matter—appear to think that “reading” is a virtue in itself, entirely independent of the thing read; and Marianne was addicted exclusively to Dream Books and cheap “Dreadfuls.” Her character cannot be better shown than by the fact that her first month’s wages went in buying a showy gilt Albert watch chain, which, as she possessed no watch, and her only pair of stockings showed large holes, seemed rather superfluous. Even Miss Ophelia herself would have given Marianne up, and yet to this day I occasionally regret her.

My next attempt was of a very different kind. Susan was as fragile as Marianne had been big and strong. She was seventeen; neat, and precise; and she gave herself all the airs of a little old woman. Poor girl! she was not particularly robust, but no confirmed out-patient of an hospital could have described her complaints more fondly than she did.

“My 'ed’s all of a goggle, and my legs are all of a fur,” she would say; adding, with a weak little smile, “I think it’s carryin’ the coals as does it.”

Poor Susan was already an expert “class leader,” and her school prizes, which she proudly showed me, were many and various. I couldn’t help thinking that almost any walk in life would have suited this young woman better than that of a general servant. Her mother came to see me one day, to ask me if I

couldn’t manage to make the work easier—“Must she carry the coals?” for instance.

“Well, you see,” I said, “I engaged her to carry coals, and she wouldn’t be of much use to me, if I did all the work while she sat in the parlour.”

Susan left at the end of two months.

“I feel better in meself, m’m,” she said at parting, with the manner of a dame of sixty, “but my meals they lay *there*” (pointing to her chest); “and as for the meat, I can turn it round and round in my mouth, but swaller it I can’t.”

After Susan’s departure I tried a registry office. Now, to my mind, registry offices are nets for the unwary. How often have we not entered their voracious maw, and paid ten, or even fifteen, shillings without getting any return! And the cheap registry offices are just as bad as the dear ones. After trying a few “high-class” offices with no result, I thought I would try another kind, and applied for a servant at a dingy little place near Tottenham Court Road, where the usual charge was a shilling only. A crowd of girls and women filled the small shop—and it was certainly not a pleasant-looking crowd. Girls with bold eyes and long straight fringes, and feathers of the Whitechapel type; women, on whose bloated faces drink was but too plainly written—a brazen, pitiful group! I paid the shilling, gave my address, and one of the nicest-looking of the waiting damsels was brought forward for interrogation. She was a pert, red-cheeked girl of twenty, with a dirty face, a frayed ulster, and a wild red fringe that obscured her eyes. I stated my requirements. The girl did not budge.



“SHE WAS A PERT, RED-CHEEKED GIRL . . . WITH A WILD RED FRINGE.”

"Business 'ouse?" she inquired, without moving an eyelid.

"What's that?" I asked.

The woman in charge explained that it meant a shop.

The girl was dismissed—or, rather, dismissed me—with contempt; for mine is not a "business 'ouse." With two others I fared no better. They made the same query, and departed; and I departed too, leaving my shilling behind me. The shopwoman promised to send me a suitable damsel, but I need hardly say that no one came.

I may state in this connection that the real slum-girl is, like her better-educated sister, very contemptuous of service. I remember once sending a raw girl of fifteen from a starving family to a registry office, enclosing the necessary fee for her in an envelope. Subsequently we found that her mother had appropriated the fee, and drunk—so to speak—the clothes. Finally the girl refused a place I eventually got for her, because she had expected at least ten pounds a year, and was only promised nine pounds. She preferred a daily trudge to and from the factory at two shillings per week.

But to return to my own girls. After the failure of the registry offices to supply my wants, I advertised for "a strong country girl."

The numbers who answered my advertisement seemed certainly encouraging, and I congratulated myself—a little too hastily, as it afterwards turned out. All the applicants represented themselves as giants of strength, paragons of virtue, and of unflagging industry. I engaged the most promising, who, among her other virtues, boasted that she had never had a day's ill-health. At the end of three days I found her weeping in the pantry.

"What's the matter, Ellen?" I said.

"Oh, m'm, please, my legs is all of a tremble, and I think my 'ealth is bound to suffer if I stay. The fogs, they make me feel fainty-like."

"But I thought you said you were so strong."

"Well, m'm, I've 'eard say as 'ow the strongest goes off soonest."

I administered some sal volatile, and did the little work there was to do myself, sending the patient to bed. Next day I sent her out for an hour's run in the fresh air. She went out at 10 a.m., and did not return for twelve hours. At ten at night the invalid walked in smiling. She did not stay long after this. From experience of Ellen and the three girls that followed her, I have come to the conclusion that many girls come up from the country just for a week or two's jaunt in London, and get the fares for the proposed jaunt from the ladies who are foolish enough to engage them. Ellen and her successors seemed surprised that any work at all was expected of them. One of them proposed to leave after a week, saying plaintively—

"I couldn't live, m'm, where there ain't more things kep'."

Another, the second day, began to remark, "This ain't my work," which remark she made unceasingly, until requested to leave.

All these damsels seemed highly-educated, but one, named Amelia, "took the cake" in the matter of education, if not in house-work.

"Why, where did you learn to sweep?" I asked her one day, seeing her raise clouds of dust with a broom.

"Well, m'm, I ain't had much experience of sweeping, but I can do crool-work, and play the pianner beautiful."

"Well," I said incautiously, "it's a pity you don't take lessons in sweeping from little Jane next door, I don't know about her crewel-work, but she keeps the house like a new pin."

"That girl!" Amelia cried contemptuously, flourishing her broom. "I've been at school with 'er. Why, the girl's a perfect fool. She were past twelve year old, and couldn't move the decimal point."

I was bound to confess that though much more than twelve years old myself, neither could I move the decimal point—whatever that may be.

And here, before I close my paper, I would like to make a few general remarks. There should be some previous training required for service. In no other profession is no apprenticeship required, and yet, no one will deny that this requires an apprenticeship quite as much as any other. Girls are received into service, are paid wages at once, while all the time they may know nothing, or next to nothing, of their work, and what experience they do gain is generally at the expense of their employer. "Crool-work" and



"'I CAN DO CROOL-WORK AND PLAY THE PIANNER BEAUTIFUL.'"

“pianner playing,” or even the power of moving the decimal point, are but poor substitutes for diligence and honesty in service. And the girls’ mothers are to blame for this as much as and more than the Board Schools. The mothers, as I heard one of the wise among them remark, “bring their girls up too soft.” They teach them nothing, and treat them as delicate plants, on which the wind must not blow too roughly. Yet they imagine that these useless incumbrances deserve high wages, while the incumbrances themselves, like Amelia, think that they confer upon you

a high favour by remaining. But the learned Amelia was my last trial of her kind. Since then I have eschewed all dealings with young servant girls, whether ignorant or educated, and have got, instead, a nice, respectable, middle-aged woman, who has passed through the *sturm und drang* period of her life, and has had time to develop a conscience and understanding of her own, and to learn the first great principles of all useful service: not a mere smattering of badly-taught machine work, or an incomplete top-dressing of science and art.



SOME ECONOMICAL INDIAN DISHES.

By the Author of “We Wives.”

SOME time ago (in the September No. of the G. O. P.) I told our readers the way to cook curry and rice. I then promised, at a future date, to contribute an article upon some other Indian dishes, which we have proved toothsome and economical.

The first one sounds like lenten fare. It tastes far too savoury to be relegated to those forty days of abstinence. My family would indeed make a to-do if they never saw one of their favourite dishes, except between spring and summer. We indulge in it all the year round; whenever, in fact, a cold joint has to be served on our table, it is flanked with a vegetable dish full of

Dhāl and Rice.—The ingredients required are a cupful of red Egyptian lentils, a couple of onions, a few small red chillies, some peppercorns, an ounce of dripping, another of butter, and a tablespoonful of curry powder.

Split peas may take the place of lentils if your jar is empty of such; but the dish is not so delicate in flavour then; it also takes longer to cook.

After boiling the lentils in enough water to make them of the consistency of soft stir-about (about half-an-hour), add to them the curry powder and half-a-dozen chopped chillies. Let it simmer away until shortly before serving. Then stir in a lump of butter about the size of a walnut.

To dish.—Have ready a wall of well-cooked, snow white rice (directions ament the boiling of this to be found in the September No. of the G. O. P.). Pour your soft yellow dhāl into the centre of this. It will be about as thick as whipped cream. Pile on the top a crown of crisp brown fried rings of onions, and serve very hot.

This is a very easy dish to prepare, and is always appreciated, besides being most economical. Far less meat is eaten when dhāl is served with it. Yet the children’s health will not suffer, beans and peas and lentils supplying every requisite necessary for heat-giving and flesh-forming purposes.

Pillau.—When tired of a joint, put it down—bone and all—in about a pint and a half of water. Simmer until you have as much rich broth as will be absorbed by half-a-pound of rice. It is impossible to say exactly how much, as rice is so different in its absorbent qualities, Patna drinking up more than Carolina, Java rather less, and so on.

When well stewed, cut the meat from the bones and break up into small pieces. Add

three onions, a few chopped cloves, shreds of cinnamon, a scrape of ginger, and a couple of peppercorns. Have ready some well-washed rice. When the broth is ready add it to the pot.

You will find your rice absorb all the liquid soup very quickly, so prepare to supplement it with a teacupful of milk. Up to this point, your pillau has been left to itself. From the moment of adding the milk, however, we must stir thoroughly until it boils again; otherwise that jelly-like substance of rice and broth and milk would discolour and adhere to the pan.

A few minutes, and the pillau is dry enough to dish.

Ladle out into a cover-dish, strew on the top some light brown rings of fried onions, and encircle with disks of hard-boiled eggs as a garnish.

Babooty.—This is another plan for using up cold meat. Its curious name must not prejudice you against it, nor must the mention of water-soaked bread. I can assure you you will never regret trying it.

Take equal parts of finely-chopped cold meat and soaked bread-crumbs (warm water is best to use, and the bread must be squeezed quite dry). Add to this, I must confess, untempting sounding mixture some finely-shred onions, a little salt, a small dessertspoonful of curry-powder, and a piece of butter. Moisten, if necessary, with a little milk, and press into a buttered dish.

Now beat up one egg, and pour over your shape. Bake for an hour. Throw out and serve with rice. Our Madrassé of former fame thought this a very “seldom” recipe, and very seldom indeed have we met with it anywhere except at our own table.

I shall expect, however, to be pressed to try “babooty” very constantly in future, as the hundreds of readers of the G. O. P. are sure to have this dish very often when once they have tried it.

There is a sound gastronomic principle underlying the craving for sweet things occasionally, even with cooked meats. Mutton without red-currant jelly is apt to taste greasy. Pork, without its corrective of apple-sauce, is very indigestible. Boiled turkey, minus its accompaniment of raisin or prune stuffing, may be somewhat tasteless.

Far more “wanting” are curry and pillau and dhāl, without a modicum of chutney to eat them with. Yet chutney is an expensive thing to buy.

In our next two recipes I will tell you how to provide your tables with plenty of that same at the cost of a few pence.

Cashmere Chutney.—Ingredients: Two pounds of green gooseberries (or apples), two pounds of moist sugar, one pound of raisins, one pound of dates, half an ounce of garlic, three quarters of an ounce of red pepper, four ounces of ginger, chopped and pounded, two ounces of salt, vinegar.

Have all these things well-chopped, except the dates. Pound the ginger as well, and of course top-and-tail your gooseberries. But on no account peel apples, if such are used.

Have ready a clean saucepan, and boil the fruit in enough vinegar to cover it. When soft, add everything else (the dates being cut in small pieces only).

Boil for about ten minutes all together. Have ready some wide-mouthed bottles. Fill with the chutney; cork well, and, if possible, put by for twelve months.

If used at once, this chutney is eatable; but if allowed to mellow for some time, it is delicious. The cost thereof is infinitesimal compared with all chutneys bought at a shop, so it can be used *ad lib.* in the most economical of households.

The above recipe is an exactly scientific one. The next one must be followed in a general way, as I can only give rule of thumb for it. It may be prepared fresh and fresh as wanted, and is preferred in summer-time to the more elaborate condiment. We will call it

Hasty-Mint Chutney.—From your garden gather a handful of fresh mint. Take another handful of sultanas, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one chili, one teaspoonful (or less) of salt.

Put all these ingredients into a mortar, and pound until the mixture is juicy and soft. Add about two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Stir well, and put into ornamental glass jar. No boiling is required, and you have a tasty addition to lunch or dinner-table.

The recipes I have given in this paper have all been more or less of a savoury nature. At least, they have not had to do with sweets exactly. In my private housekeeping-book there are many creams with curious names, and fritters of Indian origin. At present I will be content with passing on to my readers the above-mentioned recipes. Whether I ever add to them remains to be seen. It depends on what welcome is accorded to this account of “Some Economical Indian Dishes.”



HOME AND SOCIETY.

Suggestions to Young Housekeepers.—I.

INTRODUCTION.

I HAVE heard so much of the trials and perplexities of young housekeepers that, after forty years of experience, begun in ignorance, I think I may be able to give some aid and instruction, and may speak with some authority. I desire earnestly to help those who wish to make a home for themselves and those around them.

I believe much of the trouble of housekeeping is owing to the want of proper attention on the part of the housekeeper. Men choose for their professions the law, medicine, architecture, merchandise, and theology, and they give all their attention to the professions they have chosen, or they cannot hope to succeed. A woman chooses for her profession the head of a household. Properly viewed, it is the highest and most elevating of all professions,—let her not enter upon it lightly. She has in her hands the happiness and welfare and direction of a few or many people, as it may be; but she cannot neglect her work. It is not to be neglected, and cannot be put into the hands of any other person. It is her bounden duty to see that her home is clean, airy, cheerful, happy, and all its various economies attended to. She can no more neglect it with impunity than a doctor his patients, a lawyer his clients, a merchant his customers. She must be the mistress of her own household. She may have as many servants of high and low degree as her home and income may require, but she must be superintendent. She must require obedience to her orders, and strict performance of duty; but she must understand what those duties are, how they should be performed, and what time they require, or her orders are of no value, and she cannot judge of their performance. A mistress should go through her house every morning, praise where praise is due, and quietly find fault with any carelessness or omission, thinking nothing beneath her notice, but with a gentle authority which admits of no question, never placing herself in an antagonistic position to any member of her household. Where there is decision it prevents all uncertainty (a most painful condition), and is very much for the good of all.

Circumstances, temperament, good or ill health, make the conditions of housekeeping more or less light, and more or less pleasing; but a good and determined *will* does much for us all.

CHOICE AND ARRANGEMENT OF A HOME.

In choosing a house, the first object should be a

wholesome situation, good drainage, ventilation, and a dry cellar. The health of the family depends upon these. Let your house be chosen according to your income and means of living, as far as possible. This advice seems almost a satire in New York, where there are no small houses in decent situations, and people requiring modest accommodations are driven into "flats,"—a mode of life in countries where there is no word like home.

Do not live with a fine house over your head, and subsist in the basement. Few people, out of your own family, know or care how you live. You will, probably, neither surprise nor please them by opening fine parlors kept only for occasions, and the reception of strangers. Let your home, large or small, be kept for the benefit of those who live in it. Warmth and light are better than fine furniture; and good beds better than fine bedsteads. If there is plenty of money, one may have all these good and comfortable things with all possible beautiful surroundings. If not, a woman with taste, industry and ingenuity, and with her heart in the matter, can make almost any place cheery. The more tasteful, the more beautiful your home can be made, the better always for those around you, and for the friends dear to them and you,—not for show—not for display; these degrade the mind and the habits.

In the arrangement of a home, let each member of the household, who is old enough, have his or her own room to be kept in order, and made as individual as possible. Carry this principle out, if you can, with servants. It saves much trouble to them and to yourself. If you have children, let the nursery be the sunniest and most cheerful room in the house, with pictures, and open fire. These surroundings are a part of education.

To begin with the attic. Let your servants' rooms have abundant means of washing (their own towels marked "attic," and given out once a week with the bed-linen), comfortable beds, and bureaus in which they can keep their clothes. There should be a housemaid's closet, and in it everything which her work requires,—pail, scrubbing-brushes, scrubbing-cloths, dusters, towels, brooms (whisk and long), dust-pan, window-brush, dusting-brush, long-handled feather-duster for cornices and the tops of doors, short feather brush, chamois leathers (kept in a box or bag), not forgetting two large unbleached cotton covers for beds and furniture when she is sweeping; on the door of the closet there should be a plain list of her work and the time required for doing it.

The details of bedroom arrangement will be modified by circumstances: the number of occupants; whether they are children or grown people; and whether the income is large or small; but comfort may be commanded by taste, ingenuity and industry, and perfect order and cleanliness. There may be pictures on the wall, if only a wood-cut, books for private use, a writing-table, and portfolio, with means of daily bathing, fresh beds, and airy rooms, and if possible, the fire laid, to be used when required. The drawing-rooms of a house are always characteristic of the family who live in them, and often who do *not* live in them. Live in your drawing-rooms; have books, work, music, fire, all to make it the pleasantest place for the members of a family,—a place of rest after daily work, for comfort after struggles, for conversation, ease, reading, the relation of the experiences of the day, with nothing too fine to use, nothing too fine to sit upon. Curtains are not for ornament, but for use; drop them, shut out the cold, and have an open fire. It is the best of luxuries, the greatest ornament, and one of the most cheerful of companions.

Let your dining-room be tasteful, comfortable, clean, shining, the meal well served, orderly, regular, whether luxurious and well cooked, or only a steak and potato.

There should be a pantry with closets for the china and glass. If you have glass or china that you do not use daily, have a shelf for each with a list pasted inside, and require that it should be reported to you if any thing is broken, and mark that broken piece from the list, that there may be no future question. Do the same thing with other china and glass. Let the waitress have every thing requisite for her work,—brooms for the sidewalk and for carpets and stairs, pail, scrubbing-brushes and cloths, whisk-broom and dust-pan, dusters and towels, chamois leathers for silver, mirrors and door handles (kept separately), a pan for her silver and glass, another for her china, long and short handled feather-dusters, and a placard upon her pantry door, with a list of her work—like that of the housemaid. (I write for a moderate household, where no men-servants are kept.)

The kitchen (I hope it is a light one) should have a light closet if possible for the pots, sauce-pans, tins, baking-dishes, gridirons, frying-pans, etc., all the pots and pans being turned down to keep the dust out of them with covers upon them; another closet for the supplies of the week, furnished with proper jars with covers for whatever is to be kept in them, buckets for flour, bread, board, paste-board, dresser for ware and glass, plates and pitchers, a drawer for knives, forks and spoons, wooden and iron; chopper, apple-corer, lemon-squeezer, etc., etc.; another drawer for table-cloths, roller and towels; enough tables for her work; a proper table for the servants' meals, the cloths suitable for it, and one small table for the cutting up and pounding of meat. (This one must be kept well scrubbed, the others are better covered with table oil-cloth.) Suitable plates, dishes, cups and saucers, tea-pot and sugar-bowl, knives, forks and spoons for the servants' meals are also

necessary. There must be a safe in the coolest place to put away cold meats, with ware dishes to put them on, and small jars with covers for cold rice, hominy or potatoes. It should be cleaned daily. The cook will need a plate-drainer over the drain, two dish-pans, one for washing and one for rinsing the plates and dishes. There should be a small rug before the drain, and upon the hearth, to save the cook's feet from wet and from the heat of the hearth (a cook must be active on her feet, or she cannot attend to her duties); a refrigerator, which should be kept perfectly dry and clean; a bunch of skewers of all sizes hung upon a nail, to be wiped dry and returned to their bunch after using; and a good clock.

There should be a barrel into which all the servants should put the ashes, after they have been passed through the coal-sifter, also a proper receptacle for the refuse of the kitchen, both to be taken away daily. The cook should be furnished with brooms, scrubbing-brush and pail, clothes-iron, wash-rag and brush for the pots, whisk for the drain, soap in a wooden soap-tray, two scuttles, brush and blacking for her range, and brush to clean it out, egg-beater, wooden spoons, hand-basin always ready, etc., etc.

The laundress should have a closet, in which her dress-board, bosom-board, sleeve-board, ruffle-irons, fluting machine and irons may be kept; two covers for each board, and for her table. The covers for the boards are best in the shape of a bag, into which they can be slipped. If you can have a mangle, it is best for both bed and table linen.

It is well to require the washing to be brought upstairs as it is done, each evening. The table, bed linen, and flannels on Tuesday; the shirts, habits and sleeves on Wednesday. All this depends so much upon the size of the family, and whether the laundress is also chamber-maid, that no rules can be laid down, but so far as this system can be adopted it is best. The mistress should look at her list of soiled clothes sent to the wash, and see that the numbers are right, and see to putting them away. This prevents the supposition that anything is lost in the wash. Do this for your own sake and in justice to the laundress.

There should be a linen-closet neatly kept. It is well to nail upon the front of each shelf a wide cotton cloth, which can be turned up over the clean linen; and the linen last brought up from the wash should be put underneath that all may be used in turn. There should be: a shelf for toilette covers, tidies and rideaux; one for towels; one for the bed-linen; one for the table-linen; and one for spreads and heavy bed-covers.

If there is a house-maid it is her duty to attend to the furnace. If not, a mistress can judge whether the cook or laundress can best attend to this work. A waitress should have as little to do with coal as possible, for her hands must be nicely kept, and her dress clean and in order.

The store-room should be placed if possible on the kitchen floor, as there the stores are needed.

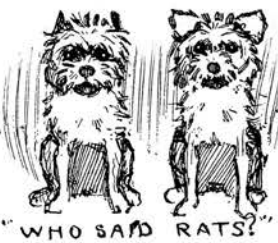
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70

KING CHARLES SPANIEL



FIRST PRIZE



80

J. STUART TRAVIS

St. Nicholas 1888

SKETCHES AT THE DOG SHOW.

THAT STOUT GERMAN?



BY F. BAYFORD HARRISON.

IN the City of Brussels a great deal of very pretty lace is exposed for sale. Englishwomen admire this lace and buy it. If they go straight from Belgium to England they can take it home without having to pay any duty; but if they pass through France they have to pay on all their new Brussels lace at the French Custom House. And many Englishwomen pass through France on their way from Belgium to England, because they prefer the short passage from Calais to Dover to the longer one from Ostend.

The Misses Wylie were charming, middle-aged ladies, fond of travel, fond of dress, fond of lace, and very bad sailors. They had been excursioning in Germany, had come down the Rhine, and had spent a week in Brussels. More attractive than the Field of Waterloo, and more fascinating than the *Musée Wiertz*, was the *Galerie St. Hubert*. Miss Melissa Wylie could not resist the white Brussels lace; Miss Annora Wylie could not resist the black. Each of the ladies bought lace; led on by the tempter, in the shape of a seductive shopwoman, the Misses Wylie bought lace *fichus*, lace collarettes, lace by the mètre. Day by day they added to their stock.

At length it was necessary to make for England, and to pass through that dreadful

France with its protective duties. Then they realized their position; how about the lace?

"We cannot conscientiously say," remarked Miss Melissa, "that we have *rien à déclarer*, because this lace is dutiable."

"And we dare not risk packing it," returned Miss Annora, "because they might take it into their heads to examine our boxes."

"How can we get it through?" mused the elder sister.

"We must get it through!" declared the younger sister.

Presently Annora exclaimed, "I have it! We will wear it! No duty is paid on what one is wearing."

"Yes, yes," said Melissa, "but how can we wear it? The white will get soiled and the black torn in travelling. Besides, if it looks unnatural, as it would on our dresses and mantles, the officials will be sure to notice it."

"It would not look unnatural on our bonnets," said Annora.

They set to work to decorate their bonnets with the lace. They mingled white and black, *fichu* and flounce, in the most skilful manner, and though the bonnets looked somewhat overdone, yet they carried the lace, and it was probable that the male eyes of the Custom House officials would not notice anything abnormal.

The Misses Wylie rejoiced in their cleverness. They sat in the train on their way to France with clear consciences and light hearts. They had *rien à déclarer*, nothing dutiable. In the compartment with them was only one other passenger, a stout man of good-humoured aspect; evidently, from his extreme flabby stoutness and his extreme good-humour, a middle-class German. Now, Germans who understand English are very sociable with their English fellow-travellers. As this German did not address the Misses Wylie, they felt sure that he did not understand English, and they talked freely to each other.

At last the train slowed into Blandain Station, the frontier! Out jumped the Misses Wylie with their hand baggage. They calmly awaited the approach of the officers. Out lumbered the German with his fatuous smile. He sauntered up to one of the chiefs of the *douane*.

"Rien à déclarer," said both ladies.

"Eau de Cologne, dentelles, tabac, spiritueux——" the officer ran off.

"Rien, rien," said the Misses Wylie.

The man said nothing more, and the ladies, expecting the cry of "En voiture, s'il vous plaît!" felt extremely happy.

But at that moment the official to whom the German had been speaking came up to them and said, in very fair English, "The ladies are fond of lace?"

Their hearts sank within them. "Rather," they conceded.

"And to carry it on the bonnet is a convenient manner of avoiding the duty."

They were undone!

"But we are wearing it!" screeched Annora; Melissa panted.

"Mesdames, I admire your ingenuity, but such an amount of new lace cannot be passed, even on your bonnets. Two, three, five mètres," he went on, measuring the unlucky lace with his eye, "*fichu*, flounce, and so forth; so many francs, or I confiscate it."

"En voiture, s'il vous

plaît!" was heard.

The sum demanded by the officer, added to what they had paid in purchase, would have made the lace the dearest that ever was bought. They tore off their bonnets, pulled out innumerable pins, set free the *fichus*, flounces, etc., put them into the officer's hands, and ran to their seats. Out of breath and out of pocket, they were most unhappy. Successful cheating is one thing; but unsuccessful cheating is another, and causes sharp pangs of conscience.

"Too bad!" cried Melissa, as the train moved on; "we were entitled to what we wore."



"THEY TALKED FREELY."

"I suppose," said Melissa, "that my bonnet looks all right? It does not strike the eyes as being too much trimmed, eh, Annora?"

"Well," said Annora, laughing, "it is too much trimmed for good taste, but then on this occasion you have bad taste. What about mine?"

"Oh, quite artistic; 'a study in black and white,' as the artists say."

The ladies laughed together, full of glee at their coming triumph over the Custom House officers. The German wore the fatuous grin affected by people who listen to a language which they do not understand.



“‘WE ARE WEARING IT,’ SCREECHED ANNORA.”

“It was that German,” said Annora. “He understood English; he heard what we said; he told the official. Oh, a man may grin, and grin, and be a villain!”

They groaned over their misfortune. The first time the train stopped the villain entered their compartment, still grinning. They glared at him, but he still grinned. They took refuge in silence; he began to speak.

“Ladies,” he said in Londonese English, “I was very sorry to have to incur your displeasure, but I felt that it was my duty to report you at the *douane*. You had innocently told me all about the lace on your bonnets, and for the credit of our country, for the sake of English honesty, I was constrained to point out your bonnets to that official. Can you forgive me?”

“No,” said Annora.

But Melissa thought that, notwithstanding his wicked cruelty, there was something very pleasant in his smile.

“I entreat your forgiveness, ladies; more, I humbly ask a favour.”

“Sir?” exclaimed Annora.

“Miss Wylie, Miss Annora Wylie”—the presuming wretch had seen their names on their luggage, even their Christian names

—“you will confer a great favour on me if you will tell me your address.”

Annora reddened, Melissa blushed. Perhaps he was ashamed of the cruel part he had played and was about to offer an apology; perhaps their brave and gentle endurance of misfortune had touched him; perhaps their charms had so won upon him that he wished to see more of them, with a view to—their suppositions broke off abruptly.

Annora looked at Melissa, and Melissa looked at Annora. Then the elder sister spoke. “We live at 113, Angelina Gardens, Edwin Square, South Kensington, S.W.”

The stranger made a note of the address.

Missa was on the point of asking his name, when he said abruptly, “You shall hear from me.” Then he discoursed on the country through which they were passing; after which he buried himself in a *Figaro* and talked no more. At the next stoppage he said a brusque “Good morning, ladies,” and left the compartment, and they saw no more of him.

There was a considerable flutter in the breast of Melissa, who was of a romantic turn of mind, and who could only imagine one reason why this stranger should want her address. She still believed that he was a German who spoke English remarkably well, and she had seen that he was not a gentleman; she therefore made up her mind to refuse the offer of marriage which, no doubt, he would shortly make.

Arrived in Angelina Gardens, the Misses Wylie were occupied in arranging the household, and a couple of busy days were spent by them. On the third day after their home-coming they received, by the same post, a parcel and a letter. Annora opened the carefully-tied and sealed parcel, while Melissa read the letter. Having read it once to herself, she next read it aloud to her sister:—

“MESDAMES,—I felt myself under a very great obligation to you the other day at



" YOU SHALL HEAR FROM ME."

Blandain. I am a very thin man, but I was swathed round with hundreds of yards of fine Brussels lace, and I thought that the best way of drawing the attention of the Custom House officers from myself was to draw it to you. It was purely in self-defence that I directed the raid on your bonnets. Having been the cause of the loss of your lace, I wish to make you due compensation,

and I beg leave to send you some finer lace than that which you lost.

"I am, obediently yours,

"YOUR STOUT FELLOW-TRAVELLER."

Melissa took possession of a black lace flounce, and Annora of a dozen yards of white lace and a lace-edged handkerchief, and they quite forgave the stout German for his cruelty and for his stoutness.



COOKERY RECIPES.

PUDDINGS.

GENERAL RULES FOR PUDDINGS.

1. When boiling puddings see that the water is boiling before the pudding goes into the saucepan; as the water boils away the water added should be boiling.
2. Mix the ingredients thoroughly.
3. Well grease the pudding-basin or pie-dish.
4. Scald and flour the pudding-cloth.
5. Tie the cloth tightly (except for boiled batter pudding), but leave room for the pudding to swell.
6. Puddings containing baking powder should be cooked directly they are made, and not allowed to stand about.
7. Do not bang the oven door.
8. Milk puddings should be put into a hot oven first, for the grains to swell, and then finish in a cooler oven. Cook them very gently. Good milk puddings can be made with skim milk if a little finely-chopped suet is added in place of the cream.

BOILED SUET PUDDING.

Ingredients.—Half a pound of flour, two ounces of suet, half a teaspoonful of baking powder, water to mix.

Method.—Skin, shred and chop the suet and mix it in a basin with the flour and the baking powder; mix stiffly with cold water, tie in a scalded and floured cloth and boil two hours.

ROLY POLY.

Ingredients.—Half a pound of suet crust as for suet pudding, jam.

Method.—Roll out the suet crust thinly, spread with jam leaving a free edge, wet round the edge, roll up, tie in a floured and scalded pudding-cloth and boil two hours. This pudding can be made with dripping instead of suet, and baked; sift castor sugar over and sprinkle with water before putting in the oven. It only takes three-quarters of an hour to bake.

MARMALADE PUDDING.

Ingredients.—Six ounces of flour, two ounces of breadcrumbs, two ounces of brown sugar, half a pound of marmalade, one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, a little milk.

Method.—Prepare the suet and mix it in a basin with the flour, breadcrumbs and sugar; melt the marmalade and mix it with the soda dissolved in a little milk and stir into the other ingredients. Boil two hours.

FRUIT PUDDING.

Method.—Make in the same way as boiled beefsteak pudding, using fruit instead of beefsteak and kidney.

PLUM PUDDING.

Ingredients.—Half a pound of flour, quarter of a pound of breadcrumbs, quarter of a pound of currants, quarter of a pound of suet, six ounces of brown sugar, quarter of a pound of sultanas, three ounces of candied peel, two eggs, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one teaspoonful of mixed spice, a little milk, a little grated lemon rind.

Method.—Chop the suet, rub the sultanas in flour and pick them, wash and dry the currants and cut the peel up small; mix all with the flour, breadcrumbs, baking powder, spice and lemon rind in a basin; beat up the eggs with the milk and mix rather dry. Tie over a scalded and floured cloth and boil three hours.

GINGER PUDDING.

Method.—Make in the same way as baked treacle pudding, but mix rather more stiffly. Boil two hours.

BOILED BATTER PUDDING.

Ingredients.—Half a pound of flour, two eggs, one pint of milk.

Method.—Put the flour in a basin; break the eggs one by one in another basin and remove the tread; make a well in the flour and stir in the egg with the back of a wooden spoon; add the milk by degrees, keeping the batter very smooth, beat well, let it stand in the air for the grains to swell, pour into a greased pudding-basin, which should be quite full; tie a scalded and floured cloth lightly over and boil one hour and a quarter.

PANCAKES.

Ingredients.—Batter as for boiled batter pudding, dripping, lemon juice, sugar.

Method.—Melt about two ounces of dripping in a small frying-pan and pour it off into a cup; pour a little into the pan and run it quickly all over the bottom and up the sides. Heat this over the stove until it smokes; lift up the pan and pour in about half a gill of batter (according to the size of the pan), run this very quickly over the pan, then hold it over the fire, shaking it briskly; with a knife loosen it at the sides as it sets, and as soon as it is a golden brown underneath toss or turn it over. It will cook almost at once on the other side. Have ready a hot dish and turn the pancake on to the dish so that the side first cooked is against the dish. Squeeze lemon juice and sprinkle sugar on and roll up quickly. Keep hot whilst you fry the rest.

BAKED CUSTARD.

Ingredients.—Four eggs, one pint of milk, three ounces of castor sugar, a small piece of butter, nutmeg.

Method.—Butter a pie-dish, beat the eggs with the sugar and add them to the milk, pour into the pie-dish and grate nutmeg on top. Stand on a dripping tin containing a little cold water and bake gently till set.

CORNFLOUR CUSTARD.

Ingredients.—One quart of milk, one ounce and a half of cornflour, a piece of thin lemon rind, two eggs, three ounces of castor sugar.

Method.—Mix the cornflour smoothly with a little cold milk; boil the rest of the milk with the sugar and the lemon rind; take away the lemon rind and stir in the cornflour; stir and cook well; let it cool, and add the eggs well beaten. Pour in a jug and stand it in a saucepan of boiling water, stir for a few minutes with the handle of a wooden spoon to cook the eggs.

RICE PUDDING.

Ingredients.—Two ounces of rice, one pint of milk, small piece of dripping.

Method.—Wash the rice and lay it on a greased pie-dish, pour on the milk, put in a hot oven for a few minutes and then let it cook gently for one hour.

BREAD-AND-BUTTER PUDDING.

Ingredients.—Slices of bread and butter, one pint of milk, two big eggs, or three small ones, sugar, sultanas and currants, candied peel, nutmeg.

Method.—Half fill a pie-dish with slices of bread and butter, sprinkle currants (washed and dried), sultanas (picked and floured), the candied peel cut in small pieces and sugar between each slice. Beat the eggs and milk together and pour over. Let the pudding soak half an hour, grate nutmeg on the top and bake in a gentle oven until the custard is set. It should be a nice golden brown.

BROWN BREAD PUDDING.

Ingredients.—Enough stale brown bread to equal a small brown loaf, one egg, half a gill of milk, one tablespoonful of flour, two ounces of suet, three ounces of brown sugar, a little vanilla essence, one ounce and a half of candied peel, jam, half an ounce of dripping.

Method.—Soak the bread, squeeze it dry and beat it with a fork; chop the suet and add it with the sugar and chopped candied peel to the bread. Mix the flour and milk smoothly and add them and the egg (well beaten); flavour with vanilla essence. Pour half in a greased pie-dish, spread a layer of jam and cover with the rest of the mixture. Put little bits of dripping on the top and bake in a good oven three-quarters of an hour. An ordinary bread pudding is made by substituting white bread for brown and sultanas and currants for jam.

SWEET OMELETTE.

Ingredients.—Two eggs, one ounce of fresh butter, two ounces of castor sugar, jam.

Method.—Separate the whites and yolks of the eggs and cream the yolks with the castor sugar; beat the whites very stiffly and mix very lightly with the yolks. Melt the butter in an omelette pan and take off any salt; pour in the eggs and shake the pan while the omelette is setting underneath, loosen it at the sides with a knife; when it is a bright brown underneath put the pan in a hot oven for half a minute to cook it on the top. Take it out, pour a little hot jam into the middle, slip on to a hot plate, fold over and sift castor sugar on the top. Serve at once.

BAKED TREACLE PUDDING.

Ingredients.—One pound of flour, four ounces of suet, two ounces of brown sugar, one ounce of ground ginger, one teaspoonful of mixed spice, one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, four tablespoonfuls of treacle, one gill of milk.

Method.—Chop the suet and put it in a basin with the flour, ginger, sugar and spice; melt the treacle in a saucepan with the soda and milk and pour the contents of the saucepan into the basin, mix well, pour into a greased tin and bake one hour.

TREACLE TART.

Ingredients.—Half a pound of flour, three ounces of dripping, half a teaspoonful of baking powder, water to mix; two tablespoonfuls of breadcrumbs, golden syrup, a little grated lemon rind.

Method.—Put the flour in a basin, mix in the baking powder, rub in the dripping with the tips of the fingers; mix stiffly with cold water. Grease a tin plate; roll out the pastry into two thin rounds to fit the plate, and lay one round on; pour on a sufficient quantity of golden syrup, leaving the edges free; sprinkle the breadcrumbs and a little grated lemon rind over the syrup; wet the edges, put on the other piece of pastry and press the edges, ornament round the edge and bake half an hour.

BAKED SULTANA PUDDING.

Ingredients.—One pound of flour, six ounces of brown sugar, six ounces of sultanas, six ounces of dripping, one egg, half a pint of milk, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

Method.—Put the flour in a basin and mix it with the baking powder; rub in the dripping with the tips of the fingers, prepare the sultanas and add them to the sugar; beat up the egg with the milk and bake in a good oven.

FRUIT IN BATTER.

Ingredients.—One pint of batter, as for batter pudding, fruit.

Method.—Prepare the fruit and lay it in a greased pie-dish, pour the batter over and bake in a good oven three-quarters of an hour. Sift castor sugar over the top and serve at once.

GERMAN TARTLET.

Ingredients.—Half a pound of short pastry (as for treacle tart), gooseberries or cherries, golden syrup, castor sugar.

Method.—Line some rather deep patty pans with thinly-rolled pastry, put a few gooseberries or cherries in each and a little golden

syrup; put covers of pastry on each, sprinkle with water or castor sugar and bake twenty minutes.

APPLE CHEESE CAKES.

Ingredients.—One pound of apples, one ounce and a half of butter, quarter of a pound of brown sugar, two eggs, a little grated lemon rind, half an ounce of ground rice, a little milk, one dessertspoonful of lemon juice.

Method.—Pare and core the apples and put them in a saucepan with the butter, sugar, lemon rind and juice; put on the lid and let them cook to a mash; mix the ground rice smoothly with a little milk and stir it in and let it boil; add the egg well beaten. Line patty

pans with the short crust, fill with the mixture and bake in a good oven twenty minutes.

MINCE MEAT.

Ingredients.—Half a pound of currants (washed and dried), half a pound of sultanas (floured and picked), quarter of a pound of raisins (stoned and chopped), half a pound of suet (chopped), quarter of a pound of candied peel (chopped), half a pound of brown sugar, one ounce of mixed spice, half an ounce of ground ginger, a little golden syrup.

Method.—Mix together the currants, raisins, sultanas, sugar, peel, ginger and spice in a basin with just enough golden syrup to stick it together and use.

A FEW HINTS ON REPOUSSÉ WORK,

AND HOW TO USE OLD PEWTER PLATES, WITH TWO ORIGINAL DESIGNS.

I DARESAY many readers have tried their hand at beating copper—repoussé work, as it is called—but for the benefit of those who have not, but would like to try this charming and by no means difficult art work, these few hints may not be *de trop*. Copper is the metal usually chosen, but I have seen recently some of those old pewter plates, such as were used in bygone homesteads in lieu of earthenware, beaten up with simple designs with excellent effect. These plates are to be picked up very cheaply at times in second-hand furniture shops and general dealers'. Pewter can be kept clean with Brooke's soap, but it may also be lacquered or varnished when it has been cleaned, and it will then keep its colour for a long time.

Those who start repoussé work would naturally choose a small square that might do for a door plate or pin tray, and then, when they have got their prentice han' in, they can go on to more difficult work, such as a plaque. Not that a plaque is so much more difficult to work, especially if you beat up a pewter plate, as you then have not the trouble to beat out the hollow of the plate. If you start with a flat disc of copper, the first thing after bedding your metal upon your pitch block is to beat out the hollow. You will mark a circle on the copper and then punch down the metal, but this cannot be done by merely hammering on one side, as you must

beat down the edge from the other side, which means re-bedding the plaque on the pitch. But at the Technical School in Regent Street the teacher of metal work makes the students beat out cups and other hollow vessels from the flat upon a small anvil, and those who have a small anvil (all materials for repoussé work can be purchased at a good tool shop) could do a good deal of work upon it, such as the hollowing of the plaque. You will remember that the beating of copper hardens it, and to soften it it must be made red hot in the fire.

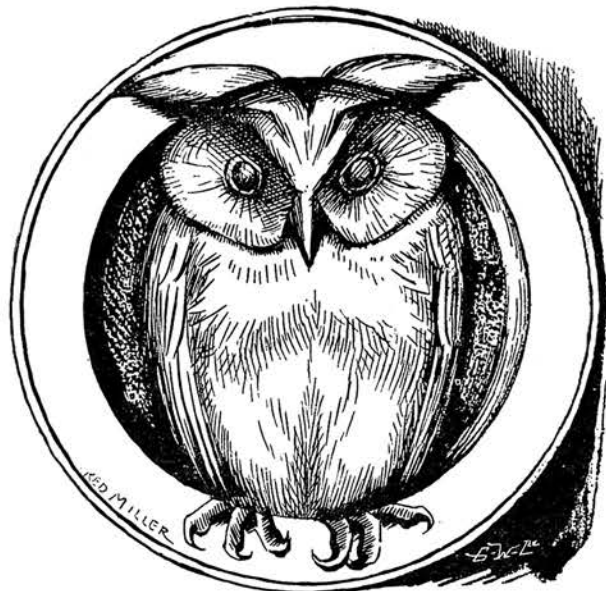
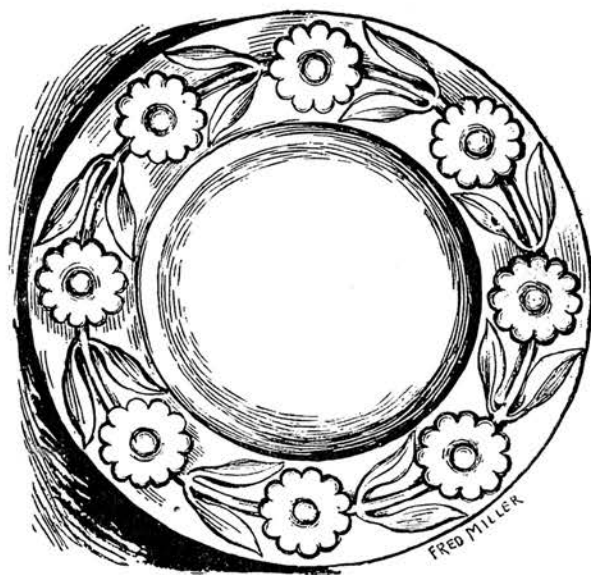
The design should be transferred to the metal with carbon paper, unless you are skilful enough to draw it out as you go; but I think it is safer to study your design on paper and transfer it, so that there is no hesitancy when you come to the work itself.

Take the first design, which is very simple in character, and only occupies the rim of the plaque. You start, of course, by punching an outline round the forms. This is done with a fine punch, and you move it along the design, at the same time giving it a series of sharp taps. At first there will be a little trouble in keeping the punch along the lines of the design, but practice will soon overcome this difficulty. One used to the work will put an outline round a plaque of this simple character with great celerity and certainty, keeping the punch along the lines and hitting it

each time it is moved along with the right force. The pitch upon which you work, being very yielding, offers no resistance to the bulging out of the metal which the punching causes. Where the background is punched over with a "star" or other patterned punch, this is now done, but the rim of a plaque would, I think, look better left plain, so you take it off the pitch and bed it on it the other side, in order to punch out the ornament to give it its requisite relief. Here you are working, as it were, backwards, and you must gauge how much relief each detail should have, for it is hardly necessary to say that some parts of the design should be beaten up more than others. In this case I think the flowers should be given more prominence than the leaves. A round-headed punch should be used for this part of the work, and it must be moved about as you tap it so that you hollow out a form without each punch mark showing.

What will astonish and delight amateur metal workers is the excellence of the effect they obtain in their first efforts. The fact is, beaten metal is so charming in itself that a comparatively small amount of skill seems to go a long way in this captivating craft.

The beating of the flat metal with a hammer upon an anvil gives it a choice surface, as the blows of the hammer produce



a number of facets, as it were, on the metal. Those who have seen beaten silver have been charmed doubtless with its beautiful frosted appearance, and silver is a delightful metal to work in. Sheet silver can be purchased at some bullion dealers'. It is comparatively cheap now, 2s. 4d. an oz., and those who get skilful in the use of a hammer and punches should try beating some small articles in silver.

In the second design we have a more difficult subject, as the owl occupies the

whole of the hollow portion of the plaque. The plaque itself should be beaten into a deeper hollow than in the first design, to allow of some parts of the bird, the head, for instance, being raised into considerable relief. The design can be transferred to the copper, and the eyes, beak, and some of the more prominent forms can be outlined, but it is not so simple an effect to produce as the ornament in the first design, and a good deal is left to the worker. She must feel her way by degrees just as a modeller does. The ears and feet

are carried on to the rim, which adds to the decorative appearance.

In designing animal forms for repoussé you must think of the animals as shapes rather than feathered or furred creatures, and they must be treated ornamentally instead of naturally. The owl in the present design is fitted into the shape of the plaque, and the quaintness of the subject is developed. Don't attempt to imitate feathers; it cannot be done well. Think of the bird as an ornament.

FRED MILLER.



GREAT care should be exercised in using the purple ink which is sold for the rubber stamps. It is poisonous in its effects if it gets on to a cut or wound.

WHEN making a fruit pie, do not put the sugar on the top just under the crust, but mix it with the fruit below; otherwise it makes the crust heavy.

BLANKETS and flannel petticoats should not be sent to a laundress, but cleaned by a cleaner who does not let the flannel felt together. It also keeps the colour better.

PETUNIAS are easily raised from seed, and do well in a room with south aspect. They are very sweet-scented and pretty, and can be trained to climb.

WHEN making a bread-and-butter pudding, do not put more than a very few raisins on the top, as they are likely to be burnt or harden in the oven and look unsightly.

HAIR should never be allowed to be put down a sink or grating. It clogs them up, and seriously interferes with the free passage of water.

A LEAD pencil should always be kept on the hall table for signing receipts for letters, parcels, etc., to save the time of the carrier and the postman.

PUDDING-CLOTHS need never be used—they are messy things at the best. The puddings should be placed in a greased basin and covered with greased clean paper and tied down, placed in a deep saucepan half filled with water—not to cover the top of the pudding basin—and kept boiling hard with the lid on. This method of steaming puddings is far nicer than boiling in a cloth, but requires longer time. Puddings taste far better and richer done this way.

GREAT care should be exercised in cleaning enamel saucepans and frying-pans, and they should never be scraped, for if the enamel is cracked or broken, small particles may be swallowed. These are of a vitreous composition and are dangerous, if not fatal, if swallowed.

FLANNEL petticoats should not be put into a cotton band, but gored right up to the top, and only put into a very narrow band. It is important to have the warmth of the flannel round the waist.

GREAT care should be taken when boiling a kettle or saucepan over a gas-stove not to let it boil over. It has been known in this way to put out the gas and cause a serious escape.

THE ends of old muslin curtains (especially if they have a border) generally are in good condition when the rest is worn out, and make handsome window blinds. They should be loosely stretched across the window on a tape or rod, and looped up in the middle with a coloured ribbon or rosette.

WHEN shoes are taken off, the stockings should also be at once removed. Colds are more readily taken through stockings, which are always more or less damp, than through bare feet. Stockings should always be hung up when taken off at night, so as to air and dry them before the morning.

FAMILY prayers should never be neglected in a household. They start the day rightly, and are an acknowledgment of the Lord and Creator, Who alone can direct our path, and preserve us through the day and its many dangers.

A GUM-BOTTLE partly filled with water, and a small brush in it, should be kept on every writing-table for sticking down the flaps of envelopes and putting on stamps. After a week's use, the colour and consistency of the water is convincing proof of the necessity of using this instead of one's tongue.

A MEAT-SAFE should be wiped out every day with a cloth moistened with vinegar or some simple disinfectant, such as Sanitas; but vinegar and water is preferable, and special attention should be directed to wiping the hooks on which the meat is hung, and the zinc grating which forms the front and sides of the safe, not only the shelves.



MOORLAND IDYLLS

THE ARCADIAN
DONKEY
BY GRANT ALLEN



ON the slope by the mountain-ashes, where the ridge curves downward into the combe with the plantation of young larch-trees, I met Peter Rashleigh leading his donkey—*Arcades ambo*. “Jenny looks fat enough, Peter,” I said with a nod as I passed on the narrow footpath; “and yet there isn’t much grass up here for her to feed upon.” “Lard bless your soul, Sir,” Peter answered with an expansive smile, “grass ain’t what she wants. It don’t noways agree with her. She’s all the better with bracken and furzen-tops.” Furzen-tops is good, like mobled queen. And I believe he was right, too. Jenny’s ancestors from all time have been unaccustomed to rich meadow-feeding, and when their descendants nowadays are turned out into a field of clover they overeat themselves at once, and suffer agonies of mind from the unexpected repletion.

All the dwellers on our moor in like manner are poor relations, so to speak, as the horse is to the donkey. They are losers in the struggle for life, yet not quite hopeless losers; creatures that have adapted themselves to the worst positions, which more favoured and successful races could not endure for a moment. The naked Fuegian picks up a living somehow among snow and ice on barren rocks, where a well-clad European would starve and freeze, finding nothing to subsist upon. Just so on the moor; heather, furze, and bracken eke out a precarious livelihood on the sandy soil where grasses and garden flowers die

out at once, unless we artificially enrich the earth for them with leaf-mould from the bottoms and good manure from the farmyards.

More than that, you may take it as a general rule that where grass will grow there is no chance for heather. Not that the heather doesn’t like rich soil, and flourish in it amazingly—when it can get it. If you sow it in garden borders, and keep it well weeded, it will thrive apace as it never thrived in its poor native loam, among the stones and rubble. But the weeding is the secret of its success under such conditions. It isn’t that the heather won’t grow in rich soil, any more than that beggars can’t live on pheasant; but grasses and dandelions, daisies and clovers, can easily give it points in such spots, and beat it. In a very few weeks you will find the

lowland plants have grown tall and lush, while the poor distanced heather has been overtopped and crowded out by its sturdier competitors. That is the reason why waterside irises or Alpine gentians will grow in garden beds under quite different circumstances from those under which we find them in the state of nature; the whole secret lies in the fact that we restrict competition. Cultivation means merely digging out the native herbs, and keeping them out, once ousted, in favour of other plants which we choose to protect against all their rivals. In rich lowland soils the grasses and other soft succulent herbs outgrow such tough shrubs as ling and Scotch heather. But in the poverty-stricken loam of the uplands, the grasses and garden weeds find no food to batten upon; and there the heather, to the manner born, gets at last a fair field and no favour. It is adapted to the moors as the camel is to the desert; both have been driven to accommodate themselves to a wretched and thirsty environment; but both have made a virtue of necessity, and risen to the occasion with commendable ingenuity.

Everything about the heather shows long-continued adaptation to arid conditions. Its stems are wiry; its leaves are small, very dry, uninviting as foodstuffs, curled under at the edge, and so arranged in every way as to defy evaporation. Rain sinks so rapidly through the sandy soil the plant inhabits that it does its best to economise every drop, just as we human inhabitants of the moorland economise it by constructing big tanks for the storage of the rain-water that falls on our roof-trees. Warping winds sweep ever across the wold with parching effect; so the heather makes its foliage small, square, and thickly covered by a hard epidermis as a protection against undue or excessive dryness. It aims at being drought-proof. Its purple bells, in like manner, instead of being soft and fleshy, as is the case with the corollas of meadow-blossoms like the corn-poppy, or woodland flowers like the wild hyacinth, are hard and dry, so as to waste no water; dainty waxen petals like those of the dog-rose or the cherry-blossom would wilt and wither at once before the harsh, dry blasts that career unchecked over the open moorland. Yet the heather-bells, though quite dead and papery to the touch, are brilliantly coloured to attract the upland bees, and form such wide patches of purple and pink as you can nowhere match among the largely wind-fertilised herbage of the too grass-green

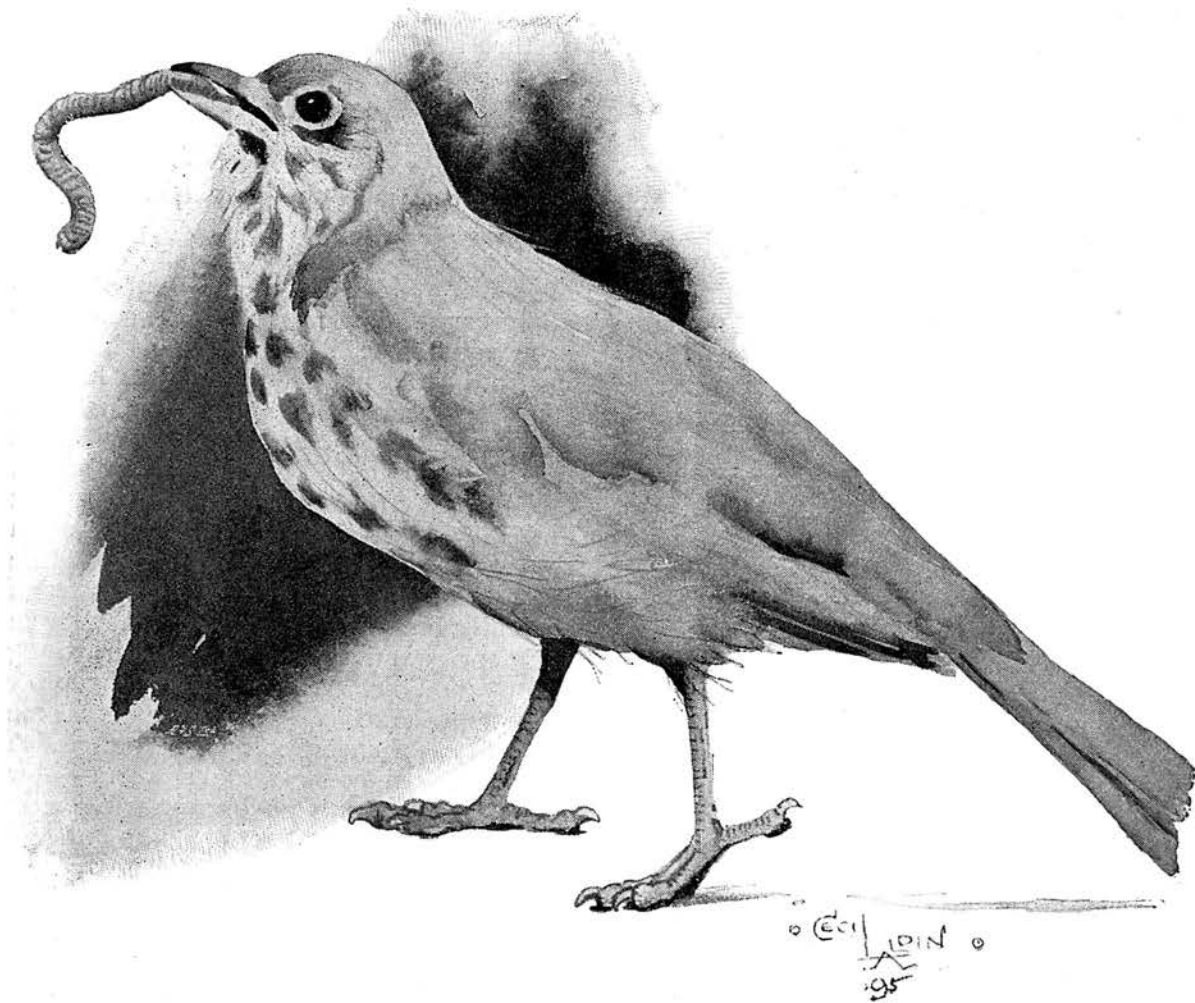
water - meadows. Upland conditions, indeed, always produce rich flowers: the most beautiful flora in Europe is that of the Alps, just below the snow-line; it has been developed by the stray Alpine moths and butterflies. Larger masses of colour are needed to attract these free-flying insects than serve to catch the eyes of the more business-like and regular bees who go their rounds in lowland districts.

Is not the donkey himself a product of somewhat similar conditions? Oriental in his origin, he seems to be merely the modern representative of those ancestral horses which did not succeed in the struggle for existence. Every intermediate stage has now been discovered between the true horses with their flowing tails and silky coats, and the true donkeys with their tufted tails and shaggy hair, the middle terms being chiefly found in the northern plains of Asia. Now, our horses, I take it, are the descendants of those original horse-and-donkey-like creatures which took to the grassy meadows, and so waxed fat and kicked, and developed exceedingly; while our donkeys, I imagine, are the poor, patient offspring of those less lucky brothers or cousins which were pushed by degrees into the deserts and arid hills, and there grew accustomed to a very sparse diet of the essentially prickly and thorny shrubs which always inhabit such spots, just as gorse and heather inhabit our British uplands. That is why the donkey thrives so excellently to this day on thistles and nettle-tops: they represent the ancestral food of his kind for many generations. Certainly, at the present time, wherever we find horses wild it is in broad, grass-clad plains or steppes or pampas; wherever we find donkeys or donkey-like animals wild, it is among desert or half-desert rocks and on arid hillsides. It would seem as though the horse was in the last resort a donkey grown big and strong by dint of good living and free space to roam over; while the donkey, on the other hand, is in the last resort a horse grown small and ill-proportioned through want of good food and insufficient elbow-room. It is noteworthy that in small islands like the Shetlands small breeds of horses are developed in adaptation to the environment; though, the food being still good pasture in a well-watered country, they retain in most respects their horse-like aspect. But a vengeance o' Jenny's case! I have wandered far afield from Peter Rashleigh's donkey, to have got so soon into evolutionary biology!

A LIFE AND DEATH STRUGGLE.

It isn't often a man can stand at his own drawing-room window and be the interested spectator at a combat of wild beasts, where one antagonist not only conquers, but also fairly devours the other! Yet such Roman sport I have just this moment been unlucky enough to witness. Unlucky enough, I say, because the victor did not first kill and then eat his victim, as any combatant with a spark

poor unsuspecting annelid, feeling the joy of spring stir in his sluggish veins, comes to the surface for a moment in search of those fallen leaves which form the staple of his blameless vegetarian diet. No mole shakes the earth; the sod is fresh and moist; here seems a propitious moment for an above-ground excursion. So the earthworm pokes out his head and peers around him inquiringly; peers, I venture to say, blind beast though he be,



HE WRIGGLES AND SQUIRMS, BUT ALL IN VAIN.

of chivalry in his nature would have done, but slowly chewed him up alive before my eyes, with no more consideration for the feelings of the vanquished than if the unfortunate creature had been a vegetable. I don't mean to pretend it was tiger versus cobra. The assailant was a thrush, the defender an earthworm. Now, thrushes, we all know, are sweet songsters when they have dined. Has not George Meredith hymned them, as Shelley the skylark? But if you want to see the poetry taken clean out of a thrush, just watch him as he catches and devours an earthworm! The

because his method of feeling his way and exploring by touch is so human and inquisitive. But embodied Fate is on the watch, silent, keen-eyed, immovable; and no sooner does that slimy soul poke his nose above the ground than the thrush is upon him, quick and deadly as lightning. In one second the creature feels himself seized by one of his scaly rings, held fast in an iron vice, and slowly chewed piecemeal with the utmost deliberation. He wriggles and squirms, but all in vain; the thrush munches calmly on, now with this side of his bill, now that, drawing the worm ring by ring

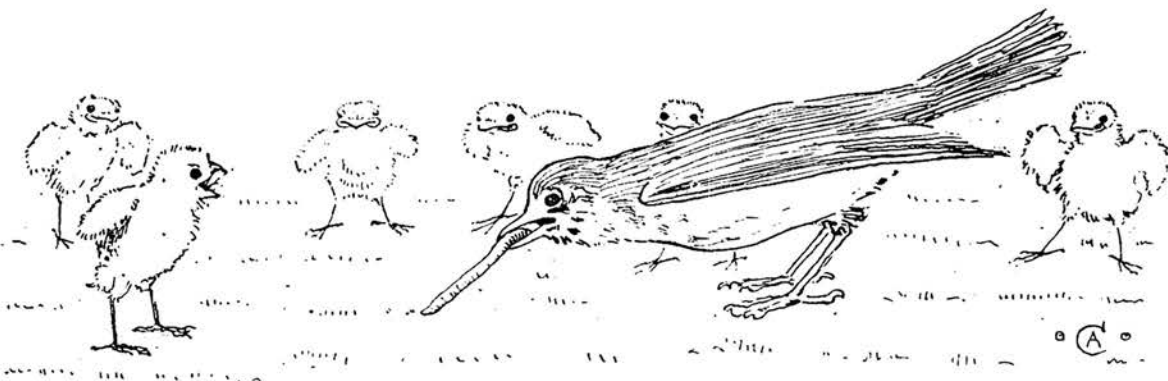
from the soil to which he desperately clings, and enjoying him as he goes with most evident gusto.

Both are intruders here. When first we came to our hill-top there were no thrushes and no earthworms, no house-martins and no sparrows. But the building of one simple red-tiled cottage set up endless changes in the fauna and flora. A whole revolution was inaugurated over a realm of three acres. The house-martins were the first to come; they settled in before us. Ancestral instinct has taught them to know well that where a house is built there will be eaves to nest under, and people will inhabit it, who throw about meat and fruit, which attract the flies; and flies are the natural diet of house-martins. The sparrows came next; but the thrushes loitered longer. And the manner of their coming was after this fashion.

The powers that be had decided on a tennis-lawn. Previously nothing but heather and gorse spread over the hill-top; that is the native vegetation of this light sandstone upland. But in order to have tennis you must needs have a sward; so, much against the grain, we grubbed up wild heath enough to make a court, and sowed it for a tennis-lawn. Grass cannot grow, however, on such poor light soil as suits heather best, so we imported a few cartloads of mould and manure from a farm in the valley. With the mould came worms, who, finding a fair field, began to be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth with laudable rapidity. Few or no earthworms live in the shallow sand of the open moor; and, though a mole or two can just eke out a precarious living here and there in the softer and grassier hollows—I see their mounds every day as I cross the common—worms were not nearly abundant enough to tempt the epicurean and greedy thrushes from the shelter of the valley. For the mole, you

see, goes out hunting underground on the trail of the earth-worm; but the thrush must needs depend upon the few stray stragglers which come to the surface morning and evening.

No sooner had worms begun to make castings on the lawn, however, than some Columbus thrush discovered a new world was opened to him. He and his mate took formal possession of the patch of green, which they hold as their own, using it regularly as a private hunting-ground. Every other tennis-lawn in the neighbourhood similarly supports its pair of thrushes, as (according to the poet) every rood of ground in England once "maintained its man." One of our neighbours has three lawns, terraced off in steps, and each has been annexed by a particular thrush family, which holds it stoutly against all comers. It is a curious sight in spring, when the nestlings are young, to see the parent birds going carefully over the ground—surveying it in squares, as it were, the cock a little in front, the hen hopping after him at some distance on one side, and making sure that not an inch of the superficial area remains unhunted. They eat many snails, too, breaking the shells against big stones; and they hunt for slugs now and then in the moist ditch by the roadway. While the nestlings are unfledged the industry of the elder birds is ceaseless; for they lay in early spring, and have to rear their young while food is still far from cheap or abundant. And, oh! but it is a gruesome sight to see them teaching the young idea of their kind how to tackle a worm—how to drag him from his burrow, ring after ring, as he struggles, to chop him up and mangle him till resistance and escape are absolutely hopeless, and then to devour him piecemeal. But in autumn the fierce heart of the carnivore softens; worms being then scarce, he condescends to berries.

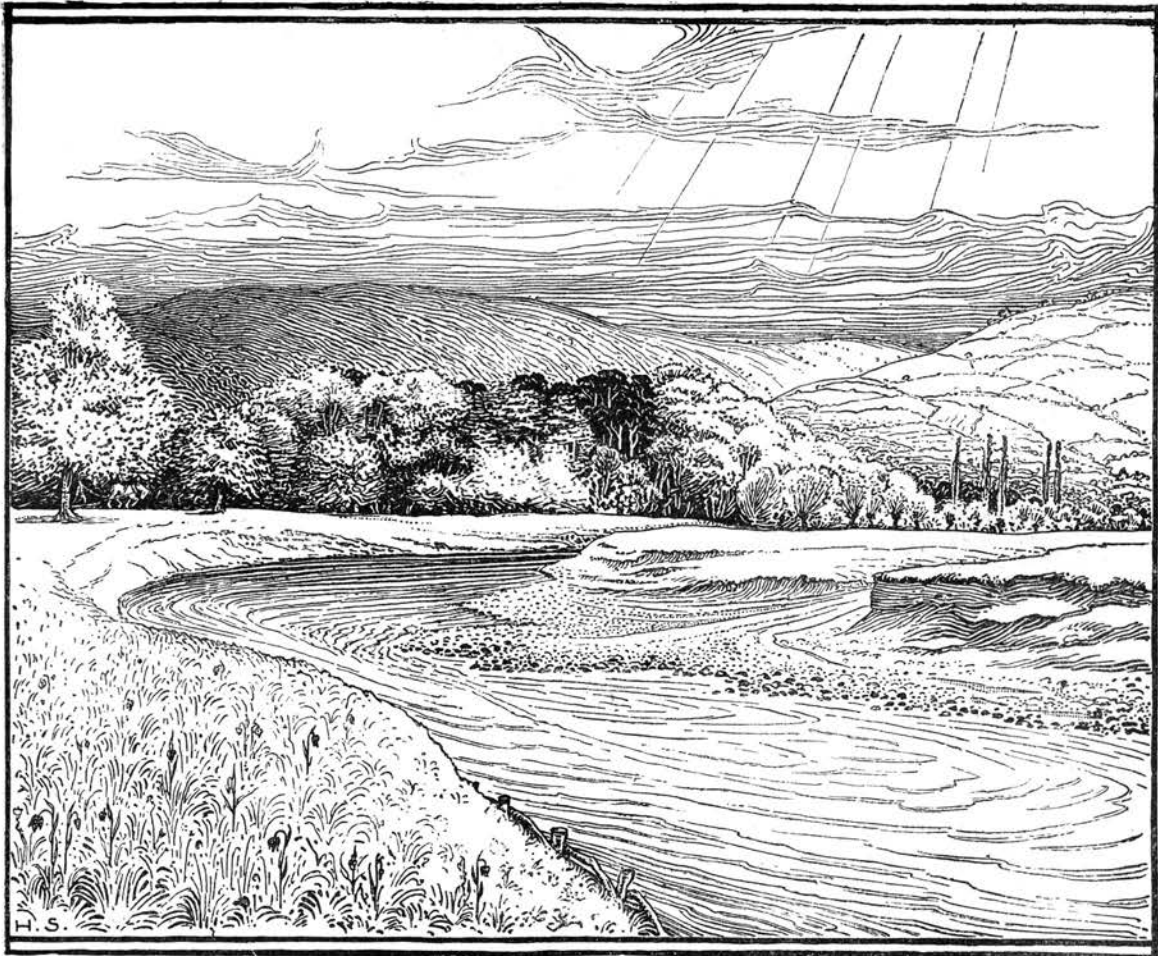


TEACHING • THE • YOUNG • IDEA

The labours of THE XII-MONTHS
 set out in NEW PICTURES & OLD PROVERBS
 WISE SHEPHERDS say that the age of man
 is LXXII years and that we liken but to one
 hole yeare for evermore we take six yeares to
 every month as JANUARY or FEBRUARY and
 so forth, for as the yeare changeth by the



twelve month, into twelve sundry manners so
 doth a man change himself twelve times in
 his life by twelve ages, and every age lasteth
 six yeares 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.



MAY

Then cometh MAY: that is both faire and
 pleasant, for then birds sing in woods and
 forrests night and day, and the sun shineth
 hot, and as then is man most joyfull and
 pleasant, and of livlier strength, and seek-
 eth playes, sports and lusty pastime, for
 then he is full XXX yeares.



THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY

- MAY come she early or come she late
- She'll make the cows to quake
- MAY flood never did good
- Who doth his coat on a winter's day
- Will gladly put it on in MAY
- Change not a clout till MAY be out
- Shear your sheep in MAY & shear them all away