Victorian Times

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A Social Revolution: The Married Women's Property Act • Strawberry Recipes
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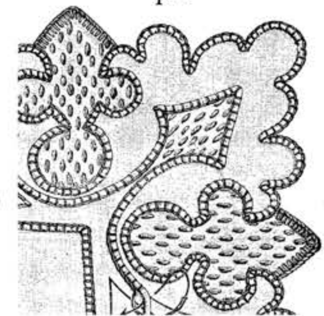

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** The Girl's Own Paper **Cassell's Family Magazine*

Victorian Easter Eggs

Looking back on Victorian magazines, one sees many differences between Victorian life and our own. But there are certain areas where traditions bridge the gap, not only between the Victorian world and the "modern" world but between these two worlds and much, much older times. Those areas are the holidays.

Christmas and Easter stand out as holidays in which traditions unite celebrants across the centuries. A Victorian could pick up this month's issue of *Martha Stewart* and be as delighted by the Easter baskets and decorated eggs as today's readers. These Easter customs go back far beyond the Victorian era. No one is quite certain just how colorful eggs—or even more mysteriously, eggs purveyed by bunny—became associated with this holiday, but as our article in this issue shows, most believe eggs and bunny predate the Christian "Easter."

As a child, I loved decorating Easter eggs. And part of our family custom was a tradition that had its roots in Victorian times: decorating eggs with onion-skin. Victorians didn't have today's nifty egg decorating kits, so they often had to rely on natural sources of dye. One excellent source was onion-skin. So... here's how you can make your own genuine Victorian-style onion-skin Easter eggs!

There are actually a couple of methods. Our favorite was to wrap a white egg in a couple of layers of brown onion skins, so that the egg was completely covered with no bits of shell showing. Then, wrap this skin-wrapped egg in a square of linen; we'd cut up an old sheet into pieces about 8 inches square for the purpose. Set the egg on the square of linen as if it were a hanky and bring the sides and corners up carefully so that you don't dislodge the onion skins. Tie the corners together at the top with a bit of twine so that the egg is completely encased in the linen square (i.e., so that no bits of onion skin can fall out).

Put your wrapped eggs in a large kettle of water, with about a tablespoon full of vinegar to help "set" the color. Bring them to a boil and keep them at a low boil for about 12 minutes. If you plan to eat them, that's long enough; if you'd rather keep them out as decorations, you might want to boil them longer so that they'll harden inside. You should notice as they boil that the water turns dark brown from the onion skin tannin.

When they're done, pour off the water and let them cool, because nothing will burn your hands like trying to peel off hot linen and onion skin wraps! These hold the heat for awhile! If you wish, you can run cool water into the kettle to cool them a bit faster and prevent them from continuing to cook in the hot wrappers. When the eggs are cool, carefully remove the wrappings, and you will find yourself with a beautiful collection of eggs richly marbled in shades of brown, tan and gold, with an occasional hint of green—no two alike!

Another way to dye eggs with onion skins is to dump the eggs and the skins into a pot and boil, but this will simply give your eggs a uniform brown color that isn't terribly interesting. Another alternative is to wrap leaves, bits of fern, or flower petals around your eggs and wrap them in linen and boil them in a pot with onion skins. This will give you a "transfer" image of the leaves and ferns against the darker dyed background. You can also decorate your eggs with designs drawn on in wax, which will remain lighter than the surrounding dye.

After your eggs have cooled, rub them with a light coating of oil. This will bring out the color even more vividly and also seal any small cracks in the shell, which will help them keep. Your eggs can be displayed for the rest of the day; after that, if you plan to eat them later, put them in the refrigerator.

One question we often heard was "don't the eggs taste like onions?" Nope. They taste like hard-boiled eggs. Even when onion dye seeps through tiny cracks in the shell (which will happen), it doesn't cause the egg to taste like onion. These eggs are as good to eat as eggs dyed any other way.

Another question we had was "what would happen if you used purple onion skins?" The answer: Nothing. Apparently the tannin level is the same; we didn't get purple eggs. We got brown ones.

A final question that is more complicated in today's grocery store is—where do you get onion skins at all? Today, produce sections tend to strip onions down to the first moist layers, so it's hard to find onions with skins. If you want to try this, start collecting early and save up skins as you find them. Ask your produce manager if they have any "stripped skins" that they would be willing to give you. (Often you'll need to ask them to save them for you; otherwise they'll be thrown away.) Try a farmer's market—and again, ask a vendor for stripped skins or to save skins for you.

If you'd like to experience a taste of Victorian Easter, give this old-fashioned technique a try!

—Moira Allen, Editor
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The Training of Performing Animals.

By E. A. Brayley Hodgetts.

CHARLES JAMES FOX defined genius as "an infinite capacity for taking pains." If this be a true definition, we must accord to the trainers of animals a front place among the geniuses of the world. There is assuredly no profession in which more patience and painstaking work are required. We see the results from before the footlights. It gives us a moment's pleasure, and we think no more about its difficulties. What that result may mean we do not care. The weeks and months, and sometimes years, which it may have cost to produce that result we cannot be expected to take into account. The band plays, the trainer stands before us, smiling and graceful, no sign of care or anxiety upon his countenance. The animals go through their performances; there is no hitch, no difficulty: all is easy, well rounded off. So far from being astounded, we ask for more; like the audience which hissed Grimaldi, we want a new feature. Nevertheless, some of the more curious amongst us do occasionally ask ourselves how these results are brought about. The sensitive murmur the mystic word "cruelty," shudder, and put the whole matter out of their minds.

This notion that animals are taught to perform tricks by dint of cruelty, by blows and starvation, is among the most illogical fallacies of the day. We have learned that it is easier to teach children by kindness than by blows, yet we assume that monkeys must be flogged into a condition of abject fear before they can be got to do anything. We know that the whip is of but little use in the training of dogs, and yet we imagine that bears are taught to dance on red-hot sheets of iron.

On the other hand, the answer which the trainer invariably makes to our inquiries is scarcely satisfying. "Patience, patience, always patience," this is his formula, his magic; but it does not convince us. We cannot believe that a fox can be taught to jump over a duck by patience. Yet that is the only way: it is a laborious, an unromantic, prosaic method, but, nevertheless, it is the only one. Perhaps it would be more correct to say "patience and firmness, with a judicious mixture of kindness and severity." Just as revolutions are not made with rose-water, wild beasts cannot be made tractable without the occasional exercise of a little severity. But there is a great difference between severity and cruelty.

Take, for instance, the Siberian bears of M. W. Permané; they are the most amiable, friendly, and playful creatures in the world—to look at them with their master. But approach them by yourself when that master's back is turned, and you will have cause to regret your indiscretion, and will for the future make it your rule in life never to talk to a bear without being introduced. Bears are proverbially ill-mannered animals. These Siberian bears are really beautiful to look at. They have the most lovely coats, the most happy faces, and the most ungainly walk. To see them standing on a swing and "talking" to their master is really killing fun. The way they will sit down at a table and drink stout out of bottles is an edifying sight for any total abstainer to see. But perhaps the climax of comicality is reached when one of these unwieldy creatures has a lady's straw hat tied to his head and walks round the stage on M.

M. PERMANÉ'S SWINGING BEAR.

M. PERMANÉ'S LADY BEAR.

Permané's arm, trying hard to kiss him all the time, and waddling about with all the gracefulness of any mature maiden lady of uncertain age among my acquaintances. That bear will shake hands with M. Permané like a thoroughly good fellow, but if you were to try to shake hands with him you would find his heartiness a little trying.

"How do you manage to train those bears?' I asked M. Permané, after witnessing the performance.

"By kindness," he said, "kindness!"

I looked at him; I did not wink, because I respected myself too much. "You do not mean to say so!" was all I said. I had just seen a specimen of the docility of one of these gentle creatures: he had stripped about half a yard of skin off the arm of a too trusting maiden lady.

"Yes," M. Permané continued; "it took me six months to train that one. You see, you have to catch your bears young. They get untrustworthy as they grow older. It is no use ill-treating them; you must be kind and gentle with them, but you must let them know that you are the master."

Presently I had an opportunity of observing how they were made aware of this fact. One of the bears became refractory, and manifested a strong disposition to run a-muck generally, but a few smart blows across his snout with a rattan speedily brought him to his senses. He shook his head after each blow, and uttered a strange, low, whining moan, but he reformed his conduct and became less bearish.

M. Permané, I also discovered, was in the habit of keeping his bears in good humour by feeding them perpetually during the performance with such delicacies as pleased their bearish palate. It was quite clear that the pleasures of anticipation—or, shall we say, hope?—had much to do with their training. But even hope is not a sufficient incentive unless the bear learns to know his master and to understand that the master can force him to do what he wants.

For this reason the bear must be caught young. M. Permané generally starts upon cubs about twelve months old. With these he romps about as though they were children, but he never allows them to get the better of him. As soon as the bear gets too old and begins to feel his strength, he can no longer be trusted, and has to be got rid of. Some bears will never learn anything at all, those that do learn all their tricks in play. The Russian bear is not only very intelligent, but exceedingly quick in his movements. There is a trick which one of these bears performs which it took M. Permané three months to teach. The bear gets on a see-saw, mounts a globe, which is hardly big enough for his four huge paws, and walks himself up the tilting plank on it, and then repeats the process backwards.

M. Permané teaches them this particular feat by placing the globe in a little hollow and then making the bear stand on it. The bear thus gets used to feeling it move under him. Then, little by little, he is made to move it in a groove on the level, and afterwards he has to work it up an inclined plane. And so, by slow stages, the clumsy cub becomes a skilled mountebank.

At no time are bears quite safe. They are so huge and strong, that even in play they often nip and hurt their trainer, but they occasionally turn on him in earnest, and if one has turned on M. Permané twice he gets rid of him. Performing bears are consequently expensive; their keep costs a good deal, so does their carriage from place to place, and then they have to be frequently replaced. But they are intelligent, and

understand when they are being talked to. I have seen a bear look quite sorrowful and penitent after a scolding.

If bears are treacherous so are monkeys, but they are also affectionate and grateful. M. Nivin, the Hungarian, who is perhaps one of the finest trainers of monkeys in the world, always gets hold of his monkeys before they have changed their teeth, and nurses them through their teething. They are generally so grateful for his care that they will do anything for him afterwards. Nevertheless, even then they are sometimes treacherous, and M. Nivin showed me several nasty bites which he had had from one of his little pupils. When they are vicious they have to be thrashed, to make them understand the moral obliquity of their conduct. Monkeys differ: some are intelligent and learn quickly; some will never learn. The most difficult thing to teach a monkey is to make mistakes. This is very perplexing to the monkey mind.

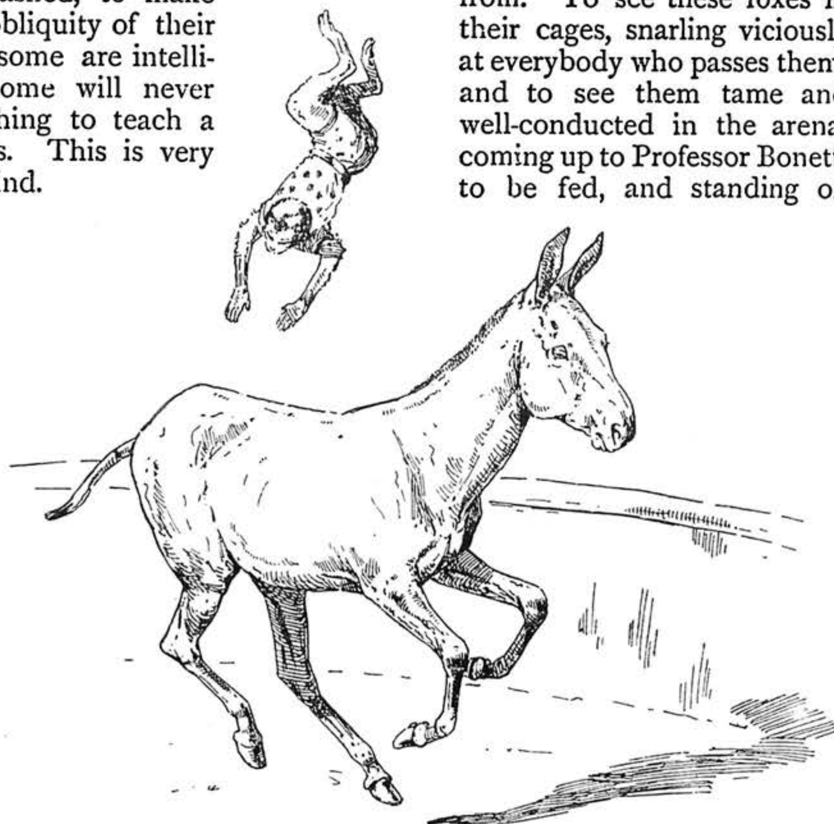
THE "BLONDIN" MONKEY.

Take, for instance, the "Blondin" monkey. This animal walks along a horizontal bar with his head in a sack. Before performing his trick, he is taught to throw the sack on the ground several times, and the difficulty is to make him understand when he is to refuse to do the trick and when he is to do it. There is always a look of anxiety on the monkey's face, which plainly betrays his uncertainty while he is throwing off the sack. By dint of great patience, however, he is eventually made perfect.

These monkeys are very amusing. I was looking at M. Gris's baboon, which rides a donkey, jumps through hoops, turns somersaults on the donkey's back, falls off, and climbs up again by the donkey's tail, all while the donkey is cantering round the arena. M. Nivin was talking to me at the time.

"You see that baboon," he said; "he is not doing a quarter of what he does during rehearsal. But he knows perfectly well that his master cannot thrash him before the audience, and so he can afford to be lazy. Monkeys are very human!" Perhaps the most amusing monkey is Clown Ruffin's jockey-monkey, who rides the porcine wonder. The way that monkey sticks on to the little pig's back, while the latter keeps squeaking as though it was being murdered, and jumps over miniature fences, is a sight for the gods. Occasionally the jockey falls off, but he gets on again in a jiffy, and the pig continues squeaking and jumping as if for its very life.

The most remarkable of animal trainers is, without doubt, Professor Bonetti, whose troupe of educated foxes, geese, ducks, fowls, ravens, and dogs are marvellous. His foxes jump over hurdles and through hoops, they jump over ducks and fowls, they feed with these birds, whom it is their nature to feed on, and they run about the arena with fox-hounds, whom they usually run away from. To see these foxes in their cages, snarling viciously at everybody who passes them, and to see them tame and well-conducted in the arena, coming up to Professor Bonetti to be fed, and standing on


THE BABOON CIRCUS-RIDER.

THE JOCKEY-MONKEY.

used to play, and whom he used to teach, in spite of Buffon, to perform the most remarkable feats imaginable. His employer, it must be confessed, had little sympathy with young Bonetti's tastes, and one fine morning turned him neck and crop out of his business. His parents found him another employer, but he was an unprofitable servant, and it soon became clear that his destiny had not singled him out for the walk of life for which his parents had intended him.

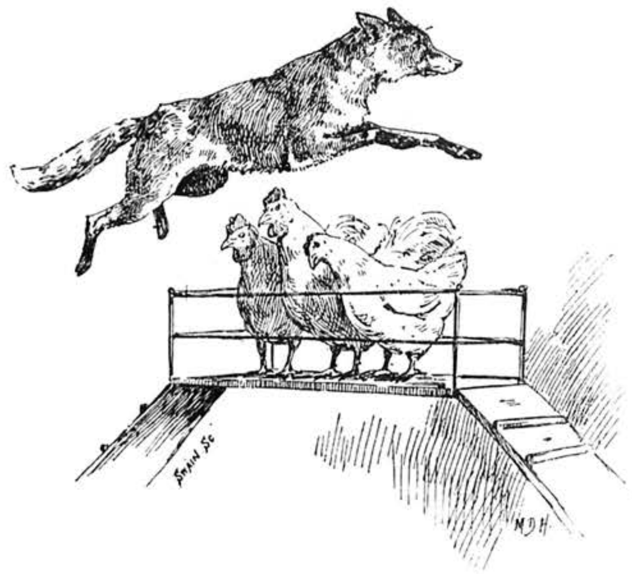
PROFESSOR BONETTI'S TROUPE.

their hind-legs, like dogs, are two very different sights. One would scarcely believe them to be the same animals.

Professor Bonetti makes them ride a tricycle in the company of dogs and ravens, and winds up his performance with a triumphal procession, in which dogs and foxes are harnessed to a car and draw the feathered tribe round the arena. Foxes are particularly stupid animals to train, but Professor Bonetti makes them do what he likes. His watchword is patience. It took him six months to train these foxes. His methods are simple, but laborious. He is the original trainer of cats and mice and canaries, and has told me that the methods he applied in training them are the same as those he now uses with his foxes and his ducks.

Perhaps a short history of Professor Bonetti's beginnings may be interesting. He is a Dutchman, and was born at Amsterdam. His parents put him into a draper's shop to be a salesman. One day he read in Buffon's Natural History that cats, owing to their stupidity and obstinacy, could not be taught tricks. This surprised the young shop-assistant, who, instead of "penning stanzas when he should engross," was in the habit of spending all the time he could spare in a loft surrounded by a numerous company of cats, with whom he

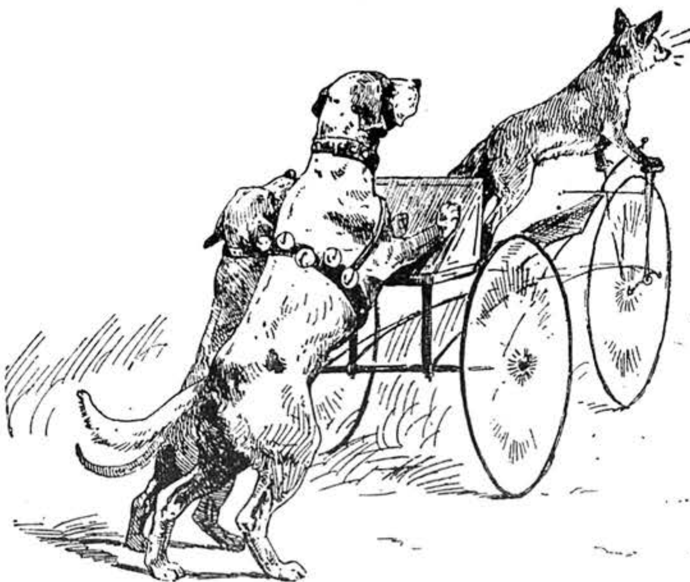
In a large granary in Amsterdam he devoted himself to the training of cats. Mice and rats abounded in this place, and here one day he caught a litter of eight young rats,



ONE OF PROFESSOR BONETTI'S FOXES.

each no bigger than his little finger, and only about twelve days old.

These gave him an idea. He introduced them to his cats, and gradually the formal acquaintance ripened into confidence and friendship. Of course, on their first introduction, the cats betrayed their natural propensities, and made a grab at the little rats, but Professor Bonetti restrained them, and after a time they got to behave quite frankly and unaffectedly towards each other. Use is second nature.



FOX RIDING A TRICYCLE.

The professor now increased his happy family by the addition of a canary. But the introduction of the bird was a work of difficulty. After a time the canary got confidence in the professor, and finally it got confidence in the cats, but it took time. Professor Bonetti never loses patience. Cats are intensely stupid, and will not understand what is expected of them. Nevertheless, to strike them or to seize them irritably only makes them more obstinate. When a cat once makes up its mind not to do anything, nothing on earth will induce the animal to do it.

Professor Bonetti never beats his pupils, but he also never allows them to beat him. He gently, but resolutely, insists upon their going through the tricks he wishes them to learn, and he never gets out of temper. One of the most difficult tricks to teach a cat is to make it jump through a hoop covered with paper. The method adopted is to make it first jump across a band of paper, and to increase the size of this band day by day until the cat has to jump through it. The professor then takes a hoop covered with paper, in which he makes a hole, through which he makes the cat jump. Each succeeding day the hole is made smaller until it reaches the vanishing point, and the cat makes a hole of its own. This one trick Professor Bonetti has often worked at for as long as five months. The jump through the flames is taught on the same principle, and takes just as much time.

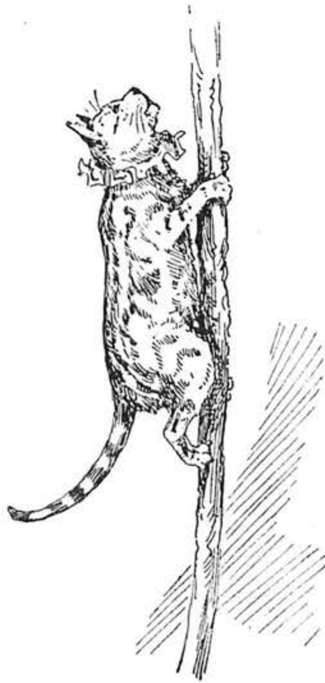
A TRIUMPHAL PROCESSION.

Having taught his cats and mice and canaries, and brought them up to perfection, Professor Bonetti commenced to exhibit them in 1882.

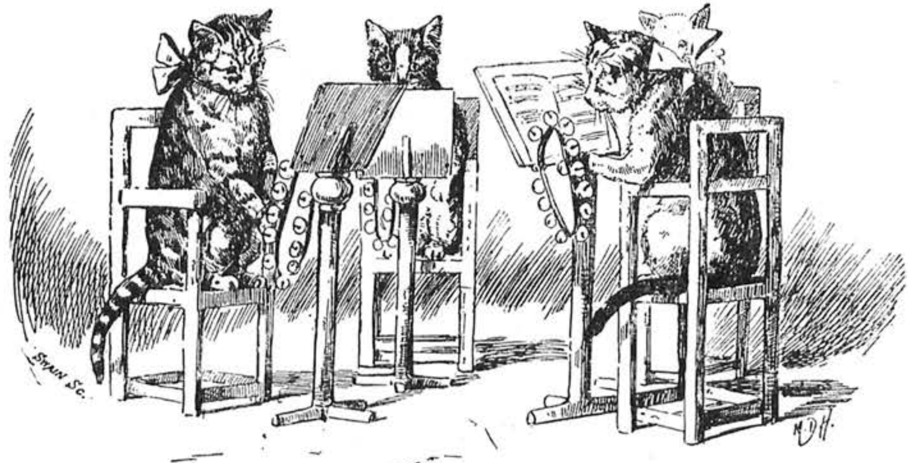
Since then he has done much in the way of the training of animals, but his last performance with foxes is the most remarkable of its kind. Yet the methods adopted in training these wild animals are in principle the same as those

CAT AND MICE.

employed in the education of his cats. Violence and cruelty are of no use, they only confuse and frighten the animals. much as children are taught to read. When once the initial difficulty of teaching them to do anything is overcome, nothing is surprising. And yet some of their tricks we shall never cease to marvel over. Take, for instance, Professor Leoni Clarke's "Baldwin"

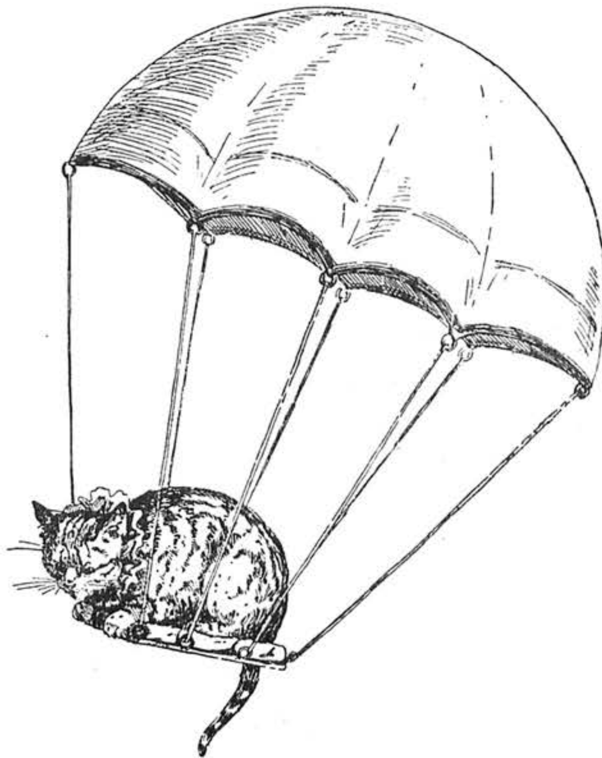


THE "BALDWIN" KITTEN CLIMBING UP TO THE PARACHUTE.



"HOME, SWEET HOME."

Patience and firmness are essential. As with bears, so with monkeys, foxes, cats, and any other animals, the general idea is always the

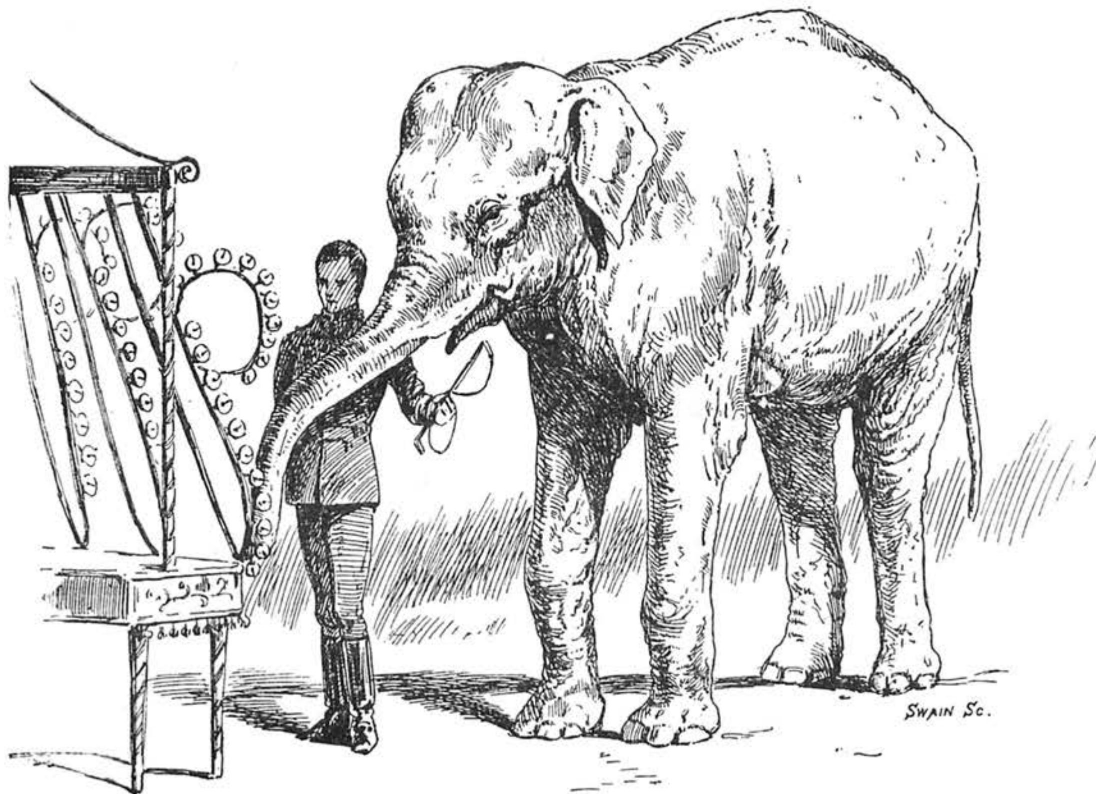


THE DESCENT.

same. First accustom the animal to its trainer, let it feel confidence in him, and feel that he is master, and then commence the tricks slowly and gradually. It must not be expected that an animal can be taught a trick all at once; they must be taught very

kitten, which climbs up to the roof of the theatre or circus where the performance takes place, gets into a parachute of itself, and then drops down, to be caught by Professor Clarke. To see that kitten slowly climb the rope, and stop every now and then to pause, is most thrilling. There can be no doubt of its unwillingness to ascend, and when it reaches the top it hesitates before getting into the parachute; it seems to reflect and ask itself whether it would not be wiser to climb down again rather than trust itself to that apparatus; but it overcomes its natural unwillingness and gets in with an air of heroic determination which is most pathetic. That "Baldwin" kitten

A GAME OF SKITTLES.

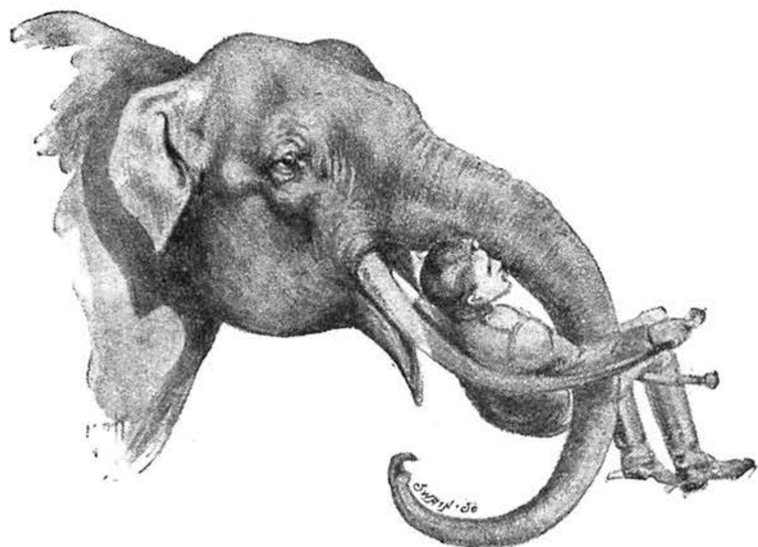


PLAYING THE BELLS.

is one of the prettiest animal performers I have seen. No cruelty would have succeeded there. Professor Clarke's musical cats, who play "Home, Sweet Home" on sleigh-bells, are perhaps more cultured, but they are certainly less pathetic. The same may be said of his rats, who take their seats in a train and enjoy the excitement of a railway accident.

If cats are too obstinate to stand punishment, elephants are too big. How are elephants to be punished? Their skins are too thick, their bodies are too huge, they are too powerful, and they are too conscious of their power. Elephants can only be trained by kindness, but they are eminently sagacious animals; they understand and appreciate kindness, they resent deception. There seems no limit to what an elephant can be taught. He can be taught to play instruments, to sit on a chair, to carry his keeper on his tusks, to stand on his hind legs and on his head; but one thing he will not do, he will not walk through fire.

You can teach nearly all animals to jump through burning hoops, and walk under flaming arches, except an elephant. The training of these mammoths is, for all that, conducted on the same principle as the training of bears and cats. They must be caught young, they must learn to know and love their trainer. They must never witness an exhibition of temper, and they must feel that their trainer is their master, and will insist upon their doing what he wishes them to do. This, indeed, is the whole secret of the training of performing animals.

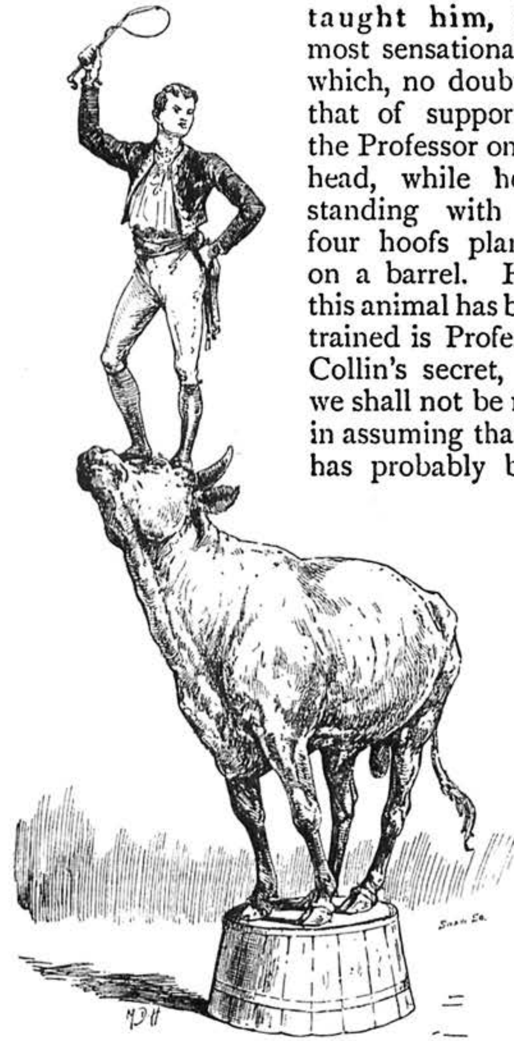


CARRYING THE KEEPER.

When we turn from animals which, though often wild and stupid, are not absolutely

untractable, and look at the performances of such furious brutes as bulls and lions, we find that the same rules hold good here. Cruelty with a lion will avail nothing. While he is wrestling with his keeper he must know that that keeper is in his power. Nor will starvation do; for if the animal be ravenous, not even the keeper will be safe. The king of beasts is not dainty, and will make his meal off the first quarry he can find. The lion must be captured when a cub, he must be fed by his keeper, whom he must be accustomed to regard as his playmate as well as his master, and while he must not be under-fed, he must as certainly not be too well fed, or he will get unmanageable, and moreover, like a bear, he is not to be trusted after he has attained a certain age.

Professor Collin's bull is another instance of the triumph of mind over brute force. It is beautiful to see this handsome and noble animal performing the tricks his trainer has taught him, the most sensational of which, no doubt, is that of supporting the Professor on his head, while he is standing with his four hoofs planted on a barrel. How this animal has been trained is Professor Collin's secret, but we shall not be rash in assuming that he has probably been guided very much by the same rules which have been followed with so much success by Professors Bonetti and Permané, and, in fact, by all trainers of animals.



PROFESSOR COLLIN'S BULL.

The results obtained by these trainers prove conclusively that with patience and determination all things are attainable. They also teach us another and equally important lesson, namely, that cruelty to animals does not pay. Bearing this in mind, we shall be able to watch the performances of educated animals without a pang, and our admiration for their trainers will only be heightened.

A WRESTLING LION.

APRIL

By AN ARTIST-NATURALIST.

NATURE grows apace in April. The world of herbs leaps into life, and the rapidity with which vegetation pushes ahead, bursting buds and flower-sheaths in order to unfold its leaves and open its blossoms, is very striking to those who notice it for the first time.

I was sketching in Burnham Beeches one spring, and studying carefully the same spot day by day for some three weeks. I found that during this time the whole aspect of nature had changed, and the sketch I had in hand was no longer true to the scene before me ere I put the last touches upon it. April with us is usually a most delightful month. Winter, which too often has not lost her grip of March, has passed out of harm's way by April, to reappear perhaps in May, bringing those late frosts which do so much damage to gardens.

April is the first month to bring us wild flowers in profusion. Nuneham Woods, so well known to Oxford men, is one sheet of that marvellously subtle purple blue of the wild hyacinths. They grow in such profusion that one living poet was literally true when he described the effect of these myriads of bluebells as a "wisp of sea blown inland." The colour is best described as resembling the sea under a sunny blue sky. It is a most difficult colour to paint, as three of us found one year when we attempted to represent it in colour. It just escapes one. The wild hyacinth is rarely found outside woods, and it flourishes best under the shade of leafless trees. Two other flowers keep it company – the delicate wind flower, or wood anemone, and the primrose. The anemone is a very thin white-petalled flower, slightly tinged with pink on the under side—the unopened buds are quite pink—and it usually hangs its head in a characteristic way. These three flowers make a perfect harmony of colour, and any girl wishing to combine three colours in a dress might get a suggestion from this harmony "in three parts."

Poets have always sung in praise of spring; and Matthew Arnold, who knew the Nuneham and Bagley Woods so well, tells us—

"Oft thou has given them store
Of flowers—the frail-leafed, white anemony,
Dark bluebells drenched with dew of
summer eves,
And purple orchises with spotted leaves."

These purple orchises are very common in our meadows in the spring. Children call them snake's leaves, owing to their purplish black markings. The poet goes on to say—

"The sweet spring days,
With whitening hedges, and uncrumpling fern,
And bluebells trembling by the forest ways."

The still more delicate wood-sorrel is also in flower in the woods. You generally find it growing in small close patches at the foot of some tree, the brilliant yellow-green leaves, like three hearts joined, quite carpeting the ground, while the almost transparent white flowers, with faint purplish veins, push their way through between the leaves. These leaves if chewed have an acid flavour, due to the presence of oxalic acid; hence its botanical name, *oxalis acetosella*.

The primary impulse with most of us is to gather huge handfuls of these spring flowers in our exuberance at the first sight of them at the year's awakening, and yet nothing is more disappointing than the effect of them when gathered. They wither so rapidly, that before one can get them into vases they have got into so limp a condition that many people throw them away in disgust. Primroses, "Orpheus of the flowery prime," are the only ones that at all revive in water; but how different is the effect of these dense bunches of blossoms sold in London and the delicate flowers growing on their thin pink stalks, with their accompanying background of yellow-green leaves! My own feeling is, that cultivated flowers are the only ones worth gathering for the house, and for two reasons—they keep better when cut, and are much more effective as decoration. There is a certain modesty and diffidence—if I may use

the expression—about all wild flowers that makes them out of place in our necessarily artificial surroundings.

"The violet by a mossy stone, half hidden from the eye," is a beautiful sight, and worthy of Wordsworth's genius to celebrate it; but that same violet, when picked and bundled together with many more, yields one no thrill of pleasure; and I have often felt grieved to see the way wild flowers are picked, and before the day is over thrown away because they have drooped for want of moisture. Wild flowers are getting so scarce around all our big towns, that it behoves us all to be on our guard not to lessen the number.

The fields in April have put on their gay attire, and we have the brilliant delicate yellow of the cowslip, with its most beautiful pale green calyx as beautiful as the flowers themselves; the white to pale pink of the cuckoo flowers, or lady smocks as Shakespeare calls them; the rich orange of the marsh marigolds or king-cups, which grow wherever there is any marshy ground. In the fields about here bordering the river the king-cup is a striking plant, throwing up its sturdy flower stems from a mass of large rich green leaves. We have here, too, the still more beautiful snowflake, like a bunch of enlarged snowdrops growing out of a tall fleshy stalk. This plant is found wild in a few places in the Thames valley, but is very local. To grow it to perfection requires a damp situation, but it is often grown in gardens. The snake-flower, or spotted fritillary, is found in some fields, but I have not been fortunate enough to come across it myself. It is quite unique, looking not unlike a tulip growing with its head downwards, and covered with dark spots.

"I know what white, what purple fritillaries
The grassy harvest of the river fields,
Above by Ensham, down by Sandford, yields,
And what sedged brooks are Thames' tributaries."

I must visit these spots where Matthew Arnold saw these flowers this next spring, and see if I can find some fritillaries.

The orchards are gay now, for though the apple trees are not as a rule in full bloom until May, the cherry, with its bunches of pendulous cup-shaped blossoms, and the pear, with its

MARSHMARIGOLDS

thick clusters of brilliant creamy-white flowers, as well as the plum, all give their scent to the passing breeze.

Speaking of scents, it has often astonished me how few people seem alive to the fact of the sweetness of perfume given off by flowering trees. The wych elms, which flower in April, are very fragrant, and yield as much smell as lime trees. The blossoms appear like dense frills around the twigs, and have been likened to Brussels sprouts. We have a fine specimen in the centre of the village, and when the greenish-yellow petals fall, the ground is quite carpeted with them. The leaves do not come out until May. I have given a drawing of a piece of larch to show the curious, thick, fleshy, pink blossoms, and also a spray of willow, with its beautiful golden flowers, or rather tufts of stamens, not unlike a thick, bushy tail.

We are not accustomed to think of some very familiar trees as flowering, and yet of course they all have to bear blossoms before they fruit or seed. The bright-red cat's-tail blossoms of the elm are familiar to all of us. The leaves in all these cases, as well as the ash, succeed the blossom. The oak, walnut, and chestnut, on the other hand, come into leaf before the flowers appear; but the majority of trees are still almost bare in April, though the buds are swollen almost to bursting. It is no exaggeration to call April the month of breaking bud and bursting blossom. A week of genial weather is sufficient to clothe the willows with delicate green leaves that at a distance have the appearance of a vapour over the branches. The flower-buds of the elm, of a reddish-purple hue, are very striking when seen in the sun against a blue sky, the trees literally glowing with colour at such a time. Gooseberries and currant trees flower and come into leaf about the middle of May, and the lilac and elder are among the earliest trees to come into leaf, followed by the elms, chestnuts, and willows. The beeches, birches, and oaks have to wait until next month to put on their spring attire.

Poets, we know, have ever been loudest in praise of spring, and there is an exhilaration about spring that makes many prosaic folk almost attempt to versify, though it is fortunate for the reading public that editors do not accept such rhymes. Everything is before one in spring. It is all anticipation, with no regrets that come of looking back. Browning describes this feeling in the song—

> "The year's at the spring,
> And day's at the morn;
> Morning's at seven;
> The hillside's dew-pearled;
> The lark's on the wing;
> The snail's on the thorn;
> God's in His Heaven—
> All's right with the world!"

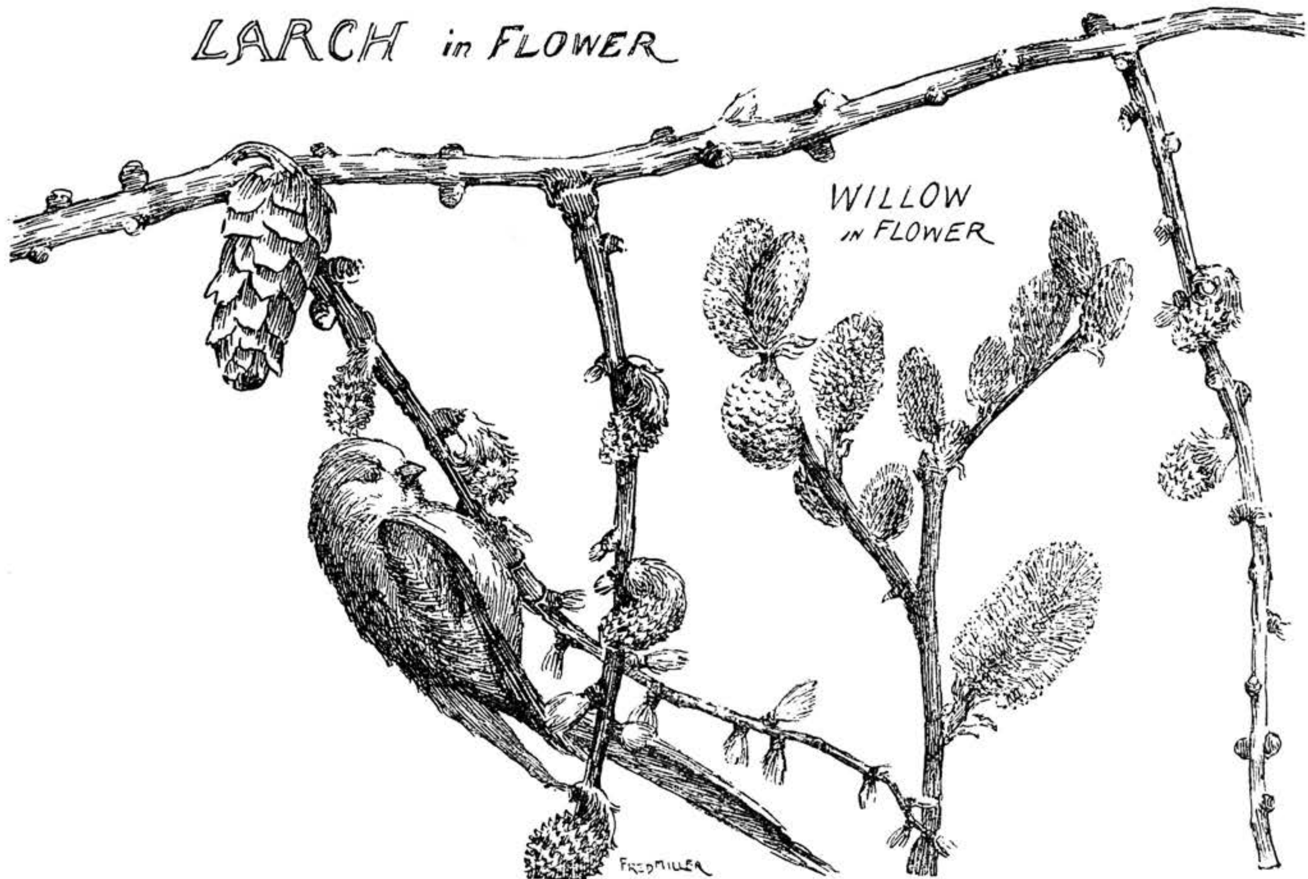
In the gardens we have quantities of wallflowers, one of the most effective of our perennials. The colours are very varied, and I obtained a few cuttings of a fine double-yellow wallflower growing in a near garden, which, I hope, will bloom this spring. To propagate any particular wallflower, the vigorous young shoots from the old plants should be pulled off and stuck into some good potting soil in the summer. These will strike, and form good plants to flower the next spring. Seed should be sown in the early summer to get good bushy plants for the next spring's flowering; but these plants will last for some years if desirable, though they are apt to get leggy and unshapely. The double German wallflowers that are so striking, with their spikes of dense blooms, are annuals, and must be sown the previous summer, and then bedded out in the autumn for spring flowering. They are not so hardy, and a very hard winter is apt to destroy a good many.

Pansies are easily raised from seeds, though cuttings are better if you desire to propagate any particular colour, for seedlings are apt to vary in colour from the parent plant. April should see a good show of these effective plants, which keep in bloom right until the late autumn.

The forget-me-not makes a most effective bordering plant, flowering during this and the next month. When exhausted, they should be plunged into the earth, only leaving their tops out of the ground. The plants will send out roots from every joint, and in the autumn these can be separated and planted out for the next spring. It may be said that all herbaceous plants can be increased by dividing up the roots.

Polyanthuses, or cultivated primroses, are a feature in our garden early in April. The colours are very varied, every tone of red and yellow being found. The ordinary primrose can be made to assume a deep pink colour by cultivation, but personally I prefer the colour of the wild flowers.

Tulips and hyacinths are in flower now. In many of the cottage gardens the bulbs are left in the ground year after year; but the result is that they degenerate, the flower stems increasing in length and the blooms decreasing in size. To keep them true, the bulbs should be taken up every year and dried. On the other hand, the narcissus and several of the lilies do not degenerate by being left in the ground, but, on the contrary, the clumps get larger year by year. I have seen clumps of the ordinary white lily that had been left for years with as many as a dozen strong flower-spikes. Pansies too very soon degenerate unless the plants are lifted or fresh cuttings struck; and the same is true of all flowers that have been largely improved both as to size and colouring by careful cultivation. I have found from experience that pansies better repay the trouble of growing them well, as they offer as large a



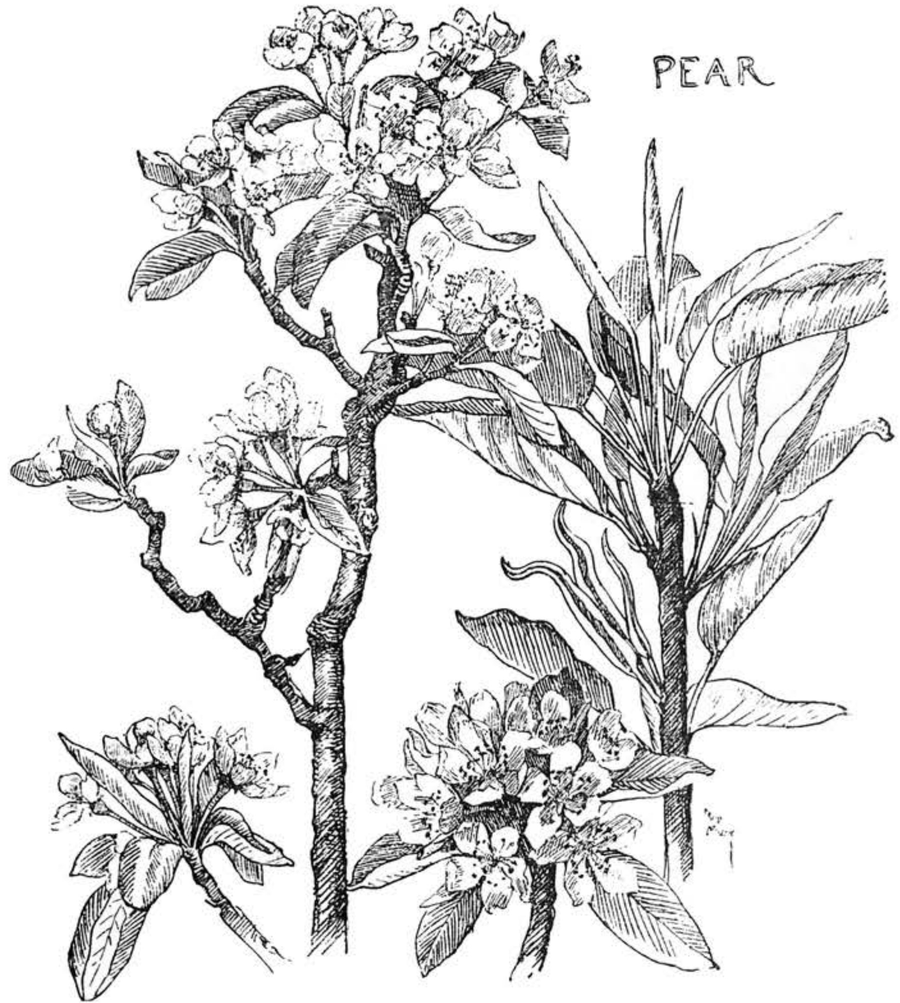
variety in colour as any flower growing, and keep in bloom for months.

* * * *

By the beginning of April, the birds that visit us during the summer months add their songs to those birds who stay with us throughout the year. The sand martin comes first, then the swallow, and after these two the martin, the swift not putting in an appearance until the end of the month. The cuckoo, which is such a herald of spring, is heard about the second week in April, and as the evening comes on the nightingale begins its well-marked song with its trill, guttural, and whistle. The outskirts of woods or small plantations and spinneys are favourite building places. The nightingale's song is very striking when heard in a wood, as they call to each other, one cock bird answering a near one until the whole place echoes with them. Singing through the night when other birds are quiet, everyone notices its song, and I think that is the reason it has such a reputation as a songster, rather than its superiority over other feathered singers. One remembers Mrs. Browning's lines, "The fire-flies and the nightingales sang each to other, flame and song," in speaking of this bird, and if we substitute glowworm for firefly—though glowworms do not make any sound—the association of the two is true of April in this country.

Birds are all busy building now; indeed, several, such as the blackbird, thrush, and some of the finches, have hatched their eggs by the end of April, and even earlier if the spring is a mild one.

Our migratory birds begin building very soon after they land on our shores; and it is while building operations are progressing, and more particularly while the hen is sitting on her eggs, that the cock birds fill our woods, hedgerows, and gardens with their notes. April and May are the months that birds sing at their fullest, and it is now that they are in their finest plumage. The brilliancy of a chaffinch (to mention one familiar example) in the spring would astonish those who have not seen one in April, and particularly those who know them best from stuffed or caged specimens. The colouring of all birds fades after death, and caged specimens are rarely so large or full-coloured as wild ones. I had occasion to make a sketch of a goldfinch, and went to a cottage where some were kept; but to have painted literally from such specimens would have been a libel on this handsome bird.



The blackcap and whitethroat are two of our garden birds that come in April. The former is a most sweet singer, and has been christened the mock-nightingale. I do my utmost to encourage birds in my garden; and though my fruit buds suffer, it is very pleasant to be able to watch birds building in front of your windows, and to see them coming around the house for crumbs. I had two thrushes build on two small firs in front of the house, and from my bedroom window I could look into one of the nests and see the old one sitting on the eggs. I will allow that gooseberry and currant trees suffer somewhat through the finches picking out the buds; but some old fish net thrown over the trees will protect them. But to watch a thrush creep under a yew hedge, find a snail, and then bring it out and crack its shell on the tile sedging until he can get the body clear of its covering, and then, after rubbing it up and down on the gravel path, swallow it with all the relish of a *gourmet*, is worth a gooseberry or two.

Birds very soon get to know whether they are molested or not, and act accordingly. It is a pleasing sight to see the sparrows in the public promenades in Paris alight on the hands of those who daily take food to them. The London sparrow is tame, and in the parks we can soon get a hundred round one by throwing down a few crumbs; but I have never seen a bird actually alight on one's hand. Birds in towns get very fearless, and I have known wood pigeons build and bring off two broods in a season in a London square; yet this bird is one of the wariest we have in the country, as those know who try to shoot them.

FRED MILLER.

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 soapsuds, 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.

A WOODLAND NOOK IN APRIL

FRED MILLER

A SOCIAL REVOLUTION: THE MARRIED WOMEN'S PROPERTY ACT, 1882.

BY A LAWYER.

EW Acts of Parliament are of much immediate interest to the domestic circle, but the Married Women's Property Act of 1882, which came into force upon January 1st of the present year, is an exception to this general rule.

For the scope of this Act is wide enough to affect not only those who are already married or are contemplating matrimony, but also every one who has dealings with married couples. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that the Act has wrought a social revolution, by reversing the ancient principle of the Common Law, through which, upon marriage, the husband and wife became one person (who, in practice, always turned out to be the husband), and by enabling a married woman to stand before the law, in all relations of private life, upon the same footing as, and apart from, her husband.

By the old Common Law the husband acquired by marriage an absolute right to all his wife's property except her lands, in which he had a qualified right of very large extent. He could also sue for any debts that might be owing to his wife; and if a wife owed money, she had not even a legal right to pay her debt without her husband's permission.

But perhaps the most scandalous provision of the old law had regard to the earnings and savings of a

married woman. If a wife was sent out by her husband to do a day's charing, or if she took in washing, or engaged in any trade, service, or occupation for which she received money, the husband could appropriate the money; and, what is more, he had the right to demand that payment should be made over again to himself, unless the other party could prove that the payment had been made to the wife as the husband's agent.

Another frequent case of hardship occurred when a wife who had been deserted by her husband saved a little money by her own exertions. So long as she could conceal her whereabouts from her husband she was safe; but should he once discover her, he was entitled by the law to break into her house at any time of the day or night, and carry off by force every penny she had got together.

Many other instances might be given, did space allow, of the grievous injustice wrought by the provisions of the ancient law; but any reader can supply these for himself by remembering the general principle that all property belonging to the wife, except interests in land, could be instantly disposed of by her husband. He could sell, hire, pawn, or make off with it in any manner that he chose.

It must seem at first incredible that, if this is a truthful picture of the helplessness of married women, such a law should have remained so long unchanged. But the explanation is not far to seek. It was by the upper classes that our laws were made; and but few women of the upper classes were affected by this great injustice. For them, as for all who were rich enough or well enough informed to make use of the devices of ingenious lawyers, there was an effectual means of shutting out the operation of the Common Law. Their position allowed them to employ the law in order to protect themselves against the law. This was the result of the rule adopted by the Court of Chancery with regard to Trusts. If a woman before marriage, or her friends afterwards, assigned property to trustees to hold during her marriage for her separate use, such property was altogether independent of her husband's control. The ownership was considered to vest in the trustees, and not in the married woman; she was only entitled to receive such money as she wanted, and to give the trustees directions as to the disposal of the rest. If, however, the words "without power of anticipation" were inserted in the deed declaring the trust, the trustees could not, even at the wish of the wife herself, allow the capital to be touched. Their duties were then confined to seeing that the money was properly invested, and paying the dividends into the wife's own hands. This effect of the words "without power of anticipation," which was given to them first by Lord Chancellor Thurlow, is not altered by the new Act; and indeed wherever it is desired to protect a married woman against the threats or cajolery of an extravagant husband, it will still be necessary to make use of settlements to effect this purpose. It may also be mentioned that a woman whose property has been given into the hands of trustees for her separate use will be in a better position in proving for her debts in the event of her husband's bankruptcy, so that the use of marriage settlements will not die out. It is thus plain that properly worded trust deeds or marriage settlements did fully secure a wife in the enjoyment of her own property, and save her from destitution on her husband's death. But where an intended wife neglected to obtain legal advice, or where her property was too small to justify the expensive complication of a marriage settlement, every vestige of her property passed on the marriage to her husband.

The Divorce Acts of 1857 and 1858 were the first serious attempt to remedy these evils by legislation. The method of these Acts, which was followed in the subsequent legislation on the subject, was a provision that in certain cases the law should of itself effect that which the parties had been in the habit of effecting by means of marriage settlements, and should create for the wife a certain separate estate. The Acts in question only applied to cases where the husband and wife were living apart, and in such cases they still apply. Their general result is that a wife who is separated or divorced from her husband, or who, being deserted by him, has obtained from a magistrate a protection order, holds all property, which she may acquire or which may come to her after the sentence or order, as if she were a single woman. It was a patent blemish in these Acts that they only provided for cases where the husband had been guilty of gross cruelty or other bad conduct, and overlooked altogether the more numerous cases of pecuniary dishonesty. A husband was checked if he were thoroughly abandoned, but he might still tyrannise in small matters and pilfer with impunity, whatever hardship this might cause his wife.

Such a state of things could not long continue; and the year 1870 was marked by a great step forward. The Married Women's Property Act of that year was, no doubt, as incomplete and unsatisfactory as most compromises are when the questions at issue involve principles, but it nevertheless forms a conspicuous landmark in the progress of reform. Not to enter into details, this Act had two salient features: first, it introduced the doctrine of separate estate into the Common Law in cases where the husband and wife were living together; and, secondly, it provided certain novel remedies at law, both as between the wife and her husband, and as between her and third parties. Thus it secured to a married woman, whether married before or after the passing of the Act, the enjoyment for her separate use, independent of her husband, of any wages or earnings gained by her separately, and of any money standing in her name in the savings-bank, the funds, a joint-stock company, or any industrial or friendly society; and it further provided that the separate estate should also include all personal estate coming to her during marriage under an intestacy, or any sum of money not exceeding £200 coming to her during marriage under a deed or will, and the rents and profits of land descending to her as the heiress of an intestate. And, in the second place, the Act provided that for the protection and recovery of this separate estate a married woman

might maintain actions in respect of it in her own name; and could apply by a cheap means for the settlement of any dispute as to the ownership of the property, which might arise between her and her husband.

It is plain that the operation of this Act was limited. It applied only to property acquired in certain specified ways; and in all cases not falling under one of these heads the husband's marital right continued. For example, the husband took at once all cash, jewellery, clothes, &c., in the possession of his wife at the time of marriage, and all leaseholds, stocks, shares, or sums of money exceeding £200 coming to her by deed or will after marriage, or any lands acquired by her otherwise than by descent. Nor did the Act say anything of gifts to a wife during her marriage —an omission which, as was pointed out, produced this anomalous result: "that if a working woman managed out of her earnings to purchase, say a mangle, it was her own; but if any one gave it her to enable her to live by her own earnings it was her husband's, and liable to be carried off by him or seized by his creditors."

The first section of the new Act sweeps away all these distinctions, and by the words "A married woman (whether married before or after the commencement of the Act) shall have the same power of acquiring, holding, and disposing by will or otherwise, of any real or personal property as her separate property in the same manner as if she were a *feme sole*, without the intervention of any trustee," has enacted that marriage will no longer affect the ownership of a married woman's property in any respect whatever. The rest of the Act contains little more than explanatory provisions showing how these words alter the existing law. Thus it is provided that a married woman may be made bankrupt, may act as executrix or trustee, and may sue or be sued in respect of her separate property. With regard to a married woman's right of action, the twelfth section introduces a most important change by allowing her to bring an action against her husband for any wrong towards her, and *vice versâ;* and to give effect to this provision husbands and wives are for the first time made capable of giving evidence for and against each other in criminal as well as civil cases. For a wife is even permitted to proceed against her husband criminally, provided they are not at the time living together, and that the injury complained of was not committed while they were so living. If, however, a husband wrongfully took property from his wife when leaving and deserting, or about to leave and desert her, a criminal proceeding will lie, although they were not living apart when the injury was committed. It has been thought that this clause was not sufficiently protective to the wife in consequence of this proviso; but it should be remembered that any magistrate is now empowered to grant a judicial separation upon evidence of ill-usage, and that a thieving husband is not likely to obtain a magisterial commendation for domestic virtue. But although the Act seems to have fully secured a married woman against the depredations of a husband, it has not left her relations to third parties in a very satisfactory state. It will, we imagine, be risky for a tradesman to give credit to a married woman without first ascertaining whether she has a separate estate, or if not, whether she has power to pledge her husband's credit.

Experience will, no doubt, show that there are other imperfections in the Act; for no legislation can provide for all the delicate relations of married life. An Act of Parliament can only give protection in the grosser cases, which are comparatively few: it must ever remain for the husband and wife to supplement the law of the land by making to themselves a law of love and mutual dependence.

The Music-Stool.

A WEARY old man with a puzzled face
Went wandering up the market-place,
And he muttered, "I won't be made a fool,"
And tightly he grasped a music-stool.

He entered a stately furniture-store,
And he set the music-stool down on the floor,
And he said to the clerk, "You may think you're
funny;
But here's this cheat, and I want my money!"

"What's the matter, my friend?" asked the gracious clerk;
"Is anything wrong? Can't you make it work?"
Said the ancient customer: "*What* did you say?
I did not buy it to work, but to play.

"It was ticketed plain — why, any fool
Could have read the ticket, 'A music-stool,'
And I bought it yesterday afternoon,
For we're all of us fond of a right good tune.

"I took it home careful, as you may see,
And they all were pleased as they could be,
And I thought there was nothing at all to learn,
So I set it up and I gave it a turn.

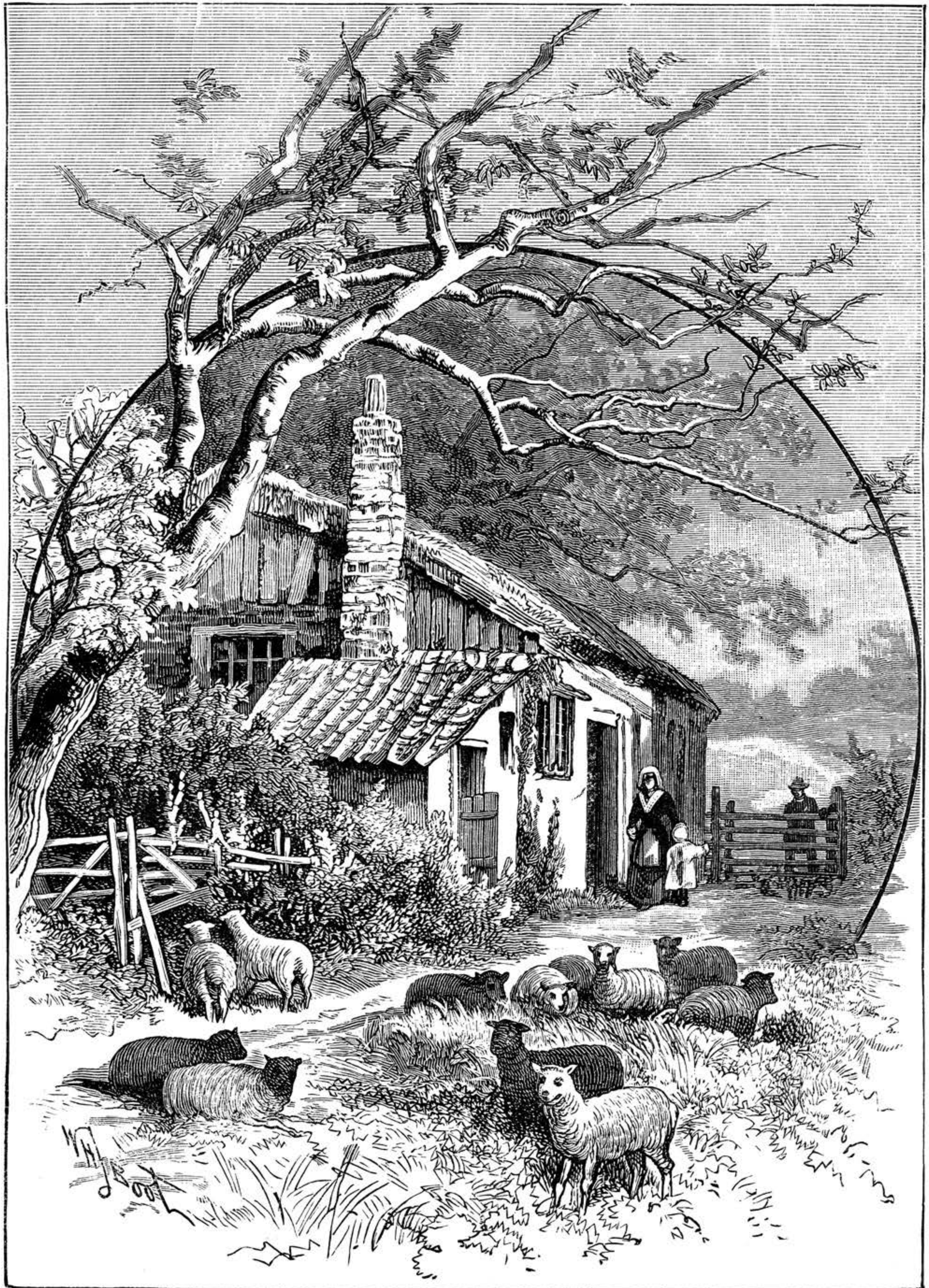
"And I tell you, sir, that, upon my word,
A squeak like a mouse's was all we heard!
The missus, she looked a little vexed,
But she says, quite pleasant, 'Let me try next.'

"Well, to cut it short, we all of us tried —
There's six of the children — and some of 'em cried;
We worked all the rest of the afternoon,
But I'm blest if it gave us the ghost of a tune!

"And I tell you, it's no more a music-stool
Than the old woman's wash-bench. I'm perfectly
cool,
But you needn't talk none of your butter and honey;
Here it is, I say, and I want my money!"

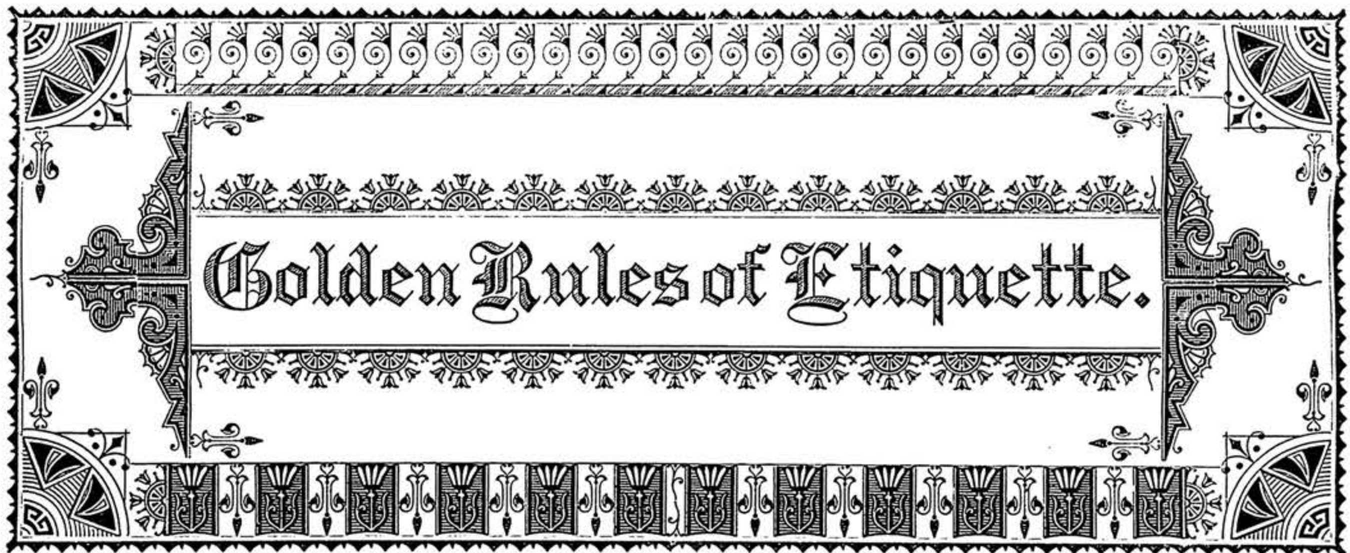
Said the clerk with much gravity, "Let me explain."
"No, sir! you'll please give me my money again!
I haven't a doubt you can talk like a book,
But I am not so verdant, my friend, as I look!"

Margaret Vandegrift.



Chatterbox, 1903

A Spring Day.



INTRODUCTIONS.

SHAKING hands after an introduction has taken place is merely optional not necessary.

It is not necessary to introduce people who meet at your house on morning calls.

It is optional after such an introduction, with the parties introduced, to continue or drop the acquaintance so formed.

A friend visiting at your house must be introduced to all callers, who are bound to continue the acquaintance as long as the friend is your guest.

A gentleman must always raise his hat, if introduced in the street, to either lady or gentleman.

Letters of introduction to and from business men, for business purposes, may be delivered by the bearers in person, and etiquette does not require the receiver to entertain the person introduced as the private friend of the writer.

BALL.

A hundred gents or over that number constitute a ball. The lady of the house must stand near the door, so as to receive her guests, to each of whom she must find something to say, no matter how trifling. The host must also be near, to welcome arrivals, and the sons to introduce people. The young ladies and their very intimate friends must see that the dances are kept up, and should not dance themselves till they have found partners for all their friends. They may with perfect propriety ask any gentleman present to be introduced to a partner, and he is bound to accept the invitation; but the lady must be careful whom she asks. Some young ladies do not dance at all, preferring to see their friends amused, and for fear of causing jealousies.

If you escort a lady to a ball, call for her at the appointed hour, in a carriage, and send a bouquet early in the day. Upon arriving at the house where the ball is held, escort your charge to the dressing-room door. She may or may not dance the first dance with you. Ask her. You must see that she gets her supper, and offer to leave the ball at any hour that she may be desirous of so doing.

No gentleman should wait for the "fiddles to strike up" to engage a partner.

At a public ball, a lady may refuse to have a gentleman presented to her.

Do not remain too late.

"May I have the pleasure of the waltz or quadrille with you," is all that a gentleman need say on introduction. If the lady says yes, he asks permission to write his name on her card.

Always give your arm to a lady in crossing a ball-room.

Do not feel offended if your fair partner fails to bow to you when you meet her after a ball. It is optional; some young ladies are very timid, and fear that gentlemen forget them.

Do not feel slighted if your fair companion does not invite you to enter her home on returning from the ball. If she does invite you, decline.

AT HOMES—RECEPTIONS—GIVING PARTIES.

Parties in cities consist of—at homes, receptions, conversaziones, private concerts, private theatricals, soirées, dramatic tea-parties, matinées, or a gathering of people.

In the country, the in-door parties comprise small dancing-parties, tea-parties, and conversaziones; but the out-door occasions are of much greater number and variety; lawn-tennis parties, croquet, sailing, and boating parties, picnics, private fêtes, berrying parties, nutting parties, May festivals, Fourth of July festivals, anything for a day spent in out-door frolic.

For "Receptions" and "At Homes," and conversaziones invitations should be sent out a week beforehand.

At a reception you have music and singing, perhaps recitations. Light refreshments are served, and the hostess makes the most of her rooms in display, etc.

Gentlemen should take elderly ladies into refreshments.

Let amateur performers learn something off by heart. Being provided with notes is not stylish.

Let no person offer to turn over the leaves of a music book for a performer, unless he or she can read music rapidly.

If you play an accompaniment show off the singer not yourself.

If you get up private theatricals, secure the best amateur talent.

Be punctual at lawn-tennis and croquet parties.

Gentlemen at picnics must turn into waiters for the *nonce*, and look to the appetites of the ladies.

SALUTATIONS.

Do not insult by offering two fingers when shaking hands.

Remove your right hand glove in the street; retain it in the house.

Do not wring off the wrist of the person with whom you shake hands.

The lady recognizes the gentleman first by bowing. The gentleman must wait till he is bowed to by the lady.

When a lady is desirous of ending a conversation in the street she should bow slightly, and the gentleman must instantly take his leave.

If the lady "proceeds upon her way" without breaking up conversation, then the gentleman is bound to join her in the promenade.

At home, the lady extends her hand to every guest.

A gentleman is at liberty to bow to a lady seated at a window, but if he is in the window he is not to bow to a lady in the street.

The gentleman never offers to shake hands with the lady. It is her prerogative to stretch forth her hand to his.

A gentleman may at all times bow to a lady he may meet on a stairway, even if not acquainted. If at the foot of the stairs, he must bow, pass her and ascend before her. If at the head of the stairs, he must bow, and wait for her to precede him in the descent.

If a gentleman is walking with a friend, and the friend bows to a lady, he is bound to bow although he may be unacquainted with the lady.

CALLS.

If a lady has a particular day set aside for receiving callers, call on that day *only*.

You can make a formal call in the morning, a friendly one in the evening.

Gentlemen may call in the morning on the following excuses:—

After a breakfast, luncheon, dinner, reception, or ball.

On the occasion of any joy or grief.

After escorting a lady on the previous evening.

Be prompt on the first call.

In the morning, call after ten o'clock; in the evening, not later than eight.

In the evening informal call leave hat, coat, umbrella, cane, and overshoes in the hall.

If you find your host or hostess attired for going out, beat a hasty retreat.

Never put anything but your name and address on your card when making a social call. Thus:—

John Smith.

295 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

Martin Burke, M. D.,

128 Lexington Avenue, N. Y.

Captain Geyer Copinger,

U. S. A.

Lieutenant Joseph Flint.

U. S. N.

Never consult your watch before taking your departure.

Leave a card before departing for the country or Europe with the words P. P. C. (*Pour Pendre Congé*. To Take Leave) on the left hand corner in pencil.

Leave a card during the illness of your friend.

Leave a card the day after a ball or big dinner party.

After a small party leave a card within a week. Wives leave the cards of their husbands.

The first callers are the residents in the place.

Call upon the gent who comes to stay with your friend.

Do not keep your callers waiting.

Do not remove your gloves when making a formal call.

No callers should fiddle with books, pictures, albums, window-blinds, etc.

When you call on a friend at a hotel or boarding-house write his or her name above your own on *your own card*.

DINNER.

Gentlemen should stand behind their respective chairs until all the ladies are seated, and then take their own seats. Care should be taken that their chairs do not stand upon the dresses of the ladies beside them.

Grace is said by a clergyman, if there is one present, if not, by the host. The clergyman should be invited to say grace by the host. People usually stand till grace is over.

If the dinner is *à la Russe*, the carving will be done behind a screen. Keep your servants from making a noise behind the screen.

Always say "thanks," or "thank you," to the servant or waiter.

Never decline wine by clapping your hand on top of your glass.

Do not eat ravenously.

Do not smack the lips.

Never take a long, deep breath after you finish eating, as if you were tired eating.

Make no noises in your mouth or throat.

Do not suck your teeth or roll your tongue around the outside of your gums.

Never, no NEVER, NEVER, put your knife into your mouth.

Do not pick your teeth, or plunge your finger into your mouth.

Do not spit out fish-bones upon your plate.

Never take the bones of fowl or birds up in your fingers to gnaw or suck them. Remove the meat with your knife, and convey it to your mouth with your fork. Do not polish or scrape the bone.

Wipe your finger-tips upon the table napkin.

Do not use the tablecloth to wipe your mouth.

Do not either praise or dispraise what is placed before you.

Do not drink or speak when you have anything in your mouth.

When you are helped begin to eat.

Never watch the dishes as they are uncovered, or cry out when you perceive something dainty.

Do not attempt to tuck your napkin, bib fashion, into your shirt collar. Unfold it partially and place it in your lap, covering your knees. A lady may slip a corner under her belt if there is danger of its falling upon her dress.

Do not talk loudly. Do not whisper. Do not laugh too loudly.

Use the table articles, such as spoon, butter-knife, etc., etc.

Never clean your plate. Leave something on it.

Never attempt to propose a toast or sentiment, at all events till the dessert is well over. We have seen men attempt this before the roasts appeared.

Take chatlis with your oysters or clams.

Take sherry with your soup.

Take champagne with the entrées.

Take Burgundy with game.

Take port with cheese.

Take claret after dessert.

Take a *pousse café*, a liqueur, after coffee.

Never spit the skins of grapes, the stones or pips of fruits. Receive them upon the prongs of your fork, laid horizontally, and place them as best you can upon the edge of your plate.

Do not play with your fingers upon the table.

Do not play with your knife and fork, fidget with your salt-cellar, balance your spoon on your tumbler, or make pills of your bread.

Do not illustrate your anecdotes by plans drawn upon the table with your nail.

Do not stretch your feet out under the table, so as to touch those of your opposite neighbor.

Do not tilt your chair.

Endeavor to take an easy position at table, neither pressing too closely up to it, nor yet so far away as to risk depositing your food upon the floor.

Give your neighbor as much elbow room as possible.

If the dinner is for gentlemen guests alone, and the lady of the house presides, her duties are over when she rises after dessert. The gentlemen do not expect to see her again. Cigars may be served with the coffee, and then the servants may retire.

In case of a stag party, like this, the lady of the house is much better away. Then the *oldest* friend of the host takes her seat.

BAPTISM.

Let the godfather and godmother be of the same church as the child that is to be baptized.

Never refuse to stand sponsor without good cause.

The godmother should select the godfather.

The godparents should make the infant a present, a silver cup, or a set consisting of knife, fork and spoon.

Very young persons should not be asked to become sponsors.

The nurse carrying the child enters the church first, then come the sponsors, then the happy father, and the guests.

The sponsors stand thus: godfather on the right of the child, godmother on the left.

The sponsors bow when the clergyman asks who the sponsors are.

Do not offer to act as sponsors. The parents make the selection.

Praise the baby under all circumstances.

FUNERALS.

Do not speak loudly in the house of mourning. Do not ask to see the members of the bereaved family. Invitations are *printed, and in this form* :—

> You are respectfully invited to attend the funeral of Mr. John Smith on Friday, June 28, 1882, at 9 o'clock a. m., from his late residence, 148 West 68th Street. To proceed to Cyprus Grove Cemetery,

If the services are at church :—

> You are respectfully invited to attend the funeral of Mr. John Smith, from the Church of the Nativity, Madison Avenue, on Friday, June 28th, at 9 o'clock a. m. To proceed to Cyprus Grove Cemetery.

No further notice need be sent, if the invitation is given through the newspapers.

Do not go to the house of your dead friend until the hour named. The last moments are, indeed, precious to the grief-stricken relatives.

The clergyman leaves the house first, and enters the carriage that precedes the hearse ; the coffin comes next ; then come the relatives.

Do not salute the relatives.

The master of the ceremonies assists at the carriages, also at the church.

Hats must be removed as the coffin passes from the hearse to the church, and from the church to the hearse, and a double line formed.

Wear black clothes, or as near to that color as may be.

Send a carriage for the clergyman.

Send only white flowers, and on the morning of the funeral.

Pall-bearers must be the immediate friends of the deceased.

Gloves and crape, if given, must be presented as the gentlemen enter the house.

Leave cards for the family of the deceased during the week following the obsequies. The proper person to purchase mourning is the nearest lady friend of the family.

No member of the family of the deceased shall be seen out-of-doors till after the funeral.

HOTELS.

Ladies traveling alone will request the escort of a waiter from the dining-room door to the table.

Ladies will make up their minds quickly as to what dishes they propose to order.

Ladies will accept table civilities from gentlemen, such as passing salt, etc., etc.

The piano of the hotel is public property, but a lady should be careful about monopolizing it.

Ladies will not linger in the hall, and will avoid the public entrance.

Recognition across the dining-room is not required.

AMUSEMENTS.

Gentlemen will always invite another lady to accompany a young lady in taking her for the *first time* to a place of amusement.

Give the ladies as long a notice as possible.

A lady does not bow across a theater, a gentleman does

Do not arrive late at any entertainment.

No lady stares round a theater with an opera glass.

During the performance speak in a low tone.

The gentleman walks before the lady until he reaches the seat, then he bows her into her seat.

Never leave the lady alone.

Never stand in the way of others in picture galleries.

It is permissible for a gentleman to join ladies for a moment or two between the acts.

Be careful to enter a place of amusement as quietly and unostentatiously as possible.

Never laugh loudly, and if you applaud, do so earnestly, but not too energetically.

BY BOAT AND RAIL.

Ladies will not permit their escorts to enter any apartment reserved for ladies only.

Ladies traveling alone should consult conductors or captains. Ladies will thank gentlemen who raise or lower windows, coldly but politely.

If a person crushes or crowds you, and apologizes, accept the apology by a cold bow.

Gentlemen escorts must pay the most delicate and earnest care to the lady or ladies under their care. The attention must be unremitting.

At a hotel, the escort must see to everything, rooms, etc., etc.

Courtesies in traveling are always *en règle*, but there must be no attempt at familiarity.

Gentlemen will commence conversations.

Gentlemen will assist ladies to alight from the cars.

A gentleman may offer to escort a lady to the refreshment saloon.

A gentleman may offer his newspaper.

THE STREET.

Ladies bow first to gentlemen. The gentleman so saluted lifts his hat and bows.

Gentlemen will offer to carry parcels for ladies.

Gentlemen will not smoke when walking with ladies.

Candy or bananas, or anything else, should not be eaten in the street.

Ladies and old gentlemen are given the portion of the sidewalk next to the houses.

Ladies should not walk too rapidly.

Ladies may accept umbrella assistance from male friends and acquaintances, but from strangers never.

In crossing through a narrow place, or across a plank, or in-doors, or up-stairs, the lady goes first.

A gentleman may assist a lady to cross a puddle or across a crowded street.

A gentleman should never let a lady stand in a railway car, a street car, a stage, or a ferry-boat, if he has a seat to offer her. A man remaining seated while a woman stands, is absolutely hoggish.

A gentleman will pass a lady's fare in a street car or stage.

No lady will salute across a street.

A very stiff bow gives the "cut."

Young people must wait for recognition from their elders.

Gentlemen will open store, and all other doors for ladies to pass, lifting hat at same time.

Do not bow from a store to a person in the street.

VISITS.

"You'll come and see me some time," is no invitation. Recollect this!

If you are asked by letter to make a visit, reply instanter.

If you are asked to visit friends for any period, write at once and name the time most convenient to yourself.

Hosts should always have a guest room, and special care should be given to it. It should be warmed in winter and cooled in summer. Its comforts should be made a study.

Hosts should either meet or send to the depot for their guests. The baggage should be looked after, and any trouble spared the person invited.

If the guest arrives in the morning, special breakfast should be prepared; if at night, special supper. If the guest is delicate or a late riser, special meals should be prepared.

Guests will conform as much as possible to the habits of their hosts.

Hosts will amuse their guests as much as possible, by entertainments, by taking them to places of interest, and by introductions to entertaining people.

The hostess need not appear between breakfast and luncheon. She has her household duties to attend to.

No guest will make an outside engagement without consulting the host.

Hosts will accept no invitations that do not include their guests.

Guests should bring their own writing materials, sewing materials, wools, etc., etc. Ladies should volunteer to assist the hostess in sewing, etc.

Guests may use the servants as if they were their own, but always in reason.

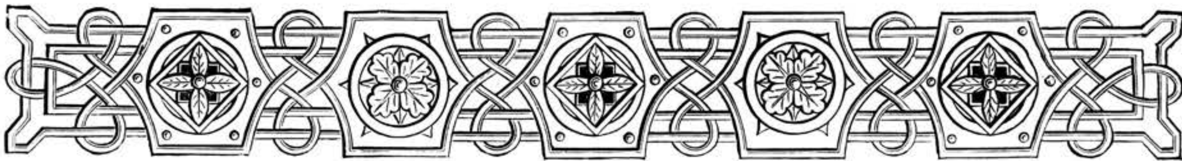
If a guest injures anything in the house at which he or she may be stopping, such as a glass bowl, a painting, etc., etc., he or she will repair the loss by sending an article similar to that which has been injured.

Gentlemen may send gifts of flowers, candies, bonbons, etc.; and guests may always present the baby with a gift.

Do not open any letters delivered to you in the presence of your host and hostess without saying, "Have I your permission?" Hosts will do the same toward their guests.

No lady guest pays for anything, carriage, boat, car, etc.

Hosts, when their guests are about to leave, will see that the baggage is cared for, and will leave the guest at the depot or boat.



PICKLES, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.

To Pickle Mushrooms.—Wash your mushrooms in salt and water. Put them into a stew-pan with a handful of salt but no water. Stew them for two hours on a slow fire. Drain off the liquor and put them down with as much vinegar as will cover them. Then give them a dozen boils and draw off that. Take fresh vinegar, add mace, cloves, white pepper and ginger, and give them a boil. Put them in bottles and when cold cork them closely.

Shalot Catsup.—To a quart of shalots, put one quart of water, and a handful of basalt. Boil it over a slow fire till reduced to half again. Season it with half an ounce of mace and long pepper, a quarter of an ounce of cloves and allspice. Bottle and seal it.

Mushroom Catsup.—Break your mushrooms into a crock and put basalt on them. Let them lie for three days, then squeeze them and let them settle until the next day. Strain them through a hair sieve and let them boil to half with two ounces of white pepper, allspice and chili pepper, and half an ounce of cloves and mace.

Pickled Onions.—Choose the smallest onions, and pour boiling water upon them, and let them remain in it for twelve hours. Then peel and pare them with a silver knife until they are perfectly white. Then fill your glasses and cover them with white wine vinegar, which should previously be spiced with white spices.

Walnut Catsup.—Pound three hundred walnuts in a large mortar and lay them in a crock with layers of basalt for three or four days. Then squeeze them in a hair cloth bag. To every three quarts of juice add one quart of vinegar, a bottle of anchovies, and three cloves of garlick. Give it several boils on a slow fire, and add to it three-quarters of an ounce of mace, red pepper, and allspice. Give it then one gentle boil and put it into bottles which are perfectly dry.

Pickle for Red Cabbage.—Choose the cabbage fresh and of a deep purple colour. Slice it with a silver knife, and cover it with white wine vinegar, to which salt, cayenne, mustard seed, and whole allspice have been previously added.

Indian Pickles.—To two quarts of best white wine vinegar, put two ounces of garlic, two ounces of sliced and salted ginger, two ounces of long Jamaica pepper, two ounces of white mustard seed bruised, some pieces of horseradish all well salted, and let it remain three days, and three more drying in the sun or before the fire. When sufficiently dry throw them into the vinegar, which is not to be boiled. The pickles must be salted and dried in the same manner, and then thrown into the vinegar. Cauliflowers and carrots should get a slight scald. You may put cabbage, French beans, gherkins, Indian cresses, lemons, small onions, small apples, or anything into this pickle after preparing them with salt as directed above. As the vinegar wastes, renew it. This pickle will keep three years. A little cayenne pepper is a good addition to them. Use a bone or a wooden spoon to take them up.

To Pickle Gherkins.—Put them into a narrow topped pitcher with as much white wine vinegar as will cover them, boiling hot. Set them by the fire for three or four days, boiling them once a day, and keeping them closely covered until they are of a fine green. Take a head of garlic, one ounce of white mustard seed, half an ounce of mace, half an ounce of black pepper, half an ounce of long pepper, half an ounce of sliced ginger, a good handful of salt. Add this much spice to three quarts of fresh vinegar and boil it for five minutes, and pour it hot upon the gherkins, having previously drained the first vinegar off. Tie them down with leather.

To Pickle Walnuts.—Put one hundred walnuts to steep in salt and water for a fortnight, change the water and let them lie another fortnight. Boil as much vinegar as will cover them with one ounce of cloves, four ounces of long pepper, two ounces of ginger, and pour it on them boiling hot. Keep them in a glazed crock. They will not be fit for use in less than three months.

A Word on Easter Eggs.

"GOOD gracious!" exclaimed a hen one morning, as she observed the China egg in her nest, "some of these days I shall turn into a bricklayer."

But it is not of China eggs, such as may well set hens to thinking, that we propose to write, but of those which have been used ceremoniously since the Jews began to commemorate their deliverance from the house of their bondage.

The Pashka, or paste egg, is literally an egg used at the Passover, and was very likely an idea borrowed from the Egyptians, who, in common with other nations of antiquity, regarded the egg as an emblem of creative power.

There is no difficulty either in tracing the hold the Jewish name for the Easter eggs has obtained through so many centuries in our common English tongue. Passover and Easter occur about the same time of year. Formerly the two feasts began on the same day, and when there was an alteration made in the dates there were a number of Christians strong enough to form a sect known as Paschites, who held fixedly to the opinion that Easter should be kept on the fourteenth day of the moon, no matter what day of the week that might be.

The position taken by the Paschites gave rise to long disputes. One of the popes, about the end of the second century, tried to settle the affair by excommunicating all who celebrated Easter on any other day than Sunday. But papal anathemas were of no avail, and it was not until the decree of the Nicene Council that the matter was settled by the acceptance of Sunday, and the additional arrangement that when the fourteenth day of the moon fell on the first day of the week, Easter was not to be observed until the following week.

These decrees did not affect the question of eggs, however. They had been used by European nations, in connection with the new year, as symbollizing a fresh start in life, and when the date of the new year was put back from the vernal equinox to the winter solstice, the Feast of Eggs was not shifted with it, but remained a part of the unwritten rites of Easter.

The Greek Church attaches a great deal of meaning to the egg at Easter-tide. The custom in Russia has varied very little from what is said of it in a book published in London, in 1589, where it stated that the Russians, "Every yeere, against Easter, die or color red with Brazzel (Brazil wood) a great number of Eggs, of which every man and woman giveth one unto the priest of the parish upon Easter Day in the morning. And moreover, the common people carry in their hands one of these red eggs, not only upon Easter Day, but also three or four days after, and gentlemen and gentlewomen have gilded eggs, which they carry in like manner. They use this custom, they say, for a great lore and in token of the resurrection, whereof they rejoyce. For when two friends meete during the Easter Holydayes they take one another by the hand; the one of them saith, 'The Lord is risen,' and the other answereth, 'It is so of a truth'; and then they kiss and exchange eggs, both men and women continuing in kissing four days together."

Kissing in the Russian dominions is not so general now as three hundred years ago, but the eggs are still handed about and the words of greeting are unaltered—"Christ is risen," being met with the response, "It is so of a truth."

Eggs are also exchanged ceremoniously in Greece at Easter and throughout Germany, where, however, Easter cards are more used among grown-up folk, the hunting of eggs through house and garden being a delight specially reserved for children. These cards have been in use among the Germans for a long time. There is one in the British Museum which represents a basket in which are three eggs, decorated with pictures illustrative of the Resurrection, all being upheld by three hens. Over the center egg is the *Agnus Dei*, with a chalice, representing faith; over the others are emblems of hope and charity. Beneath is a legend,

> "All good things are three,
> Therefore I present you three Easter eggs—
> Faith and Hope, together with Charity.
> Never lose from the heart
> Faith to the church; Hope in God,
> And love Him to thy death."

The precise date the Easter egg found its way into England cannot be determined, but certainly before the time of Edward I., for in the household expense book of that monarch there is this item in Latin for Easter Sunday: "Four hundred and a half of eggs, eighteen pence"—cheap enough certainly, and a contrast to the price at the present time.

Some of the superstitious rites pertaining to the egg at this season are retained in various parts of the country, but divested, of course, of the peculiar significance which were attached to them in the days prior to these days of compulsory education. Egg rolling, which was formerly indulged in under the notion that the farm lands on which it was practiced would be sure to yield abundantly at harvest time, has now become a sport

The very coloring of the eggs has now an artistic meaning only; formerly it was a sacred sign. Easter eggs are no longer thought to be good for ailments; nobody preserves them as charms; it is no longer supposed that eggs laid on Easter Day will keep fresh longer or will result in fowls of the choicest kind. Yet it cannot be said that the interest has diminished with the more practical view we now take of old customs.

Eggs continue to be stained very much as they were centuries ago, and the gilding, which is as ancient, at least, as Greek mythology, is also kept up, while, though the sacred and mysterious meaning which formerly invested them belongs to an age when the common people had no literature, and a peasant who could read was a prodigy, yet the Christian heart must ever feel a fresh springing of the heart with the coming of that Day of Days which commemorates the Resurrection of the Lord of Lords and King of Kings.

L. P. L.

A Sign of Spring.

THE frozen brooks refuse to flow;
The air is filled with flying snow,
In sudden showers:
Yet something tells me Spring is near,
Sweet Spring, who brings the waiting year
Its birds and flowers.

'Tis not that I have faintly heard
An echo from some singing bird,
Adown the gale;
Nor in the leafless woods have found,
Half hidden in the icy ground,
One blossom pale:

No, something fairer proves the birth
Of sunny days, a sign that's worth
A Herrick's sonnet.
'Tis Delia with a charming frown,
In doubt just how to trim the crown
Of her Spring bonnet.

Dudley C. Hasbrouck.

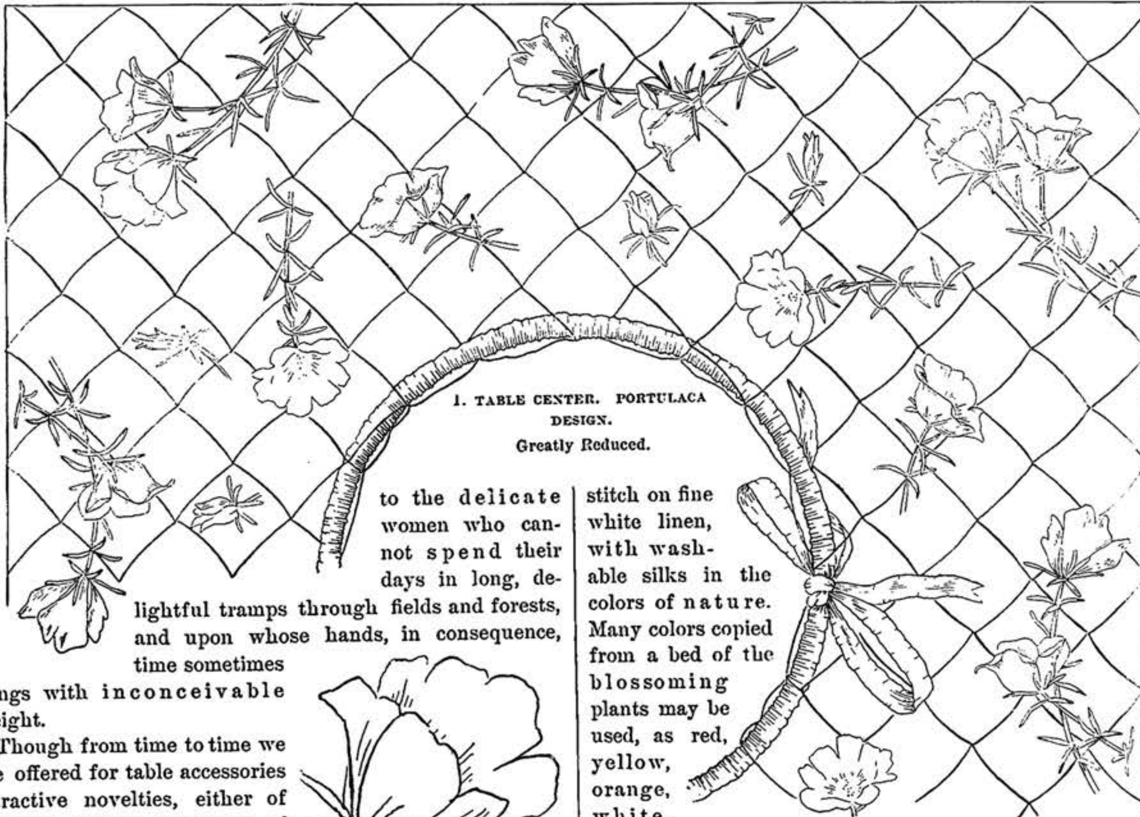
Home Art and Home Comfort.

Ornamental Napery.

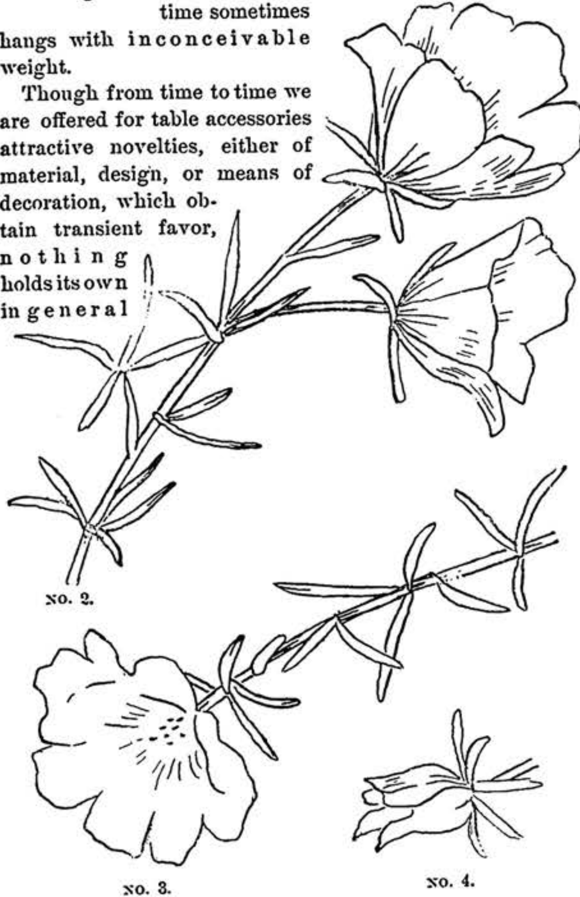
LONG summer days with idle hours on cool verandas are just the time when fascinating patterns and novel designs for fancy-work appeal most strongly to the delicate women who cannot spend their days in long, delightful tramps through fields and forests, and upon whose hands, in consequence, time sometimes hangs with inconceivable weight.

Though from time to time we are offered for table accessories attractive novelties, either of material, design, or means of decoration, which obtain transient favor, nothing holds its own in general esteem so unvaryingly as all forms of embroidered linen; and as freshness and spotless purity are essential conditions of everything in connection with the table, this is natural. Doilies and table-centers, or tea-cloths, of delicate textiles, or with a kind of decoration that will not bear laundering, are out of place on the dinner and tea table; hence the continued and increasing favor of all styles of decoration on linen.

We give several illustrations with different styles of embroidering for table-centers, tea-cloths, and a table-runner. The first design is for a table center fifteen inches square. The portulaca design is to be worked in satin and outline stitch on fine white linen, with washable silks in the colors of nature. Many colors copied from a bed of the blossoming plants may be used, as red, yellow, orange, white, and pink; the effect can be made delicate and unobtrusive, like the Dresden flowerets, and it will harmonize with everything. If one color, as yellow or pink, be preferred, several shades should be used. All the flowers in the pattern, the ribbon effect, the bow on one side, and the network are given in working size (Nos. 2 to 8); and about two thirds of the complete design is shown in miniature (No. 1). It is easily completed by repeating the pattern for the other two corners. The ribbon effect is worked with pale green, in long-and-short stitch, after tinting,—with tapestry colors, if desired, as described in the June number,—or in satin-stitch; the network is outlined with golden brown; the leaves and part of the stems should be done with light olive green, and a few stems here and there should be of a dull



1. TABLE CENTER. PORTULACA DESIGN. Greatly Reduced.



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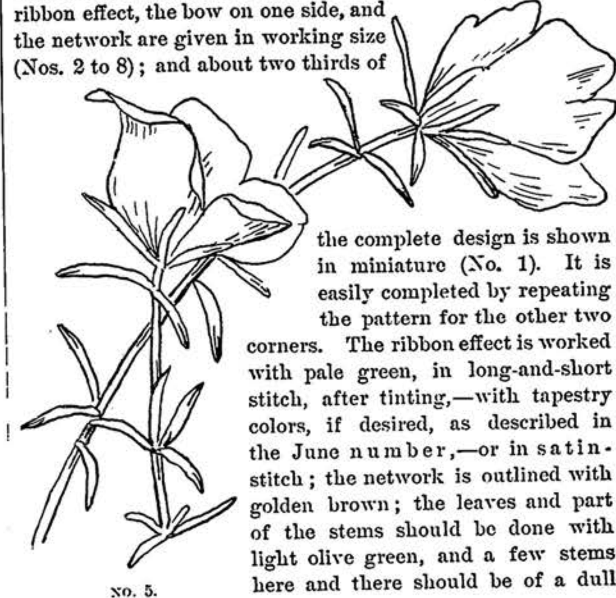

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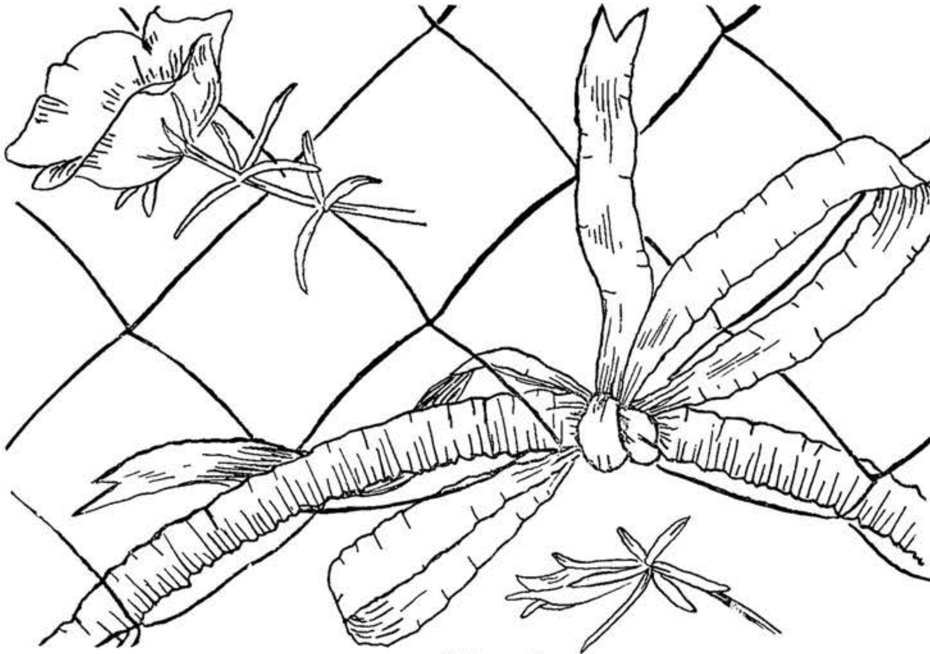


Nos. 6, 7, and 8.

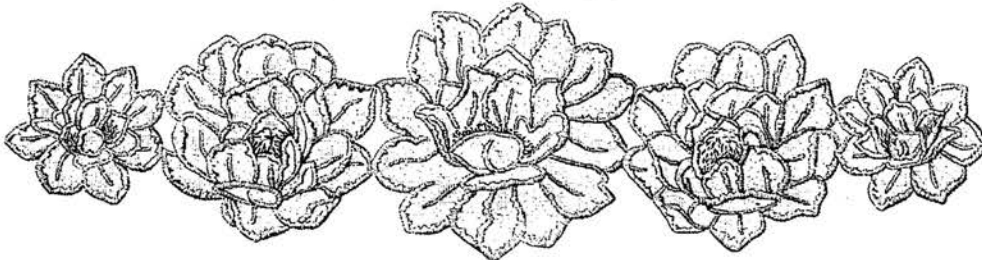
apron of pongee has the sides hem-stitched, and a fourteen-inch pocket, sloped to ten inches in the center, is turned up at the bottom. The whole pocket is embroidered with the portulaca design, the upper edge being finished with the ribbon effect in golden-brown; the flowers are in Jacqueminot shades, and the network in olive green.

The table-runner is a water-lily design worked with white silk on white twilled linen. The center flower is twelve and a half inches in diameter; those next it are ten and a half inches; and the end flowers are eight inches. Trace the outlines of the petals and their veinings on the linen with a lead-pencil, and avoid anything like regularity in their forms. Work all the outlines in long-and-short buttonhole stitches. Quite an effect of shading can be given by the irregularity of the stitches, for which no rules can be given, as practice is the only teacher. The stamens and pistils in the centers of the flowers are worked with yellow silk, in knot and satin stitch.

The largest flower makes by itself a lovely plate-doily to use for luncheons when the table-cloth is dispensed with; and it can also be used on cake and bread plates. Finger-bowl doilies to match should measure between five and six inches in diameter. In making the table-runner the whole design may be traced on a strip of linen, or the flowers may be worked sep-

reddish cast. Where the center of the flower shows it must be worked in French knots—seed-stitch—with orange silk.

Doilies can be made to match the table-center, either reducing the design, or simply using one corner of it and letting the network cover the whole doily. The edges may be buttonholed in scallops, or fringed out.

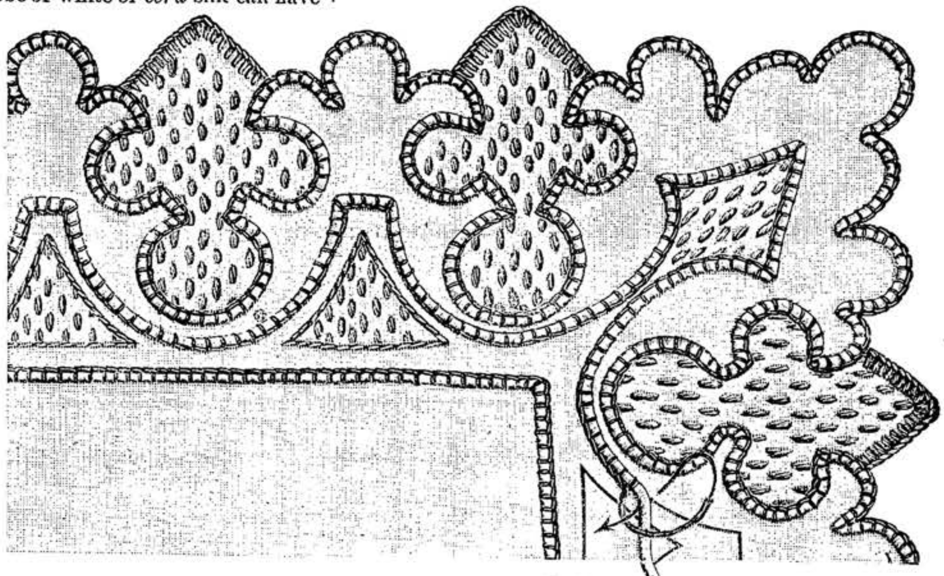


Water-lily design for table runner. Much Reduced.

Many other pretty things can be made with this lovely design. A baby's carriage-robe of white or *écru* silk can have it painted or embroidered upon it, with a monogram or name in the center; or the ribbon effect can be omitted, and the network cover the whole ground. It would be pretty to paint the network and embroider the flowers, or *vice vêrsa*.

A handsome sofa-cushion of light sage-green silk has an all-over network done in golden brown, with the flowers in old-rose, and the leaves dark green. This all-over pattern is very pretty also for handkerchief, glove, veil, and cravat cases, either worked or painted upon silk, pongee, linen, or chamois-skin.

A dainty fancy-work



Gothic design for tea-cloth. Working Size.

arately and attached to each other with a few stitches at the points of the petals.

The tea-cloth is made of fine twilled linen, one yard square; but, of course, it can be adapted to any desired size. The very effective Gothic design has the appearance of being underlaid by another cover, and it is very handsome for a table-center, which should measure about twelve by sixteen inches. A corner of the full-sized working design showing plainly the stitches used for working is given. The design can be repeated indefinitely. The white cord is couched on with yellow floss; the underlying points are buttonholed with pale green silk, which is used also for the filling stitches. Quite an Oriental effect can be achieved by working the design in dull blue and red, using a fine gold cord couched with red, and doing the filling with blue. Those who prefer white or very delicate colors for all table napery will admire the effect produced by working the underlying points in the palest sky blue,—just enough color to preserve the appearance of relief in the work,—and doing the couching in pure white.

ECONOMY IN DRESS.

THERE is nothing that Americans are more ashamed of than economy. Those who practice it are apt to hide it as a crime, while their real sin is usually waste, and waste is something really to be ashamed of. It should be left to the ignorant and stupid. The French have shown us how economy may be perfectly compatible with respectability and with taste. The person who so learns to economize his means as to make them go far has earned a great power, and put out of his way a serious obstacle. Any one can live with elegance and refinement provided with a large fortune, but the person who lives thus on a limited income or small earnings has set a valuable example, has really benefited his fellow-beings.

Every one knows that if we reduced ourselves to the needs of the savage, clad ourselves with a blanket, and ate our food with our fingers, it would cost us all our intellectual instincts and higher ambitions, and this would be but poor economy. The great problem of civilized life is a matter of proportion. It is to learn how to supply the complex needs of a civilized being, one of which is beauty in its natural as well as its artificial forms, without forcing the individual to forget the end in expending all his powers upon attaining the means.

The present paper will endeavor to explain by what simple means and with what little expense one of the needs of civilized life—the dressing of its women in comely fashion — may be attained. Women, whether they dress well or ill, must give a certain portion of their time to this subject, and the better they understand it, the less time and money they need expend upon it.

For an intelligent economy, a clear understanding of the means at one's disposal is necessary. The largest economy, of course, lies in using those things which are most appropriate to one's means, and will last the longest; but this is a kind of saving impossible to those who have not at least a small capital, which is the easiest explanation of the often-repeated saying that the poor are more extravagant than the rich. In order, then, to treat the subject practically, it will be necessary to treat it on several planes, though there will be some rules applicable to all who desire to practice economy on any scale.

A dress that is so peculiar as to be striking, either from its brilliancy of color or any other cause, should be adopted only by a woman who has many changes of raiment, and so may wear it only occasionally, or the sight of it becomes a bore, even if at first it is interesting from its novelty. The woman who has many dresses can afford also to give it away or convert it to some other use before it is

worn, while the unobtrusive dress easily lends itself to some different adjustment, which gives it an entirely new aspect.

A woman who has but one best gown can "wear it with a difference," like the rue Ophelia offers to her brother, so as to make it suitable to many occasions, especially if she have two waists, or "bodies," as the English call them. One skirt will easily outlast two waists, and therefore this is a real saving. But suppose that there be but one waist, or the dress be made all in one piece (than which there is no prettier fashion), and it should be worn one day high in the neck, with collar and cuffs, on another day with the neck turned in, and a lace or muslin fichu gracefully adjusted with bows or flowers, and a bit of lace at the wrists, a pair of long gloves, and a more elaborate dressing of the hair, it will be scarcely recognizable. But the dress must be of a very general character, like black silk, or some dark color, or the pleasure of the new impression is lost.

Valenciennes is the cheapest lace, in the end, for many reasons. It is made with a round whole thread. Worn carefully, *not daily*, it can hardly be worn out. It can be washed any number of times; and, not so peculiar as the point or appliqué laces, the Mechlins, etc., all of which are much more fragile, it gives the soft effect of lace without attracting too much attention, so as to be recognized easily again. It is a very great mistake to keep laces (particularly Valenciennes, which is not at all injured by being washed) for years without washing. Many women believe that all lace is ruined by washing, and will keep some cherished bit of lace for years and years, turning yellow with age, and rotting with the dust it has accumulated, till it really drops to pieces. Valenciennes does not need a skillful French blanchisseuse to "do it up," as the phrase is. Let the owner wrap a large bottle closely in white flannel, then sew tightly over the flannel a piece of cotton. After washing the lace carefully in lukewarm water and soap-suds, in which may be dissolved a little borax (say a thimbleful of borax to a pint and a half of water), and rinsing the lace several times in clear water till no soap remains in it, wind the lace about the bottle which you have prepared as above. See that the lace lies quite flat without wrinkles; open the little loops that form the edge with a pin; stand the bottle in the sun. When the lace is quite dry, so that you may be sure of its entire cleanliness, you may, if you desire to give it the yellow appearance of old lace, take a soft handkerchief and dip it in a cup of black coffee, and sop the lace with it as with a sponge, trying to do so very evenly; then let the lace dry. Some people prefer to rinse the lace in coffee before putting it upon the bottle, but I have found the method described above better.

There are some kinds of old ecclesiastical lace, usually Italian, that in point of endurance are superior to the Valenciennes. But these are enormously expensive, and, unless they may be an heirloom, have no place in a work on economy. But some kinds of lace made to-day by ladies fond of fancy-work resemble it very much—not enough to be mistaken for it at all, but more like it than like any other lace. It is made with a particular kind of tape and with thread on a piece of black or green leather. The amateur usually makes it for furnishing purposes —table-cloths, etc.; but a very fine quality of this lace is beautiful for dress trimming. I have seen a piece made to cover the front breadth of a dress cut in the princesse fashion, reaching from the throat to the bottom of the dress, and the effect was really very beautiful. This lace can be made in the odd moments that many women use for crocheting or knitting things of less use or beauty.

Lace! The word lace sounds like the "bagatelle" of the wealthy woman; but although it is not an article to be bought by the severe economist who earns a limited income, yet it may be her very good fortune should she inherit any of it, for it will save her many a penny that she will spend in less enduring fabrics. And one or two really good pieces of lace will be a wise investment for the economist, who, having a small capital to dress on, can afford to buy from time to time a good and lasting thing.

The wise person with a small capital never buys any but a good and lasting thing. Each year she adds one or two really solid possessions to her wardrobe, which, treated with care, last her many years. Thus on a really small sum she may dress very beautifully. Without a capital one is often obliged to buy what can last but for a few months; but there is choice even here.

There is certainly a great economy in a woman's adopting for occasions of ceremony one dress from which she never diverges. It becomes her characteristic, and there is even a kind of style and beauty in the idea. The changing fashions in color and material pass without affecting her. She is never induced to buy anything because it is new. She is always the same. The dress in this case must have a certain simplicity. It costs her little thought and little time, and when the old edition, becoming worn, gives way to the new, the change is not perceived, nor is it noticed when the new in its turn becomes old.

Such dress as this must of course lie within certain limits. Suppose it to be a black velvet: it would last, with care, at least five or six years. Suppose it to be a white cashmere—a dress of small cost: it could, with care, last two seasons; and then, cleaned, last another season or two; and then, dyed, be turned into a walking dress to last two seasons more.

If a dress is put on with grace, its owner alone is aware of its defects, and it is a kindness to the spectator if she will keep her own secret.

In France, and I believe also in Italy, they have a poetic fashion of dedicating for a certain number of years (five, ten, or twenty years, according to the parents' fancy) young girls to the Virgin. I do not know in what way they demonstrate this dedication except in the color of their dress, which is always, for all occasions, summer or winter, blue or white, or white and blue mixed. This affords more variety than at first thought it would seem to be capable of, for any shade of blue may be used.

There is a great economy in deciding on a few becoming colors in their several shades, and confining one's dress to these. Choosing colors that harmonize with each other, like gray, black, purple, blue, yellow, white, and never buying any other colors, one may, in making over garments, use one with another so that nothing is wasted.

It is also important to know what point of dress to emphasize. For instance, one may expend a large sum on a gown, and if the shoes are shabby or ill made, the gloves worn, and the bonnet lacks style, the gown is entirely thrown away. But the gown may be no longer new; it must now be carefully brushed and well put on, the collar and cuffs, or other neck and wrist trimmings, must be in perfect order, the boots well made and well blacked, even if not new, the gloves faultless, and the bonnet neat and stylish. The effect is of a well-dressed woman; no man, and very few women, perceive that the dress is not a new one.

The question of economy in gloves and shoes is a very difficult one, and a vastly important one. There is no substitute for a kid glove either in wear or in appearance; thread and silk gloves are a delusion and a snare. The dog-skin glove outwears two or three kids, but it costs more to begin with; it looks well, but can only be worn in the street. The cheap kid glove hardly has enough endurance for a street glove, though a cheap many-buttoned *gant de Suède*, if one is so fortunate as to find a make that fits, can be very well worn for occasions of half dress, as for instance a dinner or reception, where the hands are not much used, or the gloves removed early in the evening. One can find such gloves for from sixty to eighty cents a pair, and they will serve many such occasions; at a dancing party they are exhausted in one evening.

For the winter a fur glove, though not very elegant, and not in the beginning inexpensive, in the end costs less than kid. If a muff is worn, the warmth of the muff so ruins a glove that it seems useless to waste any but the very cheapest upon such use. But undoubtedly a good French kid of a dark color will outwear at least four pairs of cheap gloves, and look better from beginning to end.

It is a great saving in boots to have three or four pairs, and wear them in rotation. Four pairs of boots worn in this way will not only last four times as long as one pair, but probably eight times as long. It is also much better for the feet. This again we advise to the person economizing on a small capital, and also advise that no boot should be bought that is not of a good solid make. A walking boot keeps in shape longer that has a square heel; the strain comes more evenly on all parts.

To the economist who earns but a limited income we must repeat the advice as to the square heel, and advise light calfskin instead of morocco or kid for her boots; blacking, instead of the liquid dressing that comes in bottles, which always more or less injures the leather; and a

solid make of boot. A good boot is a good investment. She had better economize in other ways than get a poor boot.

There is often much money wasted in things that do not repay by the effect the trouble and cost. There are some kinds of trimming that the severe economist had best always omit. *Fringe*, for instance. There is no beauty in fringe that is not rich in material and delicate in manufacture. This makes it really expensive. The most expensive silk fringe wears well if used to trim a dress not too commonly worn; for daily use or the street, it is apt to catch in passing obstacles and become tangled. A common fringe becomes shabby at once.

Jet is a trimming that, to look at all distinguished, needs to be of the finest quality, which is extremely costly; and a common jet not only looks ill to begin with, but has no solidity, and the money spent upon it is so much thrown away.

The severe economist does well to attempt no elaborate trimmings. A lining of another color, a simple facing of another material; sometimes, where the stuff permits, of the same material used on the reverse side; or a pleating of the same material, a binding of braid, one rich bow of ribbon looping an ample dress otherwise quite untrimmed. All these are to be recommended.

Very handsome buttons are an expensive trimming, and all cheap fancy buttons are but a poor ornament. A button-mould covered with stuff like the dress perfectly plain costs but a few cents, and is always harmonious. Such a button is easily ornamented by a little working or crossing of silk thread, which, if well done, may make a trimming of such buttons truly very handsome.

Cambric embroideries, especially the cheap machine-made, are a clear waste of money. They leave a weak place of cambric between the solid edge and the solid hem, and this weak place gives way, of course, with wear or washing, sooner or later. Some of the hand-made English or French, worked on very solid cloth, are extremely handsome, and more endurable, but nothing compares for beauty or solidity to an embroidery worked upon the garment itself. This will outwear even the garment.

There are trimmings made of tape and crochet, in the nature of tatting, that are almost indestructible, but they are extremely ugly, and no trimming at all. A hem of the material of the garment finished in points is far preferable. These points make a very fine finish. They need to be made skillfully. Cut the hem up for about an inch or an inch and a half from the bottom toward the top all the way round at about an inch apart. Then turn in the cut edges to a point, either overcast or blind-stitch the points, and you have a trimming that will stand as long as the garment.

The torchon lace of a heavy quality is handsome and cheap, and quite as indestructible as anything that can be made or bought.

There is nothing so economical as to "do one's shopping" late in the season, or quite out of season. At the close of the summer season there are wash dresses (which will be quite as pretty the following summer) that can be bought for an eighth, even a twentieth, part of their original cost. It is well worth while to put these away for the next season. The stuff dresses, too, are offered very cheap; but they are often made in some extreme fashion, and are an unwise purchase. Materials can be bought out of season at great advantage. In August, velvets and silks are sold for almost nothing, to make way for the new winter stock. These are things that do not change in fashion very obviously, and to buy in August for wear in October and November is not waiting too long for a return upon one's expenditure. The economist must, however, avoid all striking fashions in stuffs—the "polka dot," large plaids, or any bizarre fashion—for she should always buy with a view to making her garments last as many seasons as is compatible with her capacity of expenditure.

There are many cheap summer silks, and other stuffs that sound as if they were very cheap when offered at some fraction of a dollar. A yard is a yard to many people; but it is well to consider the width of the material, exactly how much it will take to make the garment, whether it is so thin as to demand a lining throughout, and one will sometimes conclude that the wider, thicker, more expensive material will cut to greater advantage, and cost not only less in the "long-run" by wearing better, but will cost less cash at the moment.

Under-clothes also may be bought at the close of the winter, spring, or autumn

season for less than it would cost to make them, without counting the time. A bonnet or hat is the only thing that one can not advantageously purchase out of season. The fashions are so arbitrary in bonnets that often a last year's bonnet has the effect of belonging to a period out of memory. If the economist, beginning with a little capital, has made herself the happy possessor of a Leghorn bonnet, or a very fine and solid straw, either of which will last long, it is worth while to have it pressed each season into the new shape; but without capital, where one must buy, as it were, for each day the necessities of that day, and look no further, it will be prudent to wait till the first of the season is over, and then buy, at half the price it has been offered at a fortnight earlier, a pretty stylish bonnet, which one may trim at trifling expense with good judgment.

For the winter season, if one begins without a background of materials, a felt bonnet is the best one can buy. A common felt is very cheap, and if of a stylish shape, can be trimmed to look very handsome, and will last a whole season. If, however, one has a store of old clothes, the velvet trimming of some disused dress can be made into the winter bonnet, and it will thus cost little beyond a new pair of strings. It is worth while to have a handsome felt pressed into the new shape, but a cheap one can be got for as little as the pressing costs.

In making a garment it is necessary, in order to avoid waste, to understand exactly how much material you require. It is almost as wasteful to get too little as too much, and a garment may be spoiled for lack of half a yard of stuff. It is wiser for most people who are not extremely skillful to buy a paper pattern than to cut without a pattern. The many American manufacturers of patterns usually publish with each pattern the number of yards of stuff required to make it. There are fashion journals (easily procured at several stationers') with which paper patterns come, and they are of the best style.

Having ascertained the exact amount of stuff required for the garment, get a yard or three-quarters of a yard more than you need, and put this surplus away, in case of a worn sleeve or some accident. This often saves the whole gown. Buy the lining with the same exactness, for it is sometimes a habit which becomes an extravagance to either cut your stuff so carelessly as to use more than is necessary, or to leave a useless surplus.

A garment that fits well wears much longer than one that fits ill. Firm and solid sewing is also a great conducement to long wear; deep seams should be always allowed, to avoid the giving way in places under any strain. Whalebones serve to wear out the seams, and add no beauty to the set of the dress.

Another great economy, unless one can have but one dress at a time, is, not to wear the street dress in the house, and always to shake and brush it when one takes it off, to keep it in perfect repair, and to provide it with suitable loops to hang it up by, and to give it room in the closet where it hangs, not crowding the closet by hanging too many things in it.

There are many materials which are a waste of money for the economical to buy, such as tarlatan, and tulle, and all thin mixed goods that neither clean, wash, nor dye, nor have resistance to wear long without repair, and soon become shabby; all cheap imitations, like the poorer qualities of velveteen, cheap satin, etc. Corduroy, on the contrary, is a very serviceable and lasting material, and will dye. Nothing is superior to a good cashmere or merino for beauty or for wear. They wash and they dye. All cloths wear well. A fine quality of grenadine (though expensive in the beginning) will last many years.

Foulard silk, if allowed deep seams to avoid fraying, will outlast any other silk that does not cost six times as much. Alpaca, cheap to begin with, is one of the most durable of materials. All linen goods last long. A fine quality of calico can be bought for a small price, and will wear through many seasons. A gingham, more expensive in the beginning, will hardly wear out at all. Colored velvets, except as a bonnet trimming, are unserviceable; they spot and they fade. Black satin of a *good quality* can hardly be worn out in a lifetime, except as a trimming to the bottom of a skirt, when it frays; but as a cording, in a bow, in a dress (properly defended at the bottom by interior facings), or as a bonnet trimming, it sheds the dust, it resists dampness (which ruins velvet), it has a firmness and solidity hardly to be matched in any other material. This fraying possibility demands that it shall always have deep seams.

If one attempts anything elaborate in an outer garment, it must be expensive to be good—that is, of solid handsome material—and very well cut.

The economist with a small capital will find it cheap to invest in a black India crape shawl for spring and autumn, which can be worn almost a lifetime, and can be put on in countless ways, so that it is always new and always beautiful. An unembroidered one can be got for fifteen or twenty dollars. An Ulster is needed for rain in winter, and for sunshine some garment made out of the same stuff as the walking dress, or some simple untrimmed jacket.

The Ulster is rarely a handsome garment (though we see no reason why something of this kind should not be made handsome), but we can think of nothing so cheap and so serviceable for our streets for the stern economist. Custom permits her to wear it in rain or shine. It covers the dress, and is warm. She must depend upon her boots, her gloves, and her bonnet for the style and beauty of her appearance.

The only hope for real economy is in working toward a definite plan, fixing a certain scale of expenditure and style, and not having things incongruous. Often a handsome thing is utterly lost for want of something suitable to supplement it. Its owner is better dressed without it than with it. The cost of that article could be distributed over the whole costume, and the result be that completeness which alone constitutes good dress.

The Ulster must be the exception to prove our rule that nothing ugly should be countenanced. We admit it for economy's sake and its exceeding usefulness. But we would have women make it a rule to discountenance any ugly fashion, even if it seems economical, for there is no doubt always in the market something beautiful that can be as easily procured, for which the ugly thing is but a poor substitute.

PLACE NICKNAMES

LACES as well as individuals have their nicknames, and people have nicknames bestowed upon them not only individually, but by right of inheritance as natives of particular places. The custom of bestowing such began so long ago that the origin and meaning of many is lost sight of; and it is still being continued, although modern attempts are commonly poor and unimaginative compared with those bestowed by our forefathers. In days when local peculiarities are fast being swept away, and English folk are rapidly amalgamating into a homogeneous mass, devoid of rough edges and specific character, the fashion is scarcely likely to last long, and it is not uninteresting to glance at some of the chosen epithets, old and new.

Sometimes it is the qualities of the people which have gained the *sobriquet*; in others, the natural situation, geographical features, or local productions of the place originated them. Some are complimentary, and some are not.

"Silly Suffolk," "Witless Wilts," "Berkshire Dogs," "Hampshire Hogs," "Kentish Hogs," "Isle of Wight Calves," "Suffolk Dumplings," "Lincolnshire Louts" (or "Yellow-bellies," after the frogs which once haunted the marshes), and "Yorkshire Tykes" were generalisations arrived at in the first instance by the unfriendly outsider, in times when each man was jealous for his county and inimical

to his neighbour's. But, on the other hand, it is fair to conclude that Manchester in its own person set going the self-satisfied aphorism, "What Manchester" (sometimes "Lancashire") "thinks to-day, England thinks to-morrow," and the equally conceited assumption, "A Manchester man, a Liverpool gent, and a Birmingham chap." Yorkshiremen are commonly understood to have a fair opinion of their own astuteness, and may have given currency to the saying, "Give a Yorkshireman a halter, and he will find a horse"; but his enemies read another meaning into the boast, and vary the words to "Shake a bridle over a Yorkshireman's grave, and he'll rise and steal a horse." Another allusion to Yorkshire occurs in an ancient quatrain:—

"Oxford for learning,
London for wit,
Hull for fair women,
And York for a tit,"

the charms of the Hull ladies being long celebrated. Less flattering to the port on the Humber is the pious addition to the Litany by the Roundheads, "From Hull, Hell, and Halifax, good Lord, deliver us." To the Civil War times and the loyalty of those towns it is, at least generally, ascribed; but antiquaries give it an older derivation. In the fifteenth century, they tell us, when the woollen trade was started in Halifax, an Act was passed giving a separate gallows to the town for the punishment of those who stole cloth, and for no other crime. "The Halifax Gibbet" had hence an unenviable notoriety. What caused Hull to be likewise avoided, the Jonathan Oldbucks have not yet decided.

Certain Norfolk villages have fared no better than the counties already mentioned, and the old rhyme may be quoted as a sample of several fragments of local doggerel which have come down from the past:—

"Halvergate hares, Reedham rats,
Southwood swine, and Cantley cats,
Acle asses, Moulton mules,
Beighton bears, and Freethorpe fools."

There is a similar verse respecting certain Hampshire localities, but it is pretty evident that the ecclesiastical foundations rather than the towns themselves are in this case alluded to:—

"Romsey in the mud,
Southampton on the stones,
Winchester eats the meat,
And likewise picks the bones."

And it was probably a palmer of old who was the author of the curious lines respecting the abbeys of the eastern shires:—

"Ramsey the bounteous of gold and of fee,
Crowland as courteous as courteous may be;
Spalding the rich, Peterboro' the proud.
Sawtrey, by the way, that poor Abbaye,
Gave more in one day
Than all they.'

A Yorkshire village was the subject of the couplet—

"A thatched church, a wooden steeple,
A drunken parson, a wicked people."

While a Norfolk parish boasted the variation:—

"Hoveton Church with never a steeple,
Sickly parson, ungodly people."

In a Lancashire parish, and again in Hampshire, it becomes less offensive:—

"Poor parson, proud people,
Thatched church, and no steeple."

With regard to town nicknames, Scotland stands forth even more prominently than England; but it is the Scotia of the Lowlands, inhabited by the same race which in northern England has ever displayed a rough wit and a blunt, outspoken tongue. Possibly there is sufficient significance in the Gaelic nomenclature of Highland place-names—for those who understand it—to render further descriptive epithets needless; and the Sassenach finds it abundantly satisfying without the addition of qualifying adjectives other than his own.

If London has taken the place of Rome, the Mistress of the World, as the Metropolis of All Nations, is not the heart of Midlothian still more widely known as the Modern Athens? Glasgow is St. Mungo's City, just as Durham is St. Cuthbert's; and Dublin and Cork are associated, though less familiarly, with St. Patrick and St. Finbar respectively. "The Fair City of Perth" is matched by "The Brave Town of Aberdeen," yet more widely designated "The Granite City." Inverness is "The Key to the Highlands," and in every guide-book to that region is to be found the undeserved badge of Cockneydom, which impertinently labels lovely Oban "The Charing Cross of the Highlands."

The tourist, indeed, has to answer for many a high-sounding designation, invented to "boom" the localities, and set forth in the guide-books for his allurement. "The Garden of England" and "The Garden Isle," applied to the Isle of Wight, are older and better merited than most of these designations; the former, by the way, is the property also of the smiling valleys of Kent, a southern set-off to the "Fruitful Clydesdale" of the north. But the trail of the tourist is unmistakably over "The English Madeira" *sobriquet* of the Undercliff, and the "English Mentone" of Ventnor. Similarly we have "The English Switzerland" and "The English Pyrenees" in North Devon, a comparison which is not especially favourable to the locality inviting it, and likewise "The English Naples" (Weymouth), "The English Riviera" (both Ventnor and Torquay), "The Queen of the English

Riviera" and "The English Arcachon" (Bournemouth), "The English Etretat" (Cromer), and "The Montpellier of the North" (Southport). Scarborough more modestly proclaims herself "The Brighton of the North," and many people may be disposed to think that any compliment conveyed by the comparison is to Brighton's advantage, particularly when they recall the saying—

> "Land without a tree,
> Seaside without the sea,"

by which "The Queen of English Watering Places" has been defined.

Simpler still is the application of the alliterative adjective, responsible for "Sunny Southsea" and "Delightful Dover." Equally appropriate as regards sound, and yet more so as regards sense, there is much to recommend the variation, "Dear Dover." Following the same fashion, we might have Merry Margate, Elegant Eastbourne, Lovely Lowestoft, Imperial Ilfracombe, Winsome Whitby, Beautiful Bournemouth, Rollicking Ramsgate, and so on. Bournemouth is, however, abundantly provided with epithets, for, in addition to shining as an Anglican version of Arcachon, Mentone, and San Remo, she scores with better grace as "The Valley of Pines," "The Winter Garden of England," and "The Evergreen Valley."

Another Riviera claimant, Torquay, seeks fame likewise as "The Queen of Southern Watering Places;" Bath has a well-established reputation as "Queen of the West," while Brighton, not satisfied with her regal honours, poses also as "London-super-Mare." A distant competitor in this line is "Seven-Dials-on-Sea," the precise locality of which we will not mention. Great Yarmouth is suitably and affectionately designated "The Bloater Metropolis" and "Bloaterland;" and its quaint tree-planted quay, extreme flatness, and ancient and fishlike smell have given it the *sobriquet* of "The English Rotterdam." But it is not Norfolk, nor even the Fens of Lincolnshire, with their dykes and windmills, which constitute "The English Holland," that title being reserved for sleepy and low-lying Essex.

In the same county as Bloaterland is "Poppyland," "The Garden of Sleep," a slumberous agricultural district with grassy cliffs and flowery, ferny downs, of which Cromer is the metropolis; and around and about Cromer, too, is "Fernland," a name sometimes granted to Devonshire, while on the picturesque borders of Herefordshire and Wales is "The Golden Valley of the Dove." Similarly descriptive, but less alluring, is the appellation, now fairly ranking as a geographical definition, of the Walsall and Wednesbury district as "The Black Country;" and to modern manufactures we owe also "Cottonopolis" (Manchester), "Ironopolis" (Middlesbrough), "Beeropolis" (Burton-on-Trent), and the like, all of them more artificial and less euphonious than the pithy picturesqueness of "Periwinkle Port" (Southend). Reading is "Biscuit Town," Macclesfield, by more ancient right, "Gingerbread Town," Doncaster occasionally "Toffee-town;" but Banbury and Shrewsbury have to be content with their reputation for cakes without having gained any special *sobriquet* thereby.

"Proud Preston" and "Merry Carlisle" have become proverbial. Peterborough was in olden times "The Golden City;" Exeter took the name of "The Faithful City" from the motto "*Semper Fidelis*" bestowed upon it by Queen Elizabeth; and the same title has been affixed to Worcester, to which King Charles gave the motto, "*Civitas in bello et in pace fidelis*," and to Taunton, for its devotion to Monmouth. Exeter, again, is, or was, "Monks' Town," from the number of its religious houses; and Norwich has a double distinction as "The City of Churches" and "The City in an Orchard." St. Sennen in Cornwall is "The Church Town;" Coventry, "The City of Spires"; Oxford, "The City of Colleges;" Winchester used to be "the White City," from a mistaken translation, supported by its chalk soil, of its Celtic name, Caer Gwent.

Plymouth, Stonehouse, and Devonport are "The Three Towns" *par excellence;* Brightlingsea, offspring of Sandwich, is proclaimed on the mayoral badge "The beautiful daughter of a beautiful mother." Birmingham is dubbed "The Metropolis of the Midlands," and also "The Forward Town;" and in its turn has given nicknames to Pittsburgh ("The Birmingham of the States"), and St. Étienne ("The French Birmingham"). In contrast to "The Forward Town," we have the dead and buried one of Silchester, which appeals to popular as well as to antiquarian fancy as "The English Pompeii."

The list might easily be lengthened; or we might diverge to the names of rivers—the Divine Dee, the Crooked Dee, the Silver Thames, the Coaly Tyne, the Sullen Mole—or to such pleasant fancies as have christened the graceful spires of Lichfield "The Ladies of the Valley," and Bath Abbey Church, "The Lantern of England." But there remains space only to allude to the proverbial and prophetic repute which legend and rhyme have attached to certain towns. To take one example, "Lidford law" is the short shrift by which a man is "hung first and tried afterwards."

"*An Awkward Fix.*"

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

"WHEREVER CAN CHARLOTTE BE?"

"CONFOUND it! Wherever can Charlotte be?"

It is M. Chapoulot who speaks, and, as the words show, M. Chapoulot is out of humour. Ordinarily M. Chapoulot is as good-tempered and easy-going as one would expect in a man of sixty, who, having been, like John Gilpin in his day, a linen-draper bold, has in good time retired to enjoy a modest competency in repose. Your wealthy London tradesman, now, who has grown rich beneath the shadow of St. Paul's, if he retires at all before death or disease puts him suddenly *hors de combat*, flies off to spend his fortune at Brighton, or Bath, or Cheltenham — anywhere rather than in the great Metropolis where he has made it. But M. Chapoulot, like the true Parisian he is, will never desert his Ville Lumière, and has retired no farther than from the bustle of the boulevards to the more peaceful Rue de la Trocadéro.

There he now lives with his only daughter Charlotte and an old faithful servant of the family, and it is the former whom he is at this moment impatiently awaiting.

It is dinner-time with the Chapoulots, who dine at six. One might see it by the snowy table-cloth, the neatly rolled serviettes with their little ivory rings, the plates, the glasses, and there, lifting its head in sovereignty over all, the tall wine-bottle with its *petit blanc vin*, which is to the Parisian what tea and coffee, and beer, and all the beverages of the day are to the average Englishman.

M. Chapoulot always begins his dinner with punctuality, but he has never begun it without Charlotte. And Charlotte comes not. Five minutes past six, and M. Chapoulot's impatience becomes annoyance; ten minutes, and it is even anger; a quarter past, and he

is furious. Hunger, they say, will tame a lion, but it will none the less ruffle the equanimity of a saint. Wherever can Charlotte be? She has gone this afternoon to take her music-lesson in the Boulevard Barbesse. She goes three times a week, and always returns in ample time for dinner. Twenty past, anger begins to give way to nervousness; five-and-twenty, it is alarm; half-past six and no Charlotte, M. Chapoulot is trembling with anxiety. Hurriedly he summons the old servant, asks for his hat and boots; he will go out himself and see whatever may have happened.

But suddenly there was a merry little rap at the door, and Charlotte enters. No evil can have come, for there she stands in the doorway, smiling, radiant, in all the ease and grace of *la petite Parisienne.*

"Oh! papa—I——"

But M. Chapoulot's fear gone, his impatience again usurps supremacy, and reassured about the safety of his daughter, he begins to feel anxious for the flavour of his dinner.

"Come to table first. You can tell me while eating. I shall understand better then."

"Oh! but, papa! you don't know. I have had an adventure!"

"An adventure!" exclaims M. Chapoulot, starting from his seat, and dropping his spoon into the soup upon which he has already commenced.

"'AN ADVENTURE!' EXCLAIMS M. CHAPOULOT."

"Yes, papa! an adventure in the omnibus with a young man."

"The omnibus—with a young man! *Parbleu!*"

"But with a young man *comme il faut*, papa, I can assure you."

"You ought to know, Charlotte, that a young man *comme il faut* has no adventures, above all in an omnibus. Whatever do you mean?"

"It is very simple, papa. You need not make such a cruel face. I had forgotten my purse. That is a thing which happens often enough——"

"Yes, yes; especially to those who haven't got one. Go on."

"I never discovered it until the conductor held out his hand to take my fare. What could I do? What could I say? I should be taken for a pauper—for an adventuress, perhaps. I was crimson, I was pale, I felt that I should faint; when, happily, a young man who sat next to me gave the conductor a piece of silver, saying, 'Take for two.' This gentleman, seeing my embarrassment, had kindly paid for me."

"Well, miss, you have done a nice thing. Accept six sous from a stranger! You had better have explained to the conductor, to the driver, to all the company. But people should not forget their purses—I never do. And now, how will you return his money? You will never think of keeping it?"

"I have his card, papa: M. Agénor Baluchet, clerk at the Ministry of——"

But papa, without hearing another word, has snatched the piece of pasteboard from her hand, exclaiming:—

"What? This *gentleman*, not content with insolently lending his six sous, has had the impudence to force his card upon you into the bargain! He is a very scoundrel, your young man *comme il faut.*"

"But, papa, I could not return his money if I did not know his address."

M. Chapoulot has not a word to answer to this ingenuous argument, but, with a gesture of the intensest irritation, throws down his serviette upon the table.

"It is written that I shall not dine this evening," he says to the old servant. "Find me a cab at once. I am going to restore to this Agénor his six sous immediately, and to tell him a few truths as well."

"But, papa, that will be ingratitude. You must remember that this young man has saved your daughter from *un faux pas.*"

"*Un faux pas!* He has rather led you into one. But, silence, miss! I am not going to receive lessons, above all lessons in memory, from a silly girl who forgets her purse."

M. Chapoulot has taken his hat, and looks even more enraged than ever.

The old servant comes back. "A cabman is at the door, but he will only agree to a single journey."

"Oh! that will do. I can easily find another to return."

And M. Chapoulot goes out in furious haste, while Charlotte timidly confides to the sympathizing servant that she knows even more of the young man than she has dared to say. For a month past he has regularly travelled in the same omnibus, and she has noticed that he has noticed, etc., etc.

Agénor, in his bachelor apartment, sits thinking over his experience of the evening, and vowing he will not wash until the morning the hand that had been touched by the dainty fingers of Charlotte when she received the card.

Suddenly a sharp rap at the door, a violent opening, and a stout gentleman, out of breath, his hat upon his ears and cane in hand, breaks in upon his dreaming.

"Monsieur!" exclaims the invader, "your conduct is scandalous. You are not worthy the name of a French gentleman. An honest man would never take advantage of the embarrassment and inexperience of a young lady. To profit by the absence of a father and a purse, to offer your money—and your card into the bargain—to an unprotected girl, it may be a good investment, but it is a bad action. I have brought you your six sous again, and would have you to know, sir, that, as for my daughter and myself, we wish to have nothing to do with you."

"MONSIEUR! YOUR CONDUCT IS SCANDALOUS."

And the stout gentleman, trembling with his vehemence, puts his hand into his pocket to get the money, when, before Agénor has time even to recover from his bewilderment, a new actor enters upon the scene. It is the cabman, all furious, with an oath upon his lips, and brandishing his whip in a threatening manner.

"Eh! you! What do you mean? You engage me for a single journey. I tell you I cannot stay. You even order me to hurry. And then you jump from my cab like a madman, and rush in here without a word. None of that for me. I have only one thing to ask. Pay me my money quickly, or ——" And the whip goes round again more emphatically than before.

Agénor understands nothing of it. But the stout gentleman, who has searched vigorously in all his pockets, becomes suddenly pale, then red, then redder still, then crimson, then violet. He is silent in stupefaction a minute, and then, in answer to a more vigorous demand from the cabman, he manages to falter:—

"I have—forgotten—my—purse!"

"Oh, yes! I know," cries the enraged *cocher*. "I have seen that dodge before. You needn't try it on with me. Come along! you shall tell your tale at the police-office." And he begins to drag away by the shoulders the unfortunate Chapoulot, who is ready to fall into an apoplectic fit.

But Agénor, a true providence for the family, draws from his pocket the necessary sum, and dismisses the driver.

"You will allow me, sir," he says to M. Chapoulot, who, all at once understanding that it is possible to forget one's purse, and that of all friends a friend in need is one indeed, can only reply with a smile:—

"Monsieur — M. Baluchet, I believe — thirty centimes for the omnibus and one

franc seventy-five for the cab, that makes forty-one sous I owe you. If you will be good enough to dine with me this evening, we will settle our affairs at once. As an old business man, I like not outstanding debts. Besides, ready reckonings always make good friends."

A quarter of an hour later the servant puts a third plate upon the table in the Rue de la Trocadéro. A month later there is a still larger party, when the wedding of Charlotte and Agénor is celebrated. And M. Chapoulot will often say to those who care to hear him:—

"Beware of borrowing, oh! fathers of families. *C'est un faux pas.* I made once a debt of forty-one sous, and could only repay it with a dowry of twenty thousand francs."

"YOU SHALL TELL YOUR TALE AT THE POLICE-OFFICE."

SOMETHING ABOUT TYPE-WRITING AND TYPISTS.

"The fittest is sure to survive,
And the weakest will go to the wall."

EVEN in these progressive days, when type-writers are to be found in every town in England, and we are overwhelmed with type-written circulars and letters, I find there are a great many people who have but a very hazy idea of what type-writing is, and are quite ignorant of the important branch of industry it is becoming, and of the immense numbers of girls that it provides with steady employment. I am going to tell you something about it, and try to give you some idea of what life in a type-writing office is like.

As is well known, America is the birthplace of type-writing, and the industry there has reached gigantic proportions. It took but a short time to prove to the Americans that the type-writer is a time-saving machine; and that fact once established, the success of type-writing was assured, and our trans-Atlantic cousins have grown to be so dependent upon it, that no steamboat or railway train is considered furnished without its machine and operator. We have not yet reached this stage in England, but type-writing is rapidly becoming a power in the land, and even now we have our trades union and our magazine.

We typists have many difficulties to contend against, and type-writing has many obstacles put in its way. First of all there is the typical conservative Englishman, who says, "What do I want with type-writing? Hand-writing was good enough for my father, and it's good enough for me!" When we have once convinced this description of man that type-writing is quicker, plainer, and more satisfactory in every way than hand-writing, he becomes at once our most ardent supporter, and wonders how he could have done without us for so long. Then there is the man who says he has never yet seen a piece of type-writing well done. He is much more difficult to answer. We are forced to agree that there is a great deal of very bad type-writing about, and manuscripts will continue to be carelessly, inaccurately, and unintelligently copied so long as girls with merely a nodding acquaintance with the "three R's" are allowed to think that a few lessons on the manipulation of the machine will make them expert typists. Such girls, and there are a great many, can never hope to turn out very good type-writing; and it is they who get it disparagingly spoken of, by their inability to cope with complicated pieces of work. Then again, there is a great tendency to undersell. In the struggle for existence many employers are tempted to undertake work at a lower rate than has been fixed by the Union of Typists. This rate, for ordinary work, is 1s. 3d. per thousand words. The clerk gets half of this, and it is very good pay; but when the employer agrees to do the work for 1s. per thousand words the clerk only gets 6d., and it is wonderful what a difference the extra 1½d. a thousand makes at the end of the week. Before girls enter a type-writing office they should be careful to inquire if it is worked on the Union rules; if not, they should refuse to have anything to do with it. The remedy for underselling is entirely in the hands of the clerks. If they refuse to do the work for less than 7½d. a thousand, the employer will not be content with 4½d. a thousand, and will not undertake the work. An office worked on the Union rules never allows a piece of work to be sent home until it has been carefully read over and corrected; it stands to reason that people who work very cheaply cannot afford to spend time in reading

and correcting, so that work is sent out full of clerical errors. This is one of the reasons that so many people will have nothing to say to type-writing.

In these days of trade depression and lowered prices, many girls turn their thoughts to type-writing as a means of rendering themselves independent; and for those of good education, energy, and self-reliance, there is no employment more lucrative, interesting, and, I may say, amusing. It is obviously ridiculous for people with only a smattering of education to fancy that they are competent to deal with a complicated, badly-written, and, in many cases, almost unpunctuated manuscript on some abstruse subject, in anything like a satisfactory way. The girls to turn out the best work are those who have had a thoroughly-good school training, who know at least one foreign language well, and who are quick and clever with their fingers. A typist is expected to know everything; she must be thoroughly up-to-date in all respects; she must read books, newspapers, and magazines; she must visit exhibitions, art-galleries and concert-rooms, or she will sooner or later find herself wrestling with some badly-written manuscript on a subject of which she is entirely ignorant, and she will come off second-best in the struggle too.

Names are the typist's *pons asinorum*. What bad times I have had over carelessly-written articles, full of names of people and places I had never heard of! How I have regretted my ignorance of the subject under discussion! Every doubtful name has to be looked up and verified in encyclopædia, gazetteer, or biographical dictionary. It is worse than useless to put down "what it looks like;" bitter experience has taught me and, doubtless, scores of others that, in hand-writing more than in anything else, "things are not what they seem." All time spent in "looking up" is absolutely lost, as far as remuneration is concerned, for we are paid by the piece, and time is not taken into consideration at all, except in very exceptional circumstances; so it behoves us to be careful and accurate, and lose as few precious moments as possible, or, when pay-day comes round at the end of the week, we shall find that there is not much gilt left on the ginger-bread.

I have spoken of bad writing and of the trouble we very often have in deciphering it; and I think all typists will bear me out in saying that I have not over-estimated the difficulty. I suppose we ought to be grateful to it to a certain extent, instead of grumbling at it, for writers would hardly go to the expense of having their work type-written if the printer had no difficulty in reading it. I have heard authors say that type-writing more than pays for itself: they are saved a long bill for "author's corrections," besides having their "copy" beautifully clear and easy for the printer to read, thus giving him only one set of proofs to correct. Nevertheless it is very trying to the typist. I suppose authors were taught to write in their youthful days; as a class they do not reflect very much credit on their instructors, and some of them have forgotten their spelling too! Probably a good many suffer from writers' cramp, and I fancy that with some of them their ideas come faster than they can put them on paper, so that they hurry their writing to try to enable the hand to keep pace with the brain. Be that as it may, I could name several celebrated authors whose caligraphy would disgrace a school-board boy of ten. Practice helps us very much in the deciphering of bad writing; we get quite expert after a time, and what we found quite illegible a year ago is fairly easy work now.

Mistakes do sometimes happen, but they are generally discovered and corrected before the work leaves the office. A rather amusing blunder occurs to me. An author was giving an account of the wedding of his heroine, and said that "the bride looked bright as a May-day morning." The typist described the lady in question as looking bright as a "mad dog moaning!" Such stupidities are, I am glad to say, very few and far between.

I think that if I had known of half the difficulties I should have to encounter I should not have been so eager as I was to take up type-writing. First of all there is the mechanism of the machine to master. If you do not understand how it is put together you can't keep it in order. I will not enter into a description of the type-writer here, for it is such a complicated arrangement of type-bars, keys, wheels, cylinders, springs, and other contrivances, that I could never make you understand the ingenious way in which it is all put together. Such a thing must be seen to be understood.

After mastering the mechanism of the machine, the next thing to do is to learn the position of the keys on the keyboard. This is slow work at first, for the letters are not placed in their alphabetical order, but are arranged in such a manner that those in most frequent use are all close together in the middle of the keyboard, and just under the fingers of the operator, while those that are not wanted so often (such as q, z, +, etc.), are put farther off. After a time you get to know the keyboard by heart, and have no occasion to look for the letters, but this happy state of things is not attained in a week or a month, but, like speed and accuracy, is only gained after long practice. A beginner's first attempt at something more important than exercises is rather a curiosity in its way; mine was very much like this :—

> " Hoe doth thw little busybee
> I,prove the ahining gour
> Abd gather homey aal the daj
> From ev4ry openinh flowre."

When you arrive at this stage you generally feel like giving the whole thing up, as something far beyond your powers. You get despondent and depressed, and think you can never, never reach the giddy heights of proficiency which your neighbours have attained, and whence they are looking down on you with sympathetic and compassionate faces, as if to say, "Poor thing, I pity you; I have been through it all myself." A little perseverance and things soon improve, and after a few more weeks the average girl can turn out some fairly creditable work.

Even then all is not smooth sailing. Every kind of work has to be learned separately, as no two kinds are set out in the same way. For instance, law work and theatrical work differ entirely from each other in their arrangement, and a magazine article, such as this, differs again from both.

We work very hard in our office; there seems no end to the variety and quantity of the work. We type a good many plays. We make the prompt book; that is, a complete copy of the play with the addition of stage directions and "business." It is used by the prompter at rehearsals, and at every performance. We pick out the various actors' parts and "business" and give them their cues, and we type the *mise-en-scène*, which includes a picture of the stage and gives the place of every piece of furniture on it, besides showing the positions of the characters at various stages of the play. Besides plays, we have all kinds of law-work: briefs, agreements, wills, leases, marriage settlements, evidence, etc.; balance-sheets, specifications, tales, poems, lectures, sermons, reports, addresses, petitions and letters, besides longer pieces of work, such as historical, biographical, and scientific works and novels. In fact, we type everything under the sun that can be written or printed. Besides wanting a good knowledge of everything, we are supposed to understand printers' signs and lawyers' abbreviations; the latter a long and tedious list to learn.

We type a good deal from dictation too. People sometimes send for us to work for them at their houses. This makes a pleasant change from office routine, and we are always glad when we are sent out, as we are brought in contact with all sorts of clever people whom otherwise we should only know by name. To have seen and talked to an author always gives a greater interest to his works, or rather adds a new one. One not only seems to know the man himself better through his work, but to understand the work better through the man.

A curious variety of people come to the office, many of them well known in the world of art and literature. A great many, Americans especially, come to dictate letters and all sorts of business documents. Americans must be a very confiding people, for they dictate aloud matters which would seem quite secret and private to us. They seem to repose great confidence in us; if I were not afraid of betraying that confidence I could tell funny tales of some of them. Besides these we have Frenchmen, Spaniards, Dutchmen, Turks, Canadians, even African negroes. These last are even more difficult to understand than the Continentals, for they speak very indistinctly and generally in a half whisper. Occasionally we have taken French dictation, not a very easy matter for English girls, for, besides managing the machine we have to understand and grasp the meaning of what the dictator is saying and think of our French grammar and spelling at the same time. We very often have translations to make, mostly from or into French or German. Some of us understand stenography too, and take down letters and documents and report lectures, etc., in shorthand and transcribe on the type-writer.

In spite of all this multitude of work, much of it done against time, we still manage to get plenty of fun between whiles. Our hours are from half-past nine to half-past five, with an hour for lunch, and half-an-hour for tea. Sometimes we go out in the middle of the day, but nearly always have lunch at the office. We find that that arrangement is much more comfortable than going into aerated bread-shops, or places of that kind and fighting for food, for everybody wants lunch at the same time, and the shops are crowded. We always stay in for tea, however. Tea is a great institution with us; so are birthdays. We each have two birthdays, the anniversary of our birth, and the anniversary of our entry into the office. On each of these occasions we give a birthday party; that is, we provide a festive tea. The health of the donor is always "eaten" in cake with much solemnity, and on the anniversary of her birth she is wished, "Many happy returns of the day." This latter ceremony is always carefully omitted on an "office birthday," for, although we are very fond of our office, we do not look forward to spending the rest of our lives there. Much ingenuity is displayed in varying the entertainments and finding something new. The "boss's" birthday parties are always delightful; they come in the strawberry season; but perhaps the event of the year is the office's own birthday, for it always celebrates the anniversary of its birth, and gives us a grand tea.

We also have "funeral teas." They are given when a girl leaves the office for good, and are, luckily, of very rare occurrence. These "funerals" are not quite such dismal affairs as their name would imply; in fact, they partake somewhat of the character of an Irish "wake." In two cases out of the three at which I have assisted the "funeral baked meats have coldly furnished forth the marriage

table," so perhaps weeping and wailing would have been somewhat out of place.

As I have mentioned above, we are paid by the piece, and get for ourselves half what we make for the office. Ordinary work is charged 1s. 3d. a thousand words; of this we get 7½d., and consider from 10,000 to 12,000 words a good day's work. Law work is charged 1½d. a folio (seventy-two words). Plays cost 5s. an act of eighteen pages, with an extra charge of 3d. a page afterwards. Of course the amount of work a girl can do in a day varies very much. A great deal depends on what she is copying; when the subject is an easy one and the manuscript well written she can cover a good deal of ground. Very difficult or very complicated work is charged extra to make up for the long time it takes to copy. It is somewhat difficult to say what our yearly earnings are, but I think that, taking one week with another, about 30s. would be a good average for the week; that is, of course exclusive of holidays.

In this paper I have only given my own experiences; I have not said anything about typists who are employed as correspondence clerks in houses of business. Their work is neither so varied nor so interesting as ours, but many prefer a fixed salary to being paid by the piece. I cannot imagine anyone who has once tried life in a type-writing office with its many interests ever leaving it for a post in a commercial house where she has to transcribe her own shorthand notes of business letters every day of her life from half-past nine to six.

CHILDREN'S WAYS AND SAYINGS.

By A MOTHER.

MR. EDITOR has asked me to talk a little about the ways and sayings of two little people of whom I see a great deal. He thinks that it would be a pleasure to many mothers and brothers and sisters to tell and read of the funny and sensible sayings which fall so simply from the lips of children, and are forgotten in the hurry of every day. He has chosen me to begin by gathering a handful of little ways, and he would like the other mothers to take up the story.

As Mrs. Meynell has lately pointed out, children are better appreciated now than they have ever been before. They used to be crammed with lessons from morning till night, like John Wesley's scholars at Kingswood, who had to get up at four and never had any play. They were admired in proportion to their power of leaving childish ways behind, and their own spontaneous growth was neglected. There were other children of the type of little Nell, in whom mawkishness was fostered as a grace, but few people watched children's minds, and observed their simple working.

How sad it is to read in the life of Francis Place about the Stuart Mill children in their schoolroom. Mr. Place went to stay at Jeremy Bentham's beautiful home at Ford Abbey in Somersetshire, where the Mills were living in 1817, and describes as follows the lessons of John, Clara, Willie, and Jim, of whom the eldest, John, was only eleven years old.

"Mill is exceptionally severe. Lessons have not been well said this morning by Willie and Clara. There they are now, three o'clock, plodding over their books. Their dinner, which they knew went up at one, brought down again. . . and no dinner will any of them get till six o'clock. This has happened once before since I came. The fault to-day is in a mistake of one word."

Mr. Place tells his wife that Mrs. Mill was a patient soul, hating wrangling, who managed to avoid quarrelling in a very admirable manner. In these days, when James Mill's well-meant cruelty would be condemned by all, Mrs. Mill's avoidance of quarrelling seems less admirable. We might indefinitely multiply instances of the old methods of crushing nature out of children, but we will only recall a few.

There is little Edmund Verney, not yet three years old, whose great-grandmother, Lady Denton, pleads in 1639, "Let me begge of you and his mother that nobody whip him but Mr. Parrye (his tutor); yf you doe goe a violent waye with him you will rue it, for i veryly beleve he will reseve ingery by it."

In the next age we read of the little Duke of Gloucester, who was the one survivor of Queen Anne's eighteen babies. His mother doated on him, but yet she thought it inevitable that her stolid "*Est il possible*" husband should constantly belabour the poor little fellow with the birch rod. One would think that the eager boy who took such pride in his troop of boy-soldiers would have easily survived a more reasonable system.

Even where people did love and rejoice in children they were too apt to think such love unworthy of a true believer. I cannot resist quoting the exquisite and pathetic lines of Isaac Watts, which are less known than some of his less beautiful poems, though they give such insight into his tender heart and his creed.

"Where'er my flattering passions rove
I find a lurking snare;
'Tis dangerous to let loose our love
Beneath the eternal Fair.
Nature has soft but powerful bands,
And reason she controls;
While children with their little hands
Hang closest to our souls.
Thoughtless they act the old Serpent's part;
What tempting things they be!
Lord, how they twine about our heart,
And draw it off from Thee!
Dear Sovereign, break these fetters off,
And set our spirits free;
God in Himself is bliss enough;
For we have all in Thee."

This was a strangely perverted lesson to have learnt in the school of the Master who "set a little child in the midst" of His disciples. We may be thankful that the instincts of the doctor's own loving heart witnessed to a primitive doctrine older than that of his day.

But gloomy and repellent as was the old severity, when little Quetitia Pilkington "was frequently whipped for looking blue of a frosty morning," it did not necessarily ruin children body and mind. The senseless admiration and attention which many people show to little ones nowadays, kills the child in them as effectually as the undue severity of the past. Let children once know that they are admired and that their droll sayings are repeated, and they lose their fresh charm and become affected apes of their elders.

So before beginning these little tales about children, I should like to deprecate any participation by the babies in such records, or any knowledge of them. The bird deserts the nest when she knows she is watched, and the charm of a child dissolves and is gone if it once realises that grown folks are studying it.

Perhaps the most delightful stage in children is that from the age of two to three, when they are safe from the knowledge of their own individuality and perfectly free from self-consciousness.

The babies I am going to talk of are Agnes and Tom, aged six-and-a-half and two-and-a-fortnight. They live in the depths of the country, so that Agnes sees few new faces and meets with no flattery. She has never been at a loss for companions, as her fancy has called up familiars ever since she could talk at all. She tells us sometimes about the country called "Home Italy," from which she came to live with us. She had a mother there who hit her one day, and Agnes "accidentally hit her back again." This seems to have caused a coolness, for from that day Agnes deserted her old home and her "young father, who knew nothing about horses," and came to live with us. She often tells us tales of the strange manners of Homeos and Charmos and Hopfrog, which are places near Home Italy,

and of the monks who are all married, especially one Zamros, who was Agnes' special friend.

But since the advent of Tom with his curly gold hair, and legs which go pat-pat everywhere in sister's train, Agnes has had an added charm of motherliness, and a decided increase in her love of dolls and small animals. In the old lonely days she used to be the mother of a visionary family of children who filled her little world. There was Tarey-Mary, who was Agnes' own whipping girl, and who made marks with a pencil or "punty" on mother's best books, or hid new boots, which turned up after a month at the bottom of mother's clothes-basket. Then there was Lucy, who was the companion of Agnes' serener moments, and Lazarus, who had shabby clothes and was put into new trousers whenever patterns came for father from the London tailor. There were many more, and you might hear Agnes at any time on the lawn or in the nursery struggling with the angry passions of her numerous family; but they have faded into the background now that the dolls can be wheeled in a pram like Tom's, or put in the corner and made to say "sorry bad."

Even the dolls are not always in request, for Tom is beginning to be able to join a little in the games. Agnes is fond of playing at church, and fat little brother is useful as the congregation. Agnes makes up the first lesson very nicely out of such reminiscences as "And Moses said, let the people go," but it is a little disconcerting to have to stop in the middle and remove Tom from the table to which he has clambered, as she firmly tells him "people don't stand on the table in this church."

When it is a wet day Agnes plays "mothers," and the dolls have a severe time of it; or "engines," and she and Tom dash about and have collisions. But when it is dry the little pair gather dandelions and patter off to feed the guinea-pigs or "gimpey-digs" as Tom calls them. It is to be feared that primroses and the choicest plants in mother's garden are sometimes borne off in Tom's fat fists as an offering to the pets. There are three generations of these small people who eat with their chins and say "week, week." Sooty and Blackie and Andrew and Brownie and Bruno are fat and well-liking, but poor Katy fell ill and died one day, so that Agnes wailed and could not be comforted. She stopped crying at last to go and bury it in the rain in her long-suffering garden, where the wooden ponies have funerals when three of their legs have been knocked off by Tom. Agnes soothed her grief by saying "Rock of Ages" as she buried her poor pet in the rain, and it was impossible to tell her this was profane when one reflected that our Lord had said, "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? And one of them shall not fall to the ground without your Father." A friend asked Agnes if her favourite had died of old age. "No," she explained sorrowfully, "of young age." The next day Mrs. Guinea-pig had three babies, Harry, Isabel and Alice; they looked exactly like commas, and were a great consolation to Agnes. She is small enough to creep into their low house and put out their bran in the long trough. How eagerly she watches while black Andrew with his brown collar and the other big ones enjoy their meal, envying sorely the easy manners of the "gimpey-dig" dinner-table where Harry, Isabel and Alice are allowed to sit in the trough to eat their share with no reproofs from Blackie and Sooty.

The time when Tom is in his element is in the early morning. He wakes at about 5.30, and sleepy Mum and Farvey are an easy prey. "Blind, pull it," is his first remark, and when he has been popped into a warm dressing-gown and provided with a "lugga-bicky" as he calls a sweet or sugar biscuit, he proceeds to "buccaneer" for an hour or two. For his mother this period is one of athletic sports calculated to develop all the muscles connected with leaping. Every jug and box and chair has to be sleepily fielded out of the way before Tom is let loose, else the points of vantage, such as the mantel-shelf and the chest of drawers, would be swept at a blow. The snooze which follows is soon rudely broken, for Tom has an amazing ingenuity in devising fresh "clime-ups," as he calls them. The towel-horse has been applied as a daring escalade to the high chest of drawers, and Mum leaps from her uneasy sleep at the clinking sound of a lapis brooch following two halfpennies to the bottom of the ewer, while Tom, perched aloft on the drawers, murmurs softly as he watches the nice hard things gurgling through the water.

When tired of aiming candlesticks and candles at his recumbent parents, Tom applies "climent" (namely the aforesaid towel-horse) to the bed, and then giddily hoists it on Farvey while he tries to reach the shoes he has lodged on the bed-head, muttering "shoe, fro' it," the while. Much dragging about by the indefatigable Tom at last broke off the foot of poor "climent." Next morning we heard the fat one tumbling about on it and murmuring sadly, "Climent broke—part short;" no rebuffs however would deter this Arctic explorer, and when "climent" was banished to the dressing-room, he was discovered perched unsafely upon the slope of the clothes-basket, which he had rolled on its side and scaled with the skill of a Blondin.

The next morning, when even the basket was reft from him, Tom consoled himself by aiming bits of "lugga-bicky" at the treasured objects on the mantel-shelf, and smashing sister's picture in a glass frame by the precision of his aim. Mother's "marmles," as he calls her crystal and other necklaces, have all been put away until the destroyer shall have become a wiser if a sadder man. Their attraction was overwhelming, and when broken, they could be pursued under the bed with all the pleasures of the chase.

Agnes looks on the reckless career of Tom with the eyes of a sage. "Ah, you'll have lessons one day, Tom," she moralises, mournfully, as she reflects on the copy she hates so much, in which the o's will not look round, and the letters all turn the wrong way.

One day she bursts into the "dimet," as Tom calls the dining-room, and says despairingly to mother, "I wouldn't mind being a bird or an engine, but the life of a girl is horrid, especially lessons." However, the greatest trial is the writing. Reading involves such delights as, "One day Mamma said," "Conrad dear," and "The Raggedy Man," while history is so attractive that Agnes already talks to us at meals about Lanfranc and the white ship.

Tom shows no signs of eventual greatness, yet some of the ways in which his little mind works are very nice to watch. He likes to have a word for everything, and if he does not know a new one he makes an old one do, or invents one. The bed into which he creeps when his pink feet are cold with buccaneering he calls his "toes-house," and the bulges on the poker which he waves at mother and father as he sits on the bed he calls "hoops." Trays and rings and all round things are also hoops. "Poker, like it," he shouts. "Poker fly," and waves it, hoops and all, over the bed which is his war-path.

Tom and Agnes have been very different in their early vowel-pronunciation. For Agnes, eggs and legs were always aggs and lags. "I won't have medicine on my hind lags," she said once, on a lotion being rubbed into her shoulders; whereas to Tom, eggs and legs and beds and Teds have always been "eegs and leegs and beeds and Teeds." "Mummy beed," he always wakes up to say when 10 o'clock is near, as he plants a determined "leeg" outside the crib into which he is netted at 6.30.

Most of Tom's words end in "cotch," for some unknown reason. A picture story-book about Joseph is his most treasured possession, and he is never tired of looking at Doughfig in his coat of many colours in conversation with the patriarch Jaycotch, or the still more stirring picture of the butler and the baycotch recounting their dreams to Doughfig. One evening he sniffed a little on the landing, and then said "baycotch," foreseeing the "hampam" or sop-in-the-pan, of which he gets a share when we have eggs and bacon for tea. His sense of smell has been excellent from infancy, when he would struggle to smell the "uffs" in the garden, as he called the flowers. He already goes rides on father's bycotch, and shouts the word if he only sees a bicycle bell lying on the settle. His daily airing is taken in the mail-cotch, unless it is very wet, when he rides gleefully in the donkeya-cart.

"The destroyer," as we sometimes call him, is a very warm-hearted little man, and much can be done with him by simple corner-punishments. He wails for some time in retirement, and then says tentatively, "Solly bad," hoping to come out, and truly conscious that it was not right to pour his Mellin gaily over the breakfast-table, or to illustrate the remark of "Wine-glass, fro' it." One day Agnes tumbled and howled in a room hard by. Tom thought Agnes had been naughty, and said appealingly, "Sister—corner—c'ying—solly bad." But though a devoted brother at heart Tom is not sentimental, and will sturdily punch sister if she climbs into the lap of "mya mummy," as he calls his mother. He is as yet unacquainted with fear, and when hardly one and a half years old he staggered off down the drive on his own account. Some large cows were passing, and father watched ready to help Tom's hasty retreat. So far from fleeing before the enemy, Tom picked up a stone and threw it at them, shouting "Shoo." In the warm summer days a hue and cry was raised for the vanished treasure, and he was discovered by mother outside the gate, sitting comfortably in a wet ditch, and bathing his gold head with rare ecstasy.

Tom's vicarious penitence reminds me of Agnes's early grasp of Plato's ideal theory. Father had been hearing her say her prayers, and after blessing many friends, he asked her if she wished anything else blessed. "'Ve chairs," she suggested. "Why, what good could a blessing do to them?" said father. "Make vem into arm-chairs," said Agnes deeply.

Certainly Mr. Norman Gale is right when he sings—

> "The gods who toss their bounties down
> To willing laps
> Neither forgot the violet's scent,
> Nor planets in the firmament
> The outposts of a mystery!
> They gave to man the undefiled
> Bright rivulets and waters wild;
> They wrought at goodly gifts above,
> And, for the pinnacle of love,
> They fashioned him a little child."

I hope that Mr. Editor will have his wish and receive many stories about other children as wise and as foolish as Tom and Agnes. If the babies themselves never know that they are listened to they will grow up as naturally as Harry, Isabel, and Alice in the bran-trough, and have the blessing which will make them grow into the arm-chairs they were meant to be.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

THE best paste for scrap-books is made with corn-flour, but not too thick.

***

CHEESE maccaroni is decidedly improved by a few slices of tomato on the top, just under the grated cheese.

***

A FIRST-RATE ointment for rheumatism is made of ten parts of salicylic acid, ten parts of lanolin and one hundred parts of lard. Rub a little well into the part affected.

***

OATMEAL-PORRIDGE is one of the most indigestible things in the world if not boiled long enough. It should be boiled and stirred at least one hour.

***

ARNICA is valuable for some people's skins in case of great fatigue or a bruise, but produces erysipelas in others. In any case the application should not be covered, but left open to the air.

***

IN case of persons fainting in church, or in any other crowded building where it is difficult to get them out, place the head down between the knees, so as to get the head below the heart; this assists the blood to run back to the brain, where it is needed.

***

NEVER allow paraffin to be poured on a lighted fire. This is sometimes done to make a fire burn quicker, but it is a most dangerous thing to do, and several lives have been sacrificed in consequence. It is also unsafe for the chimney, which the sudden flare-up may set alight.

***

WHEN making a meat-pie, be sure and make a hole in the middle of the pastry on the top. In the case of veal-pie, it is especially necessary to let the gases of the meat escape, otherwise it is apt to poison the eaters. A case of death arose from this cause lately. It is also well to cook the meat a little in the oven first, while making the pastry.

***

IT is a pretty fancy, and in some respects very useful, to have the bedroom-candlesticks and the metal cover of the match-boxes painted alike, with some design or flower to distinguish them from those of other rooms—it saves confusion and trouble. Every match-box should be enclosed in one of the metal cases provided in each packet of a dozen purchased, and they can be easily painted.

***

MAKING soap-bubbles is a great amusement to children and will keep them employed a whole afternoon. Prepare, beforehand, a mixture of curd soap cut into small pieces and boiled three or four minutes in a pint of water, when cool add an ounce of glycerine, put it in a tightly corked bottle and keep some hours before using. The bubbles made with this preparation are very brilliant in colour.

AN American doctor says: "The apple is such a common fruit that very few persons are familiar with its remarkably efficacious medicinal properties. Everybody ought to know that the very best thing they can do is to eat apples just before retiring for the night. Persons uninitiated in the mysteries of the fruit are liable to throw up their hands in horror at the visions of dyspepsia which such a suggestion may summon up, but no harm can come to even a delicate system by the eating of ripe and juicy apples before going to bed. The apple is excellent brain food, because it has more phosphoric acid in easily digested shape than other fruits. It excites the action of the liver, promotes sound and healthy sleep and thoroughly disinfects the mouth. It is good for many other purposes—obviates indigestion, and is one of the best preventives known of diseases of the throat."

***

IN putting up muslin curtains, do not use curtain-rings, but turn the finished edge over the front of the rod to the depth of several inches, and pin with small pins just under the rod. This is much prettier and simpler than the ordinary way, with rings, and it obviates the use of deep fringe or cornice-moulding along the top. A long curtain, or piece of material bordered on each edge, can be put over the whole length of the rod in the same way, and gathered up in the centre with a tassel or ribbon, and the ends hanging down loose at each corner.

***

NEVER bake a joint instead of roasting it before an open fire, if you can possibly help it. Medical opinions are very decided as to the injurious effect upon one's health and digestion when meat is baked in a closed oven, and the gases are not allowed freely to escape. Ovens can be ventilated, but few cooks will give themselves the trouble to attend to it, and, even if they do, meat is not so wholesome baked as it is if roasted in the old-fashioned way.

***

WHEN arranging winter clothes, remember that two or three layers of thin woollen porous material is warmer and healthier than one thick heavy garment, and it has the advantage of being able to leave off one on a warmer day. When visiting or sitting in church, always have a warm wrap to put on when you go out, rather than one heavy coat that must be worn all the time.

***

FOR the sting of a bee or wasp, if no other remedy is near, cut an onion in half and rub it on the place, then extract the sting if you can. If, unfortunately, you should swallow a wasp with some fruit, as sometimes happens, eat a raw onion or two immediately, which will prevent the throat swelling and closing.

***

TO make very nutritious soup for an invalid, do not make the stock only of one kind of meat, but of several together, and be very careful to take off every particle of fat when the stock is cold before using it.

***

TEA should always be made with freshly-boiled cold water, not water that has boiled before.

LAVENDER, though pleasant to place with linen, should not be put with anything woollen, as it is apt to harbour moth.

***

HALF a quince cut up is a great improvement in the flavour of apples in a tart, and can be bought for a penny each.

***

BEFORE using flour for pastry or puddings, put it for a few minutes in the oven to dry. This makes it lighter and more digestible.

***

PARSLEY may be preserved for the winter by hanging it up to dry, or drying it in a cool oven. Put it into a paper bag or glass bottle, and keep it in a dry cupboard till wanted.

***

HOT-WATER bottles are apt to make the skin of the feet tender. Loose woollen socks are better for those who suffer from cold feet at night. The warmth often induces sleep.

***

PEOPLE may often be enabled to bear severe pain if their hands or feet are placed in thoroughly warm water, the heat of which should be kept up by repeated additions of hot water.

***

A LITTLE ammonia in a pail of moderately-warm water is the best thing for cleaning windows; then a final polish with a soft leather. They should not be cleaned when the sun is on them.

***

FOR faceache or toothache an outward application of moist heat is a great relief, but not dry heat. If you have earache do not sleep on that side of your face, it sends the blood to the ear, where it should not be.

***

BE very careful not to wear highly-coloured stockings or socks. A serious case came under our notice lately, which nearly ended fatally where these had been worn. The skin of the leg was slightly broken and blood-poisoning was the result. Brightly-coloured gloves should also be avoided.

***

SAVOURY rice is a very nice dish made by boiling a cupful of Carolina rice in milk till well done. Then add a little more milk, two well-beaten eggs with a little salt and pepper. Pour into a shallow dish, sprinkle grated cheese (Parmesan is the best for the purpose) over the top and bake till brown.

***

NEVER put on underclothes out of a drawer that are not well aired, however dry they may feel; and when visiting it is well to test the sheets of the bed you are to sleep in by putting a hand-glass between them. If it comes out cloudy and misty do not risk sleeping in them, but sleep between the blankets.

ABOUT TWO DOGS I KNEW.

I AM devoted to animals, especially dogs, so I may say, as a necessary consequence, that animals are devoted to me.

I like them for their originality, and their silence, and their disinterested affection.

"Feed the beast" is an exhortation which applies to *every* class of society; but though naturally their food is a matter of vital importance to them, and they have a proper feeling of gratitude to the giver of it, "cupboard love" is not the only tender passion of which their hearts are capable, and in this respect, as in many others, they are far superior to the self-engrossed, sensual human worldling of to-day.

The high-class dog and the mongrel are faithful, and loving, and forgiving, and intelligent, with an intelligence which education and the companionship of man elevates into positive genius. It is reason, and not instinct, that guides their actions. I have had many doggy friends, and taken pains to understand their characters, and found pleasure in the pains, but I never was more surprised than by the following performance, which I expect no one to believe, as I should not have believed myself, except that myself saw!

I was staying with a friend, whose large heart provided accommodation for five children and nine dogs, which I really believe she loved equally well. Each had his or her own peculiarity, each a distinctive virtue—in some cases more than one, and each a distinctive vice.

There were Luna, a stag-hound, and Mazeppa, her son and heir; and Jip, and Zoe, and Floss, and Twinney, and Fairy—five Blenheims, mother, and boys and girls, with the snubbiest noses, and the silkiest red and white coats and trousers, and the most flourishing tails, and the hall-mark of the Blenheim—a round spot like a wafer—stuck on the top of each bullet head. Then there was a fox-terrier, Judy, with Toby, her child. These made up the canine family; the children in the nursery belong to a different department, and must not intrude here.

The "mixed pack" spent the night in their kennel in the yard; but they lived with us by day, and the rule of the house was, that they confined themselves strictly to a large rug by the fire, and if even one paw strayed over the fringed border on to the carpet, that paw was smacked, and instantly retreated into the fold.

One day, when my hostess was writing, and I was doing nothing, and the dogs were sleeping, the door burst open, and in strolled Luna.

the stag-hound, who had been absent without leave. She walked to the rug and surveyed the scene. The Blenheims and the terriers had spread themselves out so extensively that they had left no room for her; she scratted at them carefully with her paw, and tried to clear a space, but they growled and snarled, and she came and sat by me, and looked at me, and said with her beautiful brown eyes,—

"What am I to do? My body is too big for the accommodation provided."

I said nothing, and waited patiently for her next move. She stretched herself beside me, with her eyes wide open, thinking, evidently thinking, for quite ten minutes. Suddenly she bounded up! dashed across the room, scattering chairs broadcast as she went. She reared her long length up against the glass door at the end of the room, leading out into the garden, and she barked as I never heard her bark before. Of course, confusion and pandemonium reigned. We *all* ran, we *all* barked, we *all* rushed out of doors.

I don't know what we expected; the end of the world, and the Spanish Armada, I believe were my two inconsequent ideas, but I found neither—indeed, we found nothing.

The garden was a peaceful solitude; silent, except for the singing of the birds and the rustling of the leaves.

We scoured the premises. We furraged in the bushes, we rushed unreproved over the choicest flower beds, and then we paused, and looked at each other; and we thought it was a little chilly, and perhaps a little damp under foot.

Cross and tired, we went back into the house, and as we went, I noticed for the first time that Luna, generally the first in every fray, was not of the party—but though we found nothing else we found her!

There before the fire she lay; her back monopolizing the entire length of the fender rail—her tail, and her four legs, and her nose stretched to their extreme limits; the rug was hers, and her eight little friends were welcome to mathematically arrange themselves along its border, while she snored a sort of theatrical snore, and would have had us believe that she had been sleeping since the creation, and never meant to wake again!

Women and dogs, we were all emphatically "sold." It was a "plant" of the very first order, and I am only sorry from an artistic point of view that I cannot say it was the first of April!

Poor Luna! her end was sad and sudden. She was sauntering one day along the edge of a grassy bank, when Fate took the form of a little rabbit, and crossed her path. She gave one leap down the slope, turned a somersault in jumping, and fell dead with a broken

back on the gravel walk below, and they buried her in the dogs' cemetery, close to her forbidden Paradise on earth—the dust heap.

Another true story of another friend, and then I've done.

Donald was a collie of the purest breed and the most ingratiating manners, and he lived far away from the haunts of men, "far from the maddening crowd," in the heart of the Highlands, where he was born.

When he had arrived at years of discretion, the force of circumstances carried his master from the North to the South, and Donald found himself in London, in a new home, with a new collar, and a new address; but his old friends were with him, and he adapted himself and his habits to his changed life, and though he often thought with a sigh of the rabbit warrens of Old Scotland, and showed to inquiring friends, by unconscious yappings and spasmodic twitches of the hind-legs, that in his dreams he was hunting something far away in the world of Sleep, still, he had many a stretching gallop across the Parks, and took an ornithological interest in the ducks of the Serpentine, and made an anthropological study of the children and their habits, as they walked with their nurses—though it was only after long and careful investigation that he mastered the intricate mechanism of the perambulators.

He was never taken in the streets, as he was so valuable that it would have been almost culpable to put such an irresistible temptation in the way of the dogstealers, and this prohibition rankled in his mind.

He would have liked to look at the shops, he would have liked the nervous excitement of crossing the crowded streets, and dodging the innumerable horses and wheels, and he knew he could sniff *his* family out from among all the other families in London.

At last came a day when his master relaxed discipline, and said,—

"Donald, I'll take you to see a club; but I'll take you in a hansom."

Donald did not understand what either a club or a hansom could be, but to be initiated into the mysteries of the unknown is the highest form of happiness to the intelligent dog; and so he stood patiently while he was brushed and combed, and even pointed out to his valet a paw that had been overlooked. Then he found that a hansom was a sort of open dog-kennel on wheels, and that a club was only a man's house, full of men, with not a woman among them!

When evening stepped over the threshold of night, the master came out of the club; he thought the dog was at his heels, but Donald had taken his first opportunity of seeing life, and was talking to a friendly bull-terrier at the corner of the square.

When he suddenly remembered his family ties, his master was gone, and he was alone in the streets of London!

Meantime, master had hunted up and down, had whistled and called, and called in vain; and then he had visited every police-station in the radius, and given a detailed description of his lost treasure. It was hours later that he at last got to his home, far away in South Kensington, tired, and really sick at heart; for though he had many relations, and a large circle of acquaintances, he looked on Donald as one of his only friends. The servant opened the door, and he began to unfold his melancholy tale.

"Lost Donald, sir! Oh no, sir! Why, he's been home these two hours!"

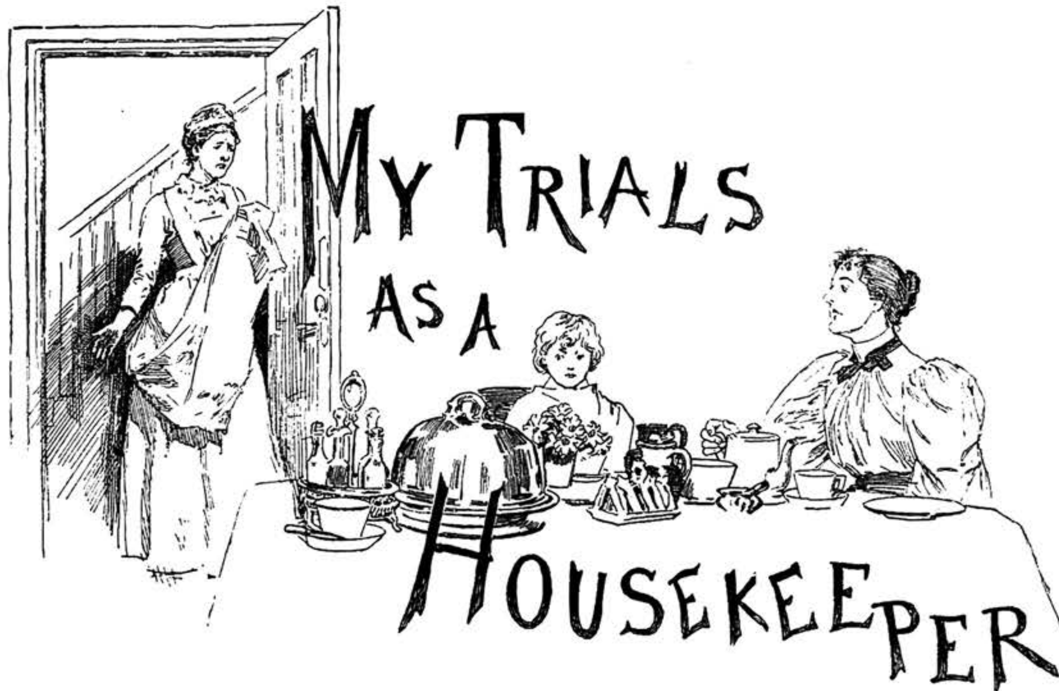
"Home! How did he come? He couldn't have known the road."

"He came in a hansom, sir!"

"A hansom! Impossible!"

"But he did, sir. The driver said he was on a stand opposite one of the clubs, and he noticed a dog running up and down, evidently lost. He watched it, as it appeared to be a valuable animal. It stood for a minute, as though thinking what to do, then it trotted across the road, and jumped into his cab and on to the seat. Very much surprised, he got down, and tried to turn it out; it growled, and wouldn't stir. Then the glitter of the dog's silver collar attracted his attention; he read the address, and thought he'd better drive him to it. Donald was waiting with him at the door when I answered the bell, sir, and the man said it was the rummiest fare as he'd ever had; so I gave him ten shillings, sir, and he said he'd drink Donald's health."

This is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth: but Donald never took a cab on his own account again.



My Trials as a Housekeeper

BY ELIZABETH L. BANKS, AUTHOR OF "CAMPAIGNS OF CURIOSITY."

IT was in an evil hour that I accepted the proposition of my friend, Mrs. Brown, when she begged me to take charge of her South Kensington establishment while she accompanied her husband on a business trip to Paris. Mrs. Brown had a fault, or perhaps I should say misfortune, of which I was always reminding her—she was a very poor housekeeper, and never able to manage her household as it seemed to me it should be managed. As a woman she was charming, and as a wife and mother she erred, if she erred at all, on the side of too much devotion to her husband and only child, a five-year-old boy, but her house was always at sixes and sevens, and she was continually engaging and dismissing servants. I attributed her troubles to a lack of tact, and I informed her that, not having been born with that quality in her disposition, she must cultivate it.

Then, one day, a few weeks ago, she suggested that I should add one more *rôle* to the many parts I had played in the drama of life, by acting for one month as her deputy housekeeper. She had just engaged a new staff of servants, and if I would take the responsibility of "breaking them in," she had no doubt that upon her return from Paris, she would be able to continue in the lines I had marked out for her. The cook and housemaid were two sisters from Yorkshire. I thought such a relationship between the two principal servants would prove very advantageous. They would probably help each other and not quarrel. There was also a page-boy, aged fifteen, who, every afternoon, shone out resplendent in spotless cloth and highly-polished brass buttons. I rather liked the boy's looks. His eyes had an appearance of frankness and honesty about them. The fourth member of the staff was a meek-looking blue-eyed nurse.

On a certain Monday morning, accompanied by my poodle and my typewriter, my two inseparable companions, I took up my residence at Mrs. Brown's. As she and her husband drove away, I thought I saw a rather cynical smile on both their faces, but nothing daunted, I took up my new duties with every confidence that I should not only be the means of bringing about a beneficial change in my friend's household, but that I should also gain much information upon the subject of housekeeping that would benefit womankind.

I employed the morning in writing out on the typewriter lists of duties for each of the four servants, as well as a *menu* for the day's luncheon and dinner. I explained to the cook and the housemaid the easiest and quickest methods of doing their work, sent the nurse and Jack out for a morning constitutional, and afterwards settled down in the library to literary work. I did not anticipate any trouble so far as Jack was concerned. He was very fond of me, and one of those angelic-

looking boys with golden curls who never make mud pies or get their pinafores dirty.

In the beginning I started out with the theory that by devoting one hour each day to a personal supervision of the house, everything should run on smoothly. At the end of a week I thought an hour was too short a time, so I made it an hour and a half: after a fortnight, I discovered that even two hours were hardly sufficient, and at the end of three weeks I found that I had developed into what I had hitherto despised, a household "drudge."

My troubles began with an attempt to get the servants out of bed at six o'clock in the morning, an hour which I had always contended was the only proper one for rising among the working people. They had assured me that they were early risers, yet even a loud alarm clock, which I put in their room, failed to disturb them. There was but one way for me to accomplish my purpose, and that was by waking them myself. Then the matter of ordering the daily meals became at first a bugbear, and afterwards a terror. I insisted upon variety for breakfast, luncheon, and dinner. Mary, the cook, had informed me that although she was a "plain cook," she was willing to learn, so I undertook to teach her how to prepare various little dishes that were in great demand among my country people. But two weeks passed and Mary had not even learned to make "flannel cakes" or hot biscuit. I told her of twenty-six different ways to prepare potatoes, yet she still clung to plain boiled, mashed, fried, and baked. Then I gave up my efforts in despair.

About ten days after I had taken up my responsibilities a terrible calamity befell the household. It was the disappearance of the black cat, leaving behind her a family of four tabby kittens, who had but recently opened their eyes on the wide, wide world. This black cat was a great pet of Mrs. Brown's, for when a year before she had first walked into the hall one rainy night, strange and wet and hungry, she had been received as the harbinger of "good luck." She had not been a resident of the place more than a week when Mr. Brown made a successful "deal" in the City, so she had stayed on and fared sumptuously ever since. When she became a mother, she was left in undisturbed possession of her whole family of four, and when I first saw her in her satin-lined basket purring contentedly over them, I thought she was the most beautiful illustration of mother-love in animals that I had ever seen. Yet that cat was the means of turning me into a pessimist, and was the forerunner of great sorrow for me. One afternoon she failed to return from what we supposed was her customary fifteen minutes' promenade. I sat up half the night waiting for her, and frequently put my head out of the window to call "Kitty, kitty, kitty," but the deserter did not return, and her kittens became orphans. The cook and the housemaid wrung their hands in despair, assuring me that just as the coming of a black cat meant good luck, so her disappearance was the omen of dire misfortune. And it was, for those kittens became the greatest of all my newly-assumed responsibilities. Jack's shrieks resounded through the house when it was suggested that we should drown them out of mercy. So I heated milk and gave it to them from an after-dinner coffee spoon. I discovered that they required feeding once in two hours, and not caring to make such frequent visits to the kitchen, I carried the basket to the library. As the days went on the kittens grew more troublesome. They were able to climb out of the basket and distribute themselves about the room in such profusion that I was in constant dread of stepping on them. While I fed one with the spoon, the remaining three scratched and bit my hands into shreds and patches. Jack's devotion to me became so marked and wearisome, that I regretted ever having won his love. His nurse was a mere figurehead. He came to me with all his troubles, and even insisted upon saying his prayers to me. I looked upon his angelic disposition as anything but a blessing, and I thought longingly of bad children I had known who ran away, made mud pies, and soiled their pinafores. One day I suggested to him that he should amuse himself in this way. He was so insulted that he went up to the nursery and remained there ten minutes. Then he returned to the kittens and amused himself by singing a hymn, which he composed as he went along.

Shortly afterwards his nurse went to bed with influenza, and I became not only nurse to Jack, but nurse to his nurse as well. The next day I paid a doctor's bill and cab fare, and sent the invalid to her mother, thus somewhat reducing the expenses of the household, for she was really of no service to me, and had an enormous appetite.

From that time on misfortunes seemed to fairly rain down upon me. One morning at breakfast Kate appeared to be on the verge of tears while she waited at table, and when she passed me the bacon she burst into violent sobbing. Finally she exclaimed—

"Oh, miss! Mary and I told you something would happen when the black cat went away, but we didn't know it would be for us, and it doesn't always mean death, either!"

"Has anyone died?" I asked.

"Yes, miss. Our cousin's little baby died

yesterday in Yorkshire, and the funeral is to-morrow."

I had expected to hear of the death of a nearer relative than that. and I was somewhat relieved. I wondered what would be the most appropriate thing to say to a young woman whose cousin's baby had died, but I could not think of anything. I asked if she and Mary were very fond of the baby.

"Well, miss," she answered, "we've never seen it. It was only six weeks old." She again burst out weeping. I felt very irritable that morning. My housekeeping annoyances were telling on my disposition. I was beginning to lose my sympathy for human kind, and there was every chance of my becoming a cynic.

"Now, look here, Kate," I exclaimed, "it is very foolish for you to take the matter to heart like that. The baby is very much better off. If it had lived, perhaps its mother would have deserted it, as the black cat did her kittens."

It was a heartless remark, and I had no sooner made it than I realised what an unfeeling wretch I had become. Surely that black cat was responsible for much mischief! Kate looked at me in amazement; then muttered something about "ladies who hadn't hearts," and joined her sister in the kitchen. Five minutes later Mary ascended to the dining-room to say she was sorry to leave me without anybody in their place; and then, to my astonishment, I learnt that the sisters were going to Yorkshire by the next train to comfort their bereaved cousin and attend the funeral. It was in vain that I attempted to argue them out of their determination, explaining that their duty was to the living more than to the dead. They could not be so persuaded. They would try to return the next week, they told me, and advised me to secure the services of a charwoman during their absence. They went to their room and arrayed themselves in the habiliments of mourning. When, at eleven o'clock, in black dresses, black shawls, and crape veils, they chartered a hansom for King's Cross, they left me surrounded by unswept rooms, unwashed breakfast dishes, a dog, a child, and four kittens to look after, with only the help of a page-boy, who I had already found was more ornamental than useful. I immediately dispatched him for Mrs. Johnson, a charwoman who sometimes helped Mrs. Brown in just such emergencies as this. In an hour the page-boy returned with the information that Mrs. Johnson had got a place as temporary cook in a tradesman's family. I telegraphed to the registry office for assistance, but none came. As the day wore on, my despair increased. With the help of the boy I washed the dishes, made the beds, and swept the front hall. That day and the next I had the meals sent in from the nearest restaurant. Towards evening I sent the boy to his mother to inquire whether she would come and stay in the house until the return of Mr. and Mrs. Brown. The mother came to me, but I never saw the page-boy again. She thought the work was too hard for him, she said, and he was in the incipient stages of influenza. She had come only to collect his three weeks' wages, and not to render me any assistance. As I refused the wages, she relieved her mind by uttering imprecations against me; and then I was left monarch, indeed, of all I surveyed.

"WITH THE HELP OF THE BOY I WASHED THE DISHES."

"THE POODLE IN HOT PURSUIT."

That night, before going to bed, I hung several of Mr. Brown's hats and overcoats in the hall. I thought they had an air of protection about them. Then, after putting my various charges to sleep, I sat up to watch for burglars. The next morning I wrote a cheerful letter to Mrs. Brown, carefully leaving out all allusion to my troubles. All day long the basement and front door bells rang, and most of my time was taken up with answering. I was called to the basement door so often to refuse the requests of beggars and pedlars, that I thought it well to take extreme measures against them. I found a large square of cardboard, and with the aid of my paste-brush and some black paint I printed in bold characters the words, "No bottles! no beggars! Beware of the dog!" I hung it on the gate, and coaxed the poodle out into the area, after arranging his cushion and silk quilt upon the stones. I thought I should at least succeed in silencing the basement door bell. Two hours passed without disturbance, and then I heard a commotion. Going to the front door, I saw the area gate flung open, the area steps strewn with loaves of bread, and down the street the baker's man was flying with an empty basket, and the poodle in hot pursuit. For the moment my sense of the ridiculous overcame every other feeling, and I could not help laughing. At the corner the poodle retraced his steps, and returned to the house, with his yellow ribbons flying and a sense of having done his duty as a watch-dog. In the afternoon the proprietor of the bakery himself called to inquire the cause of the disaster, and to present his bill for seven loaves of bread.

That night, at ten o'clock, the unexpected arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Brown relieved me somewhat of the strain under which I was suffering. They smilingly listened to the recital of my woes, which apparently appealed to their sense of humour. Mrs. Brown declared that, although she might be a poor housekeeper, without a sign of "tact," yet she had never been quite so unfortunate as I had been; and then, to soothe my wounded feelings, she presented me with one of the latest Paris hats.

She and I are still the very best of friends, and I often partake of her hospitality; but I have never since ventured to call her attention to her shortcomings in the housekeeping line.

STRAWBERRIES.

By PHYLLIS BROWNE.

THE American philosopher, Emerson, once said, "The plum at its best is the fruit of Paradise." One wonders if, when he made this remark, Emerson remembered that there were such things as strawberries. He must have done, for he was a very enthusiastic gardener, and very much given to cultivating fruits. Indeed, his biographer tells us that he failed completely with pears; so much so that a certain Horticultural Society once sent a deputation to inspect his orchard in order that they might discover "what soil it was which produced such poor specimens of such fine varieties." Maybe the sage was as unsuccessful with his strawberries as with his pears, and this was the reason why he was not as enthusiastic about them as he was about plums.

Whether Emerson appreciated strawberries or not, there are few girls who do not approve of them. When the scarlet berries appear, peeping between the stalks for those who have gardens, or resting in their baskets at the greengrocer's for those who have none, girls find themselves longing to taste the same, and congratulate themselves that good things have their season. This is the time of year when the sight of strawberries may soon be expected to awaken this longing; and whether our prospects with regard to them are good or bad, of one thing we may be quite sure—that they will not be with us long. Very shortly after we have discovered that they are in full season, and reasonable in price, we shall discover also that they have begun to "go off," and then for twelve months they will be seen no more. The period during which we can enjoy them freely will have to be counted by days; therefore we shall show our wisdom by making the most of them while we have them.

A clever housekeeper once said: "I am often told that I must take things as they come; but I find it much more difficult to part with them when they go." If we wish to part with strawberries when they go with equanimity, we must prepare to use them reasonably, enjoy them to the extent of our possibilities, convert them into dainty dishes while we have the opportunity, preserve them carefully, and do our duty by them fully, and so "seize their day," as Horace says. To do this, however, we ought in plenty of time to get to know all about them, and collect together the recipes for dishes into which they will advantageously enter. By way of helping girls to do this, it is proposed to take up here the subject of strawberries, and to give as much information about them as possible. Thus, girls will be in a position to "take strawberries" when they come, and to benefit by them to the full.

The strawberry as we have it is a comparatively modern product. Until the early part of the seventeenth century the only strawberry grown in England was the wild strawberry of the woods, and this, though pretty to look at and sweet to taste, was too small to be of value. It is true that for some time before this the French had found out how to cultivate strawberries so as to increase their size, and there was a certain wood near Paris which was so noted for the fruit, that people used to come thither from all parts to buy them. The fruit thus purchased was, however, necessarily costly, and not until English gardeners gave attention to strawberries did they come within the reach of all classes. Now they are so well cared for, that every year sees them improved, while the number of varieties is very large.

Strawberries and Cream.—When strawberries are at their best, of a good sort, freshly gathered, fully ripe and not over ripe, they ought to be eaten as they are. Even cream and sugar are not worthy to be put with them, and the experienced epicure would prefer to eat them without any addition, while to cook them would be simple desecration. When a little short of being perfect, they should be mixed with cream and sugar; indeed, it is probable that under all circumstances the majority of strawberry lovers would say that strawberries and cream was an almost perfect combination of flavours.

There are two or three ways of serving a dish so well known as strawberries and cream. Some content themselves with piling the fruit on a dish covered with leaves, and sending sweet cream and sifted sugar with it to table separately. Then the guests prepare their own food. They pick off the hulls, bruise the berries with a fork, add sugar and cream to suit their individual taste, and proceed to enjoy themselves. The method is homely, but it is not elegant. The discarded hulls make the table look untidy, and those who are not accustomed to work of this kind get out of patience with it. Girls might at least hull the fruit before they place it before their friends, and doing this would give them an opportunity to pick out and lay aside berries that are not quite sound. Attention to this one detail would be a great improvement.

For a really superior dish of strawberries and cream, proceed as follows: Procure ripe, sound, freshly-gathered red strawberries, and do not touch them until a short time before they are wanted. They will spoil with keeping. Hull them and discard all imperfect berries, then bruise them lightly with a silver fork, and sweeten them to taste. The quantity of sugar needed will, of course, depend upon the quality of the fruit. Probably from three to four tablespoonfuls of sugar will be sufficient for a pint of berries. Now pour over them about a quarter of a pint of cream, and toss them lightly with two forks to incorporate them with the cream; then cover the surface with cream that has been whipped until it is firm and frothy. In laying on the cream, the aim should be to coat the fruit entirely, so that the preparation looks quite white. When the spoon is put into it to serve it, the red berries will show themselves, and the preparation will have a most inviting appearance. It will be the sort of dainty to which the gentleman referred who, when imploring the girl named Curly Locks to be his, told her that she—

"Should not wash dishes, nor yet feed the swine,
But sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam,
And feast upon strawberries, sugar, and cream"—

a very inviting prospect, truly.

It is perhaps scarcely necessary to say that cream which is to be whipped thus must be "double cream," that is, it must have stood twenty-four hours instead of twelve, and it must be whisked in a cool place until it thickens, and no longer. It will not take many minutes to thicken, but if worked too long it will curdle. The objection to preparing strawberries and cream in the way referred to is that so much cream is needed. Altogether (that is, including the cream in which the berries are tossed and the cream used for whipping), about three quarters of a pint would be required for each pound of strawberries. To whip cream, however, increases its bulk, and this increase may therefore be calculated upon.

Next to strawberries and cream the preparation which will most naturally occur to girls who want to make the most of the fruit while it is in season, is strawberry jam. Now, truth before all things; so I may as well confess that, to my mind, this simple jam is one of the most difficult jams to make satisfactorily, and one of the worst to keep. Probably, on reading this remark, individuals accustomed to make strawberry jam will say, "Difficult! not at all! We have made strawberry jam year after year, and it has been enjoyed, and has kept well enough." Doubtless this was the case, and we think we know exactly what this jam was like, and how it was made. The fruit was hulled, and boiled down alone for awhile, after which sugar was added in the proportion of three quarters of a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit, and it was boiled again until it set when a little was put upon a plate. Whilst it was being made the fragrance sent forth by this jam was most inviting; indeed, it was the best part about the business—it conveyed a promise which would never be fulfilled. When this jam was brought out after being kept for awhile, it would be pure, unadulterated, and wholesome. It would be enjoyed by the children, and by individuals who like sweets of any sort, and it would be excellent for puddings and tarts. Most probably, however, the majority of grown-up folks who tasted it once would say, "No, thank you," next time it came round, for it would only have a suggestion of the true flavour of the fruit; and should the season be unfavourable, so that any of the jam went mouldy, the strawberry jam would be the first to go. If, in order to make sure of the jam keeping, a

pound of sugar were put with a pound of fruit, the jam would be so luscious that it would be almost sickly. Jam of this sort can scarcely be called satisfactory.

What we wish to do, of course, is to make jam that will keep and will yet retain the refreshing flavour of the fruit. Here are two or three special recipes for strawberry jam, and it is hoped that girls who feel inclined to experiment in this direction, will choose the one which looks most inviting, try it, and see if they do not like the jam thus produced better than that made in former years.

Strawberry Jam No. 1.—Hull the fruit, and with a silver knife cut each berry into two. (When the berries are divided, the sugar penetrates more readily to the heart of the fruit, and this helps the jam to keep.) Allow equal weights of sugar and fruit. Boil the fruit gently for about half an hour, add the sugar, and boil again until the jam will set. Now add some red currant jelly—a pound pot of jelly for each three pounds of strawberries will be about right. Boil again until the jelly is melted and incorporated; it will lessen the lusciousness of the jam.

No. 2.—Choose red, ripe, fine strawberries. Allow equal weights of sugar and fruit, and crush the sugar to powder. Put fruit and sugar in layers, and leave it for twenty-four or even forty-eight hours to draw out the juice. Drain off the syrup, and boil it separately till it thickens; then put in the berries, and boil well for about twenty minutes. (Jam made according to this recipe is excellent, but too luscious. One feels that the red currant jelly would be an improvement. It looks pretty, however. The berries remain whole, and are suitable for garnishing, and the syrup is valuable for making creams and puddings.)

No. 3 (Francatelli's way).—Allow equal weights of fruit and sugar, and add a quart of red currant juice for each six lbs. of strawberries. Hull the strawberries and draw off the juice before beginning to boil. Put the sugar into the pan with a cupful of water for each pound, stir until dissolved but not after, and boil until large globules cover the surface of the syrup. Now put in the fruit and the juice and boil sharply, stirring gently for about twenty minutes. Take up a spoonful of the jam and pour it back quickly. If as it slides down into the pan the last portion hangs in drapes or wide drops on the edge of the spoon, the jam is ready. If it does not present this appearance, it must be boiled a little longer.

No. 4 (Miss Parloa's way).—There is at the present time in America a very clever lady named Miss Parloa, who, within the last few months, made public the fact that for years she had been experimenting trying to find out a way of making strawberry jam which satisfied her. At length she tasted some strawberry jam which she considered delicious. The summer before last she tried a good many ways, but jam made as this was she liked best of all. This is the method of procedure.

Sun-cooked Strawberry Jam.—Do not commence operations unless the weather is very fine and settled. Pick over the strawberries, and put them in the preserving kettle with their weight in granulated sugar. Stir them gently to keep from burning until the mixture begins to boil, and counting from this time boil ten minutes. Pour the jam into wide shallow platters so that it shall be two inches deep, and set these in the sun on a table before a sunny window or on a sunny lawn for ten hours. (The original recipe said twenty-four hours, but it was found that ten hours was enough.) Put into jars and tie down in the usual way. Jam thus made will be very rich, but it will retain the flavour of the fruit. It will have plenty of syrup, and if carefully stirred the berries will be whole.

So much for the strawberry jam.

We now come to the various ways of cooking strawberries. One of the simplest is—

Strawberry Tapioca Pudding.—Soak a cupful of crushed tapioca or of large sago in a pint of cold water for two or three hours, or, better still, set it to soak overnight. Put it into a porridge pan or double saucepan, and set it by the side of the stove until quite clear. Stir it occasionally to keep it from forming in lumps. When done stir into it a good pinch of salt, a squeeze of lemon juice, and a cupful of white sugar. Then add off the fire a pint of ripe strawberries which have been hulled. If too thick, a little strawberry or red currant juice, or even more water, will be needed. Serve quite cold with whipped cream or milk. A mixture of strawberries and raspberries, or strawberries and red currants, makes a very good pudding of this sort, and, indeed, of every sort. Sometimes cream alone is stirred last thing into the tapioca, and the pudding is garnished with strawberries.

Strawberry Cream.—Set an ounce of gelatine to soak in a gill of cold water. Hull a pound of strawberries, sprinkle over them three tablespoonfuls of castor sugar (it will help to draw out the juice), bruise them, and let them stand awhile; then rub them through a fine sieve. Put with the *purée* thus produced the juice of a lemon. Whip half a pint of cream till stiff, and mix it with the *purée*. Melt the gelatine in a saucepan. When cool add it to the other ingredients and turn into a damp mould when it is beginning to form. Of course the appearance of this cream would be improved if it were either garnished with berries or if a little clear jelly were employed to decorate the mould.

Strawberry Jelly.—Soak an ounce of gelatine in a quarter of a pint of cold water. Hull a pound of strawberries, sprinkle six ounces of white sugar over them, and bruise them well. Put them with the gelatine, the juice of a lemon, half a pint of water, and the crushed shells and whites of two eggs. Whisk the ingredients over the fire till they rise in the pan; draw the latter back, and let it stand for awhile; pour through a jelly bag or cloth, and mould. This jelly should not be put into a metal mould, or it may become discoloured. If an earthenware mould is not at hand, a cup or pudding basin will answer the purpose.

When time and trouble are to be considered, there is an easier way of making strawberry jelly. Hull and sugar the fruit, and steam it to draw out the juice. Strain it, put it with gelatine and water into a saucepan, and boil for about ten minutes. Mould when nearly firm.

In summer time an ounce of gelatine may be trusted to set a pint and a quarter of liquid.

Jellied Strawberries.—Hull some ripe, fresh, sound, dry strawberries. Make a little clear lemon jelly in the ordinary way, but rather stiff than otherwise. Pour a little when beginning to firm into a damp mould or moulds (a soup plate or even half a dozen cups will answer the purpose if there is nothing else at hand). Place the strawberries upon the jelly so that they do not touch each other, then carefully cover with more jelly, and repeat till the mould is full. Turn out when set, and garnish with whipped cream.

Strawberry Charlotte.—Take a cupful of any ordinary sweet jelly (a small quantity left from another dish would answer excellently for the purpose provided it is fairly firm when set). When it begins to thicken, dip into it one by one some fine ripe strawberries cut in halves, and arrange these, the cut side downwards, round the inside of a mould with straight sides which has been soaked in cold water, and left damp. If the mould is quite cold, the jelly will quickly set and the fruit will adhere. Make some strawberry cream according to the recipe already given, and when it is so far set that it retains the form of a spoon when a little is taken up and put back, place it gently in the lined mould. This sweet when turned out will look very pretty if the lining is tastefully arranged; and if the cream is well made it will taste delicious.

Strawberry Trifle.—This is a very delicious sweet, but it is to be avoided by teetotallers. Hull fresh strawberries (and if a few raspberries can be added all the better), bruise them slightly, sweeten them, and pour over brandy and sherry to moisten them well, in the proportion of four tablespoonfuls of sherry to one of brandy. Soak for an hour, then pile sponge fingers which have been dipped in a little hot syrup for a moment on the top, and cover with whipped cream, half of which may be made pink with a little cochineal and half left white. Authorities say that a trifle made with strawberries, oranges, and bananas, is specially delicious.

Strawberry Shortcake is an American preparation. If we were to visit the States during the hot weather, and were to be entertained by friends clever in cookery, or to go into a good restaurant, we should have an opportunity of partaking of a dish which looked like sublimated strawberries and cream—pink, white, and yellow. This would be shortcake; and when we became more intimately acquainted with it, we should discover that it consisted of layers of "biscuit dough" (which we should call Genoese pastry or the pastry used in making Swiss roll), with crushed and sweetened strawberries between the layers, and either whipped cream or creamy sauce poured over all. The shortcake is eaten both hot and cold, although most people prefer it cold. When served hot, the cake must be torn open with two forks, or cut while warm, not hot, with a very sharp knife which has been warmed and is held perpendicularly, to avoid making the cake heavy. It should also be buttered while hot. A peculiarity of this shortcake is, that almost every housekeeper who has been brought up to value it has a special recipe for it, and despises every other; just as English housekeepers think their own recipes for mince pies are superior to all others. Strawberry shortcake is particularly good for high tea.

Perhaps girls would like to try this celebrated dish. I therefore give a choice of recipes. Both come from America. No. 1 is Miss Parloa's recipe. No. 2 is the genuine old-fashioned shortened cake as made by a lady named Mrs. Keeler, who says that shortcake thus made is "dear to many hearts."

No. 1.—There will be required for this cake one quart of flour, three eggs, half a cupful of butter, three gills of milk, one cupful of granulated sugar, three heaping tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, three heaping tablespoonfuls of baking-powder, half a teaspoonful of salt, and three pints of hulled strawberries. Mix the salt, baking-powder, and one tablespoonful of the granulated sugar, and rub the mixture through a sieve. Now rub the butter into the prepared flour, beat the yolks of the eggs well, and add the milk to them. Stir this mixture into the dry ingredients, and when a smooth dough is formed, divide it into four parts; spread these in four buttered jelly cake-tins (a dripping-tin will answer the purpose, and the dough should be about half an inch thick), and bake in a hot oven for ten minutes. While the cake is baking, crush the hulled strawberries with the rest of the sugar, beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff, dry froth, and beat into them the powdered sugar. When the cakes are done, place two on large plates, and spread one quarter of the crushed strawberries on each. Place the remaining cakes upon the first two, and cover them with the remainder of the fruit. Spread the white of egg and sugar over, and set the cakes in the oven for four or five minutes. Serve at once. If a richer cake is desired, mix half a cupful instead of a spoonful of sugar with the flour,

and butter the cakes before spreading the berries on them.

No. 2.—Make a dough with one quart of flour well sifted (to make it quite free from lumps), and three teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Rub in three tablespoonfuls of butter or lard till it feels like coarse sand, and add milk, or milk and water, to make a dough as soft as can be rolled out. If lard is used, add a little salt, and in all cases be careful to handle as little as possible after adding the milk. Roll to about half an inch thick, and bake in a dripping-tin in one large cake. Bake in a hot oven for about ten minutes. When done the cake should have risen considerably. While warm cut into three-inch squares with a warmed knife, split each square in half, and butter the inside. Put the crust side down, and cover the top with berries which have been well crushed and sweetened. Cover with the other half, putting the crust side next the berries and the soft inside on the top. Cover this also with a liberal supply of crushed berries, allowing some to run over the sides. When ready to serve, moisten the cake with a little sweetened cream or milk, and heap over each portion either whipped cream, custard, or a sauce made as follows: Beat to a cream a cupful of powdered sugar and one tablespoonful of butter. Add one whole egg, which has been thoroughly whisked, white and yolk first separately, then together. Now add to the mixture, a little at a time, half a cupful of milk, and beat again between every addition.

It is to be noted that two cakes about the size of a pudding-plate could be made of the quantities given. Also that the milk which has gone sour (a mischance very likely to occur at the time of year when strawberries are ripe), is excellent for making shortcake. When it is employed a smaller quantity of baking-powder will be needed. When strawberries are not to be had the same sort of cake may be made of raspberries, red currants, tinned peaches, and other furits.

Milk Puddings with Strawberries.—When strawberries are abundant, a pleasant change from the ordinary milk puddings may be made by covering them with a *méringue* of strawberries. Rice pudding, sago pudding, tapioca pudding, corn-flour pudding, etc., may all be treated thus. Make the pudding in the usual way, using the yolks of eggs only, and bake. Have ready a good quantity of strawberries—that is, about a pound for a pudding made with a pint of milk. Hull the fruit, crush it, sweeten it, and spread it on the pudding. Beat the unused whites of eggs to a stiff froth, mix a tablespoonful or so of powdered sugar with them, and spread the *méringue* neatly over the fruit. Set in a cool oven to set the egg.

Strawberry Tarts not to be despised may be made by lining patty pans with good pastry, and filling them with ripe strawberries which have been hulled, sweetened, and tossed in beaten egg.

Strawberries and Orange Juice.—We think that strawberries and cream go well together, but it is an interesting fact that the Spaniards approve quite as much of another combination —strawberries and orange juice, maintaining that here art has improved nature. Girls who would like to pronounce an opinion upon the case might easily do so, for oranges remain with us in these days for a month or two after strawberries have appeared. To prepare them we need only to hull the strawberries, and pour over them strained orange juice to moisten them, then let them stand for an hour.

Strawberry Fool.—When strawberries are too much crushed to be fit to send to table, they may be converted into strawberry fool with advantage. Hull them, squeeze over them the juice of a lemon and sprinkle sugar over them. Let them stand for an hour, then rub them through a sieve and mix with the pulp a cupful of milk. Pile whipped cream on the top, and serve with sponge fingers.

Compôte of Strawberries is suited for individuals who desire something especially dainty. Here is a superlative recipe. Hull the berries and put them into a bowl, pour syrup over them to cover them (made by boiling a pound of loaf sugar with a cupful of water to a clear syrup) and let them stand for an hour. Drain off the syrup, and add a wineglassful of red currant juice to each pint thereof, and boil down to half the quantity. Put the strawberries in a glass dish, strain the syrup over them and serve with sponge fingers. If it is to be had, a small glassful of Maraschino will improve this *compôte.*

So much for the recipes. It is to be hoped now that girls will feel that they will be at no loss when strawberries appear for ways to deal with them. One word, however, yet remains to be said on the medicinal value of strawberries. With regard to most of the good things of this world, which come within our reach, we have to acknowledge, that though they may be pleasant to the sight they are not good for food; good, that is, in the sense of being wholesome; and, indeed, the more delicious they are the more probable is it that they will be indigestible. But with strawberries it is not so. At any rate, we have the authority of Dr. Abercrombie, the celebrated physician, for saying they are of value. Here are the great Scotchman's own words: "Physicians concur in placing strawberries in their small catalogue of pleasant remedies. They dissolve the tartarous incrustations of the teeth. They promote perspiration. Persons afflicted with the gout have found relief from using them; so have patients in cases of the stone; and Hoffmann states that he has known consumptive people cured by them." Dr. Abercrombie lived a hundred years ago. We do not know that modern physicians would endorse what he says here. But if one-half of this statement is correct, we see at once that it is our duty to eat strawberries. Not merely because we like them, but because they will do us good, must we resolve to make the most of them. When duty and inclination go hand in hand, what can we desire more?

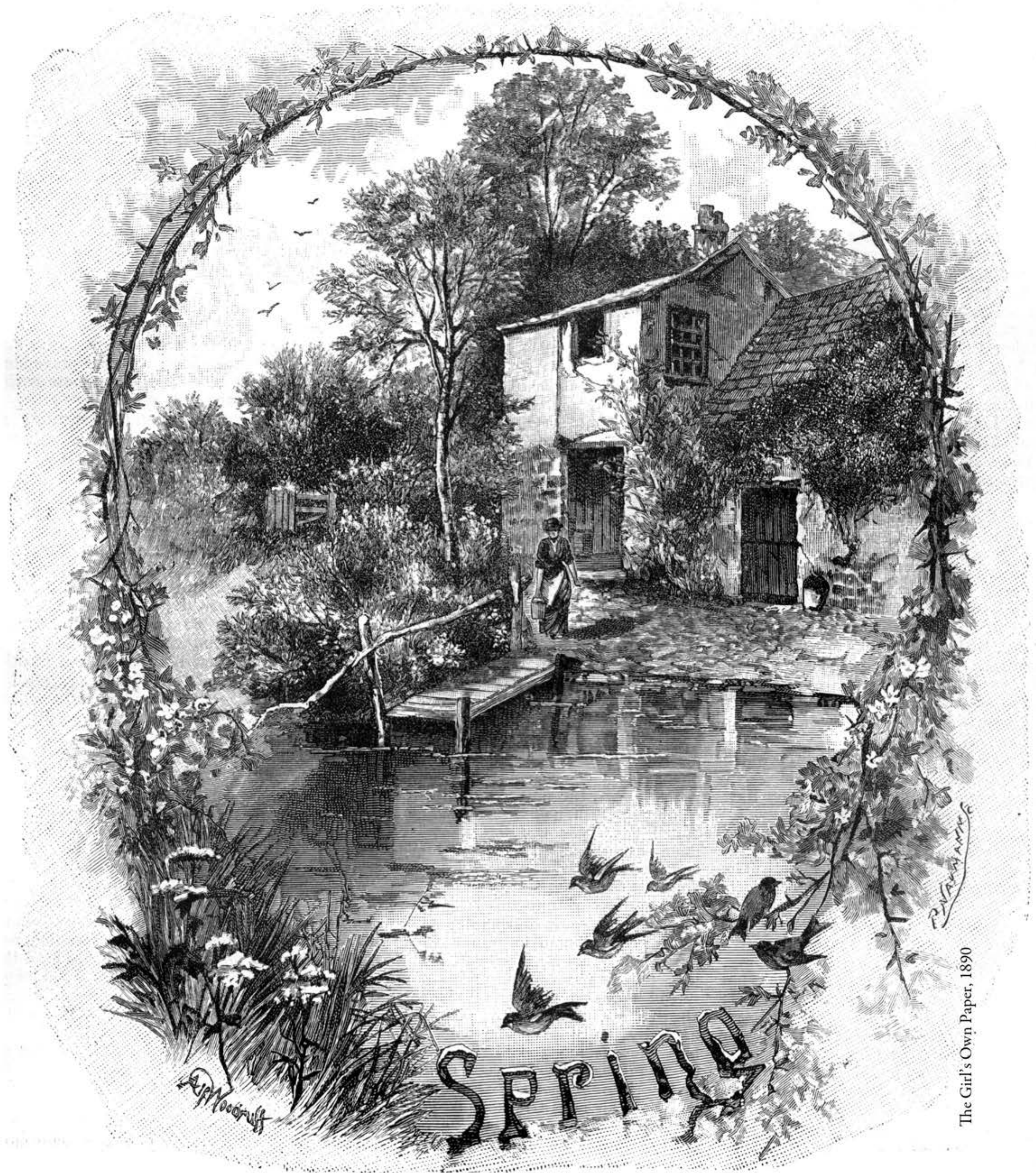
USEFUL HINTS.

Lafayette Cakes.—Into a warm bowl put six ounces of butter and six ounces of castor sugar, beat with a wooden spoon till light; break in one egg, beat, then put in a second egg, and beat well; mix into six ounces of fine flour one teaspoonful of baking powder, add a little of the flour to the eggs, then break in a third egg, and sift in the remainder of the flour, beat all briskly for a few minutes, then put into a square, shallow, well-buttered tin, at once, and bake in a good oven from ten to fifteen minutes. Take out, lay on a sieve to cool, then with a sharp knife cut into cakes three or four inches long by about two broad, and lay them aside while you make the icing. I generally put several different kinds of icing on, as it gives more variety, and the cake itself is a good foundation for making a change. Sometimes you can cut the cakes in slices and put a thin spreading of jam between, and either leave them plain or put a plain sugar icing on them, or you can treat half of them so and merely put chocolate icing on the other half. Well, for the icing, supposing you want variety, take half a dozen of the little cakes and put jam in them, leaving the rest plain. Put into a bowl about half a pound of icing sugar, beat it free from all lumps, drop in some flavouring such as vanilla or pineapple, then add very carefully about a tablespoonful (or a little more) of warm water, beat smooth with the back of a spoon, then with the blade of a knife, previously dipped in boiling water; spread the top of each of the six cakes, lay on a sieve, hold in front of the fire a moment to set the icing, then let them cool. Into the half of the remaining icing drop some cochineal, just enough to make it a pretty pink, and ice half the plain cakes; then into the rest of the icing stir two tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate (it may be that you will require a little extra sugar), and a very little water, and ice the remaining cakes. A little practice only is required to make this icing. You will see by doing this that out of one baking you have actually three different tea-cakes. Only experience will teach you at first how much water is needed; very little does, as if made too thin it will not set. After mixing, if the bowl is held to the fire for a moment or two, it helps to make it spread smoothly and also to set. When icing, dip the knife frequently into a cup of boiling water; the wet blade puts it on much better.

Orange Cake.—Three eggs, their weight in butter, sugar, and flour. Beat butter and sugar to a light cream, add two eggs and half the flour, beating well, then add the grated rind of one orange, and half the juice; then put in the remainder of the flour, a small teaspoonful of baking-powder, and the third egg. Bake for half an hour.

Icing for Cake.—Six ounces of icing-sugar, and enough orange-juice to make it a thick cream. Pour it evenly over the cake while it is a little warm, and put it to set in a warm place. This is a most delicious cake. Another orange cake makes an equal bid for favour on account of its excellence. Six eggs, two cups of fine sugar, one scant cup of butter, one cup of milk, three good cupfuls of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Beat sugar and butter to a cream, add yolks and whites beaten separately, sift powder into flour, and add it lightly, and also a very little orange-juice. Bake in a round tin. When cold, cut the cake into three layers, and place the following icing between:—Grate the rind of one sweet orange, add it to the strained juice, and mix in enough icing-sugar to make a stiffish paste, and spread it evenly on the layers; pile upon each other, and ice over with more of the icing; make a little stiffer with extra sugar. Lemon used instead of orange is very good, and especially refreshing for summer.

German Cakes.—Half a pound of flour, quarter of a pound of castor-sugar, quarter of a pound of butter, a teaspoonful of baking-powder, one teaspoonful of lemon-essence, and one egg. Rub butter, sugar, and flour together till like bread-crumbs; add powder, essence, and egg well beaten. Work to a stiff paste with the hands, then divide into two pieces. Have a flat dinner-plate ready well buttered, roll out one-half of the paste to its size, lay it on, spread a thin layer of apricot or greengage-jam on it, then the other piece of paste rolled out. Trim the edges, pinch them up to keep in the jam, brush over the top with beaten egg, and sprinkle a handful of blanched and chopped almonds over it. Bake in a moderate oven for half-an-hour. When cold, cut into small squares or triangles.



The Girl's Own Paper, 1890

WHAT TO COOK, AND HOW TO COOK IT IN APRIL.

ALTHOUGH we are fairly in spring now, and are looking forward to the plenty of summer, this is one of the most difficult, if not the most difficult month, of the whole year in which to provide for our tables. Townspeople have a better chance than country dwellers, as a good many *primeurs*, or "early forced" things are on the markets; still for economical purses even these are not available.

Perhaps the best things we have just now, and the most wholesome, are *Salads*. Those who have frames out of doors will have an abundance of small salad ready, and the hardy lettuces that have stood the winter will have well-formed hearts by this time. Then *Mint* is sprouting; London shops have given us pot-grown mint since February, but it was only purchasable by the well-to-do.

Someone has facetiously declared lamb to be "the proper accompaniment to mint-sauce," and truthfully too in the minds of many people, for the lamb loses half its flavour when its particular sauce is absent.

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Mint reminds us that *Chervil* and *Fennel* are also with us now, likewise *Chives*. All these are important and essential to salad and soup-making.

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Salads have been written upon so frequently in these pages it is scarcely necessary for a further mention of them to be given, only I would urge those housekeepers who are sometimes at a loss for making a variety in the way of sweets and puddings to try the American fashion of substituting a salad instead. For instance we may have a bowl of salad—endive, chicory, or crisp lettuce, well-flavoured with pot-herbs, garnished with hard-boiled egg, etc., and nicely dressed, served with a cream cheese, brown bread-and-butter, and biscuits. This makes a pleasant and wholesome variation, especially if it follows after a substantial joint.

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Freshwater fish come in this month, and country dwellers are often very glad to make use of them. We must remember that all freshwater fish are more or less apt to have a muddy flavour, therefore much washing and sometimes a steeping in salted water becomes necessary. Lemons cut in quarters or slices should accompany this fish.

Perhaps the nicest way of cooking all the smaller kinds is to coat them with beaten egg and bread-crumbs, to sprinkle them with salt and pepper, and to fry them in plenty of boiling fat until crisp and brown. The commonest little river fish become palatable when treated thus.

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Tench comes next to *Carp* in point of size and importance among freshwater fish; the latter is rare, but the former not so much so. Tench is an example where much washing is required, as being a pond rather than a river fish it has a strong muddy flavour. When nicely dressed it is, however, much liked, and is both good and substantial.

It is perhaps best when baked in the oven; for this it should be well rubbed with lemon-juice and lie so for an hour or more, then be placed in a dripping-tin with two or three shalots or small onions, a good tablespoonful of parsley, some salt and pepper, a liberal sprinkling of bread-crumbs, and several pats of butter—not dripping. Bake for nearly an hour, shielding with buttered paper if the oven is fierce. Serve as it is. A nice sauce to serve with tench is some good melted butter to which chopped gherkins have been added.

We now have *Mackerel* in perfection, also *Herrings*. These sea fish are at their best for flavour before the roe is formed, although many people think the contrary.

Mackerel is one of the most beautiful fish, and one that spoils the most readily, therefore perfect freshness must be insisted upon.

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There are three sauces *par excellence* for *Boiled Mackerel*, they are—

Fennel Sauce, for which a few sprigs of fennel should be taken and just steeped in boiling water, then chopped. Stir this into sufficient good melted butter.

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Parsley Sauce, the chopped parsley being stirred into the melted butter, then boiled for a moment, and

Gooseberry Sauce; this last we cannot of course avail ourselves of until June is upon us. But it makes a most delicious accompaniment to boiled mackerel, roast duck, etc., and to make it about a pint of picked gooseberries are stewed with a very little water, then they are rubbed through a colander, and just sufficient sugar added to take away the excessive sharpness, but not to make the sauce sweet.

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Broiled Herrings are delicious. They should be split open, laid flat, and the bones removed, then sprinkled with pepper and salt and placed on the grid. Broil them quickly first on one side then on the other, lay on a hot dish, and pour over them this sauce: an ounce of butter dissolved, a teaspoonful of vinegar, a tablespoonful of parsley, and pinch of salt and pepper.

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We have *Cucumbers* now in the market; they are not cheap, yet not excessively dear either—we may obtain a large one for sixpence, sufficient to make a nice vegetable dish.

Pare the cucumber somewhat thinly, leaving very fine strips of green rind on, cut through and across into pieces an inch or so long and as thick as two fingers; boil these in salted water until they are just tender, then drain. Make a little white sauce—it should be just as thick as cream and nicely flavoured. Put in the cucumber to become hot through and then pour into a vegetable dish.

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Another thing which we have, or ought to have with us, is *Sorrel*—most valuable to us from a hygienic point of view, and making a very welcome change. It is a wonder we do not grow it in our gardens more frequently than we do, as it gives no trouble in its cultivation, and once it is sown comes up year after year.

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Sorrel Soup is perhaps the best way of making use of it, although we may make a *purée* also, just like spinach. For the soup take two or three handfuls of picked and washed sorrel-leaves, chop them rather small, a few spring onions also, and frizzle or stew these in butter until quite tender and cooked. In another stewpan put to boil a pint and a half (or more if required) of water; when it boils throw in a slice of white bread (a large slice) freed from crust and cut small. Then add the sorrel, etc., and simmer all well together for upwards of an hour, but do not let it boil hard. Stir through a colander, rubbing well in order not to waste anything; season well and add the beaten yolks of two eggs. The eggs correct the acidity of the sorrel, and also slightly thicken the soup.

Lobsters, which are in season from the beginning of April until the end of October, come to take the place of oysters, and when eaten in moderation they are not unwholesome.

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Lobster Soup.—Pick the meat from a freshly-boiled lobster and set it aside on a plate. Melt two ounces of butter and put with it a small onion, a stick or two of celery, or pinch of celery-seed, a piece of lemon rind and a few sprigs of herbs. Let these frizzle a few minutes, then stir in enough flour to absorb the butter, and add by degrees a pint and a half of clear unflavoured stock (failing the stock use milk instead). Bruise the shell of the lobster and add it also. Boil this up well, stirring all the time, then strain through a colander, and add a quarter of a pint of cream, the picked flesh of the lobster, the bruised spawn and sufficient pepper and salt to taste. Make hot and serve at once.

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Lobster Salad is a favourite dish. When making it we must be careful that the lobster is perfectly sweet and fresh, also that the lettuces are both crisp and dry.

Place a layer of lettuce hearts in the bottom of the salad-bowl, then a layer of the picked flesh of the lobster, also a few thin slices of cucumber. Pour a little of the salad dressing over these, then place more lettuces, more lobster, etc., until the bowl is filled. Pour on the remainder of the dressing, then ornament the surface with strips of the whites of two or three hard-boiled eggs, the yolks to be rubbed through a hair-sieve, also the coral of the lobster. Sprinkle these latter upon the surface of the salad. Ornament round the edge by a fringe of mustard-and-cress.

The mention of mustard-and-cress reminds me of two or three delicious little savouries with which we may conclude dinner after the American fashion, or which will come in usefully for afternoon tea.

A stale French roll cut into rounds half an inch thick, then fried on one side only in butter. Spread the slices (on the upper side) with a layer of *Salmon paste*, or the delicious preparation known as *Luxette*, to be bought of most large grocers. Place a round of hard-boiled egg on this, then some picked mustard-and-cress.

Also this savoury: Cut some slices from a Hovis loaf, butter them liberally, then sprinkle thickly with grated cheese. Pepper with cayenne if liked, and a pinch of salt; put picked mustard-and-cress on one slice, place another over it, and cut sharply into small squares.

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Here are some delicious biscuits for afternoon tea—

Queen Biscuits.—Beat the whites and yolks separately of six eggs; mix together half a pound of flour and four ounces of castor sugar, with a teaspoonful of crushed coriander (not caraway) seeds. Make into a rather soft paste with the yolks first then the whites of egg; roll out on a board that is sprinkled with castor sugar instead of flour. Bake on buttered paper in a moderate oven to a pale brown.

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Queen Cakes.—Beat four ounces of butter and the same quantity of castor sugar together; add a few drops of almond essence and the yolks of two eggs, a few currants if liked. Then lightly beat in two ounces of self-raising flour and two ounces of rice-flour. Pour into small fancy tins, previously buttered, and bake for a few minutes in a quick oven.

LUCY H. YATES.

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