

# Victorian Times

Vol. VI, No. 5

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Swindles Old and New • Necessities for the Kitchen • Some Favourite Dogs  
America as a Health Resort • Historic Corporation Customs • Silk Jewelry  
Life in India • The American Tea-Table • Jobs for Women • Garnishing*



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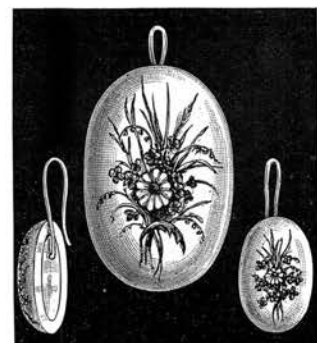
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\* *The Girl's Own Paper* \*\* *Cassell's Family Magazine*



# It's Not Only a Victorian Problem...

**F**ifty tucks instead of one... Now here's a Victorian problem, right? Written in 1888, this article by Julia Dorr (which you'll find on page 49) describes the problem of technology vs. leisure. Improvements in technology—in this case, the sewing machine—were “the herald of release from an intolerable bondage. An hour or two was to accomplish the labor of days. Then would follow abundant leisure—long, quiet hours with book or pen; time to think, time to grow, time for one's long neglected music, or for art...”

But did it? With all of our labor-saving devices, Dorr asks, “Have we any more leisure than we used to have?... We all complain of being tired. High or low, rich or poor, learned or unlearned, we are all in a hurry—all trying to crowd ten hours of work, or study, or pleasure into six.” When machines make it possible to sew fifty tucks in the time once spent to sew one, that seems to be exactly what we do—then, and now!

I've often observed that time-saving devices seem to simply become work-doubling nuisances. If, thanks to some ingenious invention, we can do three times the amount of work in an hour that we could do before—well, that's exactly what we do. We are not satisfied to do the same amount of work we did before, and then devote that extra time to something we might call “meaningful” (and I've rather come to think that “meaningful” is a word we apply to all those things that we think we might *like* to do, *someday*, but often never will). We do not use the extra time to paint pictures or write books or compose music, or simply to reflect and meditate, to grow and learn and improve ourselves. We simply work harder.

It's not just my imagination. In a recent article in the *Atlantic* titled “Workism is Making Americans Miserable,”<sup>1</sup> Derek Thompson points out that in the 1930's, it was predicted that we'd have a 15-hour work-week. In 1957, “writer Erik Barnouw predicted that, as work became easier, our identity would be defined by our hobbies, or our family life.” Instead, it seems, work has become almost a new religion, a source of identity—and those who work the longest and the hardest are actually those who, economically, no longer need to. “By 2005, the richest 10% of married men had the *longest* average workweek... Today, it is fair to say that elite American men have transformed themselves into the world's premier workaholics, toiling longer hours than both poorer men in the US and rich men in similarly rich countries.”

I suspect it's no coincidence that Julia Dorr and Derek Thompson are both writing about Americans. While America prides itself on being a “classless society,” we all know that there is no such thing. The key difference between America and Britain is that in America, class is defined by what we achieve—and in particular, by wealth. Status is a function of success. Julia Dorr writes that while women may “long for leisure with all its golden possibilities... But, in full accord with the spirit of our institutions, they are proud and ambitious—if not for themselves, then for their children.” She has much to say about such ambition, about the Victorian version of “keeping up with the Joneses,” but it boils down mostly to status. Today's over-achiever is seeking the same thing. A few hours more and I'll be a bit more successful, a bit higher on the ladder...

“Is not this attitude of the worst description... this spending of precious strength and golden hours in doing what in the long run does not add one iota to our own happiness, or to that of any other living being, merely because somebody regards it as ‘the thing’ to do, or to have it?”

I'd love to plead “not guilty” here—but alas, I'm as guilty as any other ambitious American soul. But as I pass what Dorr refers to as “the middle mile-stone” of life, I'm becoming aware that time is no longer infinite. Life no longer stretches before me as an endless resource that I can squander without consequence. There are, indeed, books I want to write, and golden possibilities I want to explore. The temptation of “fifty tucks” does, repeatedly, rear its ugly head—if I can create, for example, a handful of pretty Victorian Easter cards, as I did a couple of months ago, why not create a few dozen more? It won't take *that* much longer...

I'm not surprised to be counseled by a modern writer in a modern magazine that this road leads to... well, if not madness, at least not anything particularly good. But it's rather amazing to realize that this tendency has been with us since Victorian days. A wise woman writing for *Century Magazine* pointed out the folly of neglecting those golden dreams back in 1888; I hope a wise woman writing for *Victorian Times* can help pass the word along to her modern, and sadly overworked, brothers and sisters!

—Maira Allen, Editor  
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<sup>1</sup> <https://www.theatlantic.com/ideas/archive/2019/02/religion-workism-making-americans-miserable/583441/>

# “FOR DEBT.”

**F**OURTEEN days for “contempt of court”—ominous phrase that between the commas. The county court judge has made an order that a certain debt shall be paid within a certain time. Circumstances have been too strong—compliance has been impossible. You are summoned to show cause why, in default, you should not be committed to prison. The hearing takes place in a distant town. Circumstances are, just then, so strong that you are unable to put in a personal appearance—being without the money with which to pay your fare. Shortly afterwards—you having, in the interim, received no sort of notice as to what has taken place at the distant court—the high bailiff of your district writes to tell you that he has received a warrant for your arrest. He has, he says, written, of his own initiative, to your creditors’ solicitors, asking if they will allow him to suspend the execution of the warrant for a week—to give you a further opportunity to pay. They have complied with his request. He hopes—in his letter—that, within the week, the money will be paid. You go at once to see him. You tell him you would if you could—you only wish you could! You never have been able to pay since the debt was incurred—circumstances have been too strong. He is a kindly hearted man—though a shrewd man of the world. He is convinced, of his own experience, that imprisonment for debt does no one any good, neither the man who owes, nor the man who is owed, nor the onlookers who have to contribute to the support of destitute debtors. In your case he will write again, asking still to be allowed to give you time. You return home, hoping that some miracle may happen so that you still may pay. Four days afterwards you admit a young man at your front door. He has come to enforce the warrant. Your creditors have, that morning, instructed the high bailiff to take his prisoner at once—they decline to concede another hour. You and your wife put a few things in a bag—your wife trying her best not to let you think that she will cry her eyes out directly you are gone. She wishes you to take four and threepence in

your pocket. Argument, at such a moment, would mean hysterics—and a scene. Her breath comes in great sobs as she kisses you. You give way. You take the money—leaving her with just one shilling. A small payment is due to you upon the morrow; it is on that she is relying; you hope, with all your heart and soul, that it will come. You go with the bailiff—to gaol—because circumstances have been too strong.

The bailiff is a communicative youngster, kindly hearted, like his chief. You are only the third one he has “taken.” He is paid by the job, he will receive five shillings for “taking” you. He considers it money easily earned—he would have received no more had you “dodged” him for days. The county gaol is two-and-twenty miles away, in a lovely country, on the side of a hill, on the edge of the downs. You reach it about half-past four on a glorious July afternoon. You and your custodian are admitted through a wicket in the huge doors. The bailiff shows his warrant. The gatekeeper tells you to go straight on. You go straight on, across an open space, up half a dozen steps, under a lofty arch, which has some architectural pretensions, to a room on the left. The room is a sort of office. In it are two warders, a policeman, and a man from whose wrists the policeman is removing a pair of handcuffs. The bailiff delivers his warrant to one of the warders. Certain entries are made in a book. The bailiff obtains a receipt for you—and goes. It is only when he has gone that you realise you are a prisoner. One of the warders favours you with his attention.

“What’s in that bag?”

“Only a change of clothing, and my work. Can I not work while I am here?”

“Don’t ask me questions. You oughtn’t to have brought any bag in here—it’s against orders. How much money have you got?” You hand him over four and twopence—on the way you have expended a penny on a bottle of ink. “Can you write? Then put your name here.”

You affix your signature to a statement acknowledging that you have handed the warder the sum of four and twopence. Another warder enters—an older man. He addresses you—

“What’s your name?” You tell him.





"Your age? your religion? your trade?" You allow that you are a poor devil of an author. He goes. The first warder favours you again.

"Take your boots off! Come here!" You step on to a weighing-machine. He registers your weight. "Put your boots on again. Come along with me, the two of you."

He snatches up your bag, you follow him, accompanied by the gentleman who wore the handcuffs. Unlocking a door, he leads the way down a flight of stone steps to cells which apparently are beneath the level of the ground. "In there!" Your companion goes into one of them. The door is banged upon him. "In here!" You go into another. The door is banged on you. You find yourself alone in a whitewashed cell which contains absolutely nothing but a sort of wooden frame which is raised, perhaps, twelve inches from the floor of red and black lozenge-shaped tiles. After some three or four minutes the door is opened to admit the older warder. He hands you some books—without a word. And, without a word, he goes out again and bangs the door. He has left you in possession of a Bible, a prayer book, hymn book, an ancient and ragged volume of the "Penny Post"—in its way a curiosity—and a copy of "Quentin Durward"—Routledge's three and sixpenny edition, almost as good as new. Presently the first warder reappears.

"What property have you got about you?"

You give him all you have, he returning your handkerchief. Having given him everything, he satisfies himself that you have nothing more by feeling in your pockets.

"Can't I have my work? It is in my bag. Can't I work while I am here?"

"Ask all questions when you see the governor to-morrow." He vanishes. Another five minutes, he appears again. "Come along. Bring your books!"

You go into the corridor. Another person is there—in a brick-coloured costume, on which is stamped, at irregular intervals, the "broad arrow." You recognise the gentleman who wore the handcuffs.

"Here you are!" The warder hands you a distinctly dirty round tin, holding, as you



"You and your wife put a few things in a bag."

afterwards learn, a pint, filled with something which is greyish brown in hue, and a small loaf, of a shape, size, and colour the like of which you have never seen before. The warder observes that you are eyeing the contents of the tin distrustfully. "That's good oatmeal, though you mayn't like the look of it. But it isn't the body you've got to think about, it's the soul—that's everything."

He says this in a quick, cut-and-thrust fashion which suggests that, behind the official, there is marked individuality of character. With the gentleman in the brick-coloured costume, you follow him up the flight of steps you not very long ago descended. He unlocks the door. "Stand here." Your companion stands. "You come along with me!" He unlocks another door, you follow him down another flight of stone steps into a lofty ward, on one side of which are cells. He shows you into one. Being in, he bangs the door on you. You are in a cell which is own brother to the one which you have quitted, only that this one makes some pretence to being furnished. It is, perhaps, ten



feet by eight feet. The roof is arched, rising, probably, to quite twelve feet. Walls and roofs are of whitewashed brick. The floor is tiled. Opposite to the door, about five feet from the ground, is a small window. Panes of ground glass, about two inches square, are set in a massive iron frame. The only thing you can see through the window are iron bars. If you get through the window, you will still have to reckon with the bars.

The furniture consists of a wooden frame, about two feet by six. An attenuated mattress, which you afterwards learn is stuffed with coir. A pillow of the same ilk. A pair of clean sheets, which, by the way, the warder gave you, and which you have brought into the cell. A pair of blankets, which look as if they had not been washed for years. A coverlet, which, in common with the rest of the bedding, is stamped with the "broad arrow." There is a heavy wooden stool. A table perhaps eighteen inches square. In one corner is a shelf. On it is a wooden soap-box, containing an ancient scrap of yellow soap, a wooden salt-box containing salt, a small comb, and a round tin, very much like a publican's pint pot. On the floor are a tin washing-basin, a covered tin, which you find you are supposed to use for personal purposes, a home-made hand broom, an odd collection of rags, some whiting, by the aid of which latter articles you are required to keep your cell and your utensils clean and in good order.

While you are taking a mental inventory of your quarters a voice addresses you. Turning to the door, you perceive that, near the top of it, is a "bull's eye" spy-hole, covered on the outside by a revolving flap. This flap has been raised, someone is looking at you from without.

"Where are you from?" You vouchsafe the information.

"How long have you got?" You again oblige. "Never say die! keep up your pecker, old chap!"

"Are they going to keep me locked in here?"

"Till you've seen the doctor in the morning, then they'll let you out. Cheer up!"

The speaker disappears, the flap descends. You try to cheer up, to act upon the advice received, though, to be frank, you find the thing a little difficult. You taste the stuff in the tin. It may, as the warder said, be good oatmeal, but, to an unaccustomed palate, it is not inviting. You try a morsel of the mahogany-coloured loaf. It is dry as sawdust, and sour. Opposite you, against the

wall, hangs a printed card. It is headed, "Dietary for Destitute Debtors." You are a destitute debtor—for the next fourteen days this will be your bill of fare. For breakfast and for supper, daily, a pint of gruel, six ounces of bread. For those two meals there does not seem to be a promise of much variety. For dinner, on Mondays and Fridays, you will receive six ounces of bread, eight ounces of potatoes, and three ounces of cooked meat, without bone; or as a substitute for the meat, three-quarters of an ounce of fat bacon and eight ounces of beans—you wonder how they manage to weigh that three-quarters of an ounce. On Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, four ounces of bread, six ounces of potatoes, and three-quarters of a pint of soup. On Wednesdays and Sundays, four ounces of bread, six ounces of potatoes, and six ounces of suet pudding.

Stretching out the mattress upon the wooden frame, you endeavour to digest the circumstances of your situation and the prospect of such a dietary. In the ill-lighted cell the shadows quickly deepen. There is a clock somewhere in the prison. It noisily clangs out the half hours and the hours. Soon after it has announced that it is half-past seven there is a sound of hurrying footsteps, a clattering of keys, a banging of doors. All is still—curiously still. In your cell it is much too dark to read. You make your bed. Undressing, you get between the sheets—immediately discovering that they rival sandpaper for roughness. The bed is just wide enough to enable you to lie flat upon your back—if you turn, unless you are very careful, you either strike against the wall or fall upon the floor. Also, you are not long in learning that it contains other occupants besides yourself. You have heard and read a great deal about the cleanliness of prisons. However that may be, it is quite certain that cleanliness has no connection with that particular set of bedding. It is alive. All night you lie in agony—literally. The clanging clock makes darkness hideous—it seems to accentuate the all-prevailing silence. Your brain is in a whirl—thoughts are trampling on each other's heels. To mental discomfort is added physical. When the earliest glimpse of dawn peeps through the caricature of an honest window you rise and search. There is slaughter. Rest is out of the question. Putting on your clothes you pace the cell. Soon after six the door is opened, an officer thrusts in his head.

"All right?"

You answer, "Yes"—what can you tell



him? He disappears and bangs the door. At half-past seven there is a sound of the unlocking of locks and of footsteps. The warder, reappearing, hands you a tin and a loaf, own brother to those which you received last night.

“Can’t I wash?”

“Haven’t you any water?” He looks round your cell. “You haven’t a water can. I’ll bring you one.”

He presently does—a round, open tin, painted a vivid blue, containing perhaps three quarts of water. You fill your basin and wash—the first pleasant thing you have done since you saw the gaol. Then you consider your breakfast. You are hungry, hungrier than you would have been at home—but you cannot manage the gruel, and the bread still less. Apart from the flavour, the gruel is in such a dirty tin that you cannot but suspect its contents of being dirty, too. The bread is hard, dry, and sour, bearing not the faintest resemblance to any of the numerous varieties of bread which you have tasted. Hungry as you are, you give up the attempt at eating. Sitting on the bed, you take up “*Quentin Durward*,” which, these many years, you have almost known by heart. About half-past ten your door is thrown wide open.

“Stand up for the governor!” cries a warder.

You stand up. A short man is in front of you without a hat on, attired in civilian costume. Between fifty and sixty, with grey hair and beard, carrying a pair of glasses in his hand, quiet and unassuming—a gentleman, every inch of him. He puts to you the same sort of questions which have already been put to you by the officers at the gate.

“What are you here for? Where do you come from? Have you”—here was a variation—“anything to ask me?”

“Can I not work while I am here?”

“What are you?”

“An author. I have a commission for some work. If I cannot do it while I am here, I shall not be able to get it in in time.”

“Did you bring anything with you?”

“I brought everything—paper, pens, and ink.”

“Certainly you can work, you are entitled to work at your trade. I will see that the things are sent to you.”

He goes, leaving, somehow, an impression behind him that you are not entirely cut off from the world, after all. Another half hour passes; the officer who received you at

the gate fetches you “to see the doctor!” “Seeing the doctor” entails the unlocking and locking of doors, and quite a journey. You are finally shown into a room in which a young man sits writing at a table. He looks up. “Is this a debtor?” Then to you, “Is there anything the matter with you?”

You tell him that, to the best of your knowledge and belief, there is not. He looks down. You have seen the doctor, and he has seen you; you are dismissed. The officer escorts you back to your ward.

“Now you’ve seen the doctor,” he tells you, as he unlocks the door, “you needn’t go back to your cell, if you don’t like.”

He lets you through, re-locks the door, and vanishes. You go down the steps alone, and at your leisure. You perceive that the ward is larger than you last night supposed. It is paved with flagstones. On one side there are two tiers of cells—one tier over yours. The upper tier is on a level with the door through which you have just come. An iron gallery runs down the front of it the whole length of the ward. Strolling along the flagstones, you find that an open door, almost opposite your cell, admits you into what, were the surroundings only different, would be quite a spacious and a pleasant garden. There is grass in the centre—in excellent condition—flower-beds all round. Between the grass and the beds is a narrow pathway of flagstones. Three or four men are walking on this pathway. At sight of you, with one accord, they come and offer greeting. It reminds you, in rather gruesome fashion, of your schooldays, of your first arrival at school—there is such a plethora of questions. You vouchsafe just so much information as you choose, eyeing the while your questioners. There are four of them—as doleful looking a quartette as one would care to see. These men in prison because—they could pay, but wouldn’t!—or can, but won’t! Upon the face of it the idea is an absurdity. Apart from the fact that the clothes of all four would not, probably, fetch more than half a sovereign, there is about them an air of depression which suggests, not only that they are beaten by fortune, but that they are even more hopeless of the future than of the past. Yet they strive to wear an appearance of jollity. As to their personal histories, they are frankness itself. One of them is a little fellow, about forty-five, a cabman. He is in for poor rates, £1 12s. It seems funny that a man should be taken twenty miles to prison, to



be kept there at the public expense, because he is too poor to pay his poor rates. Another is a hawker, a thin, grizzled, unhealthy-looking man, about fifty; his attire complete would certainly not fetch eighteenpence. As he puts it, there is something of a mystery about his case—a moneylending job—two-and-twenty shillings.

“The worst of it is, I paid two instalments. The judge, he ordered five shillings a month. I pays two months; then I has a slice of bad luck; then I gets here; and there’s ten bob thrown clean away.”

A third is an old man—he owns to sixty-six—unmistakably an agricultural labourer. He is the healthiest looking and the best dressed of the lot. He has evidently put on his best clothes to come to gaol, the chief feature of the said best clothes being a clean pair of corduroys. The story he tells is a queer one. He was away harvesting. His “old woman” bought a dress from a tallyman. She said nothing of her purchase to him, said nothing even when two months afterwards she died, aged sixty-eight—she must have been a dress-loving old lady! It was only after he had buried her that he

learned what she had done. The tallyman presented a claim for eighteen shillings.

“This here dress wasn’t no good to me; it were as good as new, so I says to this here chap, ‘You can have it back again’; but this here chap he wouldn’t have it, so here I be.”

The fourth man appears to be the clearest-headed member of the party. He is a bricklayer’s labourer, aged thirty-four. He is in for £1 16s., an ancient baker’s bill. His story also has elements of queerness. The bill was incurred nearly four years ago. He fell from a scaffold, was in hospital six months, his home was broken up; the baker, taking pity on his misfortunes, forgave the bill. Later on the baker himself was ruined. A speculator—you are destined to hear a good deal about this speculator; it seems that he sends a regular procession to the county gaol—bought up the baker’s book debts. He immediately “went for” the bricklayer’s labourer, who had the worst of it, and who, in consequence, is here. When in full work the labourer earns a pound a week. He was out of work for four weeks before he “came in.” The day after he did “come in,” his

wife and six children went upon the parish. A pretty state of things!

It seems that there are four other prisoners for debt. But just now they are shut off in a room at the end of the ward, having an exercise-ground of their own; there is apt to be too much noise if the prisoners are all together.

Presently a warder appears, not only with your writing materials, but also with your bag, its contents left untouched, with all your property, indeed, except your watch, your tobacco, and your



“Here you are!”



money. Almost simultaneously dinner appears, at noon. You are presented with two tins and a tiny loaf. The door leading to the exercise-ground is closed. With your dinner in your hand you troop up the stone steps with your companions. You discover that there is a large room at the end of the upper tier of cells, "First Class Misdemeanants" being painted on the panels of the door. There being, for the moment, no prisoner of that particular class, you have the use of it. It contains tables and stools, all sorts of things—among others, wooden spoons. Armed with a wooden spoon, you investigate your tins. It is Wednesday. At the bottom of the large one, which is dirtier than ever, is a slab of suet pudding, brown in hue. With the aid of your spoon and your fingers you eat it; though lukewarm and sticky, it is grateful to your anxious stomach. In the smaller tin are two potatoes, in their jackets, said jackets having, apparently, never been washed. You eat the potatoes, too; but though you are hungrier than ever, the bread you cannot manage. On your mentioning that you could dispose neither of your supper nor of your breakfast, the labourer and the cabman tear off to your cell downstairs, immediately returning in possession of your despised food, which they eat with voracity. They assure you that you will be able to eat anything after you have been here a few days, even the tins. You learn that if you make your wants known to an officer, he will purchase whatever you choose to pay for. Your chief anxiety is to work. You know from experience that you cannot do good work upon an empty stomach. Slender though your resources are, you resolve that you will devote at least a portion of them to the purchase of something which you will be able to eat for breakfast and for supper.

In the afternoon, as you are working in your cell—with the door open—a warder enters the ward. You make known to him your wants. He says he will send you the officer whose duty it is to make purchases for prisoners. When the officer comes, you request him to lay out two shillings for you to the best advantage, and learn, to your dismay, that on the day on which you make a purchase you are supposed to be keeping yourself, and therefore receive none of the prison rations. It is too late to recede, so you tell the officer to make the best of your two shillings. You work till half-past four, then go into the exercise-ground, which was opened again at two, till five. At five it is

closed for the night. Supper is served. You dispose of the greater portion of the gruel, this time you even dispose of some of the bread. Work in your cell till past seven, then stroll with the others up and down the ward. The room at the end of the lower ward has been unlocked. The prisoners are all together. The four you have not seen prove to be very like the four you have—two of them are here at the suit of the speculator in old and bad debts, who is responsible for the presence of the bricklayer's labourer; for poor rates another. A small calculation discloses the fact that a little over ten pounds would set all the eight men free. Shortly before eight you are locked in your cell till the morning. Another night of agony! When at half-past six the warder looks in to ask if you are all right, you answer "No"—you have not closed your eyes since entering the gaol—you have been eaten alive.

"I'll bring you a change of bedding." He does. "You'll find these all right, they've never been issued. You can't keep things clean this side—most of them wear their own clothes, you see, and they come in all alive, oh!"

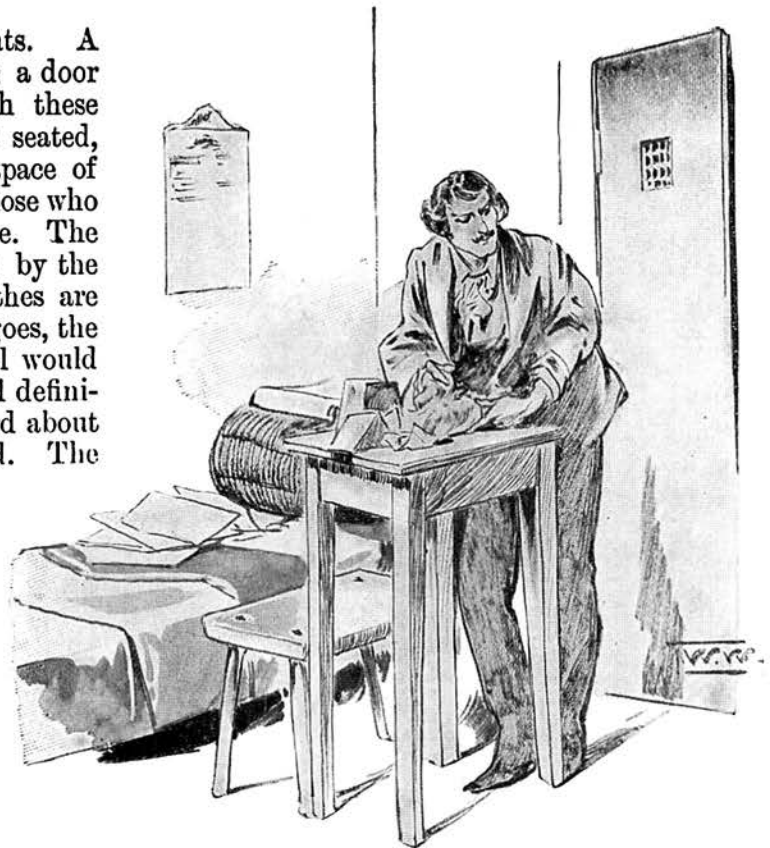
You exchange your bedding for that which he brings, thankfully, wishing you had spoken before. About seven the same officer reappears. He brings your "things." There is a half-quarter loaf, two ounces of tea, quarter of a pound of butter, half a pound of cheese, tin of corned beef, couple of lemons; you never knew what good food was till you found yourself in possession of those supplies. Directly his back is turned, breaking a corner off the loaf, you rub it against the butter. If they would only allow you the use of a tin knife, what a godsend it would be! A kettle of boiling water is brought at breakfast time. Putting some tea in your pint pot, with a piece of lemon peel, you fill it from the kettle. Although you have to drink your tea from the teapot, you make a sumptuous meal.

At half-past eight you go with the other Church of England prisoners to chapel, a large room, which would probably seat five hundred, allowing to each person the same amount of space which he occupies outside. The debtors occupy the back seats. There is a gallery overhead. There are four raised seats on either side, against the walls; a warder sits on each of them. A pulpit is at the other end, an altar of rather a nondescript kind—which it need be, seeing that the Roman Catholic service is held here, too



—a couple of screens, more raised seats. A warder is standing before the altar; a door is at either side of him. Through these doors, so soon as the debtors are seated, begins to enter a stream of men, a space of several feet being between each. Those who are awaiting trial are the first to come. The prison costume of blue serge worn by the majority means that their own clothes are unfit to wear. So far as appearance goes, the four or five men in their own apparel would come within the scope of the immortal definition of a gentleman. You have heard about some of them in the debtors' ward. The slight young fellow in black is a post-office clerk; he has to stand his trial for stealing a letter which contained a cheque. So soon as he reaches his place he falls upon his knees and prays. He wants all the help which prayer can bring him; in all human probability there is penal servitude ahead. The highly respectable-looking individual, with carefully trimmed black hair and whiskers, who sits on the bench in front of you upon your right, is charged with stabbing his wife; luckily, she is not dead. The big, sandy-haired fellow upon his left, right in front of you, has rank murder to answer for. The story of his crime has been for weeks the talk of the countryside; a dramatic story, with glimpses of livid tragedy. He and his paramour, being shut out one night from the workhouse, took refuge on the hills under the shelter of an overhanging rock. In the night they quarrelled; he slew her with a stone. In the early morning a shepherd met him running across the hills, wet with her blood. Stopping, the man told the shepherd what he had done. Returning together, they found the woman under the rock, dead, her head and face battered and broken, the stone beside her.

The trial men are followed by the convicted prisoners, in brick-coloured costumes; some with knickerbockers—those sentenced to penal servitude, who are waiting to be drafted to a convict station; some in trousers—those who are sentenced to not more than two years' imprisonment. The warders stand up as they enter, watching them as cats do mice. Each man is careful that he is a certain distance behind the man in front of him. They sit five on a bench which would comfortably accommodate twenty, in rows, each man exactly behind his fellow. While the procession continues, a woman passes behind



“Directly his back is turned, breaking a corner off the loaf, you rub it against the butter.”

one of the screens—a female warder. She commences to play a series of voluntaries on an unseen harmonium—“The Voice that Breathed o’er Eden,” “There is a Green Hill”—airs which seem strange accompaniments to such a procession. The chaplain is away for his holidays. The schoolmaster reads the service—an abbreviated edition of Morning Prayer. He does not read badly. The congregation seem to listen with reverent attention, which is not to be wondered at, with the warders eyeing them like hawks. They join heartily in the responses, which is, again, not strange, considering that the only chance they have of hearing their own voice is in chapel. At the end a hymn is sung—“Thine for ever! God of Love”—under the circumstance, an odd selection. The congregation sing with the full force of their lungs, perhaps strangely; the result is not unpleasing. The female prisoners are in the gallery overhead. A woman’s voice soars above the others, clear as a bell. You wonder who it is—officer or prisoner. After the hymn, the schoolmaster pronounces the benediction. The service is over.

You work nearly all that day. How your companions manage without work is beyond your comprehension. This is an excellent



school for the inculcation and encouragement of the Noble Art of Loafing. In the afternoon another prisoner is introduced. He calls himself a blacksmith, is about sixty, has scarcely a shirt to his back, and is here for poor rates! Later on, two more. One is in prison clothes; the other cowers in a corner of his cell, refusing to have intercourse with anyone. Presently the story goes that he is crying. The fellow in the prison clothes has been brought from a town more than thirty miles away, sentenced to fourteen days imprisonment, for a debt of twelve and sixpence.

When, shortly before five, ceasing work, you go into the exercise-ground for a breath of air, you find a warder with a bundle under his arm. In the corner is a brick erection, with, fitted into the wall, a thermometer to register over 300° Fahrenheit. It is the oven in which they bake the prisoners' clothes. In the bundle under the warder's arm are the clothes of the twelve-and-sixpenny debtor. A debtor's clothes must be in an indescribable condition before they constrain him to wear the prison uniform. This man's rags—the warder, who is in a communicative mood, declares that you cannot call them clothes—are about as bad as they can be. It is only after the thermometer has continued, for some minutes, to register a temperature of over 230° that their unmentionable occupants are effectually destroyed.

You sleep better that night; the new bedding—from, at any rate, one point of view—is clean. The next day you come again upon prison rations, eked out, if you choose, with what is left of your own supplies. It is Friday. The Litany is read in the chapel. With what strenuousness do the members of the congregation announce that they are miserable sinners! After chapel you are beginning work, when a warder calls your name.

“Put your things together—bring your sheets and towel—your discharge has come. Don't keep me waiting; come along!”

In a maze you ram your things into your bag. You follow the warder. He takes you to a room in which the governor is seated at a table. He addresses you.

“Your discharge has come.” To the officer: “Get this man his discharge-note, and such property as you may have of his.”

Bewildered, you question the governor.

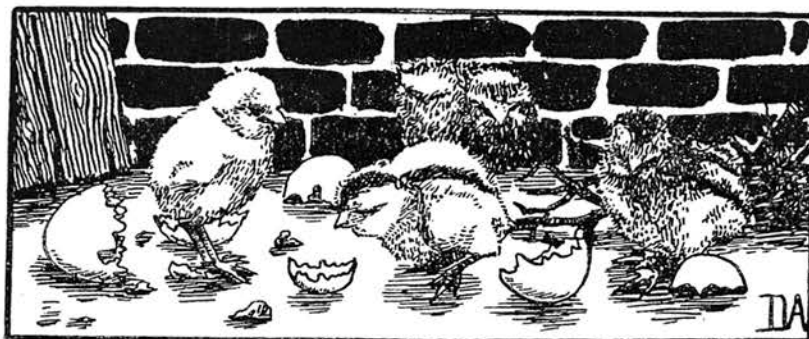
“But who has paid the money?”

“No one. You are discharged at the instance of your creditors. I will read you my instructions.”

He does. They are to the effect that your creditors having made an application for your release, the registrar of the county court from which you were committed directs the governor of the gaol to discharge you from his custody forthwith. When he has finished reading, he hands you a letter which has come to you from your wife. Still at a loss to understand exactly what has happened, a few minutes later you find yourself outside the gates.

You have been a prisoner not three whole days. As you look around you—realising that you are once more your own man—you wonder what a man feels like, in his first moments of freedom, after he has been a prisoner three whole months. And years? Think of it! . . . .

On reaching home you find that your wife has received a letter from your creditors. Somewhat later in the day they have been making inquiries into the truth of your statements. They have ascertained that it is a fact that circumstances have been too strong for you, that you have been unable to pay. That being the case, they tell your wife, being unwilling to keep you any longer in gaol, they have given instructions for your immediate release. So here you are. It seems strange, in these days of abolition of imprisonment for debt, that creditors should still have the power of sending their debtors to gaol when they please—and, when they please, of letting them out again.



## TABLE MANNERS.

MRS. S. O. JOHNSTON.

**G**OOD manners at the table are of the greatest importance, for one can, at a glance, discern whether a person has been trained to eat well, *i. e.*, to hold the knife and fork properly, to eat without the slightest sound of the lips, to drink quietly, and not as a horse or cow drinks; to use the napkin rightly; to make no noise with any of the implements of the table, and last, but not least, to eat slowly and masticate the food thoroughly. All these points should be most carefully taught to children, and then they will always feel at ease at the grandest tables in the land. There is no position where the innate refinement of a person is more fully exhibited than at the table; and nowhere, that those who have not been trained in table etiquette feel more keenly their deficiencies.

The knife should never be used to carry food to the mouth, but only to cut it up into small mouthfuls, then place it upon the plate at one side and take the fork in the right hand and eat all the food with it. Sometimes a bit of bread can be held in the left hand, and employed to push the food upon the fork. But adults do not need such assistance, yet for children it comes into good play. Be careful to keep the mouth shut closely while masticating the food. It is the opening of the lips which causes the smacking which is so disgusting, and reminds one of the eating of animals in the pig-sty. Chew your food well, but do it silently, and be careful to take small mouthfuls.

The knife can be used to cut the meat finely, as large pieces of meat are not healthful if swallowed as the dog swallows them. At many tables, two, three, or more knives and forks are placed on the table, the knives at the right hand of the plate, the forks at the left. A knife and fork for each course, so that there need be no replacing of them after the breakfast or dinner is served. The smaller ones, which are for game, dessert, or for hot cakes at breakfast, can be tucked under the edges of the plate, and the large ones for the meat and vegetables are placed outside of them. Be very careful not to clatter your knives or forks about your plates, but use

them without noise. When passing the plate for a second helping, lay them together at one side of the plate.

Soup is always served for the first course, and it should be eaten with dessert spoons, and taken from the tips of them, without any sound of the lips, and not sucked in the mouth audibly from the side of the spoon. Never ask to be helped to soup a second time. The hostess may ask you to take a second plate, but you will politely decline. Fish chowder which is served in soup plates is said to be the exception which proves this rule, and when eating of that it is correct to take a second plateful, if desired.

Drink sparingly while eating. It is far better for the digestion not to drink tea or coffee until the meal is finished. Drink gently, and do not pour it down your throat like water turned out of a pitcher.

When seating yourself at the table, unfold your napkin and lay it across your lap in such a manner that it will not slide off upon the floor. Do not tuck it into your neck like a child's bib. For an old person, however, it is well to attach the napkin to a napkin hook and slip it into the vest, or dress button-holes, to protect their garments. Or, sew a broad tape at two places on the napkin and pass it over the head. When the soup is eaten, wipe the mouth carefully with the napkin, and use it to wipe the hands after meals.

Finger-bowls are not a general institution, and yet they seem to be quite as needful as the napkin, for the fingers are also liable to become a little soiled in eating. They can be had quite cheaply, and should be half filled with water and placed upon the side table, or butler's tray, with the dessert, bread and cheese, etc. They are passed to each person when the dessert is placed upon the table. A leaf or two of sweet verbena, an orange flower or a small slice of lemon is usually put into each bowl, to rub upon the fingers. The slice of lemon is most commonly used. The finger-tips are slightly dipped into the bowl, the lemon juice is squeezed upon them, and then they are dried softly upon the napkin. At dinner parties and luncheons they are in-



dispensable. The mouth is never wetted from the finger-bowl in society, but in one's own home, where the finger-bowls are used for the children, there is no breach of etiquette in washing the child's mouth at the same time that its fingers are cleansed; while for adults the finger-bowls will also be found most useful, as many a housekeeper rises from the table with fingers that would be greatly benefited by a dip into one of these pretty glass bowls.

No noise should be made at the table, such as drumming on the cloth with the handle of spoon or fork, or hitting the chair with the feet, or in any way disturbing the harmony of meals. Yet no one would desire that meals should be eaten in silence. The old maxim says that "chatted food is half digested," and like most old saws it is full of wisdom, and pleasing conversation is of the greatest benefit to digestion, and will prevent dyspepsia. A dinner eaten in sullen silence, or accompanied by the bitter sauce of fault finding, can never be of the service to the brain, blood, bones, nerves, muscles, etc., that a dinner eaten amid

"Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,  
Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,"

such as Milton tells us accompany mirth and good humor.

Therefore; study, my fair friends, to make the conversation of our tables jolly and mirthful. Strive to keep from it all things that would distress or annoy your husbands, and beg of them not to relate any occurrences that would startle or disquiet yourselves. If there is any fault-finding to be made with the cookery, it had better be passed over till later in the day. If there is any ill news to communicate, let the table not be the place for its announcement.

Another old proverb states that "a man's body and his mind are like a jerkin and a jerkin's lining, rumple the one and you rumple the other." So we must take care that the brain receives no shock while the stomach is receiving food, else we shall surely suffer acutely.

It is an excellent plan for a family to have an understanding that each member shall relate something he or she may have learned that day. Some pleasant incident, or some anecdote connected with history, science or art. Or, if nothing better can be obtained,

let each child repeat some item of news, or of events from the daily, or even weekly newspaper.

So parents can educate both themselves and their children at the table, and while table etiquette is strictly maintained, the mind can be fed as well as the body.

In many families there is no waitress, then everything should be placed upon the table before the family are called, and the dessert can be put upon a little table at your right. Always make your eldest daughter set the table, and do it neatly. Lay the cloth straight, and put the salt cellar and the butter plate, with the tumbler or cup, at the right hand of each person. Have crocheted macramé twine mats to keep the table cloth from being soiled, and at the head and foot of the table, place a napkin corner-wise to the center, or straight, as one prefers. This will prove a great saving of table cloths, and the napkin can be renewed often. Then tell her to look carefully over the table to see that not one thing is omitted. Look at your place and see that there are enough cups and saucers placed neatly at the left hand, for breakfast or tea, and that the sugar bowl is well filled, and the cream and milk pitcher are prepared for use. Have a stand of metal at the right hand, to hold the coffee or tea pots and the water pot, and a spoon cup should be placed beside the sugar bowl, with the teaspoons and sugar spoon in it. Also see that a carving knife, fork and steel are laid beyond the plates at your husband's seat, and have these plates well heated and all the food as hot as possible. It is a decided annoyance to have this child or that one asked to leave the table to procure needed appliances that ought to have been upon it. No child should be permitted to rise from its chair without asking: "May I be excused?"

The more visitors you have at your table the better it will be for your children, as they ought to learn something agreeable or pleasing from each guest.

Many of us only eat to live, yet while we eat we should all make the best of living, and not make our children ask that most prominent question of the day: "Is life worth the living?"

"Is not the life more than meat?" asked He who was wiser than any one who ever lived on earth.—*Exchange*.

## DELECTABLE SALADS.



A GOOD deal has to be taken for granted in the present instance, for space would fail me were I to attempt an explanation of the way to prepare the salad materials of the old familiar type: viz., lettuce, endive, and other "greenery," which generally have to make an acquaintance with water before they are presentable at table; therefore I am assuming that when required in the concoction of any of the dainties I am presenting to your notice that the green salad will be *dry* and *clean*. If not, then your reputation must suffer, and so, I fear, will mine.

For the recipes that follow I claim novelty, piquancy, and what is often lost sight of: viz., an appetising appearance. You have heard of, and perhaps eaten, a "chicken salad," but maybe have voted it rather insipid, particularly when the bird has first appeared at table boiled, with the usual trimmings: never a very tasty dish, though very nice, but one which becomes less tasty as time goes on. Perchance it did not occur to you that such a salad owes very much to the seasoning if it is to be worth the pains expended on it. But I will proceed to detail my

*Chicken Salad.*—Take the meat of the fowl, and trim it by taking the skin off and cutting it in dice or slices, as most convenient. Then put it on a dish, and splash it with the juice of half a lemon; sprinkle a little salt over, and, if you have it, a pinch of celery salt too; grate just a hint of nutmeg, and mix with a good pinch of cayenne and a suspicion of white sugar, with about a saltspoonful of the rind of the lemon grated; distribute this mixture over, and then add either a little fresh tarragon in shreds—say, enough to fill a saltspoon—or use a teaspoonful of tarragon vinegar; cover up, and leave while you pile up the salad proper. Take a good-sized dish, and put in the centre either a couple of lettuces pulled to pieces, *not cut*, or one lettuce and a head of endive in sprigs, and about enough sliced cucumber to fill a gill measure. Pour some of the dressing over—this is detailed below—then pile the chicken meat on. I forgot to mention that the seasoning given is enough for about half a pound, but you may be as liberal in the matter of the meat as circumstances permit, so that you are equally generous with the seasoning. Now go over with more dressing; and this should not be stinted. Some scraps of onion or shallot, in the smallest shreds, will give *such* a zest, supposing there is no rooted dislike to their flavour. Now for the finishing touches. Have a couple of eggs boiled hard, and shelled, and cut in slices, and some beetroot boiled and sliced, the thinner the better; the latter should be seasoned at

the last moment with vinegar, and pepper, and a dash of salt, and remember a hint of sugar should the vegetable not be quite up to the mark. Drain well, and put a ring round the green, reserving the eggs for the outer border; or arrange a little tuft of cress or a heap of shredded celery between the beetroot slices, if you please, and then embed the yolks of eggs in, leaving the whites to be chopped up and put about the dish where they will be most effective: that is, near the green or red, not in contact with the celery. It is astonishing how many salads, and other dishes too, are marred in appearance by inattention to such commonplace details as I am describing. There! Now there is nothing to do but eat it, and the result will be generally-expressed wonder that no one thought of some such seasoning before. Let me remind you that in place of beetroot, some ripe tomatoes are excellent; or some shredded tomatoes may with advantage be used in the salad; the principle is the thing to grasp; viz., piquancy is to be the key-note of this dish. The dressing will be found just as good with rabbit or veal as with chicken, and if you have a supply of it in the larder and exercise your ingenuity, wonderful are the dishes you will send to table, no matter how scanty the supply of meat; and I know of nothing more likely to remove the stigma that in some houses is attached to cold vegetables of every sort: indeed, it is not unlikely that you will get some "left-overs" on purpose to demonstrate your skill in their transformation; for want of a better name, then, here is the

*Piquant Dressing.*—I must again assume, this time that you are in possession of a mortar; put in it, supposing that you wish for about half-a-pint of dressing, a tablespoonful of cooked ham that has been chopped, then pound it with the yolk of a hard-boiled egg, and add the yolk of a raw one a little at a time, pounding constantly. Tiring work to do well single-handed, but think of the exercise and the benefits derivable! Take a bottle of good salad oil—it cannot be too good—and add it *drop by drop*; this, you must know, is all-important; and when about a gill and a half has been added, stop. The mixture should be quite thick. Now thin it down with vinegar, both plain and flavoured, or use some lemon or lime juice in place of some of it; anything from clear light-coloured pickles comes in handy, and we all know how the surplus vinegar *does* accumulate; about a teaspoonful of onion juice is a feature of this dressing, and this you get by slicing and pounding the onion, or by chopping and wringing in a cloth. The Spanish are to be preferred in every respect to those of our own country. Then you will give a final seasoning of cayenne, salt—some of it celery, please—white pepper, and a little grated lemon-peel and some French mustard. The latter is not to be found in every house, then the best English must be used as a



substitute ; but on occasions like the present don't take it from the cruet, but mix a little fresh with some of your vinegar or lemon juice. A teaspoonful of tomato conserve, should you chance to have a bottle going, is a first-rate addition ; the veriest suspicion of anchovy essence is worth a host of other seasonings ; I almost fear to name it, lest the novice may suppose that the mixture should taste of anchovy ; that would ruin it ; the result is something that shall set those not in the secret wondering " whatever is the delicious flavour in the dressing?" Experienced cooks will see the drift of my remarks. It often happens—does it not?—though there is not the least reason why it should, that the root of a tongue gets left over, and a portion of it wasted. Try a bit of it in place of the ham, or in addition. I gave the above in its entirety to an acquaintance, who took the trouble to pound up the inferior bits of the fowl in the same manner, with particularly good results. Another uses curry paste, and omits the mustard ; and this is successful, and in no way interferes with the preliminary dressing of the chicken. Now let me introduce you to something very cheap, but *not* nasty : viz.,

*Turnip Salad.*—The nicer the turnips have been boiled the better the salad ; they should be white and well-drained, then cut in slices. Dust them with a mixture of salt and pepper in equal parts, and a hint of white sugar and grated nutmeg ; then sprinkle with the juice of half a lemon for a pound or so of turnips, and mix oil and vinegar in the proportion of two parts oil to one of vinegar, and add a little mustard ; or the oil may be put over first, and then the vinegar ; some finely-chopped parsley or mint, or tarragon and chervil, completes this—plenty of choice, you see ; and to win applause set the dish over ice for a time ; it cannot be too cold. Some carrots may be introduced or used as a border, or a little may be sieved and added to the dressing ; and I am of opinion that in the latter way the addition will be most relished ; a dash of onion juice is not to be despised in this connection. The turnips must be a trifle under rather than overdone, or the salad is a failure. Those who like cheese with salad—and who does not?—will do well to add "a grate" over the several layers of turnip ; or to use one of the ordinary cream dressings as a basis, with such additions as I have named and a further addition of grated cheese, of which a small proportion at least must be Parmesan.

*Boiled Beef Salad.*—This is famous, but the meat must be tender, and should be only slightly salted. A piece of brisket or flat ribs is as good as or better than any other part. I may remind you that tongue, even the despised root, will come as a dainty dish in the same guise. Take some thin slices, and set them aside covered, then chop up any remains and mix with some tomatoes in dice, celery salt, and pepper, which ought to be black, and a little grated horse-radish ; do not omit a squeeze of lemon juice and a pinch of white sugar, for they will bring out the flavour of the tomatoes and the horse-radish. Then add mustard-and-cress, or watercress, or lettuce, any or all ; you see, I am here leaving the proportions to you. Mix a

hard-boiled egg yolk in a bowl with a dash of mustard and a gill of oil—these are the proportions ; the quantity is regulated by the size of the salad—and then thin with a little good walnut or mushroom ketchup and a spoonful of hot sauce, and vinegar to suit the palate ; ordinary good brown vinegar will do. Toss the whole, and lay the slices of meat on the top, with a little horse-radish here and there, and a few sprigs of green, and send the cruet to table with it. This is the sort of snack for days that are so trying—we all know them, when people say it is too hot to eat, and they feel as if they can touch nothing ; but, strange to say, it is one that seems quite as acceptable on a cold day ; and when tomatoes are not available, beet-root comes in just as well, some say better. Should there be any horse-radish sauce left over from a joint, it may be used, some in the dressing, and some over the top slices of beef. Some hard eggs make a more substantial dish of it ; or, for increased piquancy, a small quantity of hot chutney should be borne in mind.

Here is a snack that is especially calculated to make cold insipid food of various sorts attractive and palatable. Put in your salad bowl anything for a foundation in the way of *cooked* vegetables or *raw* salad, or mix them. Always remember, though, that should such tasteless ingredients as potatoes or turnips find a place therein, savour must be given by increased seasoning, and herbs of some kind are almost indispensable. The name of this is

*Cosmopolitan Salad*, I must tell you. Then season the foundation, and I must of necessity leave something to your discretion. There must be salt and pepper, and probably you will think of other suitable adjuncts if you glance at the foregoing recipes. A dash of acid liquid in some form is certain to be wanted. Then take a tin of canned green corn and drain it : the liquid will not be wanted in this dish ; season it with a rather liberal hand with a mixture of oil and lime or lemon juice and good white vinegar, the parts of each being purely a matter of taste, and enough salt and pepper to redeem it from insipidity, but not to destroy its natural flavour. Some will vote a morsel of onion the making of the dish, and I shall agree with them ; while many would consider it incomplete without some tomato juice—many, I mean, in the land where the corn is canned. This, too, is not the same thing if not served cold. When meat is introduced, and all sorts of scraps are permissible in the same dish, it should be cut in strips and scattered over the top. I have met with people who dress corn salad with a cream or egg dressing ; to any such who may not have given a trial to the simpler kind, I recommend this. Cold haricot beans are an admirable addition, providing they have been boiled until quite soft ; the green haricots may be specially named. I find that many like canned corn in very small quantities : just a slight mixture with other materials ; to such this salad will prove more acceptable than one of corn alone, though it is only fair to mention that where the latter is liked at all, it is usually very popular. The taste for the commodity is a decidedly acquired one.

*Piccalilli Salad* is a prime favourite in the States, and is as good with cold fish as with meat. So far, I have not acquired a taste for raw cabbage, often used, so I cannot recommend it for the basis. I think that lettuce or endive, with a small amount of shredded Spanish onion, cannot be improved upon for general purposes. Supposing these to be mixed in a bowl or deep dish, the next thing is to dredge with fine white sugar and pepper and a little salt, and toss well, then to introduce the above-named pickle, drained from its liquid, and chopped up with a will, for the finer this hot mince the better the dish; uniform seasoning is the thing to aim at. The thick liquid from the pickles forms the dressing, and may be rendered more pungent with chutney, or mustard, or cayenne, or modified by the aid of cream

or oil; this last touch is of necessity a matter of taste; besides, the pickles vary much in quality and strength. I have seen this garnished with all sorts of bright-coloured salad stuffs, and with tufts of horse-radish and morsels of cheese, each resting on a bit of fried bread cut to size, and it would not be easy to find a better cheese snack than it makes in this form. There is no objection to the use of cooked vegetables in this dish, but, as a rule, raw salads are preferred. I *must* refer to cream cheese in such a salad as this. There are no particular rules to observe; the surface is best decorated with little lumps of it, preferably laid on slices of seasoned tomato, and as much as may be liked is pounded and blended with the dressing. A cheese that has become fully ripe is essential.

DEBORAH PLATTER.



### NOTHING FOR NOUGHT.



A GREAT deal might be written and very curious information given upon the whole subject of advertisements past and present, but it is only now to one class of them that we particularly wish to draw attention: a class most specially attractive in these days—the offers of work.

“Work for the Unemployed;” “Work for the Half-employed;” “Work for the Clever;” “Work for the Ignorant;” “Work to gain an Income;” “Work to gain Pocket-money.” “None of it

troublesome!” “All of it genuine!” “Position no hindrance!” “Distance no drawback!” “For those in society, work!” “For far-away country-folk, work!”

Such has been the tenor of the advertisement sheet of the newspapers through the many long weeks of the last few months.

No one, it may be taken for granted, is so fond of work as not to substitute for it in his own mind that which it represents—money. And is that indeed to be obtained so easily?

We speak only of what we have read. It is in print; it must be true. “No previous knowledge re-

quired.” So runs the advertisement. “Easy work; pleasant work; no pressure as to time; work to be done in your *leisure moments*—not even your disengaged *hours*. Quite private; no one need know anything about it. If you are a lady you remain a lady still.” (No one need know that you *worked* to buy your pretty hat!—such must be the inference intended.) “Ten shillings, twenty shillings, forty shillings easily gained every week.” Oh, delightful!

The pay is higher, certainly, than we are accustomed to hear of as being earned by women easily. True, very clever embroiderers, card-painters, or copyists may occasionally command the highest of these sums, and obtain it with less labour than those who can only gain the lowest. But what of that? It is not for them that work is so earnestly needed; they are the few, and their skill is in demand; but that has nothing to do with our subject; the work offered in these advertisements is so easy that it needs no knowledge or experience or special faculty. In some exceptional cases a little instruction may be required, but then success is assured at fixed periods:—*e.g.*, drawing of ordinary kinds you shall do in a week; designing, arabesques, flowers, &c., soon after. You need never have had a pencil in your hand before or seen a paintbrush, yet in a specified number of days you shall draw the human form divine with perfect accuracy—nay, more, with the success which is the test of excellence—the remunerative evidence of a weekly salary!



Why, then, do we allow these golden offers to require repetition day by day and week by week? Surely the laziest of the "upper classes of either sex" might find something inviting enough in such work to induce them to rush in and fill their purses.

There is, however, one small stipulation. You must buy your tools; no one can work without his tools. In order to make quite sure of their being good—so good that not even a bad workman can complain of them—you *must* buy them of your employer. Then if, unfortunately, after all these precautions, your unpractised hand should not produce work quite up to the standard he has set before his mind's eye, the ten or twenty shillings you have paid him for materials will, though he is forced to reject your work, secure him from any loss your want of skill might have occasioned him by the expense of correspondence and the advertisements of which you availed yourself. While, on the other hand, if your artistic powers are undeniably equal to the work, and yet, perchance, his market be at the time overstocked, so that a quantity of good work coming in weekly would be embarrassing, he can, acting on the impulse of an honourable man, employ and pay you until you have been quite reimbursed for the outlay on the materials.

Who can complain? You lose nothing—nay, you gain, for you have no doubt some of the paints left—he loses nothing; he made his little gain on the sale of the materials, and he has your work to sell. Plainly, this is a most admirably just distribution of work and profits. Oh, but your time and skill! Bah! what is the value of that? It was only for leisure time and ignorance that he advertised.

A fee of one, two, or three guineas, paid for instruction, is supposed to carry with it a promise of employment—for how long, we believe is not specified.

All these money-making promises demand your time and trouble in experimenting and inquiring. They are disheartening—perhaps you have called them so. Let me, then, introduce the seekers after profits to another and easier road designed to reach the same happy end.

You are in "society"; you see many people; you hear much talk on many subjects—house-building, furnishing, decoration, investments. Among your extensive acquaintance there are many who want a little advice on matters great or small.

Get up a subject—several subjects. Offer your services, or, more correctly, accept the offered engagement of a company, a firm, a syndicate—by any name 'twill pay as well—become their agent; then your advice, offered gratis to your friend, will be gain to you as well as to him, or whatever it may prove to him. The locks on his doors, the screws to his windows, the paper adorning his walls, the grate by which he sits to enjoy the ruddy glow—nay, the very coals which produce that genial heat, may all, if you but understand your work, be made to contribute to your yearly income.

What a happy thought for your friend, were he but cognisant of it! Surely the gratitude he feels for your

kind help would sparkle and run over if he but knew the whole.

You may go a step further in the course of mutual assistance. People in society are not all rich. How invaluable is the advice of a friend—not a professional financial adviser—who "understands about things," and can give good counsel upon small concerns in the stockbroking way—"things" that will make small savings yield a good dividend. Why, if you can impart such knowledge, is it not fair that you should have a fee?—paid, of course, by the company you serve. In this case, again, you effect a double good—one to your neighbour, the other, more certain, to yourself.

If you live away in the country, out of society's reach, there are still many things you can use for your self-help business.

There is paint, and cattle medicine; there are new pens, and nickel silver pencil-cases, but that last venture has been rather discredited. There must be also, though far beyond the reach of all ordinary aspirations, the position of head promoter to each of these beneficent schemes of the enviable potentate who, unlike the curmudgeon of our early years, scatters broadcast invitations to all comers to "pick up gold and silver on Tom Tiddler's ground."

Who invents the schemes? Who justifies them? Who are taken in by them? are the questions which arise in one's mind after some investigation and a little experience on the subject.

The last question is the one most easily answered. Over the two first there hangs a mystery which it may be as well not to seek to solve.

We know that a good many hungry fish must rise to the bait, or the line would not be worth the trouble of throwing. They belong to two classes, the larger of which comprises those who do not believe, or who have not lived long enough to understand, that nothing is to be had for nought—that if they offer Mr. A. or Mr. B. perfect ignorance and scraps of time, however kindly he may assure them that such shoddy is all he desires, he will not give anything worth having in return. By the same rule, having advertised for what "any one can do," there is no contract binding him to esteem or remunerate valuable work as of any greater worth than what he asked for.

Good work is always to be bought. The man who advertises a high remuneration for work that "any one" can do will soon find the market glutted, and cease to pay, or will pay good work badly.

The other class of dupes consists of people who are always on the look-out for money *easily* made—for work without labour, which, in truth, never does and never will produce anything more than an occasional and accidental flash in the pan. They are the same kind of persons whom we may imagine likely to answer another description of advertisement in which, for the consideration of £50 or so, paid to-morrow, you are assured that you shall receive employment or interest worth £500—some day.

It is a melancholy evidence of the ignorance and gullibility of thousands in our midst, that it should be

worth the while of speculators to make so many offers of these kinds. There is nothing new in them, except their multiplicity.

Besides these offers of work easily done and well paid, and these agencies for helping to make others happy, comfortable, and rich, there is yet another description of advertisement addressed to the literary, the intellectual, the amateur who would fain see himself in print, the writer who would be an author could he but get ducats for his thoughts.

"Come!" cry the voices of more than two or three societies; "come to us; we will help you; we will advise you. Your talent need no longer be hidden. You have offered your wares in the market, and in vain. Ah! publishers are unappreciative; editors are over-busy; but we—we have nothing to do. We will read for the publisher; we will advise the editor. Your MS. shall be weighed and sold—at least, we hope so; if not the first, then the second, the third,

the fourth. Continue to write; continue to send us your guinea yearly; subscribe to our magazine, and do not fear—we will try what we can do for you. Look at our list; did you ever read any of the books to which we have acted guardian? Look at the names of our patrons, and be persuaded. Just for the sake of a few guineas will you let your MS. remain ever a manuscript? You think that from a publisher or an editor you have the best chance of getting a right judgment. Do you not know that the world is governed by go-betweens? Pay your money and confide in us."

It is strange indeed if, between art, literature, and finance, sensational tales, society paragraphs, Stock Exchange syndicates, and word competitions, something is not to be gained by the experience one derives from the tempting offers of would-be benefactors.

Something—but it is a salutary lesson, to find that work is work, all promises to the contrary notwithstanding.

C. W.



**A**MONGST many canine friends I have made at one time or another in my life, some five or six stand out with unwonted distinctness, not entirely from their cleverness, though all had a certain claim to be called sagacious animals, but because their fidelity or affection endeared them to me, as to others.

One of the early recollections of my childhood brings to my mind the image of dear old Dido. Dido was a black retriever, belonging to some friends who lived in a nice country house, and who were kind enough sometimes to ask us children to come and spend a week or fortnight with them in "strawberry time."

There were no children in the house, but there was a very small and rather cross Maltese terrier, called Snap, of whom we stood in wholesome awe; and then there was dear old Dido, to whom we were perfectly devoted.

In the days of her youth she had been an excellent sporting dog. Indeed, her master used to say of her that he had never known a dog retrieve a bird better. She would stand patiently with it for any time, and

knew the tricks of her trade in a way that delighted all sportsmen who went out with her.

But in the days of which I write, Dido and her master had grown old together, and she was reaping the reward of her faithful service in a happy and peaceful old age.



DIDO.



How we loved Dido! We thought her the most beautiful dog in the world, and were indignant with any one who dared to criticise her tail, which, to tell the honest truth, was not quite what a retriever's tail should be, but was fringed and pointed—nobody could explain why.

I shall never forget the commotion that pervaded Dido's home one morning, when it was discovered that one of a pair of very precious pigeons (I cannot remember the name) was missing from the aviary beneath a portion of the verandah. A small door was found unfastened, and two birds had escaped in the night. One of these was of little value, but the other was of a rare breed, and a large sum of money had been given for the pair only a short time before. The odd thing was that Dido was missing too, and we were made very indignant and distressed by hearing it surmised that she was in some way connected with the mischance. Her mistress threw out dark hints as to the dog's fate if she began tricks of that kind.

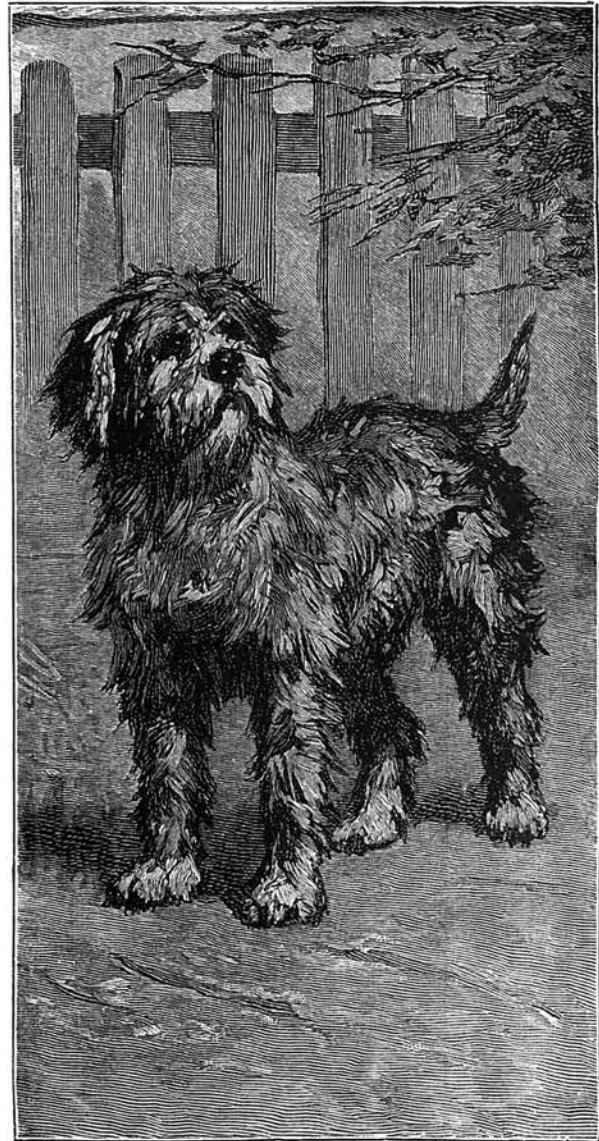
The disturbed breakfast had just come to a close, when the master of the house espied Dido trotting home across the field; and when she came a little nearer, the mistress screamed out that she had the precious pigeon in her mouth! We could hardly restrain our tears at this confirmation of our worst fears; but the culprit appeared in no way ashamed of herself; she approached, with waving tail, and ears well up, until she reached her master's feet, at which she deposited her prey.

Of course we thought the bird was dead, and a sound of lamentation arose from the mistress; but the master stooped and picked it up; and found it not only living, but perfectly uninjured, only suffering from the effects of fright. A dose of brandy brought it round, and in half an hour it was as well and perky as ever. What a fuss then was made over dear old Dido! It was plain that she must have been patiently watching and following the movements of the escaped bird, quietly biding her time until the unusual exercise had tired it out (a thing that soon happens with birds reared in captivity, and not accustomed to use their wings), and had then pounced upon it without injuring it, and had brought it home in triumph. After that we were quite certain that such a clever and good and wonderful dog as Dido never lived before.

Two more nice dogs of my acquaintance are Pepper and Rufus, a red setter and a well-bred pointer, who were renowned for their devotion to one another, and for their amiable dispositions.

Pepper was an excellent sporting dog, and he and Rufus delighted to range the country together with guns and keepers, till one unlucky day, when a careless sportsman lodged a charge of shot in the poor pointer's shoulder, after which he could never bear the sound of a gun again. This was a great distress to Rufus, and they would console themselves by many a private rabbiting foray of their own. Pepper, too, kept up his love of sport by a perfect passion for hunting cats. Rufus, though on friendly terms with the cats of the establishment, was not above the pleasures of the chase; and, as not even Pepper ever

dreamed of hurting them, these cat-hunts were amusing enough to watch. Pepper had a peculiar bark which always meant cats; and if any stranger ever inquired



SNAP.

into the cause of the peculiar commotion and shrieking that often woke the echoes of the yard, the answer would generally be, "Oh, it's only Pepper, *catting!*"

Sometimes the son of the house indulged the dogs with a thorough good cat-hunt. He would go round with a sack, collecting all the cats of the establishment—house cats, stable cats, gardener's cat, coachman's cat—every cat he could lay hold of, even to the white Persian, whose young mistress would plead for her with sobs and tears; and with the sack over his shoulder, and every dog on the place baying at his heels, he would go off down the fields, with a select company who craved to see the sport.

The dogs were then held in—no easy matter in the case of Pepper—whilst the cats were given a good start. When all was in readiness the sack was opened, the cats fled homewards as if for dear life, and in a

second or two the dogs were loosed. The wise cats always made for trees, up which they scrambled, and could then smile in calm superiority at the frantic struggles of the dogs below; the white Persian, being foolish, was generally run down, but never suffered anything more than a fright, as the dogs never thought of hurting, only of chasing the prey. As for one staid old tabby, she simply declined to run, but sat still and stared at the dogs with the coolest effrontery. Of

altogether improbable, the truth of them can be vouched for without hesitation.

Part of his life he lived at Cambridge, and as he had a great deal of spare time on his hands (his master being much engrossed by his literary work), he took to paying visits to a neighbouring police-station, and taking his exercise with members of the staff. His master knew but little of his movements, as Spot was a dog of independent habits and well



PEPPER AND RUFUS.

course they did not know what to do with her, so passed her by, leaving her to take her leisurely way home. I always admired the iron nerve of that cat. It is not one in a hundred, however little they really fear dogs, that can forbear to fly when they see the hounds tearing straight down upon them.

At another house where I have often been a visitor there are two particularly nice dogs, though neither of them is so handsome as Pepper or Rufus.

Carriage-dogs are seldom good-looking; I, for my part, have a dislike to their spotty appearance; but I must confess to a weakness for Spot, who is really quite one of the cleverest dogs I have ever known; and though some of the stories told of him sound

able to take care of himself. On some occasions he absented himself for a few days together, but always turned up safe and sound at the end of that time; no anxiety being meantime felt about him, although nobody knew what he did with himself.

Enlightenment on this point was brought home to his master in the following fashion. He had been giving himself a little more relaxation of late, and Spot had been, in consequence, more with him, and less abroad on his own devices. One evening, as master and dog were sitting over the fire together, there came a knock at the door, followed by the entrance of a police constable, whose appearance Spot hailed by flopping his tail upon the floor.



"If you please, sir," began the man civilly, "I've come to ask if you can kindly spare the dog for a bit?"

"The dog!" replied the master, in surprise; "my dog, do you mean? What do you want him for?"

"We've got a new man on the beat, sir," was the answer, as if that would explain everything.

Much perplexed, the dog's master proceeded to make inquiries, and elicited the information that Spot, from accompanying the different men on their rounds, had learned every beat with the greatest precision, and was quite a qualified adept at instructing the new men. The constable simply started the dog on any given round and bade the new man follow him; and sure enough Spot would show him his beat, take him accurately round it, and never make a mistake. Night or day he would be at the service of any new man, and would constitute himself his protector until he had familiarised himself with his new duties.

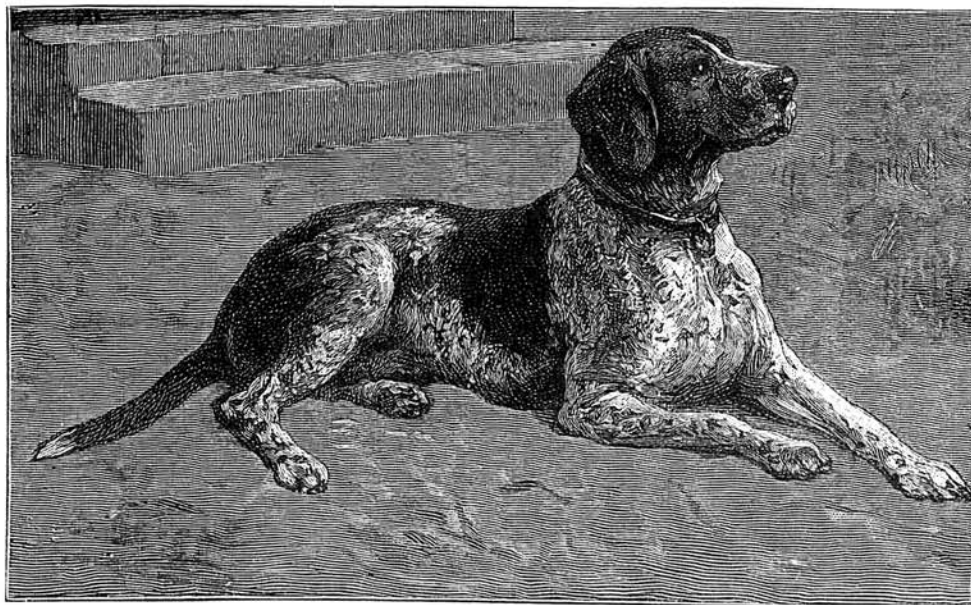
"It saves us telling off a man to instruct a new-comer, you see, sir," concluded the constable. "And if so be as you can spare the dog, you'll be doing us a kindness. Taught him, sir? Bless you, he taught his own self. Nobody ever taught him nothing. Dog like that don't want no teaching. He just keeps his eyes and ears open, and takes it in like a human creature—that he do!"

It really seemed sometimes as if the policeman's words were true. One of the sons of the house where he lived, who was going to live in Dublin, petitioned to take Spot with him, as he was such a companion. This was agreed to, and Spot was taken from the Manor House, where his later years had been passed, and transplanted to Dublin. Letters brought the news that he did not seem to settle down at all comfortably; and one morning, as the family were assembled at breakfast, what was their surprise to see Spot walk calmly in, with an air of the utmost assurance, and lie quietly down, with a sigh of contentment, upon a favourite black mat of his in

front of one of the French windows. He was tired and rather shabby-looking, but quite composed and self-contained, showing no effusive excitement, but a sort of calm satisfaction, which was quite as eloquent in its way. At first it was supposed that the dog's master must be on the road, as it was considered impossible that the dog could have crossed the water alone; but no master came, only a letter announcing the loss of Spot. Partly out of curiosity, I believe (though it seemed rather a shame, I thought), poor Spot was sent back to Dublin. But what a dog can do once, he can do again, and very soon he was back in his old home, from which no further attempt was made to move him. It was then I made his acquaintance; and though I never witnessed any feats of extraordinary sagacity, he always had the air and manner of a very wide-awake and intelligent dog. He had odd likes and dislikes amongst the horses, with whom he spent most of his time. There were some amongst them with whom he positively declined to run, whoever rode or drove them, whilst it was a perfect delight to go with others. Altogether, he was a curious dog, and decidedly an original.

His only friend amongst the dogs was little Dino, a rough, half-bred Skye terrier, who also had a weakness for horses, and was a frequenter of the stable-yard. Those two were constantly to be seen lying together at a side door from which the carriages or equestrians generally started, and would herald the approach of the horses by a chorus of delighted barking.

Dino had a sort of cleverness of his own, too, which often amused us a good deal. The master of the house passed a rule that no dogs should be allowed indoors; and the larger dogs, who had at all times been allowed in only on sufferance, accepted their ejection with resignation; but poor Dino resented his banishment sadly, and so did the son to whom the dog was especially attached. The dog had acquired a habit of going up to his young master's room early in

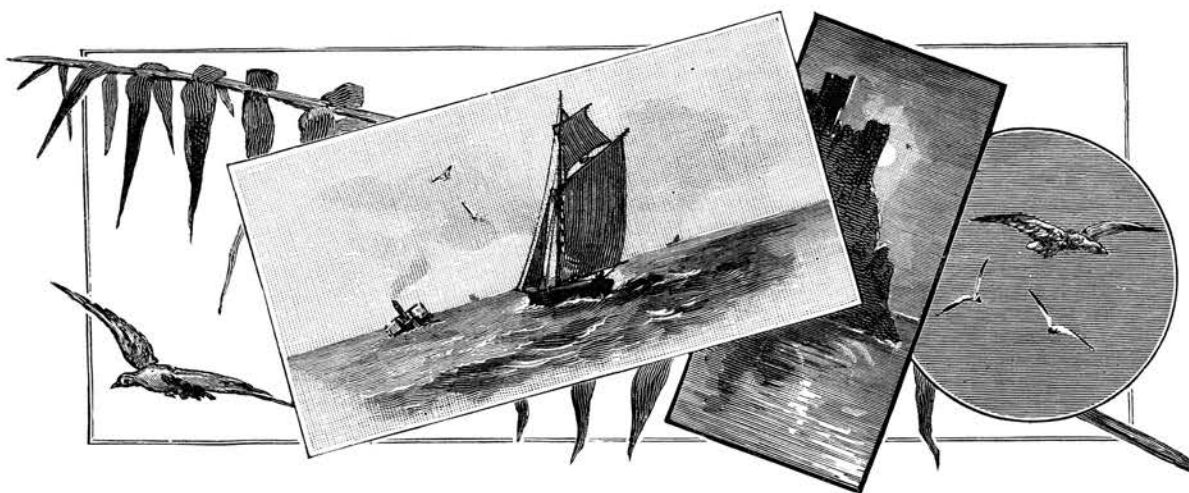


SPOT.

the morning, and scratching for admittance. Now, however, he could do this no longer, for the door of the lord of the manor was just opposite to the son's, and the sound of the dog's claws at once evoked an angry rebuke, or even the discharge of some missile, that sent the terrier scuttling away. But Dino was not going to be "done" like that. Perhaps he took counsel with Spot, or perhaps he solved the idea out of his own brain. At any rate, he soon hit on a solution of the difficulty. The dog used to run upstairs, and throw himself against the door with a soft thud,

perfectly audible to the young man within, but not to the occupant of the opposite room; and he would lie snugly hidden away in a warm bed until the redoubtable master had descended, and he could escape from the house undetected. In many other ways of equal ingenuity he would manage to evade the obnoxious rule and make his way indoors. I am afraid we all aided and abetted, for Dino was a great favourite; but I fear I shall tax the patience of the reader by any more details, and must bring to a conclusion this brief account of Some Favourite Dogs.

EVELYN EVERETT GREEN.



## AMERICA AS A HEALTH-RESORT.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.



FOR a certain class of invalids, the continent of North America possesses many advantages as a health-resort over other places, and I often wonder that so few people, comparatively speaking, cross the Atlantic with the hope of recruiting in the new country the health and strength they have lost in the old. But by the majority of health-seekers the Continent of Europe is still preferred, and the reasons for this are probably not very far to seek. The Continent lies handy; one has only to cross that wicked wee strip of water that separates England from sunny France, only to take the train to Dover or Folkestone, only to be buffeted for a bit—worse, by the way, at times than poor Sancho Panza was in his blanket—in the chops of the Channel, mildly bullied by officious custom-house men, and then—why, then Europe lies all before one.

Without wishing for a moment to disparage the benefits that in many cases accrue from Continental travel, or residence in the health-resorts of the Riviera, I must be allowed to say that the nervous invalid cannot help rubbing shoulders with a good many little worries, which he had never dreamt of before he left his island home and journeyed eastwards. People with abundance of money do not feel these so much; it is the traveller with just enough but

nothing to spare that does. As soon as you step on board an Atlantic steamer, you can dive down to your cabin and see that all your things are right, then you at once feel at home, and your cabin becomes your castle, your *sanctum sanctorum*, across the threshold of which only perhaps a companion voyager, or the steward who has been told off to attend on you, dares come.

But am I going to laud and praise the American continent, as a kind of terrestrial paradise for the English invalid? Nothing of the kind. America has drawbacks in the shape of climate as well as every other country in the world, but as a health-resort for portions of the year it compares most favourably with any place it has ever been my good fortune to visit; and, speaking personally, I can look back to the time I spent in the United States as one of the pleasantest in my life.

And now the question may be asked, what class of invalids would I recommend to cross the Atlantic, and sojourn for a few weeks among the wonders of the New World? That class, I reply, which is unfortunately a very large one in England, and probably getting every day more so. I allude to the men of shattered nervous or muscular energy, people who have already borne much of the brunt of the battle of life, who have yet much more to bear, and who need a breathing-spell of complete rest and change of scene,



to enable them to re-enter the ranks with renewal of health and strength. Add to these, if you like, people who have partaken too unsparingly of the pleasures of the world, and who are beginning to feel jaded and tired of existence; and also dyspeptics and melancholics of every description.

The autumn and the spring are the best months for visiting the States, Liverpool and London the best ports to sail from, and New York undoubtedly the best place to take passage to.

Before making up his mind to try America for health's sake, an invalid naturally asks himself the questions: "Can I spare the time? and spare the money?" As to the time—call it two months, or three at the farthest—if it can possibly be spared, it will doubtless be well spent; and this answer is equally applicable to the question about money. But about the latter I can give more information. Some addition to the wardrobe, then, would be necessary; this would entail an outlay of, say, eight or ten pounds, money "well-warded;" everything in the shape of clothes is expensive in the States. Add to this a supply of the medicines likely to be needed, or better still, a small medicine-case, also plenty of paper, pens, and even ink; for if you purchase even a pin in New York you will have to pay five cents, if not ten, for it. Indeed, an American shopkeeper's mind never sinks beneath the level of a five-cent piece, when selling.

Before leaving home for America, the intending voyager would do well to procure a copy of the part of the *FAMILY MAGAZINE* for August, 1881, containing my paper entitled "The Sea as a Physician." He will therein read many valuable hints which I have not space to-day to re-write.

Everything on board the Atlantic liners is the quintessence of comfort. The whole expense of the voyages out and home—all found, save spirits, beer, and wines—is only thirty guineas first-class, and I believe it can be done for ten guineas less than this, by taking a deck-cabin and having meals in the saloon. A few shillings extra are expected to be donated at the end of the voyage to the stewards, bathmen, and hair-dressers. The bill of fare is unexceptionable, and the *cuisine* as good as that of a first-class English hotel. The cabins are most comfortable, and everything connected with bed and berth all that can be wished. There are seldom more than two passengers in one cabin, although there are berths for four, so there is little fear of any over-crowding.

The passage out takes from ten to thirteen days, and I believe it is sometimes completed in nine. Arrived in New York, although there are the usual custom-house formalities to be gone through, the officers are just as speedy and obliging as those in England.

Sea-sickness is generally got over about the second or third day, so that, what with the absence of all worry and business and care, the invalid's cure may be said to commence from the very moment the ship strikes her prow into blue water, and the *mal de mer* just as often does good as not.

The first thing probably that will strike the stranger

on leaving the custom-house is the roughness of the streets. Roads are, so far as my experience goes, only in embryo yet in America. There are no hansoms and no cabs, and you find your way to your hotel—you have, of course, taken the precaution to get recommended to a good one—in a large, lumbering, patriarchal kind of carriage, which takes the mind away back to the Middle Ages.

You have hardly set out on your first ramble through the great squares or parks about the city, ere you feel that you are indeed in a new world, and a spirit of buoyancy steals over you, to which you have probably been a stranger for months or even years.

Your life in the hotels of America will be a very pleasant one, and this applies to every portion of the great Republic which is worth visiting. The bills of fare are liberal even to extravagance, the cooking excellent, the waiters most obliging. Breakfast is served from seven to eleven o'clock, luncheon from one to three, dinner from five to eight, and supper from eight to twelve. Everything included, with the exception of wines, costs but about twelve and sixpence of English money. I ought to add that American hotels are palatial as to get-up and furnishing, but there is a homely comfort about them, which is unknown in the great hostelries of the mother-land.

There is a deal for the invalid to see in New York itself, but he will not stay there. On the sideboards of the large lounging-rooms, he will find beautifully illustrated time-tables of the different railways, and there are guide-books by the score to be purchased, so that he can make up his mind quietly in his own room where to go to, take the train to the station, and start. No need to ask questions of any one.

Railway travelling in America is most luxurious and cheap as well, a little slower perhaps than it is in this country, but a person in search of health will hardly grumble at this. Dinner and refreshments of all kinds can be had on board, and at whatsoever town or city he halts the invalid will find the hotel system all that heart can desire. The hotel porter, too, awaits the arrival of all trains, and into his hands you hand your "baggage checks," and the next you see of your luggage will be in your own bed-room. This system of checking the baggage is a very good one, especially for long journeys, as the passenger has no care or worry about anything except the hand-bag he may take into the car with him. Travelling by train is as cheap if not more so than it is with us, and there are no fees to porters, *expected* at all events. There are sleeping-cars on all long routes; in a word, railway travelling in America has been reduced to a system, and the comfort of the traveller is considered paramount to all other considerations.

Where the invalid should go, and what places he should visit—with the exception of the Falls of Niagara, which every one pays his respects to—will depend very much on how he feels physically, and on what his peculiar tastes are. There is one thing I feel pretty certain about, and that is that the voyage out will do him so much good, that it will indeed be curious if he does not feel himself strong enough to

travel anywhere, even across the great continent to the distant plains of Utah, or beyond the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific slope itself and the wonderful city of San Francisco.

He may spend all his time, and spend it well too, in lounging from city to city, visiting such towns as Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Chicago, &c. In doing so he will lead a kind of *dolce far niente* life, a lazy lotus-eating sort of feeling may steal over him, and this is to be encouraged rather than the reverse, for if there be anything more deleterious to the health of the travelling invalid than another, it is hurry and excitement, and trying to do too much and see everything. Let him study his comfort then in every way, and live quietly and regularly; let him conform to the customs of the people in the matter of diet, whether in the North or in the South; and, above all, let him avoid late hours and study moderately early rising. At most of the hotels, bed-rooms with bath-rooms adjoined can be got; this is a very great comfort.

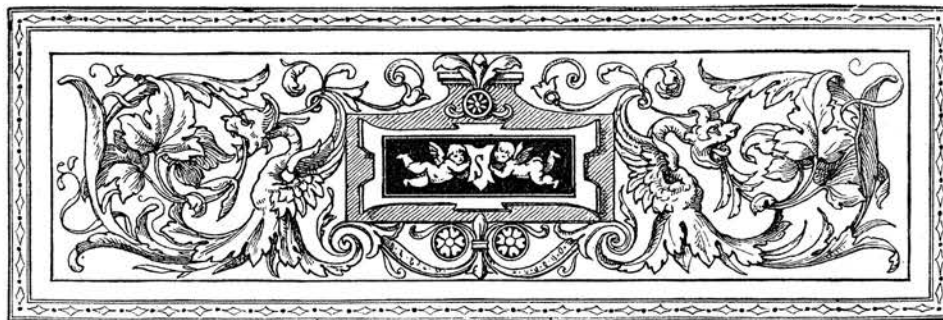
The cities of America cover a vast deal of ground, but the tram system is superb, the public buildings are beautiful, the streets and squares spacious and tree-

lined, and the parks, once seen, will not be easily forgotten.

Every invalid should take a trip up the Hudson; the scenery of that grand river is worth going all the way to America to see. He can take his time about it, there are so many charming places where he will do well to stay for a night or two. If he wants sport, fishing or shooting, he can go farther afield, but there is one thing in his favour—he can sleep every night in a comfortable house.

In travelling the invalid should not forget to wear warm underclothing, and, if he can bear it, fortify himself every morning by taking a cold bath.

On the whole, then, the reader will gather from this paper, that I do not wish to recommend any particular town, village, watering or bathing-place on the great continent. I do not advise the health-seeker to settle down anywhere, but to keep quietly moving; the absence of care and worry, the ever-varying scenery, the purity of the atmosphere, and the newness of life of every kind which he sees around him, these are the things to banish *ennui*, and restore blood and brain and nerve to health, however much they have lowered in vitality by sickness, hard work, or carking care.



### CURIOUS CORPORATION CUSTOMS.



MOST of our Corporations have an eventful history, intimately associated as they have been, from time immemorial, with some of the most memorable occurrences in the political and social life of bygone years. Indeed, a casual survey of a few of the old customs connected with our English municipalities will suffice to show how active a part these bodies have generally taken in all matters which may have affected their privileges, or enhanced their prestige. It should be noted, too, that many of our Corporation customs which, nowadays, seem somewhat meaningless, were quite the reverse in days gone by; the alterations in the laws and institutions of the country having, in numerous cases, rendered their existence unnecessary. Hence, certain usages are retained as relics of the past, and are valued from the unbroken line of evidence they

afford of the authority attached to our Corporations in olden times. In the first place, then, it is interesting to find how many of the old Corporation insignia have become identified with some of the most noteworthy customs; several of the ancient maces having served as drinking-cups. The top of a handsome silver-gilt mace, given by George, first Earl of Berkeley, who commanded the royal fleet at the Restoration, to the Corporation of Berkeley, was for many years used as a drinking-cup at the conclusion of the feasts. When the mayor came to the last toast, the head of the mace was unscrewed from the stem, and the crown unscrewed from the top. The cup part of the mace was then filled with punch, and the crown placed upon it, in which condition it was presented to the mayor, who exclaimed, "Prosperity to the Corporation and Borough of Berkeley." In connection with this ceremony, an amusing anecdote is related by a correspondent of *Notes and Queries* (2nd S.V., p. 520), to the effect that some years ago a medical member of the Cor-



poration, not liking so much punch at such a late hour, refused the toast, but was at once decreed by the mayor to drink it forthwith in salt-and-water; which he did, or rather pretended to drink, amidst the cheers and laughter of the company. Similarly, the borough of Carnarvon turned its mace into a drinking-cup, which on state occasions, such as Royal birthdays, and the inauguration of the mayor or bailiff, was handed round to the assembled court.

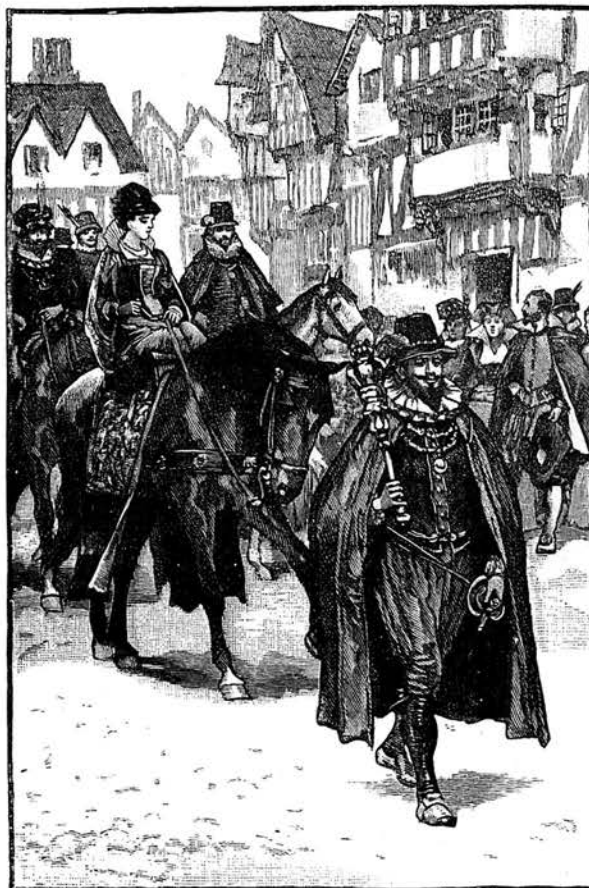
In civic processions the mace holds a prominent place, and in the event of Royal visits to corporate towns, it is customary for the mayor himself to bear the mace before the Sovereign. Thus, it is recorded how the Mayor of York, in the year 1503, preceding the Princess Margaret during her progress through the city, on her way to Scotland to be married to James IV., carried the mace upon his shoulder. At Southampton it was the custom to carry a mace before the mayoress whenever she went in state. At New Romney are to be seen two maces which used to be borne, says Mr. Lambert, in the *Antiquary* (1880, ii. 69), "before the barons of the Cinque Ports in the persons of their bailiffs when they attended at the town of Yarmouth to superintend, open, and regulate the business transacted annually at the grand mart or fair for the sale of herrings."

Once more, a curious custom, known as "the burying of the mace," formerly took place in connection with the Mayor of Nottingham. On the day the new mayor assumed office, his predecessor, with the aldermen and councillors, attended divine service, at the conclusion of which they went into the vestry, when the old mayor seated himself in an elbow-chair, at a table covered with black cloth, in the middle of which lay the mace covered with rosemary and sprigs of bay. This was termed "burying the mace," after which a form of electing the new mayor was gone through, the one retiring from office taking up the mace, kissing it, and delivering it into the hand of his successor.

Some of the Corporations have their sword of state, which is carried before their mayors on grand occasions; the sword, an emblem of justice, says Mr. Llewellyn Jewitt, representing the old criminal jurisdiction of the municipalities. When Richard II. visited Lincoln, in the year 1386, "he granted to the mayor and his successors the privilege of having a sword carried before them in their processions." At Chester the sword is borne before the Sovereign sheathed, but erect, within the limits of the city. Then there is the "cap of maintenance," and we are told that it has been customary in York, "on Christmas, and days of high solemnity, for the sword-bearer to wear his cap of maintenance, which he puts off to no person whatsoever; and that he is entitled to sit with it on during divine service at the cathedral or elsewhere."

As might be expected, many curious customs have centred round the election of the mayor, some of which are noticed in the Report of the Records Commission (1837). To quote one or two cases, we are told how, at the election of the Mayor of Wycombe, the great bell was tolled for a quarter of an hour, after which the bells set up a merry peal. After the out-

going mayor and aldermen had attended divine service, they went in procession to the Guildhall, preceded by women strewing flowers, and a drummer beating a drum. After the election was over, the mayor and corporation went round the market-house in proces-



THE MAYOR OF YORK ESCORTING PRINCESS MARGARET.

sion, and finished the day's ceremonies by being weighed, their weights being duly chronicled by the sergeant-at-mace, who, in return for his services, received a small fee. At Southampton, on the election of the mayor, the Guildhall was formerly decorated with flowers; and at Penryn the mayor elect drank to the prosperity of the borough out of a massive silver bowl, previous to going to church, on the first Sunday after his inauguration. This cup, on such occasions, was, writes a correspondent of *Notes and Queries* (2nd S.V., p. 469), "filled with a mixture of all the various liquors which might be supposed to be in possession of the mayor's estate and position." This relic is of some antiquity, and bears the date of 1633, having been presented by Lady Jane Killigrew. It also bears the following inscription:—

"From mayor to mayor to the town of Pennarn,  
Where they received me that was in great misery.  
" JANE KILLIGREW."

Another curious custom which, in years gone by, was observed at Abingdon, Berkshire, at the mayor's election, is thus described in the *Gentleman's Magazine* (1782, p. 558):—"Riding through Abingdon, I found the people in the street at the entrance of the

town very busy in adorning the outside of their houses with boughs of trees and garlands of flowers, and the paths were strewn with rushes. One house was distinguished by a greater number of garlands than the rest. On inquiring the reason, it seemed that it was usual to have this ceremony performed in the street in which the new mayor lived, on the first Sunday that he went to church after his election."

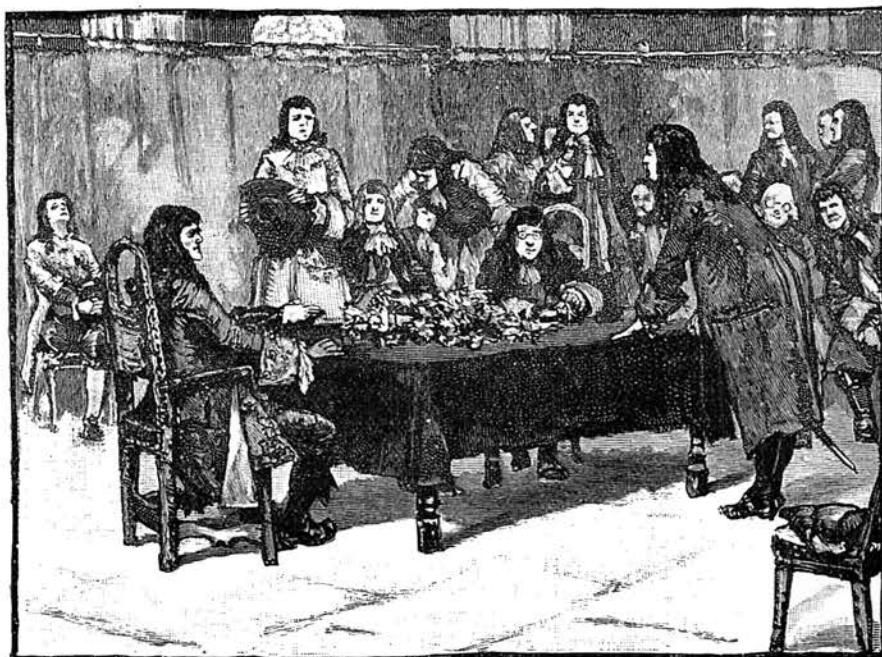
In days gone by, many of our Corporations did not consider it beneath their dignity to encourage and take part in public amusements on holidays and festive occasions. Thus, at Easter and Whitsuntide, the mayor and aldermen of Newcastle-upon-Tyne went yearly to a certain part of the town with the mace, sword, and cap of maintenance carried before them, and patronised the playing at hand-ball and other amusements. Deering, in his "Historical Account of Nottingham" (1751, p. 125), tells us that "by a custom time beyond memory, the mayor and aldermen have been used on Monday in Easter week, morning prayer ended, to march from the town to St. Anne's Well, having the town waits to play before them, together with the officers of the town."

At Congleton, in Cheshire, the burgesses appear to have had a remarkable predilection for bear-baiting. In the reign of James I. their menagerie contained at least one bear, and a bear-ward was appointed by the Corporation for its custody, and it is said, writes Mr. Llewellyn Jewitt, in the *Journal of the British Archaeological Association* (1850, p. 255), that the bear having died, the Corporation gave orders to sell their Bible in the year 1661, in order to purchase another, which was done, and the town was no longer without a bear. How they replaced the Bible is not told. Then there was the famous Ludlow rope-pulling on Shrove Tuesday. According to the usual mode of procedure, the Corporation provided a rope, three

inches in thickness, and thirty-six yards in length, which was given out of the windows of the market-house as the clock struck four. Already assembled were a large body of the inhabitants, divided into two parties, eager for the struggle. As soon as either party gained the victory by pulling the rope beyond the prescribed limits, the contest ceased; the rope being purchased by subscription from the victorious party, and given out again. An old tradition attributes this curious custom to circumstances arising out of the siege of Ludlow by Henry VI., when two parties arose within the town, one supporting the pretensions of the Duke of York, and the other wishing to give admittance to the King.

The Corporation records of Chester show that about the year 1600, in this city, a silver bell was given to be raced for on the Roodee. Again, the "waits badges," six in number, of silver-gilt, are the most interesting part of the insignia of the Corporation of Stamford. Harrod, in his "Antiquities of Stamford" (1785), says:—"The four waits have an annual salary of fifty shillings each; these, dressed in scarlet cloaks, trimmed with gold lace, precede the mayor with their music on the day in which he is chosen, commonly called the mayor's feast day, on the proclaiming of Simon and Jude Fair, and on his Majesty's birthday; thrice also weekly in the dead of night they walk round the streets, playing, from the above fair to Christmas. It was customary for them to go the same rounds from the holidays to Lady Day, calling at persons' houses, where, after playing a tune or two, they are presented with a shilling or so at the donor's pleasure."

In an interesting paper by Mr. Nicholls, on the "Regalia of the Corporation of Bristol," in the *Journal of the Archaeological Association* (1875, Vol. xxxi., p. 311), several old customs are incidentally



BURYING THE MACE AT NOTTINGHAM.





THE MAYOR OF WYCOMBE GOING TO THE GUILDHALL.

mentioned. Thus, in the year 1683, it appears that four silver badges and chains were purchased by the Corporation to be worn by the city waits; and in 1745 the water bailiff had an oar ornamented with silver bought for his badge of office. It is so heavily loaded with metal that its weight cannot be correctly ascertained; the weight in silver is estimated at about 36 oz. At the same time a silver badge and chain were purchased for the deputy water bailiff. One of the civic swords is known as the "Lent Sword," so named from its being borne before the judges when the assize falls in that season. Around the pommel, in Roman capitals, are inscribed these words:—

"This sworde we did repaier,  
Thomas Aldworth being Maior."

Some of the Corporation customs associated with cathedrals deserve notice. Thus, at Norwich, on the Tuesday before St. John's Eve, the mayor elect went in procession with the Corporation, on horseback, and after the year 1772, until 1835, in carriages, to the cathedral, preceded, writes Mr. Mackenzie Walcott, in his "Traditions and Customs of Cathedrals" (1872, p. 131), "by the dragon, whiffers, swordsmen, musicians, the standards of blue-and-silver, and crimson-and-gold, the councillors in gowns, mace-bearer, the city waits, the marshmen, and the civic authorities, with the sword carried erect." The gates of the close were thrown open on their arrival, and the Corporation, proceeding through the nave, strewn with sweet-scented rushes, were received at the choir door by the dean and chapter. It may be mentioned that the ancient practice of strewing the choir of Bristol with sweet-smelling herbs is still kept up whenever the mayor visits the cathedral in state.

Lastly, amongst some of the numerous other Corporation customs may be mentioned the blowing of the "Burghmote Horn," by the sound of which the members of the Corporation were, in days gone by, summoned together. This custom probably dates back to Anglo-Saxon times, having been in some places continued until our own times. At Ripon an ancient horn is preserved, which is sounded every day. "If a visitor should remain in the city," writes Mr. Walbran, "during the evening he may hear the sounding of the mayor's horn. It formerly announced the setting of the watch, whence the chief officer of the town derived the Saxon style of 'wakeman,' but it is now, of course, lapsed into a formality. Three blasts, long, dull, and dire, are given at nine o'clock at the mayor's door by his official horn-blower, and one afterwards at the market cross, while the seventh bell of the cathedral is ringing. It was ordained in 1458 that it should be blown at the four corners of the cross at nine o'clock, after which if any house 'on the gate syd within the towne' was robbed, 'the wakeman was bound to compensate the loss if it was proved that he and his servants did not their dutie at the time.'" In the reign of James I. a custom prevailed for the Corporation of Colchester to make presents of "sugar loaves" to persons of rank and eminence whose influence could procure them favour or protection: a circumstance accounted for by the high price of that article (from one shilling and tenpence to two shillings and twopence per pound), which would seem an extravagant sum now-a-days if estimated in money of the current valuation. The few illustrations we have thus given are sufficient to show how numerous and diverse were the old customs associated with our municipal government.

J. F. THISELTON DYER.



## A LETTER FROM A KITCHEN.

[To the Editor of THE

GIRL'S OWN PAPER.]



HONOURED SIR,—I take the liberty of writing you these few lines to tell you how much my fellow-servant, Sarah, and me like your paper. I was always fond of reading, from a child, and mother used to make rare fun of me, and say she believed I would sit with a book written in French in my hands sooner than not be reading at all; but I don't know that I ever read anything I liked so

much as THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, for there's a bit of all sorts in it—something to make you laugh, as well as something to teach you; but there's some of the writings in it I thought I'd like to say a word about, in case there was any readers might be placed like myself.

You must know that I am a general servant, only there's a girl of sixteen kept too, being rather more work than one can do properly, as it is a largeish house, and master and mistress very particular, not but what they are good people, and kind to us girls in many ways that some would never think of.

Well, as I was saying about THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, there's many pieces in it very nice to read, and useful, no doubt, to the ladies as have not got to work all day, but that poor folks might pass by, with—"Oh, that isn't suited for the likes of us; however could we do all that's written down here?" That's what I thought when mistress made me a present of the first few numbers, and advised me to take it in regular.

There are some pieces written, I should say, by a medical gentleman, to tell you how to

improve your appearance, and all by fair means; not any of those nasty messes for the complexion as you see advertised. I could not help smiling when I saw those rules for making you look healthy and bright; and I remember saying to the other girl, "Ah, Sarah, we haven't time to be thinking about our complexions, have we?" But then I thought to myself, why shouldn't we try to look nice as well as them as happen to be born young ladies; so said I to Sarah, "I'll just see what the gentleman has to say about it."

With that I took the book up again and read all about taking care of your hair. Certainly it would not be right nor yet reasonable for such as me to take new laid eggs to wash mine with, but we always have the best yellow soap, or else the soft soap, which is better to my thinking, and I don't know but what that is as good as the eggs when all's said and done. At any rate, since I began to wash my hair thoroughly with it once a fortnight, and give it a good brush every night, no one would believe the difference. Even mistress said once, "Why, Jane, how nice and bright your hair do look now; quite different from the dusty-looking wig you used to have."

I felt pleased at that, I can tell you, for mistress don't often pass a remark about our appearance, unless she thinks we are getting too fine, and then it isn't praise she gives us.

Then it seems you can't be healthy without having a bath every morning, leastways it says so times upon times in those papers I'm speaking about. If anybody has a need to be strong and well, certainly it is servants, for if they fall ill, whatever is to become of them? But I never was in a place yet where the servants could have a bath, neither night nor morning, and what with being in such a desperate hurry in the morning, and too tired to do anything at nights, most girls aren't so particular as they might be about washing themselves regular.

But though we can't have a regular bath like the paper says we ought to, there's not much difficulty about having a thorough good wash all over, say once or twice a week. Sarah and me share the same bedroom, and how we manage is this. On bath night, as we call it, I get a can of hot water and go to bed half an hour earlier than usual, which mistress has no objections to, as, if anything is wanted, there is Sarah to attend to it; and on her bath nights she does the same, and I attend to her work, for I have persuaded her into following the same way. And certainly it's time well spent, for I feel a different girl since I began, and Sarah's mother says she shall be about keeping her children a bit tidier, for Sarah puts them all to shame when she goes home on a visit.

Then there are all the papers about cooking, and many's the hint I have taken from them. I can call to mind feeling rather angry when I read about us English cooks being wasteful when compared with foreigners, which I've always understood lives on frogs; but certainly by using up the scraps and bones, and even saving the water meat has been boiled in, I must say it has brought down the butcher's book above a bit, and many's the tasty little dish I've sent to table, made, as you may say, out of nothing, and mistress soon noticed them, and likewise the change in the butcher's book, and when I told her the reason she *did* seem pleased. "If that's the case, Jane," says she, "I shall have to raise our wages, or you will be wanting to leave us and take a grand cook's place now you're getting such a first-rate one, and so economical too."

It says in one place that your meat ought never to be laid down on a dish, but always hung up. But suppose your larder hasn't any hooks in it, and the larder not over good nor

over large, which is the case with ours. That stopped me at the first; but then I thought to myself, "Mistress won't begrudge a shilling or two if it keeps the meat better," and I have a good strong wrist, so I took and bought a dozen long nails and a few stout iron hooks, and hammered them in the larder walls, and sure enough there were my meat hooks, as good as if the first carpenter in the land had made them.

I must not forget the papers about needlework, which those on cutting out and making dresses have been most useful to me, and others too, no doubt, for it is a shame to pay three shillings or more for making a plain print, when anyone can make it themselves by following what it says in the book, for most has an hour or two to themselves of an evening. I saved up the old newspapers that came downstairs, and gummed them together, and though I did not get on so very well at first, I managed at last to cut out a pretty fair pattern, taking the measures from an old dress, and kept it by me, so I can always cut out a dress now without any trouble about the pattern.

There are some beautiful pictures of what might be termed fancy darning, and very well described, too, as come in very useful for mending the table linen; also one, more proper for knitted things, that I use when I have time for mistress's stockings, and very nice they look, for you can't see where the hole was; but in general it is the table linen I use the directions for, for you can even copy the pattern of the damask if you go by what the book says.

If you will please excuse me being so long-winded, as the saying is, there is one more thing I should wish to tell you about. There was a piece in the paper about making your bedroom look nice, though some might say the writer did not mean them for such as us. Perhaps not; but I darsay she will be all the better pleased to think they have been followed out by one, at the least. Most girls in service don't care what their rooms are like, so long as there's a bed and a washstand, and just room to turn round; but after I had read that piece up to Sarah one evening, we thought we should like to make ours more comfortable than at present. Of course I asked mistress if she would object to my putting up a shelf or two, and when she took it in what I had in my mind, and what had put me up to it, she said quite pleasant, "Oh, certainly, anything in reason; tell me what you want, and I will give you a shilling or two to pay for them."

With that Sarah and I talked it over, and decided to have a bracket covered with American cloth by the washstand, which is terrible crowded, what with a water-bottle and soap dish, and one thing and another, and in a corner we shall have a shelf with a curtain hanging from it for a cupboard to keep our other dresses in, just like the young ladies in the story did. Then under the bed we have a wooden box where we keep our best bonnets and boots and such like, and we thought we might cover that and make it look quite handsome, and keep it out in the room instead of under the bed, and it will make another seat, which at present we have only one chair; and we are going to stuff the top with paper torn up small and make it like a cushion.

So what with one thing and another the paper has been very useful to me, though a poor girl, and may you go on as interesting as you have begun is the sincere wish of

I remain, your obedient servant,

JANE COOPER.

[The Editor has, with Jane Cooper's permission, inserted the above interesting letter, and he hopes that the perusal of it will prove of benefit to many of his readers.]





Chatterbox, 1875

Spring. By W. H. Boot.

## KITCHEN REQUISITES.



HE kitchen requisites are so numerous, that we shall run the chance of getting quite bewildered with the multiplicity of the various articles, unless we first of all make an attempt to classify them. This may be conveniently done by forming them into three divisions—namely, the ironmongery, the brushes, and the turnery.

As I have before hinted, the furnishing of the kitchen involves a considerable outlay, for which there seems but little to show in comparison. To stock the kitchen of a big house with all the diverse appliances for cooking, and the other etcetera which would be necessary for a large establishment, if this were our task, there is no exaggeration in saying that £100 would only just cover the expense of such a proceeding.

But this consideration does not concern us—at any rate, I do not intend speaking of these matters on so large a scale as that. I am going to advise on the necessary purchases to be made for ordinary households. Let us run over the list, therefore, without further preamble; and as we proceed, I can throw out hints by the way. As heretofore in mentioning prices, so now, I shall not attempt to give the exact estimate of the pans and pails, but the approximate value only.

First, as to the pans. These have to be of various sizes; a set of four iron pans will suit ordinary requirements. Such a set will cost about 10s. An oval boiling-pot is most useful; also a fish-kettle and a steamer. The latter must be fitted to a large pan. If it cannot be fixed in one you have already chosen, then another must be bought for its special use. On these three articles of ironmongery a sovereign at least will have to be spent.

Copper and brass are better metals than iron for some purposes. For instance, in the making of jelly a small brass pan would be required, and a large one for the business of preserving fruits. Copper and brass are very much more expensive metals than iron or tin, as perhaps you may know. My eyes were opened to the fact in this way. I was once staying with a young bride; and one morning when she had ordered a jelly to be made, her cook told her that it was impossible to use the tin moulds which had been provided for such purposes—that a copper one must be procured. My friend was rather reluctant to expend any more money upon kitchen requisites; but, as the cook persisted, we set forth in the quest. After due deliberation upon the various shapes, a small one was selected, and the novice housekeeper drew forth her purse; but she started back in dismay when the shopman said, "One pound three shillings and sixpence, please, ma'am." We left the mould and the shop with many apologies, and felt ourselves wiser women than when we entered it.

But to return to the subject of pans. Three or four small saucepans will be required. Now, there are iron and tin and copper saucepans. Each of these are useful in their way, so I should advise you to buy of each kind. Those made of tin are the least expensive, but then they do not last so long. There is one great advantage in copper and brass, that they are very durable; but they should be kept quite clean, otherwise it is dangerous to cook in vessels made of these metals.

The kettles are always a primary thought—iron or block tin for the kitchen use, copper for the dining-room service. A wrought-iron kettle will cost double the one made of block tin, but then a kettle is always on duty in the kitchen, and therefore should be one of substance and strength. The cost of a copper kettle will be at least 15s.

A tea-tray for kitchen use, with tea and coffee pots, accompanied by their respective canisters, will cost about half-a-guinea. The useful frying-pan, gridiron, colander, and tin moulds may be estimated at 1s. 6d. each; the necessary toasting-fork, bread-grater, tin funnel, flour-dredger, pepper-box, and salt-cellar may be reckoned at sixpence apiece.

Then there is the meat-saw and meat-chopper, each costing half-a-crown; the basting-ladle, gravy-strainer, fish-slice, egg-slice, paste-jagger, and mincing-knife, at a shilling apiece; and a dozen patty-pans, which will be the same sum.

The dust-pan and slop-pail must not be forgotten, a couple of tin candlesticks and candle-box, a coal-hammer, shovel, and hod. These items will add up to a sovereign at least. Then there is a strong kitchen fender needed, together with poker and small shovel, and a couple of flat-irons and stand.

It will be readily conceded that all the above-mentioned articles are decidedly essential for all households; now let me mention a few additions which might be made—articles which are certainly useful in every kitchen, but not absolutely needful there.

A coffee-mill; a pestle and mortar, for which 6s. will have to be given; a weighing-machine, 15s.; a spice-box, 3s.; a set of tin dish-covers, £1 4s.

There are several other items which a cook would deem necessary if she were expected to serve up a variety of dishes for what is termed a "grand" dinner. For instance, there are special pans for the cooking of omelettes and cutlets, special kettles for the boiling of turbot and mackerel; and there are copper brazing-pans and copper stock-pots, which average £3 and £4 apiece; and there are the copper jelly-moulds, to which I have already adverted, and which are no doubt very much superior to those made of tin, because the pattern is more sharply defined, and therefore the outlines of the jelly or cream are more decidedly marked.

We now come to the cutlery. The use and abuse of knives is the universal lament of, and a grievous worry to, all housewives. The dusters make themselves wings and fly away, the knives cut and run!



For kitchen purposes, half-a-dozen horn-handled knives and forks should be provided : these may be had for 10s. the dozen. For dining-room use, at least a dozen large and a dozen small knives will be required. The price of those with ivory handles ranges from 30s. upwards. The handles which have round ends look better than those with square ends. With respect to carvers, one large set, and one of smaller size adapted for carving game, should be selected. Buck handles for carvers are stronger than ivory, but I allow that the former do not look as well when on the table. The prices vary from 7s. upwards. Remember that you cannot make a greater mistake than that of buying cheap cutlery. A knife which makes much ado about cutting is an aggravating companion, and much money may be spent in having blunt knives ground and sharpened, a discipline which common knives continually need. I have in my possession a set of knives bought thirty years ago, and used constantly during that time ; these knives are always sharp, and are a continual rebuke to many others which have been purchased during that interval.

We must try and prevent the cook from using the silver spoons by giving her some metal ones—two or three iron spoons, two or three metal ones, and half-a-dozen metal tea-spoons, all of which may be bought for a couple of shillings.

And now for the second division—*i.e.*, the brushes. Quite a regiment of brushes is indispensable to cleanliness. We *must* have a hair broom, and a carpet-brush, and a short-handled double stair-brush, and a set of stove-brushes, and a set of shoe-brushes, and a hearth-brush, and a scrubbing-brush, and a plate-brush.

When these are paid for, you must not expect to receive any change out of a sovereign. If you try and economise by spending less, the bristles and hairs will leave their sockets, and you will have a number of useless backs and handles fit for nothing but firewood.

Our third and last division now remains, and that is what is termed the turnery—articles made of wood. A chopping-board, a paste-board and rolling-pin, and a flour-tub—no house can well do without these things : on the lowest computation, 10s. will have to be expended. A lemon-squeezer and a vegetable presser are often wanted : 2s. will buy the two articles. Hair sieves of various sizes are useful in most kitchens, and are not expensive items. A knife-board of course we must have, and a knife-box ; a dish-tub, glass-tub, wooden pail, and clothes-horse—these will run away with a golden guinea ; 16s. has to be expended on a butler's-tray and stand, if it is to be strong and useful ; a plate-rack will cost half that sum.

A housemaid's-box tends to tidiness, and two or three wooden spoons and a soap-box come under the head of "requisites."

In this department a basket can be bought for the silver ; one with three divisions, and properly lined with baize, will cost five or six shillings. There is also to be thought of the basket lined with tin, which is for the purpose of holding the plates when removed from table.

A couple of Windsor chairs and a table may be considered as indispensable, and also a clock. And now I think we have enumerated all in the lengthy list—no, we have forgotten the cork-screw. E. C.



Illustrated London Almanack, 1860

MAYING.



NOTES BY AN ARTIST NATURALIST.

"Oft thou hast given them store  
Of flowers—the frail-leaf'd, white anemone,  
Dark bluebells drench'd with dews of summer eyes,  
And purpled orchises with spotted leaves."

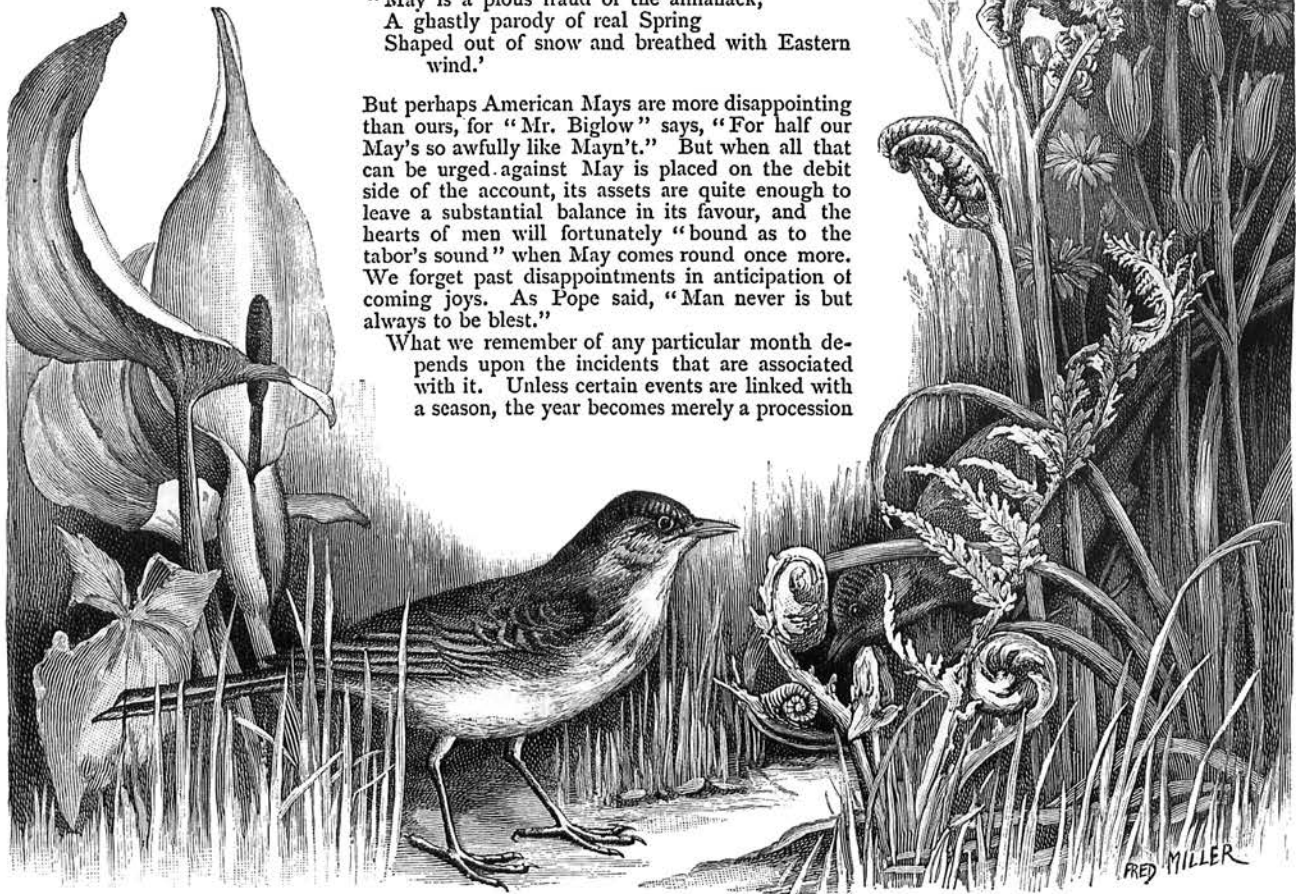
"The sweet spring days,  
With whitening hedges, and uncrumpling fern,  
And bluebells trembling by the forest ways,  
And scent of hay new mown."—*Matthew Arnold*.

It was my privilege one year to spend the first three weeks of May at Burnham Beeches. I went there to sketch, and being out of doors the whole time I had every opportunity of watching how rapidly nature leaps into activity and rushes into life in this, the month that sounds pleasantest in our ears of the whole twelve, for May is the month of breaking bud and bursting blossom. The cynic may say that May is disappointing, and its pleasantness exists as an idea that has come down to us from a past when the season was in harmony with its name: that May is chilly and makes the tooth of the east wind felt. Lowell was in such a mood when he penned—

"May is a pious fraud of the almanack,  
A ghastly parody of real Spring  
Shaped out of snow and breathed with Eastern  
wind."

But perhaps American Mays are more disappointing than ours, for "Mr. Biglow" says, "For half our May's so awfully like Mayn't." But when all that can be urged against May is placed on the debit side of the account, its assets are quite enough to leave a substantial balance in its favour, and the hearts of men will fortunately "bound as to the tabor's sound" when May comes round once more. We forget past disappointments in anticipation of coming joys. As Pope said, "Man never is but always to be blest."

What we remember of any particular month depends upon the incidents that are associated with it. Unless certain events are linked with a season, the year becomes merely a procession





of uneventful weeks, and awakens no associations when we look back upon what has gone. To those who dwell in cities, as I did myself for so many years, the procession of the seasons makes very little impression upon them, for if you do link events with times, the events themselves are those pertaining to our artificial life, and so May to an artist may come to mean the month when the Royal Academy opens; but with country folk the planting or gathering of the herbs for the service of man marks off the different months, so that each one stands out like a distinct personality. In that thoroughly country story of Ruth the season is spoken of as the time of barley harvest, and if you live in a village and associate with the peasantry, you will find that it is the time of "tater planting" or "hay-making" that is spoken of more often than the particular month when such duties are performed. I heard an old farmer say that when the parson began the Bible was the time to plant beans, and the lines—

"When elm leaves are as big as a shilling,  
It's time to plant kidney beans if you're willing;

When elm leaves are as big as a penny,  
You must plant kidney beans if you mean to have any."

carry out the same idea of linking two events together to remember one of them—the essence of artificial memory. I learnt May as it were during my sojourn in the Beeches, for it was the first time that I had spent May out of doors, watching, during the pauses of my work, the rapid growth of everything around me, for whether I would or not, I could not help being made aware of the ever-changing scene that I was trying to get down on my canvas. One of the subjects I had in hand was a study of some willow trees bending over a pond. When I began the sketch, the trees were just tinted with a bloom of pale green produced by the opening leaf buds. The leaves were unwrapped just enough to clothe the branches with a veil as of delicately-tinted gauze. In three weeks those same trees had become masses of green, the opened leaves hiding all but the main branches, and even these were almost concealed. The beeches, which were quite bare the first week of May, were tinted with a green of a quite vivid tint, which most artists find very unpaintable owing to its crudity; the

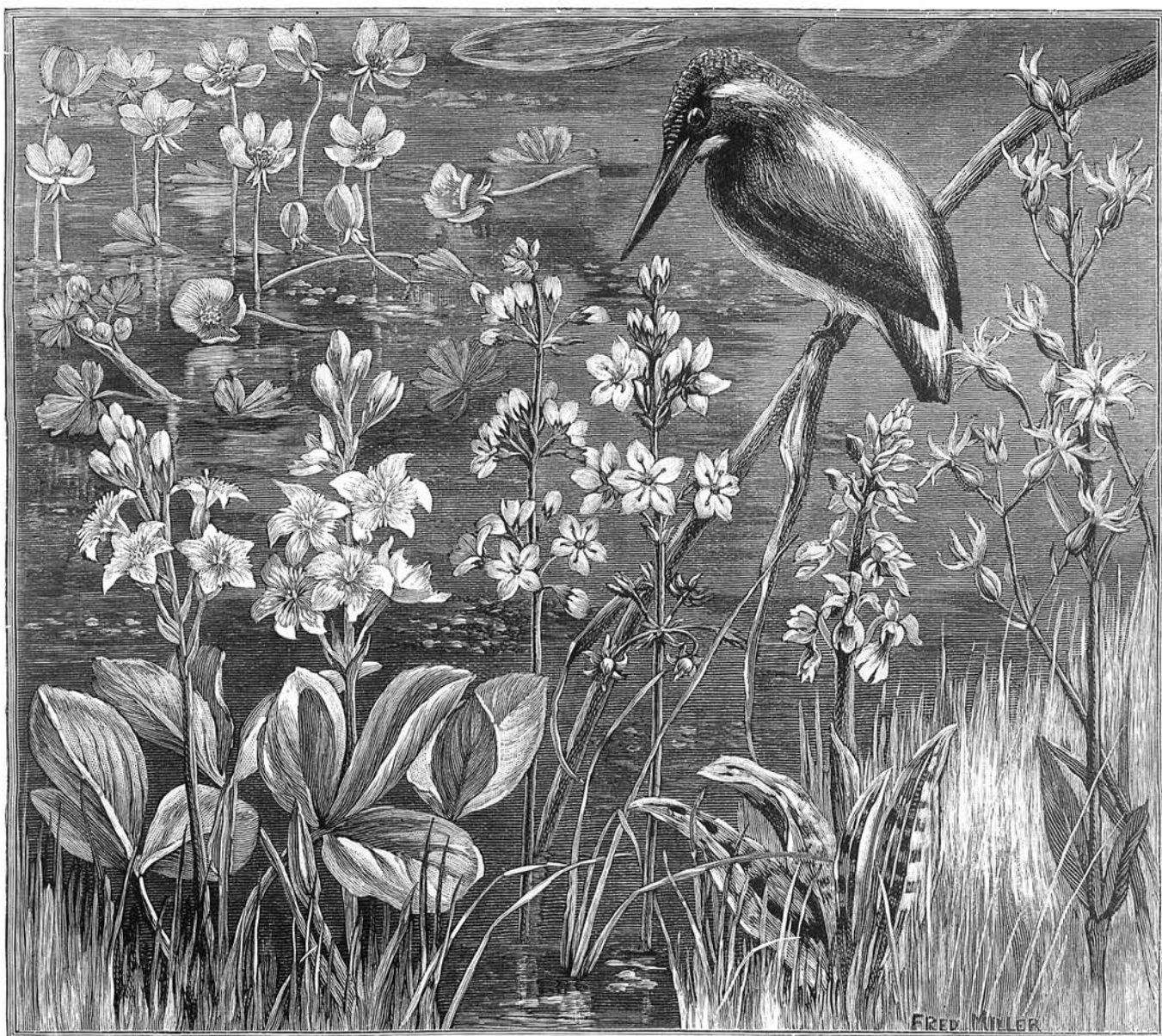
bracken, which was only just through the soil with all its leaves wrapped tightly together in a characteristic scroll, were some eighteen inches high in three weeks, and all over the common, and in the open spaces in the woods a thick miniature forest of rich brownish-green stems had pushed their way *where before* the ground was bare, so quickly does bracken grow.

In the middle of the month I noted that primroses still lingered in the woods, now purple and blue with wild hyacinths. Matthew Arnold also noted this in "Thyrsis"—

"And only in the hidden brook-side gleam  
Primroses orphans of the flowery prime."

Wood anemones hang their heads on the banks and outskirts of the spinneys. Furze is in full blow, and broom is just opening into flower by the road-side. A few apple trees are out in blossom, but the bulk of them want another week to be in full pink and white perfection, while the cherry and pear trees are carpeting the ground below them with their petals. The woodruffe was a conspicuous plant with its straight stems and intensely yellow-green flowers and dark azalea-like leaves growing out of the low clumps of bramble and

WATER BUTTERCUP.



BUCK BEAN.

WATER VIOLET.

ORCHIS.

RAGGED ROBIN.

bracken. The delicate, white, fragile starwort found its way through these bramble clumps, Nature piloting it through its thorny path so that no damage befel it. The oaks are now covered with their rich, warm-brown, half-opened leaves, quite reddish beside the birches and beeches, while the ash trees are slowly spreading out their leaflets.

On May 20th, I noted that I picked the first white campion in a cornfield. What a delicious scent it has! I noticed the glow-worms shining brilliantly as I walked home in the dusk. It quite startled me to see one shine forth suddenly, for as it flashes out in the dusk and shadow of a hedge the light appears most brilliant, as though a star had accidentally slipped out of its place and fallen earthwards.

The birds are full of song now, and while the hen birds are sitting their mates spend a good deal of their leisure in letting the world hear that they have voices. I had never until this visit to Burnham Beeches heard the song of the nightingale, or if I had heard it it had left no distinct impression on my mind; but their song in the woods was to the music of the woods what a violin is in a concert. At about nine o'clock in the evening one bird would begin, and in a few minutes he would be answered by another bird, and then a third would join in, and every few minutes the chorus would be augmented until all through the woods you could hear the whistle, the trill and the guttural, for the three bars in a nightingale's song are all very marked and distinct. The nightingale's song is heard at

a time when so many other birds are still, that it has attracted perhaps more attention to itself

"The cypress stood up like a church  
That night we felt our love would hold,  
And saintly moonlight seemed to search  
And wash the whole world clean as  
gold;  
The olives crystallised the  
Broad slopes until the hills  
grew strong:  
The fire-flies and the  
nightingales



than would have been the case had it sung only in the day; for the nightingale sings through the day, and yet the casual person does not notice it then. The nightingale appears early in April (Gilbert White gives its date as the first), and sings through May into June, and leaves us in August.

In speaking of glow-worms and nightingales I am reminded of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's poem, "Bianca among the Nightingales," the first verse of which I cannot refrain from quoting:—

APPLE BLOSSOM  
and BLUETITS

Throbb'd each to either  
flame and song.  
The nightingales, the nightingales."

BLACKCAP WITH  
SLOE AND  
ALMOND BLOSSOMS.

The nightingale has been heard in Victoria Park and Kensington Gardens. The blackcap is another beautiful songster, and is the earliest of the summer emigrants to visit us, and instances have been known of its staying the winter with us. Both male and female assist in incubation, though the male will often feed his mate as she sits on her eggs, and then perch by and sing to her. Birds at this season of the year put on their gayest dress, and the brilliancy of the plumage of such a bird as a cock chaffinch must be seen to be appreciated. No idea can be formed of the colouring of birds from those kept in captivity, and even stuffed specimens fade even if they were originally brilliant. The linnet's



breast is, in a wild state, most brilliantly marked with crimson; but it loses this after its first moult in a cage, and never gets it back.

I noted on the 26th that a nest of young thrushes, which were only hatched some three weeks before, flew this day when I went to look at them, as I frequently did, for the nest was in a low oak hush, and was by no means concealed before the leaves had opened. The "pink-pink" of a female chaffinch as one walked through the woods told one that a nest was in the vicinity, and it would have been comparatively easy to have taken a good many nests early in May, so little are they hidden until the leaves burst their buds and expand. Young birds, when they are just capable of flying a short distance, but cannot keep on the wing for more than twenty or thirty yards, fall victims to cats, stoats, and boys. I have frequently had opportunities of catching these fledglings, and one morning in walking through a wood I was startled by a thrush suddenly starting up close to me. I guessed something was wrong, for a thrush does not in a general way allow one to almost step on it, so I looked about, and presently saw a youngster on the ground that had evidently ventured out on its own account, too soon for its own well-being as it appeared. I picked the fledgling up, but the old bird, whom I had disturbed in looking after the youngster, and who had perched on a near bough, exhibited so much concern, and chattered away in a manner that told me plainly how upset she was, that I left the young thrush on the ground for the old bird to do what she could to get her offspring out of its danger.

I often had my attention called to the woodpeckers by the tapping of their beaks on the branches of the trees. The succession of rapid short taps instantly tells you where the bird is, and by waiting and watching you can generally see him as he runs up and down the branches. We have three woodpeckers in this country—the large green, called in some places the wood-parrot, the spotted, and the small one. This latter I have seen on the walnut tree in my garden; but they are essentially woodland birds.

On May 27th I made this note which emphasises my opening remarks. It is hard to realise how rapidly everything grows in the spring if the weather be warm. During the time I have stayed at Burnham, I have seen



the beeches, and oaks, and birches become almost full foliaged, and when I came the leaf-buds were only just bursting. Cherries have flowered and fallen, and apple trees have blossomed and been scattered by the breeze. Cowslips have been succeeded by violets. Arnold says—

"Where thick the cowslips grew and far descried,  
High tower'd the spikes of purple orchises."

And primroses and anemones have paled before the hyacinths, which in turn are seeding and giving place to foxgloves. The colour of a mass of hyacinths in a wood has often been commented upon. The tint appears to vary very much as the sea under sunlight, and one minor poet has likened the hyacinths in Nuneham Woods to a "Breath of sea blown inland." Tennyson speaks of Guinevere riding with Lancelot over "Sheets of hyacinth that seem'd the heavens up-breaking through the earth." The gorse has flowered and is now succeeded by its warm seed-pods, and the broom has filled up the gap in colour. The hawthorns have just put on their leaves, the "mantle green" which Nature spreads, as Burns so happily puts it, and are now white with feathery sprays of blossom. The bracken must have grown daily by inches, seeing that now it is from eighteen to twenty-four inches high.

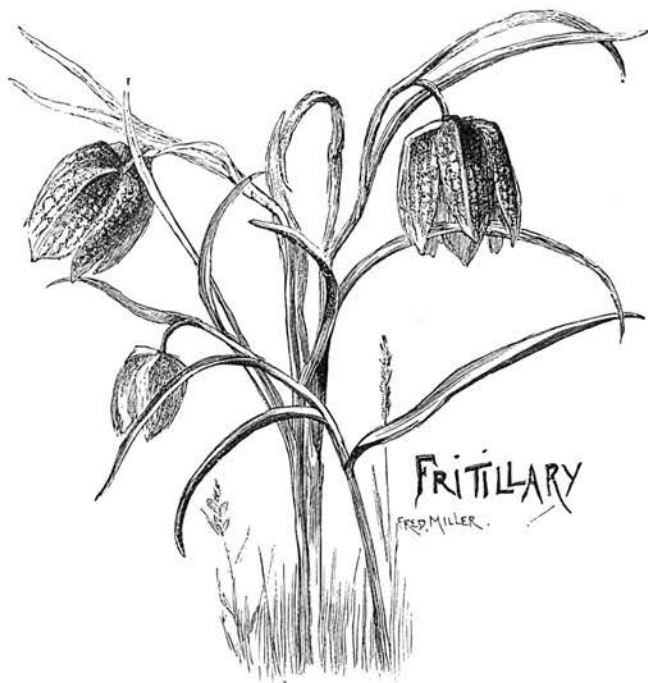
In this Thames village we have many apple orchards, and there is no more beautiful month to make its first acquaintance than May, when the air is perfumed by a scent between rose and almond of the apple blossoms. Unquestionably the apple is the most beautiful of all flowering trees, the pink of the buds, and the white of the petals—more silvery than the pear, which is a creamy white—and the grey-green of the leaves produce a harmony which makes an apple orchard one of the most striking sights in a village—making Arcadian what at other times may be almost

squalid. The medlar and quince are much less seldom met with. The foliage of both these trees is more laurel-like, while the blooms are much larger than apple blossoms, though in the quince and medlar they grow solitary instead of in clusters as in the apple and pear.

It must be borne in mind that locality considerably influences the flora of a district, and that the plants which I saw in the woods in May at Burnham would not all of them be found, say, on the hills in Surrey. The hyacinth, for instance, and woodruff, are flowers not to be found on heaths or hills, while the whortleberry or bilberry, which belongs to the ericas or heaths is only found growing in sandy soils, such as the Surrey hills, where the children gather the berries in August to make into jam. Then again such flowers as the buckbean, with its petals covered with a sort of downy fringe, the water violet, somewhat like the lady's smocks, ragged robin, with its pink, ragged petals, myosotis or forget-me-not, and water buttercups, are all aquatic or bog plants, and are only to be found in such situations.

The cuckoo pint or wild arum, called by children lords and ladies, is pretty commonly met with in hedgerows and shady spots, and in the woods; the wood-sorrel, with its frail, mauvish-white flowers may be met with growing in clumps at the foot of a tree. It is said by some to be the plant St. Patrick took to illustrate the doctrine of the Trinity.

The spotted orchis, so named from its leaves being marked with purple spots, is plentiful in moist situations, while the bee and fly orchises are found, on the other hand, only on chalk hills. There are flowers again only found in a few restricted localities. The fritillary or snakeshead, with its spotted purple flowers is one of these local plants. Around Oxford it is plentiful in low-lying meadows. It is found



almost white as well as purple, and there is a garden variety, which is very effective in the borders.

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

Some birds too are only found in certain situations, and those who have stayed on the Surrey hills in spring are familiar with the melancholy cry of the night-jar or goat-sucker, which lays its eggs on the bare ground on heaths and commons.

Most of the summer migrants arrive in April; but the house martin is seldom seen before May, while the swift is not common until the middle of the month, and leaves us again the third week in August.

The flycatcher is another late visitor, arriving

with May. A pair built in some ivy just over one of the windows, and brought off four young ones; and we could watch the old birds flying to and fro the whole day long, bringing insects in their beaks to feed their eternally hungry children. The cornrake, with its monotonous, guttural, rasping cry, is heard in the meadows both day and night, but it is a bird which is very rarely seen, keeping in the thick tall grass.

Poets have ever delighted to honour May, and when every village had its maypole country folk ushered in May with rejoicings and merrymaking. These old customs die hard, and in this Thames village the children gather wild flowers and make them into garlands, and decorate their hats, and then go from house to house to show themselves and their floral trophies and sing. I was agreeably surprised the first year I lived here to have May-day announced by a gathering of children before the door carrying a large gar-

land upon a stick held by two of the company. Nor was this all; for in a sing-song, such as is familiar in children's games, they chanted the following rude stave:—

" Good morning, ladies and gentlemen,  
I wish you a happy day;  
We've come to show our garland,  
Because it's the first o' May.  
First of May is garland-day,  
Second of May is my birthday,  
Third of May is my wedding-day.  
A bunch of flowers I've brought you,  
And before your door I stand;  
'Twas God who made all things,  
And made the world so grand."

I cannot pretend to explain the meaning of some of these lines. I give them as I wrote them down from the lips of one of the little girls, whom I got to say the song over slowly—a trying ordeal, she appeared to think.

## AN AMERICAN TEA-TABLE.



travelling through America it is not at all unusual to be invited to partake of supper at six o'clock in the evening. The guest will in time, however, come to understand that this is the same meal as *tea* in New York, and that "supper," as English people understand it, is not an every-day, or rather every-evening, meal in America. Ball suppers, theatre suppers, and sometimes gentlemen's supper parties there are, but "supper" as a family meal is a rare exception among the classes in which it is a rule in England, from the bread-and-cheese and beer of the working man, to the more dainty meal of the well-to-do who prefer an early dinner to a late one.

In New York almost all except the working classes dine at six o'clock, and a cup of tea is served with dinner. The three meals of the day consist in this city, therefore, of breakfast, luncheon, and dinner. In other large cities, however, the hour varies from the two o'clock dinner of the Eastern States to the four o'clock one of New Orleans, and in most of these tea, or supper, as it is indifferently called, is always served.

Tea in these cases is a very substantial meal, being indeed a sort of supper and tea rolled into one, the hour of taking it being from six to seven; and as cooking in the different parts of the States differs as much as it does in the various counties of England, there is great diversity in the dishes served at these teas. Different sorts of hot breads, of course, are inevitable at an American table; rolls, both Graham and white, hot biscuit, corn muffins, rice bread, hominy bread, baked muffins, and among country people very often hot griddle cakes are served, besides wonderful things in the way of pies, fried cakes (under which head come dough-nuts, an exceedingly popular dish with Americans, and crullers, which deserve to be popular anywhere), and cakes of every kind. America has certainly a good right to the title Land of Cakes

for there is more variety of that article than in any other country I have ever visited.

Among savoury dishes, oysters in every form—although scolloped are *par excellence* the favourite mode for tea—stewed, fried, broiled, all are popular. In addition to these, there are various viands that would be no novelty to English readers, and one or two that are familiar to them, but novel from the manner in which they are treated. Even so plebeian a dish as pigs' feet becomes quite dainty cooked as they often are in this country; and as in England they are so despised, I will append the recipe among others, and may thus rescue them from the contempt in which they languish at present.

Chipped beef is a savoury morsel very frequently met with at country tables, and in warm weather is to many more acceptable than more substantial fare.

I am now speaking of the teas of the middle and lower classes; those of the upper classes in this, as in many other things, so nearly approach our own English dinner that description would be superfluous. This, true of teas, is also true of many other things American. The upper strata of society here, Europeanised by travel, approaches as nearly as circumstances (in the shape of cooks and other servants) permit to the European standard. Kettledrums are fashionable in England, they become the rage in New York, and so with most other things; and in so far as they thus approximate to European manners, they lose the racy native flavour: there are no typical Americans among the *crème de la crème* here. It is not uncommon to hear them speak among themselves of a person who has been unable to shake off the provincialism, or has not tried to do it, that he is "so very American." I suppose it will be a somewhat new view of the Republic to see Americans spoken of as upper, middle, and lower classes; yet the classes are very distinct here: that is to say, each class believes in several strata beneath itself, but none in one above.



There are, however, one or two delicacies even from these more exalted tables which will bear transplantation: notably, fried chicken and jellied oysters. The latter are very new and fashionable as a luncheon, tea, or supper dish, and being so we will dispose of them first.

*Jellied Oysters.*—Take oysters enough to nearly fill the mould you use, then season highly sufficient stiff veal stock to fill up the mould—say about one pint—put the oysters in it, and simmer slowly from three to five minutes; when plump they are done. Do not wait for them to shrink, as they will do if over-cooked; strain them from the liquor, which proceed to clear in the following manner:—Stir into the hot broth the white of an egg well whipped; stir quickly, and boil up once; then let it stand a minute, take off the scum that will have risen, and strain through tammy or double flannel; then lay at the bottom and round the sides of the mould (which you must have dipped into cold water) a few quarters or slices of lemon, with a split gherkin here and there, or a few capers, a capsicum or two, or anything suitable for ornamental effect; then lay in the oysters, with a bit of lemon here and there as you fill up the mould. When all are in, squeeze a little lemon-juice into your cleared stock, and fill up the mould with it, set in a very cold place to harden, and turn out as you would any other jelly when required; garnish with cut lemon and parsley.

Another way to prepare jellied oysters is to use their own liquor instead of stock, and sufficient gelatine to make a firm jelly; scald them till plump in it, then take them up, strain and clear the liquor as before directed, add the dissolved gelatine, season with pepper, salt, and mace, squeeze a little lemon-juice into it, and use as directed for veal stock.

Fried chickens are one of the dishes in which black cooks excel, and all through Virginia they are the favourite dainty, and certainly are deliciously prepared. Take quite young chickens—they should not be more than three or four months old—split them down the back and breast; cut each half across, then give a gentle blow to each quarter to slightly break the bone, that they may lie flat; then either dip each piece in thin batter or in egg and bread-crumbs. An inexperienced cook had better use the batter, for which the following are very good recipes:—

*Pâte à Frire.*—Half a pound of flour, three-quarters of an ounce of butter melted in a little warm water, enough to make a stiff batter; when smoothly mixed, thin the batter with more warm water till it will mask the spoon, stir in one white of egg beaten till it will stand, salt to taste.

*Pâte à la Provençale* is made in the same way, except that a large table-spoonful of oil is used in place of the butter, and the yolk of the egg is mixed with the batter, the whipped white added last. (Into these batters, fish, chops, or thick slices of cold meat may be dipped for frying.)

To cook the chickens, have ready a deep pan of lard, which must be very hot—boiling lard is *not nearly* hot enough: it must boil, get still, and begin to smoke;

then drop a bit of bread into it: if it crisps and browns at once, it is hot enough; put in your chickens which have been dipped into the batter, as many pieces only as will lie easily. When a golden brown on one side, turn them carefully, draw your pan back from the fire, so that the meat may be thoroughly cooked through before it burns; take them up, sift a little fine salt over them, lay them on white paper to absorb grease, then serve garnished with parsley.

*Stewed Oysters* are simply cooked five minutes in their own strained liquor, sufficient of it to make gravy, which is thickened either with the yolk of an egg and a good table-spoonful of butter, or a little cream is added, and the same quantity of butter rolled in flour and stirred smoothly into the gravy; if flour is used it should be put in before the oysters have simmered two minutes, so that it may cook sufficiently without over-doing them. Most English cookery-books give recipes for scolloped oysters as good as those used in this country; it is needless, therefore, to give them here.

*To Broil or Fry Pigs' Feet.*—They should be either soured or salted as for boiling, then boiled slowly till the large bones slip out; they should then be split, the bones taken out, but left as perfect in shape as possible; place something on them to preserve the shape—a plate will answer—and when cold dredge them lightly with flour, and either broil them till brown, pepper them, and serve very hot, or else fry them, and serve in the same way. Prepared thus they are very delicate eating.

For *Chipped Beef*, cure a piece of round of beef in the same way as ham, smoking it very highly, then it is cut with a sharp knife in thinnish chips, and served as it is—the smoking having cooked it—or else it is just tossed in butter till hot through.

Recipes for several of the hot breads I have mentioned have been given in a former article (see “Some Favourite American Dishes”), but I have a few to add which will be acceptable additions to the English breakfast or tea-table, I think.

*Batter Bread.*—Two eggs, the yolks beaten separately, three table-spoonfuls of flour, the same of milk; mix the yolks, flour, and milk into a smooth batter, salt it, stir in a table-spoonful of butter melted, then add the whites, beaten till they stand high, and a tea-spoonful of *sifted* cream of tartar, or half a one of tartaric acid *sifted*; mix gently, and when the whites are well blended dissolve half a tea-spoonful (scant) of carbonate of soda in a very little boiling water, stir it into the batter, and bake in a well-buttered tin in a *very* hot oven. To be eaten with butter as new bread.

*Baked Muffins.*—Make a pint of milk, in which a quarter of an ounce of German yeast has been dissolved, into a thick batter with flour, add sufficient salt, a tea-spoonful of sugar, and a table-spoonful of butter melted. The time it will take to rise differs with the yeast and temperature; if for breakfast, set over-night in a warm place: they are generally ready by seven in the morning; for tea, they should be set early in the morning. If they are light enough too soon in the day, stir them down, and let them rise again. When light enough the batter should be like

honeycomb, and be more than double the bulk it was when first mixed. Bake in little round tins or cups in a very hot oven. *Graham muffins* are made in the same way, only "Graham" flour, which is the flour brown bread is made from, is used in the place of white.

*Corn Meal Muffins*.—Scald half a pint of Indian meal with enough boiling water to make it into a thick paste, add a cup of flour and milk, enough to make a thick batter, then beat three eggs very lightly, and stir into the batter with a large table-spoonful of butter melted and a table-spoonful of sugar; add, the last thing, two tea-spoonfuls of baking powder, or a tea-spoonful of cream of tartar sifted, and a small half-one of soda dissolved in boiling water (the soda must always be added the *last thing* whenever it is used); bake in little tins in a sharp oven, or if baked in one tin it is a delicious corn bread.

*Hominy Bread* is very delicate, and as the recipe is equally good with cold boiled rice, which is often at hand in England, I give the manner of making it:—A large cup of cold boiled rice, or hominy, as much Indian corn meal, and the same of flour and milk, to make thick batter, then beat in three eggs, a tea-spoonful of salt, and a dessert-spoonful of sugar; stir in a table-spoonful of butter melted, and bake in a shallow tin pan in a hot oven; cut it out in squares, and serve hot on a napkin. This and all breads having corn meal need to be liberally buttered.

*Dough-nuts* are so well known in England that it may be superfluous to give the recipe, but *crullers* are an American dainty that I have not met with elsewhere.

Make a soft dough with three-quarters of a pound of flour, in which a tea-spoonful of cream of tartar has been sifted, half the weight of butter beaten to a cream, three eggs well beaten, and a tea-cup of sugar; dissolve half a scant tea-spoonful of soda in a little cold milk, and if the paste is too stiff—it should be as soft as possible, without being sticky—add more milk; flavour with nutmeg, knead only till well mixed, break off pieces the size of a small egg or less, roll between the hands into long strips, and tie in knots, or any shape you please. Before beginning to mix the crullers, place on the fire a saucepan or stewpan in which is at least a pound of lard—let this get very hot, so hot as to smoke; try a little bit of the dough—if it swells and browns almost at once, it is hot enough—then drop in your crullers, not too many at a time, as they swell very much and should have room to float; when a fine light brown both sides they will be done, unless too large; break one open to see if cooked through, then fry the rest. They are best taken up in a colander, and powdered sugar sifted over them. They should be very crisp, and not at all greasy outside; if they are so the lard was not hot enough. They keep for several days. In frying anything requiring great heat, if a slice of potato is kept in the fat it will check any tendency to burn; and, of course judgment must be used to draw back the stewpan if the articles show the least appearance of burning before they are cooked through.

There are so many cakes in use in this country that would be new to English housekeepers that it is difficult to select; I give one, however, most common here, which may be readily varied to taste.

*White Mountain Cake*.—Beat three eggs ten minutes with a breakfast-cupful of white sugar (granulated or crushed loaf) in which has been rubbed a dessert-spoonful of butter. When eggs and sugar are beaten they should look white and very light; then *sift* to them a good breakfast-cupful of flour, and a tea-spoonful of cream of tartar; stir, and when mixed, dissolve half a tea-spoonful of soda in a table-spoonful of boiling water; mix thoroughly and quickly, spread *thinly* over the bottom of four shallow pans or tin plates of equal size and shape (proper pans for this cake are those used for German sandwich cake), round and not more than half an inch deep; but if these are difficult to find, the cake may be made in a round hoop, and cut in three or four slices (as sally-lunn is cut for toasting,) each slice to be not more than two-thirds of an inch thick. Whether baked in layers, or whole and cut, each piece should be thickly spread with the following mixture:—

Grate one cocoanut, from which the brown skin has been removed, mix it with two table-spoonfuls of powdered sugar, and the white of one egg beaten to a high froth, leaving out a half-cup of the grated nut. When cocoanut, sugar, and egg are mixed, spread each layer, and lay one on the other so that it forms alternate layers of cake and nut; then spread the remainder of the mixture over the top layer as you would icing, sprinkle thickly over it the half-cup of nut you have left out, and sift over all enough powdered sugar to make it sparkle and look like flakes of snow.

This cake may be varied by using chocolate between the layers, thus:—Grate a cupful of fine French chocolate, beat the white of an egg, set the chocolate in the top of a tea-kettle to get soft and warm, then stir in the egg till it forms a paste; lay this between the layers, having used vanilla for flavouring, if the chocolate lacked it; or orange marmalade, or the lemon mixture used for lemon cheesecakes, will be found equally good used in this way.

Cocoanut pies are an American "institution," so very good, so little known, that they must not be omitted, forming as they frequently do part of an American farmer's tea. Of course, in cities pies are not used either for breakfast or tea.

Line a dish with nice puff paste, then pour into it the following mixture:—Grate one cocoanut, mix with it a pint of milk and three beaten eggs, three ounces of butter warmed, and a cup of white sugar; the sugar and butter to be well beaten before adding to the rest. Flavour with grated lemon-peel, or vanilla; bake as you would custard pudding in a moderate oven. Although called pie, this and many other such pies better answer the English idea of a baked pudding, having no cover on them. In this country "pies" are usually baked in round tins the size of a dinner-plate, but shaped like a mince patty-pan.

CATHARINE OWEN.





A PERSON with a terrible temper we can put up with: we know all about it, and being warned, are armed. How carefully we avoid treading on the thin places of the good nature of that being! We take every possible precaution with so-and-so, and consequently we find him delightful. The same holds good with the

sullen one of our acquaintance, or the malicious. The faults of these are "writ large," and we give the failing wide room. It is the "little ways" that are really so provoking, the pins of faults that prick so hard. Why should I be so cross with the lady who brings an umbrella into my drawing-room where I and half-a-dozen others are at tea? It cannot really be of moment that she should try to find a place for it in impossible corners and against tables where it inevitably falls down; but it is a worry.

Why do people so often repeat their farewell messages and good-byes? Even through the closed door you may hear them saying "Then you *will* come on Saturday; *mind* you do," or "I'll be sure to bring it back; *good-bye*."

The incurably tidy person in a house is almost as tiresome as the inveterately untidy. The one puts every possession you have into some perfectly proper place, but one which it would never have occurred to you to choose for it; the other never can spend ten minutes in any room without bestrewing it with unnecessary odds and ends: both are unreasonably trying to the temper. The friend who talks every trivial subject through and through, plagues us quite as heartily as the person from whom no more than a bald comment on the most notable occurrence can be extracted; worse than either is she who repeats every remark we make, by way of answer, "The Browns were quite well, were they?" "Mrs. Jones' cold was worse, was it?" "You went to the Smiths', did you?" till your harmless speech is transformed in your mind to a savage one. Who does not know the worry of an acquaintance who finishes every sentence before you are half-way through it? "I had a delightful afternoon yesterday—" you begin, "At the twopenny concert? Oh, yes it *was* lovely," your visitor says, when you did not

even know there was such a thing as a twopenny concert! or else, "I think this weather is—" "*Atrocious*—yes, it really is," says your friend. You were going to say "delightfully bracing," but that is nothing.

The people whose tastes are never the same for six months together are tiresome, too. An elderly visitor, perhaps, to whom one wishes to make the house agreeable, comes to stay, and mentions that he always sleeps with his head at the bottom of the bed, and his feet where the pillows usually are, and things are so arranged for him. Before his next visit one gives lessons to the housemaid, and the room is prepared amidst the giggling of the maids in this eccentric fashion. He comes, and in five minutes rings the bell, and with upraised eyeglass inquires why his couch is thus topsy-turvier? He has changed, and forgotten the fad of yore, but it is a "little way" that is provoking to his hostess. A lady who has travelled a great deal takes lemon in her milkless and sugarless tea. We bear it in mind, and when she comes a year later arrange and present cut lemons with pardonable pride. Alas! "*Milk*, if you please, and plenty of sugar," says the dame in an injured tone before a roomful of people. Her whilom "little way" has faded from her mind. The people who find some fault with everything you do, whose praise always has the sting of a "but" at the end which transmutes the whole into a reproof, the people who ask your advice, request addresses, patterns, information, lists of books; and never take any scrap of all for use, are provoking. The acquaintances who talk of what has befallen Augustus, Wilhelmina, Lady Flora, Basil, Cyrus, Amelia, or Lord Eustace, as if you knew all about them, when you have no faintest idea of their personality, plague you much. The girl who never seems to enjoy any amusement you provide for her, and who never observes such small courtesies as writing to acknowledge a gift, or recording her safe return after a visit; the one who covers sheets of paper with accounts of the merest trifles, the person who is effusively friendly at one time, and apparently forgets your name at another, all these things provoke one to disproportionate wrath.

When I was a school-girl I remember one night in the dormitory we were criticising, not in the most kindly fashion, the dress of some new arrivals, when the conversation was interrupted by a remark from the far corner of the room where slept a little girl of ten, who had, by the way, been sent early to bed for bad behaviour. In her somewhat deep voice she said slowly, "Thophy Thutton! turn your eyeth into your own wardrobe, and be thtill."

I often think of her when I make unkind remarks on the "little ways" of my neighbours, but they annoy me nevertheless, and in spite of my knowledge that my own ways are equally provoking.

IVOR MERLE.

## A DAY OF MY LIFE IN INDIA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "INDIAN HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT," ETC.



"MEM-SAHIB! Mem-sahib! Mem-sahib!" with a prolonged howl on the final "sahib," breaks in on my slumbers. At first I am really too sleepy to do more than give an irritable grunt and doze off again; but Indian servants are persistent, and as overnight I had expressed

a wish to be called at four o'clock a.m., at that hour my trusty ayah insisted on waking me. Again her voice rose from the first whispered call to the prolonged final howl, and as this was followed by a gentle but decided pressure of my feet—an excellent method, by the way, of waking persons without alarming them—I ordained to wake.

I demand, "*Kya baja hai?*" (What o'clock is it?), and receive for answer, "*Mem-sahib, char baja ab baj-gya*" (Four o'clock has struck).

Once up, a refreshing splash in a very primitive tub—a beer-barrel sawn across lengthwise—a hurried scramble into a white riding-habit, a cup of tea swallowed while the ayah is brushing and coiling up my hair into a tight knot, and I am ready for my usual morning canter. "Kis-waste," my golden-chestnut country-bred, is resenting the tight clutch his *syce* has on the bridle while leading him round the compound, and showing his displeasure by shaking his head violently, and trying to mouth the native in charge of him. His injured feelings are soon pacified when I appear in the verandah and call him for his accustomed bit of bread, and he stands perfectly quiet for me to mount.

And here a word of advice. Never while in India neglect a morning outing of some sort. Either ride, drive, or walk every morning before the sun is up, for then is the only time you will be able to breathe really fresh air—or, as the natives express it, "eat the wind" (*hawà khàna*).

It is hard work to get up early at any time, doubly hard in India, when you have probably endured an almost sleepless night, when the heat has been stifling, and the punkah-coolie, more than usually drowsy, has let the rope drop from his hand, or at all events rest inertly between his fingers—when you have, from his neglect, awoken frequently feeling as if you were

about to have a touch of heat-apoplexy; or possibly the insects, the sand-flies, mosquitoes, and ants of various sorts have been having what our American friends call "a good time"—then, I repeat, you do feel disinclined to stir, especially as with the morning light Mr. "Laloo," the punkah-coolie, has awoken to a sense of his mission in this world, and the punkah, instead of scarcely moving, is flapping away briskly and fanning you into a heavy morning doze. Yes, it is hard enough to call up sufficient energy to leave your bed and mount your *tat* (pony); but, believe me, the reward is in the doing, and I attribute the way in which I kept my health in India as due entirely to my never neglecting my morning ride or drive.

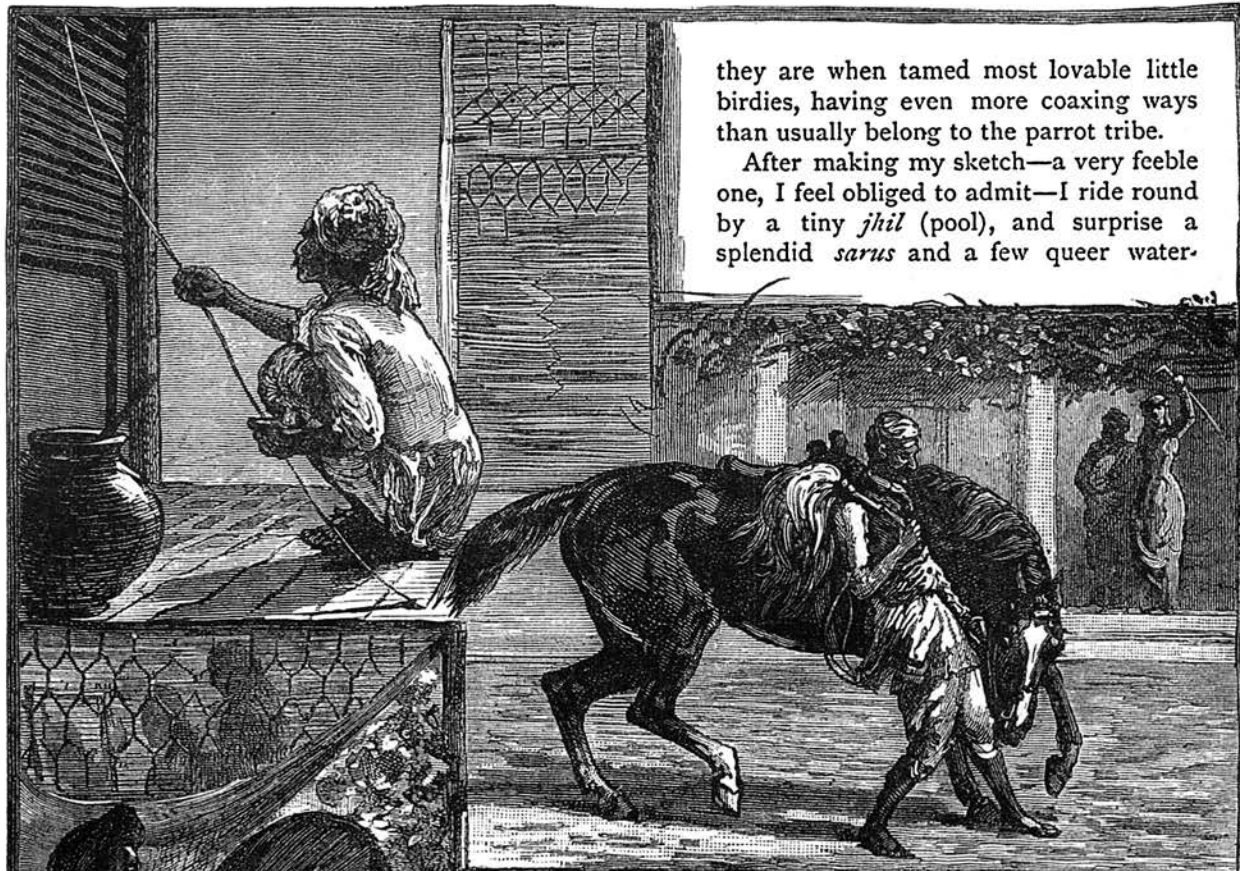
On this particular morning I went off into the country, towards an old tomb I wished to make a sketch of, and the way led through fields of waving grain. In some places, in rice-land more particularly, you cannot ride through the crops, as the bridle-path is too often merely a narrow ridge of ground, dug out on each side, and the difficulty of preventing your horse from slipping first on one side and then on the other is such that it does away with the pleasure of the ride. Round Mooltan (our station), however, are to be found charming paths leading through the fields in every direction.

Date-palms (*Phœnix dactylifera*) are a great feature in the landscape. They grow and flourish in great quantities in this part of the Punjab. I have ridden for the last half-mile or so through a splendid field of Indian corn (*Zea maize*); it is one of the handsomest of all the Indian cereals, and looks equally beautiful in its green state or in its yellow maturity. Just as we emerge from the field and come out on the open *maidan* (plain), a jackal breaks cover, and for a wonder goes straight away; and I wish inwardly that it was the cold season, and that the little "bobberie" pack belonging to the regiment was at hand. "Kis-waste" shakes his head as if he would like to chase the animal on his own account, and as "Solongee Puppyee Sahib," my faithful but mongrel terrier, is in attendance, we do have a gallop until pulled up by a deep nullah, which has to be negotiated with care. The tomb I have come to sketch is exactly like any other Indian tomb—and you may see plenty of them in a morning's ride—but it is rather picturesquely situated, has a fringe of verdure round it, and a splendid tamarind-tree partly hiding it from view, from out of which fly about a dozen green parrots, chattering and screaming discordantly. They are pretty little things, with their bright green plumage, long tails, rose-coloured beaks, and ringed necks; and it is really too cruel to use them for shooting-matches, in lieu of the pigeons which are not. This, however, is too often done, and they are purchased for the purpose at the rate of about two rupees for fifty. We make pets of them at home, and



they are when tamed most lovable little birdies, having even more coaxing ways than usually belong to the parrot tribe.

After making my sketch—a very feeble one, I feel obliged to admit—I ride round by a tiny *jhil* (pool), and surprise a splendid *sarus* and a few queer water-



fowl. Some fish are also to be seen rising and making little circles in the water. It is getting hot by this hour, and time to go back to cantonments; but the breeze this morning has been refreshing, and I feel I have drunk in enough ozone to carry me through the weary hours of stifling heat which have, alas! to be endured.



I reach the bungalow about half-past six, in time to dress for *chota hazaree*. My husband has returned from his military duties, and brought a brother officer in to breakfast with him; one or two others drop in while that most pleasant meal of the whole day is progressing. Our table is spread in the verandah, adorned with flowers; it is not too hot to be bearable, and so the *chics*—large reed blinds—are some of them left rolled up, and we catch glimpses of the many-hued convolvuli, which however are fast closing up their petals; a date-fence round the house and the tennis-lawn in front is, in the early morning, a complete blaze of colour, as it is so thickly covered with different sorts of convolvuli that the fence is entirely hidden.

We dawdle over our breakfast, talk a small amount of *gub* (gossip), learn each other's plans for the day, arrange where we shall again meet, discuss the last news from home, until the heat becomes oppressive, and the outsiders, not caring to risk sun-stroke by remaining out too late, drop off.

I am writing of the hot weather, and one of the ordinary days of Indian life. Every now and again there is, of course, a diversion—a big dinner, a moonlight picnic, a tennis match, or something just a trifle out of the usual line; but as a rule the monotony of life in the hot weather is very trying and really the hardest thing to bear. "What am I to do all day?" is the question most people ask themselves when the morning breaks—that is, if they have no real aim in life. Those who have some settled plan of action, who do not lose their energy and allow the climate to steal away their talents, are the people who keep their health in India. But I am digressing. After *chota hazaree*, come the usual duties of the lady of the house everywhere. I order dinner, give out the stores for the day, and, that accomplished, settle down to some work or other till lunch; for we, unlike most people in India, kept English hours and made our breakfast at 7.30 or 8 o'clock suffice us till lunch at 1, not going in for another breakfast between 10 and 11.

It is wonderful how many letters have to be written in India—*chits*, as they are familiarly called. Messages are never sent by native servants, but letters or notes, so there is a constant post going on, the most trifling request being contained in a *chit*, which must be answered.

After lunch the hours begin to hang heavily; the house is all shut up, the punkahs and thermantidote are at work, and if you are not a neuralgic person you draw your easy-chair close to the *khush-khush tattie*, which blocks up the door on the side the breeze is supposed to come from, and read or work. For the latter employment, though, you have hardly enough light—that is, if you darken your rooms to the extent most people do. I never could endure to sit in the semi-darkness and wish for the sun to set; the hours always seemed then to be double their ordinary length.

In the worst time—in the hot weather—people rarely stir before dinner, ordering the carriage round immediately after it, and driving in the evening air—if there is any—until it is time to return home to bed. When not quite so hot as this, they adjourn to the band-stand, or some lawn-tennis or Badminton party, or pay calls if they know intimately the people on whom they call—state calls and first calls have to be paid between twelve and two o'clock—returning to dinner about eight o'clock, and sitting out in the compound afterwards, tea or coffee being brought out there.

I liked the life, but then I am bound to say that in India or in England the days are always too short for me, and at the close of each day, spent no matter where, I find I have not accomplished all I had wished and intended to do when I first rose, but have left undone those things which I ought to have done, and most probably have done those things which I ought not to have done. I write this in all seriousness, for such is probably the experience not only of myself individually, but of many amongst us.

E. J.



## USEFUL HINTS.

### GENERAL RULES FOR MAKING JAM.

1. Gather the fruit on a dry day.
2. Pick it over carefully and see that it is free of insects, and take away any that is decayed.
3. Put the fruit in the pan and let it juice over the fire; add the sugar, which should be warmed, by degrees.
4. Use good white sugar for preserving; the cheaper kinds do not go so far.
5. Three-quarters of a pound of sugar is enough for any fruit unless it is very sour, when a pound may be used.
6. Stir often and do not let the jam burn.
7. Skim well.
8. Bring to the boil after the sugar has melted, and boil until done.
9. Put a little on a plate, let it cool, and see if it will set; if so, it has been cooked enough.
10. Let the jam cool, and pour it into jars.
11. Let it get perfectly cold, lay a round of paper that has been dipped in brandy on the top inside the jar, and tie down larger pieces outside. When tied down brush over the top with white of egg.

**TO RENDER DOWN FAT.** *Method.*—Take any pieces of fat, cooked or uncooked, cut them up and remove all skin and any pieces of meat there may be on them, put them in a saucepan with enough water to come halfway up the fat, put on the lid and boil for half an hour; take off the lid and let the water boil away; when the pieces of fat are brown and crisp, take the saucepan off the fire and let the contents cool a little; strain off the liquid fat into an earthenware pan or tin. This can be used again and again for deep fat frying, if strained after each using, and will keep for a long while. It is excellent for cakes and pastry.



"A LITTLE MUSIC."

(ILLUSTRATED FROM SKETCHES FROM LIFE BY T. W. COULDERY.)



AN OLD CREMONA.



THE FLUTE.



A COMIC SONG.



DOUBLE BASS.



A SOLO ON THE CLARINET.



THE HARP.



THE MANDOLINE.



A WRESTLE WITH THE CONCERTINA.



## EMBROIDERED INITIALS.

BEFORE the invention of the many marking-inks now to be had so easily, the art of marking was carried to very great perfection. In the eighteenth and earlier part of the nineteenth century, every lady was able to embroider her name on her house and body linen as well as numerals standing for the number of the articles. In some cases the date was also added. Some of this work was very beautiful indeed, and in all cases it was well finished and very neat.

For a time marking-ink had its own way, but its star is not quite so much in the ascendant as it has been during this transition stage, and gradually it must be noticed house linen, if not body linen, is being embellished by initials or monograms in place of the ink which, however beautifully might be drawn the letters executed in it, never gave the articles the pretty appearance which a little embroidery can do so easily.

In the illustration before you, you will see several letters worked in different ways. I have purposely avoided monograms because it always strikes me as so very useless to give them in a paper on the offchance of a reader finding the two or three letters combined forming the monogram of her name. I have also repeated the same letters, also designedly,

because I wish you to notice how precisely the same letter, of the same identical shape, can be worked so as to look very different.

These large m's in Figs. 1, 2, and 3 are suited for several purposes. The turnover of a sheet it is now the fashion to mark with a large letter, and as much embroidery besides as you have time to do or inclination to purchase. Over-towels look well with a big initial or initials, the more decorated the better, and pillow shams should always have them. If you want embroidery about your pillows, have it on the pillow sham by all means, and make it as ornate as you please. But to embroider in relief a large monogram or letter in the middle of a pillow slip, is almost as cruel as to starch its frills. Neither are provocative of slumber, and if embroidery must find a place on the actual slip, then let a minute and very quiet worked monogram be placed safely away in a corner.

Fig. 1 is done in orange and black embroidery cottons of ingrain colours that wash well. Black trellis-stitch is fastened down with small orange stitches or *point sablé* in the same colour forming an outer line. Snail-trail stitch, French knots and herring-bone, are used to form the letter.

Fig. 2 is done also in yellow and black

orange loop-stitch, being done between lines of black snail-trail stitch, the latter stitch being also used for orange lines in other parts of the letter.

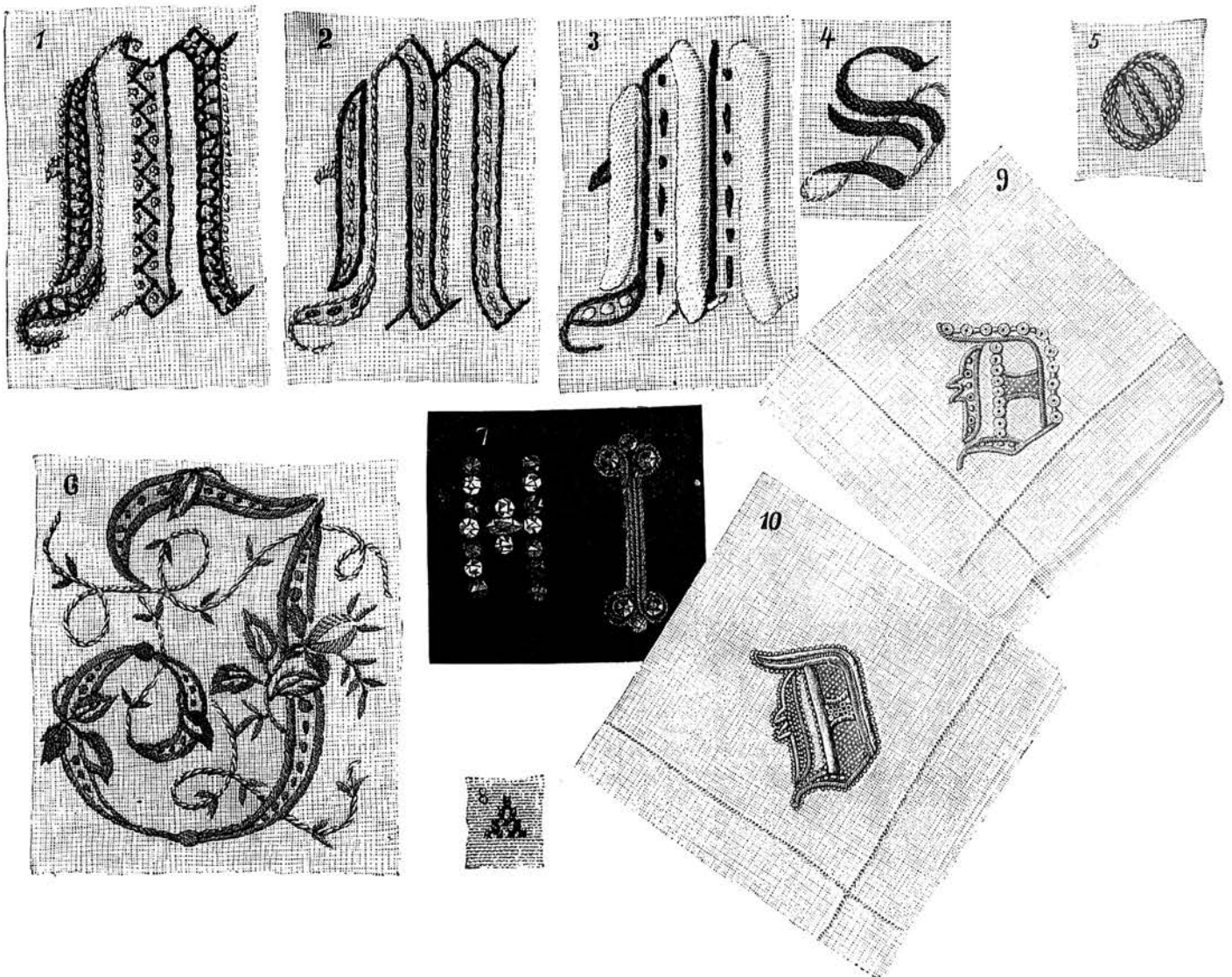
Fig. 3 is done in black and white and shows how a letter can be done in relief so as to be very effective. The three heavy bars of the letter are done in satin stitch heavily and evenly padded underneath, the cotton used being Strutt's knitting cotton. The black lines are done in rope-stitch and small black loop stitches and small dots.

Fig. 4 is a smaller S, the black being in plait stitch and the yellow in rope stitch.

Fig. 5 shows how a letter can be done very quickly and yet be very effective simply by the use of chain-stitch, which everyone knows how to do.

Fig. 6 shows a large letter worked in pink and green filloselle silks; the rose and leaves are done and tendrils are done in three threads of filloselle, six being used for the rest. The heavy outline is done in green rope-stitch.

Large letters can be done in all sorts of ways to suit the article upon which they are placed. On a grey bath blanket a large red or blue monogram in washing crewels looks exceedingly well. Letters embroidered on table linen should be white as a rule, though



some people do not object to colour, either mixed with white or by itself.

Flax thread can be used to great advantage in working initials, and very beautiful results can be ensured if taste and care are exercised. You can use all kind of stitches besides the above-named for feather stitch, and many mount-mellick stitches work well in a variety of ways.

Raised initials on sachets, cousie pieds, etcetera, can be well worked in silks, and Japanese gold sewn down is very handsome.

Fig. 7 shows how initials can be done in jewels and gold braid. The H is done in green and pink jewels, alone simply sewn down, and the I is of gold braid, twisted into form and green jewels sewn on as seen in the illustration. To begin a letter of this kind thread the gold braid into a large *aiguille à tapisserie* and push it through, then sew the braid down with strong sewing-silk. As the letters here given are by way of suggestion,

it will easily be seen that given some gold or silver braid and some jewels the most charming letters can easily be formed.

As there are still to be found people who like the old-fashioned cross-stitch marking, I give a specimen of it in Fig. 8. I do not admire it myself, but those who do can exercise their taste by the help of this letter; they will see how others can be formed, the same number of threads always being taken up and the crossing always going the same way.

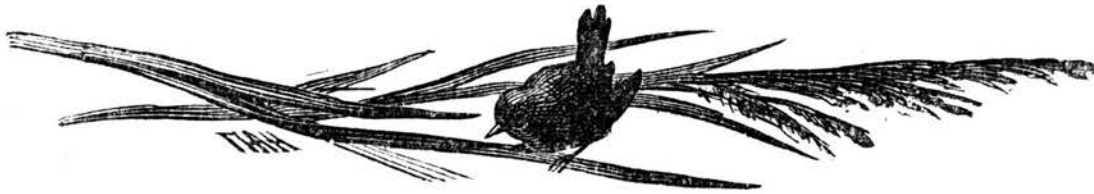
Fig. 9 shows frill embroidery done on a cambric handkerchief. Always take care not to place very heavy work on a slight ground, and do not pull your thread.

The tiny eyelet holes are not cut at all. The needle always going into the same hole as the button holing is done, makes the little hole clear. Small dots worked over are in between each hole. The cordlike line is done in rope-stitch, one line down is of eyelet holes alone, and in the bar across is filled up with *point*

*sablé*, which is but a tiny back stitch taken at an angle of a thread, and care being taken never to place one stitch immediately under or above another. The lowest line is done in buttonhole.

Fig. 10 has a thick buttonholed bar which has first of all been padded. Then there are tiny holes worked over not in button hole stitch. The outer line of the letter is done in feather stitch with a row of *point sablé* outside it, and rope stitch forms the small cord.

All mount-mellick stitches can be used in this fine embroidery, and fine white cotton should be used. In padding be careful to be very even and to work all the satin stitch or buttonholing evenly over it. Too coarse cotton is a great mistake. If you use a variety of stitches you can have every letter, though of the same form, quite different in a set of handkerchiefs. As the work is very fine it should be done in a good light.



## NEW PAID OCCUPATIONS FOR WOMEN.

BY ELIZABETH L. BANKS.

HERE are hundreds—even thousands—of girls and women to whom the earning of money is a necessity, yet who, from the fact of their having been brought up to no particular employment, feel themselves utterly incapable of turning their hands to anything that shall result in money-getting. Belonging to that class known as “gentlewomen,” and having

lived homely lives, which seem to have unfitted them for taking an active part in the bread-and-butter struggle, the all-important question to them is not, “What shall we do?” but, “What *can* we do?” In their fearfulness of coming into contact with the rough outside world, they themselves are apt to answer, “Nothing!” while they settle down to starve or be dependent on relatives. I do not know of anything more pathetically touching than the sight of a woman gently reared suddenly thrown out on the world with a living to make, and no practical way of making it. That she is not fitted for any particular calling is not her fault, but the fault of those who have had her in charge since childhood. They have allowed her to grow to womanhood with no end in view except that of “marrying her off.” If she fails to be “married off,” and is without an inheritance, or, once married, becomes a widow, whose sole legacy is a number of children, her plight is a pitiable one indeed. To be sure, there are enough trades and professions in which

women may embark: almost as many as for men in these progressive times; but there are women who cannot type-write, book-keep, practise medicine, or take a part in the thousand other professions that are open to certain women of certain talents. Even if they learned these things, their bashful, shrinking dispositions would lead them only to make sad failures. They have a smattering of French, a small knowledge of music, a slight taste for embroidery, but they are unable to turn these superficial accomplishments into money. That a woman should grow to be twenty, twenty-five, and thirty years old without having been taught some one thing that would fit her for taking care of herself, if necessary, is a disgrace to our modern civilisation, and one that will be speedily blotted out. The coming generation of girls will all know how to do something, and do it well; but the question now is, What can be done for those who are already grown and in that state which the court describes as “without visible means of support”?

Perhaps if these very women who continually assure us that they are eminently qualified to do nothing would set to work to get better acquainted with themselves, they would discover that, after all, there are numberless quiet genteel occupations in which they could engage that would be neither very difficult nor distasteful to them. Let them run over in their minds a list of all the things they like to do, trivial and unimportant as they may appear, and meditate upon the possibility of turning these trifles to account.

A few years ago, a New York girl, brought up in luxury, found herself motherless, fatherless, and without means.



"What can you do?" asked a friend to whom she had confided her penniless state.

"Nothing!" was her answer.

"Well, what do you like; or what did you like most in your old life?"

"Horses and dogs. The only real work I ever did was to comb and brush the dogs and take them for exercise." Then suddenly a thought occurred to her, "Why, I wonder if I couldn't hire out as an attendant on dogs?" she exclaimed.

A week afterwards, the same girl, stylishly dressed, and looking as happy and prosperous as possible, was to be seen several times daily in Central Park, always accompanied by two, three, or four dogs. She had gone the round of her friends and acquaintances who had canine pets, and offered to groom and exercise them for a dollar a-week each. As early as eight o'clock in the morning she visited her first customer, washed the faces and paws of the animals, brushed and combed them, prepared their breakfasts, and then, with poodle, pug, and greyhound arrayed in bracelets, collars, and ribbons, took them to the park for their morning constitutional. In families where there was more than one pet placed in her care the charge was somewhat lowered. The young lady had a strong silver bracelet on to which she fastened the several chains of the dogs as she led them to the park. Arrived there, if the park policeman was not looking, or if his good-nature made him short-sighted, the animals were allowed a romp over the common. In an hour they were taken home, while their attendant went to other houses for more dogs. It is said that there are now over a hundred young women in New York who make a very snug income in this way. For girls who are fond of animals the occupation is an agreeable one, and is in every way much pleasanter than being a nursery governess. Neither aprons, caps, nor any other "badges" are imposed upon them, and when seen in the parks their appearance is that of well-dressed girls out for a walk with their pets. They are not in any degree looked upon as menials, and many of them move in good society.

In London I should think this plan might be carried out with great advantage. Household pets are numerous, and the majority of English girls are fond of them. Many a lady would be only too glad to pay out a few shillings a week for the sake of knowing that her beloved Fido was in reliable hands when taking his morning walk. In this business there is a chance for the "horsey girl" as well as the quiet girl to earn money and be happy; and the fact that in London dogs are recognised as having certain rights in the streets and parks that must be respected makes the task much easier of accomplishment than in New York, where the irritating sign of "No Dogs Allowed," is continually meeting one's eye.

Another occupation, started two or three years ago by an American woman, is that of "breaking in" new boots. Every woman—and every man too, for that matter—knows the discomfort of first putting on new boots. Even if they are not so small that they pinch the feet, the stiff unbending feeling is most disagreeable.

A few hours' wear daily for a week would put an end to the trouble, but it is that first week that we all dread. So the woman referred to, understanding this bugbear, sent about to well-to-do ladies the announcement that she and her two daughters were ready to break in boots at the rate of twenty-five cents a pair. In her notice she gave the sizes of the boots usually worn by herself and daughters, so that only those of a similar size and shape were sent to be broken in. In a short time she was not only taking in a goodly sum of money, but her family became noted for always going clad in the finest of new foot-gear. To be sure, this method of earning a living has its uncomfortable features, in that the boot-breaker may have feelings as well as the owner; but those who have gone into the business (the widow has naturally had a number of imitators) assert that one may become so accustomed to wearing new boots as not to mind it.

An English woman of title is making a good income from table decorating. Her love for the beautiful in nature and art is put to use in the laying of tables for luncheons and dinners, and with a few flowers and ribbons she is able to perform wonders. All her friends know of her talent, and do not hesitate to employ her in preference to a florist. Her work is now in such demand that she has engaged an assistant to help her in the less elaborate decorations. This is an employment that might well be taken up by a large number of ladies. The remuneration is at the rate of from two to four shillings an hour.

I do not know whether scientific dusting is at all in vogue in London, but in most of the American cities, where fewer servants are employed, the work of dusting the drawing, dining and best bed-rooms is often done by an outside help, who, from her knowledge of the value of handsome furniture and *bric-à-brac*, performs her duties with more care than can be expected from ignorant servants. What housewife has not had the experience of lifting from the mantel a vase or statuette, and having the top or head come off in her hand in a most miraculous way? Mary Ann, questioned as to the cause of the dismemberment, sometimes denies, or often boldly confesses to having knocked it, while she declares that: "It don't matter, mum. I put it on again and it's only a little thing!" Tell her that the "little thing" cost all the way from five to a hundred pounds, and she will look at her mistress in amazed doubt, which plainly says: "I don't believe it!"

Such ornaments placed in charge of a person of refinement and education rarely meet with these mishaps. It would pay the majority of mistresses to expend a few shillings in this way on "turning-out" days and at house-cleaning time. That it is the housemaid's business to attend to the washing and dusting of *bric-à-brac* we shall all agree, but it is certain that she will never do it properly until she has a different home or school training from that given her at present. The care of nice furniture and ornaments is something that many gentlewomen understand intuitively, and I would recommend that this branch of female industry be given over to them. The work is neither difficult

nor unpleasant, and delicately moulded hands are particularly adapted to it.

The subject of tasteful window draping is one that English women might consider with great advantage. The ordinary servant seems utterly incapable of arranging the front windows in an attractive manner, and the result is that London houses are noted the world over for their ugly windows. The blinds are frequently awry, the lace curtains hang unevenly, and the heavy draperies are as often upside down as right side up. All this is the work of servants, who, although they may be able to scrub or sweep, have assuredly no talents in the direction of making home beautiful. The draping done by the professional upholsterers of London is not much improvement on that of the servants. In America this part of the house work is frequently done by the lady of the house herself, who does not scorn to mount a step-ladder in order to perform the feat. I am sure that many gentlewomen might find window draping a profitable means of livelihood. It is more than probable that many of the decorating establishments would be only too glad to engage women for this work when once convinced of their superiority over men. The matter of climbing a step-ladder becomes an unimportant one now that the patent spring steps are coming into use. The old-fashioned steps are always in danger of shutting up suddenly and sprawling the occupant on the floor, and, of course, must be done away with.

"Lady cooks," with a knowledge of all the mysteries of the culinary art, are becoming popular, and there is no reason why the profession should not be followed by genteel, or even delicate, women who are specially gifted in dainty cookery. The position of a cook-general would not be an agreeable one, but in a family where a kitchen or scullery maid does the harder and rougher work, the duties of the cook are not at all unpleasant. On account of the peculiar qualifications required to make a good cook, we may expect that ere long many women of gentility will be thus employed. Far be it from me to say that all women are natural cooks. Many could not learn the art, however hard they tried; but, on the other hand, there are numbers well fitted for it, and their skill in preparing tempting sweets and savouries will be readily turned into golden sovereigns. This work would not necessitate that the person so engaged should live with the family that employed her. She could go to her duties in the morning, and return after dinner was served, arranging that she should have one holiday each week.

The washing and putting away of valuable china and plate is another department of domestic work suitable for gentlewomen. The washing and mending of fine laces which the owners are unwilling to trust to the rough handling of the laundries makes still another branch of quiet industry; and house decorating, such as the painting of door panels and the placing of dadoes, is a business in which not a few women would excel.

Some have very successfully taken up the business

of shopping for country people, who, on account of residing at some distance from large towns, find it impossible or impracticable to make their own purchases. The person thus engaged must needs be a woman of taste, and well-versed in the art of "bargain-hunting." I believe that ten per cent. is the usual amount of commission agreed upon.

My attention has recently been called to another employment for women by the receipt of a neatly engraved circular from an enterprising Englishwoman, who announces that she will inspect and choose suitable apartments for intending visitors to London. Throughout the year, and especially during the season, there are thousands of foreign visitors in the metropolis who would gladly pay the required fee of five per cent. on the first month's terms for the sake of knowing that on their arrival in London they would be shown to comfortable and suitable apartments, without the trouble of searching for them. A thorough acquaintance with the different neighbourhoods, the healthfulness of the various localities, and a quick observance of the advantages and disadvantages connected with boarding houses and apartments, would be essential qualifications in one who essayed to successfully undertake this sort of work.

Inspecting a fashionable dress-making establishment one day last week, my attention was attracted to a young French girl who occasionally threw out suggestions in regard to a lady's gown which the modiste was fitting. "Madame is too short for that," remarked the girl, when the lady suggested a certain style of hip drapery. It was discarded, and a skirt of an entirely different order was pinned together. "Ah, that is better; and Madame looks much taller," the girl observed, as she critically examined this last effect.

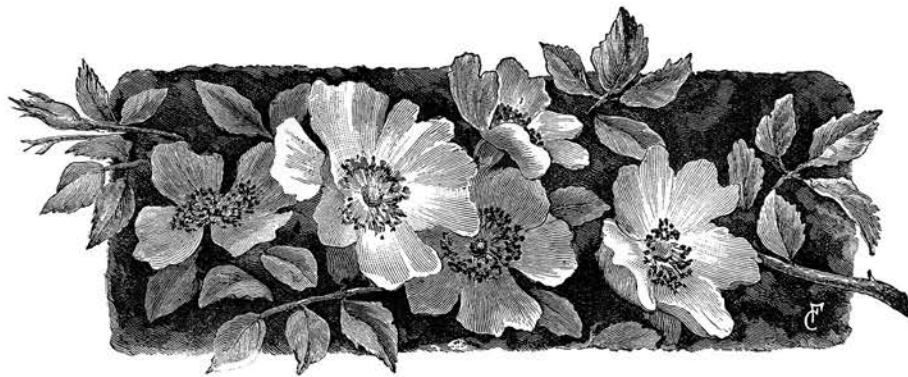
Shortly afterwards, a young lady, very tall and thin, entered the fitting-room, and began to discuss a striped piece of goods from which she was about to order a dress, when the French girl said: "If Mademoiselle will excuse me, she is too tall and slight for stripes;" and picking up a sample book, she quickly turned to a bit of plaid material, which she suggested was just the thing for the young lady. On inquiring why this girl was in the fitting-room, I was told that she was a "suggester." The dress-maker informed me that she was unable to so much as stitch a straight seam or manipulate the scissors in fitting a dress; in fact, could do nothing in the way of the simplest kind of needlework, but that her little head was full of valuable ideas concerning fashions. She could tell at a glance the style of dress most becoming to the different customers; she knew just what must be done to hide Nature's defects or to show off her special gifts. When a new customer visited the shop, the girl made a careful study of her figure, and then proceeded to select a becoming costume for her. It occurred to me that here was another occupation for which some women are especially adapted: that is, the furnishing of ideas for other people to use. Ideas mean money, and originality is something that always commands a high price. There are women in



the world whose minds are brimful of ideas, whose brains are continually conceiving plans which their hands are unable to carry out. "Why don't you write about so and so, or invent such and such a thing?" is a question such women are continually asking. They have ideas for stories, plots for novels, subjects for journalistic "write-ups," conceptions for new fashions, new inventions. And they are not all idle dreamers. Their thoughts have a commercial value, and there is a market for them if they will take the trouble to find it. In the literary world originality is much needed, and wide-awake editors are usually willing to pay well for ideas that are brought to them. The gift for writing is one that many people possess, but the gift of originality does not always go with it. It is the same in nearly every line of work; and I would suggest that the woman with ideas take the "children of her brain" to people who can dress them up and give them to the world. The milliner, the dressmaker, the inventor, the musician,

and the editor can make use of them, and will divide the profits.

I have spoken of only such of the quiet occupations for women as have occurred to me. A consideration of them will perhaps turn the attention of the thoughtful to many other methods of using neglected talents. Those that I have described are not such as would suit the emancipated working woman, who demands the world for her workshop. Small doubt that with journalism, farming, civil engineering, stock-broking, medicine, the law, and hundreds of other professions, she will fight her way through, and put man—her supposed adversary—to flight. But to the uncombative, retiring, modest, home-loving woman, with a "row to hoe," and no visible hoe at hand for the purpose, I would earnestly recommend a trial of some of these vocations, or others of the same order. All the morning papers are open to advertisements for this kind of work, some of which may perhaps meet a hitherto unexpressed "long-felt want."



## COOKERY IN MAY.

IN some parts of the English Midlands there is a custom of making *Gooseberry Pork Pies* in the season of berries; very good too, are these pies—so-called "pork," because the crust and the shape are identical with the pie of Christmas-time.

Raised pie-crust is moulded into the regulation form, then in place of meat are put gooseberries, picked and washed, and sufficient moist sugar to make the pies fairly sweet is added, a covering crust put on, the edge crimped, the top ornamented, and the pie is set on a baking sheet ready to be consigned to the oven. A baker's oven is the best for these, and they require a full hour's baking.

*Gooseberry Charlotte* makes another variety. Use small gooseberries rather than large ones, "top and tail" them and wash them well. Butter a plain round mould, sprinkle it with brown sugar. Fit strips of buttered bread, free from crust, so as to line the bottom and sides leaving no spaces between; the bread should not be more than a quarter of an inch thick. Fill up the mould with the gooseberries (leaving them wet), sprinkle sugar freely among them. Cover with more strips of bread, placing little dabs of butter about, then a buttered paper over all and bake in a moderate oven until the crust is crisp, and the berries thoroughly cooked. Let it stand a moment or two, then slip a knife round the sides and turn out on to a dish, pouring cream or custard over it.

Stewed gooseberries if rubbed through a sieve, the pulp sweetened and poured into custard glasses with whipped cream piled

lightly on the top, and sweet biscuits served with them make a pretty sweet.

For *Butter-milk Scones* we require a little good bicarbonate of soda to be briskly stirred into the milk before we mix it with the flour. The milk should have stood long enough to have become loppered or a little sour, and the soda added to it then will cause it to make a rich froth. Rub a little salt into the flour, a little sugar if you like, and mix to a rather stiff dough with the milk. Roll out lightly to an inch thick, cut sharply into triangles, prick them with a fork, and lay them either on a greased baking-sheet to bake in the oven or on a hot girdle-plate; if the latter is used, make the scones not quite so thick and turn them frequently. Serve them hot, or re-heat them as required.

A pinch of borax will prevent milk from turning sour, yet sour milk and cream makes such delicious cakes, one is almost glad to have a little "turn" occasionally. It is well to have a stone jar into which all the drops that, having been left in jugs and gone sour, may be put, so that when a sufficient amount is collected, a cake may be made.

A *Plain Seed Cake*, to cut in slices like bread-and-butter, is always liked. To make it whisk half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda into half a pint of soured milk until the latter is light. Into a pound of flour rub two ounces of salt butter, half an ounce of bruised caraway seeds, a pinch of grated nutmeg, and three ounces of moist sugar; if you are afraid to rely upon the soda add half a teaspoonful of baking powder to the flour. Mix the dry ingredients first, then make into a dough with

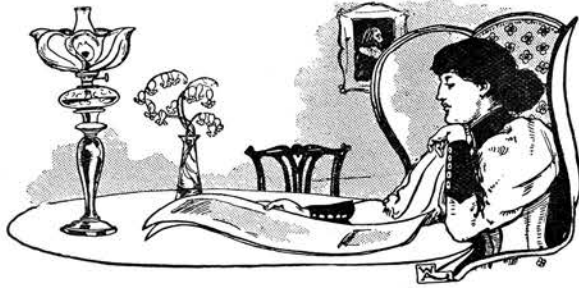
the milk; place this in a buttered cake-tin and bake in an oven that is not too hot. Let the cake be well baked, and when cold wrap it in a cloth and keep until the following day before cutting. This is cheap, wholesome and easy to make.

There are few things more delicious than *Curd Cheesecakes*.—Take a piece of curd, well drained from whey, beat it with a fork and add to it two well-whisked eggs, two large spoonfuls of sugar, half a saltspoonful of salt, as much spice, and a little rind of fresh lemon grated; whisk all together, then add a little milk or cream if the mixture is too stiff. Line a shallow pie-dish with good short pastry, crimp the edges, then three parts fill it with the curd mixture, and bake well (quite three-quarters of an hour). This should be eaten cold. Or small cheesecakes may be made if preferred.

The preparation called *Florador* makes such deliciously light puddings and cheesecakes, that I should like to call my readers' attention to it. It is put up in packets of three qualities, fine, medium and coarse. The medium quality is the best for most ordinary purposes.

For a *Soufflée Pudding* boil two ounces of medium Florador in a pint of milk for three or four minutes; add to it two ounces of castor sugar and one ounce of butter: take off the fire, and when cool stir in the beaten yolks of two eggs, a few drops of essence of lemon and then the whisked whites of the eggs. Pour into a buttered pie-dish and bake for a quarter of an hour. Serve as soon as done, with jelly or cream.

LUCY H. YATES.



Fifty Tucks instead of One.

ONE does not need to be a Mrs. Methuselah to remember the breeze that stirred the waters of domestic life when the sewing-machine first became an actual, practical fact, and the world began to realize that a new and positive working power was at hand. It was, to begin with, a real godsend to the gentlemen of the press. Such eloquent paragraphs as they scattered broadcast from Dan to Beersheba! The emancipation of woman from the drudgery of the needle—what a theme it was for the glowing pens of the young journalists of, say, twenty-five summers ago! There were to be no more “Songs of the Shirt”; no more pallid women in dreary attics, stitching away for dear life between the daylight and the dark. Learned divines did not scorn to leave their Bibles and commentaries in unwonted tranquillity while they wrote column after column in praise of this new wonder. Poets sang pæans to it, and in plainest prose manufacturers and agents told us what it could accomplish. Long statements were tabulated, with hand-work and machine-work in opposing columns. A man’s shirt, stitched bosom and all, could be made in so many minutes,—or was it an hour?—a woman’s dress in an astonishingly brief period, and a child’s apron in just no time at all. Well does the writer remember one ecstatic editorial in a famous religious weekly, in which the workroom was made the arena of a merry contest between the cutter and the machine, and save at some especially critical juncture, “like the rounding of a sleeve,” the machine always came out ahead. It was very eloquent and impressive, even though by the uninitiated it had always been supposed that “the rounding of the sleeve” was the work of the scissors rather than of the needle.

Some of the brethren took another tack, and wondered what this evil world was coming to. The weaker sex was constitutionally lazy, as every one knew. American women, especially, were always ready to shirk their duties and responsibilities. Had they not forgotten how to spin and to weave? And now if they were to give up the sharp, disciplining needle, well might the lover of his country stand aghast.

But it must be acknowledged that this tone was taken by but few. By most of the writers and speakers of the day the sewing-machine was hailed as the benefactor of womankind—the herald of release from an intolerable bondage. An hour or two was to accomplish the labor of days. Then would follow abundant leisure—long, quiet hours with book or pen; time to think, time to grow, time for one’s long neglected music, or for art; time for the cultivation of all the minor graces, and of that genial hospitality which can be found in its perfection only where there is leisure for social enjoyment. In the mo-

notonous measure of that tireless arm of steel lay the hope of the nation. For, as are the mothers, so are the sons.

That was the dream of twenty-five years ago. Has it gone by contraries, like other dreams, or has it come true? How is it, O my country-women? Have we any more leisure than we used to have? Or do we put fifty tucks where we used to put one, and find a dozen ruffles indispensable where two used to suffice—to say nothing of the fact that we make garments now by dozens, where we used to make them by pairs?

The relative prettiness of the garments is not now under discussion. The question is not one of taste, or of elegance, but of leisure. We all complain of being tired. High or low, rich or poor, learned or unlearned, we are all in a hurry—all trying to crowd ten hours of work, or study, or pleasure into six. Alike in city and in country, we meet women with harassed faces and tired eyes, nervous, restless, robbed of their birth-right—the quiet, restful grace which is one of woman’s highest charms. And, more’s the pity, when it all seems so needless, they are by no means the women who have the most really necessary work to do. Is there no way to help it?

Let the fifty tucks, which are good in their place and by no means to be quarreled with, unless they cost too much, stand for the many things that bring into our lives useless toil, useless burdens, useless perplexities; and then ask the Yankee question, Does it pay? Does it pay to have the tucks at the cost of what is better worth having?

Not long ago a friend showed me some dainty bits of needlework, the clothing of a little child, that had come down to her from her grandmother’s mother. Fine as gossamer were the fabrics used, and the infinitesimal tucks and hems, the exquisite hemstitching and drawn-work, the delicate fagoting, the fairy-like stitches, were a wonder to behold. One could hardly believe that the lovely little garments had been made for actual use; had belonged to the wardrobe of a living child, intended for real service and not for mere show-pieces to be wondered at and admired.

“Doesn’t this rather take the wind out of your sails?” asked one who stood near. “Talk about work and the hurry and flurry of this nineteenth century, and then look at this! Who can imagine a woman of to-day setting so many patient stitches into one little garment? Confess now that your theories are put to naught.”

“On the contrary, they are only confirmed,” I answered. “The hand that pulled these airy threads and set these minute, even stitches was neither hurried, nor flurried, nor worried. It was the willing servitor of a cool and quiet brain. This morsel of a frock was not caught up with a beating heart and throbbing nerves in the brief pauses of a heated, overwrought life, and hurried on to completion that the child might display it at next week’s fancy ball or garden party. It was a long, happy labor of love, begun months before it was actually needed, and slowly touched and retouched as an artist finishes a picture. Its every fold speaks of calm and quiet, of summer afternoons in shaded porches, or winter nights by glowing fire-sides. It tells of motherly love and sisterly confidences, of merry chats and friendly greetings.”

“But it was work, nevertheless,” said my friend;



“and life is life, everywhere and always. I don’t see how women ever had time or strength to put so much work on one baby dress.”

“You’ve hit the nail on the very head this time,” I replied. “That ‘one’ tells the whole story. Our children have dozens every season, and there is no end to the tucks and puffs and ruffles. Little Miss Mischief is arrayed in a fresh white robe in the morning. By noon it is soiled and must go into the wash-tub with all its dainty superfluities. Do you suppose this little robe was ever played in? — that it ever knew the meaning of a game at romps, or a mud-pie? By no means. The quaint little eighteenth century maiden who once owned it had a plenty of plain dainty ‘slips,’ easily made and easily washed, for everyday wear. *This* was laid away in a chest sweet with rose-leaves and lavender, and only brought out on great occasions. Do not fancy for one moment that it was ever consigned to the tender mercies of Chloe, or Bridget (if there were any Bridgets in those days), or even of Yankee Hannah. My lady herself ‘did up’ the pretty trifle, clear-starching and patting and pulling into shape without so much as breaking a single thread. How long, think you, would it have endured the rough handling of our day? But this little frock descended from child to child and did good service for a whole generation. One needs keen eyes to detect it, but it has been mended more than once — darned with such slow patience that the interwoven threads seem a part of the fabric itself.”

Fifty tucks instead of one — tucks that speedily “perish with the using.” The principle of the thing runs through the whole warp and woof of our modern life. As has been said before, there is no need to quarrel with the tucks. They are all well enough in their places. But to put our whole time and strength into them, even while we give utterance to the frequent complaint that there is no peace, no rest, no time for the grand old books or the bright new ones, or even to read the newspapers and thus follow the onward march of the stirring events of our own day — surely this is an absurdity. It is paying too dear for the whistle. It is selling one’s birthright for a very poor and unsavory mess of pottage.

If they were always and everywhere beautiful — these tucks for which we are ready to sacrifice so much — there might be some excuse for yielding to their fascinations. For the woman who does not love beauty is an anomaly, a monstrosity. But fuss and feathers are *not* beauty; and there can be no true elegance that does not rest on the solid foundation of fitness. Therefore to most of us beauty must mean simplicity — the simplicity of life, dress, and manners, that would bring with it ease and leisure, and the peace that passeth understanding.

Tucks are not all alike, by any means; and they are not all made on the sewing-machine. Tucks mean one thing to me and another to you and still another to our neighbor. We have our own little private dictionaries, every soul of us, in the pages of which words bear the strangest and most contradictory significations. It would be laughable sometimes, and sometimes pitiable, if we could but read the definitions, never thought of by Worcester, Webster, or other authorities, that are given in these individual lexicons of ours to this one word — tucks! What it means in mine I

do not intend to say in this presence, nor what it means in yours. That is our secret, and we will keep it. But there are women to whom it means just this: a relentless war with flies and dust, speckless windows, mirrors on the polished surfaces of which there is never a spot or blemish, and rooms too prim to be comfortable. It means keeping the blessed children, with their toys and trumpery and pretty confusion, out of the parlor, little finger-prints off the piano, and every daisy and buttercup off the carpet. To some it means the handsomest and costliest house in town, with the most elaborate furnishings, and perfection in every detail. It means the finest and whitest linen, the most lustrous silver, the daintiest china. To some, on the other hand, it means the saving of every penny, the adding of dollar unto dollar, no matter at what cost of strength and health and womanly loveliness. To others it stands for the latest fashion, the last new wrinkle in drapery, the newest fancy in laces, or for whatever may chance to be the brief rage of the moment. To others still it means puff-paste and kickshaws, and all the countless dainty devices of the table that are a delight to the eye but a weariness to the flesh.

No one has a right to quarrel with these definitions. They stand, in most instances, for things good and desirable in themselves — these harlequin tucks that take so many forms, and appear in such differing phases. If only there were not so many of them! It is the whole fifty that weigh us down. One straw does not break the camel’s back. It is the last one of many that breaks it.

The difficulty lies in learning just where to draw the line, which certainly must be drawn somewhere. Just what good thing is it that we should give up for the sake of having something better still? He or she who can satisfactorily answer this query will deserve the thanks of all womankind.

The question of household service grows year by year more perplexing and harder to solve. When one takes this fact into consideration and remembers that it is stated on good authority that three-fourths of the women in this country do their own work and that of the other fourth full one-half employ but one servant, how to make life more simple and easy seems a matter of the utmost importance. It is not a mere question of money. The having it or the lack of it does not settle the matter. There are many parts of the country in which anything like competent service cannot be obtained for love or money. Of the three-fourths above referred to, it is safe to say that at least one-half of them do *not* belong to the class that is content to be merely drudges. They, like their sisters, are fond of books, of art in so far as they know it, of beauty in all its forms. They long for leisure with all its golden possibilities.

But, in full accord with the spirit of our institutions, they are proud and ambitious — if not for themselves, yet for their children. And if there is one thing that the average American woman cannot calmly endure it is to be supposed ignorant of what is or is not “good form.” Not that she uses that expression. She wishes it to be understood that she knows what it is “the thing” to do as well as her neighbor does. Shall she have hash — the hash of her grandmother, savory and toothsome, on her table when the last new cook-book abases that plebeian dish and exacts patties, croquettes and rissoles?

Perish the thought! If she break her back in the slow process of molding the refractory things into shape, or scorch her face frying them, the croquettes she will have if Madame La Mode so ordains, even though, if they told the plain truth, the chances are that not only she, but her husband, and her children, and the stranger within her gates would be forced to acknowledge that they decidedly preferred the hash.

Is not this servitude of the worst description,—to say nothing of the folly of it,—this spending of precious strength and golden hours in doing what in the long run does not add one iota to our own happiness, or to that of any other living being, merely because somebody regards it as “the thing” to do, or to have it?

Undoubtedly, whether one lives in city or country, it is well to follow, as far as one can without the sacrifice of higher things, the customs and usages of so-called polite society. As a rule they have at the bottom some wise foundation. But when we are gravely told by those who speak with authority that “self-respect” demands of us this or that,—the observance of the merest trifles as to the etiquette of table service, or of anything of a like nature,—is it not time to pause and to take a fresh start? The loss of self-respect is a terrible thing. Its preservation is so vital a point that it seems hardly wise to set up standards that are absolutely out of reach of the vast majority of American housewives and home-makers.

Is it certain that the new ways are always better, and wiser, and more refined than the old ways? Then again, have we not all read something about the folly of putting new wine into old bottles?

There is such a thing, alas! as losing all the strength and dignity out of a life by ill-considered attempts to change its current. The broad, full stream is apt to dwindle away in numberless small channels, and its power dwindles likewise. After men and women have gone much beyond the middle mile-stone, sudden changes as to style of living, household service, and the like are not apt to add greatly either to their dignity or to their happiness. In short, there are many conceivable circumstances under which one tuck is infinitely better than fifty.

*Julia C. R. Dorr.*



### The First Needle.

“HAVE you heard the new invention, my dears, That a man has invented?” said she.  
 “It’s a stick with an eye  
 Through which you can tie  
 A thread so long, it acts like a thong,  
 And the men have such fun,  
 To see the thing run!  
 A firm strong thread, through that eye at the head,  
 Is pulled over the edges most craftily,  
 And makes a beautiful seam to see!”

“What, instead of those wearisome thorns, my dear,  
 Those wearisome thorns?” cried they.  
 “The seam we pin  
 Driving them in,  
 But where are they by the end of the day,  
 With dancing, and jumping, and leaps by the sea?  
 For wintry weather  
 They wont hold together,  
 Seal-skins and bear-skins all dropping round  
 Off from our shoulders down to the ground.  
 The thorns, the tiresome thorns, will prick,  
 But none of them ever consented to stick!  
 Oh, wont the men let us this new thing use?  
 If we mend their clothes they can’t refuse.  
 Ah, to sew up a seam for them to see—  
 What a treat, a delightful treat, ’twill be!”

“Yes, a nice thing, too, for the babies, my dears,—  
 But alas, there is but one!” cried she.  
 “I saw them passing it round, and then  
 They said it was fit for only men!  
 What woman would know  
 How to make the thing go?  
 There was not a man so foolish to dream  
 That any woman could sew up a seam!”

Oh, then there was babbling and scrabbling, my dears!  
 “At least they might let us do that!” cried they.  
 “Let them shout and fight  
 And kill bears all night;  
 We’ll leave them their spears and hatchets of stone  
 If they’ll give us this thing for our very own.  
 It will be like a joy above all we could scheme,  
 To sit up all night and sew such a seam.”

“Beware! take care!” cried an aged old crone,  
 “Take care what you promise,” said she.  
 “At first ’twill be fun,  
 But, in the long run,  
 You’ll wish you had let the thing be.  
 Through this stick with an eye  
 I look and espy  
 That for ages and ages you’ll sit and you’ll sew,  
 And longer and longer the seams will grow,  
 And you’ll wish you never had asked to sew.  
 But naught that I say  
 Can keep back the day,  
 For the men will return to their hunting and rowing,  
 And leave to the women forever the sewing.”

Ah, what are the words of an aged crone?  
 For all have left her muttering alone;  
 And the needle and thread that they got with such  
 pains  
 They forever must keep as dagger and chains.

*Lucretia P. Hale.*





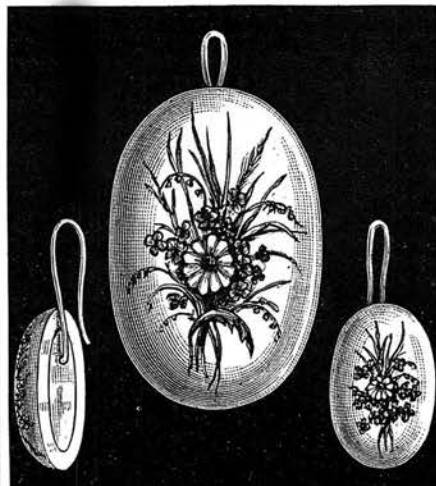
## Silk Jewelry.

A NEW kind of ornament, which promises to become very fashionable, has lately made its appearance. It is jewelry made of silk-covered button-molds, upon which some little floral design is painted. The amount of money expended is so small, and the effect obtained is so pretty, that their manufacture would prove a very satisfactory amusement for those deft-fingered ladies who are fond of "fancy work." As the necklace is the most simple, I will begin by describing that. The materials required are eleven button-molds—five about an inch and a quarter in diameter, two about an inch, two three-quarters of an inch, and two half an inch—it is not necessary to have them of exactly these dimensions, but the grading must be in about that relative proportion—an oval, made of wood, cork, or pasteboard, some scraps of silk—the exact amount used is an eighth of a of a yard—and a yard and a half of narrow ribbon, not over half an inch wide, if procurable. Cover the molds neatly, and, in order to avoid a bunch in the back, be careful not to use too large pieces of silk. When covered, sew them on the ribbon, the five larger ones in the middle, the others grading off on each side, as in the picture. Cover the oval very smoothly, and finish the back by covering a smaller oval of stiff paper with silk, and sewing it on the back; but first insert the little bit of ribbon by which the oval is attached to the necklace; fasten the oval to the necklace by sewing the other end of the ribbon under the center button.

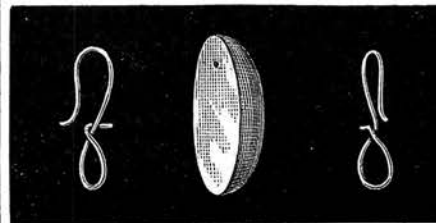
The set of earrings and medallion are somewhat more difficult of construction. The materials are three button-molds, one an inch and a half in diameter, and two half an inch, a quarter of a yard of gold wire, and some bits of silk—about the sixteenth of a yard is ample. Take three inches of the wire and bend it into a hook, with a loop at one end, the extremity of the wire projecting, the loop being at right angles with the hook. There are two views of the hook in the picture, which will, I think, explain it. Press the sharp point of the wire into the back of the mold—it is necessary, sometimes, to bore a little hole first—then cover with silk, taking care to sew the wire loop to the silk, then finish the back in the same way as the oval for the necklace. The pendant is made in the same way, excepting that the wire must be twisted into a ring instead of a hook.

The decorative part requires rather more skill,

but ladies who have any taste for art will find little difficulty in copying some pretty design of birds or flowers from the gift cards so much in vogue, and which are really gems in their way.



Paint with ordinary water colors, using a little gum in the water. Lighten the colors with Chinese white. The best silk on which to paint is a closely woven silk without any cord. Satin is not good for the purpose, as it never looks per-



fectly smooth, and presents a poor surface for painting. The cost of materials for the entire set of necklace, earrings, and pendant, is about a dollar. The items are: silk, a dollar and a quarter a yard; button-molds, from three to ten cents a dozen, according to size; ribbon, fourteen cents, and gold wire ninety cents a yard. This last article can be bought at any jeweler's.

I may just add that the first set of this jewelry came from Paris, and was worn by a *very* fashionable lady at a wedding reception, where it attracted a great deal of admiration, and stood the test of being compared with diamonds and pearls, without losing its beauty by the contrast.

### Uncertain.

A LITTLE Pegasus  
Will make a greater fuss  
Than one of thrice his size;  
He will not pull his load;  
He will not keep the road;  
You cannot make him wise.

"Come!" with asperity,  
I say, "and pull for me  
My van of comic verse."  
He hangs his shaggy head,  
And sighs to me instead,  
"I'd rather draw your hearse!"

"Where is that Sentiment  
For which you last were sent?"  
I ask impatiently.  
Up go his heels, and off,  
And back he brings a scoff  
Or foolish jest to me.

I never can foresee  
What he will bring to me,  
Nor where he'll choose to balk.  
I scarcely dare at all  
To ride him, lest I fall—  
'Tis safer far to walk!

Yet—little elfin steed,  
Useless in time of need,  
Uncertain at all times;  
Restive, and rough, and wild,  
How often you've beguiled  
Dull pain away with rhymes.

"A poor thing, but mine own";  
Then leave me not alone;  
A foolish dream is mine  
Of mounting you some night  
For a wild, distant flight  
Where stars unnumbered shine.

Margaret Vandegrift.

## THE ART OF GARNISHING.



**T**would, I am well aware, be quite as possible to teach people how to draw and paint by reading *alone*, as to impart the art of which this paper treats; but I feel that there are many who have but little opportunity or need perhaps to practise to any great extent (though without practice proficiency is never attained, be the study what it may), and to such I believe these hints will be useful.

As a rule, those who blend colours harmoniously and artistically, on their own persons and in their homes, will be most likely to succeed in their task, and all who will take a little trouble to make every-day meals look tempting will find less difficulty in setting off to the best advantage those of a more elaborate character. In the present paper I can but touch briefly upon each particular kind of garnish, rather giving hints than laying down fixed rules, so much depending upon the resources of the glass and china closet, as well as upon the capacity of one's purse. Again, those dishes unsuitable in size, kind, and colour to the articles placed upon them, require more embellishment than any of cut glass or silver; such are ornamental in themselves.

So, to treat the subject in its fullest sense, I must endeavour to show how to hide ugliness by means of garnishing, as well as improve what is already in itself pretty. To illustrate my meaning, in the case of sweets, although it is usual to place them—especially for a company meal—upon glass dishes, there may be times when the dinner-service, both plates and dishes, will have to do duty, and, if the service happens to be one in which blue predominates, it will be found a great stumbling-block in the way of garnish of an ordinary kind, for the simple reason that anything green will have to be prohibited, unless it can be used in sufficient quantity to hide all the blue; and without green many of nature's most beautiful decorations are lost, ferns and leaves of many kinds being as graceful and beautiful in effect as parsley and fennel are when brought into juxtaposition with savouries.

In these days of dinners *à la Russe*, there is less need for the exercise of one's ingenuity in the way of garnishing than there was in the olden time, so it seems to me that dishes such as are served at wedding breakfasts, high teas, supper parties, or what I may term evening parties of a family kind, claim most attention. I am just reminded of an incident in my own experience. I once sat at a table where everything was good, so far as the taste went, but the first thing that struck me was the manner in which all the dishes were arranged, or rather jumbled upon the table, not the least regard being paid to shape or colour. The sweets, six in number, consisted of a pale yellow jelly; a vanilla cream, almost white; a moulded custard; a covered fruit-tart; a dish of lemon cheesecakes, and one of stewed apples. Just

imagine it! Imagine, too, the difference in the appearance had a little brightness been introduced, as it so easily might have been, by colouring part of the jelly a nice bright red, or letting some pieces of crystallised fruit show through the top layer; the whole or part of the vanilla cream a delicate pink, or a little coloured brown by adding chocolate or coffee, either of which eats well with vanilla; fresh or dried fruit or bright jam round the moulded custard, or flowers and leaves such as I will mention presently; a sprinkling of red sugar over the fruit-tart; a few drops of cochineal in the apple syrup, with a spot of whipped cream or custard on the top of each apple; and what a transformation there would have been, at a cost and trouble not worth the mention! This is, I think, a practical lesson as to the way sweets should *not* be put upon a table, though I believe that many people *could* turn out a passable trifle or custard, who would fail in making soup or gravy.

Due regard must be had at all times to the prejudices of guests; a great many would refuse anything which owed its beauty to green colouring, though it is, as a rule, perfectly harmless. However, when the colouring is likely to be objected to, a substitute may always be found in crystallised fruit when nothing else is handy. Angelica is cheapest of all, then come green almonds, greengages, and green oranges, called *Chinois*; the latter may be had of a beautiful golden hue as well, but it is better, perhaps, to buy assorted fruit, and so get all shapes and colours, including the tiny rings and knots called *brochettes*.

Orange and lemon rings and chips will also be found very useful. I would advise all housekeepers who like to see dishes look nice to keep dried fruits always in the house; for, though particularly useful in winter time, they will always *supplement* the decorations, even when flowers are plentiful. As the writer of a recent article on "Table Decorations" so ably pointed out in these columns, artificial flowers are at best but feeble imitations of nature, and therefore out of place as decorations; and this is equally true of flowers for garnishing dishes, but I would remind my readers that almost all kinds of real flowers, from the rarest to the humblest, may be utilised for the purpose.

Jellies and creams surrounded by the petals of roses look very beautiful, and will convince any one that nature has no equal in the production of colour. The laburnum, geranium, woodbine, wallflower, flowering-currant, sweet-pea, cyclamen, lilac, wild-rose, apple and pear blossom, primula, violet, pansy, carnation, polyanthus, crocus, chrysanthemum, daisy, snowdrop, primrose, mountain-ash berries, holly, ivy, mistletoe, hips and haws, besides Virginia creeper, vine, and autumnal leaves of every description, will add greatly to the beauty of the simplest dish, and are but a few of the many products of garden and field that may be employed for garnishing.

Gilt flowers and leaves are used by many people, but though less objectionable, perhaps, than *coloured*



artificial flowers, I do not recommend them; a few bonbons will supply the gold shade very easily.

As most people know, a good supply of flowers is expected on a wedding breakfast table, and though nothing can be nicer than delicate white ones intermixed with maidenhair ferns, it is not in every one's power to obtain them, at certain seasons of the year especially, their price making them a prohibited luxury; and in that case silver leaves and flowers will be useful for ornamenting some of the dishes. They should, however, never be mixed with real flowers; a few of the latter, if it can be managed, being used for ornamenting the cake, and as table decorations, if only in specimen vases.

I may point out that the season of the year should, and must, influence one's choice of garnish; for instance, in summer time, when a moulded cream has been made from fresh fruit, nothing looks nicer round it in the dish than the same kind of fruit which formed the foundation of the cream, or bunches of the fruit and little heaps of whipped cream alternately will be better still.

A very pretty and inexpensive ornament may be found in cocoa-nut—grated on a perfectly clean grater—one nut makes a good pile; it falls so lightly and prettily that if the nut be a fresh one it will look like snow. It is very useful in many cases when the supply of whipped cream runs short, as it can be sprinkled over custard or the top of a trifle; a coloured jelly or cream surrounded by it is very pleasing to the eye, especially if strips of candied fruit of various colours are placed amongst the nut: when cherries are used they can be dropped in whole.

I may here remark that although moulded creams of all kinds and colours are frequently classed as *blancmanges*, a distinction ought to be made, as all that are not white come under the head of creams—as, for instance, raspberry, strawberry, pineapple, or ginger-cream. All white ones are *blancmanges*; a yellow cream is a *jaunemange*, a pink one is a *rosemanage*. A border of roughly chopped bright yellow jelly round a red or pink jelly or cream, or one of red round a pale jelly or cream, is always in good taste. The same answers for puddings turned out of the dishes or moulds, as well as *fruit-solids* and *sponges*, such as lemon or orange sponge, &c.; a thin layer—say the thickness of a crown-piece—of any cream or *blancmange* can be poured into a large meat-dish, and, when set, chopped up into cubes, or cut with pastry-cutters into leaves, stars, and rings; if made purposely for garnishing, it need not cost much, as it can be made without cream, and will only need sweetening, not flavouring. It is better to make it rather stiffer than usual, and plain white to begin with, and it can then be coloured as required; or coloured sugar, angelica, or any other dried fruit, may be sprinkled over it just before it sets; while grated

cocoa-nut or chopped almonds would be found equally pretty on pink shapes. Indeed, personal ingenuity may be much exercised in this effective, though simple, decoration. If cut very small, and the colours nicely arranged, these are also pretty on jam-tarts.

At no time is a knowledge of the art of garnishing—however slight—of more value than when the supply of glass and crockery runs short, and some dishes are too large, and others of an unsuitable kind, for the contents. It is then requisite to conceal them as much as possible, and garnish becomes really necessary.

Again, the knack of ornamenting stands one in good stead when, either to an every-day or a company dish, an accident happens, and the result is unsatisfactory, to say the least of it. Here is a case in point. I was once present at supper at a friend's, who had made a very pretty sweet, consisting of a ground-rice cream, turned out of a "border mould," the open space in the centre being filled with a compôte of damsons; but the weather being warm, and the rice not stiff enough, it had cracked in several places. I asked for a little dried fruit, but there was none in the house except candied peel, orange and lemon, but that answered very well; long thin strips laid lightly over and between each crack improved the appearance, and no one suspected the existence of the blemish.

Let us presume that a dainty pudding has been turned out of the baking dish, and that it is found to be over-baked, and, in place of a delicate amber, a dark brown patch presents itself; consider a moment how best to hide it. Never mind if in the recipe nothing *was* said about a layer of jam or marmalade; the chances are that it will not spoil the pudding. Of course discretion must be used in mixing any flavours that would nullify each other. Cream or custard, however, will rarely spoil any pudding, either in taste or appearance. A meringue mixture is as safe and pretty as anything; to make it, beat the whites of two or three eggs stiff, and then stir in lightly an ounce of finely sifted sugar to each white. This may be dropped from a spoon or spread over the pudding, which should then be returned to the oven just long enough to set the coating.

*Hard Sauces* can be well used as a garnish to a great variety of puddings, or little heaps may be mixed with, or spread over, a fruit compôte.

Lastly, homely family sweets may always be rendered attractive, at no increase in the cost, if the will be there, for it is as easy to pour a compôte of fruit round a plain mould of rice or tapioca as to place them on the table irrespective of appearance; for, let some people say what they will, the palate *is* affected, to a very great extent, through the eye.

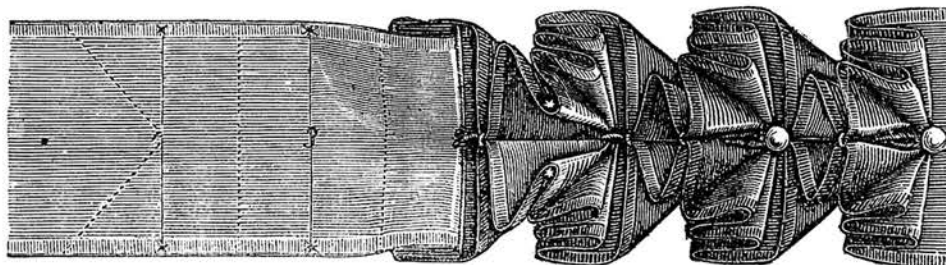
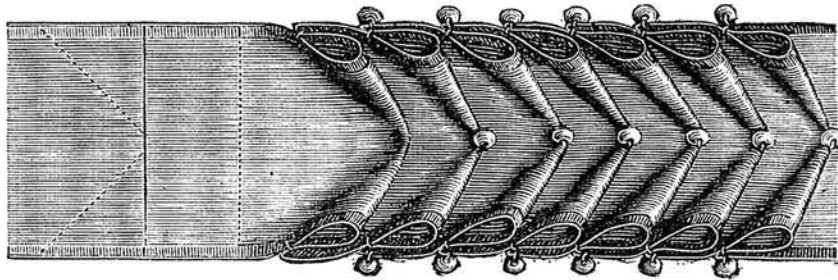
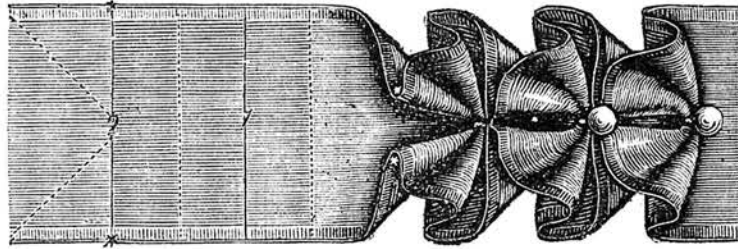
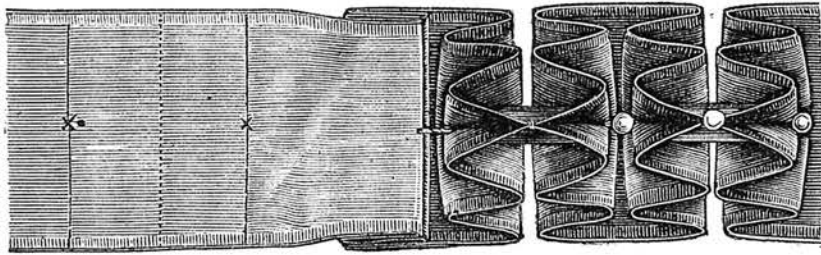
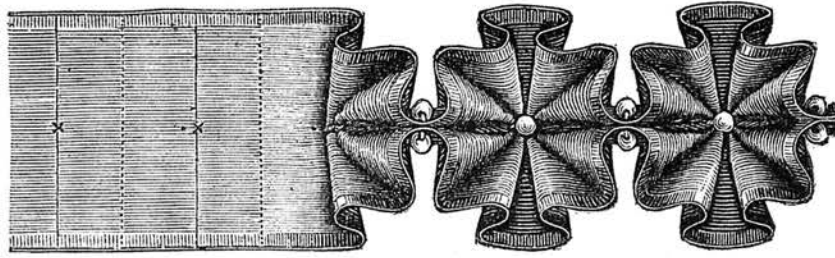
I intended giving a few hints on the garnishing of savouries, but, for the present, want of space forbids.

L. HERITAGE.



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- Oxeye.
- Dandelion.
- Blackberry.
- Hawthorn.
- Veronica.
- Luinwort.
- Elder.
- Lotus.
- Buttercup.

WILD FLOWERS.

Illustrated London Almanack, 1866