

Victorian Times

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Adventures of an Earth-Girdler • A Curious "Bull-Fight" • Delicious Puddings
Nature Notes • Drawn Canvas Work • Odd Dishes of Ancient Days
Love of Precious Stones • Fiction: "The Truth About Pyecraft," by H.G. Wells*

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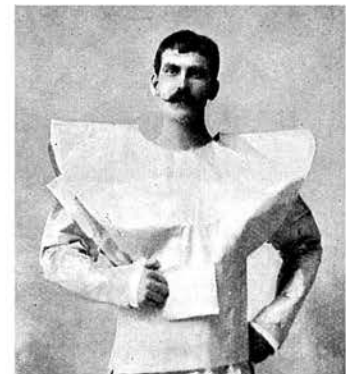
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The Girl's Own Paper* *Cassell's Family Magazine*

A Changing World

Victorians knew that they were living in a changing world. Just as we, today, often can't believe how much has changed in our own lives—remember when you *didn't* have a “home computer?”—Victorians were observing massive leaps in technology. If you can remember when you didn't have a computer, try to imagine someone remembering when there was no such thing as the electric light!

Change can be a good thing, but every change brings about a loss. In the Victorian era, the steady arrival of new ways of doing things and new ways of living meant a corresponding steady loss of old ways—including old ways that might have been a “way of life” for centuries. Our article this month on “Somersetshire Superstitions” begins with a quote from a book titled *Mysteries of All Nations*, noting that “Notwithstanding the progress of science, religion, and education, superstition still prevails in this and other countries... Indeed, nearly all, if not all, the various aspects and phases of superstition of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries are, to a certain extent, believed in, in the nineteenth.” Clearly the author of *Mysteries* is a bit appalled by this tendency of the British country folk to cling to the customs and beliefs of their ancestors. The author of the article itself seems more amused than anything else by Somersetshire's odd customs.

Fortunately for us, many other Victorians also observed the fact that their world was changing—and that, while folks in Somersetshire and elsewhere might still wassail the apple trees, such customs would soon vanish forever. And once they vanished, there was a good chance that they would be forgotten. Rather than being appalled or amused, a small army of dedicated Victorians set out to ensure that this wouldn't happen.

Most of us are familiar with the work of the Brothers Grimm, who technically aren't Victorian (but at least qualify as 19th-century). But while their names may be the best known in the area of collecting and preserving folktales, they were far from alone in this work. Societies sprang up all over England (and, I imagine, much of Europe) that dedicated themselves to collecting, recording, and publishing the vanishing customs and folklore of the time. The works of authors like S. Baring-Gould and T.F. Thiselton-Dyer (both of whom have appeared in these pages) are well worth reading today. But less well known are the annals of these various history and folklore societies, which, today, are most likely to be found in the stacks of university libraries.

Which is, in fact, precisely where I *did* find them, back in my college days. Thanks to a part-time job, I was able to wangle a stack pass to U.C. Berkeley's Bancroft Library—and for a book-lover, that's like being invited to a four-story smorgasbord. I was already studying anthropology and folklore, so it didn't take me long to find my way to the shelves that held volume after volume of folklore collected by these Victorian societies. I learned about such curiosities as the hunting of the wren (very strange) and the wassailing of the apple trees. I learned that a fox, to rid itself of fleas, would supposedly take a chip of wood in its mouth and slowly submerge itself in a stream. The fleas, driven from its fur by the water (an unlikely event, if one knows anything of fleas!), would travel to the fox's head and eventually congregate upon the chip, whereupon the clever fox would let the chip go and his fleas would be swept away on their little makeshift raft.

It was these wonderful, fascinating, and now nearly forgotten Victorian collections that shifted my focus from folklore in general to *British* folklore and customs. I never actually became a practicing anthropologist or folklorist, but I never lost that fascination with obscure British lore. So I suppose that's yet one more way that, though I didn't realize it at the time, I could thank the Victorians for the shaping of my life!

Today, we often don't think much about the tales and customs that meant so much to our ancestors of hundreds of years ago. And yet it is still very much a part of our lives. Fairy tales written by the Frenchman Charles Perrault in the 17th century became part of German tales gathered up by the Grimms in the 19th—and remain part of our “lore” today. Right now I'm watching yet another cinematic variation of Cinderella, and retellings of Grimm tales are a favorite form of young adult fiction these days.

At the same time, when these changes came to the world, they seem to have been more or less permanent. We may have urban legends, but “science, religion, and education” have done their work. Certainly if you look carefully enough, you'll still find folks who remember, and even practice, some of the old customs and beliefs harvested so carefully by the Victorians. But the Victorians were correct in believing that the world that preceded them was vanishing, never to return—and if Victorians hadn't taken steps to preserve it while they could, we would have lost a very rich treasure indeed.

—Moirra Allen, Editor
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Old Travellers' Yarns.

BY FRAMLEY STEELCROFT.



OUR traveller, real or self-styled, can always be relied upon to impress people. He always *could* be relied upon in this way, ever since the dawn of history; and if he came back from more or less foreign parts without **something** blood-curdling to tell, he was promptly voted an impostor.

I am talking throughout of mediæval travellers only. In these days, of course, we expect little that is sensational from our explorers—little that calls for more emotion than a yawn. But in those grand old lurid days, you would readily have been credited had you related as an eye-witness, details of a sanguinary battle between leviathans at the corner of the Bethnal Green Road.

I have been at some pains to seek out pictorial yarns from many priceless old books scattered up and down the libraries of Europe; and the whole point of this article lies in the fact that the pictures reproduced are supposed to depict *exactly what the traveller saw*. Furthermore, every book I have drawn upon is of the "heaviest" scientific kind; so that these fantastic yarns were first of all gravely discussed by the learned bodies of the day, and then recorded in ponderous Latin tomes for the guidance and instruction of a less adventurous posterity.

Will it be believed that the magnificent yarn depicted in the accompanying picture was seriously recorded in one of the early volumes of the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society? The *illustration* is from Munster's monumental "Geography" published about 1580. They were far too quick in jumping to conclusions in those days. Because barnacles were found on pieces of floating wood,

it was thought (logic extraordinary!) that barnacles grew on trees. But from even this tall order to the astounding yarn depicted in the picture there was a terrific stretch of imagination. Here we not only see the barnacles growing on a tree at the water's edge, but we also see the barnacles being *hatched into geese* by some occult process of incubation. Furthermore, you may perceive the half-fledged birds swimming away for dear life, as if anxious to put a few miles, as soon as possible, between them and the place of their truly remarkable origin.

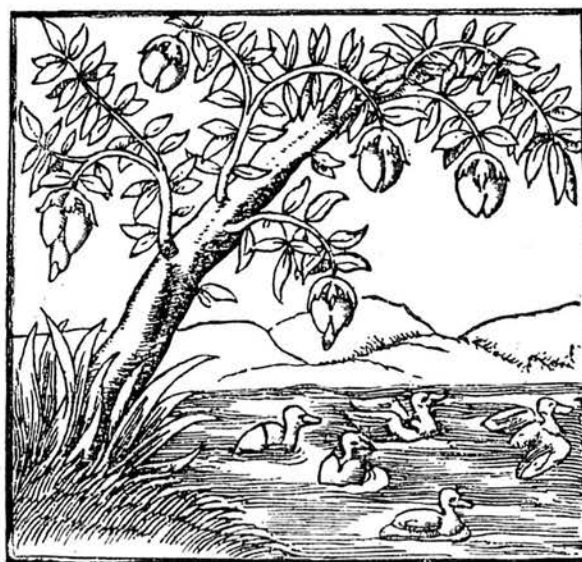
The next three pictures are from "De Bry's Travels," a work which enjoys the distinction of being the very first book to be brought out in parts. It was published in Flanders, between 1590 and 1620; and so rare is it now, that a complete copy is worth £500. Readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE who would like to possess the only copy in this country will find it at Mr. Quaritch's famous

bookshop, in Piccadilly. De Bry didn't exactly travel himself; he just collected (and embellished) all the likely travels he could lay hands upon. His book was a standard work of reference in its day.

The first illustration shows an alligator hunt in one of the Southern States of America. The manner of the hunt was sublimely simple. Having removed their overcoats, the sportsmen tickled the saurian's mouth with a long

pole, and then waited for the monster to walk up it. When the alligator had taken as much pole as he could conveniently carry, he was turned over and done to death with bows and arrows, spears, clubs, or anything else handy. By a miraculous chance, both operations happened to be going on when the explorer made his sketch.

Yes, travellers in olden times saw queer



WHERE GEESSE GREW ON THE TREES.



AN ALLIGATOR HUNT IN ONE OF THE SOUTHERN STATES.

things—or thought they did, which, for practical purposes (such as impressing contemporaries), came to the same thing. Many of the self-styled “explorers” never stirred beyond their own unhallowed firesides, but they had such superb imaginations that it were harsh to call them liars.

Here is the second De Bry picture. It represents a method of extorting confessions

from people accused of various crimes. The thing is picturesque and was efficacious. The precipice seems made for the ordeal. The scene is somewhere in South America, at the time of the Spaniards’ arrival. The custom is described by a Spanish explorer. The king is sitting on the left. He must be the king, or he wouldn’t sit like that. Then there is the warrior who keeps his majesty



QUEER METHOD OF EXTORTING CONFESSION FROM A CRIMINAL.



NOBLEMAN AND COMMONER "FROM THE CONGO."

posted up in the news concerning the prisoner's demeanour. Next comes the torturer—the tall gentleman at the weighted lever. The priest is leaning over the precipice ready to receive the confession of the poor man who sits in the scales of injustice.

The third illustration from De Bry is really very interesting, as showing what little light was shed upon the dark places of the world in those days. The picture also "gives away" everybody connected with De Bry's *magnum opus*. The artist had to draw two figures representing respectively a nobleman (!) and a commoner from the Congo. But he hadn't even the remotest idea what the Congolese were like—*didn't*

even know they were black! What did that artist do? He thought a little, knowing his responsibilities and the importance of that great book; then he sat down and produced the two figures shown in the above illustration. Not only are both the Congo natives *perfectly white*, but they have every appearance of stalwart Roman citizens. Notice the toga, the

falchion, the sandals, and the noble bearing, and then think of the brutish cannibals of the Belgian Congo!

In the next picture we see that a certain Friar Oderic and his travelling companion have inadvertently lighted upon a sort of minor Inferno, or place for lost souls. Belief in a place of this kind somewhere in Central Asia was very widespread in the Middle Ages. Travellers heard strange noises in the wilderness—unearthly wailings and sighings, and that kind of thing, so they concluded that they must be in the vicinity of a branch purgatory at the very least. Thus the idea of this place became a fixed tradition, which, of course, grew into absolute certainty after Friar Oderic had plucked up sufficient courage to "go the whole hog," and declare that he had actually visited the

spot. Notice the timid demeanour of the two monks; also the air of proprietorship assumed by the leading demon—who, by the way, seems rather to revel in the curious forked tongues of flame that are bursting from the mountain. It was never pretended that this was actually the headquarters of purgatory. Friar Oderic expressly speaks of it as a sort of overflow establishment. It is an interesting fact that the strange noises which gave rise to this singular story were merely the sounds made by the wind blowing the sand about in the deserts.

Almost every newly-discovered scientific phenomenon was made to serve as the



FRIAR ODERIC ARRIVES AT PURGATORY.



THE LAMB-TREE OF TARTARY, SHOWING LAMB EMERGING.

foundation for some extravagant yarn. Here is another picture from what is meant to be a serious book of travel in Central Asia. In Tartary grows the lamb-tree, remarkable for its woolly fruit. The illustration, however, shows a lamb-tree more wonderful than even the magic of a Hindu sorcerer. It is an impressive scene. The ubiquitous Friar Oderic has come across a tree *on which birds grow*, and he has plucked a branch full of ornithological "blooms," and handed it to one of his companions. This is neat, not to say striking, but it is heavily countered by the local king. Up comes this monarch with some ripe fruit from the lamb-tree, and it will be seen that *a lamb is just emerging* from what looks like a big coconut.

One of the very earliest allusions to the divining rod—if not *the* earliest—is contained in the next picture, which is taken from an ancient work, in Latin, published in the fourteenth century. Everybody knows that the divining rod is merely a forked twig, which, held by a sensitive medium, enables that gifted person to discover the presence of water, coal, gold, and other treasures that lie hid in the earth. In this picture the artist has permitted us to see both diviner and miners at work. The former is walking as though for a wager; he has a strictly business-like air. So, too, have the subterranean toilers, who are nearly all working as though for dear life.

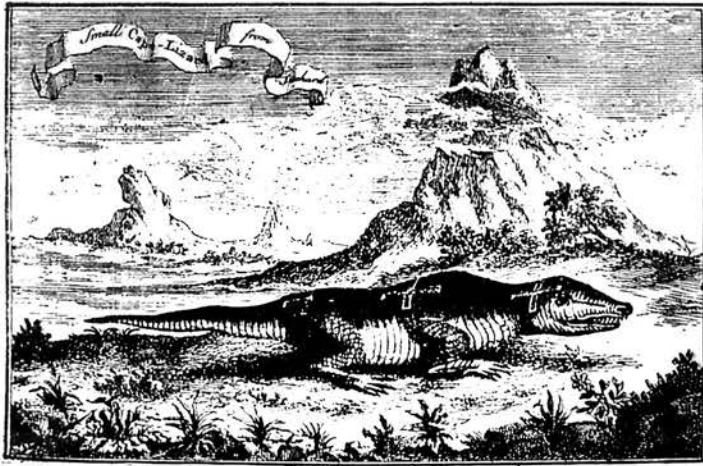
Occasionally the old travellers made an excursion into philology, and their efforts at derivation were at least ingenious and strenuous. Some of them heard that certain saurians bore upon their back striated marks resembling crosses. Well, one explorer straightway described to a wondering world a giant Cape lizard he had met which bore three perfect crosses on its back. Our

author himself made a sketch of the monster from life, of course, and he pointed out the crosses as being the origin of the generic name *croc-odile*.

The ancient explorers—or, rather, many of them—certainly did visit "furrin parts," more or less, and they collected a deal of natural history—again, more or less. This leads one up to the next reproduction, which depicts an ostrich partaking of its midday



FIRST REPRESENTATION OF THE DIVINING-ROD.



HOW CROCODILES GOT THEIR NAMES. (FROM THE "CROSSES.")

meal. Be it understood that in all cases the author of these quasi-scientific works declared in the text that he had actually *seen with his own eyes* the creatures and incidents represented in his quaint illustrations.

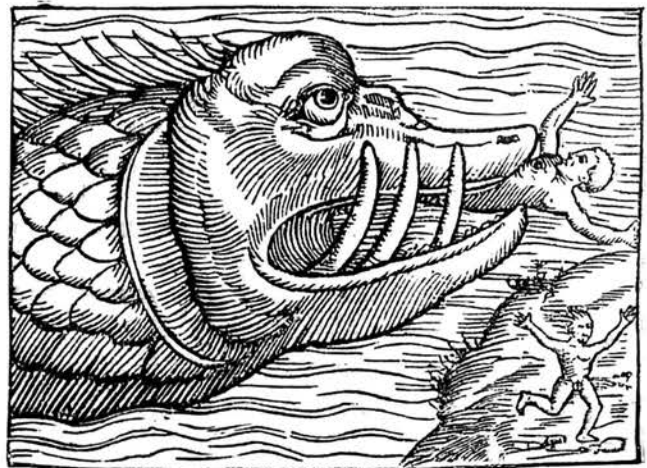
Now as to that ostrich. To cut a long story short, it was alleged that the bird ate absolutely nothing else but old iron. He would, it was stated, go out of his way for this delicacy—pursue a caravan for miles for it. In the picture we see the bird “chewing up” a key that might



THE OSTRICH THAT ATE ONLY OLD IRON.

have opened the Bastille itself. A horseshoe forms the next course, so to speak, and the great bird is looking back at this with an air of complacent anticipation.

Of course, many of our old travellers honestly thought they were acting in the best interests of science by promulgating these yarns. They—some of them, that is—laboriously prepared fantastic maps of non-existent islands and continents, and even decorated the margins of these with drawings of fearsome monsters which were supposed to inhabit them or their shores. The accompanying illustration is taken from the margin of a map prepared by the great Scandinavian geographer, Olaus Magnus, who lived in



A VERY EARLY SEA-SERPENT.

the fifteenth century. The picture is a very early representation of the sea-serpent. We see that of the two persons on the sea-shore one was taken and the other left. Perhaps they were bathing at some Scandinavian Margate when the monster reared his frightful head out of the water. The horror of the one that was “left” is very comically expressed.

Next are seen two interesting groups, representing tribes who were supposed to exist in Africa. These drawings were carefully made from descriptions furnished by the explorers themselves, and the whole business of recording what was known of these strange peoples was conducted with such great gravity as befitted a monumental work on anthropology. The little man on the extreme left in the first picture is one of the Monopodi, every one of which tribe possessed but one leg and foot.

The size of that solitary foot, however, amply compensated for the absence of the other. As a fact, when it rained, hailed, or snowed, the Monopodi fell on their backs and hoisted



STRANGE TRIBES FROM THE WILDS OF THE EARTH.

their vast expanse of foot, thus resting secure beneath their extraordinary tent, precisely as we see their representative doing in the picture.

The next figure shows one of the Monoculi — Cyclopean fellows with only one eye, and that in the middle of the forehead. The man in the picture seems to be laying down the law to his large-footed neighbour.

Next we have one of those awful people who have no head, but merely a face on their breast. Othello, relating his adventures to Desdemona, spoke of “. . . Anthropophagi and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders.” The Cynocephali, or dog-headed people,



THE LONG-EARED MAN SCOLDS HIS SERVANT.

are next represented by a fierce-looking creature, evidently spelling out sentences in the deaf and dumb language. A two-

headed dwarf completes this interesting but fearsome group.

With the respectful servant in the next picture is shown a member of a tribe, surely the most extraordinary ever conceived by the mind of man. This wonderful being is blessed (or cursed) with ears of such extraordinary size, that at night he lies down upon one and covers himself up with the other, being in this way provided with an ever-present supply of bed and bedding.

Really, it is most amazing to learn what direful myths were gravely accepted regarding places now as familiar to us as Brighton or Scarborough; and that right down to recent times. We reproduce here a comparatively wonderful picture from a work called “Routes in the Swiss Alps, made in 1702-11.” The author was one Schenchzer, and the work was published in Leyden.

The illustration shows the author-explorer, Schenchzer, actually meeting with a terrible dragon in the lower Alps. His



A DRAGON IN THE ALPS.

dismay and horror at the awful spectacle are well portrayed. These pictures will doubtless prove interesting and amusing to the hundreds of thousands of holiday-makers who now flock annually to Switzerland; and it is instructive to reflect that so recently as the last century the “playground of Europe” was so little known to outsiders that it was supposed to be over-run with dragons and man-headed snakes!

Perhaps no yarn had so long a tenure of life as that relating to the existence of dog-headed people. In the Middle Ages every

explorer who returned from Africa ("Out of Africa always something new," as the old Latin tag has it) was questioned as to the dog-headed people. If he said he hadn't seen them he was put down as an unobservant ass; therefore, *everybody* saw them, of course.

One solitary dog-headed warrior actually defeated a whole army belonging to Alexander the Great—at least so runs the legend in the work from which the next picture was taken. It seems that the weapons borne by Alexander's soldiers passed harmlessly through the Cynocephali (as the dog-headed folks were called); and in the picture we see a deadly combat in progress between



THE DOG-HEADED MAN CONQUERS THE MACEDONIAN WARRIOR.

one of these invulnerable monstrosities and a Macedonian warrior.

Friar Oderic gives the following account of the Cynocephali, as absolutely authentic. After the Flood, one of the sons of Japheth lost his wife in child-birth, and so he appointed as wet-nurse—a she-dog! This recalls the story of Romulus and Remus. When the child grew up he manifested "doggy" sympathies, and he ultimately left such civilization as then existed, and became the progenitor of the dog-headed race.

Talking of civilization, here is an interesting picture from "Munster's Geography," which illustrates how an explorer knew when he had arrived at a tolerably civilized town or village. The traveller explained that in his journeyings through Africa (*toujours l'Afrique!*) he always felt easy in his mind when they hoisted the signals of law and order in this way. The "signals" were merely human heads stuck on long poles that protruded from the windows of the houses; but they served to show that male-



PECULIAR SIGNS OF LAW AND ORDER.

factors were punished in that place, and that life and property were respected.

Each explorer seemed to make it a rule to corroborate on his return some legend that had obtained credence for ages. People liked to say "they always *did* think it was so." Take the ancient Homeric idea of the pigmies fighting with the cranes. Herodotus believed the yarn with child-like simplicity (poor Herodotus would have believed anything); but Strabo was not to be caught with such chaff, and he rejected the legend. However, the fact remains that a traveller *did* return from the wilds of the earth with the usual lying sketches "made from life," and backed up with a narrative that fairly floors one with its wealth of detail. The curious combat is shown in the accompanying picture, which was photographed by our artist from the original work.

The quaint illustration next given is from a weighty work on geographical science, published in the fourteenth century. This book contains what is virtually the first mention of the story of Bishop Hatto,



FIGHT BETWEEN THE PIGMIES AND THE CRANES.

and that stirring legend is given as an absolute fact, in connection with a certain castle on the Rhine, near Bingen. The story is familiar to all of us. Hatto, Archbishop of Mainz, had a highly original plan for relieving the famine that afflicted Germany about the year 914. Unfortunately the plan can't be recommended to the Indian Government. The Bishop just collected all the poor people in a barn and burnt them alive. In his case, Nemesis took the form of mice (some say rats, but why quarrel over a rodent?). They came in threatening battalions, and Hatto retreated to a castle on



ONE OF THE HUMAN-FACED ANIMALS.



FIRST REPRESENTATION OF THE BISHOP HATTO LEGEND.

an island in the Rhine, the mice following in millions, swimming vigorously. They swarmed into the boat, and, later on, in at the castle windows. "And at last," says the old chronicle, quaintly, "he (Hatto) was devoured by these sillie creatures."

In the picture, the Bishop is yet a good way from his stronghold. The first instalment of the "sillie creatures" have made their appearance; and the leader is whispering tidings of doom in the prelate's right ear.

The extraordinary creature next reproduced was, of course, actually supposed to exist. As a fact, the author of the work from which it was copied (one of the earliest of printed books) gives blood-curdling accounts of his adventures among these monsters. The one reproduced bears a ludicrous

resemblance to a certain eminent statesman.

A very peculiar story is told in the picture next reproduced. The scene is a monastery near Hang Chow, in China, and one of the monks is feeding a number of queer monsters that are emerging from a cave. It was the much-travelled Friar Oderic who visited this strange place. In his pompous book, Oderic relates how holy men who needed a period of rest, meditation, and prayer withdrew their souls from their bodies, and caused the former to enter into these curious beasts. In the picture, Friar Oderic is being shown the "animals" at feeding time. The "holy-men-animals," as one must dub them, are not particular as to food. As a rule, the leavings from the monks' table fall to their lot; but one is not told what return the monks get when their strange guests see fit to put an end to their period of seclusion from the world.



MONKS FEEDING THE MAN-BEASTS.

SOMERSETSHIRE SUPERSTITIONS.



NOTWITHSTANDING the progress of science, religion, and education, superstition still prevails in this and other countries to an extent scarcely credible. In every town, in every village and hamlet—yes, in almost every family circle—a belief in the supernatural still has a place. . . . Signs and omens are observed, faith in miracles has not died out, charms are not considered valueless, curses and evil wishes make a large proportion of our population tremble, dreams are still believed in. Indeed, nearly all, if not all, the various aspects and phases of superstition of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries are, to a certain extent, believed in, in the nineteenth.* Whether the superstitions of Somersetshire are to be accounted for by the fascinating legends—half historical, half Biblical—which hover round the beautiful ruins of Glastonbury Abbey, and round the poetical mysteries of King Arthur and his valiant Knights of the Round Table, it is impossible to say; certain it is that many curious customs and superstitions which have fallen into disuse in other parts of the country still linger in the county of Somerset, and among the simple folk who spend their lives in its pleasant villages. True it is that year by year the number becomes less, and it may interest some readers to chronicle a few which are still in use, and which in a few years may have become things of the past. Many of the old English customs connected with the seasons are still observed in Somersetshire: in some parts on Christmas Eve, after burning an ashen fagot, the whole family adjourns to the orchard, carrying a hot cake and a mug of cider or ale as an offering to the best apple-tree; reminding us of the Norwegian offering of cake and ale made at Christmas to propitiate the spirits of the Fiords.

A curious custom was, I have been told, observed at Christmas until recently at North Curry, in memory of King John. A feast was held, the chief dish being a huge mince pie, bearing a rude effigy of the king; two candles, each weighing one pound, were lighted, amid great ceremony, and whilst they burned, but no longer, the guests were allowed and encouraged to drink as much strong ale as they desired; as soon as the candles went out the feast terminated.

Another practice still in use is "opening the Bible." This is done at Christmas, or on New Year's Day, with great solemnity, after breakfast. The Holy Book is laid unopened on the table, and those who wish to consult it open it in succession at random and in perfect silence; the inquirer places his finger on any verse contained in the two open pages, but without seeing its contents. The verse is then read

* "Mysteries of All Nations," by James Grant.

aloud, and from it the assembly draw their conclusions or guidance for the coming year. On Shrove Tuesday pancakes, of course, as in many other parts of England, are still universally eaten, and in some places boys go round the villages singing—

'Tipperty-tipperty toe,
Give me a pancake and then I'll go"—

and if this request is not acceded to, a large stone is fastened to the handle of the door.

Easter and May Days have always been held as great festivals in Somersetshire. A beautiful custom is still kept up in some places on Easter Day; the whole village rises early, and, going to the top of the nearest hill, waits for the rising of the sun—this being believed to procure prosperity in their homes till Easter Day comes round again.

The first of May used to be celebrated with great honour in the old town of Minehead, but the custom has been discontinued for some years past. At an early hour the town was aroused by the beating of a great drum, whereupon the inhabitants, young and old, repaired to a cross-road just outside Minehead, and there danced round the hobby-horse; after which a procession was formed, and they started for Dunster Castle. Here they always received a good supply of ale and a donation of money, doubtless to carry on the festivities, which appear to have lasted for three days, most of the townspeople and the well-to-do tradesmen taking an active part in the proceedings; but the ancient custom is now only kept up by the children of Minehead.

Amongst many of the country people Maydew is believed to be a potent remedy in disease. I have heard of an old woman who always recommended for a weakly child that it should be drawn along the grass wet with Maydew three times running—on the 1st, the 2nd, and the 3rd of May—and that great benefit would be sure to follow. Young girls are also recommended to wash their faces in Maydew to improve and preserve their complexions. Swellings of various kinds may be cured by a similar application; but in such cases, if the patient be a man, the dew must be taken from the grave of the last young woman buried; if it be a woman, from the grave of the last young man!

Many relics of old religious customs still exist in this county (as they no doubt do in many others), though they are shorn of their original pomp and beauty.

Lighting candles in the chamber of death is a relic of Pre-Reformation times, as is also the "Passing Bell," or "Soul Bell," which is still rung in many villages. No doubt in days gone by it was rung to entreat the prayers of the listeners for the departing soul:—

"When the passing bell dothe toll,
Lord have mercy on the soule!"

being a familiar old couplet.

The curfew bell is still rung in some villages,

though the custom is becoming very rare. Making a grave on the north side of the churchyard is avoided. There is a difference of opinion as to the origin of this objection, some thinking that it has arisen from the fact that on the south side the sunshine will fall warmly on the grave; others, that it is connected with the old custom of praying for the souls of the departed.

To get the left hand of the bishop at confirmation is considered to be very unlucky, and people are often earnestly warned to avoid it when their children are about to be confirmed.

A strong feeling of belief in holy water still exists in the neighbourhood of Bath, and also near Shepton Mallet; and doctors have been heard to say that they can do no more for the sick person, but recommending the friends to go and ask the priest for some holy water as a last resource. The Ven. Dr. Coombes was often asked by Protestants for holy water, and one farmer requested him to supply some to exorcise his cattle, which he said had been bewitched, and desired the doctor to make it *strong*, "as the devil is very strong among the beasts."

If a hen crows it is a most unlucky sign, and betokens a death in the family; if, therefore, an unlucky hen is heard to crow, the omen is averted by chopping off its head!

In setting a hen, care should be taken to place in the nest an uneven number of eggs, otherwise the brood of chickens will not thrive.

Always take off your hat to a magpie, or at any rate bow respectfully to him, or evil will surely follow.

Hold a robin in veneration; to kill one is most unlucky. This bird is said to tap three times at the window before the death of any member of the family.

Never transplant your parsley; nothing can be more unlucky, unless perhaps to break a looking-glass, which is, if anything, a little worse.

Do not omit to "tell the bees" in case of death. An instance of this old custom occurred not long ago near Bath. A gentleman and his coachman died within a few days of each other. Both were bee-keepers. The gentleman's widow lamented to the coachman's daughter that since her husband's death the hives were empty, and the bees had disappeared; she could not think what had become of them. "Of course, ma'am, you told the bees of the master's death?" said the girl. The lady, who had never heard of the custom, asked what she meant. Whereupon the girl explained that immediately a death takes place the bees must be told, or they will not remain. "I went at once, when my father died, and rapped three times on the back of the hive and told them, and, you see, my bees have not gone." I am told that this custom is strictly adhered to in many of the Somersetshire villages.

Belief in witchcraft is still common in many parts of Somersetshire. Not long ago a farmer near Ilchester lost several of his cattle by disease. The veterinary surgeon who was consulted considered the rest of the herd to be in a fair way of recovery, but

the farmer was not satisfied. He insisted that the cattle had been "over-looked," and he went and consulted a "wise woman" who lived in a neighbouring town. She recommended the following treatment, which the farmer carefully carried out. The last bullock which had died was encircled with fagots and the carcase was burnt, solemn incantations being said over the burning pile. The remaining cattle recovered, and the farmer and the villagers attributed their recovery, not to the advice of the veterinary surgeon, but to the ceremonial inculcated by the "wise woman."

Another case of a very similar nature occurred in the same district. A farmer lost two fine cows through some mysterious illness. He drove many miles to consult a "wise woman," who decided that the cows had been bewitched, and recommended him to find a horse with three nails in the near hind shoe, to pull out the middle nail, and with it to scratch the witch severely, else the rest of the cows would die. The farmer rode far and wide to find the desired horse with the necessary number of nails, but, fortunately for the witch, one could not be found. He at last consulted the vicar, who suggested his sending for the veterinary surgeon and having a post-mortem to see what the cows had died of. This course had never occurred to the farmer, but, as he could not scratch the witch, he sent for the vet., who speedily decided that the cows had died from eating a large quantity of green vetches.

The prophecies of Mother Shipton are nowhere more widely believed in than in the county of Somerset. Not long ago a report was in circulation that a great catastrophe had been predicted by this old sage. She had prophesied that Ham Hill, one of the great stone quarries of Somerset, would be swallowed up on Good Friday. This catastrophe was to be the consequence of a tremendous earthquake, which would be felt all over the country. Some of the inhabitants left the neighbourhood to escape the impending evil; others removed their crockery and breakable possessions to prevent their being thrown to the ground; others, again, ceased cultivating their gardens. Great alarm was felt, and Good Friday was looked forward to with universal anxiety. And yet, when the day came and went without any disaster at all, even that did little to dispel the faith in Mother Shipton; the calculator had made a blunder about the date, and it was not her fault; and many Somersetshire folk are still waiting, expecting to suffer from the prophesied catastrophe.

There is yet another custom which is widely believed in and frequently practised in Somerset, which cannot be called a superstition in quite the same sense as the other instances named, although many deny that it is anything else. I allude to the use of the divining-rod for finding water. The operators are called dowsers, or jowers. They carry a rod or wand, of willow, shaped like a small pair of tongs, and on the performer holding the prongs and turning the undivided part to the ground, the wand becomes agitated, and by this indicates the spot where water will be

found. Whatever this power may be, it is often discovered quite accidentally, and no one who possesses it seems able to give any explanation of its presence.

I could give numberless cases in which water, hitherto unsuspected, has been found by a dowser. One of the most interesting is that of the village of Sparkford, Somerset, which occurred about five years ago. For 200 years this village had suffered from a lack of good water. Wells had been frequently dry, but no spring could be found; and the whole parish suffered greatly from drought. At last the squire heard of a dowser of good repute, and sent for him to try his craft. After a careful examination, he declared that he had found a spring of water, but at too great a distance from the surface to be available. He then made a circuit round the village, trying for water with his willow wand from time to time, till at length he came to a spot close to the roadside, and here he discovered a spring, which he said would be found at not more than nine feet from the surface. The well was dug. The water was there, and a splendid spring it was; and to this day Sparkford rejoices, thanks to the dowser and his willow wand, in an abundant supply of good water.

Another case occurred lately near Bristol. A manufacturer, requiring a larger supply of water for his mill, commenced digging a well in what seemed to be a suitable spot; but the supply, although good at first, soon failed, and he was uncertain whether to continue the well to a greater depth or to abandon it altogether. By the advice of some friends he sent for a dowser, who, after trying the surrounding ground with his wand, strongly advised the continuation of the well. Water, he said, and plenty of it, would be found some twelve feet lower down; and the sequel proved that he was right.

The Rev. H. P. Knapton gives the following

account of the divining-rod:—"The dowser is as commonly used along the Polden Hills for getting water as the turncock would be in London. On the occasion when the rod was used, it was at the house of a country gentleman. There were present three Cambridge graduates in honours, and three ladies of the family, well educated and highly intelligent. The dowse was brought to the garden in which a new well was required. The rod was used by him in the manner already described, and water was quickly found. Of those present, two found the rod move in their hands; the other four felt no influence. This dowser is never known to fail. He is a very respectable carpenter—a religious man, inclined to Methodism." Many more instances of divining could be given, but these are sufficient to show that it is one of the many well-known customs still extant in Somersetshire.

Some of these old customs, and even some of the superstitions, are very quaint and interesting, as being relics of a bygone age, when education was at a low ebb, and the masses of the people remained ignorant and credulous. May we not hope and believe that with the gradual but steady spread of education in our schools—giving, as it cannot fail to do, to the rising generation, more taste for reading, opening and enlarging the mind, and lessening year by year the ignorance that still exists in many parts of the country, those old customs alone which are innocent and pleasing may be retained, and whatever is harmful, tending to bigotry and injustice to others, as in the case of witchcraft, may completely pass away? M. B. C.

N.B.—For many of the facts narrated I am indebted to Mr. Poole's little book on the "Legends and Superstitions of Somersetshire," and to Mr. Grant's "Mysteries of All Nations."



The Tender Heart.

SHE gazed upon the burnished brace
Of plump ruffed grouse he showed with pride;
Angelic grief was in her face:
"How *could* you do it, dear?" she sighed.
"The poor, pathetic, moveless wings!
The songs all hushed—oh, cruel shame!"
Said he, "The partridge never sings."
Said she, "The sin is quite the same.

"You men are savage through and through.
A boy is always bringing in
Some string of bird's eggs, white and blue,
Or butterfly upon a pin.
The angle-worm in anguish dies,
Impaled, the pretty trout to tease——"
"My own, we fish for trout with flies——"
"Don't wander from the question, please!"

She quoted Burns's "Wounded Hare,"
And certain burning lines of Blake's,
And Ruskin on the fowls of air,
And Coleridge on the water-snakes.
At Emerson's "Forbearance" he
Began to feel his will benumbed;
At Browning's "Donald" utterly
His soul surrendered and succumbed.

"Oh, gentlest of all gentle girls,"
He thought, "beneath the blessed sun!"
He saw her lashes hung with pearls,
And swore to give away his gun.
She smiled to find her point was gained,
And went, with happy parting words
(He subsequently ascertained),
To trim her hat with humming-birds.

Helen Gray Cone.

Curious Facts About Red,

GATHERED FROM THE BEST SOURCES.

BY LYDIA M. MILLARD.

EVERYWHERE Nature delights in red. It is, in a delicately graded state, the loveliest of all pure colors. In the rose there is no shadow except what is composed of color. All its shadows are fuller than its lights, owing to the translucency and reflective power of its leaves.—*Ruskin*.

Red is the most perfect color, from its relation to light and shade being equal. No flower will grow if the red rays of light are obstructed—the red ray has the greatest heat. Scarlet is the most perfect representation of abstract color that exists. Blue is associated with shade, yellow with light. Scarlet as abstract color stands alone.—*Ruskin*.

Red light is less than any other diverted from its straight path in coming to our eye. In red light the number of vibrations striking the eye in a second is about 450 billions—in violet, 800 billions.—*Schiller*.

The French scarlet inclines to yellow. The Italian scarlet has a tinge of blue. In its dark, deep state, red conveys an impression of gravity and dignity. In its light, attenuated state, of grace and attractiveness.—*Goethe*.

Yellow combined with red increases its warmth; in its combination with blue red becomes more cool and retiring.—*Hay*.

A red-letter day is a lucky day, a day to be recalled with delight. In almanacs saints' days and holidays are printed in red ink, other days in black.

Of all the colors of the visible spectrum, the red produces the highest heating power.—*Tyndall*.

Red undergarments are especially suited to kindle up the arterial blood, and may be beneficially worn in cases of rheumatism, bronchitis, dormant lungs, etc. Red is especially good for cold feet, ankles, hips, etc. Red stockings, or at least red lawn in the stockings, are desirable for many persons.

It is very desirable that these red undergarments should stand in the sun a few minutes and then be put on immediately while they are freshly charged with the light. A distinguished physician says that garments of red have cured rheumatism very decidedly. In many lung difficulties a red cloth over the breast proves very vitalizing. When a person is cold and bloodless, red stockings and drawers are admirable, and in case of dormant chest a red undervest is good. A red stocking or a piece of red tissue-paper worn next the feet will become much more warming by having its color stimulated by sunlight.

Baths of red light are said to have cured in three weeks cases of paralysis, and in a very short time to have alleviated serious troubles of the lungs. Many cases of consumption are reputed as being cured by red sun-baths. In these cases white light was combined with red.

Morbidly taciturn patients in an Italian lunatic asylum have become gay and affable after a three hours' stay in a red chamber, lighted by red glass. This may be because a torpid and melancholy condition often results from an excess of blue venous blood.

Most drugs that are healing and stimulating in their nature are of a red or reddish color.

Red is the balancing and harmonizing principle in cold and blue conditions of the system.

Cayenne pepper—a powerful arterial stimulant and rubefacient, most excellent in the beginning of fever and ague, and a powerful stimulant, producing a sense of heat in the stomach—is usually bright red.

Iron—ferre oxide—is reddish.

Ferrous trioxide wine—red color, a powerful tonic, raising the pulse, etc.

Balsam of Peru—a warm, stimulating tonic—is a dark reddish-brown.

Cloves—hot, stimulant—are internally reddish. Ammonium carbonate, strongly red in the spectrum of its hydrogen, nitrogen, etc., is an arterial stimulant.

Alcohol—red predominates from its hydrogen. Musk, red cedar, cloves are internally reddish and combine the same principle.

The red clover blossom has been proved beneficial in cases of diseases of the blood, cancer, salt-rheum, scrofula, etc. In an old medical work, nearly two hundred years old, we read of the virtues of the red rose leaves, red-clover blossoms and other red flowers. Red cures red diseases, says the old book.

Red brings objects nearer to the eyes, yellow retains the rays of light, and azure is a shade adapted for deep obscures.—*Lanzi*.

One Egyptian god was always represented red, the other blue. The oldest paintings were monochrome of a single color. All archaic paintings representing the human figure were of one color. The early statues and bas-reliefs were also of uniform red color.—*Wilkinson*.

On the oldest Greek statues the flesh was painted with the same tones of red throughout. The color was what we call vermilion. It was usually red ochre.—*Wilkinson*.

According to the ancient custom, all ships were painted of a red color.—*Herodotus*.

The obelisk of Sextus at Rome is made of the red Egyptian porphyry, Rosso-antico, so much sought after by the ancients.

The red damask rose imparts to paper a dark slate-blue, so does also the close carnation. The common red poppy gives to paper a most beautiful blue color.

Red is a color not easily defined. The color of the original Verbena Melendres is one of the purest types. Near the Plata River and the town of Maldonado, there are boundless plains of turf and whole tracts so thickly covered by the Verbena Melendres as, even at a distance, to appear of the most gaudy scarlet.—*Darwin*.

Darwin, in the Chonos Archipelago, climbed a hill 1,600 feet high, and found there brakes of the scarlet fuschia so densely covered with the most beautiful drooping flowers that it was very difficult to crawl through them.

There is a beautiful brilliant bird in Canada called the Tanagra Rubra, or scarlet Tanager. Its plumage is of the richest scarlet, with wings of jet black. It sings its pensive tones of chip-chum at intervals, and when the bird is just over your head its voice sounds far off. This gift is bestowed upon him, no doubt, to protect him, and to compensate for the danger his glowing colors expose him to.

The Pointsella grows at Port au Spain about fifteen feet in height. It has long, bare curring sticks, carrying each at its end a flat flag of scarlet.

The red coral and tomato and the mineral cinabar are beautiful examples of vermilion red.—*Werner*.

The shrubby pimpermell and the mineral porcelain jasper are tile red. The precious garnet is crimson red, the red tulip is lake red, and the mineral oriental ruby. The raspberry, coxcomb and carnation are all beautiful carmine red.

There are other shades of red best defined by their name—peach-blossom red, rose red, the hyacinth red, and the flesh-color red, or flesh red, as the human skin and the heavy spa limestone.

Most beautiful and purest of all is the carmine red, a pigment made from the cochineal, an insect that lives upon a plant of the cactus species. Whole plantations of this flower are raised in

Mexico for the sake of the cochineal, which Indians take the greatest care to preserve and cultivate. The plant is shaken gently, and they fall upon cloths purposely spread to catch them. They are dipped in boiling water, and dried and packed for sale. The carmine made by Madame Cenette, of Amsterdam, is said to be of so brilliant a hue as to be almost painful to the sight. The French make very beautiful carmine. An English manufacturer offered a Frenchman \$1,000 for the secret of making so superior a color, when it appeared that the only difference was that the Frenchman selected such fine, bright weather as the Englishman could not hope to have in his country. Pliny avers that the beautiful pink pearls are produced only on sunny days, while the dull, brick specimens are due to a cloudy sky. A laborer can pick off only about enough cochineal in one day to make two ounces, and some of this is lost in the process of drying. It takes 70,000 insects to make one pound of cochineal. When dried the cochineal insect looks like a little grain one-eighth of an inch in diameter, convex on one side and concave on the other. In the *Annales de l'Industrie* this rule is given for making the most beautiful carmine: Two pounds of the finest cochineal, in powder, are to be put in a vessel containing six pailfuls of boiling soft water, and the boiling is to be continued for two hours, when three ounces of pure salt-peter, and soon after four ounces of binocalate of potash, are to be added. After ten minutes the boiling is to be discontinued and the liquor is allowed to stand for four hours. It is then to be drawn off with a siphon into flat glazed dishes, and left for three weeks. A coating of mold forms upon the surface, which is to be nicely removed in one piece, or if any fragments remain they must be taken out with the greatest care. The liquor is again to be drawn off with a siphon, leaving the cake of carmine in the dish, when it is to be carefully dried in a clean, shady place.

Carmine is very expensive, and is often adulterated by mixing with it a cheaper vermilion; but as the pure carmine is wholly soluble in ammonia these ingredients are easily detected, separated and estimated.

For the brightest glow we have in the robes we wear, the birds or flowers we paint, we are indebted to a little insect, so small we can hardly see it, whose silent death makes all the world's homes bright.

While everywhere in galleries of art we see its rosy In Memoriam, how can we ever be proud of our own fading beauty?

If different colored papers are placed in a room and dusted over with sugar, and free access is left for insects, certain insects will always select certain colors. The sugar on all the papers being the same, the red and blue were the colors most often selected by the bees.

Says the charming French writer, Alphonse Baer, from whom we have gleaned so many beautiful thoughts:

I don't know whether you have observed, as I have, the useful power which small things derive from their littleness itself; perhaps you have not on so many occasions been overcome by them as I have.

Little things do everything and undo everything; they pass across everything and over everything. No one is on his guard against them, and they always end by hitting you.

People who write history strive in vain to find great causes for events, and to prove the premeditation of the ills which fall upon the head of the world.

There is a crowd of small habits which we struggle against at an immense disadvantage, and over which I have never seen a victory obtained.

HOW TO BECOME A FREEMAN OF THE CITY OF LONDON.



If scorn were allowable in any one, we might excuse a free-born Londoner for entertaining it towards the rest of mankind. To be a citizen of the greatest city upon earth is something, deny it who can. The public spirit, the wealth, the liberality, the far-reaching influence, the ancient history of the great metropolis might well make one proud to say, "In London I was born."

The next best thing to being born in London is to take up one's residence in it. One sees then really what the world is like; and it has been on a happy morning of good fortune that many a stranger has arrived to make it his home. But coming to a place, and carrying on business, and making a fortune, it may be, in it, constitute no particular tie. The sentimental feeling of belonging to the place is still wanting. Now this feeling, so far as London is concerned, may be supplied by a very simple process, and that consists in qualifying oneself for obtaining the freedom of the City. Whoever cares to be at a little trouble and a small expense, may claim Gog and Magog as his patron saints, and feel not only that he is the special care of the metropolis, but that he represents in his own person a long line of illustrious freemen, to whom even monarchs have come a-begging with their hats in their hands.

But what is a freeman? who are the freemen? have they any privileges? and how is the freedom taken up? The object of the present paper is to furnish some information in answer to these interesting questions.

To begin, we shall go far back. According to ancient law and custom, the City of London embraced all the commonalty who had resided within its bounds for a year and a day. Even a serf-born—in the days when there were serfs in England—if he were fortunate enough to accomplish this short stay, became free. This liberal statute, which applied equally to other English cities, was largely taken advantage of in London; there were always many *freed-men* among its freemen and citizens.

Gradually it became less easy to be made a freeman. The great trading companies came into existence, and they complicated matters. The freemen became an exclusive class, to enter which, simple residence no longer sufficed. There were now two paths to enfranchisement: one, and the more regular, was service by apprenticeship—a long and tedious road. The other, a short cut, consisted in a pecuniary payment. Those who availed themselves of the latter became free by

redemption, as it was called—an expression implying the purchased acquisition of the more authentic title.

The right of making freemen has at all times been zealously guarded by the City authorities. Even a royal charter is insufficient to make one free. Edward III. once granted to a foreigner, who is said to have been the first apothecary in England, all the liberties and immunities of a citizen of London, but the freemen refused to recognise him as one of themselves.

For many a day the privileges enjoyed by the freemen of London were considerable enough to make those of the present time half regret that they have come into the world so late. The greater number of these privileges related to trade, as became a mercantile city. Strangers were excluded from carrying on business either wholesale or retail, except under vexatious restrictions. The greatest jealousy was manifested towards them. By ancient custom and regulation, "foreigners" to the freedom were not allowed to reside more than forty days in the City, and there was a well-recognised law that if they sold any of their goods to other "foreigners," these goods would be forfeited. We meet with numerous examples of these forfeitures in the early City records.

No journeymen could be employed in the City unless they were freemen. Even as late as 1749 the observance of this custom was insisted upon. In that year a case was tried in the Lord Mayor's Court between a club of journeymen free painters, and a citizen and master painter, for employing a person not free to work for him within the bounds. The master pleaded that trade was so brisk he could not get on without importing non-freemen. The jury seem to have had some difficulty in deciding the question, but, being kept from two in the afternoon till six the next morning without food, fire, or candle, they made up their minds, and returned a verdict for the journeymen. The master painters of London felt greatly aggrieved at the verdict, petitioned the Common Council to employ "foreigners," and ultimately, under certain regulations, were allowed to do so.

Besides enjoying pretty much the monopoly of business, the citizens of London were free from all ancient tolls and taxes. They were also exempt, down to the days of press-gangs, from being impressed as sailors or soldiers, a protection extended to their apprentices. This was an old privilege: we find it confirmed by a charter of Edward III., which declared that no freeman of London should be obliged either to go or send to war out of the City.

"To treat of the great and notable franchises, liberties, and customs of the City of London," says Lord Coke, "would require a whole volume of itself," and one can hardly do it justice in two pages. We shall, therefore, leave speaking of freemen as they were, and consider them now from a less picturesque, but more modern, point of view.

We say *freemen*, but the City freedom is not confined to the male sex. Womankind have an equal right to

it. Officially, all are freemen, but women who have paid the fees and made the necessary declaration are known abroad as freestisters. Their freedom, we may add, is suspended during married life, and is not transmitted to their descendants. The widow of a freeman is free by courtesy, but by a subsequent marriage she loses her freedom.

Whatever may have been the restrictions in former days in the way of obtaining the freedom of the City, it is now acquired without any difficulty, and, except in the case of persons who neither hold premises nor carry on business within the bounds, at a very trifling cost. A great obstacle was done away with in 1835. By a resolution of the Court of Common Council, it was then declared to be the opinion of the Court that persons should be admitted to the freedom without the intervention of the trading companies. Previous to that time it was the practice to admit no one as a freeman till he was free of one of the several societies, guilds, and fraternities of freemen composing the Corporation.

The freedom of the City may now be obtained, first of all, by servitude. One must be bound apprentice to a freeman according to the custom of the City, and serve him for seven years. At the end of that time he can become a freeman by paying the modest sum of five shillings.

The next way is by patrimony. Under this head come the sons and daughters of freemen, born after the admission of the father, and having attained the age of twenty-one. The daughters must be unmarried or widows. Both sons and daughters are admitted on paying five shillings.

Next comes the plan of redemption or purchase. Persons on the Parliamentary Register of Votes for the City are admitted on applying to the Chamberlain, and paying just the same sum as those previously mentioned. Those not on the Parliamentary Register, but who are £10 householders, and rated to the police and other rates, have the same sum to pay, and not much more to do. They must produce a certificate on applying to the Chamberlain—from the beadle or some other authority of their ward—proving that they are so rated. The form is then gone through of the Chamberlain presenting their names to the Court, and obtaining an order for their admission.

The five shillings paid by all the applicants just mentioned goes to the Freeman's Orphan School.

Some, however, who hold premises or carry on business in the City may be inclined to purchase their freedom, but be without the qualifications of being on the Parliamentary Register, or of paying rates. These are admitted on paying a fine, including five shillings to the Freeman's Orphan School, of £2 18s. 4d.

For persons neither holding premises nor carrying

on business, and wishing to become freemen, the process is more expensive. They are admitted on the Chamberlain obtaining an order of the Court for their admission, and the fine in their case, including the five shillings to the Freeman's Orphan School, is £27 18s. 4d.

The sons of aliens are admitted in the same manner as natural-born subjects.

Before obtaining the precious strip of parchment which constitutes him a citizen of the glorious City of London, each applicant must make a declaration in the following words:—

"I, A B, do solemnly declare that I will be good and true to our Sovereign Lady Queen Victoria; that I will be obedient to the Mayor of this City; that I will maintain the franchises and customs thereof, and will keep this City harmless in that which in me is; that I will also keep the Queen's peace in my own person; that I will know no gatherings nor conspiracies made against the Queen's peace, but I will warn the Mayor thereof, or hinder it to my power; and that all these points and articles I will well and truly keep according to the laws and customs of this City to my power."

This solemn declaration was substituted in 1849 for an oath which, previous to that date, had to be taken by each new freeman, engaging to "colour no foreigner's goods under or in his own name, whereby the Queen or this City might or may lose their customs or advantages;" to take "none apprentice for any less term than for seven years, without fraud or deceit," and in other ways to maintain the old laws and customs of the City.

And what now-a-days are the advantages of this freedom? Practical people will think they are not much to speak of. When we have said that the freedom entitles the children of the possessor to certain privileges in connection with the Freeman's Orphan School at Brixton, and that to the citizens of London it is a bond of union and mutual protection, we have about exhausted the utilitarian side of the question. But, as we have already hinted, it is in its sentimental aspect that the freedom of the City is of value. It is good to connect oneself with what is great and venerable and famous, even though the link which unites us be little more than a name and a strip of parchment.

There is a way of obtaining the freedom which we have not yet mentioned. We have kept it to the last, for it is the best of all. This is by gift of the City. To be made an honorary freeman in this way is the first compliment in the world. Fortune can do little more for her favourite after she gets his name inscribed in the honourable roll of citizens of the great City of London. Princes, warriors, statesmen, poets, historians, philanthropists, and explorers—men the most distinguished of their generation—all have their names written there; and to have a chance of being numbered in that list of worthies has, no doubt, often acted as a stimulus to great and noble exertions.



A Burlesque Bull-Fight.

BY ALBERT H. BROADWELL.



Ugly rumour had spread its wings over Southend in general and the Corporation in particular. In fact, some wicked fairy had spread a tale of horror; it ran to the effect that the popular seaside resort would hence-

fact remains nevertheless, that Englishmen as a body abhor a bull-fight and everything connected therewith, and though this fact may have been pointed out times without number, it is pleasing to reiterate the sentiment, inas-

much as in this particular case it is indorsed in the most emphatic manner by Her Majesty the Queen.

As will be seen in the telegram which, by kind permission, we are allowed to reprint in full, Her Majesty takes the liveliest interest in any movement that touches upon the welfare and self-respect of her subjects.

On hearing of the proposed bull-fight at Southend, Her Majesty telegraphed through the Home Office as follows:—



DRESSING THE "BULL."

forth become the scene of bloody Southern bull-fights. Though much banter and something worse originated with that rumour, all doubts and fears were quickly quelled by the Mayor and other local authorities, who promptly put their foot down in the most determined manner, which praiseworthy action should meet with universal approval.

Though the rumour may have been treated somewhat lightly in certain quarters, the undoubted



NEARLY READY.



THE INFURIATED ANIMAL ENTERS THE ARENA.

enabled to convey to millions of readers the righteous indignation felt by the Queen at the very proposal of a bull-fight taking place on English soil.

There is something more, however, in Her Majesty's words—something sweet and womanly. Infinite care and tender-

On Her Majesty's Service.
Parliament Street,
Town Clerk,
Southend,

The Queen is inquiring about rumoured bull-fight. Please telegraph precisely what is proposed. Even if the intention is only burlesque with dogs, Queen is anxious there should be no cruelty. Town Council have taken some action, I think. Would be glad of full report following telegram. Pedder, Private Secretary to Secretary of State, Home Office.

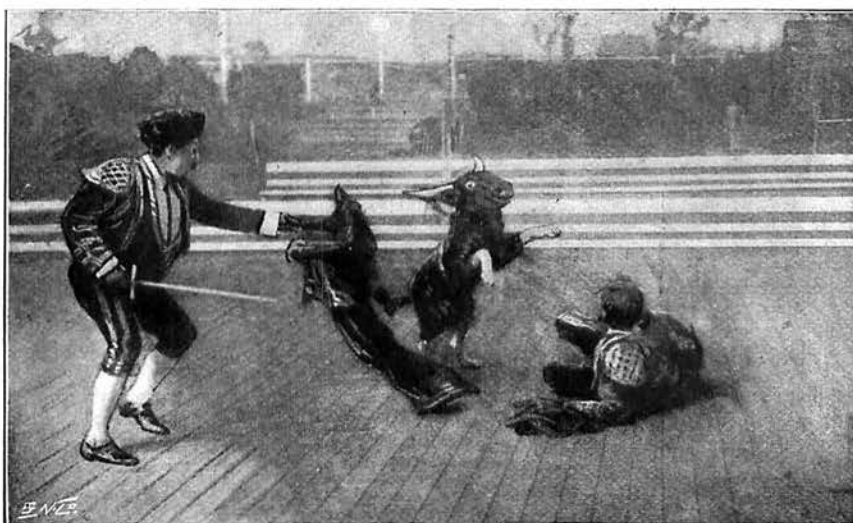
We are proud of thus being

ness for the weak and the defenceless are revealed in the few words that follow: "*Even if the intention is only burlesque with dogs, Queen is anxious there should be no cruelty.*"

Now, we have made a point of investigating this matter thoroughly. Let it be said at once that there is no cruelty whatever in this burlesque performance. As a matter of fact, the clever dog whose task it is to impersonate the bull enjoys the fun as much as the audience itself.

The Brothers Boston, well known for their clever performances the world over, are full of original ideas. One of these consists in dressing up a favourite dog of theirs as a bull, and going through a burlesque bull-fight, to the intense enjoyment of everybody.

The first two pictures which we reproduce here represent the dressing of the "bull." Though corrida bulls are usually "dressed" after the performance, our particular bull is



WITH A BOUND AND A RUSH THE BULL IS UPON HIM.



THERE IS AN UGLY GLEAM IN HIS MURDEROUS EYE,

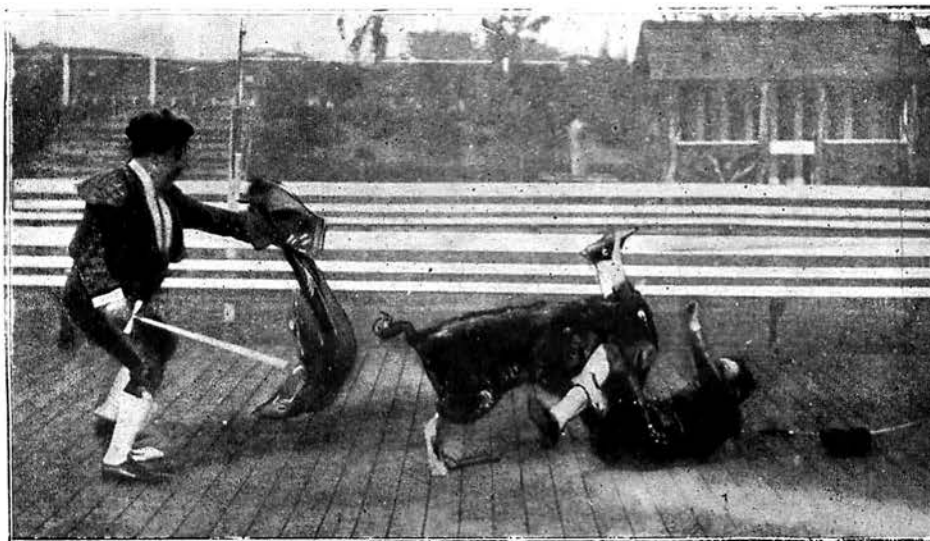
dressed before, and, let it be said, in a more pleasing manner altogether.

For expediency's sake, the usual paraphernalia of regular bull-fights is dispensed with, and defenceless horses are an unknown quantity.

Both Shutthatdor and Bangthatdor are busily engaged in slipping on the various garments which are to transform a very good and obedient dog into the fiercest of diminutive bulls.

The bull's head, which is made of the lightest material, is firmly tied on to the artificial hide, and so as to take all the weight, such as it is, entirely off the plucky dog's head. Moreover, the inside of the mask or head is carefully padded, so that no harm could possibly befall its wearer.

In the next picture the audience is spell-



HIS FRANTIC EFFORTS TO ESCAPE ARE UNAVAILING.

bound. The "bull" makes his first appearance in the ring, and very terrible does he look, too. His blood-shot eyes roll from side to side even as balls of fire; he is cautiously followed by the very man deputed to spell his doom by means of the ghastly tin sword firmly gripped in his right hand.

For a moment the bull stands terrible yet undecided. There is an ugly gleam in his murderous glass eye; there is something uglier still awaiting his bold antagonists.

Watch! What will happen now? He charges with fury indescribable; he gains in impetus as he rushes madly at one of his opponents. There is an angry roar (or bark), and Shutthatdor is felled to the ground. Will he ever rise again? Will Bangthatdor succeed in attracting the infuriated animal's attention? No; all efforts are unavailing. The doomed man has



SHUTTHATDOR FEIGNS DEATH.

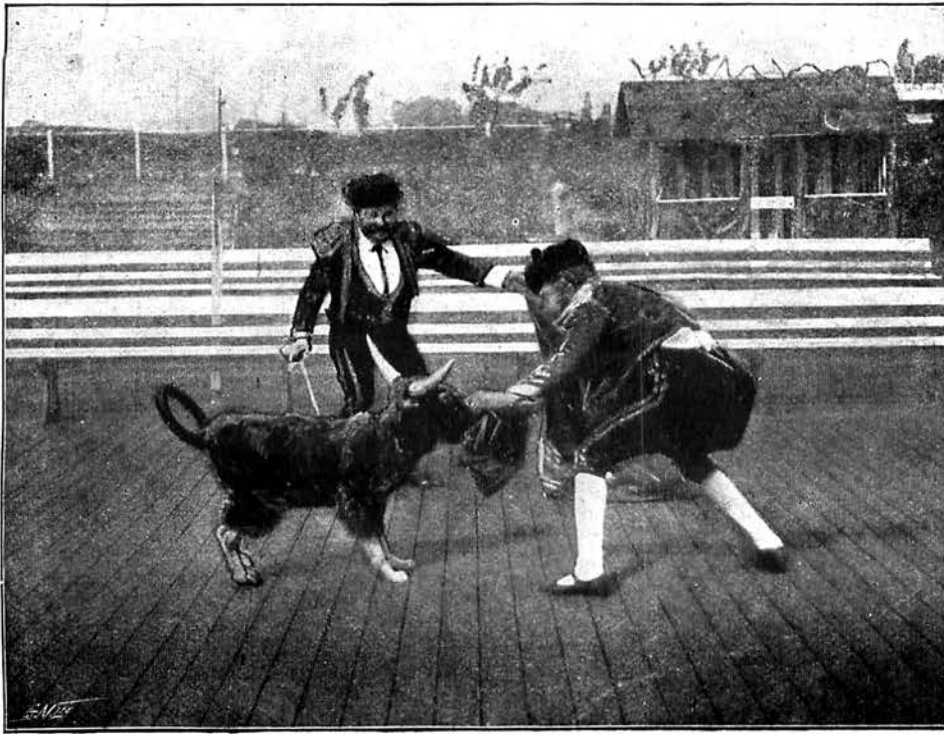


AN EXCITING BIT OF BY-PLAY.

no time to regain his feet; another blood-curdling roar (or bark), and a fresh charge is made. With a bound and a rush the bull is again upon him. The audience crowding the benches in the background grows frantic; no cigars, fair duenna's gloves, or other second-hand articles are thrown

—the tension is too great.

The second onslaught is more disastrous than the first. Shutthatdor is helpless; he struggles vainly; his frantic efforts to escape are unavailing. He is done, and like a wise man he at last resorts to a well-known dodge: he feigns death. The subterfuge succeeds amazingly well. His victorious enemy sniffs once or twice, and at-



AN ATTEMPT TO PLACE THE BANDERILLEROS.

tracted by the red rag of Bangthatdor he leaves his victim for a moment, bent upon more slaughter.

They are away and out of the picture. Shutthatdor rises quickly and flies to the rescue of his comrade in danger. He succeeds in bringing the infuriated beast once more into focus, and here we have an exciting bit of by-play.

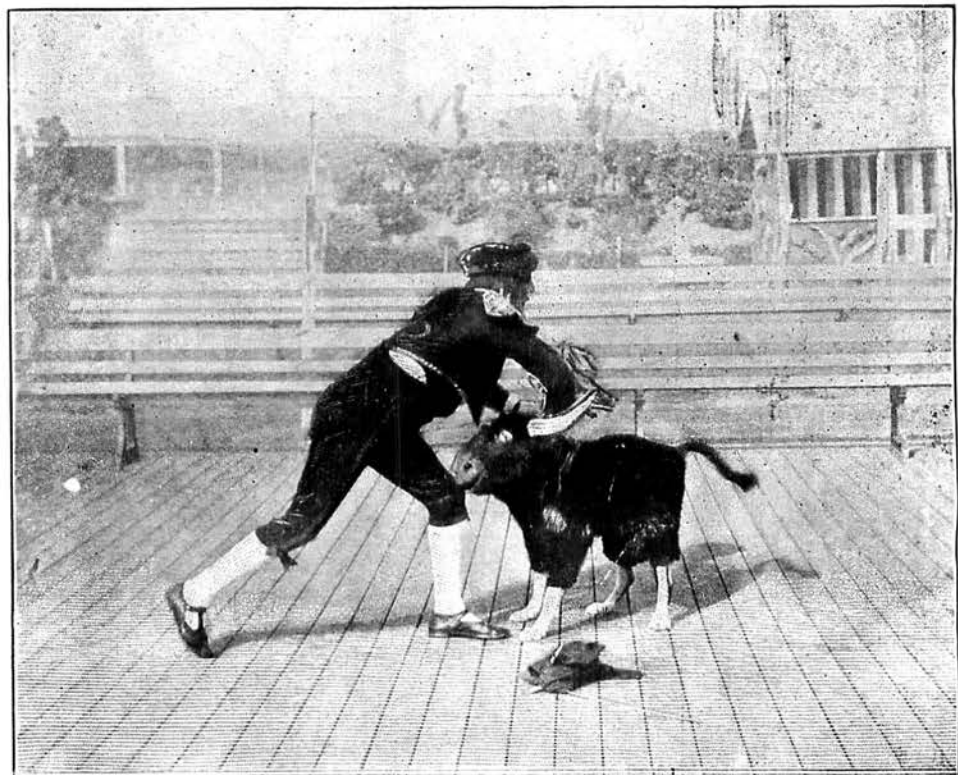
The bull is checked, but for an instant only. There is an attempt to place the banderilleros, but it fails. Once more Bangthatdor comes to the rescue and attracts the bull's attention to himself.

Shutthatdor recovers from his temporary discomfiture. He intends to place those banderilleros sooner or later, and he will. Now on two legs, now on three, and sometimes on all fours, the angry bull charges again and again. The

audience on the benches grows more frantic than ever. The very seats shake as they have never shaken before, and the applause becomes deafening.

A fresh attempt is made to stick the maddening banderilleros deep into the shoulders of the bull. The second attempt fails also. It is tried again and again. Shutthatdor's pluck is truly amazing. Now! look, he has accomplished that most mighty of

feats. No; he has not! But he has! One magnificent lunge, requiring much pluck and dexterity, and the deed is done. The bull has stayed his mad flight for an instant only—silent and irresolute he wavers in his attack—that is enough. Shutthatdor is upon him with a will, and the dreaded banderilleros sink deep—into the horse-hair cushion specially provided for the purpose.



THE BANDERILLEROS SINK DEEP.



THEY RUN FOR THEIR LIVES.

This is overdoing things altogether, our plucky "bull" seeks vengeance, and his antagonists run for their lives. He is in quest of blood: he charges madly right and left. He is sightless, and it is pitiful to notice that somehow he knows that his doom is near.

Bangthatdor returns with an ugly gleam in his left eye, and awaits his opportunity. It comes at last: the fatal thrust is given, and the fight is ended for ever (that is, of course, until the next performance).

Cheers upon cheers ring loud; they shake the very foundations of the edifice as the conquered hero is dragged lifeless from the arena on a sack borrowed for the purpose.

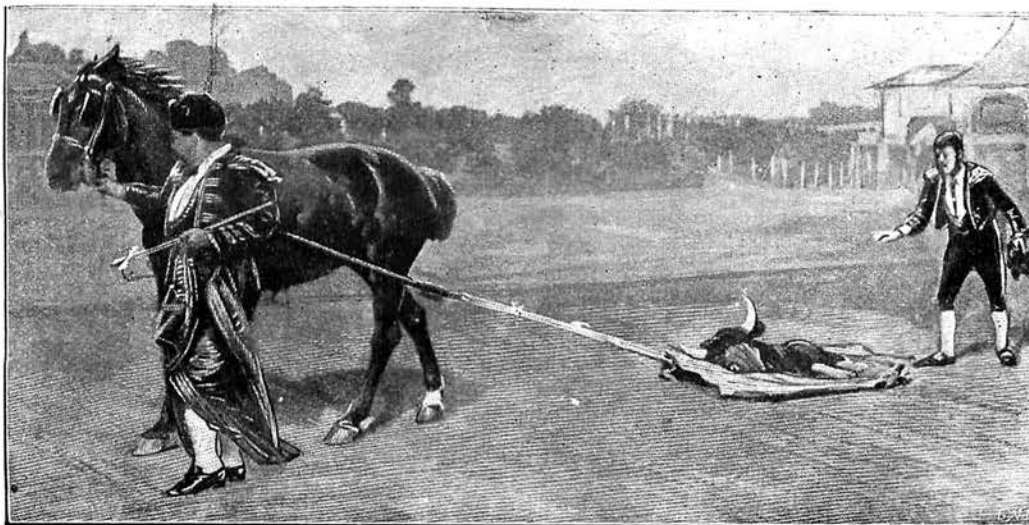
They are all out of focus now, and

the sight is refreshing, indeed, after so much excitement. The bull is busily engaged in the rapid consumption of numerous well-earned biscuits, and we take our leave, much pleased with each other and with that clever dog in particular.

[We are indebted to Mr. George Scott, general manager of the palatial Southend Kursaal and Marine Park, and his assistant Mr. Leslie, for their kind assistance in connection with the above article and photos.]



"THE FIGHT IS ENDED FOR EVER."



"DRAGGED LIFELESS FROM THE ARENA."



Chatterbox, 1883

AUTUMN.



A TALK ON TOMATOES.



WHO would have imagined a few years ago that the tomato would be so largely employed in the kitchen as it is? for it greets us at every turn in every imaginable form. We almost wonder what we should do without it, and how we managed before it became so popular. The dishes that are presented to your notice in this paper are attractive in appearance, and although some may come under the head of good class dishes, they are less costly than may be supposed. The first is a very delicious soup, that I think has but to be tried to be appreciated. It reads as if it would be troublesome to prepare, but a trial will prove the contrary to be the case. Once tested, it will be repeated.

Tomato Soup.

For this you will want a pint of pure tomato purée, an ounce of butter, the same weight of good cheese, two eggs, an ounce of potato-flour, half a pint of white stock, and the same of milk, and some salt and pepper and bread. Attention to the mode of preparation is the thing here. The purée is heated separately, and it is quite a matter of choice whether it be from fresh or preserved tomatoes; but if the latter, the watery part should evaporate, and there should be full measure afterwards. Then beat the eggs with the milk and stock, and heat over the fire nearly to boiling point, but not quite, or curdling would result. Mix this with the purée. The soup tureen is to be heated and the grated cheese put in. Then add about two tablespoonfuls of little bread dice that have been faultlessly fried and drained—golden-brown is the tinge to aim at; so simple, yet so seldom well done. A bath of fat to

cover the bread and a quick transference to a sheet of paper the moment the tint is reached, and the thing is done. The butter is to be melted in a little saucepan and the flour stirred in, then cooked for a minute, and the soup added by degrees; or the best way is to add about half a pint of the soup to the small saucepan, and to empty the contents of it into the large saucepan containing the rest of the soup, and to keep it for a minute slightly below boiling-point. The fried bread and cheese are to be put in the tureen at the very last moment. Nice as this is, there are people—and I am one—who prefer the bread handed round in the orthodox style, so that it shall not lose an iota of its crispness; but this is purely a matter of taste.

Now I will give you a hint or two on the variation of the above without in the least destroying its leading features. Does the larder contain a little cooked rice or barley? If so, add it in place of the flour, but do not omit the butter. Or is the occasion a very special one? Then you may with advantage replace the milk by cream. Another way that will please you is to cook some small sago or tapioca in the milk, and use in the manner recommended. There are not many people who seem to understand the advantage of using cheese in a small quantity as a flavourer for soups without giving an actual taste, but it is excellent for the purpose, as the above will show, though where not liked, it could of course be left out or reduced in quantity.

Here is a pie that will be new to you, and a cheap one withal. I recommend it on the ground of its nice appearance quite as much as for the sake of its small cost. Its flavour you will decide about for yourselves; but I venture to think that we shall not differ much as to its excellence and utility for general service. It is important that the meat used be underdone.

Tomato and Beef Pie.

Take a deep dish, and put in enough mashed potatoes to form a layer half an inch thick, after

greasing the dish all over. Then put in a few slices of meat, not too thin, and freed from skin and gristle. Cover with a layer of chopped onion that has been either fried or partly cooked in some other way; next a layer of sliced tomatoes; season the several layers with salt and pepper, and over the tomatoes put a sprinkling of powdered mixed herbs and a dust of nutmeg. Then go over with onion again, and more meat, then tomatoes, and more of the mashed potatoes. The top should be made quite level. Now you will want half a pint of gravy, supposing you have used about three-quarters of a pound of meat. This should be from the joint, if possible, but you may substitute a little good brown stock from the bones of the joint, or if you have only a poor stock, put in a sheet or two of gelatine and a morsel of extract of meat. The cover is the next consideration. Take some of your cooked potatoes, but do not mash them; slice them evenly, and cover the top of the pie so that the slices overlap slightly, and brush over with melted butter or dripping; the former for a superior dish. Now cover, and put it in a moderate oven until heated through; then remove the cover and place in a hotter part of the oven, so that when presented at table the pie is smoking hot, and has a beautiful brown top crust.

Some will be wondering why the bottom layer should be potatoes, for it is decidedly contrary to the orthodox ways of making pies from cold meat. Just because the meat, being already cooked, should be guarded against probable hardness, and besides acting as a protection for the meat, the bottom layer of potato will acquire almost as brown an appearance as the top. There are hosts of ways of varying this. The meat may be moistened with a little thick brown sauce or gravy before the pie is made, and a "gamey" flavour, which many enjoy in combination with meat and tomatoes, is easily imparted by the addition of a spoonful of grated cheese. And some may decide on a cover of pastry. In that case the potatoes must not come next it, but should be covered with an extra layer of meat, which will flavour the crust, whereas the potatoes would only make it sad. These minor details make *such* a difference to the result of one's dishes, but are so often lost sight of, that no apology is needed for the reminder.

I should like all who may have a liking for *curry* in any form to try the one appended. It is not a type of the highest-class curries, but it illustrates a principle—viz., what may be done with scraps; for I am supposing that you are about to prepare this for breakfast, and that the larder has in it some rice left from the previous day—you have perhaps been wondering what you should do with it—and a morsel of cooked bacon. Pickled pork answers as well as bacon. Fat ham is better than either.

Tomato Curry.

Take four good-sized tomatoes, and cut them in dice. Treat a large apple in the same way, also a small onion. Fry the latter brown in hot fat, then add the apple after draining the fat off, and pour in enough stock to cover, and simmer for a few minutes; put in

the tomatoes, and after a minute or two add a teaspoonful of curry-paste, the same of lemon-juice, and salt to taste; or you may use vinegar, plain or flavoured, and by simmering a bay-leaf in the pan you get a very much better dish. Then take the cold rice, and put it in until the mixture is thick. You must stir well, and the whole must simmer until heated through and the vegetables tender. This is nice as it is, but for a more nourishing dish a couple of eggs boiled hard in another saucepan, so as to be ready at the same time, may be cut in quarters and put about the curry. Has it occurred to you that if by chance you have a spoonful of apple-sauce at hand, or a fried onion, the time for the preparation of the dish is still further reduced? I have said nothing about the bacon. It can be cut up and put in the pan just before serving, as it only wants heating through, or may be sprinkled with brown crumbs and put before the fire to brown, and used for garnishing the curry.

And here is something for your sandwiches. Do not fail to give it a trial, for it solves the cold mutton difficulty in a pleasant way, and it is really quite cheap and simple to make. It is called

Tomato Paste.

Take some cooked mutton or other meat, and prepare it with as much nicety as for potted meat of the ordinary kind; skin and gristle must be left out, but a little fat is an improvement. This is first to be chopped, then pounded in a mortar, with a little butter to moisten, and a good seasoning of salt and pepper, and a hint only of mixed spice. To about half a pound of meat allow a tomato that has been simmered whole in stock, then skinned and put through a sieve; one large or two small ones will be wanted. Add to the meat, pounding all the time; then put in the yolk of a hard-boiled egg, after passing through a sieve. The mass should be pounded to a creamy consistence. A little more butter may be needed, or cream is delicious, while there are few better ways of using up the remains of a good white sauce; but in the latter case the paste is only available for present use, whereas by using butter only it will keep for a few days in cold weather if put into little pots and covered with a layer of clarified butter. The tighter it is pressed into the pots, the better. The meat from a braise or good stew is suitable for use in this way, but the tomato should then be reduced a trifle, less moisture being wanted.

I spoke of the above as useful for sandwiches, but it is quite as good for eating with dry toast or plain biscuits.

I cannot close without calling your attention to a capital little savoury that may be concocted in next to no time, and is the very thing for those who want a tasty and digestible supper. Not the least of its recommendations is its appetising appearance. It is called

Tomato Eggs.

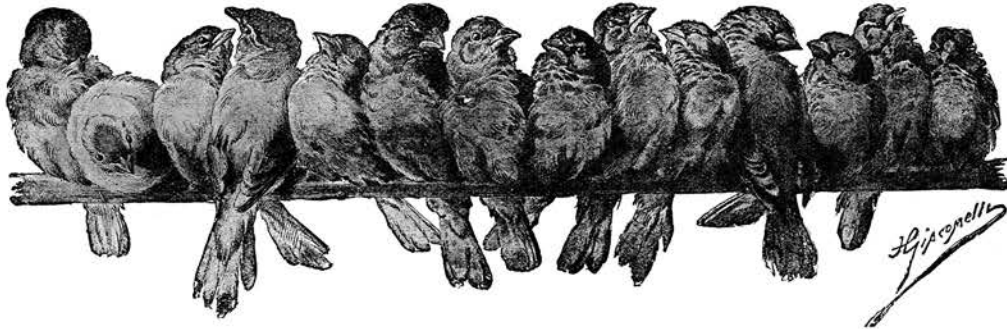
You will want three eggs to half-a-dozen medium-sized tomatoes, and the latter you must boil whole, either in water or stock, for about five minutes; then

you skin them and drop them in a stew-pan, in which you have fried a small onion or a couple of shalots—chopped, need I say?—then you go on stirring for a minute or two, and put in a teaspoonful of white vinegar and a pinch of powdered thyme and bay-leaf, which makes such a difference to the dish; so do not think that it is to be lightly dismissed from your calculation. Half a teaspoonful each of white pepper and pounded lump sugar are next in order, and a dust of nutmeg and a scant teaspoonful of salt. Then you add a tablespoonful of good brown gravy or stock, or, failing any on the spot, make a little with the ever-useful meat extract and boiling water. The eggs you

drop in whole, one at a time, with a brisk stir; then you stir away for a minute or two, until a very smooth mass is the result. The dish you serve this in cannot be too hot, and the garnish *should* be fried bread; but for a makeshift, when not convenient to fry, dry toast will serve the purpose. For a refined edition of this, the tomatoes must be sieved after the ingredients—except the eggs—have been put in, and the finishing off is exactly as I have told you.

I meant to speak of a dainty cold entrée, very inexpensive, though artistic, but must reserve it for another occasion. The same may be said of a good salad. Both are made from tomatoes.

DEBORAH PLATTER.



PRACTICAL POINTS OF LAW.

By A LAWYER.

LICENCES.

THIS is supposed to be a free country, yet there are very few things which you can do without a licence.

You cannot be married without a licence or what amounts to one. An ordinary licence costs from £2 to £3; a special about £30. For a registrar's certificate in church, the fee is 2s., and for marriage by banns a few shillings.

You cannot be buried without the registrar's certificate, and on your birth and on your death information must be given to him that the date may be duly registered.

London solicitors practising within ten miles of the General Post Office have to pay £9 a year for the privilege, and country solicitors £6.

Barristers who have not compounded for their fees have to pay a guinea a year before they can accept a brief.

Bankers have to take out an annual licence of £30; restaurant-keepers also.

Auctioneers pay £10 yearly for the privilege of holding auctions.

Wine merchants £10 10s. for selling wine, and distillers the same amount.

Tobacco manufacturers from ten to thirty guineas annually.

Brewers, £1; vinegar-makers the same.

Publicans, from £4 10s. to £60.

Pawnbrokers, £7 10s. to £13 5s.

Gold and silversmiths, £5 15s.

House-agents, £2; hawkers likewise.

And licences from 5s. to £5 5s. for following other occupations too numerous to mention.

If you keep a carriage, you must pay a licence for doing so; the cost varies according to whether it runs on two or more wheels, or is drawn by one or more horses, from 15s. to £2 2s. per annum, or up to £3 3s. for a motor-car.

If there is a crest on it, you will have to take out a licence for armorial bearings, and pay another £2 2s. a year for that. No licence is needed for a bicycle.

A man-servant will cost you 15s. a year beyond his wages and beyond his keep.

The use of a hall-porter in a flat will not render you liable for the duty for keeping a male servant.

But the occasional employment of a man to clean and look after a pony carriage used for pleasure will make you liable to pay the licence.

You must take out a licence for the use of armorial bearings.

The cost is £1 1s. per annum.

A ring with a crest on it is an armorial bearing, and so is a crest upon note-paper; a monogram is not.

A chair or a piece of plate which you purchase with a crest upon it, which crest you have no right to bear, renders you liable for the duty.

You are liable for the mere possession of an article with an armorial bearing upon it.

The mere possession of a gun does not render you liable for a gun licence, unless you carry the gun, or in other words, shoot with it.

But if you carry a revolver or pistol about with you, you render yourself liable for taking out a gun licence.

A gun licence costs 10s. a year.

For shooting game you must obtain a licence to shoot game. Gamekeepers have to pay an annual licence which costs them £2.

People holding licences to shoot game are exempt from paying a gun licence.

Soldiers and volunteers are also exempt from gun licences.

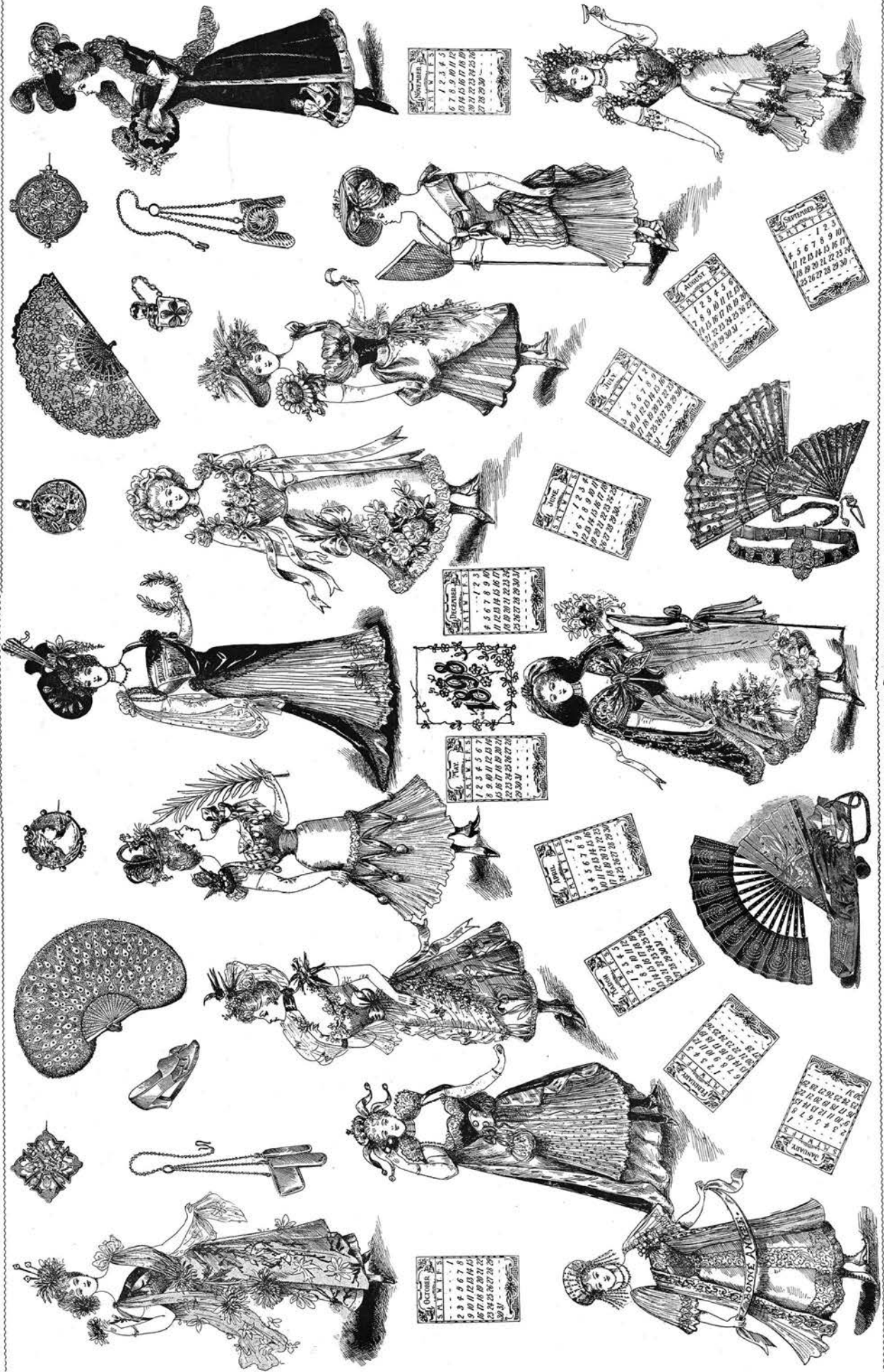
If you keep dogs, you must pay an annual licence of 7s. 6d. for each dog that is over six months old.

Blind people may keep one dog to guide them, and shepherds may keep a sheep-dog for herding their flocks, without being subject to this tax.

No licence is required for keeping cats, fowls, or other animals or pets.

Nearly all these licences are obtainable at an ordinary post-office.

People omitting to take out licences for which they are liable, at the proper times and places, will be compelled to pay for the licence and be fined for their non-compliance.



MASQUERADE COSTUMES REPRESENTING THE TWELVE MONTHS OF THE YEAR.

DRAWN CANVAS WORK.

THE examples before you are all done upon a new kind of linen canvas, which adapts itself very well to many articles both fancy and useful.

This canvas is made of double linen threads which are rather coarse. It can be had in green, blue, and several art shades. It is one yard in width, and costs three shillings and sixpence per yard, and the fact that it is of fast dye and washes well, is one of its many recommendations.

If you like to do so you can work cross-stitch upon this canvas, and use cotton, flax, wool, or a new kind of pearl cotton if you like to do so. I have not given you any examples of this cross-stitch, nor of patterns which are made by single stitches of different lengths uncrossed, for this reason. At almost any fancy shop you can get a little cross-stitch book, which has also designs for the other stitch named, and as the book costs about twopence all can get it. So it stands to reason that the space which is so valuable should not be wasted upon what any of our readers can get so easily for themselves. I have confined myself to drawn work in these examples, because it is so extremely pretty done on the coloured canvas.

Sachets of all kinds when done in drawn work and lined with a pretty colour, are very charming, the effect being altogether novel.

Small table-cloths, toilet-covers, work-bags, d'oyleys, etc. All can be done on this canvas. Now there is another reason which I have for giving you the drawn canvas-work.

Many of my readers may have longed, over

and over again, to do the many lovely patterns which can be executed on linen in what is usually termed "drawn linen work." They have got a piece of linen and made an attempt only to meet with failure, and I can sympathise very much with them, for the tyro who tries to learn on linen itself has a bad time of it in nine cases out of ten.

Now let that beginner take heart of grace and try these same stitches on linen-canvas. In a very short time she will know how to do them perfectly, and if she can do them on this linen-canvas, she will, if she is but possessed of enough patience, be quite able to do them on linen. It takes more patience and time for the latter, but that is all.

Punto tirato is such an ancient form of work that it is well worth learning. It may interest some readers to learn what a writer says about it.

"Drawn thread work is lately become extremely fashionable, for the ornamentation of every description of house-linen. It is not by any means a new work, for the very earliest fancy work that ever was invented consisted of drawing certain threads out of linen material, and weaving them with a needle round and about the remaining threads to form a pattern, and there is no doubt that the embroidery of fine linen, of which we read in Scripture as being used for the vestments of the priests and the hangings of the temple, was worked by drawn threads in various fancy stitches. As time went on, drawn work was introduced into European countries, workers became skilful, fabrics were varied and improved, and much

good embroidery was done in Greece, Italy, Russia, Germany, and Spain, under the designation of *Punto tirato* (threads drawn one way of the material), *Punto tagliato* (threads drawn both ways across and across), *Opus tiratum* (fancy open stitches), Dresden point (lace stitches), and other names more especially indicative of the locality in which a particular form of work took a footing. Most of this work was devoted to ecclesiastical purposes. A number of specimens of fine old linen may be seen in the South Kensington Museum, many of which are deftly embroidered with thread drawn from the linen itself, while others are profusely decorated with gold threads and coloured silks, and are so beautifully executed as almost to require a magnifying glass to distinguish the articles."

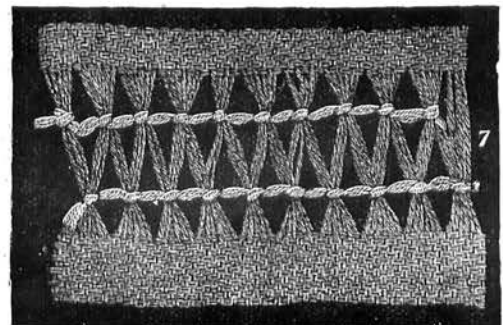
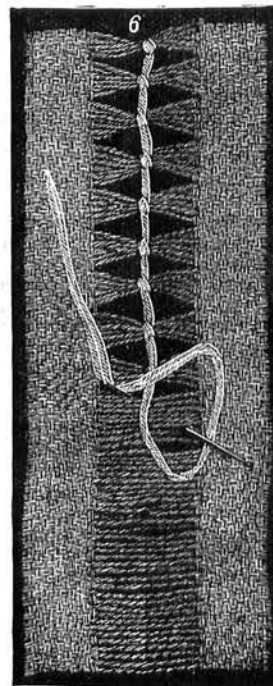
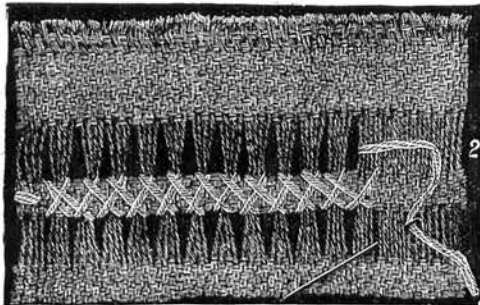
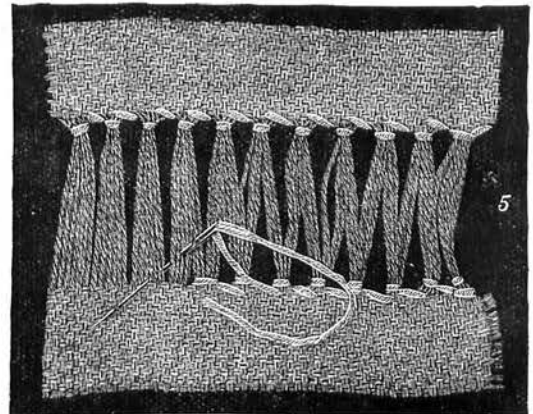
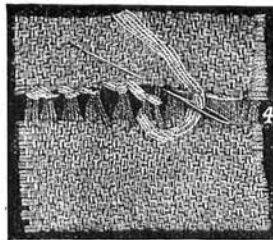
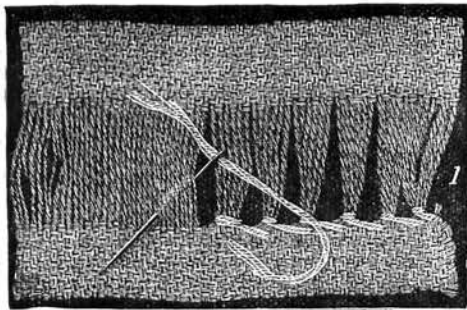
The worker will be so good as to remember that as all the threads here are double that when I say so many threads must be drawn, it is in reality double that number.

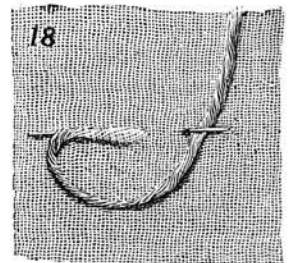
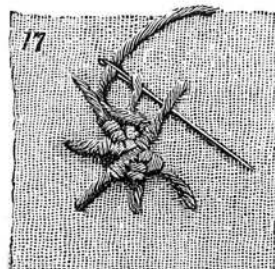
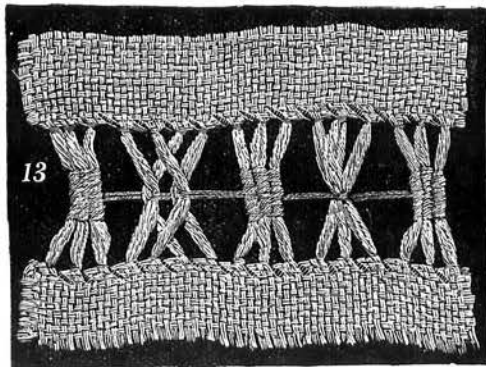
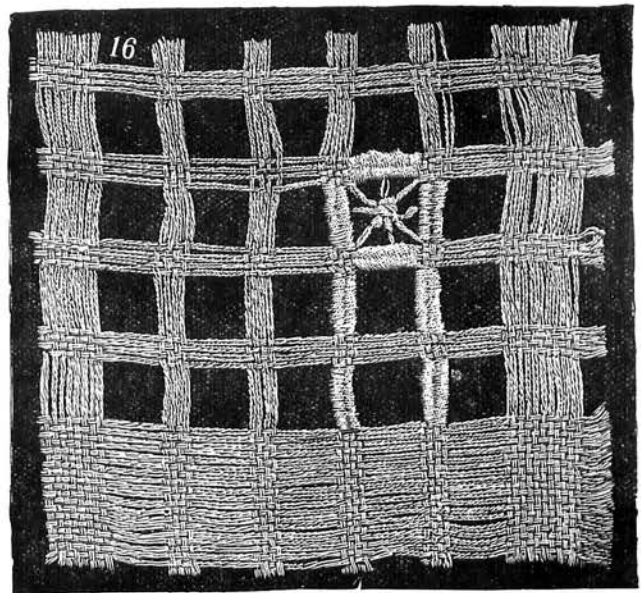
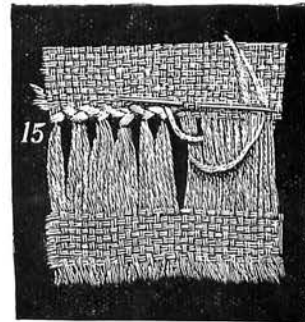
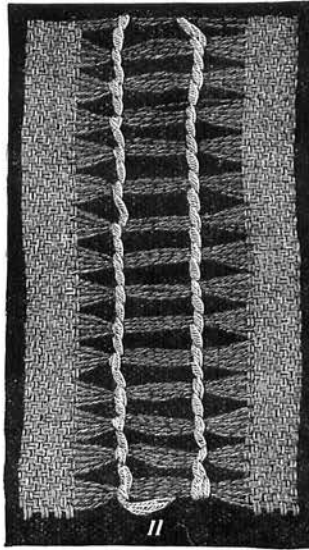
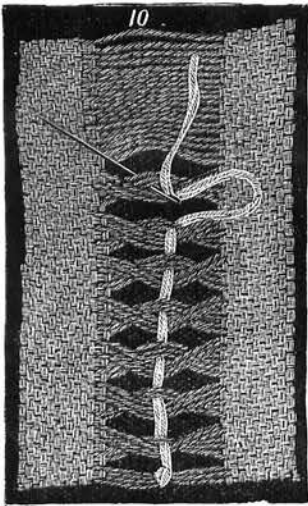
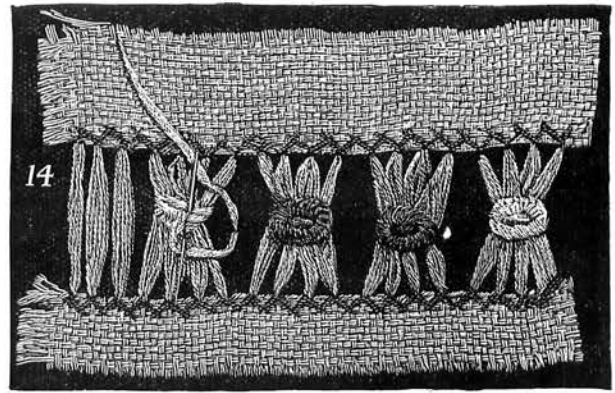
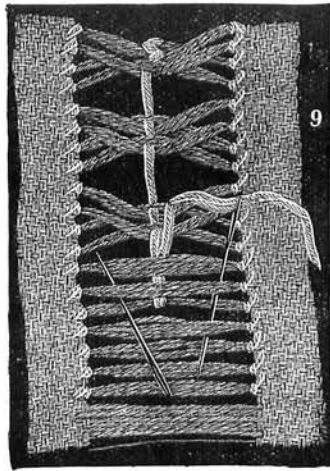
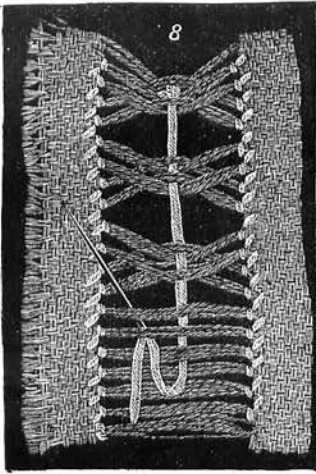
Remember, please, also that when you are going to do any of these patterns upon linen you must be guided by the coarseness or fineness of it, as to the number of threads drawn, and that the numbers given for linen canvas are not always a guide for ordinary linen.

You cannot do much in drawn work without clusters, and these are formed in several ways.

Before beginning the description, I must tell you that filoselle silk of some pretty colour has been used for all these examples, and several threads have been used at a time.

For forming the clusters in Fig. 1 six threads have been used.





About fifteen double threads of the canvas have been drawn. Make your needleful of silk fast at the back of the work. Work from right to left. Pass your needle under six threads of the canvas, and then from the right the set of the threads down two threads lower at the back. Bring it out and then repeat the same thing. If you will look carefully at this example it will show you exactly how the clusters are formed. Of course both sides of the insertion must be done in the same way.

Figs. 2 and 3 show a very convenient and pretty way of making clusters, but it must be borne in mind that it is a plan suited only to stout materials.

On fine materials the thread would draw up the band of insertion between the clusters. Fig. 2 shows you the wrong side and Fig. 3 the right. Really no letterpress is wanted to explain this; however, I will say a few words about it.

Work from left to right. In this example four threads are taken up in each cluster and six left as a band over which the herring-bone stitch passes. In Fig. 3 you see what a neat, pretty row of stitches is formed in the two sets of clusters. It looks well to use the filoselle, as you cut it to form the clusters, as the stitches are in themselves ornamental. Unless the weaving of the linen or canvas is very close, it is always better to secure both sides of the insertion, as seen in Fig. 1.

Fig. 4 shows simple hem-stitch. Many people know how to do this, and yet so many others do not, that the illustration is very necessary to make this article complete.

Work from left to right and let the stitches slant in an oblique direction. Draw out about four threads just where the folds of your hem will meet them. Fasten one end of your thread in between the folds of the hem, at the left-hand side of the hem. Bring your needle and thread into the hem above the fold about a couple of threads. Put your needle in from right to left, taking up four threads, and bring your needle out just under the leading thread as it comes out of the hem, and draw through. Examine the example and you cannot go wrong.

Fig. 5 shows how trellis hem-stitch is done. Form your clusters of an even number of threads, and in the next row take half of one set of clusters and half of another.

In Fig. 6 you see how faggots are worked. You can secure your clusters or not according to the material and the likelihood of the threads slipping at the edges.

I will quote from a reliable work the best way of doing these faggots with *Punto tirato* knots.

"Get your needle threaded with sufficient cotton to run from end to end from the row of drawn threads, secure the end of the cotton at the right-hand side of the material with a small invisible stitch into the margin of the linen if there is a margin outside the drawn thread insertion; if not, tie the end of the cotton in a knot round the centre of the three first clusters of threads to form the first 'faggot'; turn the cotton towards the left in front of the three next clusters, retaining it in position by pressure of the left-hand thumb, while with the cotton hanging downwards you bring the point of the needle over the cotton held by the thumb, insert it downwards in the upper part of the space between the faggot you have just tied and the faggot you are in process of working, pass it behind the three clusters that are to form this faggot, and bring the point up over the cotton that is held by the thumb, it thus presents the appearance of a circular loop; draw the needle and cotton through and draw the loop to the degree of tightness necessary to bind the three clusters in the semblance of a 'faggot,' at the same time leaving enough cotton to tie evenly across the space

between the faggots. Every *Punto tirato* knot is formed in the same manner.

"These knots enter largely into the composition of drawn-thread patterns; sometimes they are worked with double cotton, sometimes with cotton five or six sizes coarser than that employed in other portions of the embroidery. Care and practice are required to keep the cotton in a straight even line, and not too tightly drawn, otherwise the knot itself is sufficiently simple to be very easily acquired. In our example four threads have been taken in the duster forming a faggot."

In Fig. 7 you see how the knots can be used in two rows of trellis hem-stitching.

Figs. 8 and 9 show double crossing in two stages of being done.

Four clusters here are crossed. Proceed as follows: Remove a good number of threads, as you must allow sufficient spring for the crossing or else it will pucker.

Begin by firmly fastening your thread at one end, and pass your needle under the first three clusters. Look carefully at the example and you will see how the thread lies.

Then bring your needle up between the third and fourth clusters, just as you see in the example. Next look at Fig. 9.

Bring your needle back over the third, then under the first and second, over the first, under the second, over the third, under the fourth and third, and then after going under the second you go down again to the wrong side under the next three.

Look carefully at the example, and when you have withdrawn the needle which is threaded through, it will be easy for you to know where to go if you follow the above description, placing your needle as you see the unthreaded needle is placed. The latter is only put there to show you where the threaded needle is to go next. It is obvious, I hope, that that is the intention, and that no second needle is required. When you draw the leading thread and you see the clusters fall naturally into their places, you will perceive what a very fascinating stitch to work this is, as well as a very pretty one. You can vary it by using very narrow china ribbon for doing the crossing with, gold cord, or soutache. In any case the leading thread must be strong.

Single crossing is seen in Fig. 10. One cluster is drawing the needle over the other, and then you go on to the next. An examination of the illustration is the best way of learning.

Fig. 11 is a double row of *Punto tirato* knots.

Fig. 12 shows quite another kind of drawn work, which certainly is very uncommon and extremely easy to do on this canvas. Draw about twenty threads and then make some clusters of two double threads in the usual way.

The next thing is to darn sets of three clusters, and in this example the sets are done in green, blue, red and yellow filoselle silk, four threads of which are used at a time. Look at the way the needle is placed in the example and that will show you exactly how it is done. You must finish off each set of clusters separately at the back.

In Fig. 13 you will see how faggots and double crossing alternate with darned clusters. This example is worked with cardinal-red filoselle silk.

Fig. 14 shows four clusters confined by an oval of button-hole work. Secure your silk to one of the clusters and then run your silk round the four clusters as a kind of guide for the button-hole work. The latter is done all round in the way seen where the needle is left in. The middle between the lines of button-hole has a stitch called "bullion," worked over to hide the unsightliness of the threads which show between the oval of button-hole work. This would make an effective border for a small table-cover, or worked in lines down a sachet lined afterwards with coloured

silk. The clusters for this example have been made in quite another way. You will see how these are done in Fig. 15. It is merely herring-bone stitch done under the threads you wish to cluster, and then the needle taken through a couple of threads in the canvas above.

Fig. 16 shows a kind of guipure made with canvas. Draw out about eight threads and then leave four. Do this crossways again, and then draw in and out the bars and fill in the spaces with wheels, or any case stitches you happen to know.

In Fig. 17 is seen how the wheel is done. Make three long stitches from one extremity to the other of the space to be filled, and stop short in the middle of the fourth. Pass your needle back under the spoke before and the spoke after it. Look at the example and you will see how the needle is placed. For the eighth spoke let the thread come from the centre to the edge. For bullion stitch I will quote some good directions:—

"The stitch resembles a raised roll of twisted cotton lying on the surface of the material; it also is designated "roll picot stitch;" it is effectively employed to represent ears of corn and barley, for veining the centres of leaves, for working entire leaves and portions of flowers, and may be generally used whenever a raised ornamental stitch is desired. To work, bring up the needle and cotton to the front of the material, put the needle in the material in the position you wish the bullion stitch to be, taking from a quarter of an inch to half an inch of the material on the needle according to the length the stitch is required to be, and bring the point well out where the cotton already is, and with the needle standing in this position wind the cotton round the point of the needle ten or twelve times in the manner shown by the illustration; wind the cotton with the right hand and keep the twist from falling off the needle by pressure of the left-hand thumb, then draw the needle through the material and through the twists of cotton, turn the cotton towards the top of the stitch, and pull till the stitch lies in position with the twisted cotton in a close roll upon it, insert the needle again at the top of the bullion stitch and bring it up where the next bullion stitch is to begin."

Enough has been now said, and sufficient examples have been given to show the worker how many charming stitches can be worked on linen canvas.

Strips of linen canvas done in this drawn fashion alternating with insertions of lace would, when lined, make a lovely bed-spread, and it would have the advantage of being able to be carried about easily. Many people very naturally dread beginning such a large article as a couvrepied or bed-spread, as the space taken by the piece of work makes it impossible to take about conveniently. Now a strip of work can go so easily into a work-bag when you spend an evening with a friend, is so portable when you wish to use up some of your time on the sands in the summer, and so the article gets quickly finished. I am sure that those who learn this work will be greatly charmed with it. In case any should, after learning it, wish to do the stitches on ordinary linen, I must give a few hints.

Get your linen washed before you begin to work on it. Do not attempt to draw your threads until you have well soaped the part where you are to draw them. This plan greatly facilitates that usually tedious business. Always tack down all hems.

The size of the thread of the material is about the guide for the size of the cotton you work with. Waxing your cotton makes it stronger.

For drawn linen-work great care is required and also good eyesight. Those whose eyes are not strong should not attempt any but the coarser kinds.

INFORMATION FOR
CYCLE, BICYCLE OR RACYCLE

RIDERS

BY COURTESY OF
The Journal of New York.

ETIQUETTE OF THE WHEEL.

THE basis of Bicycle Etiquette is simply thoughtful consideration for the convenience and well-being of others. The impulse to assist anyone who is in difficulty, which is the spirit of well-bred courtesy, should find expression on the road as well as elsewhere.

It is the duty of the men in the party to see that the women get out of the trip as much enjoyment as possible, while at the same time it is incumbent upon the women to trouble the men as little as they can.

In following a narrow path permit the women to precede you.

RULES OF THE ROAD.

1. Always pass an approaching wheelman or vehicle on your right hand side of the street, and anything going in the same direction as yourself, on the left hand side.

2. Ring your bell when approaching anyone from behind.

3. When escorting a woman, ride on her left hand, in order that you may have your right ready to assist her. The position to the left also places you between the woman and any possible danger that may arise from passing vehicles.

4. When escorting a woman, should you come up behind a vehicle at such a time that you will be forced to pass between it and another team approaching, take the lead and make a passage for her to go through.

5. Always dismount when you cannot pass a point without risk to yourself or to someone else. It is better thus to avoid a collision than to take chances in dodging or scorching through.

6. In the interests of peace and public comfort, it is well to remember that the streets and roads are no more yours than your neighbor's, and that for the benefit of all, a spirit of mutual toleration must prevail.

LAWS FOR WHEELMEN.

Relating to Cyclists and Drivers—How to Avoid Accidents.

Section 157 of Chapter 568 of the Laws of 1890 provides that when any vehicle shall meet another, it must turn to the right and permit such vehicle to pass without interference, under penalty of \$5.00.

While Cyclists have equal rights with drivers on public streets, they have not the right to scorch along with utter disregard for the rules of the road. This carelessness or ignorance on the part of cyclists is responsible for many accidents.

Cyclists should remember that they should keep to the right and while within the city limits keep their speed within eight miles an hour. It is always well to avoid keeping directly behind cars or wagons as many have come to grief through this practice alone, as it is impos-

sible to tell which way the wagon may turn or when the car may stop.

Should the thoroughfare be crowded, making it necessary to keep behind other vehicles, it should be remembered when trying to pass, to do so on the side nearest the center of the street and not the curb.

Should accidents result from the maliciousness of truck drivers, wheelmen have ample protection by law. Section 19 of the revised ordinances of 1880 read as follows:

"It shall be the duty of every person driving or having charge of a public cart, to give to any person requesting it his name and place of residence, the number of the cart he is driving or in charge of, and the name and place of residence thereof; and the refusal to do so, shall be deemed a violation of this article."

The next section, No. 20, provides that if any accident

velocipede or other such vehicle of propulsion on the public streets of this city shall propel said bicycle, tricycle, velocipede or other such vehicle of propulsion at a rate of speed greater than eight miles an hour, nor shall any greater number than two persons abreast parade the streets of the city at any time on said such bicycles, tricycles, velocipedes or other vehicles of propulsion.

Any violation of these Ordinances shall be punished as a misdemeanor.

An ordinance passed in 1880 makes riding on the sidewalks within the city limits punishable by a fine of \$5.00 for each offense.

THE ARMSTRONG BICYCLE BAGGAGE BILL.

The Armstrong Bicycle Baggage Bill is simply an amendment to the statute which relates to the transportation of baggage by common carriers. It permits passengers to have their bicycles checked and transported free of charge when traveling in the State of New York. Not more than one bicycle is permitted free with each passenger. The clause is as follows:

"Bicycles are hereby declared to be and be deemed baggage for the purpose of this article, and shall be transported as baggage for passengers by railroad corporations and subject to the same liabilities, and no such passenger shall be required to crate, cover or otherwise protect any such bicycle."

CLASSES.

For the benefit of those who desire to follow up the records, but do not know the meaning of the different classes, and the terms, paced, unpaced, standing and flying start, the following explanation is given:

A "Class A amateur" is one who has not sold or exchanged for merchandise, or in any way realized cash for, a prize won, or who has not received anything in the way of expenses, from anyone for riding a wheel, and has raced for a prize valued at not more than \$50, within 200 miles of his legal residence.

A "Class B amateur" is one who has salary and expenses paid, either by an individual or manufacturer, although he must not race for a prize valued at over \$150, and he cannot realize cash on any prize won. He can race wherever he chooses.

A professional is one who races for cash.

The riders in one class cannot compete with those of another unless special sanction is obtained from the Racing Board. All races must be run under the sanction of the L. A. W.

Paced records are made with the aid of pacemakers, and a standing start is made by the rider being started at the report of a pistol. A flying start is made when the time of the rider is taken at the report of a pistol while passing in motion at a given point.

CARE OF TIRES.

Keep the tire well inflated when riding. Oil should not be permitted to come in contact with the tire. Oil rots rubber. Avoid keeping your wheel near heating apparatus. Rubber is vulcanized by heat, but too much heat will make the tires lose their elasticity and become stiff. If a brake is used in coasting, apply it gradually. Rubber can be torn by the brake.

Fewer cyclists would be forced to walk or take a train home owing to the loss of a nut or two if they made a practice of trying each nut before starting on a ride.



RACYCLE

PUZZLE

HOW MANY FACES CAN YOU FIND?



THE MORE YOU FIND, THE LESS YOUR WHEEL WILL COST YOU.

Mark a dot on the nose of each face discovered and return promptly to address below. Mention TOILETTES, with your name, address, model and height of frame desired. We will notify you of the liberal discount, to which your efforts entitle you, by return mail.

Name..... Place..... Street No.....

Model No..... Height of Frame..... No. Faces found.....

The Racycle

is the only wheel made in which the Bearings are actually outside the sprocket, the chain running between them. Thus overcoming Leverage and Friction.

WIDTH OF BEARINGS 33-4 in., TREAD 4 5/8 in.

THE ONLY PLACE FOR BEARINGS IS WHERE WE HAVE GOT THEM--IN THE HUBS OF THE CRANKS. GIVES A DIRECT PULL ON THE SHAFT.

A Bicycle with sprocket and chain outside the bearings, is like the pole of a wagon with only one horse hitched to it, it will twist. Wheelmen fully realize and appreciate the superior merits of this wheel. This is shown by the number sold. Send your guesses early so there will be no delay.

A RACYCLE IS THE PERFECTION OF A BICYCLE.

PERFECTLY BUILT.



MODEL NO. 10.

EVERY KNOWN IMPROVEMENT
... EMBODIED IN ITS CONSTRUCTION.

Comparison will Convince you of the
Superiority of our Machines.

MIAMI CYCLE & MFG. CO.

MIDDLETOWN, OHIO.

DUST PROOF.



MODEL NO. 11.

shall happen to any vehicle by coming in contact with any other vehicle or horses attached thereto, it shall be the duty of the driver to stop and render assistance, if necessary, and give his name, address and number, also the name and address of the owner, under penalty of \$50.

ORDINANCES.

Governing the Use of Bicycles in the City of New York.
(Adopted June 14th, 1887; Amended July 24, 1890).

Any person using a bicycle, tricycle or other such vehicle of propulsion on the public streets of this city shall be required to carry on such vehicle after sundown or before sunrise, a light of sufficient illuminating power to be visible at a distance of 200 feet; also, an alarm bell, and a signal shall be given by sounding said bell or otherwise on approaching and crossing the intersection of any street or avenue, and no person using a bicycle, tricycle,

An Earth-Girdler.

BY GEORGE DOLLAR.



LOBE-TROTTERING is now so common that no one pays much attention to any plan of putting "a girdle round about the earth" unless that plan possesses daring originality and seems impossible of execution. The plan of Mr. "Paul Jones," who recently became the most-talked-of man in Boston, the "Hub of the Universe," fulfilled the two requirements. It certainly was daringly original, and the chances seemed dead against its accomplishment. Moreover, the fact that Mr. "Paul Jones" was, owing to the nature of the plan, forced to hide his identity under an assumed name, lent a lustre to the exploit that clinched public attention at the outset.

The plan, in short, was as follows: "Jones" had made a wager that he would start out on a trip around the world as Nature made him—that is, naked. He guaranteed that he would make the trip in a year, starting without a penny in the world, and without begging or borrowing on the way. He also stipulated that he would make five thousand dollars (£1,000) during the trip, although he was not compelled to bring that amount back with him. If he won he was to get £1,000, and if he lost he was to pay that amount. The minor details of the wager were completely overshadowed, however, by the first clause in the agreement, which made it imperative that he should start out in the "altogether." How would he do it, and wouldn't he be arrested? These were some of the questions that were asked.

But the man who made the wager had a surprise in store. A Monday night was appointed for the start, and the Boston Press Club, which had taken a keen interest in

"Jones," offered its rooms for the occasion. At the appointed time, Jones found himself the centre of a large gathering of newspaper men, sports, men about town, politicians, and others interested. As the moment approached when he was to make the start, the interest grew intense. A committee took him into a

private room, removed all money from his person, and Jones, himself, quickly stripped. A placard was now placed on the closed door as follows:—

PAUL JONES

STARTS FROM THIS ROOM.
ADMISSION ONE CENT.

Of course, the fee was quickly paid, and the tall, athletic frame of a handsome man dressed on the Garden of Eden plan was now visible to the spectators.

The crowd wondered what Jones would do next. They did not wait long in suspense. With the money that had been taken at the door, Jones sent out a paid messenger for some wrapping-paper and pins. The wrapping-paper soon came in, and with a big pair of scissors the ingenious man set to work. A few deft movements of the scissors, and the paper began to assume the form of trousers. The legs of these were joined together with pins. Then a covering for the waist was quickly made, and a

sort of cape to cover the shoulders. The progress of the work was followed with immense interest, and the spectators were lost in amazement at the cleverness and rapidity with which the man worked.

In the illustration on this page we see him as he stood before the Press Club and its guests—a paper man, without a penny to his name, except those which, in a few short minutes, he had collected by the exercise of his mother wit.

At the end of the first evening Jones was



PAUL JONES, IN HIS PAPER-SUIT.
From a Photo. by Elmer Chickering, Boston.

two pounds richer than when he began. He sang an original song, and a small admission fee was charged to hear it. He also made copies of the song and sold them to the Pressmen and others who would buy. He sold his autographs for five cents apiece. He also let the spectators feel his muscle, for a nominal sum, and offered to spar anybody for a stake. Nobody, however, accepted. He had several offers for his paper-suit, but would accept none of them. The clever man knew that when the morning papers came out with the account of the previous night's doings, that suit would have a money value far in advance of the prices offered. So, in his paper-suit, he went out to one of the best hotels—and went to bed.

The next morning everybody in the city knew of Jones's feat. He spent the early part of the day in making a new suit out of blankets which he had bought from the proceeds of the previous night. This suit served a temporary need for warmth, as it was a cold winter's day, and, as one may see from the illustration, the suit was somewhat like pyjamas. As yet, Jones had no shoes. The night before he had hastily manufactured a pair of sandals out of two pieces of purchased leather, and these he wore until he had collected money enough to buy some shoes. The purchase of the blankets left him 5½d. short on his breakfast, but a reporter gave this to him for an interview. He now struck the proprietor of the hotel for a job, and got a dollar for one hour's work. For carrying placards on his back advertising the hotel restaurant he got £2. Thus his morning's work brought him in 44s.

A clothing-house now came to the front with an offer of £2 for the paper-suit, which they prominently exhibited in their window. They also hired him as salesman for the afternoon—a *coup* that attracted a large number of people into the shop to see the

man in the blanket-suit. The autograph business still went on with profit, and with the proceeds Jones bought a large quantity of new and shiny cents, which he sold as souvenirs at a fancy price. He paid for his supper by working forty minutes as a waiter in a restaurant, and everywhere he went in his blankets, he was followed by large crowds.

After supper he added materially to his store by inviting people to a "smoker" in the hotel. It cost nothing to get in, but lots to remain. To sit on the bed for five minutes cost a halfpenny. A chair was let at the rate of a halfpenny a minute, and standing-room was sold for a halfpenny per half-hour. The crowd was large and enthusiastic, so Jones bought a box of cigars and liberally passed them round. No one, however, was allowed to expectorate without paying a halfpenny! This brought in a large profit. Jones now announced that he would sing his original song at 2½d. per head. The

audience then unanimously and gratuitously paid him a like amount to quit. At the end of the evening Jones was £20 to the good.

The next day he made preparations for leaving Boston. His plan was to visit several of the Eastern cities, which, through the Press reports, had already been apprised of his wager and the remarkable events of the first two days, and, in these cities, collect enough money to buy a steamship ticket to the Old World. He expected little success in Europe, but would push on steadily to the East, and when he arrived in San Francisco, would begin a lecturing tour in all the principal cities of the United States. Already, indeed, offers for lectures were pouring in upon him. Commercial houses, also, made arrangements with him to advertise them on tour, and to peddle their wares. For this he was promised astonishing sums, and on the second day his thousand pounds were assured.

But before he left Boston he bought a good



THE SUIT MADE OF BLANKETS.
From a Photo. by Elmer Chickering, Boston.

suit of clothes and a necktie out of the proceeds of the previous day. The remainder he put in the bank. He got shaved, paid £1 for a pair of shoes, and 30s. for an overcoat. He made his breakfast by shining an admirer's boots, and this gave him the idea of hiring a bootblack's outfit for a few hours, by which means he made a good sum quickly. Previously he had had photographs of himself taken in his three suits. These he sold at good prices in the various cities he visited. He regularly charged 2½d. for a hand-shake, and thus loaded his pockets with loose "nickels."

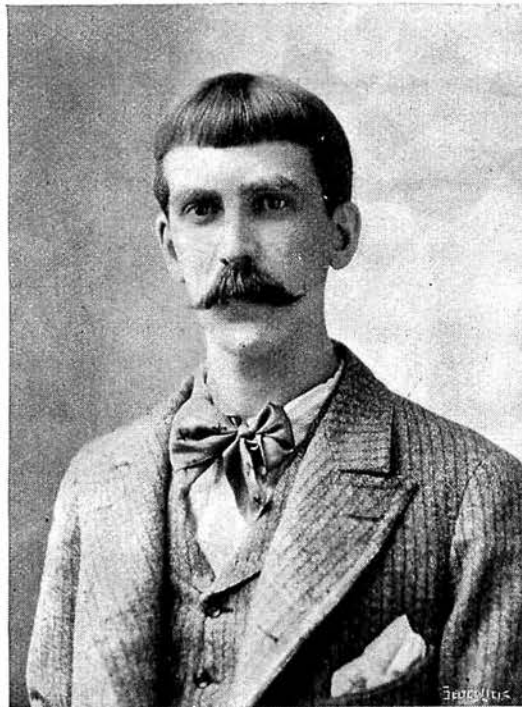
The first city he visited, after leaving Boston, was Providence. He arrived in his quadruple capacity as travelling salesman, advance agent, lecturer, and "globe-trotter." The Providence Press Club entertained him, and he entertained them by repeating his Boston experiences. In the evening he was advertised to appear at the Pawtucket Opera House, to be examined by a mind-reader. The house was crowded. He had also made an engagement to appear in Boston the same evening, and to get to Boston in time, he was compelled to hire a special train. He appeared on the stage promptly, before an overflowing audience, and made a speech, for which he was paid, it is said, £30. He also sang his song and gave an exhibition of sawing wood.

Jones now left for New York, and having banked all his money, arrived in the Metropolis with little cash, except the souvenir coins, and a stock of photographs. He paid for his breakfast by writing a few lines for a newspaper. A job to distribute handbills for an auction-shop then came to him, and brought him £2. He registered at one of the best hotels, and attended to his correspondence, which had by this time become enormous, necessitating the frequent employment of an amanuensis.

His first day in New York netted him over £3. He had moved so quickly that a lot of additional offers came from Boston and Providence to go back for various purposes, and he accordingly returned to Providence to tend a "soda-fountain" and sell cigars at £1 an hour. Here he also blacked three pairs of boots at £1 a pair. He also did a rattling trade in photographs, and, by the various firms for which he worked, was widely advertised, to his own and their advantage. Money, meantime, was flowing in rapidly, and he was inundated with various schemes for turning his notoriety into rapid profit.

From Providence he went to Springfield, and here repeated his success. He gave a lecture to a large crowd, sang his song, and sawed wood. An enterprising haberdasher hired him to tend in a shop for an afternoon, and a chemist drew a large trade by getting him to stand at a soda-fountain, draw fruit syrups and lemonade, and sell cigars and tobacco. One of his customers was a police-inspector who had come to arrest him for the non-payment of a debt contracted in Boston before he made the wager. This debt Jones paid. Two days after a claim for £10 was

made against him by a firm which had secured him a position as teacher in a Massachusetts town. Another claim for £17 was later produced. Jones paid neither claim, and was locked up. The newspapers then investigated the whole affair, and found that "Jones's" real name was Pfeiffer, that he had had a college education, and that, being in hard straits, he had invented the story of a wager, and had hoodwinked the Press into giving it publicity. His success was enormous, but short. Strange to say, also, the very people who had become tired of the name of "Paul Jones" were the first ones to express sorrow over his untimely end.



JONES, AND THE SUIT WHICH HE BOUGHT ON THE THIRD DAY OF HIS TRIP.
From a Photo. by Elmer Chickering, Boston.



The Girl's Own Paper, 1897

THE UPPER POND, BURNHAM BEECHES IN OCTOBER.

PRACTICAL POINTS OF LAW.

By A LAWYER.

SWINDLES.

THE Tanqueray "Free Portrait" Scheme is a swindle.

It has been constantly exposed in the newspapers.

But is always cropping up in a fresh place and under a different name, and presumably therefore catching fresh dupes.

One of his aliases is F. Schneider, Rue de Constantinople, Paris.

Girls in search of employment and ladies requiring domestic servants and governesses should beware of many of the so-called "Registry Offices."

Which are simply places for extorting fees.

Do not go to them unless you know something about them.

There are several highly respectable Registry Offices but many that are not; the latter predominate.

Do not pay preliminary fees for having your name put on their books.

For the matter ends there, they do no real business, you will get no employment out of them.

But they will get what little money you have out of you.

The advertisements which appear in the papers offering home employment to ladies are mostly swindles.

They promise ten to fifteen shillings a week for a few hours' labour.

Do not deceive yourselves; it is not to be had.

If it were there would be no need to advertise the fact.

There are thousands of young women, and men too, for the matter of that, who would jump at such an offer.

If it were *bond fide*.

To make ten shillings a week you have to work very hard in these days of competition.

Even if you have brains and are industrious.

These advertisers require you to send them four or five shillings before they send you a number of useless articles which you have to sell at a profit to your friends.

If you are poor you will probably not have many friends.

Even if you have a large acquaintance, you would soon lose such friends as you may now possess if you were to be continually bothering them to buy something which they could have no possible use for.

The home employment generally consists in knitting an impossible number of socks.

For which you are to receive so much per dozen pairs.

When you have deducted the cost of the wool, the time you have expended, and the number of pairs rejected on the ground of being imperfect, you will wonder where the profit comes in, so far as you are concerned.

The lady, the wife of a general, who is going to join her husband in South Africa and has a piano which she is willing to dispose of at a sacrifice, is a person to beware of.

She is always going to South Africa or some other place to rejoin her husband, but she never starts.

He is a general dealer.

Her advertisements appear in the papers regularly day after day.

She has always got something to sell.

She is not a swindler, but she makes a trade of selling things retail which she purchases at wholesale prices.

It is an objectionable way of dealing.

Grimalkin.

AN ELEGY ON PETER — ÆTAT 12.

In vain the kindly call; in vain
The plate for which thou once wast fain,
At morn and noon and daylight's wane,
O king of mousers!
No more I hear thee purr and purr,
As in the frolic days that were,
When thou didst rub thy velvet fur
Against my trousers.

How empty are the places where
Thou erst wert frankly debonair,
Nor dreamed a dream of feline care,
A capering kitten;
The sunny haunts where, grown a cat,
You pondered this, considered that,
The cushioned chair, the rug, the mat
By firelight smitten!

Although of few thou stood'st in dread,
How well thou knew'st a friendly tread,
And what upon thy back or head
The stroking hand meant!
A passing scent could keenly wake
Thy eagerness for chop or steak,
Yet, puss, how rarely didst thou break
The eighth commandment!

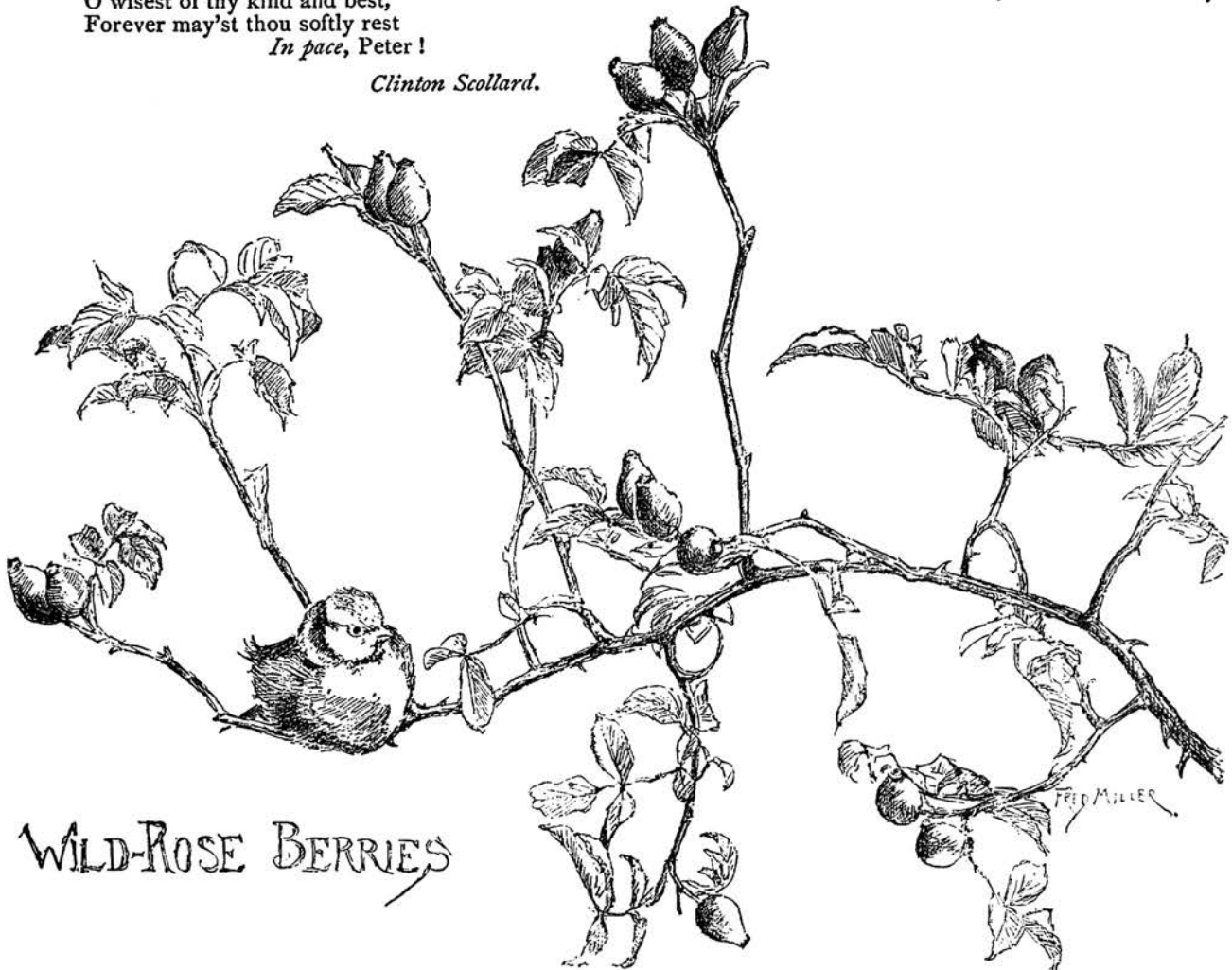
Though brief thy life, a little span
Of days compared with that of man,
The time allotted to thee ran
In smoother meter;
Now with the warm earth o'er thy breast,
O wisest of thy kind and best,
Forever may'st thou softly rest
In pace, Peter!

Clinton Scollard.

OCTOBER.

By AN ARTIST NATURALIST.

THIS is the month of berries. The two most familiar, known amongst children as hips and haws, decorate every hedgerow. Hips are the fruit of the wild rose, and vary slightly in shape and size; but the colour remains much about the same wherever they grow, every shade of orange and scarlet being found. When quite ripe the fleshy part of the hip softens, and has not an unpleasant taste; and I have read somewhere that a *conserve* can be made of these ripe hips. If one could get the flavour without the seeds, I can well imagine that such a *conserve* would be pleasant. Haws, the fruit of the hawthorn, or May, are much deeper in colour, and in some cases are quite a purplish-black. Last year hips and haws were very plentiful, and O! how beautifully decorative they look! But they are of little use for vases, as the berries soon shrivel and lose all their charm. I have found asparagus seed, on the other hand, keeps very well when dried; and no more beautiful object in the garden or house in October is there than a tall, branching, feathery spray of asparagus, with its numerous scarlet berries gemmed over the delicate branches. A spray in the midst of a bouquet gives grace and elegance—a point a skilful arranger of flowers is always careful to attend to. The idea that because a thing is common it should be discarded betrays a certain vulgarity of mind. I could wish for no more beautiful natural decoration in a room than sprays of wild foliage such as bramble, with its leaves in every tone

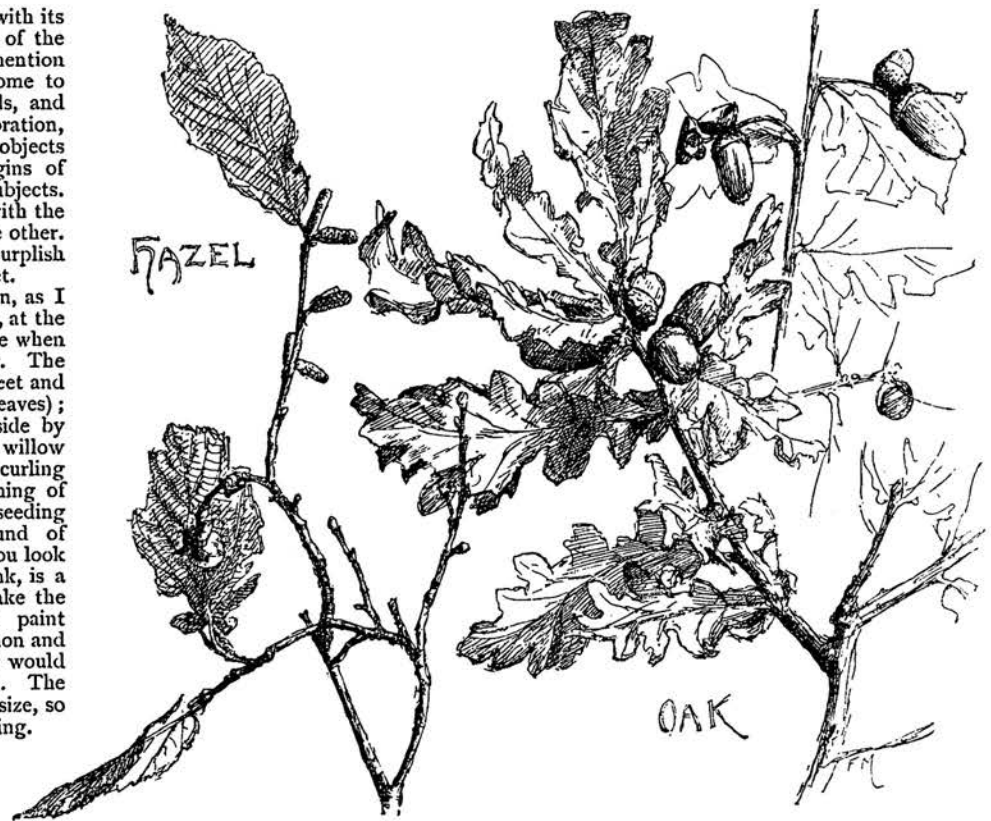


WILD-ROSE BERRIES

of red, yellow, and green; and maple, with its bunches of seeds like keys, and leaves of the most exquisite shades of yellow—to mention only two of the most familiar that come to hand. Girls with time on their hands, and who wish to display their taste in decoration, should fill the vases entirely with objects gathered in their walks. The margins of streams yield a wealth of suitable subjects. Take the seeds of the meadow-sweet, with the yellows and greens playing one into the other. The figwort again, with its dark purplish stems, would find a place in my bouquet.

I have been much struck this autumn, as I have walked along the bank of the river, at the exquisite beauty of the river-side foliage when seen against the purplish-blue water. The rich bright colours of the meadow-sweet and loosestrife (often with quite scarlet leaves); dock, with its reddish-purple seeds, side by side with the warm greys of the thistles; willow herb, whose seed vessels split open, curling backwards, and showing the silver lining of the pods; and countless grasses and seeding plants coming against this background of purplish-blue water (for water, when you look down upon it as you do from the bank, is a deep rich blue going into purple), make the most exquisite harmony. Girls who paint might produce something very uncommon and striking in the way of screens if they would literally copy what was before them. The foliage should be treated the natural size, so that nothing would be lost in the painting.

The great feature of some of our hedgerows here was the wild hop, which clammers all over them where it grows, twining itself round the thorns and wild roses, and hanging its pendulous flowers in great profusion over the hedgerow. The





Leaves, in shape resembling a vine, are yellowish and even golden in colour, while the flowers are a warm russet. I dried some sprays of it, and I find it looks very well hanging over a picture-frame. For any decorative purpose, either embroidery or painting, the wild hop would be a most useful *motif*.

The small deep-red berries of the black bryony, that will at times climb into the branches of a tree, festooning them when the leaves of its supporter have fallen, and the larger pink berries of the white bryony, are two of our familiar plants that decorate the hedgerow. I saw the latter in bloom early last October. It bears clusters of greenish flowers. The vivid crimson berries of the bitter-sweet, or woody nightshade, is another plant familiar to everyone. This plant is one of the *Solanums*, to which the potato and tomato belong. The deadly nightshade, or belladonna, a much less common plant than the bitter-sweet, having large purplish-black berries, is the most poisonous member of this large family. Black-berries have been very plentiful this year, and the long spell of sunny weather this autumn made them large and rich in flavour. The fact that flowers and fruit are found growing on the same stem has made the bramble a favourite subject with decorative artists. Sloes, on the other hand, were so scarce that I looked over several large bushes without finding more than one. Plums in our gardens were equally scarce. Crab apples again were not plentiful, and I only saw one tree that had any quantity on it. Apples, too, are by no means abundant, and evidently the same climatic conditions that interfered with the setting of plums and apples

affected in a like manner their less sophisticated relations.

Painters are all agreed that October and November are the two most paintable months of the twelve, and, so far as weather goes, these two months are as fine as any. I was able to work outside without a coat until the middle of October, so hot was it; and from some years' observation I should say that we neither get much frost nor wet in October. Nothing can exceed the beauty of a sunny day at this time of the year. We often get heavy white mists in the early morning when we enjoy a spell of fine weather; and as this slowly clears away, and the sun shines forth, the river is a perfect dream, for there is a slight veil over everything, and even the reeds close to the eye melt into the further objects, so that nothing has a hard, materialistic look, as it often has in midsummer. The elms showed little signs of colouring at the beginning of the month. They still retained their full rich tints, which form a grand background for the willows, which with October begin to mingle the gold with the grey of their leaves. The orchards are now very rich in tone, the pear trees, which are more architectural looking than the dwarfed apple trees, being very conspicuous with their orange-coloured leaves. The apples show up too now that they have absorbed the year's sun, which is reflected on their cheeks; but by the middle of the month very little fruit is left ungathered. My two Blenheim orange trees only gave me a few apples this year, but what there were, were fine, and turned a mellow yellow colour before I gathered them to put

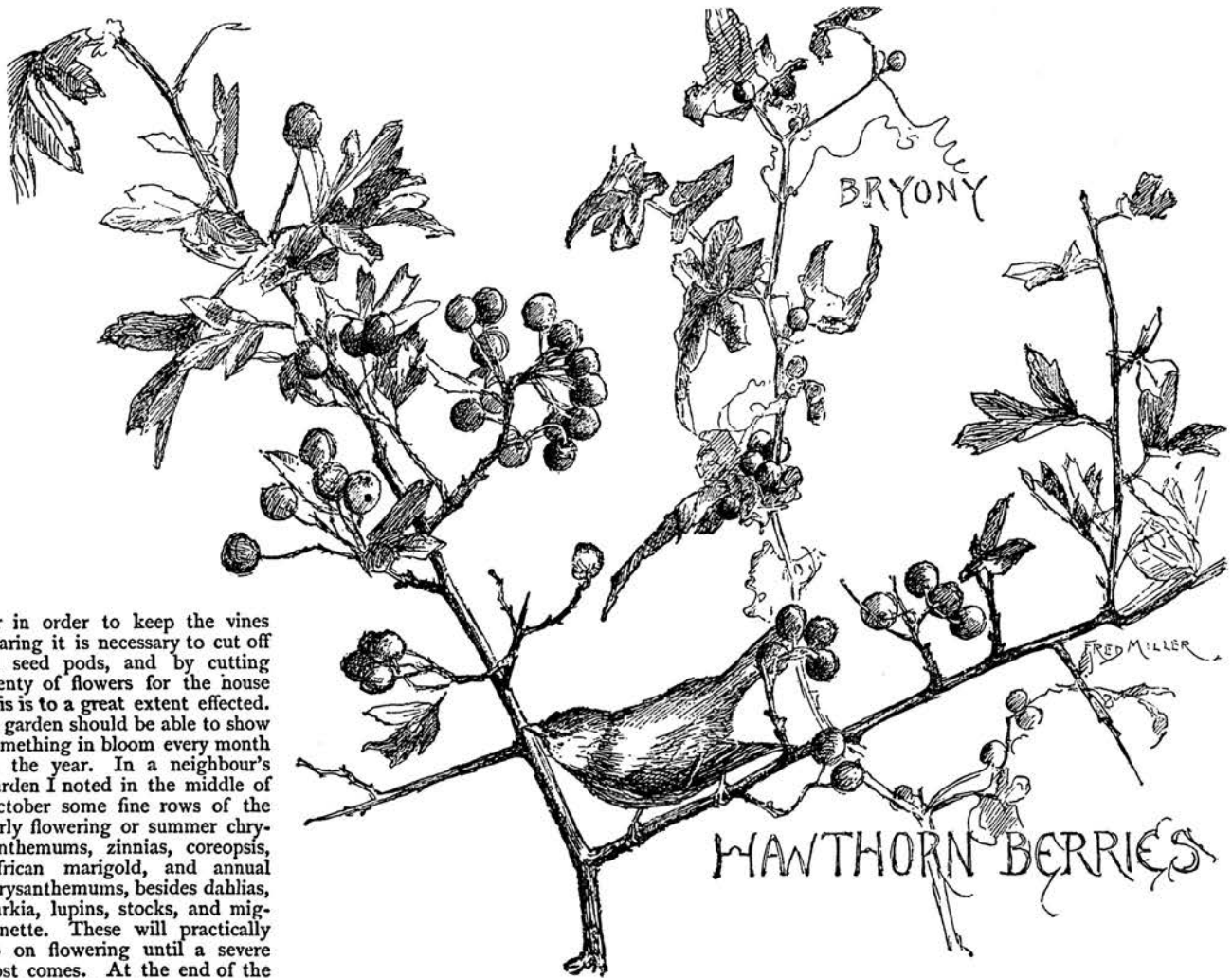
by till Christmas, when they are most toothsome. I had them placed on straw, so that they did not touch each other—an important point to observe in keeping apples.

It was not until the 28th that we had a frost that made itself a reputation, and then we had a very sharp one. On going out before breakfast everything was covered with hoar frost, that sparkled in the bright morning sun. Gossamer festooned the hedges, each web like frosted silver, and it was not until eleven o'clock that the sun effaced all traces of the frost. My walnut tree was the first object to show what the cold had accomplished, for as soon as the sun shone upon its leaves they began falling, simply of their own weight. The noise of the dropping leaves attracted my attention, and by the afternoon more than three-fourths of the leaves had carpeted the lawn and border. I gathered up some four or five large wheelbarrowfuls of leaves, and by the next day the tree was bare.

The effect of one severe frost is very conspicuous among flowers and vegetables. I have seen a frost in the first week in September kill in one night all the runner beans, vegetable marrows, and cauliflowers, besides devastating the flower garden. The frost this October quite finished the zinnias, nasturtiums, balsams, and sweet peas that were in flower. I do not know a more melancholy sight than to walk in a garden that still had plenty to gladden the eye after the first severe frost. Plants that nobly reared their heads lie prostrate on the borders, a rotting, shapeless mass. My row of sweet peas yielded me an enormous quantity of blooms,

for in order to keep the vines bearing it is necessary to cut off all seed pods, and by cutting plenty of flowers for the house this is to a great extent effected. A garden should be able to show something in bloom every month in the year. In a neighbour's garden I noted in the middle of October some fine rows of the early flowering or summer chrysanthemums, zinnias, coreopsis, African marigold, and annual chrysanthemums, besides dahlias, clarkia, lupins, stocks, and mignonette. These will practically go on flowering until a severe frost comes. At the end of the month I could gather some mignonette, annual phlox (this annual is hardier than many others), large oxeye daisies, and a few pansies, besides chrysanthemums, which are now the chief feature of our gardens.

It is interesting, in going round a garden late in the year, to notice plants that you have allowed to cumber the ground only because you have overlooked them, throwing out what one might call good-bye flowers. Several of my stocks flowered again in this way. Pinks and carnations, too, have thrown up a second lot of blooms, and in one garden I was shown some apples, the produce of the second flowering. Cutting off stems that have flowered, and, in fact, cutting back plants as they cease flowering, will often cause them to throw up again, and in a mild autumn they will continue to flower until the frost finally cuts them down. Great changes are seen in nature between the entrance and exit of October. As I write this the elms are a golden brown, while the beeches are scarlet, and the oaks are getting their rich brown foliage that often hangs on until the young buds shoot in the spring. Chestnuts and walnuts are leafless, and the poplars and willows have only a few solitary leaves on the topmost



twigs. Yet how beautiful a row of leafless willows is when the sun shines on them, bringing out that warm russet inclining to purple of the twigs. When trees are leafless it not only reveals their anatomy, but also the birds that frequent them and the nests that were built in the spring—nests that one never dreamt existed when the tree was in leaf. I saw some long-tailed tits in a willow to-day—a bird that one rarely seems to see in the summer. Speaking of tits reminds one that a good many visit a yew growing just in front of

the house to get the scarlet berries that now are clinging underneath the branchlets. I watched an oxeye tit the other morning fly on to the twigs, seize a berry, and then go with it to a bay tree and eat it by holding it in its feet and pecking it to pieces. Thrushes too appear to be very fond of these berries, as I generally see them among the branches of the yew straining their necks to pick the berries off the branches above them. Robins are, of course, our most intimate birds, and they frequently fly into the rooms; and I caught one pecking

at some biscuits lying on a dish the side of the room farthest from the window. Wrens too occasionally come inside, but nothing seems to disturb a robin's fearless equanimity. I never dig but what one or two will come down to your feet to pick up the grubs. The grey wagtail seems a sociable bird, judging by the way he will just fly up along a road and alight a few yards ahead, repeating it at short intervals during your walk.

FRED MILLER.

SOME RATHER ODD DISHES.



HERE is nothing about which we more unjustly abuse our ancestors than their habits at the table. "Probably," says one writer on the subject, "the bullock, or the eternal 'swine' they seemed to live on, was seldom cooked through, and each guest flung

himself upon his favourite food, tore it in his hands, and crammed it into his mouth, and what he could not swallow he would cast upon the table-cloth, which, as no plates were used, must have been drenched with grease."

What a foul libel is this on an age which had tastes almost as exquisite as those of Brillat Savarin, and cooks nearly as dexterous as Soyer! Why, strange as the assertion may seem, our ancestors of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries were scarcely less "nice" in their eating than are the epicures of to-day. So far from limiting themselves to roasted bullocks, and the "eternal swine," they had a choice of at least 300 curiously devised dishes; and, as for insufficient roasting, those who care to do so may read in the "Liber Niger Domus" of Edward IV. how even Hardicanute, who, the historian observes, "deyed drinking at Lambithe," engaged "cunying cookes in curiositie," that "the honest peopull resorting to his courte" might be decently and abundantly fed.

Our ancestors had, indeed, their books of cookery, two of which have descended to us; and it is particularly noticeable that, whilst they contain some hundreds of recipes, there is nowhere any mention of the roast bullock, and scarcely a single reference to the "eternal swine."

The most authentically dated of all ancient books of cookery is "that choice morsel of antiquity" the "Forme of Cury," compiled by the "Maistre Cookes" of Richard II. It seems, however, to have been preceded by another cookery book, a manuscript of which is also extant, and which, although its precise period is in doubt, is supposed to date as far back as 1285.

Either of these ancient documents furnishes a complete refutation of the libel that our ancestors ate half-raw food with their fingers. On the contrary, they were somewhat dainty, preferring soups before

joints, and having many varieties of sauce and garniture. This, for instance, is how they dealt with cabbages:—"Take cabaches and cut hom on foure, and mince onyons therewith, and the white of lekes, and cut hom smale, and do all togedur in a pot, and put therto gode broth, and let hit boyle; and colour it with saffron, and put therto poudre douce, and serve hit forthe." Saffron was the most popular of all articles for colouring and garnishing. It is mentioned in almost every ancient recipe, and was used indiscriminately with green peas or "Boor in Brasey." "Raisynge of Corance" were also used very frequently, and in very singular combinations, as, for instance, with the aforesaid boar, with "conynges," and with "drye stewe for beeff."

Whether the "drye stewe" would please present-day palates is perhaps doubtful. The "cunying cooke" was directed to make the following singular mixture:—"Take a great glass and do thi beef therin, and do therto onyons mynced, and whole clowes, and maces, and raisynge of Corance, and wyn; then stop it welle, and sethe it in a pot with watur or in a cawdron, but take gode care that no water goe in; or take a fair urthen pot, and lay hit well with spentes at the bothum, that the flesh neigh hit not; then take ribbes of beef, and couche hom above the splentes, and do thereto onyons mynced, and clowes, and maces, and poudre of pepur, and wyn, and stop it well that no eyre goe oute, and sethe it wyth esy fyre."

Among our ancestors, as these ancient manuscripts show, roasting and boiling were processes frequently used as auxiliaries to each other. Here, for example, are directions to cook "felettes in Galentyne":—"Take felettes of porke, and roste hom till thai byn nere ynogh, then take hom of the spitte and do hom in a pot, and chop hom, if thowe wyl, on gobettes, and do thereto gode broth of beef, and draw up a lyoure of brede steped in broth and vynegur, and do thereto powder of clowes and maces, and put thereto galentyne, and let hit sethe, and colour hit with saunders, and serve hit forthe."

Again, we have this recipe for making "Goos in Hochepot":—"Take a goos not fully rosted, and chop her on gobettes and put hit in a pot, and do thereto broth of fresh flesh, and take onyons and mynce hom, and do therto; take brede and stepe hit in brothe, and

drawe hit up with a littel wyn, and do hit in the pot, and do therto pouder of pepur and of clowes, and of maces, and of raisynges of Corance, and colour hit with saffron and saunders, and let thi pottage be hangynge, and serve hit forthe."

The direction to "take a goos" is rather more clear and definite than most of the instructions of the ancient cooks. As a rule, they leave quantity to individual discretion, as in this recipe:—"Take pygges and scalde hom, and wash hom clene, and smite hom on gobettes, and sethe hom in watur and salt, and when thai arne ynough, take hom up, and let hom kele, and then take sauge and parsel and grinde hit, and do thereto brede staped in vynegur, and grynde it smal, and take the yolkes of harde egges and do thereto; and grynde hit all togedur, and tempur hit up with vynegur sum dele thick; then put thy pygges in a faire vessel, and poure the sawce above, and serve it forthe colde."

It is safe to take it for granted, probably, that the "pygges" which were thus to be dealt with were merely in their infancy, in which case the ancient methods of cookery would scarcely have met with the approval of Charles Lamb. That delightful epicure might have been better pleased to read in what manner "pecokkes shall be dight at a feeste Roiall." For these important occasions the cook was instructed thus:—"Take and flee off the skynne with the fedurs tayle and the nekke, and the hed theron; then take the skynne with all the fedurs, and lay it on a table abrode; and strawe theron grounden comyn; then take the pecokke, and roste hym, and endore hym with raw yolkes of egges, and when he is rosted take hym off, and let hym coole awhile, and take and sowe hym in hys skyn, and gilde hys combe, and so serve hym forthe with the last cours." On less splendid occasions it was directed that "pecokkes and parteriches schalle be parboyled, and larded, and rosted and eten with pouder of gynger." Similarly "craunes and herns shall be armed with larde, and rosted and eten with pouder of gynger."

We should scarcely like to eat cranes and herons nowadays; and even the following miscellaneous way of dealing with smaller birds would hardly meet with popular approval:—"Take chekyns, and pejons, and small briddes, and make hom clene, and chop hom on peces, and stew hom all togedur in a gode broth wel made with faire grese, and pouder of pepur and of clowes, and do therto verjouce, and colour hit with saffron; then make coffyns, and pynche hom, and couche thi flesh therein, and put therto raisynges of Corance, and pouder of gynger, and of canell; and take raw egges, and breke hom, and streyne hom thurgh a streynour into the serve of the stewe, and stere hit wel togedur, and poure hit in the coffyns above the fleshe, and then lay the covers theron, and serve hit forthe."

The mention of "coffyns," let it be observed, need not strike terror into the most timid—a "coffyn" in

ancient cookery being merely the empty crust of a raised pie.

What is most striking in these ancient directions about cookery is the prevalence of the advice to "breke," and to "hewe," and to "streyne." Nothing seems to have been served whole. If, as it is sometimes said, the highest art of cookery is to disguise the fact that we are eating creatures that have lived and enjoyed life, our ancestors were certainly vastly superior to ourselves.

Any one who sat down to a dish compounded as follows would have considerable room for speculation as to its nature:—"Take conynges and parboil hom, and choppe hom on gobettes, and rybbes of pork or of kydde, and do hit in a pot, and sethe hit; then take almonds and grynde hom, and tempur hit up with broth of beef, and do hit in a pot, and take clowes, maces, pynes, gynger mynced, and raisynges of Corance; and take onyons and boyle hom; then cut hom and do hom in the pot; and colow hit with saffron, and let hit boyle; and take the flesh oute from the broth and cast therto; and take alkenet and frye hit, and do hit in a pot thurgh a streynour; and in the settinge down put therto a lytel vynegur and pouder of ginger medelet togedur, and serve hit forthe."

It must, indeed, have been as difficult to guess the nature of a dish like this as to partake of it with the fingers.

Such dishes as are dealt with in these ancient books of cookery were, of course, only within reach of the comfortable classes, who, it seems, were as fond of "set courses" as are the corresponding classes of our own day. Thus, the "servise on fissue day" was as follows:—"At the first cours, oysturs in grave, and baken herringe, and pyke, and stok fissue, and merlynges fried. At the seconde cours, eles in grave, and purpays, and galentyne, and therewith congrur, and salmon, freshe and dore rosted, or gurnard sothen, and baken eles and tart. At the thrid cours, rose to potage, and crem of almondes; and therewith sturgeon, and whelkes, and gret eles, and lamprons rosted, and tenches in gele; and therewith daryolus, and lechfryes, made of frit and friture."

The service on flesh days was even more elaborate. The first course consisted of "boar's-hed enarmed, and bruce to potage; and therewith beeff, and moton, and pestels of pork; and therewith swan and conynges rosted, and tarte. At the second cours drope, and rose to potage, and therewith maudelar and faisant, and chekons sarsed and rosted, and malachis baken. At the thridde cours, conynges in grave and bore in brase to potage; and therewith teles rosted, and parteriches, and woodcock, and raffolys baken, and flampoyntes."

How, with such elaborate methods of cookery, and such habits of precision as to the setting of the table, our ancestors have obtained such an evil gastronomic reputation, must remain one of the puzzles of history.

AARON WATSON.

The Truth About Pyecraft.

BY H. G. WELLS.

HE sits not a dozen yards away. If I glance over my shoulder I can see him. And if I catch his eye—and usually I catch his eye—he meets me with an expression—

It is mainly an imploring look—and yet with suspicion in it.

Confound his suspicion! If I wanted to tell on him I should have told long ago. I don't tell and I don't tell, and he ought to feel at his ease. As if anything so gross and fat as he could feel at ease! Who would believe me if I did tell?

Poor old Pyecraft! Great, uneasy jelly of substance! The fattest clubman in London.

He sits at one of the little club tables in the huge bay by the fire, stuffing. What is he stuffing? I glance judiciously and catch him biting at a round of hot buttered tea-cake, with his eyes on me. Confound him!—with his eyes on me!

That settles it, Pyecraft! Since you *will* be abject, since you *will* behave as though I was not a man of honour, here, right under your embedded eyes, I write the thing down—the plain truth about Pyecraft. The man I helped, the man I shielded, and who has requited me by making my club unendurable, absolutely unendurable, with his liquid appeal, with the perpetual “don't tell” of his looks.

And, besides, why does he keep on eternally eating?

Well, here goes for the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth!

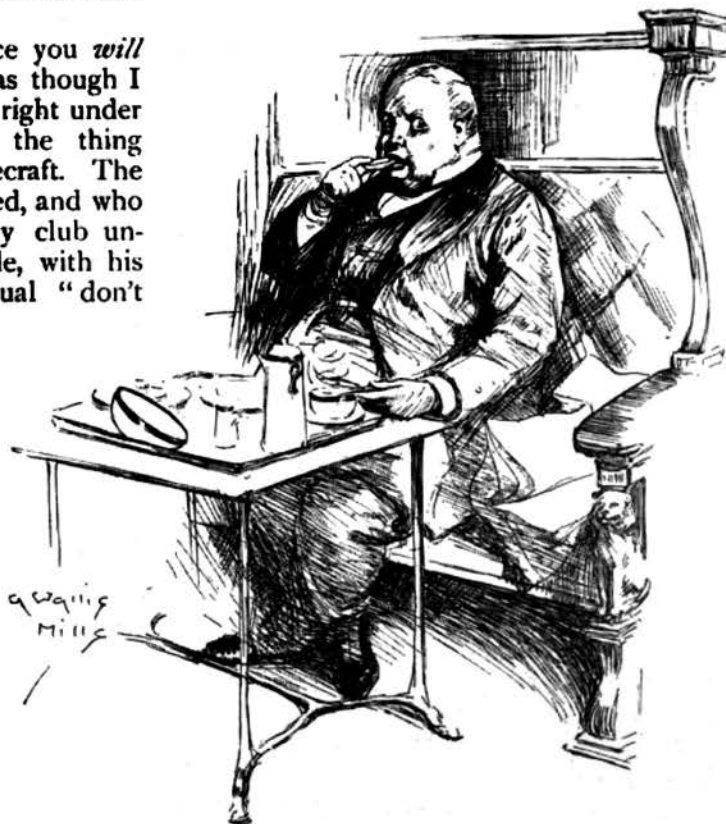
Pyecraft—. I made the acquaintance of Pyecraft in this very smoking-room. I was a young, nervous new member, and he saw it. I was sitting all alone, wishing I knew more of the members, and suddenly he came, a great rolling front of chins and abdomina, towards me, and grunted and sat down in a chair close by me and wheezed for a space, and scraped for a space with a match and lit a cigar, and then addressed me. I forget what he said—something about the matches not lighting properly, and afterwards as he talked he kept stopping the waiters one by one as they went by, and telling them about the matches in that thin, fluty voice he has.

But, anyhow, it was in some such way we began our talking.

He talked about various things and came round to games. And thence to my figure and complexion. “*You* ought to be a good cricketer,” he said. I suppose I am slender, slender to what some people would call lean, and I suppose I am rather dark, still— I am not ashamed of having a Hindu great-grandmother, but, for all that, I don't want casual strangers to see through me at a glance to *her*. So that I was set against Pyecraft from the beginning.

But he only talked about me in order to get to himself.

“I expect,” he said, “you take no more exercise than I do, and probably you eat no less.” (Like all excessively obese people he fancied he ate nothing.) “Yet”—and he smiled an oblique smile—“we differ.”



“I CATCH HIM BITING AT A ROUND OF HOT BUTTERED TEA CAKE.”

And then he began to talk about his fatness and his fatness; all he did for his fatness and all he was going to do for his fatness; what people had advised him to do for his fatness and what he had heard of people doing for fatness similar to his. “*A priori*,”

he said, "one would think a question of nutrition could be answered by dietary and a question of assimilation by drugs." It was stifling. It was dumpling talk. It made me feel swelled to hear him.

One stands that sort of thing once in a way at a club, but a time came when I fancied I was standing too much. He took to me altogether too conspicuously. I could never go into the smoking-room but he would come wallowing towards me, and sometimes he came and gormandized round and about me while I had my lunch. He seemed at times almost to be clinging to me. He was a bore, but not so fearful a bore as to be limited to me; and from the first there was something in his manner—almost as though he knew, almost as though he penetrated to the fact that I *might*—that there was a remote, exceptional chance in me that no one else presented.

"I'd give anything to get it down," he would say—"anything," and peer at me over his vast cheeks and pant.

Poor old Pyecraft! He has just gonged, no doubt to order another buttered tea-cake!

He came to the actual thing one day. "Our Pharmacopœia," he said, "our Western Pharmacopœia, is anything but the last word of medical science. In the East, I've been told——"

He stopped and stared at me. It was like being at an aquarium.

I was quite suddenly angry with him. "Look here," I said, "who told you about my great-grandmother's recipes?"

"Well," he fenced.

"Every time we've met for a week," I said—"and we've met pretty often—you've given me a broad hint or so about that little secret of mine."

"Well," he said, "now the cat's out of the bag, I'll admit, yes, it is so. I had it——"

"From Pattison?"

"Indirectly," he said, which I believe was lying, "yes."

"Pattison," I said, "took that stuff at his own risk."

He pursed his mouth and bowed.

"My great-grandmother's recipes," I said, "are queer things to handle. My father was near making me promise——"

"He didn't?"

"No. But he warned me. He himself used one—once."

"Ah! . . . But do you think——? Suppose—suppose there did happen to be one——"

"The things are curious documents," I

said. "Even the smell of 'em. . . . No!"

But after going so far Pyecraft was resolved I should go farther. I was always a little afraid if I tried his patience too much he would fall on me suddenly and smother me. I own I was weak. But I was also annoyed with Pyecraft. I had got to that state of feeling for him that disposed me to say, "Well, *take* the risk!" The little affair of Pattison to which I have alluded was a different matter altogether. What it was doesn't concern us now, but I knew, anyhow, that the particular recipe I used then was safe. The rest I didn't know so much about, and, on the whole, I was inclined to doubt their safety pretty completely.

Yet even if Pyecraft got poisoned——

I must confess the poisoning of Pyecraft struck me as an immense undertaking.

That evening I took that queer, odd-scented sandalwood box out of my safe and turned the rustling skins over. The gentleman who wrote the recipes for my great-grandmother evidently had a weakness for skins of a miscellaneous origin, and his handwriting was cramped to the last degree. Some of the things are quite unreadable to me—though my family, with its Indian Civil Service associations, has kept up a knowledge of Hindustani from generation to generation—and none are absolutely plain sailing. But I found the one that I knew was there soon enough, and sat on the floor by my safe for some time looking at it.

"Look here," said I to Pyecraft next day, and snatched the slip away from his eager grasp.

"So far as I can make it out, this is a recipe for Loss of Weight. ("Ah!" said Pyecraft.) I'm not absolutely sure, but I think it's that. And if you take my advice you'll leave it alone. Because, you know—I blacken my blood in your interest, Pyecraft—my ancestors on that side were, so far as I can gather, a jolly queer lot. See?"

"Let me try it," said Pyecraft.

I leant back in my chair. My imagination made one mighty effort and fell flat within me. "What in Heaven's name, Pyecraft," I asked, "do you think you'll look like when you get thin?"

He was impervious to reason. I made him promise never to say a word to me about his disgusting fatness again whatever happened—never, and then I handed him that little piece of skin.

"It's nasty stuff," I said.

"No matter," he said, and took it.

He goggled at it. "But—but——" he said.

He had just discovered that it wasn't English.

"To the best of my ability," I said, "I will do you a translation."

I did my best. After that we didn't speak for a fortnight. Whenever he approached me I frowned and motioned him away, and he respected our compact, but at the end of the fortnight he was as fat as ever. And then he got a word in.

"I must speak," he said. "It isn't fair. There's something wrong. It's done me no good. You're not doing your great-grandmother justice."

"Where's the recipe?"

He produced it gingerly from his pocket-book.



I ran my eye over the items. "Was the egg addled?" I asked.

"No. Ought it to have been?"

"That," I said, "goes without saying in all my poor dear great-grandmother's recipes. When condition or quality is not specified you must get the worst. She was drastic or nothing. . . . And there's one or two possible alternatives to some of these other things. You got *fresh* rattlesnake venom?"

"I got a rattlesnake from Jamrach's. It cost—it cost——"

"That's your affair, anyhow. This last item——"

"I know a man who——"

"Yes. H'm. Well, I'll write the alternatives down. So far as I know the language, the spelling of this recipe is particularly atrocious. By-the-bye, dog here probably means pariah dog."

For a month after that I saw Pyecraft constantly at the club and as fat and anxious as ever. He kept our treaty, but at times he broke the spirit of it by shaking his head despondently. Then one day in the cloak-room he said, "Your great-grandmother——"

"Not a word against her," I said; and he held his peace.

I could have fancied he had desisted, and I saw him one day talking to three new

members about his fatness as though he was in search of other recipes. And then, quite unexpectedly, his telegram came.

"Mr. Formalyn!" bawled a page-boy under my nose, and I took the telegram and opened it at once.

"*For Heaven's sake come.—Pyecraft.*"

"H'm," said I, and to tell the truth I was so pleased at the rehabilitation of my great-grandmother's reputation this evidently promised that I made a most excellent lunch.

I got Pyecraft's address from the hall porter. Pyecraft inhabited the upper half of a house in Bloomsbury, and I went there so soon as I had done my coffee and Trappistine. I did not wait to finish my cigar.

"Mr. Pyecraft?" said I, at the front door.

They believed he was ill; he hadn't been out for two days.

"He expects me," said I, and they sent me up.

I rang the bell at the lattice-door upon the landing.

"'WAS THE EGG ADDLED?' I ASKED."

"He shouldn't have tried it, anyhow," I said to myself. "A man who eats like a pig ought to look like a pig."

An obviously worthy woman, with an anxious face and a carelessly placed cap, came and surveyed me through the lattice.

I gave my name and she let me in in a dubious fashion.

"Well?" said I, as we stood together inside Pyecraft's piece of the landing.

"'E said you was to come in if you came," she said, and regarded me, making no motion to show me anywhere. And then, confidentially, "'E's locked in, sir."

"Locked in?"

"Locked himself in yesterday morning and 'asn't let anyone in since, sir. And ever and again *swearing*. Oh, my!"

I stared at the door she indicated by her glances. "In there?" I said.

"Yes, sir."

"What's up?"

She shook her head sadly. "'E keeps on calling for vittles, sir. 'Eavy vittles 'e wants. I get 'im what I can. Pork 'e's 'ad, sooit puddin', sossiges, noo bread. Everythink like that. Left outside, if you please, and me go away. 'E's eatin', sir, somethink *awful*."

There came a piping bawl from inside the door: "That Formalyn?"

"That you, Pyecraft?" I shouted, and went and banged the door.

"Tell her to go away."

I did.

Then I could hear a curious pattering upon the door, almost like someone feeling for the handle in the dark, and Pyecraft's familiar grunts.

"It's all right," I said, "she's gone."

But for a long time the door didn't open.

I heard the key turn. Then Pyecraft's voice said, "Come in."

I turned the handle and opened the door. Naturally I expected to see Pyecraft.

Well, you know, he wasn't there!

I never had such a shock in my life. There was his sitting-room in a state of untidy disorder, plates and dishes among the books and writing things, and several chairs overturned, but Pyecraft—

"It's all right, o' man; shut the door," he said, and then I discovered him.

There he was right up close to the cornice

in the corner by the door, as though someone had glued him to the ceiling. His face was anxious and angry. He panted and gesticulated. "Shut the door," he said.

"If that woman gets hold of it——"

I shut the door, and went and stood away from him and stared.

"If anything gives way and you tumble down," I said, "you'll break your neck, Pyecraft."

"I wish I could," he wheezed.

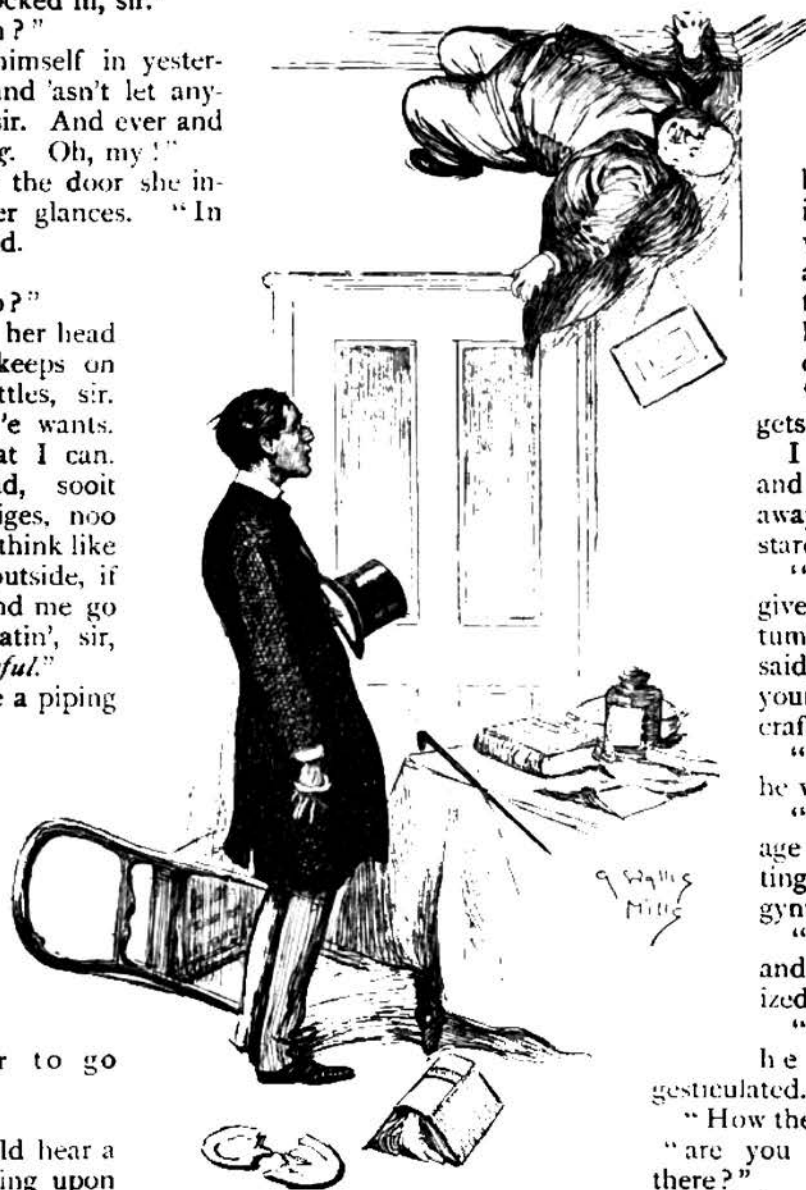
"A man of your age and weight getting up to kiddish gymnastics——"

"Don't," he said, and looked agonized.

"I'll tell you," he said, and gesticulated.

"How the deuce," said I, "are you holding on up there?"

And then abruptly I realized that he was not holding on at all, that he was floating up there—just as a gas-filled bladder might have floated in the same position. He began a struggle to thrust himself away from the ceiling and to



"HE WAS RIGHT UP CLOSE TO THE CORNICE."

clamber down the wall to me. "It's that prescription," he panted, as he did so. "Your great-gran——"

He took hold of a framed engraving rather carelessly as he spoke and it gave way, and he flew back to the ceiling again, while the picture smashed on to the sofa. Bump he went against the ceiling, and I knew then why he was all over white on the more salient curves and angles of his person. He tried again more carefully, coming down by way of the mantel.

It was really a most extraordinary spectacle, that great, fat, apoplectic-looking man upside down and trying to get from the ceiling to the floor. "That prescription," he said. "Too successful."

"How?"

"Loss of weight—almost complete."

And then, of course, I understood.

"By Jove, Pyecraft," said I, "what you wanted was a cure for fatness! But you always called it weight. You would call it weight."

Somehow I was extremely delighted. I quite liked Pyecraft for the time. "Let me help you!" I said, and took his hand and pulled him down. He kicked about, trying to get foothold somewhere. It was very like holding a flag on a windy day.

"That table," he said, pointing, "is solid mahogany and very heavy. If you can put me under that——"

I did, and there he wallowed about like a captive balloon, while I stood on his hearth-rug and talked to him.

I lit a cigar. "Tell me," I said, "what happened?"

"I took it," he said.

"How did it taste?"

"Oh, *beastly!*"

I should fancy they all did. Whether one regards the ingredients or the probable compound or the possible results, almost all my great-grandmother's remedies appear to me at least to be extraordinarily uninviting. For my own part——

"I took a little sip first."

"Yes?"

"And as I felt lighter and better after an hour, I decided to take the draught."

"My dear Pyecraft!"

"I held my nose," he explained. "And then I kept on getting lighter and lighter—and helpless, you know."

He gave way suddenly to a burst of passion. "What the goodness am I to *do*?" he said.

"There's one thing pretty evident," I said,

"that you mustn't do. If you go out of doors you'll go up and up." I waved an arm upward. "They'd have to send Santos-Dumont after you to bring you down again."

"I suppose it will wear off?"

I shook my head. "I don't think you can count on that," I said.

And then there was another burst of passion, and he kicked out at adjacent chairs and banged the floor. He behaved just as I should have expected a great, fat, self-indulgent man to behave under trying circumstances—that is to say, very badly. He spoke of me and of my great-grandmother with an utter want of discretion.

"I never asked you to take the stuff," I said.

And generously disregarding the insults he was putting upon me, I sat down in his arm-chair and began to talk to him in a sober, friendly fashion.

I pointed out to him that this was a trouble he had brought upon himself, and that it had almost an air of poetical justice. He had eaten too much. This he disputed, and for a time we argued the point.

He became noisy and violent, so I desisted from this aspect of his lesson. "And then," said I, "you committed the sin of euphuism. You called it, not Fat, which is just and inglorious, but Weight. You——"

He interrupted to say that he recognised all that. What was he to *do*?

I suggested he should adapt himself to his new conditions. So we came to the really sensible part of the business. I suggested that it would not be difficult for him to learn to walk about on the ceiling with his hands——

"I can't sleep," he said.

But that was no great difficulty. It was quite possible, I pointed out, to make a shake-up under a wire mattress, fasten the under things on with tapes, and have a blanket, sheet, and coverlet to button at the side. He would have to confide in his housekeeper, I said, and after some squabbling he agreed to that. (Afterwards it was quite delightful to see the beautifully matter-of-fact way with which the good lady took all these amazing inversions.) He could have a library ladder in his room, and all his meals could be laid on the top of his bookcase. We also hit on an ingenious device by which he could get to the floor whenever he wanted, which was simply to put the British Encyclopædia (tenth edition) on the top of his open shelves. He just pulled out a couple of volumes and held on, and down he came. And we agreed there must be iron staples along the skirting,

so that he could cling to those whenever he wanted to get about the room on the lower level.

As we got on with the thing I found myself almost keenly interested. It was I who called in the house-keeper and broke things to her, and it was I chiefly who fixed up the inverted bed. In fact, I spent two whole days at his flat. I am a handy, interfering sort of man with a screw-driver, and I made all sorts of ingenious adaptations for him—ran a wire to bring his bells within reach, turned all his electric lights up instead of down, and so on. The whole affair was extremely curious and interesting to me, and it was delightful to think of Pyecraft like some great, fat blow-fly, crawling about on his ceiling and clambering round the lintel of his doors from one room to another, and never, never, never coming to the club any more. . . .

Then, you know, my fatal ingenuity got the better of me. I was sitting by his fire drinking his whisky, and he was up in his favourite corner by the cornice, tacking a Turkey carpet to the ceiling, when the idea struck me. "By Jove, Pyecraft!" I said, "all this is totally unnecessary."

And before I could calculate the complete consequences of my notion I blurted it out. "Lead underclothing," said I, and the mischief was done.

Pyecraft received the thing almost in tears. "To be right ways up again—" he said.

I gave him the whole secret before I saw where it would take me. "Buy sheet lead," I said, "stamp it into discs. Sew 'em all over your underclothes until you have enough. Have lead-soled boots, carry a bag of solid lead, and the thing is done! Instead

of being a prisoner here you may go abroad again, Pyecraft; you may travel—"

A still happier idea came to me. "You need never fear a shipwreck. All you need do is just slip off some or all of your clothes, take the necessary amount of luggage in your hand, and float up in the air—"

In his emotion he dropped the tack-hammer within an ace of my head. "By Jove!" he said, "I shall be able to come back to the club again."

The thing pulled me up short. "By Jove!" I said, faintly. "Yes. Of course—you will."

He did. He does. There he sits behind me now, stuffing—as I live!—a third go of buttered tea-cake. And no one in the whole world knows—except his house-keeper and me—that he weighs practically nothing; that he is a mere boring mass of assimilatory matter, mere clouds in clothing, *niente, nefas*, the most incon-

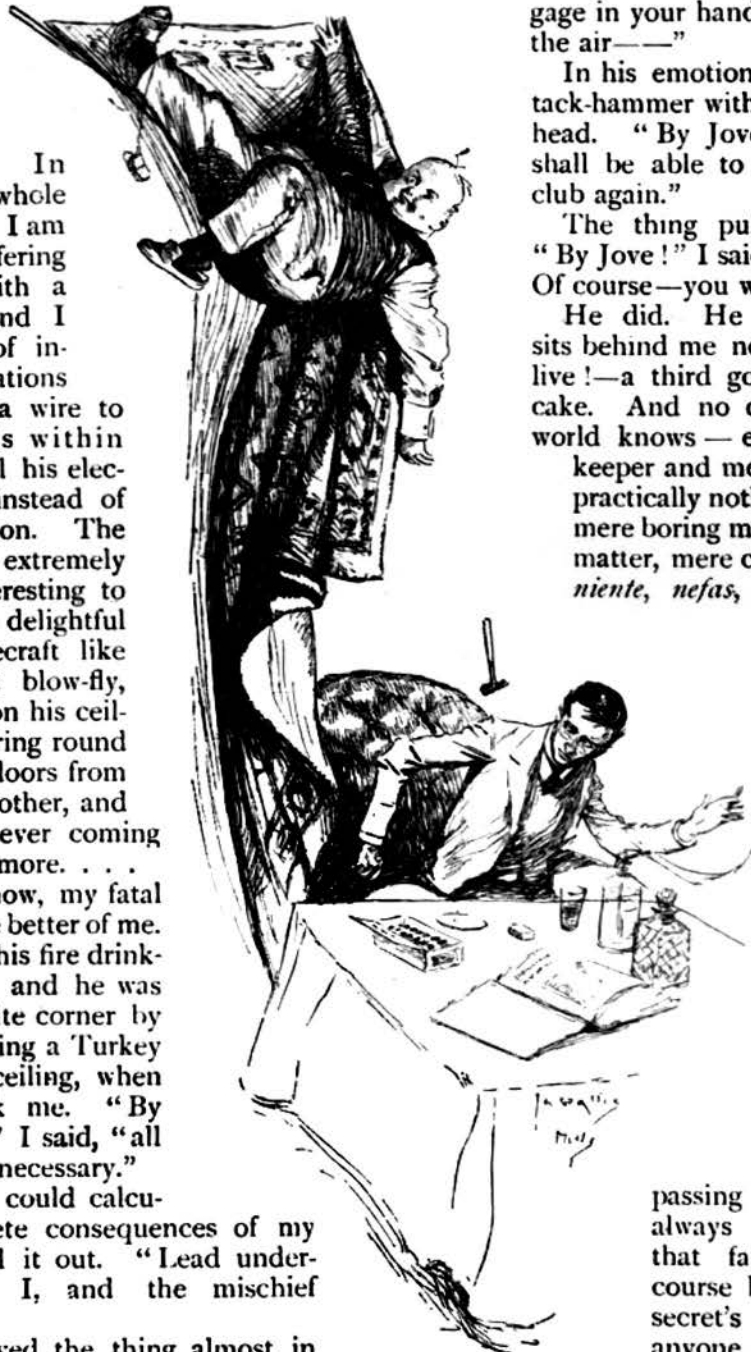
siderable of men. There he sits watching until I have done this writing. Then, if he can, he will waylay me. He will come billowing up to me . . .

He will tell me over again all about it, how it feels, how it doesn't feel, how he sometimes hopes it is

passing off a little. And always somewhere in that fat, abundant discourse he will say, "The secret's keeping, eh? If anyone knew of it—I should be so ashamed . . . Makes a fellow

look such a fool, you know. Crawling about on a ceiling and all that. . . ."

And now to elude Pyecraft, occupying, as he does, an admirable strategic position between me and the door.



"HE DROPPED THE TACK-HAMMER WITHIN AN ACE OF MY HEAD."

The MYSTERY OF PRECIOUS STONES



"WHEN THE STONE IS BECOME
PERFECT IN THE CAPON, HE
DON'T DRINK."

PRECIOUS stones are valuable only because we think them valuable. If the world at large considered that they were worth nothing, they would become worth nothing—as in Sir Thomas More's "Utopia," diamonds would be playthings for children. We should not, in consequence, be less warmly clad or less well fed, or more subject to disease; we should not, in consequence, suffer any material disadvantage. The world would go on as well as before—

the political economist might tell us that it would go on better.

Yet this love of precious stones, which gives them their value, is older than writing, and is to-day more widely spread than a knowledge of long division. It forms a delightfully dark spot in this painfully bright and utilitarian age. The diamonds in my lady's hair and the soot on the chimney-sweep's face are precisely the same thing in different forms. Both have a value, but for different reasons. Soot has a value because, as gardeners know, it can be used. Diamonds also may be used—for glass-cutting, watch-making, and the engraving of glyptics—but it is not this use

which gives them their high value; nor is it solely that their appearance makes them ornamental—for this appearance can be imitated in a way which would deceive any but the expert. It is the combination of beauty and rarity in a hard permanent form, and the prestige which diamonds, in common with other precious stones, derive from their history and associations. It is their appeal to taste and sentiment.

Precious stones have been associated—at almost all times and in almost all countries—with the powers, civil and religious. Kings and priests alike have loved to possess them; they have served to illuminate the dignity of church and state. The extravagance of some of the Roman emperors in this respect was hardly greater than the extravagance of some of our own kings and queens or of four successive Louis of France. Cleopatra dissolved and drank a pearl. It is said that in the reign of Louis XV. a Prince de Condé, to whom a lady had returned the brilliant that he had given her, dried the ink of his letter to her on the subject with the dust of the powdered diamond. The jewelled chalices, censers, reliquaries, and vestments of the church have not been more magnificent than the jewelled shrines of heathen idols. Everywhere the association of gems and power has been notable. With engraved gems we find the same thing. The signet-ring is the symbol of authority, and it is to the engraved signet that the origin of the august science of heraldry may be traced. To the antiquity, splendour, and dignity of their history and associations may be added the charms of romance and mystery. They take their part in the stories of love and crime, and during the Middle Ages the strangest beliefs prevailed concerning their mysterious powers and virtues.

The mass of superstitions on this subject probably died out among educated people

about the end of the seventeenth century. Half-way through the eighteenth century we find the learned congratulating themselves vastly on their recent enlightenment. In 1750 a translation of the famous old work of Camillus Leonardus on the qualities and virtues of precious stones, "now first Translated into English," was "printed for *J. Freeman* in *Fleet Street*." The original work appeared about two hundred and fifty years before, and the translator is careful to point out that what did very well for Camillus Leonardus in 1502 will by no means do for Mr. Translator in 1750. He writes in his preface: "But tho' what I have said, in regard to the Use and Excellence of this little treatise, is incontestibly the Truth; yet I must give the Reader a Caution in the Perusal of it." The reader is not to be influenced by the superstitious belief of the unenlightened Leonardus, a belief "which, in our Days, is entirely out of Use, at least is laid aside by the Learned."

I confess that this translating gentleman annoys me. His own grandfather was probably not very much less credulous on the subject than Leonardus. He is a bumptious prig. He mutilates that author's work, and excuses himself with a pious plea that savours of rank hypocrisy. There were three books in the work of Leonardus, and the translator omits the third. Why? Because it deals with the magical properties of engraved gems. "But as nothing of this kind suits the Taste of the more enlighten'd Moderns, we judged it wholly impertinent to trouble our Readers with Speculations not agreeable to right Reason, nor indeed consistent with our Religion." If it was improper to translate the third book, it was just as improper to translate the first and second, which are every bit as full of erroneous and superstitious beliefs. But his next sentence explains the delicacy of his conscience. "However, if the Curious, for their amusement, are desirous of knowing the Sentiments of the Antients in these Matters, upon the Intimation of their Desire, we will give them a Translation of this our Author's Third Book, in a small Volume by itself." Quite so; the translator's conscience was in the publisher's pocket. "*J. Freeman* in *Fleet Street*" was a cautious man, and had said that he would try the two books first and see how they did before he risked anything on the third.

The author is better than the translator, and the darkness of 1500 is infinitely more interesting and amusing than the enlightenment of 1750. True the book is mostly compiled from the work of others, but there is a distinct character about it. Nothing could be

more naive, more child-like, and more delightfully sly. The list of precious stones includes many that are not to be bought in Bond Street to-day, many that are not precious stones, and some that (it is to be feared) never existed outside the author's charming imagination.

Take, for instance, the *alectoria*. It has a long list of virtues. Firstly, it makes a man invisible. Secondly, "being held in the Mouth, it allays Thirst, and therefore is proper for Wrestlers." It is said (though it is not mentioned in this translation) that Milo, the famous wrestler, wore this stone, and the modern athlete in training would probably be thankful for it. It is a stone of all work, this *alectoria*. It makes a woman agreeable to



"IT IS THE CROW'S FAULT"

her husband, and will fill in its time by helping to regain a lost kingdom and acquire a foreign one. This being so (and Leonardus says without hesitation that it is so), one naturally wants to know where to find it. It is to be found in one place only—in the intestines of a capon which has lived seven years. "When the Stone is become perfect in the Capon, he don't drink. However, 'tis never bigger than a large Bean."

Then there is the *corvia*, or *corvina*, on the

subject of which Leonardus is distinctly pleasant. This is the way we are to secure a specimen of *corvia* if we want it. "On the Calends of *April*"—and it will be seen subsequently that the date is not inappropriate—"boil the Eggs taken out of a Crow's Nest till they are hard, and being cold, let them be placed in the Nest as they were before. When the Crow knows this, she flies a long Way to find this Stone ; and having found it returns to the Nest ; and the Eggs being touch'd with it they become fresh and prolific." Observe the cunning of Leonardus. If you do not get your *corvia* it is the crow's fault for not having been able to find a specimen. It does not prove that Leonardus is wrong, and you may try again on the next first of April. It brings you only riches, honour, and the gift of prophecy, but still it seems to be a sort of stone quite worth having.

The virtues of coral are many. It keeps off ghosts, bad dreams, storms, and "every In-cursion of wild Beasts." It cures a long list of diseases. "I have had it from a creditable Person," writes Leonardus, "and have often experienced it myself, that it will prevent Infants, just born, from falling into an Epilepsy. Let there be put in the Mouth of the Child, before it has tasted any Thing, half a scruple of the Powder of Red Coral, and let it be swallowed; for it is a wonderful Preserver." The child takes coral ; the child does not have epilepsy ; therefore coral prevents epilepsy in children. And yet, I believe, coral is not to be found in the modern pharmacopœia.

Another curious stone of which Leonardus speaks—coral is not a precious stone, by the way—is the bezoar. Leonardus does not mention where it was procured, but describes it as a "red, dusty, light and brittle stone." He says that it is a sovereign remedy against all poisons. Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," says that the bezoar "is found in the belly of a little beast in the East Indies, brought into Europe by Hollanders and our country-men merchants. Renodeus saith he saw two of these beasts alive in the castle of the lord of Vitry at Coubert." He recommends it warmly as a remedy for melancholy. Queen Elizabeth had a bezoar stone ; the Emperor Charles V. had four of them. Of course, curious concretions are found from time to time in the stomach and intestines of animals, and the ancients at once credited them with miraculous powers. Hence the stories of the alectoria and the bezoar. Élie Reclus, writing of the Badagas, a tribe of the Neilgherries, or Blue Mountains, says that their babies are dosed "with a scruple of a certain magma reputed sacred, and found now and again in the entrails of a bull. This secretion

is somewhat like those bezoar stones, to which our Middle Ages attributed marvellous virtues."

The translator of Leonardus may have been right in his assertion that the beliefs of Leonardus were not the beliefs of the learned of 1750. But superstition still lingered around precious stones, if not among the learned, certainly among many who would have been reluctant to be called ignorant. An interesting instance of this occurred eleven years afterwards at the coronation of George III. The coronation, by the way, was not well stage-managed, and the King complained of the arrangements to the Deputy Earl Marshal, the Earl of Effingham. His reply was one of the things that should have been said differently: "It is true, sir, that there has been some neglect, but I have taken care that the *next coronation* shall be regulated in the exactest manner possible." However, the Earl of Effingham was not responsible for the incident at the coronation which occasioned so much talk at the time—the finest of the Royal jewels fell from the crown. The superstitious all declared that some great loss would befall England. As it happened, they were right. "When in 1782," writes Jesse, "the British Crown was dispossessed of its proudest appanage, the North American colonies, there were many persons who eagerly called to mind the warning portent of 1761." The fallen jewel was recovered, but no alectoria regained the lost kingdom.

The belief in the malignant powers of the Koh-i-noor is not held in this country as it was in its native land, but even at the present day we are not quite without our superstitions. The Romans tied little bunches of coral round the necks of children ; in the Middle Ages, as we have seen, coral was considered to be beneficial for children ; to this day coral necklaces and ornaments are given to children. Educated people give them from custom and not from superstition, but if an inquiry were held into the beliefs of nineteenth-century nursemaids (a stupendous undertaking, on which I do not propose to embark), I think it would be found that some at any rate held that the coral was in some mysterious way "good for the child." There is, however, one superstition which is still firmly held by some educated people—the superstition that the opal is unlucky, and about this there is something to be said.

When Pliny, or Albertus Magnus, or Leonardus tells me some wild and erroneous story about a precious stone, I am not convinced of the truth of the story, but I can enjoy it, and I have a feeling of kindness for the author. It comes from a time long past,

with the charm of age upon it, and it is not to be treated harshly. But I cannot enjoy this modern, vulgar superstition about opals. It is hideously modern. No one before the present century considered the opal unlucky. On the contrary, no stone was esteemed more highly by the ancients. Whether, as is said, *opalus* is another form of *ophthalmius* ("eye-stone"), I will not pretend to settle. It looks probable, and the one canon in philology that I have ever been able to grasp is that anything which looks probable is wrong. But certainly the opal was supposed to be particularly good for the eyesight, strengthening and preserving it. "It cannot be improper to attribute to it so many Virtues," writes Leonardus, "since it partakes of the Nature and Colour of so many Stones." How then did this ridiculous *parvenu* of a prejudice against opals first come into being? Most modern authorities assure us that this superstition arose out of a novel, "Anne of Geierstein."

"Anne of Geierstein" was an historical novel. That is to say, Sir Walter Scott was writing about a country in which he had never been, and a period in which he had not lived. He collected his information, and then did his best with it. The incident of the opal seems to show that he had some vague information about the stone, and that he had improved upon it, as it were. The story is, briefly, more or less as follows:—The Baron of Arnheim was told one evening that the devil was in his stable; he went out to look and found that what had been, on a cursory examination, mistaken for the devil was in reality a Persian magus. This magus demanded refuge and hospitality for a year and a day, and the Baron granted it. They were both brethren of the Sacred Fire, and the law of Zoroaster requires that the stronger should protect the weaker. But, as the Baron somewhat commercially pointed out, the law of Zoroaster also required that the wiser should instruct the more ignorant. In return for board, lodging, and protection the magus gave instruction in "the more secret mysteries." I do not know what these are—probably Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason" in Bohn's translation. At the end of the year and a day the Baron expressed his regret at losing a tutor who had given him every satisfaction. The magus replied that he would send his daughter to carry on the work. But he warned the Baron not to marry her, "for such alliances never come to a happy issue, of which my own is an example." After this shocking divorce of the antecedent and the relative, he exclaimed, "But, hush, we are observed!" a remark not uncommon in historical novels.

In due time the daughter arrived, mysteri-

ously; she instructed the Baron; the Baron married her. Apart from the extraordinary attractiveness of all governesses in fiction, there is the canon that a man must always



THE PERSIAN MAGUS MISTAKEN FOR THE DEVIL.

marry anyone whom he is particularly told not to marry. She was very beautiful, and she wore a superb opal set in a gold clasp in her hair. The appearance of the stone seemed to sympathise with her moods, becoming more brilliant when she was particularly gay. It was noticed that she was careful that no liquid should go near this stone, and for this reason she never made the sign of the cross on her forehead when she took the holy water. Thereupon the scandalmongers said that she was a demon. At the christening or their child the baron determined to refute this calumny. "As they passed the threshold, the Baron dipt his finger in the font-stone, and offered holy water to his lady, who accepted it, as usual, by touching his finger with her own." Then, "with an air of sportive familiarity, which was rather unwarranted by the time and place"—and certainly it *is* a little like Harry at Hampstead on a bank holiday—"he flirted on her beautiful forehead a drop or two of the moisture which remained on his own hand. The opal, on which one of these drops had lighted,

shot out a brilliant spark like a falling star, and became the instant afterwards lightless and colourless as a common pebble." The mystical, beautiful Persian governess did the only thing which was left her to do—she vanished mysteriously. The disaster might have been avoided if the governess had worn her opal at the back of her head instead of the front ; and as she was so anxious to avoid the disaster, it strikes one that she might have thought of an expedient so obvious and so simple. But if she had, there would have been no story.

The influence of the Waverley Novels was very great. They made fashions. But I do not believe that one incident in one novel—and that novel quite surprisingly inferior to the best of the Waverley series—could deprive the most beautiful of all precious stones of its vogue and seriously lower its value. But I do believe that this could have been effected by the fact on which Sir Walter Scott founded his novel. Let us see what that fact was.

Opals come to us principally from Hungary, Queensland, and Mexico. I have seen stones of about equal beauty from all three places,

but, speaking roughly, the Hungarian are the best. All opals are sensitive ; they seem to vary in brilliance according to the temperature, and the dryness or humidity of the atmosphere. I have been told by those who wear them constantly that they vary in brilliance according to the health of the person wearing them. Before they are properly matured, cut, and set, they carry sensitiveness to the point of treachery. Anyone but an expert is likely to go wrong in buying recently mined opals, or in deciding their value before they have stood the test of the lapidary's wheel. Indeed, even the experts sometimes find to their cost that they have made mistakes. Mexican opals have the name for being especially perfidious. It is said that, owing to injury by water or sudden changes of temperature, they may lose their colour, and become dead or opaque. There is the fact on which Sir Walter Scott based his story, and it is probably the fact which gave rise to the superstition among those who were not acquainted with the chemical analysis of the opal and the reason for the variability—sometimes the actual death—of the

stone. Huysman's morbid and impossible hero rejected opals for this reason : *"Celui-ci avait d'abord songé à quelques opales et à quelques hydrophanes ; mais ces pierres intéressantes par l'hésitation de leurs couleurs, par le doute de leurs flammes, et infidèles ; l'opale a une sensibilité toute rhumatismale ; le jeu de ses rayons s'altère, suivant l'humidité, la chaleur, ou le froid ; quant à l'hydrophane elle ne brûle que dans l'eau et ne consent à allumer sa braise grise qu'alors qu'en la mouille."*

More people are likely to think that the variability of the opal adds to its interest. It is the woman among precious stones—beautiful, but just a little capricious. Not only is it by far the loveliest of all stones (ranking as a precious stone in spite of its want of hardness), but it is also said to be the only precious stone which absolutely cannot be imitated. A commercial objection to the opal, on the ground that it sometimes goes off completely, would be a fairly good reason



"THEN ALL THE SPIRITS THAT DWELL IN DARKNESS SHALL OBEY THE WEARER."

for not buying opals, except from a jeweller who was an honest expert, or unless the buyer happened to be an expert himself. A superstitious objection to the opal is not old enough to have the charm of antiquity and just too old to have the charm of novelty. However, it is said that the stone is under royal patronage and rapidly regaining its vogue, and certainly it seems absurd that this age should retain only that superstition which the Middle Ages would have unhesitatingly rejected. It would be just as sensible to believe—and we should have more authority for believing—that the amethyst taken externally dispelled drunkenness, that pearls taken internally cured the quartan ague, or that the ruby by changing its colour warned the wearer of any impending misfortune.

Perhaps even more wild were the superstitions firmly believed in the Middle Ages about engraved gems. The Rev. C. W. King, the great authority on glyptics, in his "Handbook of Engraved Gems," quoted a list of these and their virtues. These virtues are not always very attractive. Take, for example, the following: "Bird, with olive-leaf in its bill, cut in pyrites and set in a silver ring. Having this on thy right hand thou shalt be invited to every feast, and those present shall not eat, but shall gaze upon thee."

It may be pleasant to be invited everywhere, but it cannot be pleasant to be in the position of the lion at the Zoo and have one's dinner regarded as a performance. More useful, from the commercial point of view, is a design of a man standing on a dragon and holding a sword, set in a leaden or iron ring. "Then all the spirits that dwell in darkness shall obey the wearer, and shall reveal unto him in a low-toned song the place of hidden treasure and the mode of winning the same." After this, the assurance that a stag cut on any stone cures lunatics and

madmen seems positively commonplace. Hidden treasure has for some time been a favourite subject with the novelists, but I do not remember that they have yet used the dragon-ring and the communicative and contralto spirits.

One more instance of the mystery of stones remains to be mentioned—the property ascribed to the rock-crystal or the beryl of inducing clairvoyance. But this property is not exclusively their own; clairvoyance is (or is supposed to be) practised in a similar manner with a mirror, or a little ink in a saucer. St. Simon has a curious story in his memoirs of a little girl who gazed into a glass of water, and saw in it the scene of the king's death. St. Simon is careful to add that he records the story "*non pour l'approuver, mais pour le rendre.*" The mystical property of the beryl-stone forms the subject of Rossetti's strange ballad, "Rose Mary." In Mr. Podmore's book, "Apparitions and Thought-Transference," cases will be found of crystal-gazing well-authenticated and quite as wonderful as anything that Dr. Dee and the Specularii could produce. Of course there is no pretence of magic about the modern crystal-gazing. It is explained, or at any rate classified.

For the matter of that, everything is explained nowadays. There is no longer any mystery in precious stones, and there is very little anywhere else. Yet as one looks back from an age which believes almost nothing to these fables of the age which believed almost everything, one does so rather with a wistful regret than with the more comfortable feeling of complacent superiority. A man of age and experience may look back upon his childhood and see that his ignorance at that time led to mistakes, and the mistakes to unhappiness. He is wiser now and no longer makes mistakes; but, if he could, he would go back to his childhood, because then things were still possible.

BARRY PAIN.



Editor's Note: A rough translation of the French paragraph on the preceding page indicates that opals and hydrophanes (a type of opal) are unreliable in terms of their color changes, and their play of light varies depending upon humidity, heat and cold, while the hydrophane "burns only in water" and shows its fire only when wet. Interestingly, "hydrophane" is described as a modern term for a "water-loving" opal, but clearly the term was known long ago.

From Our Scrap-Book



HOW ROCKETS ARE MADE.

BY LIEUT. W. R. HAMILTON, U. S. A.

ROCKETS are made for three purposes: for signaling; for decorations or celebrations, or as projectiles in war. For signals, the charge consists of 12 parts of niter, 2 of sulphur, and 3 of charcoal. The ornamental, or decorative, rocket is the one we see used on the Fourth of July, and the composition of which it is made comprises 122 parts of mealed or finely pulverized powder, 80 of niter, 40 of sulphur, and 40 of cast-iron filings.

The principal parts of the rocket as shown in the diagram are: *a*, the case, made by rolling stout paper, covered on one side with paste, around a wooden form, at the same time applying considerable pressure. The end is then "choked," or brought tightly together, with twine. The paper case thus made is next placed in a copper mold, so



that a conical copper spindle will pass up through the choke, and the composition, *b*, is then poured in and packed by blows of a mallet on a copper drift or packing-tool made to fit over the spindle. The top of the case is now closed with a layer of moist plaster-of-paris one inch thick, perforated with a small hole for the passage of the flame to the upper part, or "pot"—*c*. The pot is formed of another paper cylinder slipped over and pasted to the top of the case and surmounted by a paper cone filled with tow. The "decorations" are placed in the pot and are scattered through the air when the flame, having passed through the aperture of the plaster, reaches a small charge of mealed powder, *d*, placed in the pot. The stick is a piece of pine wood, tapering, and about nine times the length of the rocket. It is to guide the rocket in its flight. The decorations in the pot may be "stars," "serpents," "marrons," "gold-rain," and so on. "Marrons" are small paper shells filled with grained powder and pinned with quick-match. "Serpents," are small cases about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch in diameter in which is a composition of 3 parts niter, 3 sulphur, 16 mealed powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ charcoal. This composition is driven in the case, the top of which is closed by plaster-of-paris, having a small aperture through which passes a piece of quick-match.

A "Tourbillon" is a rocket that moves upward with a spiral motion. This motion is produced by six holes, two lateral ones (one on each side) and four underneath. It is steadied by two wings formed by attaching pieces of hoop-iron to the middle of the case and at right angles to it. Rain of fire, or gold fire, is cast-iron filings which become red-hot in the flame of the explosion, and, on dropping through the air, gleam accordingly. Looking at the plan of the rocket, we find at the rear end of the case a hollow part. This is where the copper spindle has passed through the choke. It is filled with quick-match, and a paper cap is placed over all. Now, when the match is lighted it sets fire to the composition, and the gas generated by the burning of the latter must escape. In doing so, it strikes against the air, which not giving way fast enough causes the expanding body of gas to push the rocket forward also. Of course, it is easy to see that the more the composition burns the larger the burning surface becomes, and therefore there is constantly a greater amount of gas generated each instant. So the rocket, having begun to move comparatively slowly, rapidly increases its rate of speed till the composition is nearly all burned out. Then the flame, passing through the aperture in the plaster, reaches the mealed powder in the pot, bursts it, setting fire at the same time to all the decorations, which are scattered through the air in beautiful colors.

PUSSY IN THE WITNESS-BOX.

BY THOS. W. CHITTENDEN.

ALTHOUGH animals were not unfrequently summoned in judicial proceedings, in days gone by, it is not now a common thing for animals to be formally summoned by a court of justice, either to stand trial themselves or to give evidence against or in behalf of litigants. Nevertheless, such an instance has just occurred in this country, and the testimony of a fine Maltese cat summarily decided a case that had puzzled judge and jury for a week.

The circumstances of this novel occurrence were as follows: Two men living in a Western city each owned a young Newfoundland dog, and the two animals resembled each other so strongly in all points that it was not possible for even the respective owners to distinguish

them. By some means one of the dogs was lost, and his owner seeing, as he supposed, his missing pet in the street one day, about a month after the loss, naturally took possession of him, and led him home. We will call this dog "Major" to distinguish him. The proprietor of Major objected strongly to this proceeding, and laid claim to the animal, his title being promptly disputed by the first, who insisted that the dog belonged to him, and added that, as "possession was nine points of the law," he proposed to keep him, let the other do what he might. Argument and persuasion failing, suit was brought to recover Major, and the case was regularly brought into court and came to trial about Christmas time, before a judge and a jury.

Witnesses on both sides testified positively that it was Major, and that it was *not* Major—the animal himself, meanwhile, going freely to either of his claimants, and leaving one readily at the call of the other, seeming quite indifferent as to which one might finally secure him. A whole week was taken up with conflicting testimony, and even then neither judge nor jury were the wiser, or better prepared to render a true decision concerning the case.

At this point a woman living in the same house with Major's owner declared that her cat could settle the question as to which dog it was, since the cat and Major were on terms of great friendship, eating and playing together, and sleeping on the same rug, while the cat was the sworn foe of all other canines, and had worsted many in fair fight.

Here was a solution by which all parties to the controversy were willing to abide, and a formal writ was accordingly issued in the name of the people of the State commanding "all and singular, the owner or owners of a certain Maltese cat to produce the living body of the said animal before the Hon. So-and-so, a justice duly and legally commissioned by the people of the commonwealth aforesaid," at a given time and place duly specified in the writ, and "thereof to fail not at their own proper peril."

At the time appointed the momentous cat was duly produced before the honorable court, Major and his claimant being on hand, as well as a large assembly attracted by the novelty of the proceeding. The record does not state whether Puss was duly sworn to tell "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," nor whether his owner was required to act as proxy for him in this respect.

However this may have been, he proceeded to vindicate his mistress's assertions, first with regard to his fighting qualities, for, on the introduction of some strange animals of the canine species, brought by direction of the dignified court, he dilated his tail to most majestic proportions, arched his back in monumental style, and gave battle, to the satisfaction of the spectators, if not to that of his adversaries, clearing the room in fine style, and in an exceedingly brief space of time. Next, Major was brought in, whereupon Puss's warlike mood and demeanor were speedily changed to demonstrations of acquaintance and good-fellowship, the animals recogniz-

ing each other to the satisfaction of all concerned, and immediately terminating by this conclusive evidence a suit which, except for the shrewd thought of a woman, might have dragged on interminably and led to rancor and strife.

WON BY A BIRD.

A WELL-KNOWN gentleman of Savannah tells this story: "I notice in this morning's paper an interesting account of how a dog was made to testify in a case in which he was claimed by a soldier who had at one time been in the English Army in India. According to the account, the soldier said that if the dog did not understand the Hindustani language he would not claim him, but if he did he would consider the dog belonged to him. When the case was called in court, the soldier said something in the Hindu tongue, and the dog immediately recognized him, and, running through the crowd, jumped into the witness-box and fawned on the soldier."

Another said that this was a case similar to one which occurred in Savannah many years ago, before steamships went to that port. A gentleman owned a very valuable mocking bird, of which he thought a good deal. The bird was stolen. The gentleman was very much put out over it, and hunted everywhere to recover it. He heard of a visitor from the North who had purchased a mocking-bird and was about to leave the port on a sailing vessel. The gentleman concluded that he would go down to the vessel to see if the bird was not his. Upon reaching the vessel, sure enough, he found a man with a mocking-bird which he at once recognized as the one which he had lost. He told the visitor that the bird belonged to him, and the visitor asked how he could recognize the bird from any other, and was unwilling to give it up until some evidence had been given of ownership.

The Savannahian finally said that he would make complaint before a magistrate, and if he did not prove it by the bird itself, he would not make any further claim. So together they went before Magistrate Railford, who had his office at the time in a little building where the Custom-house now stands. The complaint was made, and the claimant of the bird said that he would prove that the mocking-bird was his, by the bird itself. The magistrate was somewhat surprised, and asked: "How are you going to do that?"

The gentleman replied that he would whistle an air, and if the bird took it up and followed him, it ought to be sufficient evidence of ownership. If the bird did not follow him, then he would make no further claim to it.

He whistled the tune "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning," and the bird joined in and whistled it through without interruption. The magistrate said: "I am satisfied the bird is yours. I don't wish any further evidence of the fact of ownership." The visitor was charmed and wanted the bird badly, and offered \$100 for it, but the owner refused to part with it for any amount.—*Savannah News.*

A PAGE OF PUDDINGS,

EVERY ONE OF WHICH IS TRIED AND TRUE.

The Queen of Puddings.—One teacupful of fine white sugar, two teacupfuls of dry bread-crumbs, a tablespoonful of fresh butter, a pint of boiling milk, pinch of salt, and the beaten yolks of three eggs. The grated rind of a fresh lemon should be added to the first-named ingredients, to the which are put first the boiling milk, and, when cool, the yolks of the eggs. Mix well and pour into a shallow buttered fireproof china dish, or an enamelled pie-dish, bake in moderate oven until set firm and a pale brown colour. Spread over the surface a little choice preserve without stones, and heap upon that a *meringue* of the whites of the eggs beaten with a tablespoonful of sugar and same of cream. Return to the oven to slightly colour the top, then remove at once. Good either hot or cold.

Lemon Meringue Pudding.—A quart of boiling milk poured over two teacupfuls of fine bread-crumbs, when well soaked add two ounces of castor sugar, the grated rind of a fresh lemon, two ounces of butter, and lastly the yolks of four eggs with the juice of half the lemon. Bake in gentle oven to a pale brown colour, then cover with a *meringue* sweetened and flavoured with the remaining lemon-juice. This also is good to eat cold.

Orange pudding may be made in the same way.

Newark Pudding.—One cupful of bread-crumbs soaked in a pint of milk, a tablespoonful of ground rice, a quarter of a pound of raisins, the stones removed and cut in two, a few drops of vanilla or almond essence, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, a pinch of salt and half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda. Separate the yolks and whites of two eggs; add the yolks to the other ingredients first, then lastly stir in lightly the whites; pour the mixture into a buttered dish and bake in gentle oven one hour.

Winter Raspberry Pudding (most delicious).—Two ounces of butter, two eggs, a pound pot of raspberry jam, half a pound of bread-crumbs, a quarter of a pound of brown sugar. Beat the butter and eggs separately, to the butter add the sugar and jam, then the eggs.

Butter a plain mould, sprinkle crumbs all around it and a layer at the bottom, then put in a layer of mixture, then more crumbs and more mixture, until the mould is full. Cover with a buttered paper and bake from three-quarters to one hour in moderate oven. Serve with sweet wine or cream sauce.

Apple Custard Pudding, for eating cold.—Pare, core and slice up four or five good cooking apples, add a little water to them and cook until they will beat up smoothly; sweeten well and flavour. Put them into a buttered pie-dish and carefully pour on the top half a pint of custard made from half a packet of custard powder (sweetened), grate a little nutmeg over, and let the pudding stand in a cool place.

Marmalade Pudding.—Half a pound each of bread-crumbs, beef suet (chopped) and sugar, six ounces of marmalade added. The whole well worked together with three or four well beaten eggs (no other moisture). Boil in a mould for two hours. Best made over-night.

Curates' Puddings.—Put into a saucepan one pint of milk, a few lumps of sugar and a bit of lemon rind, let it nearly boil, remove to cool. Whisk three eggs light, beat into them three spoonfuls of flour, add the sweetened milk by degrees, beat to a smooth batter. Pour into cups, only half filling them, and bake.

Cocoanut Pudding.—Half a pint of milk, quarter of a pound of cocoanut, two tablespoonfuls of cake-crumbs or fine bread-crumbs, two ounces of castor sugar, two ounces of butter, three eggs, one teaspoonful of vanilla.

Simmer the cocoanut in the milk in a saucepan, cream the butter and sugar together. Beat up the eggs, yolks and whites separately. When the cocoanut is tender take the saucepan from the fire and stir into it the butter and sugar. Add the yolks of eggs and vanilla, stirring well; and lastly the whites whipped to a stiff froth; stir lightly and thoroughly and pour into a buttered pie-dish and bake half an hour.

Fig Pudding (superior).—Half a pound of fine grated bread-crumbs, half a pound of good figs cut small, quarter of a pound of beef suet chopped fine, quarter of a pound of moist sugar, two ounces of candied peel shred fine, one ounce of sweet almonds or a little of the essence, half a nutmeg grated.

Mix the dry ingredients well together with a pinch of salt, then moisten the whole with two well whisked eggs and, if wished, a glass of sherry or light wine.

Butter a plain mould or basin, and pour in the mixture, cover the top with a thin paper, tie a cloth tightly over and boil for three hours. Turn out and serve with sweet sauce.

Exeter Pudding (choice).—Make a mixture of the following ingredients—six tablespoonfuls of fine bread-crumbs, two tablespoonfuls of fine sago, three tablespoonfuls of finely chopped suet and three tablespoonfuls of soft sugar. Beat two eggs well, adding half a cup of milk and a little lemon flavouring. Pour over the dry ingredients and mix thoroughly.

Now butter a pudding mould and put in a layer of sponge rusks at the bottom, cover these with a layer of the mixture, next another layer of rusks. On these spread a layer of delicate jam, then a layer of mixture, and so proceed until the mould is full; the top layer must be one of mixture. Bake in the oven for forty minutes or steam for an hour and a half. Serve with sauce made by boiling two or three tablespoonfuls of jam with a little water and straining it.

Nice Chocolate Pudding.—Take a quarter of a pound of stale sponge cakes or rusks in crumbs, two ounces of sugar, three ounces of butter and a quarter of a pound of mild chocolate, three eggs and three quarters of a pint of milk. Rub the butter and sugar to a cream, add the egg yolks well beaten, dissolve the chocolate in the milk and stir altogether, lastly stir in the whites well beaten to a froth. Bake in a deep round tin or steam in a mould about one hour.

Ginger-Bread Pudding.—Excellent for cold weather. Rub together in a basin eight ounces of bread-crumbs and four ounces of flour with six ounces of suet, one teaspoonful of baking-powder, and one teaspoonful each of ground ginger and mixed spice, also half a teaspoonful of salt. Warm well six ounces of treacle. Beat up one egg with a quarter of a pint of milk and stir well into the warm treacle. Pour over the dry ingredients and mix all well together. Pour into a greased mould leaving a little room to swell. Boil steadily for three hours. A few chopped figs or dates can be added to this pudding by way of change.

Swiss Apple Pudding.—Ingredients: Half a dozen large baking apples and half a pound of finely grated bread-crumbs. Butter a pie-dish and cover the bottom with a layer of crumbs, then a layer of sliced apples; sprinkle over these a large spoonful of moist sugar and a little grated nutmeg and lemon rind. Fill the dish with these alternate layers, letting crumbs form the upper and lower layers. Place little pieces of butter here and there over the top of the pudding, or, if liked, a sprinkling of fine suet crumbs, which is better for children. Pour into the dish half a cupful of water and bake gently in a moderate oven until the apples are tender; about half an hour.

Raisin Pudding.—Into one pound of flour rub a teaspoonful of baking-powder and a pinch of salt. Grate the rind of a fresh lemon into it, and add eight ounces of finely shred beef suet, also half a pound of good raisins stoned and cut small. A little spice may be added to flavour if liked. Work into a rather stiff paste with an egg and a cupful of milk.

Butter a plain mould and three parts fill it with the mixture, tie over it a buttered paper and steam the pudding for four hours. Serve with a sauce made by mixing one ounce of cornflour with half a pint of water, one ounce of butter, three ounces of sugar, the grated rind and juice of a lemon. Boil to a cream.

Pembleton Pudding.—Take equal quantities (a teacupful) of bread-crumbs, chopped suet, raisins, currants, sugar, a little shred lemon peel and pinch of salt. Mix with two beaten eggs and a little milk. Bake in well-buttered pie-dish until well set. Make a custard with two more eggs, half a pint of milk sweetened and flavoured, and pour on the top, baking until the custard is firm.

OCTOBER.

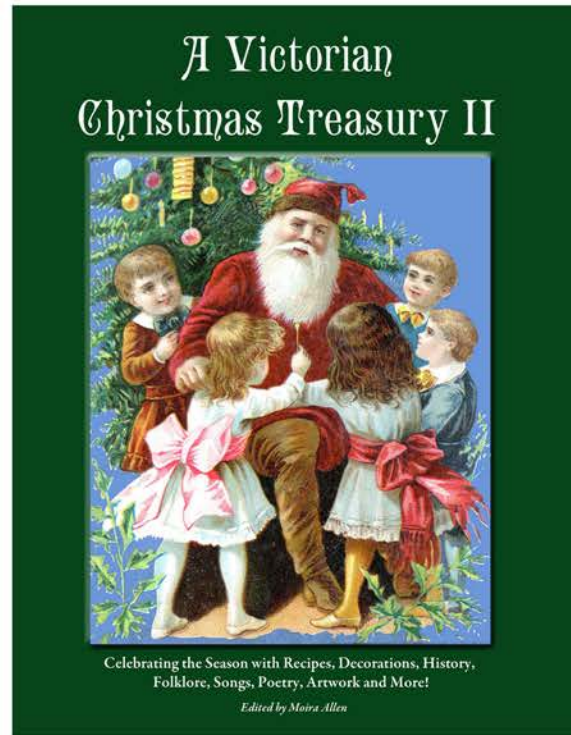
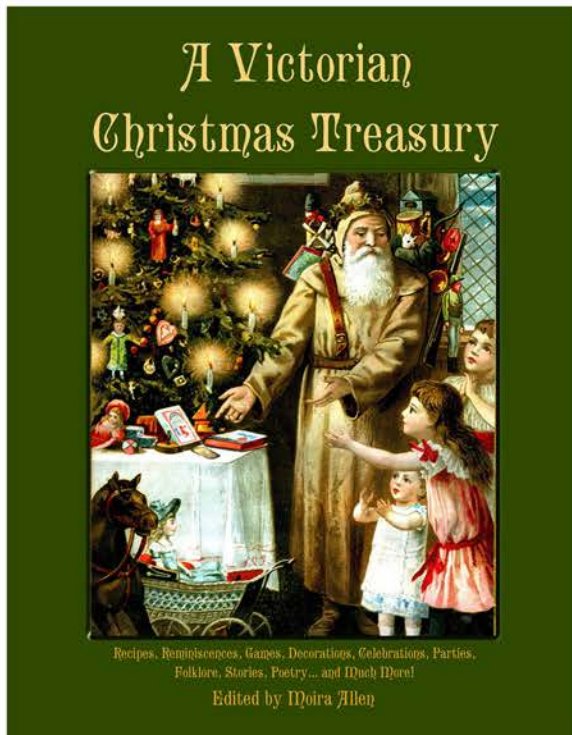


- Hop Fruit.
- Bitter Sweet.
- Bryony.
- Yew.
- Hazel.
- Rowan.
- Oak.
- Bramble.
- Crab.
- Clematis.

FRUITS.

Illustrated London Almanack, 1866

We Wish You a Victorian Christmas...



A festive tree... sparkling baubles... the holly and the ivy... glowing candles and firelight... cards and greetings from those we love... So many of the things we love best about Christmas, from Jolly Old St. Nick to Ebenezer Scrooge, come to us from Victorian days!

Now you can bring an authentic Victorian touch to your holiday celebrations with *A Victorian Christmas Treasury* and *A Victorian Christmas Treasury II*. Discover mouth-watering recipes, unique ways to decorate your home, “new” Christmas carols, and delightful parlor games. Host the perfect Victorian holiday tea! Enjoy tales of holiday celebrations from the blizzards of the American prairie to the blistering sun of the Australian colonies. Plus, discover Christmas as depicted by the wonderful artists of the Victorian world - visions guaranteed to put you in the holiday spirit!

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