

# Victorian Times

Vol. V, No. 7

July 2018



*Tips on Yachting in the Mediterranean • Managing a Summer Picnic  
Healing Plants for Your Garden • Aunt Mehitable's Letters from Washington  
Max O'Rell Recalls "Some Curious Children" • The Life of the Tramp  
A Kitten • Dangers and Advantages of the Bicycle • Curious Etiquette Tips*

# Victorian Times

Volume V, No. 7  
July 2018

- 2 Editor's Greeting: The Great Emancipator, by Moira Allen
- 3 Yachting in the Mediterranean, by the Earl of Desart (*CFM*, 1896\*\*)
- 11 Peculiar Children I Have Met, by Max O'Rell (*The Strand*, 1896)
- 15 Household Hints (*GOP*, 1896\*)
- 16 Bits About Animals, by Ruth Lamb (*GOP*, 1881)
- 17 Aunt Mehitable's Winter in Washington, Part 6,  
by Mrs. Harriet Hazelton (*Godey's*, 1873)
- 20 Poem: "A Literary Success" (*Century*, 1882)
- 21 The Doctor's Corner in the Kitchen Garden (*CFM*, 1878)
- 24 How We Made Our Picnic a Success, by Phillis Browne (*CFM*, 1876)
- 28 Picnic Parties, by Laura Lathrop (*Ingall's Home Magazine*, 1889)
- 30 On the Tramp, by Edwin Goady (*CFM*, 1885)
- 33 Home Management Month by Month, by Mary Skene (*GOP*, 1901)
- 35 An Overtowel in Linen Canvas (*GOP*, 1897)
- 36 Dangers and Benefits of the Bicycle, by A.L. Benedict, MD  
(*Century*, 1897)
- 38 Miscellaneous Household Hints (*Godey's*, 1860)
- 39 A Kitten, by Agnes Repplier (*Atlantic Monthly*, 1893)
- 44 Abigail Shout's Protest (*Godey's*, 1868)
- 46 Poem: "With Pen and Ink," by Walter Learned (*Century*, 1888)
- 47 Chocolate Dates (*GOP*, 1899)
- 47 My Struggles with a Camera (*CFM*, 1892)
- 50 Books of Etiquette, by Leonard Larkin (*The Strand*, 1903)



p. 11



p. 30



p. 47



p. 50

A publication of VictorianVoices.net  
Moira Allen, Editor - editors@victorianvoices.net  
To subscribe to the free electronic edition, visit  
[www.victorianvoices.net/VT/index.shtml](http://www.victorianvoices.net/VT/index.shtml)  
Print editions available quarterly on Amazon!  
Copyright © 2018 Moira Allen

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

# The Great Emancipator

One of the things I've found most interesting in my exploration of Victorian periodicals is how they reveal the steady rise of the emancipated woman. Most books on "the women's movement" focus on the speeches, the demonstrations, the conflicts. Victorian magazine articles, by contrast, reveal the slow but steady gains made by everyday women in these controversial areas. They demonstrate, for example, the determination of the Victorian woman to acquire, first, the right to a higher education—and then the right to obtain the same degrees that were granted to men. (Yes, in the 1890's, you could pass all the Cambridge tests, but if you were a woman, you still couldn't get the degree that would have been awarded to a man!) They show the transition of women into the workplace—and show also that this wasn't always the battle royale that history texts might have us believe. And of course they show the Victorian woman beginning to question the assumption that her role in life was simply to devote herself to everyone's needs but her own.

I expected to see these types of changes, however. What I didn't expect was to discover that one of the major keys to women's rights and emancipation wasn't a rally or a speech or a remarkable leader. It was a humble machine that we all know, and many of us have today in our garages.

It was... the bicycle.

The bicycle began as a bizarre contraption more suited to daredevils than gentle ladies. We've all seen pictures of those bikes with the huge front wheels and itty-bitty back wheels. By the late 19<sup>th</sup> century, however, the cycle had evolved into basically the model we know today—a model nearly anyone can master. And in the 1890's, anyone meant *anyone*, male or female. The bicycle wasn't so much a child's toy then as a significant adult mode of recreation and transportation.

Thus, in the early 1890's, you'll find a flurry of articles addressing the controversy over whether women "should" ride bicycles. Many writers weighed in with profound reasons why they shouldn't. Doctors proclaimed that bicycle-riding would damage a woman's delicate internal organs. Others feared it would damage their morals, and many felt it was utterly unladylike. Women, however, ignored these feeble attempts to keep them off the road and took to bicycles in droves. By the late 1890's, the controversy was over; articles simply addressed issues of road safety, proper dress, how to maintain a bicycle, and so forth. By this time women weren't simply riding, but participating in bike "gymkhanas" involving all sorts of acrobatic cycling feats. Men *and* women used bicycles to tour the country or even the continent.

So how was this "the great emancipator?" The bicycle was, literally, a door-opener for women. Before the bike, one had two options for getting around one's local area. One could walk, or one could use some form of horse-powered transportation. But horses are expensive, so chances are that if a woman lived in town, she might not have her own "vehicle." Hence, to get around, she would need to hire a buggy or a cab, which cost money. She might use a horse-drawn tram or streetcar, but this also cost money—and more to the point, it wasn't considered proper for a *lady* to travel alone on a public conveyance.

The bicycle changed everything. For the first time, a woman could travel a considerable distance without hiring a vehicle *or* challenging the rules of propriety. A bicycle required no particular upkeep—a few drops of oil and some air in the tires and one's good to go. A bicycle made it possible to get about without having a male attendant (such as a footman) or escort. It made it possible for a woman to travel some distance to a job, or to a class, or simply to visit friends. And it was the great leveler; it made transportation possible for poor, middle-class and well-to-do women alike.

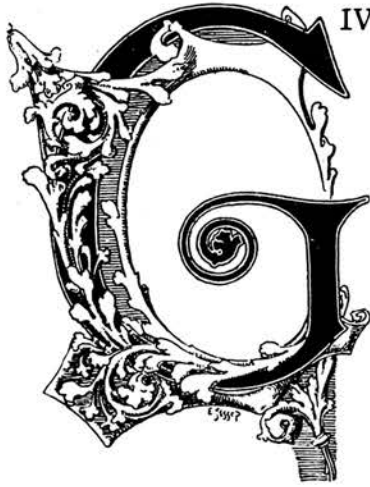
The bicycle literally made it possible for the Victorian woman to "get out of the house." If she needed to travel somewhere by train, she could bike to the station. If she wanted to ramble through the country, she didn't need a horse. And if she needed to work for a living, she had a means of getting to and from her place of employment—which opened more types of jobs to women who formerly might have had to work from home. The bicycle brought a freedom that women had never imagined before.

The bicycle even changed fashion. It quickly became apparent that a woman couldn't ride a bicycle in long skirts and a corset. And so this humble device was instrumental in ushering in a new era of safer, more hygienic clothing, which in itself brought more benefits to the Victorian woman. In short, a great many Victorian women didn't march to freedom. They biked!

—Maira Allen, Editor  
editors@victorianvoices.net

# YACHTING IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

BY THE EARL OF DESART.



**G**IVEN the time and the money—which latter need not be so very much, while the former should be not less than four months—a man and a man's wife cannot do much better than take a winter's yachting saunter in the tideless sea surrounded and inspired by so many traditions—classical, mythological, poetical, historical, and Cook's touristical. But the man and his wife should guard in the first instance against putting any credence in the vague popular notion that the Mediterranean is a blue and placid lake, to be reached—by the yacht—through the fiery ordeal of Biscay's Bay, and by the prudent owner through the medium of Charing Cross and the *train de luxe*.

As a matter of fact, the Mediterranean is a most treacherous sea; constructed apparently for the especial annoyance of the British yachtsman; for, when in its tantrums, its waves seem exactly to fit the average-sized yacht: that is, to take her length neatly and exactly inside the trough, so that her progress resembles nothing so much as that of a man pursuing the fox in Kentish or Surrey market gardens. It is all jumping; and that, as the toughest old salt will admit, is bad for even the seasoned sea stomach.

And the dreaded Bay of Biscay? Well, the present writer has crossed it many times in yachts ranging from seventy to two hundred tons, and has always found it as peaceable as a political ticket meeting. Of course, when it is bad, it resembles the little girl with the curl "right in the middle of her forehead"—it is horrid. But it is a big kind of horridness that doesn't trouble the yacht size of ship nearly so much as the petty spite of the inland sea. I do not allude to a real Atlantic storm, when all vessels, of whatever size, suffer alike; but even then I venture to assert that a well-found sailing yacht—*lying-to*—will be far more comfortable than she would be—*sailing*—in equally bad weather in the Mediterranean, or than a big liner bound to keep to time. Have we not read in the papers of battened-down passengers breaking their limbs as the heavy seas strike the great fabric of the on-rushing monster with the mails?

To lie-to is the great privilege of the pleasure ship; and any vessel that will not do so should at once be sold by public auction—which is equivalent to giving her away.

Now as to the kind of yacht to go a Mediterranean cruise. Many people, especially those in a hurry, will tell you that a steamer is the only thing. Others will advocate an auxiliary—that is, a vessel fully rigged for sailing, and with a small set of engines lurking in her interior, taking up the room of what should be the best cabin. Others—and these latter folk will be very downright in their opinion—will swear by the old-fashioned sailing-ship, propelled by the winds of Heaven and nothing else.

All three have their merits and demerits, like Cabinet Ministers and crossing-sweepers. Steam—*pace* Mr. Clark Russell—has no romance, no sentiment; there is no delightful uncertainty about it. You can count the revolutions of the engines, and that is about all you can do in the way of amusement, as you glide along at your ten or twelve or fifteen knots per hour. Or you can talk to your skipper about the best place to fill up your coal bunkers; and speculate on the sort of stuff you will get into them. There are none of the sudden changes that (especially in the Mediterranean) keep your mind always on the alert when sailing. A shift of wind only means a pleasanter style of progression, or the reverse; more rolling or less; a knot or two to be added or deducted from your speed.

In a sailing-ship you may, when you turn into your bunk, be pitching merrily bows under—to the discomfort of your elbows as you undress—against a head wind and sea, and making some three knots ahead to one to leeward; and just as you wake from your first sleep and are about to sleep again, you become aware of a deliciously smooth motion, with long, regular, lurching swoops, and you know that the wind has freed you, and that you are reaching along at nine or ten knots, pointing straight for your destination. At breakfast time you may come up on deck to find a dead calm and the vessel's head where her tail should be, and before luncheon (meals always especially mark the time on board ship) you may be running dead before a smart breeze with every stitch of canvas drawing, and the white-crested waves hurrying after you, spluttering, as if envious of your speed.

Take that running, too. If the wind pipes up and the sea pipes up also, how interesting it is to watch the big combers coming at you,

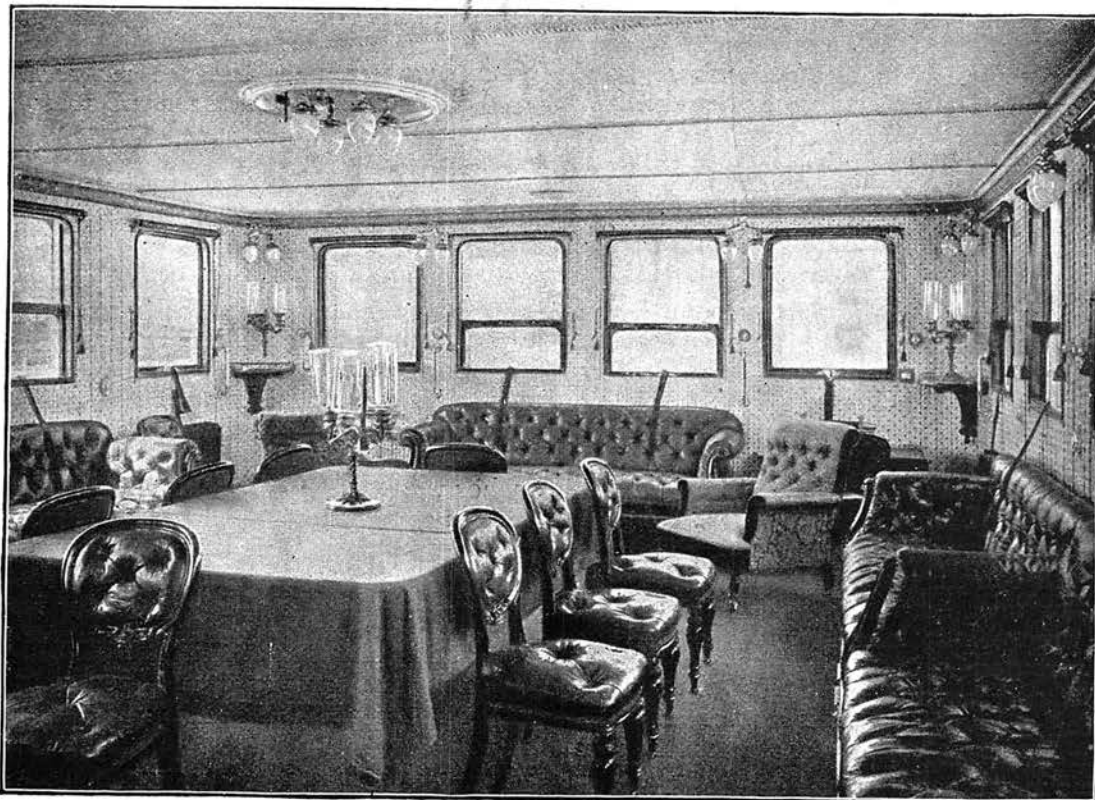
grimly determined to overwhelm the intruder on their playground; to see them suddenly subside meekly under the counter, with perhaps an angry spurt of harmless spray water upon the deck. And how equally interesting to watch the main-boom—if you have not been extra-prudent and shifted mainsail for trysail—and the man at the helm! Any little error of his, any extra big sea to knock the hull silly, and bang! over will come that great spar, and Heaven only knows what will happen to you then! But it is good fun, and safe enough withal: for count me on the fingers (one hand will do), the number of well-found yachts that have come to grief at sea in living memory.

Then with the steamer there is the ever recurrent agony of coaling. Coaldust everywhere; the decks grimy; even the knick-knacks in the main-cabin sooty; your eyes full, your temper shaky, and perhaps your dear wife not quite as pleasant as usual when

less, while there can be scarcely any concatenation of accidents in a sailing-ship—short of dismastment—that does not leave you some means of progression, or at least of being comfortable and safe until damages are repaired.

As to the hybrid, the auxiliary, which has been described as the type of vessel that can neither steam nor sail, it has many patent advantages. For long voyages of the *Sunbeam* kind it is the only thing: ordinary steam-yachts cannot carry coal enough for these. But it has one great pecuniary disadvantage—the double crew: on deck and below. It entails also the coaling nuisance; and, although many yachting men will disagree with me, I do not think it is the type of boat in which to spend a pleasant winter in the Mediterranean.

Special pleading for sail power only? Perhaps. I do honestly believe that you get more enjoyment out of a good schooner or yawl in a week than a month's runs from



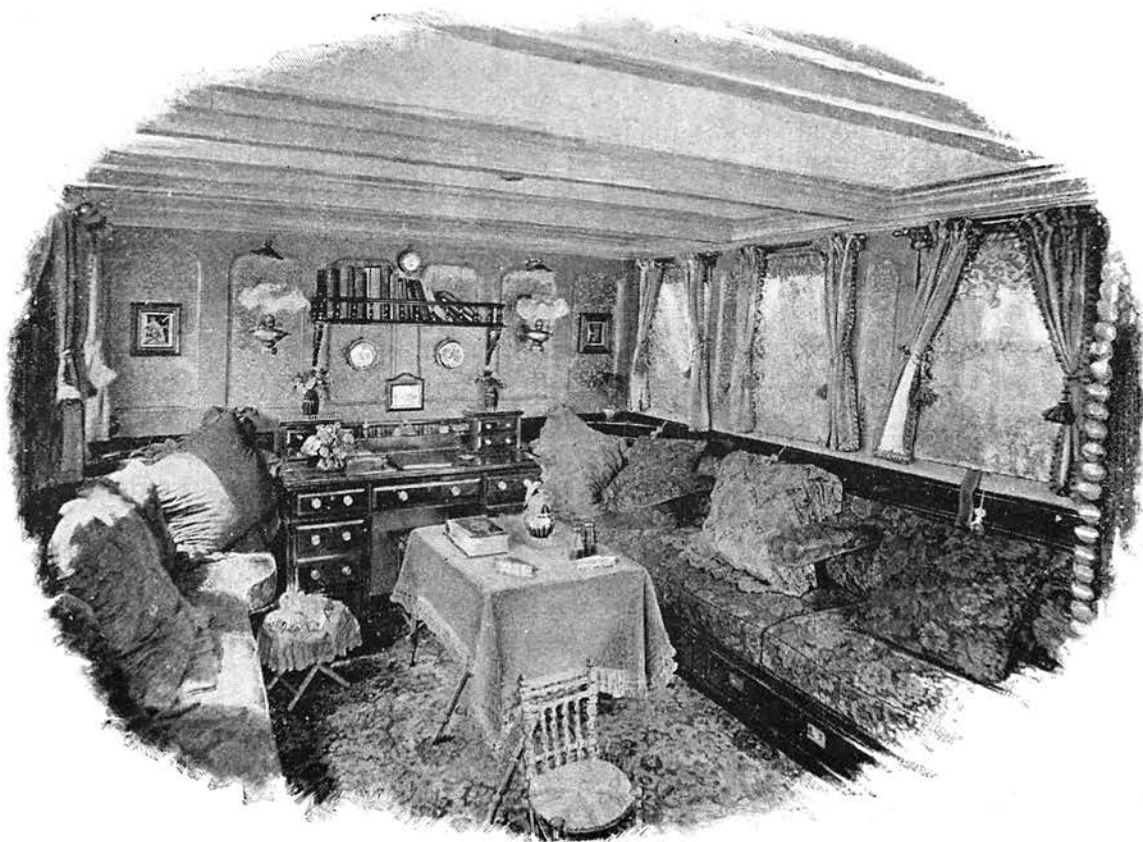
DECK CABIN OF THE ROYAL YACHT VICTORIA AND ALBERT.

(From a photograph by Symonds & Co., Portsmouth.)

she finds her beautiful new cretonne in the after-cabin blackened and spoiled.

To nervous people, too, a sailing-yacht should be preferable to a steamer; for, when anything does go wrong with the latter, it is everything. When the engines won't drive you in bad weather, you are practically help-

port to port in a steamer will give you; and, unless you go to "do" a certain amount of sightseeing in a given time, and not to yacht first and sightsee afterwards, you will do well to trust yourself to the winds and discard the oil and its stink, and the coal and its dust, and the rest of a steamer's amenities.



THE DECK-HOUSE OF THE WATER LILY.  
 (From a photograph by Kirk & Sons, Cowes.)

Let us imagine you have decided on sail.

Having your schooner or yawl of some two hundred tons, the next important point is the selection of skipper and crew. As regards the former, it is absolutely essential that he be a man to suit your temper: a pleasant man; one with whom you can comfortably converse in the dark watches, or when trying to subdue the irritation caused by a dead calm, a big sea left by some previous gale, a banging boom, creaking gaff, and your port almost in sight. Of course, you want a good navigator and sailor man, but really it is almost better to be wrecked—so long as you are not very much wrecked—with the agreeable skipper who makes yacht life pleasant to you while you float, than to come home safe with one of your sour sea-dogs, whose one idea is to earn his wages, and whose sole repartee or response to your neatest humour is an exhortation over the side.

With regard to the engaging of the crew, interfere as little as possible: it is not your business, only the skipper's; but if you can get a few musical geniuses among them, so much the better. It is always pleasant when far from your native land to hear the songs of her, even though they have twenty monotonous verses and are gloomy to suicide.

And as to grumblers! If there be one such in your crowd on deck, let him go, even though you have to bribe him over the side; for a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump, and otherwise you would soon have all your men rightly struggling to be free from a bondage which gave them no turtle soup, truffles, and champagne—even insisted on anchor watches being absolutely kept!

Then comes the question of the passengers. In choosing them recollect that if you have mildly disliked some habits of a friend on shore, those habits after a week, or less, at sea will tempt you to cut his throat, or your own.

The best-tempered individual is apt to be querulous when a bit of a kick-up has made him what he calls bilious (but what is really s—s—k), and I rather doubt whether Job himself would have safely passed the ordeal of luncheon in a hot cabin when beating down Channel against a fresh breeze and lumpy sea, bound, in honour of his new yachting suit, to smile and smile and thrust the hateful cutlet down his throat, while aware that a curious green tint is spreading over his erst healthy cheeks and that his fellow-men are furtively grinning at the prospect of impending disaster.

Someone—a lady for choice—who can sing is a great addition to a yacht party ; and there should certainly be four whist lovers, who also should take a benevolent interest in cribbage, *béziq*ue or piquet. A beauty on board is a great thing ; she gets you far more civility from foreign officials than yellow gold, or even the white ensign of the R.Y.S. ; and if you can only find and capture that *rara avis*, the man who is “such good company,” and who knows when to begin and how to stop, you may get your mainsail and anchors up, and sail away with a favouring slant of wind from Southampton or elsewhere, esteeming yourself as highly favoured among yacht owners.

It is truly the *premier pas*—the Pas de Calais—that costs in this matter. In November the Channel is seldom smooth. Your passengers, even your sailors, have land stomachs ; and sea-legs are far to seek. It is cold, and things have not tumbled into shape

regular Atlantic rollers ; your beauty staggers from her cabin and looks at the sea ; your “good company” man makes his first joke ; your mate takes the most credulous-looking passenger aside and tells him hideously untruthful yarns, for which mates have a speciality, which leaves them when they become “cap’ens.” The smell of dinner from the galley comes stealing along the deck ; the steward—ostentatiously disdain- ing to avail himself of any help against the quick heave of the waves—trips along to tell you that dinner is ready ; and while the cliffs of Albion recede into oblivion you eat your first meal on board and drink success to your voyage in search of innocent, and, perhaps, instructive, pleasure.



THE LADY INA.—MUSIC ROOM.

(From a photograph by Adamson & Son, Rothesay.)

on board ; although they are probably tumbling about a good deal otherwise. Either the head steward or the cook is very likely unwell. He calls it neuralgia, or something of that sort ; and you hesitate to choose whether it is the result of parting glasses overnight, or of the motion.

But soon things settle down ; the spiteful Channel seas are exchanged for long and

The main-cabin looks so cosy in the lamp- light ; the little knick-knacks that remind you of home gleam with a new charm ; the water swishing by the ship’s side makes a sweet and subtle music ; the elastic feel of the ship under your feet as she flies the seas gives you a new and exhilarating feeling of buoyancy and emancipation from the stolid solidity of the earth. It is a home, and a delicious one, this little oasis of wood in the

desert of water; and you turn in, after a business talk on deck with the skipper, happy as a newly-made peer, and utterly regardless of such trifles as tempests, rocks, fog, or collision.

Talking of collisions reminds me of a little incident of some five years ago, which is characteristic of sailors' practical common sense. I was lying becalmed—floating about helplessly—on a dark night, some five miles outside Ajaccio harbour. The French President, M. Carnot, had just been there, and there had been high jinks, which we missed through the contrariety of the winds. Well, out of the harbour came a number of great ships of war, the French and Italian fleets; and what reeked their officers, flushed with "ponch d'honneur," of a little English yacht bobbing about in aimless fashion among them? One of them—a turret-ship that looked, I am told, at least a million tons in the gloom—came straight at us, and our flare, or blue light, kept on deck for emergencies, had no effect on her course till the last moment, when she altered her helm and shaved us by a few yards. Had that alteration of helm come a second later there would have been paragraphs in the London papers, "A yacht missing," and the eventual writing off of that yacht's number at Lloyd's as "foundered at sea;" for the going over us would have scarcely woke the iron-clad's captain, and the officer of the watch would naturally have said nothing about the incident.

But where the sailor man's common sense came in was here: I had—seeing it was hopeless to think of getting into harbour that night—retired to my berth before the fleets emerged, and only heard of our narrow escape next morning. To my question why we down below were not warned of the imminent catastrophe, I received the reply, "It would have been no use your coming on deck: she'd have gone clean over us; and her sides were too high for a jump, even if there'd been time!"

The son of a sea-cook is, for some mysterious reason, a being to be despised; but the sea-cook himself is an important factor in your comfort in a cruise. Everyone is greedy on board ship; and the grand truthfulness of the ocean does away with land hypocrisy, as it does away with dyspepsia. The *mauvais quart d'heure*, with its penalties and restrained impatience, has no place there—the steward's announcement means a rush into the main cabin, where no *menu* is required, for all intend to go "nap," or eat all that is set before them.

And what cheery meals these are! There

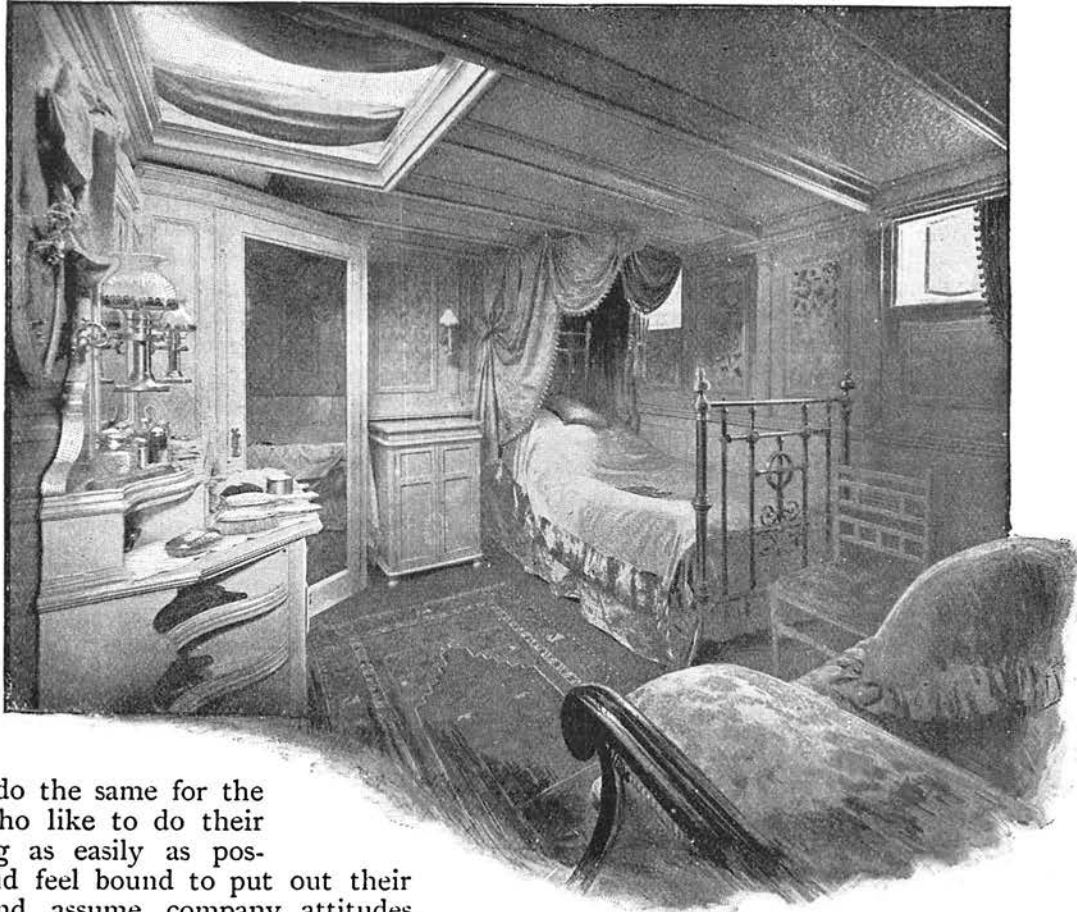
has been a biggish sea running all day; just before you have dived down the companion to smarten yourself you have made out Cape Finisterre; the maligned Bay is passed, or nearly so. The passengers are all—or nearly all—hardened sailors. How everyone laughs when a lurch sends the swinging-table up to A's nose on one side, and against B's knees on the other; while the sherry decanter stands on its head, and the second steward—second stewards not having the dignity, never have the equilibrium of their chiefs—flies prone on to the lee sofa! How the difficulty of conveying each mouthful to your mouth enhances its value when arrived!

Even James I. would have allowed smoking after dinner at sea; and what lady in these days of revolt against femininity would dare to play the part of tobacco stopper? Or, if it be not too cold, the men take their cigars and pipes on deck, and watch the far-off lights of the coast of Portugal; while the ladies mysteriously get through some thirty minutes or so putting on their wraps; and the stewards deftly transform the main cabin from a dining-chamber into a cosy sitting-room, with open piano, cards, cribbage-board, and—if no Veto men be with you—an unobtrusive tray at one end of the table.

From the deck, as you pace to and fro with steps cleverly devised to meet the roll and circumvent the pitch, you turn now and again from the contemplation of the low dark land on the port side and the wide expanse of glittering water on the starboard, to that light shining up from the centre of the ship; and after a chat with the man at the wheel, a look at the compass, another at the sky, the usual remarks as to the pace you are going—when your optimistic computation is always cut down a couple of knots by the steering pessimist—you all merrily climb—backwards if you are landsmen and women and obey sea traditions—down the companion, and soon are deep in the difficulties of keeping your temper when your call for trumps is obstinately ignored; or in the intricacies of those unreasonable two for his knob; or the delights of point, quint, and quatorze, and the chance of the glory of *capot*.

Then, when you sleep on board ship, how you do sleep! Even like the newspaper murderer on his last night. There are yacht owners, or "guv'nors," as their men always call them, who are barbarous enough—at least, so I have heard—to insist on their male guests being placed in the watches and made to keep them. But such practices are absurd. They have neither object nor excuse; except to make innocent landsmen uncomfortable,





THE LADY CASSANDRA.—THE BEDROOM.  
*(From a photograph by Adamson & Son, Rothesay.)*

and to do the same for the crew, who like to do their watching as easily as possible, and feel bound to put out their pipes and assume company attitudes when a passenger is among them. No. Let your crew watch: they are paid for it; and let your friends sleep. If the gov'nor likes to keep watch himself, that is his own look-out; and he deserves no pity at breakfast when he recounts how cold and bored he was, or how he got drenched by that bit of sea, or tumbled into the lee-scuppers when "she" took that lurch to leeward.

In yachting there seems nothing pleasanter than leaving a harbour, till you are out at sea, and that is delicious; but still more charming is reaching another harbour. After a week or so of sailing, is it not music to hear the "Stand clear below! One—two—let go!" and the quick grating of the anchor chain as it follows your hook to the friendly holding ground? And how can you experience a pleasanter sensation than when you come on deck on a fine crisp morning to find yourself moored safely off the New Mole of Gibraltar, with the grand old rock towering above you?

Then the letters—so many things happen in a week: the excitement of your beauty, who, like Angelina of the ballad, does not absolutely abominate the brave men who fight for their country; the civility of the Senior Naval Officer (who hates being called

the Captain of the Port, and is therefore nearly always so styled by new-comers); the monkeys that you probably don't see, and the galleries that the ladies do see, but not the men. The former—oh, New Woman, see to it!—are supposed to be unable to grasp the secrets of these fortifications, and are contemptuously let in where their brothers and husbands fear to tread.

I fancy Gibraltar has been described before, so will not let my yacht dwell there, but pass away into the Mediterranean, with this advice: Go, if you have time, to Tangier, but do not be persuaded to visit Tetuan. The former is quite as Oriental as the latter and far easier to get at. Do not hunt with the Calpe foxhounds unless you can raise a trustworthy steed. Some of those to be hired cannot safely be galloped down-hill, and will not go much out of a walk up hill; and it is all up or down hill in the Calpe country. And do not expect too much of Cork Wood picnics, and you will not be disappointed.

Well, Gibraltar is hidden good-bye, the anchor is short under the bow, and after the

usual wait for the steward and the inevitable washing, or the caterer's dinghy with the last instalment of stores, you are off, with all the tideless sea to roam in at your wicked will.

Stay, there is one great bar to your freedom that I must not forget—the letters. These are to go to such a place: therefore, let the winds blow as they may, to that place you must also go. But this is only a delusion—chance them. You have no idea how soon you get accustomed to receiving none; and, after all, if the Government is turned out, or Ireland conquered by America, or women permitted to sit in Parliament, your knowing it a little sooner or later will not make much difference.

Let your letters be sent to some likely place with a civilised post-office; and then, when you arrive somewhere that tempts you to stay a week or so, telegraph for them. That is the only way to be happy when taking a cruise. I have known men whose whole pleasure has been absolutely spoiled by their letters and their washing; who, instead of obeying the finger of Fate and sailing pleasantly and quickly with the wind to

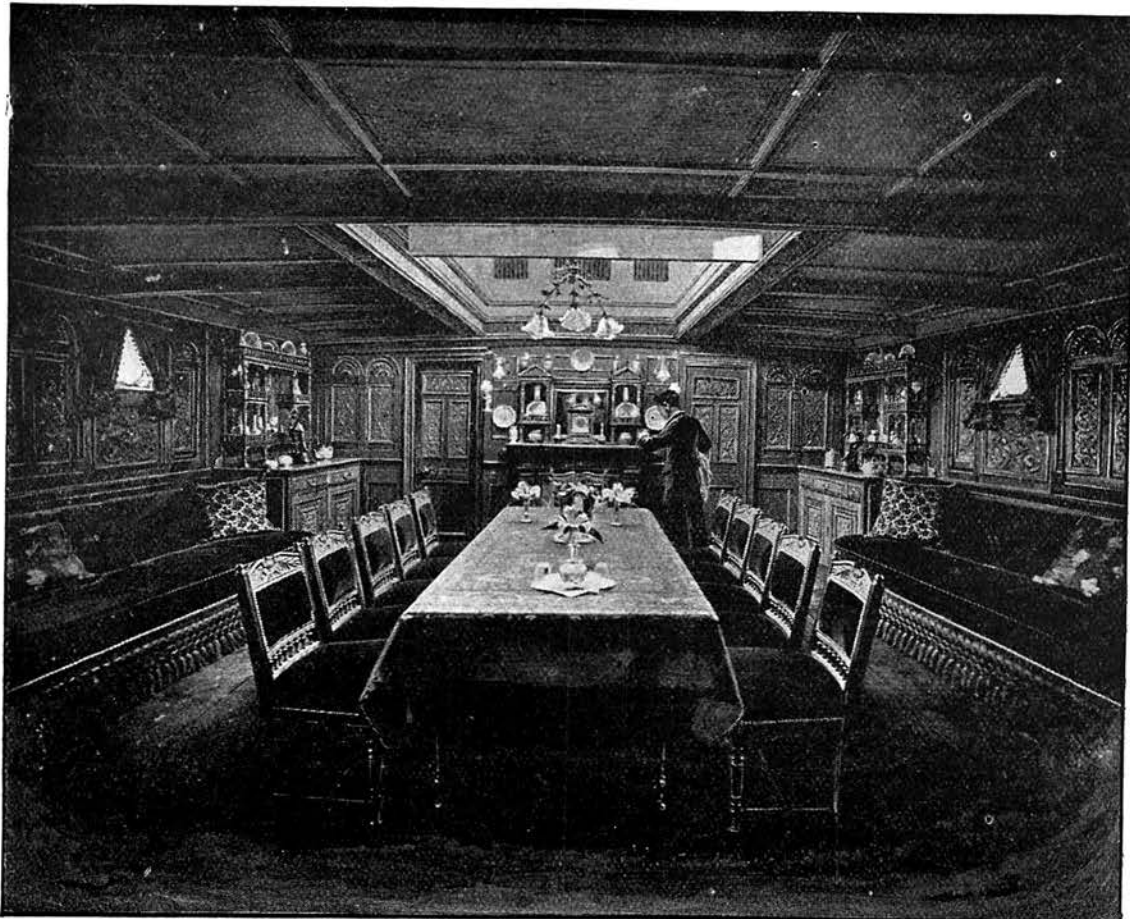
Algiers, have miserably tacked backwards and forwards, with no inch of dry deck and the utmost straining of their gear, to reach Barcelona, and to find that Aunt Tabitha's cat has had three kittens, and Uncle Toby's eldest boy is suspected of incipient measles.

A man on a Mediterranean cruise must be a free man, like an archbishop when he takes his holiday and announces in the papers that his letters are to be sent to the palace, to be opened and answered by someone else.

As to washing. If your steward dare to take linen on shore (no matter if even the beauty herself has pleaded to him) without your knowledge, then let there be no mercy—keel-hauling or the yard-arm are the only meet punishments.

Many a yachting owner who has neglected to emphasise his feelings in this regard has often sadly thought—after those dreary days of waiting in some uncongenial port when the wind was fair for the haven he longed to be at—that at his autopsy the word "Washing" would be found written on his heart.

We are through the Straits of Gibraltar. Whither shall we steer? To Malaga first,



THE LADY INA.—THE DINING-ROOM.  
(From a photograph by Adamson & Son, Rothesay.)

and then by train—with an abominable lunch *en route* at Bobadilla—to Granada to shiver amid the summer-sun-wanting beauties of the Alhambra? Or to Algiers, where we may meet many friends at the English Club; dance and play lawn-tennis; ride with fair ladies and uniformed officers in the reckless “Rallye-Papier;” compare the dignified and sombre Arab with the dapper little French soldier on the Place; do the old town, to be done in our purchases there; and perchance pay our gold pieces to attend the mysterious function yclept the Assoui; and see the quasi-holy men eat scorpions and

Sometimes in the after-days, when you turn over your book of photographs—a camera is indispensable on a cruise—you may be inclined to wonder why they bring back such especially happy recollections, when compared with other photographs of yours. It is because when you have visited the places they picture you have been young with the youth of the sea, and joyous with the joy of a ship’s *camaraderie*; free from the constant worries and cares of a



THE SALOON OF THE WATER LILY.  
(From a photograph by Kirk & Sons, Cowes.)

fire, put knives through their arms, lick red-hot irons, stand with naked feet on upturned sword edges, and, to the accompaniment of a ceaseless beating of tom-toms, make themselves generally unpleasant to all our British senses?

From Algiers it is but a short sail to Bougie, whence you must drive through the famous Chabet Pass to Kharata.

After Bougie comes, of course, Tunis, and then—but a volume would be necessary to set down the possible cruises, each with a special charm, that you may take in the Sunny Sea. It is merely a question of time how many glories you see, how many delicious memories you store.

landsman’s life; no trains to catch; no hotel bills to pay; no servants to tip; no newspapers to read; and only letters now and then.

Ah, me! With one’s house on one’s back, as it were, with a hundred harbours wooing one with smiling mouths, and with no necessity to move from one or to stay in any, except at your own sweet will and pleasure—what a happy life it is sailing in the vessel that you love, with a ship’s company as happy as yourself!

*Desert*

## *Peculiar Children I Have Met.*

BY MAX O'RELL.



FROM 1876 to 1884 I was a master of St. Paul's School, to-day the foremost classical school of England. Whether I should boast of it or not, I do not know.

In England, the schoolmaster stands about on the lowest step of the social ladder, and even if he be the master of one of the great public schools, he obtains practically the same recognition in society that the poor drudge of an usher receives. In France the schoolmaster is a professional man of high standing, and Alphonse Daudet boasts of having been one. Many of our Academicians, Ambassadors, and Ministers have been schoolmasters.

In Holland people touch their hats when they pass a schoolmaster. In Italy the teaching profession is often embraced by the members of the nobility. But, in England, to have been a schoolmaster is well-nigh having a stain on one's character; and when an English critic, in Great Britain or the British Colonies, has wished to be particularly offensive in his remarks about my work and myself, he has thrown it at my face.

I once asked, through the English Press, "What's the matter with schoolmasters? Is there any opprobrium attached to that profession? If so, why?"

This brought about many answers. "Charles Dickens is the cause of it," said some. The

British public saw in Wackford Squeers the typical schoolmaster. "Because teaching is the worst paid of all professions," replied others. Another reason given was that, in the eyes of the public, the schoolmaster is a man who canes little boys, which is not a very dignified occupation. And so on.

Well, I consider things from a rather French point of view. For eight years of my life I was a schoolmaster, and I am rather inclined to be proud of it. I was happy though a schoolmaster; I received a respectable salary; I never used a cane in my life except as a companion in my walks; and felt that I was a useful member of society.

I loved my boys, big or small, clever or stupid; they respected me, and, judging from the expression of their faces when they gathered round me, I believe that their respect for me was mingled with affection. And if a man has any sense of humour and de-

lights in studying human nature, is there in the world for him a better field of observation than the schoolroom? Is there anything more interesting than the struggle for victory between a man and forty or fifty dear young boys full of life and mischief?

I loved them all, and the more wicked they were the more I loved them. I never objected to any, except perhaps the few who aimed at being perfect, especially those who succeeded in their efforts.



"I LOVED MY BOYS."

I must confess, however, to having had a weakness for younger boys. No doubt the work was more interesting in the advanced classes; but a room full of boys from eleven to twelve or thirteen years of age seldom failed to afford me an opportunity to use my glasses with profit.

To watch a young rascal using his ingenuity to shirk his work or avoid detection of a breach of discipline, was a great source of amusement to me. To overhear his remarks about me; to listen to his repartees; to read his "essays"; to admire his resolution to do his work well by writing the first two lines of his exercise with his best hand, and to realize how soon he got tired of it by seeing signs of flagging on the third line; to listen to him swaggering about his social standing—all that made life worth living.

What dear little snobs I met who were not much over ten years of age! What early training they must have had at home! Peculiar children are, as a rule, children of peculiar fathers and mothers—especially mothers.

Once a lady wrote to the head-master:—

"Dear Sir,—It is our intention to place our boy under your care; but before we do so, we should like to know what the social standard of your school is."

The head-master was equal to the occasion. He replied:—

"Dear Madam,—So long as your boy behaves well, and his fees are paid regularly, no inquiry will be made about his antecedents."

And it is something worth hearing, that swaggering of little English boys about their social standing. First the young heirs to titles, then the sons of the gentry, the sons of professional men, the sons of merchants, the sons of clerks, all these are sets perfectly distinct.

"I say, what do you think I have heard?" I once overheard a little boy of ten say to a young schoolfellow. "You know Brown? Well, I have heard to-day that his father keeps a store!"

This seemed to take away the breath of the other little boy; he was staggered, and grew pale with amazement.

"You don't say so!" he ejaculated. "I thought he was a gentleman." And the two young society boys separated with a grave, high hand-shake.

I had great admiration for the ingenuity of boys with a conscience; the one, for instance, who, when he was not quite sure whether it was the second or the third exercise he had to do, did neither, "for fear of doing the wrong one"; the one who did not do his work at home, "because grandmamma died last night"; also the one who explained the great number of mistakes to be found in his home-work by pleading, "Papa *will* help me."

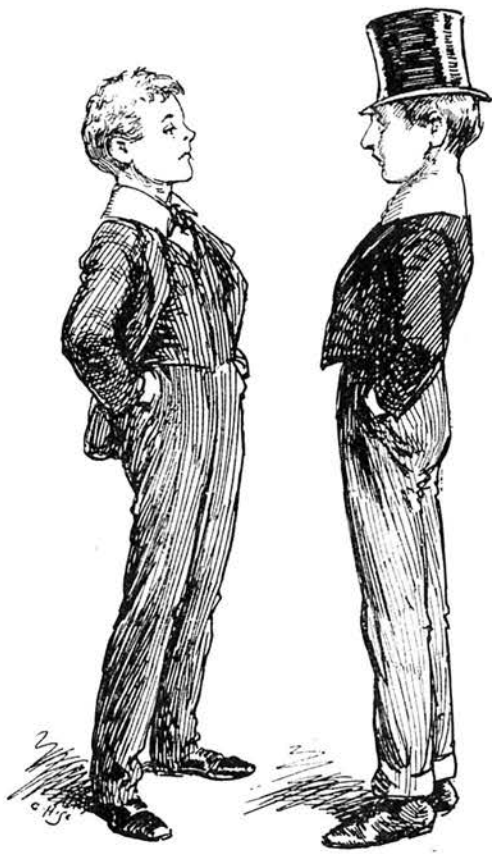
I pass over the one "who had a bad headache last night," and brought a letter from his mother to that effect; the one who did his exercise, but lost it; the one "who knew his lesson," but could not say it; and many others who made excuses that failed to "pay," and will never have a chance of making a living otherwise than by honesty—which is the easiest way, after all.

One, however, I cannot pass over is that ingenious boy who, when he is not quite sure whether the plural of *égal* is *égals* or *égaux*, makes a blot of the word's ending. But what is this boy compared to the one who, being asked for

the plural of *égal*, said "Two gals"?

I always objected to mothers' pets. They might be exemplary, admirable at home; but in spite of their irreproachable linen and their hair parted in the middle, they were, as a rule, very objectionable at school. They had a blind confidence in their mothers, and were taught at home never to trust anybody else. When you made a statement before them, they looked at you suspiciously, as much as to say: "I'll ask mother if all that is right."

These mothers would write to me every day to explain what geniuses their boys were,



"I HAVE HEARD TO-DAY THAT HIS FATHER KEEPS A STORE!"

and how lucky I ought to feel to have to deal with them. These letters were full of hints on teaching and of advice on the subject. Sometimes they contained an invitation to dinner. Much as you love boys, when you have been with them five hours a day, you do not rush for invitations to meet them at dinner.

Among my recollections I will give you a few translations that show great ingenuity on the part of the perpetrators.

A boy, reading from a play that was being translated at sight in class, came across the phrase: *Calvez-vous, Monsieur*. He naturally translated this by "Calm yourself, sir." I said to him: "Now, don't you think this is a little stiff? Couldn't you give me something a little more colloquial; for instance, what you would say yourself in a like case?"

The boy reflected a few seconds and said: "Keep your hair on, old man."

Another having to translate: *Mon frère a raison et ma sœur a tort*, came out with: "My brother has raisins and my sister has tart."

Ingenuity that amounts to genius is shown in the two following cases:—

A boy was asked to give the derivation of the French word *tropique*. His answer was: "It comes from the French word *trop*, which means *too much*, *heat* understood, and *ique*, from the Latin *hic* (*here*), that is: 'It is too hot here.'"

Another, being asked the origin of the word *dimanche*, answered: "It comes from *di* (twice) and *mancher* (to eat), because you generally have two meals on that day."

If boys are remarkable in the way they put French into English, they are still more wonderful in the way they put English into French. When they translate French into English, they do not use the English that serves them to express their thoughts at home with their parents, brothers, and sisters, or at school with their masters or comrades; the English they use is a special article kept for the purpose. And when you remark to them that there is no sense in what they have written, they seem to be of your opinion; but the fault is not with them, it is with the French text that has no sense for them.

When they translate English into French, it is with the help of that most treacherous friend of boys, the dictionary. When several French words are given for one English word, the lazy ones take the first, always; the indifferent ones take any—one is as good as another; the shrewd boys always take the last, to make you believe that they have been

carefully through the whole list, and have made a choice only after long and mature reflection.

Sometimes they are right; as a rule they are wrong. When they are right, Providence alone has to be thanked for it; and it will be so as long as modern languages are taught through the eyes with the help of books, instead of being taught through the mouth and ears without the help of any books, for a couple of years at any rate.

The home is, no less than the school, a fine field of observation. Who could or would imagine a home that is not more or less ruled by children? Victor Hugo once said that he recognised and bowed to one tyranny only, that of children; but "that tyranny," he added, "I proclaim."

Don't talk to me of children who meekly knock at the door as if they were afraid somebody might hear them. Give me those who will soon let you hear another knock if the door is not opened at once. These know they are wanted at home; they know that the moment they are in, they will not hear you say, "Hush! hush!" or "Be quiet, you must not make any noise," but will be allowed the freedom of the house and not be restrained. They know they can say or do what they please, and they will tell you all their little secrets and become open and sincere.

Never will you see the round faces of these little home-rulers grow long and sad. Their eyes will beam with joy and happiness. Whenever I hear parents complain that their children "run" the house, I tell them that it is quite right they should. The best-ordered houses are ruled by little girls from two to five years of age.

I once arrived in a Washington house at half-past seven. I was invited to dinner. On entering the hall, I was received by a little girl three years old and her brother aged five.

The little girl immediately opened her arms and offered me a kiss. This done, she produced a birthday book, and asked me to put my name in it, which, of course, I did on the spot. When I entered the drawing-room, I was told that a few minutes before my arrival the following conversation was overheard in the hall:—

"When he comes, I'll ask him for his autograph," said the little boy to his sister.

"He won't give it to you," she replied, "but he will give it to me."

"Why to you, and not to me?" suggested the little boy.

"Because, when he arrives, I'll let him take a kiss," she said, "and that'll do it."

And this little queen of the house, you see, knew her power already. She just had the proper measure of it. I do not know any pretty little lady three years old who would not get all she wished in return for a kiss.

But let us return to the schoolroom, and examine a few peculiar children, and for that matter I do not think that a schoolroom in England very much differs from a schoolroom in France, in America, or anywhere else. The *genus* boy is pretty well the same all the world over, no better than he should be—a boy.

On the first row, desirous to be near you, is the painstaking, industrious boy who takes in all you say, has a blind confidence in you, and is never caught chatting. He is dull, but well meaning—a respectable boy. He is careful to the extreme. His books are covered with brown paper or American cloth, and when he has finished with them, they are so tidy, so clean, that they have the same market value as they had when he bought them second-hand. He writes his rough copies on the back of old exercises, and invariably wipes his pen when he has done with it.

Near him is the deaf boy—a trial this one, especially if he is deaf of one ear only. He always turns this one to you, and has a pretext for having "not quite heard" what you said when you mentioned what the home-work would be.

Not far off is the sneak, who edifies you by his most exemplary conduct. He is an insult to the rest of the class. Turn your head away for a moment, however, and you will seldom fail to find him at fault. So long as you face the boys, his eyes are directed on you.

Next are sitting side by side two brothers; they are quiet. I always placed brothers next to each other. Brothers will quarrel, but seldom want to have a quiet chat together. A little farther behind is Master Whirligig, who, at the end of the term, will be able to tell you the exact number of flies that passed through the room.

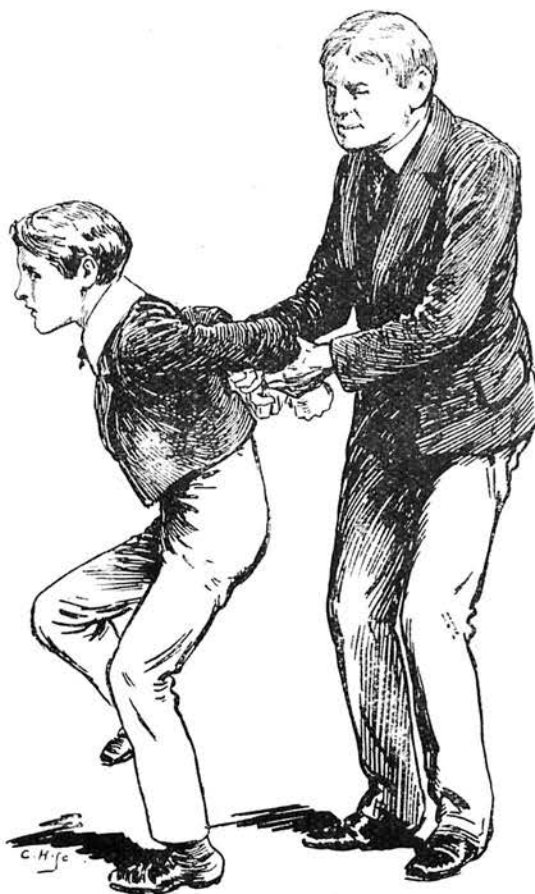
Close by is a pet boy of mine. He is smeared with ink all over. He holds his pen with his five fingers gathered together, and dips the whole right to the bottom of the inkstand, withdrawing it dripping. He sniffs ink, licks it, loves it; he would dive into it if he could. On Monday morning, fresh from home and a good Sunday scouring, he is lovely: a pair of bright eyes, sweet, yet

manly, beaming over with intelligence and mischief.

Is it possible that I am speaking of recollections now more than fifteen years old, and that I met this boy in England a few weeks ago, a captain in the artillery, a beautiful man, 6ft. high, broad-shouldered, every inch a man and a gentleman?

Not far from this charming boy is my pet aversion, the bully, not the bright, mischievous, unruly young rascal that you love, but the dull, heavy, frowning, sulky bully. This one hides from you as much as he can. He is never anxious to be asked questions. He is modest, and tries to escape notice. He hopes that if he does not disturb your peace you will not disturb his. He never shows any jealousy towards any boy who gives you right answers. His look is one of perfect indifference, and his schooldays will be remembered by the number of pants he will have worn out on school benches.

This boy is the terror of the playground,



"THE TERROR OF THE PLAYGROUND."

where he takes his revenge of the class-room. The little boys are afraid of him and have to bribe him with marbles, cakes, and chocolate into neutrality, if not into acts of kindness towards them.

There is the diffident boy who thinks that every question you ask is a "catch," and always keeps on guard. Near him is the confident one who, before he has heard the question, holds up his hand to show you he is ready to answer it. He is always helplessly wrong.

There is also the boy who spends his time trying to catch you at fault. He constantly raises objections to your statements, hoping to discover inconsistencies in them. You explain to him why he is wrong and *you* are right. He acknowledges the truth of what you say. But he is not cured. He hopes to be more fortunate next time. This boy is perhaps the most disagreeable to deal with. Your work is thankless. He can never feel sympathy for you, or gratitude for your attentions to him.

But of all the people engaged in teaching, I think the examiner is the one who gets most amusement out of the profession. His work consists in asking questions and receiving answers—especially receiving answers.

A School Board examiner once asked a class of young girls to say what coastguards were. A little girl answered: "English commerce is honest, but French commerce is not. The English Channel is infested by French pirates, and our good Queen is obliged, at her own expense, to keep men who watch all night to see that the wicked French pirates don't land while it is dark."

An examiner in the French language having

asked, in his paper, why *silence* was the only French word ending in *ence* that was of the masculine gender, received the following reply: "Because it is the only thing that women cannot keep."

I repeat it, a man with a happy disposition and a sense of humour, a man fond of children and of an observing turn of mind, may be extremely happy as a schoolmaster. And if one of the greatest sources of happiness is usefulness—and I hold it is the greatest of all—teaching will afford ample scope for satisfaction in this respect.

If you have, say, eighty boys in a class-room, you have eighty different characters to study, and it is your duty to study them all. It is interesting, and will repay you.

You owe special treatment to every one of your young patients. The disease from which they suffer, ignorance, is the same with them all, but their intellectual constitution will demand different physicks. I have known boys, declared hopeless by some masters, soon develop great abilities under the care of other masters.

You should be firm, but kind to all, discriminating, diplomatic, painstaking, and ever searching. The class-room is a hospital where cheerfulness, kindness, and devotion will perform as many wonders as cleverness and science.

If you do not think so, let me advise you never to become, or to remain, schoolmasters.



## HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



## BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.

By RUTH LAMB.

### FRIENDS IN NEED.

"BROKEN again!"

I was looking despairingly at the window of our laundry in the basement, which was two-thirds above ground, and noting two broken panes, where new ones had lately been put in.

"It is the cats that smash the windows," said my youthful son; but seeing that he had just picked up a cricket ball in the immediate vicinity of the broken glass, I murmured something about cats with two legs encased in stout knickerbockers, as more likely to be the offenders.

But the lad, being thoroughly truthful, looked aggrieved, and brought abundant evidence to prove that, often as cats are blamed without deserving, they had undoubtedly broken the laundry windows again and again.

I should like to protest against the cruelty of those who, when they remove from a neighbourhood, take no thought for the poor animal which has perhaps been equally a faithful servant and a gentle and pretty pet. But they forget pussy until the last moment, and then find she has been scared away by the presence of strange men, and is gone out of sight and reach. Cats detest disorder and muddle, and a removal is the very acme of both these. The terror and discomfort combined drive them from their usual haunts, and so pussy is left, hungry and homeless, to linger on the dirty step, and look up with pitiful mewings at the door in the vain hope that it will open and show the face of a friend within. She gives up at last, and joins the band of "Cat Squatters," which loaf about houses, picking up oddments, stealing when they can, making night hideous with their doleful cries, and becoming, in their way, as dirty, ragged-coated and generally unkempt and disreputable as any human wail that ever personated a living scarecrow.

Our basement laundry was a favourite refuge of these four-footed vagabonds. They discovered it at first by means of a broken pane, and the iron bars within offered no obstacle to the entrance of a cat.

So they regularly slipped through the aperture, dropped on a large ironing table below, and spent their nights very comfortably.

Having experienced the advantages of such a shelter, our Squatters were not to be kept out by a mere pane of glass. No sooner was a window mended than it was broken again, and the cats became a nuisance, as well as a cause of considerable expense. At last a board was firmly placed in front of the new aperture.

As the family washing was sent out, the laundry was little used, and at times some days would elapse without its being entered.

Soon after the fixing of the board, our own three cats were observed to pursue an unusual course at meal times in the kitchen. Instead of eating up their share of food quietly, they would in turns seize a morsel and run off with it down the cellar stairs, returning after a brief interval.

The frequent repetition of this course attracted attention. The cats were watched, and it was found that they carried the morsels to the door of the laundry, between which and the step was a small aperture. Close to this they dropped the food, which was either sent through by a further push from without or drawn in by a little paw issuing from the laundry itself.

Then it was discovered that the fixing of the board had imprisoned a stray cat. The creature had been too frightened to show itself during the process, and its means of egress thus cut off, it would have been in a state of starvation, but for the charity of its feline sisters and their ingenious mode of con-

veying relief through the little aperture below the door.

### NOT TO BE CAUGHT TWICE.

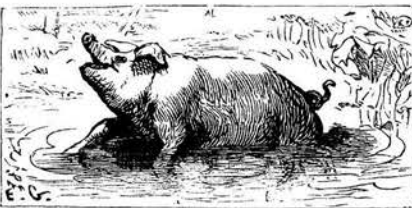
"A BURNT child dreads the fire," says the old proverb, and we had a proof, some years ago, that the saying applies equally to a cat.

We had a gentleman visitor whose usual breakfast was bread and milk. He was accustomed to bestow a share of this on a large black and white cat, of which he made a great pet during his visits.

Tom knew as well as anyone when the basin, with its smoking contents, would be ready, and always waited in order to accompany the maid that carried it to the breakfast parlour.

The very first time, however, that a saucer was filled with the hot bread and milk for Tom's special benefit, he rushed eagerly towards it, and of course burnt his nose and tongue. On the following and other subsequent mornings the milk was put down, scalding hot as before; but Tom had learned wisdom by one painful experience. He never even approached the saucer; but sat quietly down at a distance, and waited patiently for a sufficient time to allow the contents to cool. Then, marching leisurely to the saucer, he discussed his breakfast without fear or hesitation.

Tom learned a lesson of patience from one experience of the effects of over-eagerness after his good things. We might learn even from a cat's example that patience often brings its own reward, and that pleasures withheld are often kept from us in mercy. If allowed to follow our first inclinations, without let or hindrance, we shall probably pay for our rashness, and perhaps our pain will be of a deeper and more enduring character than pussy's burned nose and tongue, by which he learned a sufficient lesson.



## BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.

### A SOCIABLE PIG.

My father one day last August had gone out for a day's fishing on the hills behind our Welsh lodgings. He, with two of my brothers who had accompanied him, had for an hour or two been fishing up towards the source of a stream, or rather small river, when they heard a joyful squeal. Looking up, they saw a black and white pig, with its tail up in the air, scampering down the opposite hillside towards them. It evidently belonged to some poor family who had turned it out to take care of itself, and it was so delighted to see human beings that when it came to the opposite bank of the river it actually plunged in and swam across, and then rushing up to my father began to rub itself against his trousers, while it gave vent to its feelings in satisfied grunts. It soon went off to pay the same attentions to one of my brothers, choosing the elder one, as he wore trousers, which the pig evidently preferred to knickerbockers. Though all this was very flattering to the feelings of the fishers, it was hardly profitable to their sport, and they therefore tried to get rid of their visitor. Expostulations, entreaties, and moral force generally proved to be useless, and kicks were resorted to, and had to be administered freely by all before the affectionate animal would leave.

## BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.

By RUTH LAMB.

### THE UNDAUNTED MARTIN.

Two ladies residing together at Nottingham had their attention attracted during the early summer by certain curious sounds which appeared to proceed from their bath-room. Nothing was to be seen in the apartment itself which could account for the noises; but it became evident that some living creatures had located themselves below the bath. The place suggested the presence of rats or mice, but the sounds were such as proceed from the throats of birds. Moreover, by peeping through a chink, daylight, which could not have come in by the window, was discernible beneath the bath.

The removal of a board showed the little feathered tenants of this curious retreat, as well as the means by which they had obtained admission to it. A couple of bricks had been removed from the outer wall for some reason or other, and the aperture thus made, left unclosed. Through it a pair of house martins had ventured, and built their nests immediately under the bath. When discovered, the mother bird was sitting on three eggs, and sooner than desert them she allowed herself to be captured by a young servant, who, however, set her at liberty immediately, but took possession of the eggs, and destroyed the nest on her own responsibility. Nothing daunted, the little pair set to work again, constructed another habitation on the same spot and another set of eggs was deposited in the new nest. The ladies of the house interfered to prevent them from being again disturbed, and now take not a little pleasure in watching their feathered neighbours, by means of a lighted taper passed through a convenient cranny. The birds appear to understand that they are no longer regarded as interlopers, but as privileged inmates. The appearance of the light does not disconcert them, and they return with their bright eyes the observant looks of their human protectors. The second set of eggs has been duly chipped, and tiny bird voices mingle with those of the parent martins as they labour unweariedly to supply the wants of their growing family.

### DOING DOUBLE DUTY.

A gentleman friend had a handsome brown retriever which, like most of its kind, was very fond of carrying its master's stick, umbrella, or any article with which he thought fit to entrust it. One day the dog accompanied his master, who was going to pay a call and, as usual, begged for and was permitted to carry his umbrella.

In going towards the house they were met by a smaller dog which advanced towards the gentleman in an aggressive fashion, growling and snapping as if bidding him keep his distance. For a moment the retriever hesitated. He had charge of the umbrella and was unwilling to quit it, but anxiety for his owner triumphed. Laying down the article at his master's side, with a look which might have been a request that he would take care of it for a moment he seized the smaller dog by the back of the neck, and gave him a tremendous shaking; then, loosing his hold, he allowed him to run yelping away. Then with an upward glance of triumph, which seemed to say, "I have settled that gentleman for you; he will think twice before he again meddles with anyone under my charge," he resumed his hold of the umbrella, and trotted joyfully after his master towards the door of the house, evidently delighted that his double duty had been properly fulfilled.



## AUNT MEHITABLE'S WINTER IN WASHINGTON.

BY MRS. HARRIET HAZELTON.

### SEVENTH PAPER.

YOU'D like to hear about more balls, Allie? Well, you know I told you that I didn't go to any more. 'Siah wouldn't go, and I didn't like to leave him so often o' evenings alone. If he'd a' been willin' to go too, I reckon I'd a' gone mighty offen; for I did like to set o' one side and see the grand rooms, with their hundreds o' lights, an' the flowers an' Canary birds, an' the sweet young girls a-dancin' away to beautiful music, an' the richly dressed older ladies, with their trained silks an' diamonds, an' the officers, with their gold applettes, all mingled together—all bright an' gay an' seemingly happy. I always love to see folks enjoyin' themselves, an' especially old folks; for there's no danger of the young ones not doin' it. An' I do believe that there's no place in the world where old people have nicer times than they do in Washin'ton.

But, speakin' o' balls, Nat an' Miss Rankin went to several without me, an' I mind pretty much all they told me about 'em. So I'll tell you as well as I can. Your Cousin Jacob was here in time to go to two of 'em; but when Nat asked him, he only laughed an' said, "Jerusha! you don't catch me a-goin' where I'd meet all them great folks. Why, I wouldn't know whether I stood on my head or my heels; an' of course I'd make a fool o' myself. No, no! I'll stay with Uncle 'Siah," an' he did stay.

The first one they went to was the grand Stewart Ball, in Masonic Temple. Now, I always used to think that a "Temple" was a religious place—a place where people went to worship somethin'. I know that where the heathens keep their gods they call Temples, an' the old Temples in Greece, Nat says, was built for gods and goddesses. An' so when I heard about Masonic Temple I thought it was a church built by the Free Masons. But I found I was mistaken. This buildin', or leastways this room in it, is used all the time for balls an' receptions. I don't know either what the difference is between these two; but they sometimes say one, an' sometimes t'other. But I believe there's always some o' the great folks a-standin' at one end o' the room receivin' the people, an' afterwards there's music an' dancin', an' a grand supper. Well, Senator Stewart an' his wife give one o' these (it was called a ball this time) for their daughter, Miss Bessie. The hall is the largest in the city, an' they had it beautifully trimmed with all kinds o' hot-house plants, an' flowers, an' fountains, an' Canary birds besides. There was a wide platform raised across the upper end o' the room where Mr. an' Miss Stewart an' their daughter an' friends set. This was all covered with car-

pet, an' trimmed with flowers an' colored muslin; an' beside Mr. and Miss Stewart an' Miss Bessie, there was the President and Miss Grant an' Miss Nellie, an' General an' Miss Williams an' a great many other dignitaries. Miss Stewart wore a grand dress of crimson satin, all founced with the richest p'int lace, that was worth a fortune. Her shoulders an' arms was bare, an' she had a necklace an' bracelets an' ear-rings of diamonds. She's quite a large, stout lady, an' has a nice neck an' arms for full dress. An' just here I must tell you that "full dress" means in society, just as *little* dress as you can git on. Of course that must be rich an' fine, with plenty o' jewelry for the arms an' neck. In Europe, Miss Rankin says, no lady is allowed to go before the King or Queen without she's in full dress. She mustn't even have the thinnest lace over her shoulders, no matter how lean an' scraggy they are. An' as no young lady is counted in society till she's been to Court (that's before the King and Queen), an' as every one's bound to have an old or married lady with her, and some has nobody but grandmothers or grandaunts to go with 'em, you may be sure it's a quare sight to see the bony arms an' shrivelled necks an' shoulders they sometimes show at Court. For my part, I think it's a shame! An' I reckon if one o' the great queens only could live long enough, an' git lean enough, like some o' the other ladies, they'd be mighty apt to change the fashion. If I was as thin an' lean as Miss Tompkins, at Petersburg, I'd just die before I'd show *my* shoulders in such a place! Nat says that if I live in Washin'ton a few more winters, I'll be certain to wear low-necked dresses. Well, I'm pretty sure I won't; but I'm sure if I did, I wouldn't disgrace myself by showin' lean, ugly shoulders an' arms. The disgrace would be in showin' 'em at all. They're plump enough an' white enough, if *that* was all.

But I was a-tellin' of Miss Stewart. They said she looked grand indeed. An' her daughter, Bessie, wore a rich silk trained dress, of a pale pink, with front breadth of white silk, all plaited, makin' it look like the trained gowns an' petticoats of old times. Then she had some kind o' white gauze for an overdress, an' this was all covered with rosebuds. "A fair rosebud in a rose-garden o' girls," Nat said. Miss Grant wore a gold colored silk (I reckon they'd a' called it *yaller* here in Virginny) all trimmed with costly black lace, and made low-necked, of course. Miss Nellie wore a thin gauze dress o' the same color, trimmed with flowers, an' with pearl jewelry. Miss Attorney-General Williams wore white silk, with all the ruffles edged with blue, an' with blue streamers a-floatin' from her white shoulders. Miss Rankin said she looked fine. Miss Coston wore a fine court dress of green velvet an' white satin, an' diamonds an' pearls, that she wore once at the Court of Napoleon. I don't just know who

Miss Coston is, but of course she's rich; an' maybe her husband's a Senator, or a railroad President, or a Credit Mobiler man. You mind I said once that I wasn't so proud after a while to think o' Nat bein' a member o' Congress. But I was proud to think, as he *was* a member o' Congress, that he wasn't a Credit Mobiler man. What was the Credit Mobiler? Well, I don't think I can tell exactly. But it was somethin' about bein' bribed by railroad men. An' it must a' been dreadful mean, or it wouldn't a' hurt 'em so to be found out in it. I know one man in very high place, that looked, after the thing was proved onto him, for all the world like he'd passed through a two months' siege o' typhus fever. An' there's Mr. Ames and Mr. Brooks that both died since. If only one had a' died, I wouldn't a' thought that had anything to do with it; but I feel sure now that it killed 'em both. I believe there's plenty o' folks die o' broken hearts. A woman's would break quickest for disapp'inted love, an' a man's quickest for disapp'inted ambition. It's mighty hard for a man in high place, that's been looked up to for years by the whole country, to be found out in anything disgraceful. It ain't doin' the thing that hurts so much, or they wouldn't do it. It's bein' found out in it. An' yet the very ones that blame 'em most don't know what *they'd* a' done if they'd a' been tempted. So I say in the words o' Scriptur, "Judge not;" for we can't judge right about anything, unless we've gone through the same trial ourselves. I know mighty well that I never knowed how to pity a mother that lost her child till our own little Sallie died. An' now I can cry with one from the bottom o' my heart.

What's that, Allie? Oh, yes! I've gone off ag'in from the balls. I'm a great hand to go a skylarkin' away from what I was a-tellin'. I reckon that's because I'm a-gittin' old. I was talkin' o' the balls. Well, there ain't very much more to tell about them. On Friday, after the Stewart Ball, they went to Miss General Williams's evenin' reception. An' right here, I want to say a word about callin' ladies *Miss General Sherman*, an' *Miss Admiral Dahlgren*, an' *Miss Senator Schurz*, an' so on. Now just think, girls, how it would sound here in Virginny—*Miss Judge Allen*, *Miss Storekeeper Hodgkins*, *Miss Farmer Woods*, *Miss Shoemaker Pillar*, *Miss Preacher Harmon*, an' so on. I think it's ridiculous! In Washin'ton all the preachers is called *Doctor*, and their wives is *Miss Doctor Newman*, *Miss Doctor Tiffany*, an' so on, to the end o' the chapter. Well, well! But I'm a-skylarkin' ag'in, sure's the world. Miss Williams wore a beautiful silk dress of laylock an' pink silk, trimmed with white lace and roses. Her hair was combed high, an' she wore a gold comb in front that looked like a crown, an' a pink feather back of it. Miss Rankin said she was just as pleasant as any

body could be, an' the General was home-like, old-fashioned, an' nice in his ways o' talkin' to folks. It was a very grand affair; the President an' his family, General Sherman, General Sheridan, an' hundreds of other great folks bein' there. Of course, everybody was a-tryin' to get introduced to "Phil Sheridan," as they call him. I met him once, an' he's dreadful ordinary looking. But if a man's been successful in war, the women'll do anything to git to shake hands with him. An' they'll take a General, or a Colonel, or a Captain for a husband, too, no matter if he ain't a good man, before they would the best man in the world with a plain Mister to his name. An' so I don't wonder so much as some folks at girls runnin' wild over lords an' counts. An' it's a good deal more the faults o' the mothers than it is o' the young girls. They raise 'em up with the idee that they must marry somebody that makes a show, or has a high-soundin' name; an' don't teach 'em that goodness is the only greatness that counts when a-body gits old.

Nat met Mr. Horatio King at Williams's Reception. He's the one that gives the literary reunions that's been talked about so much. Well, he invited Nat to come, an' bring Miss Rankin and his mother; sayin', "I always like to have the old ladies come to keep *me* company," in such a pleasant way, that Nat said I *must* go. I held up both my hands. "What in the world could I do, Nat, among all them learned people? I'd be sure to disgrace you; an' besides, I *couldn't* enjoy myself. I'd be in such a dread all the time." "Well, mother," he says, "just come once, and you needn't say anything but 'yes' and 'no,' if you like. I want you to see that there's somethin' done in Washin'ton besides goin' to parties, an' balls, an' receptions. You needn't be afeard. Miss Rankin'll take you through all right." So I had to consent, though I was in a terrible flutter all day, a-thinkin' o' meetin' so many people that writes books, an' newspapers, an' poetry; an' that paints grand picturs, an' makes statues, an' does all kinds o' great things. An' I wondered if they'd use great dictionary words that I couldn't understand; an' I meant to keep Miss Rankin close to me all the time, an' if anybody said anything to me that I couldn't answer, I was goin' to nudge her, so's *she* might talk for me. But I was a-givin' myself trouble for nothin'.

We put on our black silk dresses, an' lace collars an' sleeves, for we was told that ladies didn't go *there* in "full dress." We went early too, at half-past seven, an' as soon as I was introduced to Mr. King, I knowed I'd like him. There was nothin' stiff or proud about him, an' he just appeared like somebody I'd knowed always. His house was real nice, an' large an' comfortable; but was old-fashioned, an' didn't look like it was fixed for show. How can a house be old-fashioned, Allie? Why, bless

you, child! the furniture, an' the wall-paper, an' even the ways o' buildin' houses change fashions as well as your bonnets, though maybe not quite as often. But Nat says Mr. King is an old style gentleman, an' don't care for new style furniture. I like that. I always git fond o' my old things at home. They grow dear to me, like; an' seem part o' the family a'most. I don't think I'd feel at home at all, if all the old things was took out, an' new ones put in the house. You mind the old bureau up stairs that grandmother had, with a flat top, without any glass, an' little narrow drawers, an' lines o' white wood set in, an' brass handles a-hangin' down like bucket-bails? Well, that was made in 1796, an' it's a'most eighty year old; but I wouldn't sell it for a whole new set o' stylish furniture. I mean for Annie to keep it for her oldest daughter, an' let it go on so, as long as it'll hold together. Now, in Washin'ton they sell out their things for little or nothin' as soon as they git old-fashioned, an' buy the latest styles. But it ain't so at Mr. King's. His daughter's a mighty pleasant lady, with a kind word for everybody. They give us one o' the best seats in the front parlor, where we could see the folks come in. Well, I seen so many wise-lookin' men, with white hair, an' so many bald-headed ones, an' so many ladies that I imagined looked dreadfully smart, that I began to tremble for fear I'd have to talk with some of 'em after awhile, an' show my ignorance. You see as we set still watchin' 'em come in, I had a good deal o' time to think, an' the more I thought the more skeered I got. At last Mr. King stepped out into the middle of the room and introduced the Reverend Doctor Tiffany. He's the pastor of the Metropolitan Church, an' the very one your Cousin Jacob liked so much. An' I tell you his lectur was a beautiful one! It was on Washin'ton Irvin', an' I was so pleased that I was surprised an' disap'inted to have him stop so soon. But they only lectur a half hour there. They don't want to tire folks; an' they want time for music and conversation. So, as they always go home before eleven, they can't lectur so very long. There was playin' on the pi-anna, an, singin', an' then the cheers was moved out, an' everybody went around talkin' to their friends, an' about the lectur. I was introduced to Doctor Tiffany and a dozen others, an' was a-talkin' away, perfectly at home before I knowed it, an' forgot all about the folks bein' so dreadfully learned.

I liked these better than any other parties I went to in Washin'ton. Folks didn't dress for show, an' wasn't a thinkin' about dresses an' jewelry all the time. We went several times after that, an' always felt at home. On the last evenin' o' the season we got 'Siah to go. An' he said that such parties as them was somethin' like. He'd like to go to such a place every week. There was some sense in goin'

where you could learn somethin'. An' Mr. King was the very kind of man that he liked. This last evenin' Doctor Woodward lectured on the "Wonders o' the Microscope." He showed us by photographs how beautiful the teeniest things seem, when they are made to look five or six hundred times bigger than they are; an' how perfect the smallest atoms in the world would seem to us, if we could see 'em as God does. The little specks o' dust from the little moth that sticks to our fingers, are perfect shiny scales, like fish-scales, an' every other thing in Natur just as perfect.

Mr. King made a beautiful speech that evenin' to his friends that had been comin' to his receptions, an' then read a poem by a lady that was there. I don't know her name, but it seemed that she didn't know he was goin' to read it. A good many went to be introduced to her, an' they all praised her poem; but Nat didn't know who she was. After an hour or two of music and sociable talk, they all bid Mr. King an' his daughter good-by till next season. I'll never forgit these parties if I should never see Washin'ton any more. Mr. an' Miss King would come around so pleasant like, an' ask, "Do you know General So-and-so? or Judge Such-a-one? Wouldn't you like to be introduced?" till I couldn't feel the least lonely like. We met so many great folks there, that it's no use to try an' tell you half of 'em. Nat says that every great writer, or artist, or newspaper man, or lecturer that's been in Washin'ton in four years, to stay over Saturday night, has been to Mr. King's receptions; an' that every good paper in the country, a'most, an' half the magazines has noticed these parties. He says they're somethin' like the parties Alice and Phebe Cary used to have in New York, only they're a great deal larger. But they had their'n on Sunday afternoons or evenin's. That seems quare to most folks. I think myself that a Saturday is the best for gatherin's like this. But I *don't* think it's wrong for country folks, that has to work hard all the week, to go an' see their friends on Sundays. I don't believe the good Lord put us here to be always a-lookin' on the gloomy side o' things; an' I think there's a mighty sight more religion in makin' home pleasant on Sundays than in settin' around with long faces like some folks we know, that won't let their boys laugh or speak above their breaths. No! Sunday ought to be a day of rest an' peace to the old, an' of pleasant memories to the young. Keep children out o' bad company, but let 'em run an' frisk about on the grass, an' under the trees, like the colts an' calves. Let 'em laugh an' be happy in this beautiful world while they can; for the dark days 'll come soon enough. An' above all let 'em have pleasant memories of home to take with them out into the great sinful world, an' they'll make all the better men an' women for it.

Nat an' Miss Rankin went to one more ball late in the season. That was the great Charity Ball for the benefit o' the orphans. The tickets was five dollars, an' every lady took a bundle o' clothes for the orphans, an' put 'em in a great basket by the door as she went in. The President an' Miss Grant an' Miss Nellie was there, and nearly all the highest people in the city. Miss General Ricketts, Miss General Paul, Miss Dahlgren, an' other ladies, was managers. Miss Ricketts is one o' the managers of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphans Home, an' a great woman to work for charity. She went to the battle front to take care of her husband, when he was wounded in the war, an' she nussed the soldiers in the hospitals afterwards. She's a fine-lookin', healthy, pleasant woman. Miss Paul's very nice lookin' too. I met 'em both at Miss Williams's. General Paul lost both his eyes in the war, an' it's a touchin' sight to see his wife goin' out with him, leadin' him around lovingly an' tenderly. Both these are called fashionable ladies, but there's a good deal in 'em besides that.

Miss Rankin said Miss Nellie Grant looked real pretty that night, an' seemed to enjoy the dancin' very much. I don't recollect what kind of dress they said she wore, but she had her hair hangin' back in curls from a high comb; an' she had one o' the new-fashioned big fans at her side, with a satchel, an' a smellin'-bottle, a sight bigger than the one I've got o' grandmother's, accordin' to Miss Rankin's description. I don't remember much more about the Charity Ball; but I reckon this is enough, any way, for one evenin'. I never set up late here in the country, whatever I may do in Washin'ton. So good-night, girls!

---

#### A Literary Success.

AN honest—therefore poor—young man, just cut adrift from college,  
 Was driven to devise a plan for bartering his knowledge.  
 He thought and thought a weary while, then off his coat he stript,  
 And in one heat reeled off some seventeen pages of manuscript,  
 Note size, and written only on one side, from which you'll guess  
 That it was meant for nothing less than "copy" for the press.  
 Naught mean about this youth: He quoted French, and Greek, and Latin;  
 He pressed ancient and modern history into service; and, though he had only a small stock of metaphysics on hand, he didn't hesitate to work *that* in.

Then straightway he concealed the article upon his person,  
 And went on publication day (he couldn't have chosen a worse one)

To the office of a weekly, where he somehow found the editor,  
 Who eyed him with an ugly glare, as though he were a creditor.  
 The editor clutched the manuscript; fumbled it half a minute,  
 Looked at the first page, then the last, and knew all that was in it.  
 He gave it back. "It's very good," he said, "but we can't use it.  
 We should have to plow up several acres of flowers of rhetoric, translate, boil it down, and put a head on it; and, as there is no news in it, anyhow, though it is a capital article, I fear we must refuse it."

The young man went away, and pondered. "It's quite plain," said he,  
 "That what I've written is *too good*. What a genius I must be!  
 Ergo, if I could but contrive to write a little badly, The editor, undoubtedly, would take my matter gladly." He set to work again, and all his powers he put a tax on,  
 Until he had produced a piece of rough-hewn Anglo-Saxon.  
 He tried to make it seem abrupt, and to have the language terse.  
 "I've got along without quotations and metaphors," he said, "and tethered myself to plain statements, and have used only two or three kinds of epithets; on the whole, I couldn't write much worse."

He went again to the editor, with a kind of sense of shame.  
 "If you should see fit to publish this," he said, "don't use my name."  
 The editor turned the pages o'er with evident interest. "It's better than the last," he said, "though hardly in request."  
 "I won't give up," the young man said, as he sadly walked away.  
 "I've got to harness my genius down, if I want to make it pay."  
 So he tried once more, and, after nights of labor, he succeeded  
 In writing such a shockingly bad thing that he didn't dare look it over. He broke away from every cherished tradition; crammed whole paragraphs into a short sentence; hunted up slang and spattered it about; and put the whole together in such an uncouth way that his old teachers would have said a First Reader was what he needed.

He didn't like to go with this. His heart began to fail.  
 So he borrowed a dozen postage-stamps and sent it through the mail.  
 He waited tremblingly. An answer came that very night,  
 Which said the editor had found the article all right. He sent a check in payment, and he hinted, at the end,  
 That he'd take as much of that sort as the young man chose to send.  
 From that day forth the said young man has prospered more or less,  
 And he always tells his friends that a careful cultivation of bad taste, total abstinence from college rhetoric, and a tight muzzling of the genius that is in him, are the secrets of his success.





Illustrated London Almanack, 1851

THE DOCTOR'S CORNER IN THE KITCHEN GARDEN.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.



URELY the rage for novelty was never more rampant than at the present day. Everything new goes down, as the saying is, and the fashions even in physic are continually changing. As regards medicine, people make two very grave mistakes—they trust too much to it, and neglect the commonest laws of health, and they are too ready to run after every new remedy, which they happen to see advertised, and forsake the simpler but surer, because time-tried, articles in the pharmacopœia. Even medical men themselves are far too apt to join in the general hunt, and pin, for a time,

their faith on new specifics and wonderful cures. Podophyllin thrusts aside the gentlemanly old remedy, blue pill; that terrible drug, hydrate of chloral, for

a time is supposed to be a cure for sleeplessness, and vaseline takes the place of the benzoated oxide of zinc. Now my readers know by this time that I never prescribe medicine of any kind if medicine can be done without, and that when I do prescribe a drug it is usually a very safe and harmless one. There is many and many a simple herb, that can very easily be cultivated in any out-of-the-way corner of the kitchen garden, the virtues of which our forefathers were well acquainted with, but which we seem to have forgotten, although they are simply invaluable in many cases of sickness, chronic or otherwise. Indeed, no one who has a morsel of ground to spare can do better than set aside a small portion of it, and call it "The Doctor's Corner." Hence you can cull your herbs or roots with your own hands, all fresh and healthy, and be in this respect independent of the chemist's shop.

What then should you cultivate in the Doctor's Corner? So many plants occur to me in answer to this question, that I find a difficulty in choosing which to mention first, so I must weed and weed and only retain the most useful; but I promise to return to the kitchen garden another day, and have a friendly gossip on vegetables that possess medicinal as well as nutritive qualities; such, for instance, as potatoes, celery, parsnips, parsley, onions, &c. Some of these

possess virtues of no mean order, and act for good on the blood and nervous centres. Onions, I may merely mention here *en passant*, possess diuretic properties, and are also a safe stimulating tonic; they moreover soothe the nervous system, calm the pulse, and induce sleep, hence probably their use in helping to cure a common cold. Parsley should be chewed after eating onions; there is no more certain or more pleasant way of purifying the breath, from whatever cause offensiveness thereof may arise. By the way, here is rather a curious remedy, but in many cases a very certain one, for the cure of chronic indigestion: it is simply the cultivation of a habit of chewing, while out of doors, different kinds of green leaves and swallowing the juice. One can always cull a leaf from a hedge, or bush, as one passes. Almost all are good that are not nauseous, such as the ivy, or poisonous as the laurel-leaf; one of the latter, however, is a capital thing where there is slight irritation of the stomach. The chewing of leaves cures dyspepsia, principally, I believe, by increasing the flow of the salivary juice, and partly by the tonic or stimulating action of the leaf chewed. The leaves that occur to me at present as most likely to be beneficial are those of the pine-trees, spruce or Scotch fir, blackthorn, currant and rose bushes, mint, the petals of many flowers, the stalks of mountain daisies, the white portion of rushes, the bark of many young trees, and the tender parts of the stalks of green wheat, oats, or almost any of the larger grasses; but your own taste must in a great measure guide you, if you elect to make trial of my remedy. I should say, however, that the chewing is better to take place before or between meals than immediately after.

Camomile in the Doctor's Corner ought probably to be first favourite. It may be raised from seed, or better by offsets. April is the time to plant it; give it space on a rather dry and poor soil, and water frequently, if need be, after planting. The offsets should be placed about eighteen inches apart, and you only need a very small bed of it. The flowers are best in July, and should be culled when just opening, and then dried before they are put away to make them keep. Camomile flowers form one of the best remedies in the known world, in all sorts of debility of the digestive organs, and are best used in the form of infusion. Make it in a tea-pot of brown earthenware, half an ounce of the flowers to half a pint of boiling water, infused for half an hour. That should be easily remembered, and if you add half an ounce of bruised ginger and a clove or two, all these halves will make the whole a most beneficial tonic, the dose of which is one, two, or three ounces twice or thrice a day. The same infusion without the ginger, swallowed warm, makes a handy emetic, or may help mustard or other emetics to act more quickly. The infusion made rather stronger makes a capital lotion for weak eyes. A decoction of these useful flowers also makes a nice soothing fomentation. For this purpose they are boiled for an hour instead of being infused. Fill two flannel bags with them and boil, you can thus use first one bag and then the other in fomenting.

Dandelion deserves a place, and that a good one too. You see, reader, in this wicked, weary world of ours we nearly all live too fast; we eat too much, and we drink more than enough; and so, next to the stomach, the hardest-worked organ in our bodies is the liver, and it is therefore often a sufferer, although I will not say it is guilty of all the mischief it gets the blame of. However, this little common-looking plant, with its plain and vulgar flower, is one of the best liver tonics we have. It is also very useful in some kinds of dyspepsia. I have no doubt it is diuretic, and I am almost sure it is also gently laxative. So we ought to cherish it in our Doctor's Corner. Get good seed, which sow from May to June in drills about nine inches apart, and thin the young plants to four or five inches apart; keep free of weeds, and you will have a nice bed in the following spring. The leaves, of course, will, especially if blanched, make a handy and a healthy addition to the salad-bowl. But it is with the roots we have most to do, and from these we prepare the juice which resembles sherry in appearance, and is of more value than the best wine in the world to people suffering from liver derangements. Take seven pounds of fresh, well-washed root, and bruise it in a mortar, then press out the juice, and to it add one-third the quantity of rectified spirits of wine. Let it stand for a week, then filter and keep it in a cool place, and take half an ounce to an ounce three times a day. Probably there may be some who do not know how to make a filter, simple though the process be. Stand a common funnel, with which you fill wine or spirit bottles, in a decanter, then take a piece of thick white blotting-paper about the size of a page of foolscap, fold this once in the centre from the bottom to the top, then once again from right to left. The blotting paper will now be folded into four leaves, and of it make a pouch to line the funnel—this pouch will have three leaves of the paper at one side and one at the other. Do not tear a hole at the bottom, as I one day saw a student do. The filtrate will drop through.

Lavender is one of those herbs that deserve cultivation in every garden; it is useful both as a medicine and as a perfume. The best place to grow it in is poor but dry soil, pretty well sheltered, and fully exposed to the rays of the sun. It may be propagated either by cuttings or from the seed. If from the latter, get the best that can be procured, and sow in March; as soon as the plants are about two inches high they must be planted in the nursery bed, and re-planted permanently in the following spring. Cut the flowers with about six inches of stalk, tie in little bundles, and hang for twenty-four hours in a warm room to dry. Now from these flowers the oil of lavender is distilled, one pound of them yielding about a dram. If you are not handy enough to distil them yourself (any book on chemistry will tell you how) get your little harvest distilled for you, and keep the oil in your medicine-chest. Lavender-drops are easily made, and are an invaluable cordial and stomachic, relieving the pains of flatulence, nausea, and lowness of spirits; the dose is about sixty drops in sweetened water. The drops are composed:

oil of lavender take a dram and a half, ten drops of oil of rosemary; bruised cinnamon, bark, and bruised nutmeg, of each 150 grains, red sandal-wood 300 grains, and rectified spirits of wine two pints. The cinnamon, nutmeg, and sandal-wood are to be steeped in the spirit for seven days, then strained and pressed, then dissolve the oils in the strained tincture, filter next, and add sufficient spirits of wine to make the quantity up to two pints. You may also make your own lavender-water: three drops of the oil is shaken up with a pint of rectified spirits of wine, and to it is added three drams of musk-essence, an ounce of orange-flower-water, an ounce of rose-water, and four ounces of distilled water.

Here, again, is a sweetly pretty preparation for the toilet, or to be used as a perfume, or added to the bath. Gather about six drams of fresh flowers, and add them to a pint of pure vinegar in a stone bottle; let it stand three days, and afterwards place to be heated for eight hours on the hob; after it is cold, strain and bottle.

You may grow fennel in your Corner for medicinal purposes. I refer to the *Feniculum dulce*. Fennel-water is a capital aromatic vehicle for giving other remedies in, and is a well-known remedy for the flatulent colic of children. The dose for infants is a tea-spoonful, for adults from one table-spoonful up to four. A pound of the bruised seeds is added to two gallons of water, and one gallon is distilled off. Of course you can make it in any smaller proportion.

We must have rosemary in our little garden, cultivated by cuttings or slips in a shady border, and watered until they take; a light sandy soil is best. The leaves make beautiful pomade, a couple of handfuls being boiled with half a pound of hog's-lard, and then strained.

A very old-fashioned remedy for worms is *Artemisia absinthium*, or wormwood. It is easily cultivated, and it is the upper portions of the stem, and the unexpanded flowers, that possess the virtue. Put an ounce of this with an ounce of garlic in a bottle of sherry, and of this give from one to two ounces every morning. This herb may be dried and stored like any other. The tincture is made by macerating for a week one part of dry wormwood, cut fine, in twelve parts of proof spirit, then squeezing and filtering; the dose is

a tea-spoonful twice or thrice a day in water, and it is a good tonic for the digestion.

Rue is also grown on dry poor soil, and should be cut down occasionally to get the young shoots; gather these nice and fresh, and infuse one ounce in a pint of boiling water for an hour. Give about a table-spoonful to children in spasmodic colic, or between convulsion fits.

The three mints—peppermint, pennyroyal, and spearmint—may flourish side by side in our little Corner. Plant in spring, and water till they take well. The young green tops are used for salads, &c., and a store should be gathered in autumn for winter use. Mint vinegar is thus made: loosely fill a large pickle-bottle with leaves, and fill up with vinegar; stopper closely, and strain off after three weeks.

Mustard is sown in spring, in drills, rather thinly; and when the plants grow up, weed them out to eight inches apart. They flower in June, and when the pods are brown they are ready to cut, but must be thoroughly dried before threshing. Fresh-grown mustard is most delicious for table use; it is a capital thing to put in a foot-bath for the relief of colds or rheumatism; a mustard poultice to the chest not only relieves pain, but induces sleep; and mustard is a safe and sure emetic, two or three tea-spoonfuls being mixed in a tumbler of water. Here, too, is a good lotion for painful joints or sprains: place two ounces of mustard, two drams of camphor, and half an ounce of laudanum in half a pint of spirits of wine; cork, and let stand for a few days; then strain.

There are dozens of other useful herbs that may be grown in the Doctor's Corner, such as caraway, sage, marigolds, valerian, &c., and numbers of useful plants—the elder, for example; broom, the tops of which form such an excellent diuretic; mezereon, too, an infusion of the roots of which is used to purify the blood; liquorice, again, which makes an excellent demulcent for colds and coughs. Hops may also trail around and roses may beautify the Doctor's Corner in the kitchen garden. You may be induced to have a pillow stuffed with the flowers of the former if you are sleepless, and from the latter many useful articles may be made, which I have hardly space to tell you of. But I think I have said enough to encourage you to cultivate medicinal plants and flowers; and if you wish to learn more, go to books.







(Drawn by M. E. EDWARDS.)

A PLEASANT PICNIC.

## HOW WE MADE OUR PICNIC A SUCCESS.



**M**AMMA—oh, mamma!” said my daughter Bertha, breaking suddenly into the room where I was sitting at work, one lovely morning in summer, “Mrs. Thompson has sent to invite us to join their picnic. May we accept? Do let us, mamma. I should so like it.”

“When are they going, dear, and where?”

“They are going next Thursday. Mrs. Thompson says that the weather seems settled, and is so beautiful just now, that it would be a great pity not to take advantage of it. You remember that charming wood near Mrs. Thompson’s old home? They are going there. They have drawn up a most attractive programme. First of all, every person is particularly requested to fortify him or herself with a thoroughly good and substantial breakfast before starting——”

“Which every person will feel particularly disinclined to do, you may be quite sure,” interrupted Frank, who seemed very much amused with Bertha’s enthusiasm.

“Now, Frank, don’t be disagreeable and make difficulties out of nothing,” said his sister. “Mamma, may we go?”

“You did not finish your programme, my dear. What other arrangements have been made, besides the one to advise every one to take a good breakfast?”

“Oh, after that each one is to provide for himself. There is to be no rule but liberty. Mrs. Thompson says she knows that we can hire a conveyance of some kind to take our provisions to the place where we are to have refreshment; and she only wishes to make one suggestion, and that is, that our preparations shall be simple and inexpensive, for she does not think we should any of us care to spend very much money. As Ada said, when I was speaking to her about it, we are not going to eat and drink, but to enjoy fresh air and beautiful scenery, and the pleasure of one another’s society.”

“Am I to be of the party?” inquired Frank at this juncture.

“Of course you are, Frank; I should never think of going without you.”

“Then,” said Frank, assuming an oratorical air, “I am sure you will excuse me, Bertha, if I speak my mind. I have been listening to you, so far, with a fraternal interest only, but now the question becomes painfully personal. What was it I learnt in my young days?—

‘A little bird who all day long  
Had cheered the forest with his song,  
Began to feel, as well he might,  
The keen demands of appetite.’

Consider, my dear sister. Fresh air and exercise have a tendency to make one feel hungry; beautiful scenery and pleasant companionship, in those circumstances, will not alone suffice for us. Do not, I beg of you, allow us to run short of provender.”

“No, we won’t run short,” said Bertha; “we will have enough to eat, but we must have it uncomfortably. That is the chief charm of a picnic. What one looks forward to, is to have one’s dinner jerked into somebody else’s lap, just as one was going to enjoy it. If we were to have every convenience, we might as well stay at home.—What am I to wear, mamma?”

“Of course, that is always a girl’s question,” said Frank.

“We will arrange that, my dear,” I answered.

“If I might be allowed to offer a little advice,” said papa, when he heard us talking over our arrangements, “I should say:—First, don’t forget to take a corkscrew; secondly, don’t forget to take some salt; and, thirdly—and this is the most important of all,” he continued, stroking Bertha’s hair—“be sure to take plenty of warm wraps, to wear when the heat of the day is over.”

The eventful morning dawned, to use the language of story-books. Bertha’s constantly expressed fear that the weather would change proved groundless, for the morning was lovely.

After a good deal of excitement, and one or two false starts, the young people set off; and then, and only then, silence reigned in the house. After they had gone, I sat down for a few minutes and mentally congratulated myself. “For once they have taken everything they will require,” I thought. “They have a corkscrew, they have salt, sugar, forks, knives, plates, spoons, provisions, glass, and wraps. Surely nothing has been forgotten.”

“Oh, mamma!” were the first words with which I was greeted on their return, “after all, we forgot the corkscrew.”

“But, my dear children, I put it myself into Frank’s knapsack—into that nice little inner pocket that fastens up so beautifully.”

Frank and Bertha looked at one another.

“I never looked there,” said Frank; “I searched the hamper and the knapsack, but I never thought of the little pocket. And everybody had forgotten one. We had to break the necks of the bottles, until at last it

was discovered that a gentleman of the party possessed the gift of screwing out corks with his pocket-handkerchief, and from that moment he devoted himself exclusively to that occupation, and afterwards presented his pocket-handkerchief to a friend, as a proof of much love and great esteem."

"Really," I said, "what a pity you could not find the corkscrew! I was congratulating myself and thinking that this time we had been clever enough to remember everything. At any rate you found the salt?"

"Oh, yes!" said Bertha, "it was beautifully wrapped up in white paper, and Frank thought it was sugar, and most politely showered it over Mr. Thompson's gooseberry tart."

"Mr. Thompson did not quite like it," said Frank; "he had got a good slice of tart, and it was covered with cream, enough to make your mouth water, and it was the last slice too. I was very sorry, but I really did not intend it."

"Well, children, taking it altogether what sort of a day has it been?"

"Oh! it has been most charming," said Bertha. "Nearly everything went wrong."

"It has been a charming day certainly," said Frank; "the weather has been beautiful, the woods were simply delicious, but I must say the arrangements were a failure."

"How so?" I asked.

"It was understood that every one was to take what they liked—to please themselves, in short. The consequence was that there was no co-operation. Four of the providers thought that knives and forks could be hired, and brought none. One lady had the same impression about plates, and came without them. Another had been thinking that we should make a gipsy encampment, light a fire, and cook our own provisions; so she brought a most delicious little luncheon, but uncooked. There were birds trussed for roasting, rashers of bacon, fresh eggs, potatoes, but everything had to be taken back again."

"I am so sorry for that lady," said Bertha, "she seemed so disappointed, and every one seemed to think her idea so absurd."

"So it was," said Frank, "most preposterous. Who ever heard of cooking the provisions out of doors? Why, it would be no end of trouble!"

"But, mamma," said Bertha, "did not you tell us that you managed picnic dinners in that way when you were a girl?"

"Certainly I did. We used to have great fun, and we made up our minds to the trouble. We built a fire over a flat stone as soon as we got into the woods, and let it burn till the embers were quite hot. Then we raked it, made it up again, and wrapped whatever was to be cooked, first, in plenty of wet brown paper, which we had taken with us for the purpose, and afterwards in sand, and laid it in the cinders, and left it until we thought it was done enough. We always took a frying-pan with us, in which to fry bacon and poach eggs."

"And how did you manage about coffee, mamma?" said Bertha, "because Mrs. Thompson said she did not think it could be taken."

"Oh, we took freshly ground coffee with us, tied loosely in a coarse white flannel bag, and a coffee-pot. We found no difficulty about it."

"That is the kind of picnic I should like," said Bertha.

"I should not care for it at all," said Frank; "I do not enjoy performing as an amateur cook."

"It is great fun for a change," I said, "but to make it a success, every one should go in for it *con amore*. But go on with to-day's experience."

"One lady brought some cream, and did not cork it up closely, and the cork came out, and the cream had run into all the rest of the things. One hamper contained some very nice rolls and fresh butter—the butter had melted with the heat, and was more like oil than anything else."

"Oh, Frank!" said Bertha, "you are exaggerating.—Mamma, it was not so bad as that."

"Then," continued Frank, "we were the only ones who had taken salt; and there was no corkscrew."

"You seem to have been unfortunate indeed; I think there was room for a little management."

"How would you have done it, mamma?" said Frank.

"I would either have given the entire charge of everything to one person, or I would have had a small committee of ladies, and let them consult and work together."

"That would be an excellent plan," said Bertha. "Mamma, *you* arrange for a picnic and take the management yourself."

"Ah! Bertha wants another picnic," said papa, laughing.

"Yes, I do," said Bertha; "I like picnics, however they are managed."

"No," I answered, "I should not care to take the entire charge of it; it would be too much trouble. I do not at all object, however, to join five or six ladies in the work, and we will see what can be done."

Accordingly, picnic No. 2 was decided upon. And for the benefit of those who feel inclined to follow our example, I will, as nearly as I can remember it, give an account of the provision we made, and show how we divided the responsibility. Thirty friends were invited, and amongst these there were three or four members of seven families, as well as a few ladies and gentlemen who were allowed to join us "promiscuous" without taking their share of the work. One gentleman undertook to provide the beverages, and he solemnly pledged himself to take three corkscrews. We felt that this was a great assistance to us, and also that the work was much more suitable for a gentleman than it would have been for a lady. Our committee consisted of seven ladies, one lady representing each family, and we had a president, to whom each member of the committee gave a list of the money she had expended. This lady's husband paid all other expenses—railway fares, carriages, &c. The two accounts were put together, and the expenses were afterwards equally divided amongst all those who took part in the picnic, each person's share of the expense being handed to the president before the

party broke up. The ladies divided the work as follows:—

Lady No. 1 took the entire responsibility of providing and looking after the knives, forks, plates, tumblers, wine-glasses, spoons, dishes, salt-cellars, table-cloths, and dinner-napkins. These were packed by themselves, and were carefully counted twice over before they were put into the hamper, and again before being returned to it, after having been used. I know this lady hired what was wanted, as she said she preferred doing that to running any risk of having her own or her friends' possessions lost or broken. She got everything she wanted for about £1. She also took two pounds of good cheese, a piece of cream cheese, a block of ice a foot square, which was wrapped in a clean piece of old carpet, and a hammer and chisel to break it with. Inside the carpet, near the ice, was laid a pound and a half of butter in a tin box.

No. 2 provided a ham, a rolled tongue, a pair of fowls, and some fruit. She undertook that pepper, salt, and white sugar should be forthcoming when wanted, and also that they should be sent in separate bottles—each one distinctly labelled.

No. 3 brought a large piece of pickled salmon, a veal-and-ham pie, four fine cucumbers, a bottle of vinegar, a bottle of oil, and some fruit. The bottles were to be well corked, and the corks securely tied down with strong twine.

No. 4—a large piece of roast beef, a pigeon-pie, two fruit-tarts, a bottle of mixed mustard, with the cork well tied down, a good quantity of scraped horse-radish, and some fruit.

No. 5—a pair of fowls, six lobsters, twenty-four lettuces, two large bottles of salad dressing, securely tied down, four dozen rolls, and some fruit. The lettuces were washed, thoroughly dried, and shred before we started on the morning of the picnic; the shells of the lobsters were not cracked, because we knew that could be done with the hammer brought with the ice.

No. 6—a quarter of lamb, a bottle of mint sauce, securely tied down, four fruit-tarts, four baskets of small salad washed and dried, and some fruit.

No. 7—a pair of fowls, two cabinet puddings, three jellies, two blanc-manges, two large bottles of stewed fruit well sweetened, a dish of stewed Normandy pippins, and four tins of Devonshire cream. This lady had been intending to bring two bottles of ordinary cream, but as the Devonshire cream was sent to her by a friend at the last moment, she kindly brought it instead. The puddings, jellies, and blanc-manges she brought in the moulds, and they were turned out at the last moment.

This completes the list of provisions. If our allowance seems over-liberal, it will be explained by the fact that we expected the appetites of our friends would be sharpened by exercise and the fresh air.

We did not provide for tea. If we had done so, we should have taken four times the quantity of butter,

together with cups and saucers, tea-pots, tea, bread, cakes, biscuits, and jam or marmalade. There are few places where water cannot be obtained, so it is not often necessary to take it. If there are cottages near the spot chosen for the picnic, the payment of a few pence will most likely remove all difficulty about having it boiled. Where there are no cottages it will be necessary to take a large kettle, and light a fire.

Three-quarters of an hour before luncheon was wanted, the ladies of the committee quietly withdrew from the rest of the company, having first chosen two gentlemen who were to assist as aides-de-camp.

The cloth was spread on the grass in a shady spot, and round this were put waterproofs and shawls on which it was intended the company should seat themselves, in Oriental fashion. The luncheon was prettily laid, with a napkin, two knives, two forks, one spoon, and three plates for each guest, and before commencing operations it was announced that these were to suffice. The provisions were all laid upon the table at once, and looked very appetising. At the last moment, to our great delight, Bertha and a young friend of hers appeared with two or three large bunches of wild flowers which they had gathered for the purpose, and these, when prettily arranged in glasses, improved the appearance of the table wonderfully.

When all was ready the company were summoned, and our friends heartily enjoyed the refreshment which had been provided for them. To our great satisfaction we found that not a single article had been forgotten. Thanks to the ice, the butter was solid, and the water and wine cool and refreshing. The vinegar, cream, oil, and mustard had not escaped from their bottles, nor the salt penetrated to the interior of the goose-berry tart. All our friends declared themselves both satisfied and delighted.

As soon as the repast was over the crockery was collected, and counted, and everything was returned to the hampers. Certainly our picnic was a great success.

A bill of fare for a picnic, as for everything else, may be varied to suit the fancy, tastes, and pockets of the guests. A few sandwiches, a little bread and butter, some hard-boiled eggs, and cake will be sufficient for many; or, instead of these, a few sardines, bread and butter, cold meat cut in slices, and stewed fruit or similar refreshment. Thus the trouble and expense will be reduced indefinitely. At the same time it would be very foolish for a number of persons to penetrate quite into the heart of a country district, where in all probability they would be unable to buy what they wanted, without making some provision for necessary wants. Any one who has tried the two plans will know that not only is the benefit to health derived from fresh air and exercise greater when the demands of hunger and thirst are satisfied than when they are not, but they will confess also that a good dinner is no mean assistance to the true appreciation of the beauties of nature and the delights of social intercourse.

PHILLIS BROWNE.



CONDUCTED BY LAURA WILLIS LATHROP.

### PICNIC PARTIES.—HOW TO PREPARE DAINTY AND DELICIOUS LUNCHES FOR THEM.

EVERYTHING in life and in Nature has its sunny side, and she who allows the beauties of May to become obscured by magnified clouds, condensed from ascending vapors redolent of laundry soap and associate cleansing materials, will never get far beyond the stern realities associated with the "Merry, merry Maytime,"—in the way of paper, paint, and "possibilities"—and will so lose sight of the real possibilities which lie beyond, health-promoting, joy-inspiring recreation after the dread task is done. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," and knowing that May numbers thirty-one long days, and that less than three-fourths of them will suffice for the accomplishment of the "must be done," we will go right on and plan for the pastime we may enjoy if we will.

May is preëminently the month for picnics. Not the opening days—which are apt to be too chilly—but the last of the month, which we may rightly claim, by reason of work accomplished, sunny skies and fragrant woods, and the general demand of the system for relaxation.

June, with the exception of the first few days, is too warm, while July *should* be out of the question, for no one will deny that cool, shaded rooms offer more tempting inducements at a time when the mercury is held aloft in a discouragingly monotonous sojourn among the nineties with now and then a jaunt into the scorching decade scored beyond.

Some tact is required in making the necessary arrangements for a successful picnic. The general impression that any one can plan a picnic may be correct as far as the fact of its having been planned is concerned, but the result is frequently a most tiresome, unsatisfactory affair—an overplus here, and an inconvenient lack there, with a total void in many respects regarding refreshments. Fam-

ily picnic parties are most delightful affairs, where several congenial families, with the busy mothers included, unite in having "a day in the woods." The culinary part of the programme is usually a success—the result of experience—and a good time is inevitable. Where the party is composed of young persons, let there be about an equal number of each sex, with a *chaperon* or two to superintend the *minutiae* of the arrangements and to be responsible for the decorum of the party. It is usually expected (unless one person is the projector of the whole affair and defrays all expenses) that the young men will provide the amusements, and look after the comfort of the company. Games must be arranged, swings, hammocks, etc., provided. Boats must be engaged beforehand, if the party have access to the water. If a "basket picnic" is decided upon, the girls are responsible for the refreshments, and that there may be a systematic proportion and variety, let it be decided beforehand just what each one shall furnish and how much. Avoid the hackneyed picnic lunch of rolls, cold sliced meats, etc., and even though "eggs are eggs," as the woman said who returned left-over, cold boiled ones in return for the fresh ones borrowed from a neighbor, there is an appetizing difference in favor of pickled, stuffed or deviled over plain, hard-boiled ones. Finger rolls split, the crumbs hollowed out, with minced meat substituted, and the two sides tied together with the very narrowest ribbon, make a very pretty addition.

Sardine sandwiches are delightful. Salads form a most appetizing accompaniment, and with the aid of ice may be had as crisp and cool as at starting time. The solid portion may be carried in a dish bedded in a larger one filled with ice, the whole packed, surrounded by a bed of green leaves, in a

basket. The salad dressing may be carried in a fruit jar, kept in close contact with the ice supply. Jars of lemon juice and sugar, ready mixed, bottles of pickles and olives, may be carried in cooling proximity also. Fruit juices form delightful drinks, hot tea or coffee may be steeped with the aid of an oil stove. Ice cream, frozen and repacked before starting, will be found in perfect condition, if the freezer be enveloped in several thicknesses of old carpet. Fresh fruit, if kept nice and cool, forms a handsome centerpiece for the table, resting on a bed of green. Huge green leaves may be improvised as mats for bottles of olives, etc., which are served from the original package.

Eggs may be served in baskets lined with crisp lettuce leaves. As to the table, a worn blanket, perfectly clean, will answer for a sub-spread. The only napery required is a pure white table cloth, or one with colored border, so that fruit stains may be easily removed. Japanese paper napkins suffice for the rest.

As a request for recipes for picnic dishes was sent in too late last autumn to be of general interest, we append some very choice ones now at the opening of the season:—

#### Picnic Dishes.

**MINCED FILLING FOR FINGER-ROLLS.**—For every four teacupfuls of cold boiled tongue and chicken (equal parts), add a teaspoonful of salt, and a third of a teaspoonful of pepper. Mash the hard-boiled yolks of five eggs perfectly smooth, add to them two large tablespoonfuls of melted butter, beating well. Then gradually beat in half a cup of cream or milk. Continue beating till it is perfectly smooth, and then stir in the minced meat. Chicken, tongue, or ham alone, may be dressed in this way.

**SARDINE SANDWICHES.**—After draining the oil from two boxes of boneless sardines, rub them to a paste with the back of a wooden spoon. Next mash fine the yolks of six hard boiled eggs, add three generous tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, half a teaspoonful of salt, and a fourth of a teaspoonful of pepper. Add the sardines, and mix thoroughly. Butter very thin slices of bread very lightly, spread with the sardine mixture, lay two slices together and cut into inch wide strips across the slices.

**MARbled TURKEY OR CHICKEN.**—Boil one turkey or two large chickens until very tender, adding a little salt, and keeping about two cups of liquor in the kettle from first to last. Free the meat from skin and bones. Chop the light and dark meat separately and moderately fine. Do not use the liver. Remove the skin and gristle from the gizzard, and chop it with the heart very fine, and add to the dark meat. Season each to taste with salt and pepper. Put a layer of light meat and of dark alternately into a mould or oblong pan. Having cooled, skimmed, reheated and strained the liquor, pour it over the meat, pressing down evenly with a spoon. When very cold it will be perfectly solid and should be sliced with a very sharp knife.

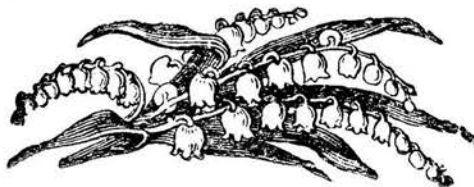
**DEVILED EGGS.**—Boil eggs steadily for forty minutes, then lay them in cold water for five minutes and remove the shells. When perfectly cold, cut each egg into halves, remove the yolks, mash them perfectly smooth, and to each dozen add two tablespoonfuls softened butter, one of vinegar, a teaspoonful of made mustard, and salt and pepper to taste. Blend these ingredients thoroughly, and heap the mixture in the cavities left in the whites.

**MACEDOINE SALAD.**—Drain the liquor from a can of mixed vegetables, rinse in cold water, cut into shapes, and turn into a salad bowl. Add any salad dressing preferred and mix thoroughly.

**SHRIMP SALAD.**—This is prepared according to directions given for lobster salad in January Magazine of last year.

**SALMON SALAD.**—Prepared in precisely the same way. Canned salmon answers nicely.

**SARATOGA POTATOES.**—Pare nice large potatoes and slice delicately thin. Cover with cold water and set in ice chest if possible over night. In the morning drain and cover with slightly salted ice water for an hour. Dry a pint at a time by pressing in a napkin. Put them into a frying basket if you have one, and fry a delicate brown in boiling fat. Nice cold.



## "ON THE TRAMP."



Are there any more enjoyable feeling in life than to be under a bright morning sky, comfortably equipped, on the tramp through a pleasant country: a world of meadows—a rocky dale—a stretch of brown, billowy moorland? The pulse beats freely, thoughts chase each other like summer butterflies, and you seem to annex every pretty or wild bit of scenery, every quaint homestead, every living thing about you, with an enlarged and conquering individuality. Crowds oppress, cities tire, books weary; but, on the tramp, you are free to enjoy, to receive, and to romance. The junior tramp, however, is a limited individual, and he never gets far away from society and civilisation in our island home. The senior tramp, on the contrary, takes ship over sea, and has a wider range. He is everywhere at home. This elder brother is justly entitled a traveller; the junior has to be content with the less ambitious and sometimes shady designation of a tramp. Wandering and little-known tribes are not for him. He foots it at home, with good hope of reaching railways and hotels somewhere, if he turns his back upon them with fine scorn, and a philosophy warranted to endure for twelve or fourteen hours, but good enough while it lasts, and renewable with morning light.

Alas! there are others on the tramp, whose philosophy has little warrant at all, and whose burdens are ever pressing, not gaily left behind. Apart from fine scenery, freedom, and rude health, it is in chance meetings with such specimens of the junior tramp, bright or dull-eyed, that an observing man will find much of the romance of his revolt against acres of bricks and mortar and the elbowing of crowds. The division just made is an induction from a pretty large experience.

The bright-eyed tramp is always a man with an object and a character. He has either a Home before him or behind, to reach or to brighten. He will converse freely with you, tell you his history, and accept little kindnesses in a manly spirit. The dull-eyed man does not like you to look him in the face too closely. Scenery seems to oppress him. He ambles along through the finest bits as if he were passing down a back slum. He is a waif; he has no home—only a native parish. He begs, whines, bullies, and I fear he also steals; so true is it that Home has its subtle effect on the eye, the character, and the conception of Nature. Meeting such men on a lonely moor, we ask ourselves what restrains them from robbing, and perhaps murdering? The answer comes clear—

"The other idea that sways their minds, the Law!" Cruel Nature, and almost omnipresent Law—these are the only two ideas that rule them.

Walking across a lonely moor, the white road winding ribbon-like over distant brown hills, I was once thinking, in a dreamy way, over some scenes in Scotch history, wherein the sound of a pibroch suddenly filled an apparently deserted hill-side with human life, when two men, who had been lying on the dry roadway, making a pillow of their boots, started up, and sent my heart into my mouth. I was never so startled in all my life, for it seemed as if my thoughts had been *heard*. Looking straight into their steady eyes, and noting there a hopeful look, though the men were almost as startled as I was, I said—

"Good morning. How's work, mates?"

It was a policeman's hint I was acting upon. To know anything about a man, he had told me—his name, occupation, object—always gives you a certain command over him in a critical moment. Exchanging glances, the tramps answered—

"Bad—awful bad! Do you know of a job, gov'nor?"

I wished I did. They were making a new road seven miles off at P—; they might inquire there.

Work-seekers' stories are often most pathetic.

"What, *you* on the tramp?" was my remark one day to a young fellow, out at elbows, and with frayed garments, who visited me at home, handing me an envelope addressed to him in my own handwriting. Yes; he had lost his situation in a cotton mill in Lancashire, and had trudged south-westward through many counties round to London, and then through the Midlands, without getting a single job. Of late he had not tried; his clothing forbid it. He was clever; a hard, philosophic student; an original man in every way. Yet he had been herding with the meanest, sleeping anywhere, mostly out-of-doors, living in aboriginal fashion on raw vegetables, and occasionally sharing what others begged. His wife and child had gone home to her friends, and he had never heard of them for nine months, though he had written to his wife at first regularly. She might be dead.

How had he endured it all? He could scarcely say. Acute feelings had dulled themselves. He dare not think. Then followed a charming bit. As he had tramped along, it had been his custom to recite all the prose and poetic passages he could remember from his favourite authors—and he had a well-stored memory—to preserve his "identity," to prevent him from sinking to the low conversational level of his queer and casual companions. Occasionally, others would repeat the little poems they had learned as children at school; sometimes "flash" ballads, bought in penny sheets at fairs. One companion had stuck to him for months, and whenever my friend seemed to be dull, or the way was dreary, or people were

uncivil, this seedy-black-coated "chum" would say to him—

"Give us a bit o' poetry, mate."

Can we ever tell to what uses we may put the verses and passages we learn at school and in early youth? They may perhaps save our sanity and self-respect.



"DEAR SIR, THE BEARER—"

Here is another story. A tanned face, unkempt hair, intelligent eyes, clothes worn into a fluffy softness of texture, boots with loose soles, obviously never made for the wearer, hands dirty and large, announced to me, as I looked at them, a broken-down specimen of the work-seeker. His companion, a suspicious, furtive-looking tramp, a sailor, and not unlikely the inspirer of the journey. Condensing what it took me a couple of hours to learn, this was his story:—

"Respectably connected, had never learnt a trade; had been a shop porter, married a pretty seamstress, lived happily together for years on our joint earnings. No children—didn't want them—hadn't a care. Wife's work fell off, food lessened; she became ill; bit by bit furniture sold, her heart broken at parting with what she had painfully won by her labour. When we had to sell the sewing machine, I could see 'twas all over—she clammed and died. After her funeral, started off. Friends had left the place. I couldn't stand the work. No more happiness for me, sir. Whither bound? To S—. Worked there once—might get a

job. T—the only man I knew. Hard, sir—very hard!"

During this fragmentary conversation, I saw the man greedily grasp at a fragment of newspaper, lying upon the ground, which had evidently been wrapped round something.

"Might have an advertisement on it, you know!"

The sight of a sewing machine always suggests his touching history, told me along a road skirting the sea one misty spring day.

Tramps are mainly men with no definite trade at their finger-ends. There is always a chance for them somewhere, and they lose nothing by not asking for it. The skilled men on the road are much rarer now, since railway travelling has become so cheap and Unionism has developed. A crisis or a strike will, however, act in two ways—sending men out, and drawing them in. A bundle of clothing or tools is generally carried by the skilled tramp, and his gait is more energetic.

To show how gait betrays, here is an odd story. Meeting two brawny navvies in Cornwall one day, I said to my companion—

"Two well-set men. See how they swing in step; ex-soldiers or policemen, evidently."

Two days afterwards we were near one of the barrack-gates at Devonport when, behold, our two tramps coming along in custody. An acute rural policeman had, so we learnt, noticed their military step and bearing, and gone up to them, saying, with a bold guess—

"You are deserters from Devonport?"

Taken aback, as such persons are if you can show you know anything about them, and possibly suspecting the man had a description of them, they admitted they were, and offered no resistance, discipline once more asserting its power. They be-

longed to a kilted regiment; they had only been five days from barracks; and finer fellows I never saw. They were navvies by occupation.

Foreigners on the tramp are not very common, except on the coast-roads, and they are mostly sailors. They are not communicative, and know little English. The oddest specimen of a foreigner I remember was a German clock-mender I met in the Midlands, who puzzled me greatly. He walked like a drilled man; had well-kept side whiskers, and a bag over his shoulder. We passed and repassed several times. He called at road-side houses, and as I slackened pace, generally overtook me, but I failed to get him into fair conversation.

"Going far? To M—? Long way yet."

His peculiar German accent was coming out more strongly.

"Seeking work?"—"Yes, as he went along."

For several minutes we kept step in silence. Taking out a newspaper I began to read. The man's face relaxed.



"Any news of Garibaldi?" was the sudden question that startled me. A Garibaldian, I said to myself at once. It was just at the time the Italian hero made his last armed venture. I read him the news, and he broke out warmly—

"Ah, bad man—bad, wicked man!" He became more of a puzzle than ever—a nut I must crack.

I waited on his movements, diverted from my intended walk, and devoted myself to getting his story. He became too excited to be very connected, and his German came grinding out at intervals with orchestral effect. A friend had beguiled him into associating with Republicans; he had been in some trouble in the movement of 1848; he had been imprisoned for opinions he did not hold; he was an absolutist and a sceptic. He had lost all his friends, and had come to England. He was a clock-mender, good at Americans or any other make, and he tramped a district from a centre, earning about ten shillings a week. Our conversation became lively; he forgot to call at road-side houses; and to my defence of Garibaldi, all he could splutter was, "Bad man—very—wicked man!" The chat seemed to excite him very much, and at last he ambled into a little shop, got a job, and I went forward.

Beggar-tramps are the honest juniors' aversion. They are full of tricks, and sometimes smart in speech.

"I never give to beggars on the road," I remarked to one of this class, airing a young man's general principle, perhaps with some self-conceit.

"Will yer honour oblige me with yer name and address? and I'll call on yer," was the prompt retort.

Between Coventry and Kenilworth, swarms of beggars had formerly a fine harvest. I once counted twenty. Some were blind and lame; others were singing vagrants, humming snatches of their wailing ballads. One elderly man with his legs in the dyke—a true tramp's way of sitting—was conning written testimonials, or begging letters, written on dingy yellow paper, that Chatterton might have envied. He had a tiny black pipe in his mouth, the kind of thing a tramp carries in his waistcoat pocket, and he was studying his papers with an author's self-admiring interest. I fear he was marking down some country parson for a victim.

"Dear Sir,—The bearer——" was all I could see before he slipped the paper into a pocket in the lining of his waistcoat.

A dingy haversack and dusty garments may make even an honest junior seem like a beggar. Calling at a house in a lonely part of a well-known Yorkshire dale, to ask where I could get refreshment, the girl shut the door abruptly, and said nothing. To a second knock it opened again, and two timid women appeared, the elder in the rear shouting, "Seven miles further on!"—a pleasant answer for a hungry man!

A more civil shepherd's wife, to whom I told my story an hour later, said they were not "particular at Beggarsmond" (Beckermonds), whereat I smiled, for the woman was evidently not punning, though at first I thought she was. Over the moor I should soon see "the Settle;" she meant a large viaduct on the Settle and Carlisle Railway.

With food and tobacco, a junior's heart can always be reached. On one occasion, meeting a hungry specimen, I gave him some of my bread and cheese without any request or word from him.

"Thank you, sir," was all he said, in a cold tone; but after he had gone a pace or two, and begun to eat, he turned round, saying, "Bless you, sir, bless you!" as if some new or old chord of feeling had been reached.

The better tramps are often amusing company, and even the worst compel you to moralise anew on the old theme of the universe and the individual. "Chats with a road-side stone-breaker—the true conqueror, because he always rises on the ruins he makes," as a witty prince said—are often pleasant. The turf-cutter, with his long spade pushed before him under



"GIVE US A BIT O' POETRY, MATE"

the soil, is also an interesting object. Pleasant, too, it is to watch a dalesman thatching his hay with green rushes; to come across strange birds and animals; to note the old village wells and sun-dials, the churches

and meeting-houses ; to get glimpses of heavy antique furniture through cottage doorways ; to be mistaken for a wool-buyer, an artist, "the new exciseman," as I was on one occasion ; to spread news of big deeds ; to find everywhere that Home is sacred, be it ever so

small or so lonely. He scarcely lives, in fact, who always carries with him the burden of society, who never tempts the unknown, except over sea, and who has never enjoyed the full and exquisite pleasure of being "on the tramp."

EDWIN GOADBY.



## HOME MANAGEMENT MONTH BY MONTH.

### JULY.

JULY is one of the busiest months of the year to the careful housewife. The sun may shine and all things may invite her to be out of doors, but if she will have her store of preserves and bottled fruits good, let me advise her not to attend to the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely, but to stay indoors during the preparation of her jams and jellies, and to look after the various processes herself.

There are so many ways of utilising fruit and vegetables of every description, so many and varied ways of preserving them for winter consumption that it seems to me a pity that anything should be wasted, and if sufficient jam and jelly is made to keep the house supplied, then the surplus of our fruit may be converted into wines, bottled fruits and sweet pickles.

A few words on gathering and preparing fruit for these various uses may prove acceptable to my readers, as many a failure may be traced to want of knowledge or care of these details. And after giving a few general hints which may be applied to different cases, I will proceed to give some good and tried recipes for jams, jellies, wines and sweet pickles, or as I prefer to call them, "Spiced Fruits." I shall take those fruits which become ripe first, and my next letter may probably contain some recipes for preserving fruits and vegetables which ripen later in the year.

#### RULES FOR PICKLING AND PRESERVING.

Always use the best vinegar for pickles. Inferior vinegar will spoil the best pickle, and will be a waste of time, labour and material.

Never use a copper vessel for boiling vinegar ; the acid corrodes the lining of the vessel, and absorbs the metal.

Use stone jars or earthenware-lined saucepans in prefer-

ence, and use wooden spoons rather than those made of iron.

Rather break or tear the vegetables if you have not a silver, wooden, or ivory knife to cut them with ; but as one of my fads is always trying to find a substitute if you have not the necessary utensil to hand, I may remark that a bone paper-knife answers the purpose admirably.

The metallic taste imparted to the pickle by using a steel knife quite destroys the delicate flavour of the fruit, and the colour of the pickle is often spoilt also from the same cause.

Gather all fruit for preserving or pickling at the right season of the year.

The fruit should not be over-ripe, but in good condition, not worm-eaten or bruised.

Gather all fruit and vegetables on a dry sunny day, and use them when they are fresh.

Some vegetables and fruits are considered better if they have had a frost upon them, but these are the exceptions to the rule.

Cane sugar is the best for most jams and jellies. It need not in every case be loaf sugar ; indeed, for plain household jams I do not recommend it.

Where loaf sugar is used, it should be broken into small pieces, as it more readily dissolves when broken up, but it should not be crushed to a powder, as that is liable to render a jelly cloudy.

Roughly speaking the allowance of sugar for all sweet fruits is one-half to three-quarters of a pound to each pound of fruit.

For acid fruits, such as mulberries, red currants, or even sour cooking apples, a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit

should be allowed. This, however, must depend in a great measure upon individual taste. From my own experience I find that the principal faults of home-made preserves are a too liberal allowance of sugar, and a generally accepted idea that jam cannot be cooked too long.

All jams and jellies, especially jellies, should be kept well skimmed while they are being boiled, as upon this depend very much their clearness and brilliancy, but this need not lead to waste. If the scum as it is removed is put on a wire strainer, the clear part (which drains from it) may be made use of in the form of jelly or for flavouring puddings or sauces.

Coarse fruits, such as rhubarb and fallen apples, readily take up the flavour of a superior fruit, such as strawberries or raspberries. It is therefore an economical plan to make some jam of mixed fruits which answers quite well for puddings during the winter.

And now I will give you some nice recipes which have been used from year to year and proved to be excellent. Many of them are very old, and it may interest my readers to learn that one of them dates as far back as 1777. Here is a nice recipe for

#### GREEN GOOSEBERRY CHEESE.

Take the fruit just before it turns colour, put it into a damp cloth and rub it well, then remove the ribs and stalks. Put the fruit into a stone jar, tie the jar down with a piece of paper, and place the jar in a moderate oven until the fruit is soft. Then rub the fruit through a coarse hair-sieve, and to every pint of pulp thus obtained allow three-quarters of a pound of white sugar. Place the pulp and sugar together in a preserving-pan, and boil the contents quickly till it jellies. Do not make it too solid. To avoid this try a spoonful from time to time on a cold plate, and if it gets firm quickly, it will be sufficiently cooked. Place the cheese into previously warmed, shallow jars or moulds, and when cold, tie down and store in a dry cool place. This makes a very nice dessert sweet.

#### TO PRESERVE STRAWBERRIES WHOLE.

Take some white gooseberries and pound them in a mortar till they are reduced to a pulp. Place the pulp on a hair sieve and allow all the juice to strain from it. Take one and a half pints of this juice and add to it two pounds of loaf sugar broken into small pieces. Place the juice and sugar in a preserving-pan, and boil both together quickly till the syrup begins to thicken, keeping it well skimmed during the boiling. Select one pound of good firm strawberries, wipe them carefully to remove any dust, and take out the stalks without breaking the fruit. Place the strawberries in the syrup and cook them gently till the syrup jellies and they are clear. This will take about ten minutes. Remove them from the fire and allow them to get cool but not cold, then put them carefully into pots with the syrup. When quite cold, tie the pots down and store.

#### RED CURRANT JELLY.

Strip the currants off the stalks, and if necessary wash them, by putting them on a sieve and pouring cold water over them. Place them in an earthenware jar and tie it closely down. Put the jar into a moderate oven until the fruit is soft. Then run the juice through a jelly-bag but do not squeeze it. When the juice has all run off, measure it and put it into a preserving-pan, and to each pint of juice allow one pound of good lump sugar. Add the sugar, broken up, to the juice and boil both together quickly from fifteen to twenty minutes, skimming it carefully the whole time. Try a little on a plate to ascertain whether it is stiff enough, and if it sets readily it is done. Allow it to cool a little and then fill small pots or glasses, allow them to stand till the next day then cover down and store in a dry cool place.

#### RASPBERRY VINEGAR.

To six pounds of sound ripe raspberries add three pints of white wine vinegar. Bruise the raspberries with a wooden spoon, and put the mixture into an earthenware vessel and cover down closely. Allow it to remain for twenty-four hours, stirring occasionally with a wooden spoon. Place

six pounds of preserving sugar into a preserving pan. Pass the fruit and vinegar through a jelly-bag, allowing it to drip on the sugar in the pan. When all has passed through without squeezing, put the preserving pan on a slow fire and simmer the contents gently for half an hour. Remove the scum as it rises. When quite cold bottle the vinegar and cork down, using new corks and waxing them over.

#### SPICED FRUITS.—PICKLED CHERRIES.

Seven pounds of sound, dry, good cherries, two pounds of white sugar, half a gallon of the best brown malt vinegar, two teaspoonfuls each of ground cloves and ground cinnamon.

Take the cherries and remove the stalks and stones, and wipe them if they are dirty. Lay the prepared fruit in an enamelled saucepan in alternate layers with the sugar. Place the saucepan over a slow fire, and heat the contents very slowly till all comes just to boiling-point. Allow the fruit and sugar to boil slowly for five minutes (not more) and then remove the pan from the fire. Now remove the fruit from the syrup and allow it to cool. Put the syrup (with the spices in it) back on the fire, and allow the syrup to boil till it is quite thick. When the fruit has cooled a little, put it into previously warmed glass bottles, pots or jars. Then pour the thick boiling syrup over it, and when quite cold tie down the pots to keep the contents quite air-tight.

Should the spiced fruits not keep, and begin to ferment, there may be two reasons for the failure. So, as to be forewarned is to be forearmed, I will tell you about them.

The first reason is that the bottles or pots have not been made air-tight. To ensure them being air-tight get some good new corks, and first cork the bottles tightly, then seal the corks over with sealing-wax, and lastly tie the corks over with white paper, and stick the paper down to the sides of the bottle with white of egg.

Another reason for failure may often be traced to too much half-cooked syrup being removed with the fruit. To avoid this, place the fruit on a wire sieve when it is removed from the syrup, and by doing this the fruit can drain while it is cooling.

Spiced fruits improve much with age, and should be kept several months before using.

#### SPICED GREEN GOOSEBERRIES.

Four quarts of gooseberries, three and a half pounds of sugar, half a pint of best vinegar, half an ounce each of cloves, cinnamon, and ginger, half a pint of cold water.

Wipe the gooseberries quite clean and remove the stalks and ribs. Place the fruit, half the sugar, and the water in a stone jar; tie the jar closely down, and place it in a moderate oven for two hours. Now add the remainder of the sugar, the spices and the vinegar. Tie the jar down again and return it to the oven for one hour more. Remove the jar from the oven and allow the contents to get cool. When cool (but not cold), put the spiced fruit into previously warmed jars and bottles and cover over carefully.

N.B.—I much prefer root ginger to ground ginger for all spiced fruits, but this is a matter of taste.

In using root ginger it must first be crushed, and should be removed before the fruit is bottled.

And now we have busied ourselves in the house with our preserves and pickles so long that I think we may allow ourselves a stroll round the garden, and get the different flowers.

#### TO MAKE A SWEET JAR.

Gather violets, syringa, roses, lavender, clove carnations, and any other sweet flowers as they come in season. They should be full blown, and gathered when dry and the sun upon them. Remove the petals from the stalks of all large flowers, and pick off the flower-head close to the stalk of all small flowers. Put the flowers in layers into a jar as you gather them, strewing between each layer common salt and a little spice of the following kinds finely powdered: mace, cinnamon, and cloves, of each half an ounce. Add the rind of a lemon peeled very thinly, and a few grains of musk. The flowers should be frequently stirred together in the jar, while they are fresh. When they become dry this is not necessary.

MARY SKENE.

## AN OVERTOWEL IN LINEN CANVAS.

OVERTOWELS of various kinds are obtaining more and more in orderly houses, their utility as well as prettiness being obvious. Especially in large towns such as London where smuts abound more or less, towels get soiled very quickly. An overtowel protects the towel-horse from dust and smuts, and also serves to cover it when the inevitable soiling of its contents renders them less sightly than when fresh from the linen press. Then too these arrangements being distinctly decorative,

all who care for pretty bedrooms do well to make them.

The taste of the worker can of course be exercised to any extent concerning the material and manner of working an overtowel, as well as the colours to be employed in the embroidery. Where embroidered bed-spreads, toilet-covers, etc., are used, it is well that the overtowel should match.

Never choose a very thin material for an overtowel, as it does not answer the purpose

at all. It does not hang well or keep in place, and soon gets tumbled and untidy-looking.

Linen canvas, now to be had inexpensively in white, *écru*, and many art shades, is about the best thing for this purpose, and has the advantage of washing well besides being sufficiently thick to hang well.

The overtowel seen in Fig. 1 is a very good specimen of how this canvas can be treated. As will be seen, drawnwork, the cross-stitch which everyone knows, and *appliqué* all figure in it, and the border is fringed out at the bottom.

The materials for working with should be coarse embroidery cotton of any colour you please, ingrain red or blue being the best for washing.

There is no need whatever for saying more about the cross-stitch than that the crossing should go all the same way. Patterns for cross-stitch can be had in small books costing but a few pence each at any fancy shop.

The outer border on which *appliqué* is done can be treated in various ways. In our example the leaves and flower are chain-stitched down, but we do not care for this as much as for other ways of securing the application. Chain-stitch is too much used in machine work to be distinctly decorative or suited for what is done by hand. Always choose a contrasting colour for your *appliqué*. Here orange linen of fast colour contrasts well with the blue linen canvas. Iron off a transfer pattern of good, bold design, and then lay it very carefully on your material, stitching it with running stitches into place. Care must be exercised about this preliminary, as if you put the pattern on crooked no errors can afterwards be rectified.

Button-hole stitch your linen down following the outline of the pattern very carefully. When this is done take a pair of sharply-pointed scissors and cut round the edges close to the button-hole work. Any veinings of leaves or centres of flowers can be done in stem stitch or other stitches.

In Fig. 2 you will notice how the clusters are formed which you afterwards make into the stitch called single crossing.

In Fig. 3 you will see one method which is very good. If you want to make the pattern precisely like that seen in Fig. 1, you can then make the V-shaped stitch more open, so as to secure space in which to make the next row crossing it. The manner of doing the single crossing is so easy that anyone can learn it by looking carefully at Fig. 1. The line which crosses the clusters should be very strong, and for it a much coarser number of cotton should be used than that employed in the cross-stitch and stitch which makes the clusters.

Make one end of this coarse cotton quite fast on the wrong side of the linen and then pass it in and out so that the clusters cross. Then fasten off securely at the other end.

The fringe is seen in Fig. 4. Observe, please, that the lines cross and are then knotted in a simple knot.

The upper edge above the fringe should be made fast by button-hole stitches, or else the canvas will often ravel.

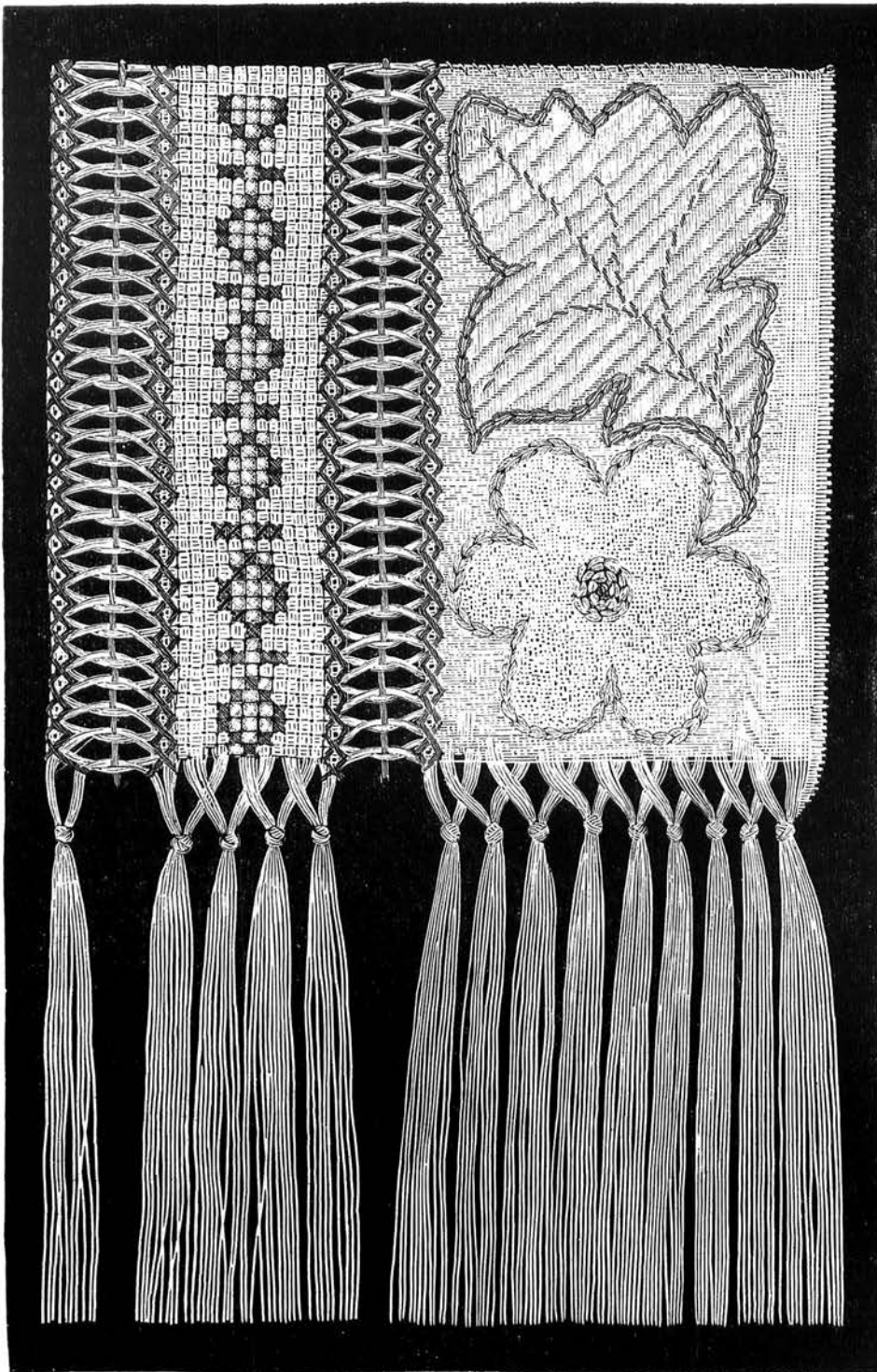


FIG. 1.

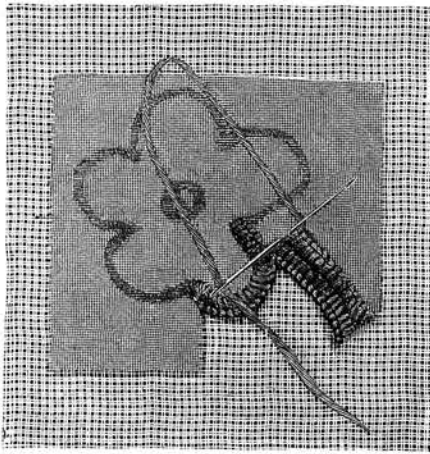


FIG. 2.

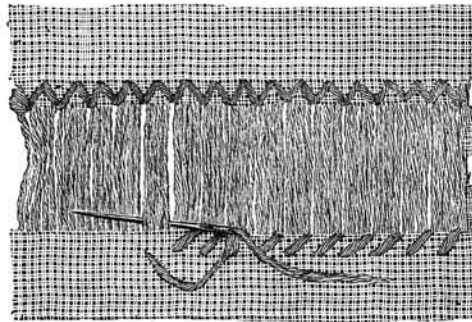


FIG. 3.

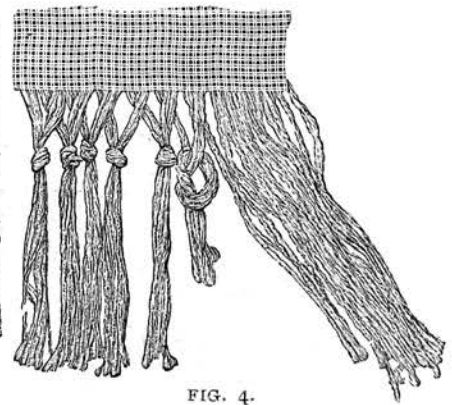


FIG. 4.

### Dangers and Benefits of the Bicycle.

#### DANGERS.

IT is easy to understand that anything has its merit which entices into the open air a people too devoted to pen, ink, and printed paper, and too sedentary in habit. It is also obvious that any muscular exercise not too severe or too prolonged must increase circulation and respiration, and indirectly promote the nutritive processes that lead to health.

On the other hand, it needs no elaborate argument to carry the conviction that the young hoodlum who spends his Sundays and the greater part of his shorter periods of leisure in straining his immature muscles, including his heart, in demonstrating how far and how fast he can propel his «bike,» is liable to shorten his life and sacrifice possibilities of usefulness unseen by those who despise his present vulgarity and curse him as a common nuisance of the highway. Equally evident is it that the elderly man or woman whose heart is no longer a perfect pump, whose blood-vessels are somewhat brittle, and whose other organs are more or less the worse for wear, runs the danger of speedy death from heart-failure (properly so called), apoplexy of the brain, or a similar hemorrhage into another organ, or from some other result of overstraining an enfeebled system.

As to the development of nervous diseases, eye-strain, the harmful results of improper saddles,—and none is altogether satisfactory,—the average reader of medical and semi-medical articles probably concludes that there is some truth and some exaggeration in the words of warning so eloquently and so repeatedly uttered.

No recourse to statistics is needed to prove that risk of accident is far greater for one engaged in muscular exercise than for the stay-at-home, for the man going ten miles an hour than for the one who is content with a three-mile gait, for one threading his way among horses, wagons, and electric cars than for one jostling his own kind on the sidewalk. Except for the increased number of bicycles, the wheelman is safer now than he was ten years ago. Not only is his vehicle better built, and the danger from falls minimized by lowering the center of gravity and placing it far behind the front axle, but he rides over better roads, and accidents due

to the selfish indifference or diabolical malice of drivers of horses are becoming less and less frequent as the latter learn the needs and the rights of wheelmen, and as the bicycle becomes more and more the vehicle of the masses.

#### SPINSTERS IN THE THIRTIES.

THE benefits of the bicycle are to be noted particularly in the case of women who have passed the heyday of youth and have not yet reached the calm of middle life, but who are passing through a period of mental fermentation and physical irritability of varying degree according to their social sphere, temperament, and habits. The matron with engrossing and for the most part pleasant cares may slip from youth to middle age with scarcely a realization that the glamour of the former is waning, and without the physical reflection of a purely mental disturbance. In some respects she is more prone to actual organic disease than her unmarried sister, but it is the latter who is especially liable to mourn over the lost gaieties of younger days, to feel herself becoming less essential to active life, and, in turn, life becoming less endurable to her. The spinster who is an integral part of some pleasant household, or who is born to that class of society which has money and leisure for making a business of pleasure, may also find growing old a tolerable, if not actually agreeable, process. But it is the solitary female, the one who commands the gaieties of life only so long as she can keep white hairs and wrinkles from appearing, who has not the prosaic but necessary basis of philanthropy, of social activity, or the various phases of new-womanism, who somewhere in the third decade of life realizes that the evil days have come, and the years when she is forced to say, «I have no pleasure in them.» Teacher, stenographer, seamstress, wage-earner in whatever field, or the unwilling parasite on some struggling relative, she becomes the prey of mental yearning and dissatisfaction, and it is little wonder that actual disease follows. Life, irksome enough in health, becomes doubly so now; and the two factors, mental and physical suffering, act and react on each other in a vicious circle. The manifestation of the nervous state of such a woman may localize itself in some one organ or apparatus; some special form of neuralgia may set in, or the supply of nerve-power to the stomach may be so deficient that, without organic

change, a serious dyspepsia ensues, or any one of a number of other organs may be similarly depressed in function, singly or in association. Such women are particularly apt to fall into the hands of the quack who assiduously circulates a list of questions suggesting complaints which the victim will imagine, if she does not already possess them. Even if the patient consults a regular physician, the result is not satisfactory to either. The particular symptom complained of may be relieved, but a relapse occurs as soon as medicine is discontinued. General tonics are tried, but the patient fails to reach the point of permanent good health. Something is lacking, and the wise physician very soon realizes that the lack cannot be supplied from the drug-store. To such patients the bicycle is a blessing. The woman who would not—yes, could not—muster courage to walk a mile in familiar and uninteresting streets, will gladly put forth the same amount of energy in pedaling three miles to reach a park or the real country; and once there, the temptation to further exercise is irresistible.

It may be an open question whether the bicycle is destined, as some enthusiasts claim, to revolutionize the social life of our people; there is no doubt that it can furnish an excellent substitute for ordinary social occupations in the class of women referred to as lacking in this element of worldly pleasure. The bicycle is more than a vehicle: it is almost as much of a companion as a horse or a dog, while the exhilaration of rapid motion, the accessibility of charming bits of nature, the mastery of time and space, afforded by this steed of steel, more than atone for social companionship which depends on no deep-seated affection.

It would be a mistake to suppose that the bicycle is the much-needed mental and nerve tonic of the poor woman alone. There is an opposite class of patients who, not being obliged to work, are simply too lazy to be well, and who fall into the loathsome habit of invalidism. Some—by no means all—of this class can be appealed to through the bicycle, and restored to a natural and healthy interest in life.

#### THE BICYCLE AND THE TENEMENT-HOUSE.

FEW men have urgent need either of a new machine for enforcing exercise or occupying the mind; yet there is many a middle-aged or elderly professional man who is exchanging flabby fat for firm muscle, is increasing his breathing-space, toning up his circulation, and putting old age five or ten years farther ahead, by discarding the carriage, buggy, or street-car for the bicycle. The wheel is also effecting a radical change in the lives of many poor artisans. A second-hand wheel can be paid for from the car-fare which would be spent in a year, and the ten or twenty cents a day saved during the wheeling seasons of the next year or two may mean added health as well as comfort. Or it may be that the bicycle allows the workingman to reach home for a good warm dinner during a nooning too brief, otherwise, for anything but the appetite-destroying dinner-pail or the dyspepsia-breeding cheap lunch, which, after all, is twice as expensive as a plain, wholesome meal cooked at home. Again, the bicycle, by annihilating distance, makes it possible to seek a home in the suburbs, or at least in a thinly populated portion of the city, remote from the noise, dust, and crowding of

the business center. Thus the hygienic as well as the economic and social level of the workingman's family is raised. It is no exaggeration to say that the bicycle is making self-respecting householders and property-owners of men who would otherwise become the victims of tenement life, necessarily dependent on the charity of the city physician,—for the poor have an enormously high susceptibility to disease,—and destined to succumb to a progressive pauperism which leads to dependence on one form of charity after another, till the professional dead-beat and beggar is evolved. Yet the simple explanation of this miracle is the centripetal tendency of all city valuations, the rent of the ill-ventilated three-room suite of the tenement, with its utter lack of indoor privacy and outdoor freedom, being the same as that of a five-room cottage a few miles distant, with good ventilation, sanitary plumbing, the possibility of at least a small garden, and the certainty of an atmosphere not only of pure air, but of independence.

#### MARKED MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT NOT THE SEAL OF RUGGED HEALTH.

It may surprise many of the readers of this article to be informed that marked muscular development is not the seal of rugged health that they have imagined it to be. Given, on the one hand, a professional or business man, whose fists are useless as weapons, whose chest expansion is only two inches and a half, and who is abundantly satisfied with a three-mile walk or a ten-mile bicycle ride, and, on the other hand, a trained athlete who can expand his chest to the extent of five inches, and who can trust either to his fists or legs for safety, and supposing them to be otherwise fair representatives of their respective types, the chances of life and freedom from disease are greatly in favor of the former. Remarkable muscular development is seldom attained save at the expense of some serious organic lesion. The ideal of the hygienist, therefore, is a man of moderate and symmetrical muscular development. Moderation excludes the factor of competition, which is the basis of all athletic sports. Symmetry is obtained from no one natural form of exercise or athletic amusement, but requires careful anthropometric study of the individual, and a tedious attention to the prescribed exercises at elaborate training machinery. This, in turn, means the sacrifice of the element of *fun*—a very important hygienic consideration—and of outdoor exercise, unless one has almost unlimited leisure for physical training. Hence, for the civilized man who earns his bread by mental acumen or muscular skill rather than by actual perspiring toil, and who trusts to a general regard for law and order rather than to his natural weapons, comparatively slight muscular development is necessary; nor is it worth his while to tax his leisure or curtail his enjoyment of outdoor sports in the attempt at symmetry. The tendency of all civilized athletics is to develop the locomotor power of the body rather than the capacity for stationary work; and so far as the health of the vital organs is concerned, experience teaches that walking or any other leg exercise in the open air is sufficient.

#### EFFECTS ON CLOTHING AND MORALS.

THE bicycle seems destined to effect a reform in clothing. Sensible shoes, and neckwear that will not inter-

fere with the poise of the head nor compress the great blood-vessels, have already become popular. Otherwise the ordinary attire of men has no specially objectionable features, though breeches are certainly more comfortable than trousers during hot weather, for bicycling or any other purpose. The wheeling-costumes thus far devised for women have shown a realization of the unfitness of ordinary dress rather than an appreciation of the changes needed. The one hygienic result that has been achieved by all efforts in this direction is the elimination of the long skirt which sweeps the filth and infection of the highway into the homes of civilized man, and doubtless is the cause of many an inexplicable case of contagious disease. If the fashion would only extend to other street dress, we could forgive the many offenses of wheeling-costumes against modesty, good taste, and comfort.

If the bicycle were responsible simply for distracting the attention of thousands of young men and women from artificial fashions in dress, and for creating an honest though sometimes mistaken effort at dress-reform, a great good would have been accomplished. But it is doing much more than this. It is establishing an ideal of physical health, and making deservedly unpopular the sickly heroine of less than a generation ago. The wheel is affording a wholesome outlet for energies that would otherwise be wasted in frivolity or actual dissipation, and in elevating the physical is also raising the moral tone of the youth of our land. The half-grown boy who formerly thought it manly to fuddle his brain with liquor or weaken his heart with tobacco, has changed his ideal to the not very lofty but certainly more innocent one of maintaining a reputation for speed or endurance, and while in training he proudly foregoes bad habits that he would be ashamed to abandon as a mere matter of principle. The use of strong liquors among the class of young men from whom cyclists are largely drawn is on the wane, and even «soft drinks» are used with increasing discretion.

All of this means not that the bicycle is to be used by everybody, nor that it is to be the physical and moral salvation of the age, but that it is aiding in a tangible manner in the solution of many problems, social, economic, moral, and hygienic.

A. L. Benedict, M. D.

---

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

**RECIPE FOR INDELIBLE MARKING INK.**—One drachm and a half of nitrate of silver, one ounce of distilled water, half an ounce of strong mucilage of gum-Arabic, three-quarters of a drachm of liquid ammonia; mix the above in a clean glass bottle, cork tightly, and keep in a dark place till dissolved, and ever afterwards. *Directions for use.*—Shake the bottle, then dip a clean quill pen in the ink, and write or draw what you require on the article; immediately hold it close to the fire (without scorching), or pass a hot iron over it, and it will become a deep and indelible black, indestructible by either time or acids of any description.

**TO MAKE LIGHT MATERIALS FIREPROOF.**—Cotton and linen fabrics prepared with a solution of borax, phos-

phate of soda, or sal-ammoniac, may be placed in contact with ignited bodies without their suffering active combustion or bursting into a flame. These substances act by forming a species of glaze on the surface of the fibres, which excludes them from the air. The addition of about an ounce of alum or sal-ammoniac to the last water used to rinse a lady's dress or a set of bed-furniture, or a less quantity added to the starch used to stiffen them, renders them uninflamable, or at least so little combustible that they will not readily take fire. Chloride of zinc is, however, the most active incombustible agent in such cases, and will render a lady's dress quite secure from the ravages of fire. Paper, wood, and other materials may be rendered incombustible by soaking them in any of the above solutions.

**HOW TO MAKE YEAST.**—Boil one pound of good flour, quarter of a pound of brown sugar, and a little salt in two gallons of water, for one hour. When milk-warm, bottle it and cork it close. It will be ready for use in twenty-four hours. One pint of this yeast will make eighteen pounds of bread.

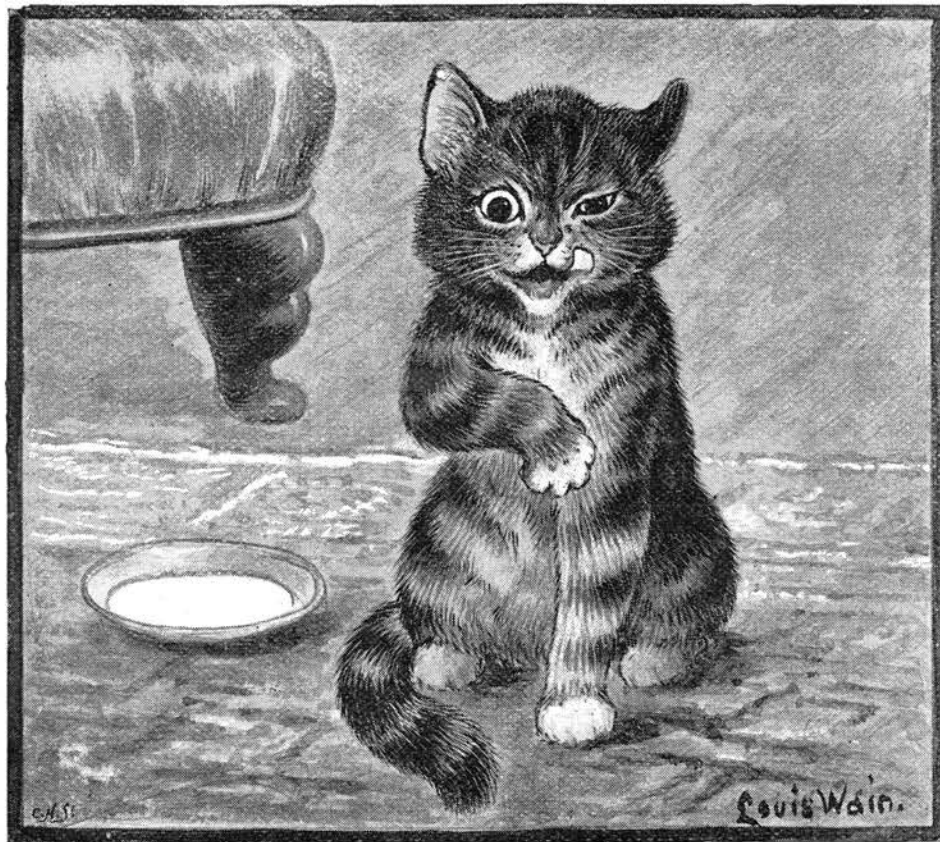
**TO REMOVE GREASE FROM BOARDS, AND TO WHITEN THEM.**—Boards may be made free from grease in the following manner: Dissolve a small quantity of fuller's earth in hot water (as much as will bring it into the consistency of a thick paste); when cold, thickly cover the greased part or parts with it, and let it remain so for a few hours, then scour it well with cold water. This operation has sometimes to be repeated. To whiten boards, you must scour them well with a mixture of sand, lime, and soft soap, and afterwards dry them with a clean cloth.

**ARTIFICIAL CORAL.**—This may be employed for forming grottos and for similar ornamentation. To two drachms of vermilion add one ounce of resin, and melt them together. Have ready the branches or twigs peeled and dried, and paint them over with this mixture while hot. The twigs being covered, hold them over a gentle fire, turning them round till they are perfectly covered and smooth. White coral may also be made with white lead, and black with lampblack, mixed with resin. When irregular branches are required, the sprays of an old black thorn are best adapted for the purpose; and for regular branches the young shoots of the elm are most suitable. Cinders, stones, or any other materials may be dipped into the mixture, and made to assume the appearance of coral.

**FOR WASHING MUSLIN OR PRINTED DRESSES.**—Boil soap and make starch according to your number of dresses. With *soft cold* water make up a lather in two tubs. Wash *one* dress first in one, then in the other, and put into a tub of clean *hard* water, where it may be till your other dresses are washed. When well rinsed, put a good handful of *salt* with the starch in the last water, and hang to dry in the shade.

**TO PREVENT CHILDREN'S CLOTHES TAKING FIRE.**—So many lamentable accidents, with loss of life, occurring from fire, we remind our readers that, for the preservation of children from that calamity, their clothes, after washing, should be rinsed in water in which a small quantity of saltpetre (nitre) has been dissolved. This improves the appearance, and renders linen and cotton garments proof against blaze. The same plan should be adopted with window and bed-curtains.

**HORSERADISH SAUCE.**—Grate or scrape finely a stick of horseradish; mix with it as much vinegar as will cover it, and add a teaspoonful of sugar and a little salt.



English Illustrated Magazine, 1895

### A KITTEN.

IF "The child is father of the man," why is not the kitten father of the cat? If in the little boy there lurks the infant likeness of all that manhood will complete, why does not the kitten betray some of the attributes common to the adult puss? A puppy is but a dog plus high spirits, and minus common sense. We never hear our friends say they love puppies, but cannot bear dogs. A kitten is a thing apart; and many people who lack the discriminating enthusiasm for cats, who regard these beautiful beasts with aversion and mistrust, are won over easily, and cajoled out of their prejudices, by the deceitful wiles of kittenhood.

"The little actor ~~cons~~ another part," and is the most irresistible comedian in the world. Its wide-open eyes gleam with wonder and mirth. It darts madly at nothing at all, and then, as though suddenly checked in the pursuit, prances sideways on its hind legs with ridiculous agility and zeal. It makes a vast pre-

tense of climbing the rounds of a chair, and swings by the curtain like an acrobat. It scrambles up a table leg, and is seized with comic horror at finding itself full two feet from the floor. If you hasten to its rescue, it clutches you nervously, its little heart thumping against its furry sides, while its soft paws expand and contract with agitation and relief;

"And all their harmless claws disclose,  
Like prickles of an early rose."

Yet the instant it is back on the carpet it feigns to be suspicious of your interference, peers at you out of "the tail o' its ee," and scampers for protection under the sofa, from which asylum it presently emerges with cautious trailing steps, as though encompassed by fearful dangers and alarms. Its baby innocence is yet unseared. The evil knowledge of uncanny things which is the dark inheritance of cathood has not yet shadowed its round infant eyes. Where did witches find the mysterious beasts that *sat motionless* by their fires, and watched unblinking the waxen manikins dwindling



in the flame? They never reared these companions of their solitude, for no witch could have endured to see a kitten gamboling on her hearthstone. A witch's kitten! That one preposterous thought proves how wide, how unfathomed, is the gap between feline infancy and age.

So it happens that the kitten is loved and cherished and caressed as long as it preserves the beguiling mirthfulness of youth. Richelieu, we know, was wont to keep a family of kittens in his cabinet, that their grace and gayety might divert him from the cares of state, and from black moods of melancholy. Yet, with short-sighted selfishness, he banished these little friends when but a few months old, and gave their places to younger pets. The first faint dawn of reason, the first indication of soberness and worldly wisdom, the first charming and coquettish pretenses to maturity, were followed by immediate dismissal. Richelieu desired to be amused. He had no conception of the finer joy which springs from mutual companionship and esteem. Even humbler and more sincere admirers, like Joanna Baillie, in whom we wish to believe Puss found a friend and champion, appear to take it for granted that the kitten should be the spoiled darling of the household, and the cat a social outcast, degraded into usefulness, and expected to work for her living. What else can be understood from such lines as these?

“Ah! many a lightly sportive child,  
Who hath, like thee, our wits beguiled,  
To dull and sober manhood grown,  
With strange recoil our hearts disown.  
Even so, poor Kit! must thou endure,  
When thou becomest a cat demure,  
Full many a cuff and angry word,  
Chid roughly from the tempting board.  
And yet, for that thou hast, I ween,  
So oft our favored playmate been,  
Soft be the change which thou shalt prove,  
*When time hath spoiled thee of our love;*  
Still be thou deemed, by housewife fat,  
A comely, careful, mousing cat,  
Whose dish is, for the public good,  
Replenished oft with savory food.”

Here is a plain exposition of the utilitarian theory which Shakespeare is supposed to have countenanced because Shylock speaks of the “harmless, necessary cat.” Shylock, forsooth! As if he, of all men in Christendom or Jewry, knew anything about cats! Small wonder that he was outwitted by Portia and Jessica, when an adroit little animal could so easily beguile him. But Joanna Baillie should never have been guilty of those snug commonplaces concerning the

“comely, careful, mousing cat,”

remembering her own valiant Tabby who won Scott's respectful admiration by worrying and killing a dog. It ill became the possessor of an Amazonian cat distinguished by Sir Walter's regard to speak with such patronizing kindness of the race.

We can make no more stupid blunder than to look upon our pets from the standpoint of utility. Puss, as a rule, is another Nimrod, eager for the chase, and unwearingly patient in pursuit of her prey. But she hunts for her own pleasure, not for our convenience; and when a life of luxury has relaxed her ardor, she often declines to hunt at all. I knew intimately two Maryland cats, well born and of great personal attractions. The sleek, black Tom was named Onyx, and his snow-white companion Lilian. Both were idle, urbane, fastidious, and self-indulgent as Lucullus. Now, into the house honored, but not served, by these charming creatures came a rat, which secured permanent lodgings in the kitchen, and speedily evicted the maid servants. A reign of terror followed, and after a few days of hopeless anarchy it occurred to the cook that the cats might be brought from their comfortable cushions upstairs and shut in at night with their hereditary foe. This was done, and the next morning, on opening the kitchen door, a tableau rivaling the peaceful scenes of Eden was presented to the view. On one side of the hearth lay Onyx, on the other

Lilian; and ten feet away, upright on the kitchen table, sat the rat, contemplating them both with tranquil humor and content. It was apparent to him, as well as to the rest of the household, that he was an object of absolute, contemptuous indifference to those two lordly cats.

There is none of this superb unconcern in the joyous eagerness of infancy. A kitten will dart in pursuit of everything that is small enough to be chased with safety. Not a fly on the window-pane, not a moth in the air, not a tiny crawling insect on the carpet, escapes its unwelcome attentions. It begins to "take notice" as soon as its eyes are open, and its vivacity, outstripping its dawning intelligence, leads it into infantile perils and wrong doing. I own that when Agrippina brought her first-born son — aged two days — and established him in my bedroom closet, the plan struck me at the start as inconvenient. I had prepared another nursery for the little Claudius Nero, and I endeavored for a while to convince his mother that my arrangements were best. But Agrippina was inflexible. The closet suited her in every respect; and, with charming and irresistible flattery, she gave me to understand, in the mute language I knew so well, that she wished her baby boy to be under my immediate protection. "I bring him to you because I trust you," she said as plainly as looks can speak. "Downstairs they handle him all the time, and it is not good for kittens to be handled. Here he is safe from harm, and here he shall remain." After a few weak remonstrances, the futility of which I too clearly understood, her persistence carried the day. I removed my clothing from the closet, spread a shawl upon the floor, had the door taken from its hinges, and resigned myself, for the first time in my life, to the daily and hourly companionship of an infant.

I was amply rewarded. People who require the household cat to rear her offspring in some remote attic or dark cor-

ner of the cellar have no idea of all the diversion and pleasure that they lose. It is delightful to watch the little blind, sprawling, feeble, helpless things develop swiftly into the grace and agility of kittenhood. It is delightful to see the mingled pride and anxiety of the mother, whose parental love increases with every hour of care, and who exhibits her young family as if they were infant Gracchi, the hope of all their race. During Nero's extreme youth, there were times when Agrippina wearied both of his companionship and of her own maternal duties. Once or twice she abandoned him at night for the greater luxury of my bed, where she slept tranquilly by my side, unmindful of the little wailing cries with which Nero lamented her desertion. Once or twice the heat of early summer tempted her to spend the evening on the porch roof which lay beneath my windows, and I have passed some anxious hours awaiting her return, and wondering what would happen if she never came back, and I were left to bring up the baby by hand.

But as the days sped on, and Nero grew rapidly in beauty and intelligence, Agrippina's affection for him knew no bounds. She could hardly bear to leave him even for a little while, and always came hurrying back to him with a loud frightened mew, as if fearing he might have been stolen in her absence. At night she purred over him for hours, or made little gurgling noises expressive of ineffable content. She resented the careless curiosity of strangers, and was a trifle supercilious when the cook stole softly in to give vent to her fervent admiration. But from first to last she shared with me her pride and pleasure; and the joy in her beautiful eyes, as she raised them to mine, was frankly confiding and sympathetic. When the infant Claudius rolled for the first time over the ledge of the closet, and lay sprawling on the bedroom floor, it would have been hard to say which of us was the

more elated at his prowess. A narrow pink ribbon of honor was at once tied around the small adventurer's neck, and he was pronounced the most daring and agile of kittens. From that day his brief career was a series of brilliant triumphs. He was a kitten of parts. Like one of Miss Austen's heroes, he had air and countenance. Less beautiful than his mother, whom he closely resembled, he easily eclipsed her in vivacity and the specious arts of fascination. Never were mother and son more unlike in character and disposition, and the inevitable contrast between kittenhood and cathood was enhanced in this case by a strong natural dissimilarity which no length of years could have utterly effaced.

Agrippina had always been a cat of manifest reserves. She was only six weeks old when she came to me, and had already acquired that gravity of demeanor, that air of gentle disdain, that dignified and somewhat supercilious composure, which won the respectful admiration of those whom she permitted to enjoy her acquaintance. Even in moments of self-forgetfulness and mirth her recreations resembled those of the little Spanish Infanta, who, not being permitted to play with her inferiors, and having no equals, diverted herself as best she could with sedate and solitary sport. Always chary of her favors, Agrippina cared little for the admiration of her chosen circle; and, with a single exception, she made no friends beyond it.

Claudius Nero, on the contrary, thirsted for applause. Affable, debonair, and democratic to the core, the caresses and commendations of a chance visitor or of a housemaid were as valuable to him as were my own. I never looked at him "showing off," as children say, — jumping from chair to chair, balancing himself on the bedpost, or scrambling rapturously up the forbidden curtains, — without thinking of the young Emperor who contended in the amphitheatre for the worthless plaudits of the crowd. He

was impulsive and affectionate, — so, I believe, was the Emperor for a time, — and as masterful as if born to the purple. His mother struggled hard to maintain her rightful authority, but it was in vain. He woke her from her sweetest naps; he darted at her tail, and leaped down on her from sofas and tables with the grace of a diminutive panther. Every time she attempted to punish him for these misdemeanors he cried piteously for help, and was promptly and unwisely rescued by some kind-hearted member of the family. After a while Agrippina took to sitting on her tail, in order to keep it out of his reach, and I have seen her many times carefully tucking it out of sight. She had never been a cat of active habits or of showy accomplishments, and the daring agility of the little Nero amazed and bewildered her. "A Spaniard," observes that pleasant gossip, James Howell, "walks as if he marched, and seldom looks upon the ground, as if he contemned it. I was told of a Spaniard who, having got a fall by a stumble, and broke his nose, rose up, and, in a disdainful manner, said, 'This comes of walking on the earth.'"

Now Nero seldom walked on the earth. At least, he never, if he could help it, walked on the floor, but traversed a room in a series of flying leaps from chair to table, from table to lounge, from lounge to desk, with an occasional dash at the mantelpiece, just to show what he could do. It was curious to watch Agrippina during the performance of these acrobatic feats. Pride, pleasure, the anxiety of a mother, and the faint resentment of conscious inferiority struggled for mastery in her little breast. Sometimes, when Nero's radiant self-satisfaction grew almost insufferable, I have seen her eyelids narrow sullenly, and have wondered whether the Roman Empress ever looked in that way at her brilliant and beautiful son, when maternal love was withering slowly under the shadow of coming evil. Sometimes, when Nero had been prancing

and paddling about with absurd and irresistible glee, attracting and compelling the attention of everybody in the room, Agrippina would jump up on my lap, and look in my face with an expression I thought I understood. She had never before valued my affection in all her little petted, pampered life. She had been sufficient for herself, and had merely tolerated me as a devoted and useful companion. But now that another had usurped so many of her privileges, I fancied there were moments when it pleased her to know that one subject, at least, was not to be beguiled from allegiance; that to one friend, at least, she always was and always would be the dearest cat in the world.

I am glad to remember that love triumphed over jealousy, and that Agrippina's devotion to Nero increased with every day of his short life. The altruism of a cat seldom reaches beyond her kittens; but she is capable of heroic unselfishness where they are concerned. I knew of a London beast, a homeless, forlorn vagrant, who constituted herself an out-door pensioner at the house of a friendly man of letters. This cat had a kitten, whose youthful vivacity won the hearts of a neighboring family. They adopted it willingly, but refused to harbor the mother, who still came for her daily dole to her only benefactor. Whenever a bit of fish or some other especial dainty was given her, this poor mendicant scaled the wall, and watched her chance to share it with her kitten, her little wealthy, greedy son, who gobbled it up as remorselessly as if he were not living on the fat of the land.

Agrippina would have been swift to follow such an example of devotion. At dinner time she always yielded the precedence to Nero, and it became one of our daily tasks to compel the little lad to respect his mother's privileges. He

scorned his saucer of milk, and from tenderest infancy aspired to adult food, making predatory incursions upon Agrippina's plate, and obliging us finally to feed them in separate apartments. I have seen him, when a very young kitten, rear himself upon his baby legs, and with his soft and wicked little paw strike his mother in the face until she dropped the piece of meat she had been eating, when he tranquilly devoured it. It was to prevent the recurrence of such scandalous scenes that two dining-rooms became a necessity in the family. Yet he was so loving and so lovable, poor little Claudius Nero! Why do I dwell on his faults, remembering, as I do, his winning sweetness and affability? Hour after hour, in the narrow city garden, the two cats played together, happy in each other's society, and never a yard apart. Every night they retired at the same time, and slept upon the same cushion, curled up inextricably into one soft, furry ball. Many times I have knelt by their chair to bid them both good-night; and always, when I did so, Agrippina would lift her charming head, purr drowsily for a few seconds, and then nestle closer still to her first-born, with sighs of supreme satisfaction. The zenith of her life had been reached. Her cup of contentment was full.

*Agnes Repplier.*



English Illustrated Magazine, 1895

## ABIGAIL SHOUT'S PROTEST.

BY C. A. C. H.

I AM Abigail Shout, and this is my testimony. I have been wronged, robbed, cheated, defrauded. Not once, or twice, or thrice, but scores of times. Not by tradesmen, or beggars, or brigands. Not by hotel-keepers, ticket venders, or the gentlemen who will take you anywhere in the city for one dollar, and then charges five. Nor yet by rich relations.

No, not by any or all of these; that is, it is not of these I complain. True, they have each a fashion of their own of taking money out of your pocket and putting it into their own without giving what, to you, seems a fair equivalent; but you expected *that* if you had anything to do with them, besides, what they take from you profits them, and that reconciles you partially, and does not interfere with the laws of equilibrium, for you could do the same thing by them if you had a mind to be mean enough.

But all is different in this case. There is not the least chance for a tit-for-tat game. The parties are respectable and respected. Everybody looks up to them and envies them, I suppose. I know I do—or *did*. Indeed, so much have I stood in awe of them hitherto that, had I been brought face to face with one, I should not have dared to say my soul was my own; and as to writing to one, truly, in my own mind, I should have deserved a ticket of admission to the Asylum for Idiots and Feeble Minded Youth for the bare suggestion. But all that is passed. There is a point where forbearance ceases to be a virtue, and I have reached it. Had I the chiefest of these offenders here at my elbow, I am sure I should express my sentiments far more freely than I am doing now. Not that I am feeling more outraged than usual, on the contrary, the aggravation has oftentimes been greater, and of course my indignation proportionably greater. But I have found a place to strike, a vulnerable point in their armor, and to that I put my pop-gun and fire away, certain of hitting one, perhaps more of the covey. To have done this before, would have been firing in air so far above me, so unapproachable seemed they, and even within reach, what were my puerile weapons against their mail-clad? But now, as Paddy says, "I think I have 'em."

You see, I am talking of authors—those authors who write books for the million and adulterate their English with whole pages of French, and Latin, and Greek, and I don't know what else, for I don't know a word of either, nor one from another when I see it. (Oh, yes, like Gough, I know "*ignoramus*," and am sure I shall get the term applied to me for my confession, but I don't care.) The practice has spoilt many an otherwise rich treat for me, and I doubt not for many another. I venture to say that not one in a hundred of

the whole number who read these books know anything of what are called the "dead languages" (I wish in conscience they *were* dead and *buried*), and it makes a delightful break to come upon two or three pages of this mummery right at a place where the interest of the chapter—perhaps of the whole plot—culminates, or just at the moment when you feel like embracing the author for the wonderful assimilation of tastes and feelings with your own humble self. I have a distinct recollection of a splendid volume from a circulating library spinning across the room into the wash-basin for no other offence. There was no one present, and I was sick and nervous, or I should not have done it. *Now* I only lay the book away face downwards, wide open (I know it is not the right way, but I don't care, it's good enough for *that* book), and, leaning back, ask languidly for the smelling-bottle, "I'm very tired."

But the other day an attendant, who has no business to know so much, reversed the book, and glancing at a page beginning with "*Ce est que pas un je homme*" (I quote from memory), smiled back impertinently, as much as to say, "I knew it, you've come across something you don't understand." So I must contrive some other way to conceal my anger and chagrin.

My chiefest consolations under these trials is in making a fresh resolution at each recurrence, that I will *never buy, borrow, or draw from the library, another book containing a line of this gibberish that does not in brackets, supplement, or addenda, convert said gibberish into intelligible English*. I will not be so imposed upon. I cannot risk the spoiling of a naturally sweet temper for all the pleasure or profit to be derived from a perusal of these works. There are writers enough, and good ones, too, who are exempt from this baneful habit. Hereafter, any who take this way to advertise the extent and variety of their acquirements, do so under my solemn protest, and with the full assurance that they will have one the less reader, perhaps *buyer*. (While I think of it, let me ask your "reviewer" to state, by a single line, whether the book under notice is purely English, or a mixture of English, Chinese, and Arabian. Any other paper or magazine doing this and sending me a marked copy, will be entitled to an article from my pen of not more than twenty-four columns, and as much less as I please and the editors desire.) If this does not answer, and my feelings go on gathering intensity and force in anything like the ratio of the past two years, I shall get up a Mutual Indignation Society with by-laws adapted solely to the furtherance of this plan.

Ah! I remember, as if it were but yesterday, the keenness of the disappointment with which I stopped at the letter, in the hated hieroglyphics of Monsieur Héger to Mr. Brontë. That

Charlotte's school *devoirs* were not translated was bad enough, but this was worse. My sympathies had been so aroused, and I had kept so close in her wake through all, that the dead girl seemed a living, palpable presence, whose hand I might take, and whose ears I might reach with words of appreciation and praise. No line of hers in English escaped me, and then to come upon these blank, blind paragraphs—it throws everything out of harmony and me into paroxysms. Did you ever come suddenly on a broad river rolling bridgeless between you and the particular point you had walked miles and miles to reach? Did you ever speculate two hours on what you *could* eat if you had it, and when, after much trouble it was procured and directions given, and your anticipations raised to the highest, go down to find that instead of a delicious roast there is a tasteless stew—something your stomach would never manage in its *anaconda-est* days? Do you remember how you felt at the end of a certain chapter of a certain tale, to be told that this story would be discontinued while the author went to the locality (a great way off) to gather incidents and *et ceteras*? or how sorrow for the death of the dear Thackeray was mingled largely with disappointment that *you* would never get the rest of *that* story? Well, all of these things are tame compared with the emotions with which I turn over a leaf to find it blotted with this foreign *diablerie*.

It must be that my stupidity, thus far, has saved me from insanity. I think I came very near to it, however, when in "The Minister's Wooing" I fell on that flighty French woman's phrases. I flew to the dictionary, but found no relief. I could not go to the minister or the doctor, for I feared the sentiments were not—exactly—somehow—quite—explainable in English, even in a book, much more *that* way. The minister's wife was as ignorant as I, and the only one I knew who *could* help me out of the difficulty, was in a seminary twelve miles away. True, there were, among my acquaintances, several who had been graduated at popular institutions, but in the interim they had managed to graduate so many of their acquirements, that their explanations were about as lucid and satisfactory as the working out of a dark algebraical problem to one who never knew + from —. And to this day I find myself wishing that I knew the meaning of *one* of those expressions of *madame's*; and wondering *what* was that proposition of Monsieur Héger's relative to his interesting pupil.

These "exercises" of B. F.'s in the Breakfast Table Talks did not exercise me much, but I *do* think the autocrat would have done a good thing to have left them out altogether.

(Wait! Let me get my breath a little. I have criticized *him*—the raciest, pithiest, wittiest, most genial and social of all our writers—the Thackeray of America, with more of his

playful moods, fewer of his cynical. But I couldn't help it. The truth must be told. He is among those who have offended one of the *little ones*, and I herewith hang the millstone about his neck. If he can swim the sea of popular favor with *such a weight*—well, if not, he has but to retrace, forsake the error of his ways, and he shall be restored to his place in my heart, and in the hearts of all his people.)

I don't know—not to be too exacting or dictatorial, I think I will relent so far as to allow the use of the phrases found in the back part of Webster's Elementary Spelling Book beginning with *Ad captandum vulgus*, and ending with *viva voce*. These are enough for all intents and purposes, and there is no excuse for any one, who knows how to read at all, not being acquainted with them. For myself, to give writers a little wider margin for displaying their powers, I would not object to including the "Collection of Words, Phrases, and Quotations from Foreign Languages," found in the large dictionaries, for, thanks to a friend, I have one; but I remember that there are hundreds of readers who are not so fortunate—intelligent, discriminating readers, whose mental natures clamor as loudly for the aliment found in good books as their physical natures for the literal "staff of life"—readers who were not themselves writers only because circumstances put the needle or the hammer in their hands instead of the pen—readers whose pre-expressed opinions and criticisms on a new production often tally remarkably with those standing highest in authority on the same subject, in short, *thinking* readers, and all of them, so far as heard from, of one mind in regard to having this senseless stuff thrust upon them in lieu of the good honest English sentences which would have been so much easier and better for all concerned.

When I unfold a piece of fresh print (calico I mean), and find running all through it a line of discoloration, I take it back to the shopman, and silently, with the blandest of faces, spread it out before him. "Yes, I see," he says, bending close—to the fabric, not to me. "It's not much, though; good many folks wouldn't notice it; material isn't injured, *only a little blot in the figure*." "Just so," I reply; "but it's damaged. It doesn't suit me," and, shoving it quietly aside, proceed to select another. Now this is precisely what I mean to do in the future with my booksellers. I go in and call for a work whose fame is in all the papers, and which, from the notices I have read, I have come to consider the one altogether desirable; but on opening it I find scattered here and there a "*Non c'était*," or a "*Je la crois*," and by and by a whole page of untranslated jargon. There's a *blot in the figure*. I shut the book, and, choking down my rage and disappointment, inquire for "Baxter's Saint's Rest," or "Pilgrim's Progress," determined to have something I can understand, and that will help

me to put behind me this haunting adversary, this man of sin that is forever bobbing up at my elbow when he is least wanted, and when I am most ashamed of being seen in his company. Certainly, if, in asking pardon, it avails anything to offer extenuating circumstances, to plead the great provocations under which the sin was committed, then may I hope for mercy, for never was poor creature so oft and so sorely tried.

Then, dear friends, good friends, kind friends, who have been permitted to drink deep draughts of the Pyerian waters, consider a little us whose lips have but touched the goblet's rim, and who, with thirst all unquenched, stand timidly back, willing you should have all, asking only that in the delicate cups offered us at which we may sip—each drop to be transferred into a smile or a tear, and brought back as incense to your altars—there be mingled no bitter dregs. Babes are fed on milk, not meat. Give us, who are neither babes nor men, the cream of your store—your best, diluted only so much as will suit our undeveloped organizations, and that without adding any nauseous compound.

It is an injudicious nurse that would force lumps of fat down the throat of her charge because fat is good for *her*, forsooth! It may be good for her, but can benefit the other only through the increased vitality and strength which she derives from its use, and which in turn is imparted in imperceptible but none the less efficacious doses to the patient.

Give us books, good books, and a good many of them. The public is clamorous. But I beseech of you let them be English books. Let them be books that are intelligent—I do not say educated. Unfortunately there are many intelligent who are not educated, and, still more unfortunately, many educated who are not intelligent! I say, let them be books that an intelligent reader can understand to the minutest line, without any other key to the unlocking of the mystery than may be had in a thorough understanding of our own legitimate, comprehensive, and beautiful language.

A popular professor once wrote on the margin of a pupil's exercise to this effect: "Never express your own ideas in a foreign language unless there are absolutely no words in our own that will answer. In that case *make some*." Of course there are maxims and proverbs, sayings and saws in various tongues, so familiar that he who runs may read; but most of them are translated or translatable, and so not to be allowed except in cases where the plain English would be inadmissible on the score of its vulgarity, which, I am told, is often the case.

There are others less popular which carry their interpretation on their faces so plainly as to make it impossible that any be deceived in their meaning; but they are a perfect nuisance

to one who attempts to read aloud on account of the difficulty of correctly speaking them, and an incorrect pronunciation is painful alike to both reader and hearer. It is a poor page that needs them for an ornament, and I pronounce them all an unmitigated "bother."

One of these phrases comes now to my mind as being the particular one which my reader with a mania for foreign interpolations has doubtless, ere this, repeated as a sneering annotation to this protest of mine. *Ce monde est plein de fous*.\* Admitted. But here is one just as true: *Interdum stultus bene loquitur*.† What will you do with *that*? I know I am likely to be laughed at—may get, as expressed in homely phrase, my labor for my pains. But never mind. I have not forgotten how Rome was saved! Who knows what my feeble cackle may avail? If it banish, in ever so small a degree, this blot from the pages designed, not for the *litterati*, but for the masses, then shall I be well repaid and sure of the thanks of several thousands of, at present, exasperated readers. At all events I have spoken and cleared my conscience. That's some comfort. If you don't believe it, try it and see.

\* This world is full of fools.

† Sometimes a fool speaks to the purpose.

---

With Pen and Ink.

WITH pen and ink one might indite  
A sonnet, or indeed might write  
A billet-doux, or, eke to raise  
The wind, a note for thirty days.

Not mine the poem; they 'd send it back  
Or shove it into BRIC-À-BRAC.  
My flippant muse is never seen  
Within the solid magazine.

And not for me the billet-doux;  
Indeed, who should I write it to?  
I would not thus employ my pen,  
Unless to woo my wife again.

Ah me! the while I stop to think  
What Shakspeare did with pen and ink,  
I wonder how his ink was made, —  
If blue or purple was the shade;

His pen,—broad-nibbed and rather stiff,  
Like this, or fine? I wonder if  
He tried a "Gillott," thirty-nine,  
Or used a coarser pen, like mine?

Or was it brains? No ink I know  
Will really make ideas flow,  
Nor can the most ingenious pen  
Make wits and poets of dull men.

So this the miracle explains,  
He used his pen and ink with brains.  
Mine is the harder task, I think,  
To write with only pen and ink.

Walter Learned.

## CHOCOLATE DATES.

HAVE you ever tasted chocolate dates? If so, these directions will be almost needless to you, for I fancy that you will not have stopped at a taste, but will have tried and found out a way to manufacture them for yourself. But so far as I know, these dates are, as yet, quite a home-made sweet, and they are so delicious and so wholesome that they ought to be more widely known. Here then is the recipe. Any sort of dates and any sort of chocolate may be used, but the best results are got from the best materials in confectionary even more than in other work. Take then a pound of Tunis dates, either bought in the familiar oblong boxes or by the pound. Leave out any which are not perfectly ripe; the soapy taste of one of these paler, firmer dates is enough to disgust anyone with dates for ever. Wipe the others very gently with a damp cloth (dates are not gathered by the Dutch!), slit them lengthwise with a silver knife, but only so far as to enable you to extract the kernel without bruising the fruit. Then prepare the chocolate. Grate a quarter of a pound of best French

chocolate, add an equal weight of fresh icing sugar, two tablespoonfuls of boiling water, and mix in a small brass or earthenware saucepan over the fire until quite smooth, only it must *not* boil; last of all add a few drops of vanilla.

Then put your small saucepan inside a larger one half filled with boiling water, just to keep the chocolate fluid until all the dates are filled. Take up a little of the mixture in a teaspoon, press open the date, and pour it neatly in. There must be no smears or threads of chocolate if your confectionary is to look dainty. When about a dozen are filled, gently press the sides together, and the chocolate should just show a shiny brown ridge in the middle of the date. Place on a board in a cool place to harden; they may be packed up next day.

Almost as nice as chocolate dates are nougat dates. The foundation for the nougat is the same as for American candies: the white of one egg and an equal quantity of cold water to half a pound of sifted icing sugar, all mixed perfectly smoothly together. Then chop equal

quantities of blanched walnuts, almonds, Brazils, and hazel nuts together, mix with the sugar in the proportion of two thirds of nut to one of the sugar mixture, and leave until next day in the cellar. By that time the nougat will be firm enough to form into kernels by gently rolling between the hands; if it sticks, your hands are too warm. It is best to do this part of the work in the cellar. Having stoned and first wiped your dates, put in the nougat kernels, gently pressing the sides together; they will harden in a short time, and very pretty they look packed alternately with the chocolate dates in fancy boxes. Tunis dates do not keep good much longer than two months, the grocer tells me; we have never been able to keep them half that time to try! Of course, you can use the commoner dates, which are very good to eat, but hardly so nice to look at as the others, because on account of their more sugary consistency it is impossible to fill them so neatly as the moister Tunis dates. Tafilat dates are somehow too dry and solid to combine well either with nuts or chocolate.

## MY STRUGGLES WITH A CAMERA

"YES," I decided, after reading the florid description (in an advertisement) of the wonders accomplished by the "Clipper" camera, "evidently the one thing needful to make existence useful, profitable, and delightful is a photographic camera." As with the tempting occupations which offer to either sex a rare opportunity to increase their income, "no previous experience is necessary," and unparalleled results are obtained from the trifling exertion involved in pressing a button or touching a spring. That would just suit me. "And there is no occasion to purchase an expensive outfit," I mused, "when such brilliant successes can be achieved by the aid of these small affairs."

Within a few days I was the proud possessor of the "Clipper" camera, with plates, slides, hydrokinone, and other known and unknown (chiefly the latter) appurtenances thereunto belonging, and was off for a holiday to the Highlands. These not altogether unknown regions should live again in the hearts of Englishmen, and be further revived and beloved, when I gave my photographs to the world. I took a long and delightful excursion—it was worth while to incur a little expense for the sake of the scene I should by this means secure—and boldly held my camera up in front of one of the biggest mountains. As I had omitted to ascertain the manner in which photographs are usually taken, and had, in fact, no idea of the process, it was a fine opportunity to call common-sense into play. I did so, and decided, first of all, that by turning the broad end in which was the plate towards the mountain I gave the latter a much



"BOLDLY HELD MY CAMERA UP IN FRONT OF ONE OF THE BIGGEST MOUNTAINS."





"I LOOKED AND ROCKED, AND ROCKED AND LOOKED,  
IN VAIN."

better chance of immortality than if the small lens had been pointed at it. I drew out the paper Chinese-lantern arrangement which fixed the "focus," released the spring, and the thing was done—as easy as child's play! I ordered a meat tea instead of dinner at an early hour that evening, so that I might devote an unclouded intellect to the science of photography.

At last my arrangements were complete: the mysterious mixtures in the bottles were at hand, the "actinic" light was blown out, and I was left by the vague illumination of the ruby lamp to explore into the recesses of my camera, take out the plate, and place it, "film side upwards," in the dish. Then, with a beating heart, I deftly poured on the developer, and rocked the dish. I rocked assiduously, zealously; there could have been nothing more perfect in that line had I been a paterfamilias. I kept looking, as the directions enjoined, to see "the image appear gradually"; but I looked and rocked, and rocked and looked, in vain: my mountain never appeared at all. After a couple of hours of this sort of exercise, I left the plate to steep in the developer, and sought relaxation.

An acquaintance to whom I casually mentioned my *modus operandi* and singular lack of success, poured out on me a vast amount of advice. It is surprising from what an elevation a six months' possessor of a camera bestows counsel. However, I am not above accepting information, and I resolved, as my own way had failed, to give his a trial. Accordingly I sallied forth again; and this time I attacked a loch—with the lens, instead of the shutter-end, directed to it; and again I at night poured on fresh developer, and rocked. The result was more manifest, though scarcely more

satisfactory: a heavy blackness settled on the plate, through which it was impossible to discover any "image" at all, except that of darkness visible.

The failure which attended the mode of procedure recommended by my friend was not such a severe blow as the failure I had experienced on my own account, and I resolved to give the theory another try. I was not going to be beaten by a machine 8 in. by 6 in.: I would try a "time exposure."

I did so. I tried a short-time exposure and a long-time exposure—from five seconds to five minutes, and so on to half an hour. I tried indoors and out-of-doors, shine and shade, animate and inanimate objects, and precisely the same result followed in all cases—or, rather, total lack of result. I consulted two other amateur photographers. It is very easy to obtain advice from the amateur, especially the amateur photographer, who is at large everywhere—the difficulty more often is to avoid it gracefully.

"Oh!" exclaimed Amateur Number One, taking up a plate (the one which I had, in desperation, exposed for half an hour), and holding it with a knowing air to the light, "easy to see what is the matter here—not sufficient exposure!" Amateur Number Two seized on another representation of darkness, blacker than I should have supposed anything could get in five seconds—indoors, too—with "By Jingo! over-exposed!"

My faith in the wisdom of my photographic friends was shaken. However, I had no objection to borrow the "Abracadabra" camera from them, and to follow their advice; returning my own, accompanied by a



MISS MERRIDEW.



THE PORTRAIT OF MISS MERRIDEW.

letter expressing more grief than anger, to the makers. The "Abracadabra" camera is a neat article, more important in appearance than my first experiment, and even simpler in its adjustments: a "fixed focus" is warranted to take anything, except the influenza. I carried it with me on one of those long excursions

arranged in Scotland to keep you at it all day without letting you get away too far from your starting-place, by coach, steamer, train—steamer—train, coach—train, coach, steamer. The changes are rung *ad infinitum*. A charming girl displayed the utmost interest in my camera, which I exhibited to her with the *sang-froid*, I flattered myself, of an old hand. She was charmed when I confided to her that I was going to "take" the Craigkilochlochkilchree Falls. "Oh, would I give her a photograph? She so loved those Falls—they were so picturesque and all that!" I said I would if she would assist me in its production. (Of course I knew she could not help me, but it sounded polite.) She did not get so much in the way as I had feared, and after the supreme moment, about which, I verily believe, she was as anxious as I, and that is saying a good deal, we— But this is beside the question. It made me, however, determined to succeed with this photograph. It would be a tender and appropriate memento of the day; and what a graceful *souvenir* it would be! I would, regardless of expense, get it silver-typed. How tenderly I drew out the slide that evening by the non-actinic light!—*she* had slid the shutter that morning! I slid it back now; but horror! where was the plate? I shook it—there was no answering rattle. Consternation! No plate had been inserted. I draw a veil.

Cool reflection next morning—I am of an eminently philosophic and reasonable turn of mind—convinced me that the omission of the plate could not be ascribed as a fault of the camera, and that therefore I should—particularly as it was borrowed—give it another try. I put Miss Merridew off with vague remarks about "toning" and "touching up" when she inquired after the Craigkilochlochkilchree Falls, and, to divert her attention, I said I would photograph her. She threw herself into a most graceful attitude, leaning against the heather-covered rocks, and I could not help exclaiming that she made a charming picture. After

that I rocked and developed the plate, inspired anew. Rapture! At last my efforts were to be crowned with success: something—mysterious, vague enough, but still *something*—appeared. I persevered; irregular patches of light and shade could be descried, whilst the circle of the lens was distinctly visible. I could not discern anything definite, but, no doubt, that would come with the "printing" and "toning." I had a vague idea that on the negative objects appeared the reverse of what they were: the more reverse, the the better—something was bound to turn up right in that case. I could not sleep that night. Miss Merridew must be somewhere on that slide!

Next morning I "printed"; but, alas! where were the rocks, and where was Miss Merridew? A light blank was, no doubt, the water; a fiery chocolate blank was, no doubt, the grassy foreground: was that a stone in the top left-hand corner, or could it be—yes, it was!—Miss Merridew's skirts! The remainder of Miss Merridew had got outside the "fixed focus," and disappeared.

I have come to the conclusion that photography offers a larger percentage of crushing blows and humiliating experiences than any other pursuit, and yet it has a fatal fascination which allures its victims. Now that the makers of the "Clipper" camera have sent me a new apparatus, with the explanation that a pin-prick in a vital part had been the cause of my failures with it, I shall probably renew the attack; but this time I shall pursue my dark investigations alone and in secret, and to mortal man—least of all to woman—shall never be revealed the failures and vicissitudes which I foresee must be my lot before I burst upon an astonished and admiring world as "Mr. Smith, the accomplished amateur photographer."

M. G.



DESPAIR

# BOOKS OF ETIQUETTE.



**I**F I had the time to amuse myself, I think that—among other things—I should collect books of etiquette, and read them. If you will examine the works of fiction most popular nowadays you will come to the conclusion that the three qualities considered most engaging in written matter are mystery, humour, and surprise. The story of mystery, done with reasonable dexterity, always pleases; the story of humour often does; surprise is frequently an active ingredient in the pleasure derived from both, but it has its own more particular domain in the novel of rattling adventure. But to enjoy these three qualities you must read three, or at least two, separate books of fiction; in the book of etiquette you get them all three together. Where will you find a more ingenious and astounding puzzle than in the maze of instruction (and contradiction if you consult more than one book) that clusters about the simple visiting-card? The rules of that game that no mind but the female can ever comprehend, the game that reaches its perfection when played by a stout old lady with three daughters

and a brougham, and a full pack to deal to every hand for three miles round! I defy anybody to recite the rules correctly after any reasonable number of perusals; and when you've learned them all by rote you haven't begun to attack the real mysteries, which are: who invented the whole complication, and why did he (or she) do it? As to humour you will find it everywhere, and quite of the best sort—the unconscious. And when once you get clear of the puzzles and the fun, the rest of the work supplies constant surprises; for you are repeatedly amazed to find that any living creature, out of a Hottentot kraal or a wild beast show, needs telling the things so solemnly impressed on the barbarous reader.

I remember a charming etiquette book published some few years back in America. A friend, who managed somehow to get a copy, refused to part with it at any price, but lent it me, and I made a few excerpts wherewith to console myself for the loss of the volume when I returned it. I get a deal of consolation (and instruction) out of those excerpts, and since I made them I don't think I have transgressed the rules laid down

very often. For instance, you are told that you should not permit a lady "to carry your cane in the city." Now, that is a valuable warning, and I have attended to it. If ever I grow fatigued with the weight of my walking-stick in the city, I do not shove it into a lady's hand and order her to carry it for me—that is, since I read that book. In the city, I mean, of course; in the country it would seem to be different, according to the authority. More, I never sit among ladies in my shirt-sleeves—a thing which this American book considers not quite the thing, "unless it is their express and unanimous desire." I seem, somehow, to have been curiously unlucky in this matter, for I never yet happened to sit among any ladies who expressed their "unanimous desire" that I should take off my coat for their amusement—or even my boots. Perhaps I am not sufficiently acquainted with the fashionable world. Another most valuable injunction that rather took me by surprise was this: "Take care not to upset or run into ornaments, or stub the toe against them." It seems so revolutionary, you see—comes on one as such a sudden revelation, after half a lifetime spent in smashing one's friends' furniture, by way of polite attention. But fashions change, it is plain, and gentlemen who have been in the habit of climbing on a lady's mantelpiece and "stubbing the toe" against her ormolu clock will be grateful for the information that that fine old courtly ceremony is now considered out of date. I never do it myself—now. Also, I never go to a dance. Why? Because of the directions in this book. They don't forbid me to go to a dance, you understand, but they make the job rather formidable. When I read that I am always to "take the inside arm of a lady when promenading" I am in some little doubt as to where she keeps her inside arm, having been usually in the habit, not of taking any inside arm of hers, but of offering her one of my own outside arms—that on the right. But that

is a small thing. Real difficulties present themselves when I learn that "any step between a Boston dip and a Philadelphia glide, if used as a sort of an imperceptible, sweeping dip, will appear to great advantage on the floor." I have a horrid apprehension that any attempt of mine to compromise between a Boston dip and a Philadelphia glide (seeing that I don't know one from the other) would not end in my appearing "to great advantage on the floor," though I am pretty confident that I should end on the floor somehow. I am not sure, however, that even this trouble would deter me altogether, but there are worse. I must "never allow her"—this means the lady with the inside arm—"to approach the refreshment table." Now, I want to know how I am to prevent this if the lady insists. Must I drag her away by that inside arm, or am I expected to deter her by "stubbing the toe against" her? I have a

APPEARING  
TO GREAT  
ADVANTAGE  
ON THE  
FLOOR.



sort of idea that this may not be exactly what is meant, and that perhaps I am desired simply to wait on the lady—a thing that is not very novel in itself, since I was shown how to do it as a small boy. But the novelty—and this is what keeps me out of the ball-room now—is in the way that waiting is to be set going. I must “repeatedly ask after her thirst”! It is charming, though perhaps not altogether a novelty, for I have heard the inquiry made in somewhat similar form at Hampstead on a Bank Holiday. And then I must “bring the glass to her on your kerchief if there are no doilies.” Now, what is my “kerchief”? It *can't* mean my neckerchief, and if it means—but, there, these modern improvements dazzle me utterly.

I have said that I have not transgressed all the rules I copied from this admirable guide to gentility; but, alas! some of them I have transgressed shamefully. For instance, “a gentleman will find it convenient and comfortable to have his own fan.” Now, I blush

must really get them some day, of course—these and a few other necessities; a nice pair of curling-tongs and a little powder-puff for the pocket, for instance, and a few bonnet-pins to hold my hat to my scalp on a windy day. Another sin I have to admit: one of the strictest of all the rules in all this strict book is that a gentleman must “never carry a parcel of any kind.” But, alas! my wife won't let me be a gentleman; nobody could be a gentleman with a wife like mine, who never leaves off shopping except on Sunday. She has even made me carry a lobster in a rush bag—a fearful tyranny. Books, also, from Mudie's, in a strap. I shudder when I remember these villainies, and all that sustains my guilty soul is a sneaking hope that the writer of that beautiful book, being in America, doesn't know what a miscreant I am.

I am not quite sure, either, that I have quite triumphantly acquitted myself in the matter of conversation. “At receptions, teas, dinners, dances, or any other entertain-



to confess that I have never had my own fan, and words can never tell how inconvenient and uncomfortable I feel—and how remorseful. But I can confidently and honestly say also that I have never had anybody else's; so that at least I can't be imprisoned for my misdeeds. But the humiliating fact remains that I have never had a fan, nor even a smelling-bottle. I

ment,” says the authority, “the topics should be select, and the oral abilities prepared to discuss them in a free and familiar way.” I am not quite sure what it all means, but it sounds rather too beautiful for me to aspire to. I am always dejected—even desperate—when I encounter that blessed word “select”; it knocks all the free and familiar stuffing out of my unprepared oral abilities. I am a

pallid coward in the presence of anything or anybody "select"; just as I am when it comes to one of those "flowered coloured waistcoats" which this lovely book tells me are the "culmination of grandeur in the

lished only a month or two ago in this country. I turned to the great and ingenious game of card-leaving first, of course, for to me the thing has the fascination of



dress of a gentleman." I am not brave enough to present myself before an admiring world in such an article.

Still, I mustn't despair; perfection is beyond the reach of the mere mortal. If I can't follow the counsels of this beautiful book to the letter I can at least make a rough sort of stagger at it, taking care not to stub the toe against anything select. And I can prevent any lady in the city from carrying my walking-stick on her outside arm, even if I shrink from "inquiring after" her inside thirst; while if my wife still cruelly insists on my carrying a parcel of Boston dips, I can at least endeavour to do it with a Philadelphia glide, so that the dips will be sort of imperceptible, and so that even in the event of utter breakdown my culminating grandeur will cause me to appear to great advantage on the floor.

I don't remember seeing another modern etiquette book quite so handsomely interesting as this; but just lately I came across a rather good one which was pub-

lished only a month or two ago in this country. I never seem to know what is trumps, so to speak, and I thought I might get a hint. But, no. I learn that if I were a young lady I should not send up my mother's card when calling on a publisher—though I find no instructions in the case of an auctioneer or even an aeronaut; and I am only left to wonder if—not being a young lady—I ought to carry *my* mother's card when I go to a publisher. The rest is whirling confusion. Cards that have to be turned down, cards that should be turned up (that sounds rather like trumps), marked cards (which seem to be allowed in this game), how many should be dealt to a widow with two daughters, which should go into the jack-pot, what should be done to a respectable dowager with five aces up her sleeve—all these things are probably there, but I have forgotten them already. What I can't forget is the instruction as to how the cards should be played on the hall-table. The "society woman," I am told, should "pop it down

like a flash of lightning." I have never seen a "society woman," or anybody else, popping down a flash of lightning, though it is easy to understand that almost any lady embarrassed by the possession of such an unaccustomed article would seize the first opportunity of getting rid of it without waiting for the pop. But, at any rate, any lady familiar with the society of flashes of lightning will now know what to do with her card.

Giving up the card game in despair I turned to "Introductions," and was gratified to find complete instructions to the unimaginative liar as to the lies proper to use after promising to introduce somebody to another body who won't have it: one suggested excuse, equally picturesque and soothing, being that the desired introduction would have been "cruelty to animals"! (N.B.—This is not a joke of mine; the words are printed in the book and can be bought—with the rest of it—for a shilling, in a nice blue cover, decorated with a blameless-looking lady and gentleman etiquetting away like anything.)

Then I learn that at luncheon mayonnaise or dressed crab should be served "instead of fresh fish." Now, this is a nice piece of information to spring on a man who has all his life been innocently partial to salmon or lobster mayonnaise and had no idea it was being given him "instead of" fresh fish! And dressed crab, too; surely the crab is fresh sometimes—just by way of accident, as it were?

I also learn some new things about weddings. It used to be the correct thing, it seems, for the bridegroom to "mope near the altar," but now it is considered preferable for him to speak to a few of his friends "near the top of the church" as they arrive. Now, the top of most of the churches I am acquainted with is a weathercock, and I am glad that I was married so long ago that I was not expected to swarm up the steeple to hail the arrival of my friends. It was the Duke of Portland, it seems, who "first made this innovation," and he is described as a "very happy-looking bridegroom, the only one I ever saw who was completely at his ease," which would seem to have been very creditable—not to say dexterous—in the circumstances. A "nicely-decorated fireplace" is recommended as "an excellent background for the bride," and if such things as backgrounds are necessary for newly-married people the fireplace would certainly seem to have advantages over the expanse of heavenly empyrean which is considered good enough

for the agile bridegroom. There is a certain order of precedence prescribed for the entry into the tea-room, beginning with the bride and ending with the bridesmaids and grooms-men—after whom, I read, "there is no precedence observed, but a general *sauve qui peut*," which looks like a hint that every guest who can should take the opportunity to escape from the premises as fast as he can go.

But the ordinary common or fireplace-and-steeple wedding is not all. I read about all sorts of weird anniversaries and how to behave at their celebrations. The first anniversary is the cotton wedding, the second the paper wedding, the next the leather wedding, and then the fourth year goes blank—I can't tell why. The fifth anniversary is the wooden wedding, and then there is another blank—though why this shouldn't be the putty wedding isn't explained. The seventh is the woollen wedding, the tenth the tin wedding, the fifteenth the crystal wedding, the twentieth the china wedding; and after that all is fairly plain sailing, through the silver wedding, the pearl, the ruby, the golden, and the diamond weddings, at the end respectively of twenty-five, thirty, forty, fifty, and seventy-five years of married etiquette. I little knew the vista of weddings I was entering on when I moped about that altar and didn't climb that steeple—what a desperate course of one-wifed, dry-goods polygamy lay before me.

I have endeavoured to express my admiration of these particular books, not because they are the most admirable in existence, but because they are all I have taken notes of. There are others just as charming without a doubt, and that is why I should like to collect them. And there are one or two very old books of etiquette, too, which have been collected and reprinted by the Early English Text Society. Several of these are addressed to children, and, indeed, the first in the collection is called the "Babee's Book." From these we learn nothing of the Philadelphia glide, and the topics are not always "select," though the author's "oral abilities" certainly seem to discuss them in a free and familiar way. For instance, we learn from the "Lyttille Childrenes Lytil Boke" that in the dark times of the fifteenth century it was not considered the correct thing, in "smart" circles, to spit over the dinner-table, or even on it.

Ne spytte thow not over the tabylle,  
Ne therupon, for that is no thing abyлле,  
is the neat and epigrammatic way in which

the instruction is put, and it is curious to note that in many old-fashioned households the rule is still observed, after all these years. The idea was not that of one writer alone, either; not merely one of those flashes of inspiration that come to one favoured person of genius, for in the "Boke of Curtasye" we find someone else of the same opinion:—

Gif thou spitt over the borde, or elles opon,  
Thou schalle be holden an uncurtayse mon.

Wonderfully particular they seem to have been in those old days, to consider a person "an uncurtayse mon" for such a trifle as that. Indeed, in regard to the table-cloth, they seem to have been altogether morbidly sensitive:—

Theron thou shalt not thy nose wype  
is one line in the moral poem called "Urbanitatis," a manuscript of about 1460. After this you are not surprised to read, in the "Booke of Nurture and Schoole of Good Manners":—

Pick not thy teeth  
with thy Knyfe,  
nor with thy fyn-  
gers ende,  
But take a stick or  
some cleane  
thyng,  
then doe you not  
offende.

This same  
"Booke of Nur-  
ture" also tells  
us:—

And suppe not loude  
of thy Pottage  
no tyme in all thy  
lyfe;

Dip not thy meate in  
the Saltseller,  
but take it with  
thy Knyfe.

A little reflection convinces us that it is the salt which you must take "with thy Knyfe." We seem to have allowed this part of the rule to lapse, so far as my observation goes; but, in our weak-kneed, halting, modern way, we have not gone boldly to the time-honoured alternative of dipping our meat in the salt-cellar, but have made a miserably timid compromise with a spoon.

Whan thou etyst, gape not to wyde  
That thi mouth be sene on yche a syde,

says the "Lytill Boke"; and I believe there is still a lingering prejudice against opening the mouth quite so wide at meals.

They were practical, too, in those times. Thus says the "Booke of Nurture" in the matter of eating soup—which the book, of course, calls "pottage":—

Fill not thy spoone to full, least thou  
loose somewhat by the way.

And even now the experienced are aware of the danger of piling soup too high on a spoon. More, this same book taught caution in another way, for when your soup was finished:—

When thou haste eaten thy Pottage  
doe as I shall thee wish;  
Wype cleane thy sponne, I do thee read,  
leave it not in the dish;

Lay it downe before  
thy trenchoure,  
thereof be not  
afrayde;  
And take heed who  
takes it up,  
for feare it be con-  
vayde.

Now, that is very excellent advice. Always be sure that the lady sitting next you does not "convey" your soup-spoon. The American book of etiquette which I began by quoting said nothing about this; and yet I should think it at least as important to see

that your friends do not steal the spoons as to see that a lady does not carry your walking-stick in the city. On the whole, though these old books of over four hundred years back may be a trifle startling in places, yet they contain many admirable teachings (I have quoted some of them, in fact), and at least they do *not* enjoin you to "inquire after" a lady's thirst.



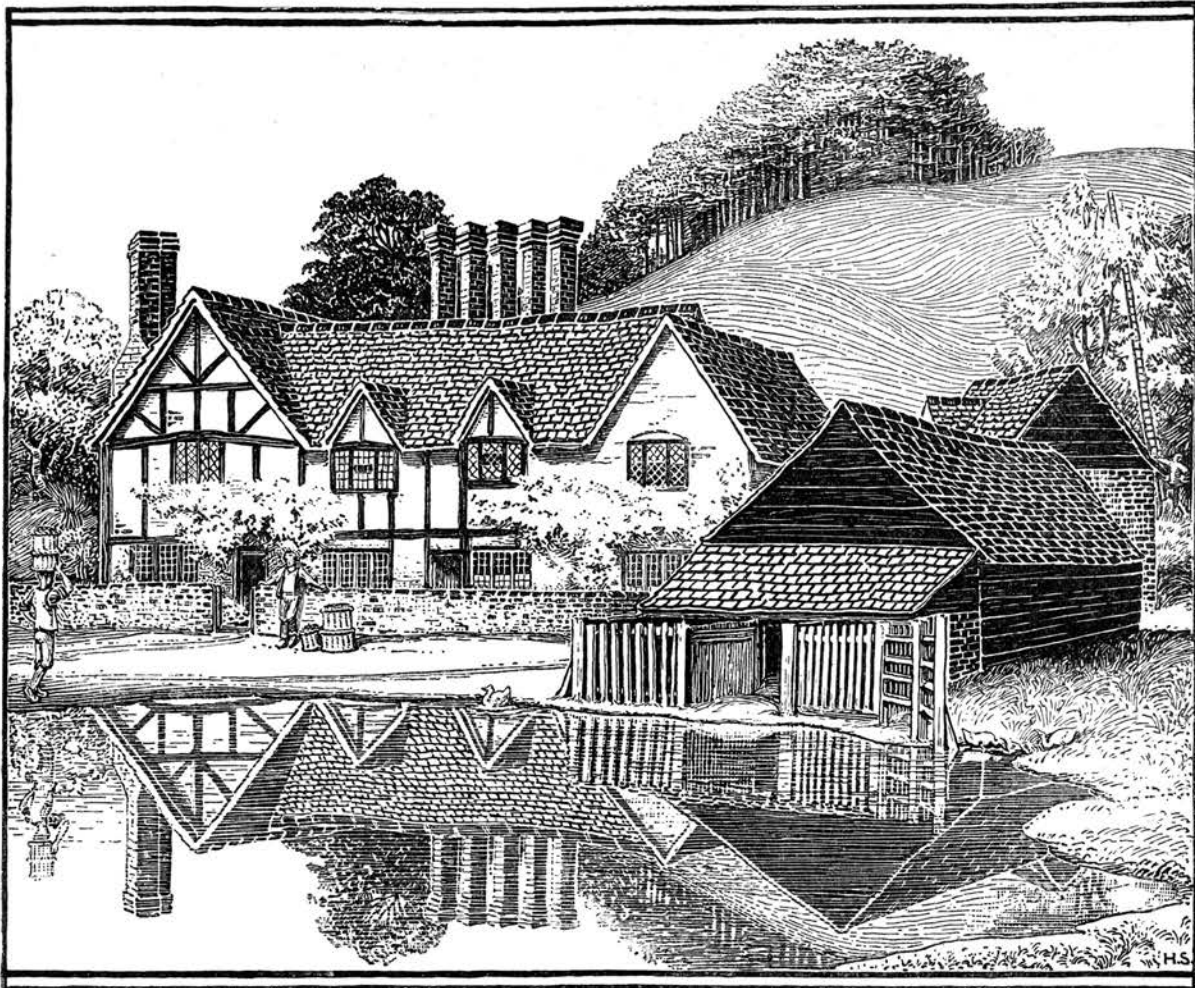


The labours of THE XII MONTHS  
set out in NEW PICTURES & OLD PROVERBS

WISE SHEPHERDS say that the age of man is LXXII years and that we liken but to one hole year for evermore we take six yeares to every month as JANUARY or FEBRUARY and so forth, for as the year 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 yeare if so be that he live to LXXII. For three times six maketh eighteen, & six times six maketh xxxvi And then is man at the best, and also at the highest, and twelve times six maketh LXXII & that is the age of a man.



JULY

Then cometh JULY: that our fruits beene set a sunning, and our corn a hardening, but then the sunne beginneth a little for to descend downward, so man then goeth from youth to ward age, and beginneth to acquaint him with sadness for then he is XIII yeare.



ST SWITHUN'S day if thou dost rain, for 20 days it will remain.  
ST SWITHUN'S day if thou be fair, for 40 days it will rain a mair.  
— A swarm of bees in MAY is worth a load of hay. . . .  
A swarm of bees in JUNE is worth a silver spoon. . . .  
A swarm of bees in JULY is not worth a fly. . . .

