

Victorian Times

A Monthly Exploration of Victorian Life



Vol. B-1, No. 1 - January 2024

*The Ragamuffins of London • The Queen's Yacht • Lodgers & Lodgings
Roumanian Embroidery • Feeding the Birds in Winter
Calling Card Etiquette • Two Girls' Holiday in Norway (Part 1)
Some English Recipes • Tips for Travelers • Zoo Stories*

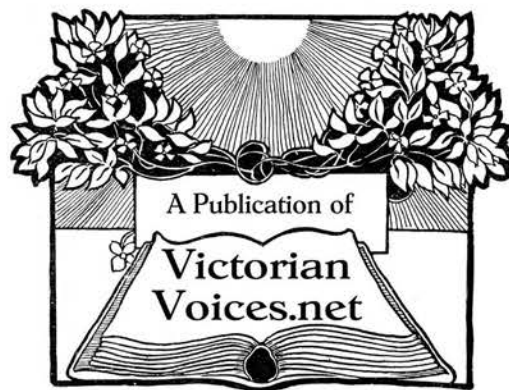
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of Victorian Life

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edited by Moira Allen



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January 2024

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Welcome Back to *Victorian Times*!

Hello, Dear Reader, and welcome (or welcome back) to *Victorian Times*! If you are one of our long-term subscribers, you already have some idea what's in store. If you're new, well, I would say (this being my personal opinion as the editor of this magazine) that you're in for a treat.

If you *are* new and wondering, "what is this, anyway?"—well, *Victorian Times* is a monthly compilation of articles from Victorian periodicals ranging from the 1860's to the very early 1900's. (Technically, the Victorian "era" ended in 1902, with the death of Queen Victoria, but I've stretched the bounds a bit by going a little further into the 1900's, on the basis that both the authors and the readers of those articles would still be, technically, "Victorians.") The focus is on the Victorian lifestyle, and the collections include articles from magazines published in the UK and the US. (In this round, I'm going to indicate in the table of contents which country the magazine was published in.)

You'll find a little bit of everything in these pages: History, folklore, fashion, cooking, crafts, glimpses of Victorian life in the UK and the US, lots of glimpses of Victorian London, the occasional peek at the royals, articles about Victorian pets, and loads more. You'll also find lots and lots of gorgeous Victorian art (which was what got me started on collecting Victorian magazines and books in the first place.)

I launched the original *Victorian Times* in July 2014. In 2019, I decided for various reasons to bring it to a close. In 2021 I brought out *Victorian Creative*, which focused on Victorian arts and crafts. Life, however, in the form of a cross-country move, got in the way—and to be frank, I also got the impression that *Victorian Creative* wasn't striking much of a chord with readers.

Once moved, I began to wonder what project to tackle next, and began to think about how much I missed putting together *Victorian Times*. Could I bring it back to life? One of the reasons I'd ended it was the belief that I was nearly out of material. Over the years, I've collected dozens of Victorian periodicals, but not all the articles are appropriate for *Victorian Times*. I truly thought I had run out.

As I began to review the files, however, I realized that if I changed a few assumptions (particularly regarding how *long* an article I could use), I still had quite a lot of great material to share. Plus, I admit, I couldn't resist picking up a few more magazines just to get something "new." (More on those later.)

And so the idea for a "new series" was born. This seems to be what Victorian magazines would call a new version or edition of an existing publication—so it seemed appropriate to follow suit. The new *Victorian Times* is bigger and better than ever, with more pages and more articles in every issue.

Another bonus to this "series" is that each issue will now be available in print as well as electronically. The previous series was compiled into the print *Victorian Times Quarterly* every three months. Now, assuming the publishing gremlins cooperate, you should be receiving notice that both the electronic and the print issues are available at the same time.

So... if you're an existing "subscriber," you may be wondering how long the series is going to last this time. Well, at present, I have plans for a five-year run. It may last longer—I may have more material than I think. However, as I have now re-examined all my old magazine files, there will certainly come a day when I really *do* run out. We shall see. In the meantime, welcome aboard, and enjoy the ride!

—Moirra Allen, Editor
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RAGAMUFFINS AT PLAY.
From a Drawing by DOROTHY TENNANT.

THE LONDON RAGAMUFFIN.

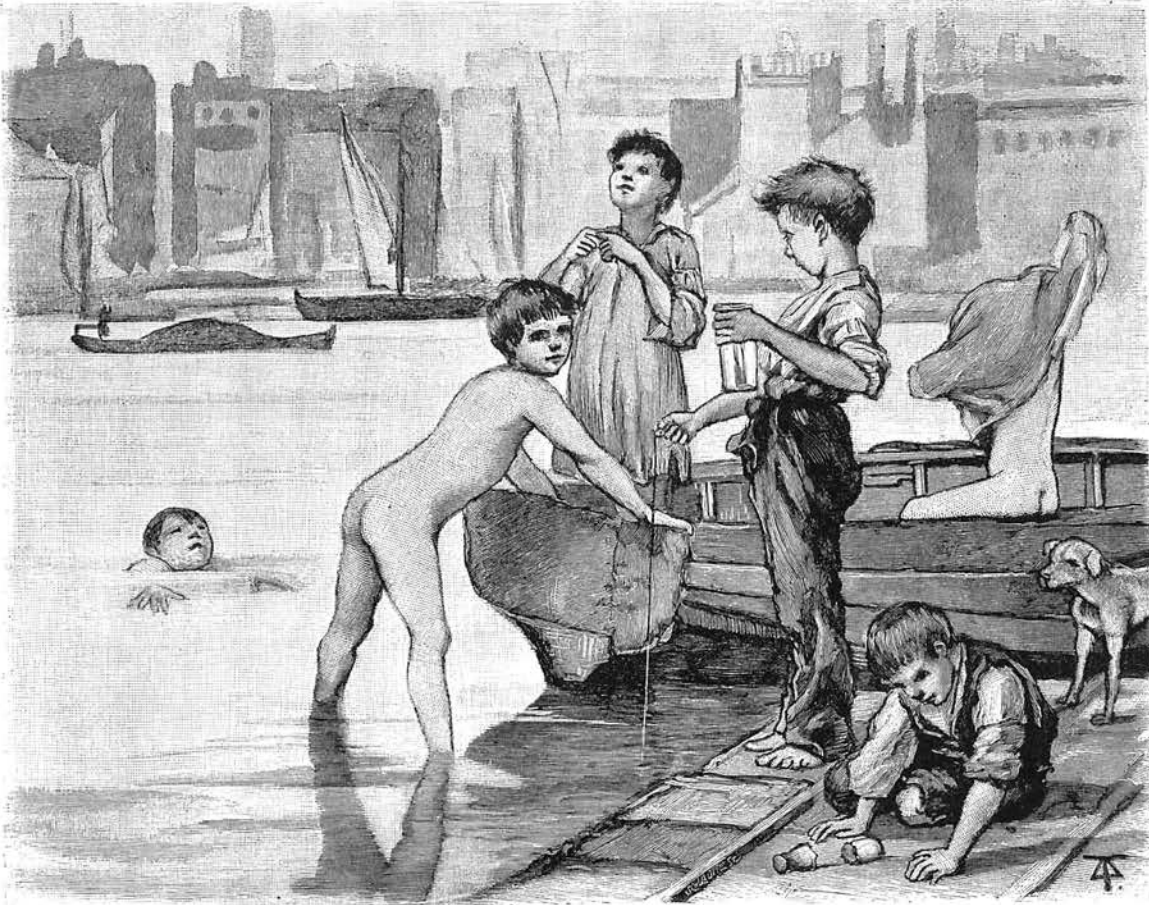


WHEN I consider," says Addison, "this great city in its several quarters and divisions, I look upon it as an aggregate of various nations distinguished from each other by their respective customs, manners, and interests." The customs, manners, and interests of the Ragamuffin have often been described; philanthropists, economists, and journalists are always telling us something about the Ragamuffin and his surroundings. We have learnt from them how children are "dragged up" to the calling of vagrants, thieves, and worse; that they are too often savagely ignorant, precociously vicious, and deperately miserable. We cannot shut our ears to the bitter cry of the children; but the rich and prosperous have not the monopoly of happiness, there *is* the merry laugh as well as the bitter cry; "for the strong pulse of Life vindicates its right to gladness even here," and the ragamuffin shows himself to be something more than a "sorry creature in rags." I propose giving a slight sketch with pen and pencil of a few Street Arabs whose acquaintance I had the pleasure of making, and some of whom I may now call my friends. Perhaps the ragamuffin will one day write an account of us and how we strike him; in the meanwhile, I describe him as he appears to me,

and if he seems to have a very low tide-mark of happiness, and a very different standard of sorrow from ours, we should make all due allowance in consideration of his surroundings, deprivations and ignorance, making *no* allowance for ourselves that this is so.

Saturday afternoon is the best time to meet little Ragamuffins; they are then in full force on the Thames Embankment, by the steps leading down to the water, or climbing and skipping over the broad back, mighty flanks, and passive tail of the two imperturbable sphinxes, placid guardians of Cleopatra's needle. Or on the Lambeth side of the river, where at low tide, the ragamuffin can bathe in the muddy impure waters, taking headers from rude rafts of floating timber. St. James's Park is the favourite resort of children living in the slums of Westminster; here they can see grass, trees, flowers, sheep, and cows. Battersea Park, though a long and weary way for little feet, is also much frequented by the Westminster ragamuffin. In August and September when all the great houses are closed and their owners enjoying themselves far away, surely the London squares might then all be open to the poor of London, who from year's end to year's end can have no change of air or scene.

It was in St. James's Park that I first met Canon Southey, not a dignitary of the Church as his name would suggest, but a very ragged specimen of the Street Arab, in company of some half dozen urchins of his own age. They were fishing for sticklebacks and



ON THE SURREY SIDE OF THE THAMES.
 From a Drawing by DOROTHY TENNANT.

minnow with all the eager gravity of accomplished fishermen.

By means of rudely improvised nets and lines floated with matches and baited with worms, they contrived to catch dozens of tiny fish, destined to die a lingering death in pickle-bottles filled with muddy water. As I approached the little group I could not but admire a rich-eyed Murillo-like boy of eight or nine dressed in curious rags ingeniously fastened together. I beckoned to him, but he only glanced up with supreme indifference, and returned to his sport. A bright sixpence, however, has magic charms; the boys started up and stood round me, shuffling their bare feet in the sand, and nudging each other with sly winks and nods.

"I want that boy," I said, pointing to the dark-eyed little fellow who called himself Canon Southey. After much confabbing, persuasion, and encouragement from his companions he reluctantly consented to follow me home; the others keeping him in sight till we entered the house.

Canon Southey was reserved, and grave, and in common with most boys of his class only answered often-repeated questions by a nod or rapid gesture. When he found he could get bread and jam, sixpences, empty biscuit-tins and pickle-bottles, any length of twine, ends of pencil "black-leads" and other "unconsidered trifles," he grew more sociable, and condescendingly told me that he had no objection to coming again. "On which floor do you lodge?" he asked; when I told him we occupied the whole house, he smiled incredulously saying, "Get along!" which being interpreted means, "You must not expect me to believe that." He then asked me why my "big brother wore silver buttons like a policeman"? I was puzzled till he explained, "That chap as opened the door to us." As the servant in livery was supposed to be my brother, my mother was accredited with cooking the dinner. "Your mother *does* cook nice dinners," he declared emphatically after a substantial meal. As a rule, however, street children eat little, and

are very fanciful about food : boys and girls preferring tea and bread and butter to almost anything. They eat meat sparingly, seldom tasting it at home excepting perhaps on Sundays.

Doubtless the coarse preparation of treacle and sugar called toffee or lollipops, which they carry about tied up with them in their rags or apologies for pockets, corrects those healthy hunger cravings which experience tells them will not be otherwise satisfied. The babies, I believe, are many of them kept alive by the sugar sticks and

would be? The prospect pleased his fancy. He looked meditatively at me before answering, "Well . . . I'd begin with a cup of eels, a halfpenny a cup hot, but cold, a penny, 'cos then it's fixed stiff. Eelpies is twopence, they are very good, but I'd sooner have bullock's heart; they cost eightpence apiece; after that I think I'd have tripe, tripe and inions biled in milk, then sheep's head or cold biled beef, you gets it at the shop, two ounces at twopence halfpenny. Greens is a halfpenny, and pease pudding a halfpenny; plum pudding is a penny-halfpenny a slice, but I likes two



THE INFANT RAGAMUFFIN.
From a Drawing by DOROTHY TENNANT.

sugar-balls they are for ever sucking. I have known some of the poorest and hungriest children turn away from a plate of rice and gravy, rice not forming a customary item of diet with the very poor : on the other hand, potatoes they will prefer even to meat. But no dinner we could provide for these children and their families would satisfy them so well as that to which they treat themselves on some festive occasion—a wedding, boxing-day, or even a funeral. I asked Canon Southey if he had an unlimited sum of money, and as unlimited an appetite, what the "menu "

'doorsteps' at a halfpenny apiece just as well." "Doorsteps," I found, were thick slices of bread spread with jam. "Raspberry or strawberry flavouring, they calls it."

After this copious meal I observed to him that he would feel very thirsty. "I belong to the 'Sons of Phoenix,'" he said, proudly, "so I wouldn't touch beer, I'd drink a penn'orth of gingeret, or a glass of punch and judy (lemonade), but sherbert is best; you buy a lot of the powder for a penny, and pour water on it, then it fizzes away whilst you drinks, some boys fill their mouths with

the powder so that it goes off inside of them." "Would you buy any sweets?" I inquired. "Yes, I'd buy three farthings of camarels (a corruption of "caramel"), and a ha'porth of nonpareils." He then drew from his pocket a handful of "sweet pipers;" these are flat, white preparations of sugar, with two holes, through which by blowing, you can produce a shrill whistle; these peculiar dainties are further ornamented with insipid inscriptions. Finding I was interested in what was to him so interesting, Canon Southey brought me a very sticky collection of sweets, "the Creation," rude shapes of birds and beasts in coloured sugar, and "jujube babies," transparent little figures of gum and sugar wrapped in papers with the following lines:—

"Oh come and taste us, we are sweet
From crown of head to sole of feet."

Canon Southey obligingly offered to provide me with little models of any age, varying from three months to thirteen—little duplicates of himself in ragged corduroys, small sisters and tiny babies, twins, who could "sit up, fight, eat pigs' trotters, and drink hot tea from a saucer." They were eleven at home. I inquired of Canon Southey whether these accomplished twins had been christened. He answered, with much assurance, "No, they ain't never been christened, but mother had them vaccinated instead."

I soon found my little model very useful and suggestive, quick at catching the attitudes and expressions I required; but he had views of his own, and was very desirous of being painted in some momentary or impossible attitude—doing the wheel, or standing on his head, an accomplishment he was very proud of. "I can beat most chaps walking on my 'ead, only it don't pay like the 'cat-wheel.' Gents chuck down coppers from the busses for the wheel, but they don't care for this 'ead-walking;" and Canon, with his feet in the air, head downwards, proceeded to walk about on his hands with unsteady steps. Another accomplishment, highly in favour, is to swarm up lamp-posts, catch hold of the projecting iron rod, the ladder support, and swing therefrom. Additional zest is of course given by the threatened appearance of the police, better known as "coppers," from the verb "to cop" or catch. The policemen are well known to the boys, and appropriately nicknamed by them. There is "Jumbo," too stout to run; "Ginger," the red-haired, who is "awful mad" if he catches the boys fishing or climbing trees

in the park; "Tiptoes," who stealthily catches them gambling at chuck-farthing; "but some of 'em are quiet enough," he said, "till they sees a sergeant, and then they have to look alive and be what they call minding their *dooty*."

I never came across a Ragamuffin who looked forward to becoming a policeman, a sailor, or a soldier. A policeman might be killed, a sailor might be drowned, and a soldier might be shot. His future troubles him very little, his past not at all. The



THE TWINS.

From a Drawing by DOROTHY TENNANT.

present is all in all, and must be enjoyed somehow or other.

"What is title? what is treasure?
What is reputation's care?
If we lead a life of pleasure,
'Tis no matter how or where
"Life is all a variorum;
We regard not how it goes;
Let them cant about decorum
Who have characters to lose."

But with all their reckless readiness to enjoy, a disease exclusively ascribed to the rich is surprisingly developed among the very poorest, and that is *ennui*. Boys and girls, men and women, left to themselves are

utterly at a loss for interest or amusement. No doubt the children when together contrive to amuse themselves; but left to his own devices the child, either from lack of imagination or want of emulation, soon finds the hours intolerably long.

Even in my studio, which is full of what must be new, and one would have thought interesting, to the little waifs, I found myself obliged to be constantly exciting them with stories, or promises of wonderful things they should see by and by; otherwise, the novelty once over, they disappeared, and were with difficulty tempted back.

quiet, which they look upon as work, they are allowed to play in the garden with three or four of their friends; this is much looked forward to and appreciated, and "puts heart into them" during the sittings. By far the most fatiguing model, however, is the small baby—a little brother and sister acting as nurse. Of course, it always goes to sleep when it should be awake, or screams when it should be smiling. It has also to be fed. One baby of a few months old required warm sugar and water, or bread soaked in water; it was not *accustomed* to milk!

It is not at all unusual to find very fine-



THE WHEEL.

From a Drawing by DOROTHY TENNANT.

One sulky little lad, after a few minutes of sitting still, declared that "he couldn't come again." For some time I failed to extract anything beyond this, "No; I ain't coming here never no more," confessing at last that it was so "plaguy dull."

Little Dick Murphy went home with all kinds of treasures—boxes, a scrap-book, fruit and cakes; but he was true to his word, he never returned. I could multiply cases of boys who find sitting still for a few minutes, at longest a quarter of an hour, quite unbearable, and to lure them back there is no ingenuity or device I have not resorted to. In the summer, after a fair amount of sitting

limbed, rosy-cheeked children in wretched homes, thriving on wretched diet, and up to a certain age apparently not requiring animal food; but after seven years old the deficiency begins to tell, and the child remains stunted, and grows pale like a plant deprived of light and air.

Amongst the poor the elder children often look prematurely old, sharp-featured, and anxious, whereas the little ones appear thriving, as if they belonged to a better class of home.

The boys I have found more original and interesting than the girls, who develop earlier, and show much precocity as regards the con-

duct of life. One afternoon, attracted by the singularly-refined face of a flower-girl passing in the Strand, I went up to her, bought some of her flowers, and asked her to come and sit to me, explaining that I wished to "take her likeness." She said rather condescendingly, that as her business-time was chiefly of an evening when the theatres were open, she would consent to do so. The next morning, an hour after the appointed time, my flower-girl appeared. She looked nonchalantly about her; then, seeing a large mirror, stood some time before it in silence, gazing lovingly at herself, and at length exclaimed, "Well, it is a *rare* chance to see oneself like this!" and turned her small antique head from side to side, bridling and peacocking with infinite grace. She was shy, and yet defiant. Her clothes hung closely and yet loosely round her graceful form, showing the deficiency of under-clothing. Her head was bare; her beautiful, rusty hair in rich profusion gathered up in a careless knot. When the cold wind blew, she drew her ragged shawl over her head. Her ignorance, her knowledge, her audacity were fairly bewildering. She seemed to have no affections, no ambitions. Sometimes she would laugh, as if born to do nothing else, but with a melancholy look in her eyes. This young forsaken thing lived alone in a room she paid for by the week. She liked to stay in bed till ten or eleven in the morning, though on market days it was necessary to be at Covent Garden very early to buy flowers. These she arranged as tastefully as possible with wire, leaves, and fern, placing them in a light flat basket filled with moss, which is usually carried tilted on the palm of the hand. In the afternoon she took up her stand at the entrance to some restaurant in the Strand, or by the approaches to Charing Cross Station. As soon as the theatres opened she hovered about the entrances, but on wet nights no one would linger to buy "button-holes." People only thought of hurrying into or away from the theatres, so the unsold flowers had to be carried home and kept fresh if possible, to be palmed off, when they seemed withered, in dark corners of the street, "not too near the street lamps." The girl could read, she said, but "didn't hold to books." Ladies never gave her anything she cared to read; it was always "goody rubbish they wouldn't so much as look at theirsels." She used sometimes to attend a sewing-class, where ladies came to read aloud twice a week, "but it was heavy reading." Once an old gentleman

"preached" about scarlet fever, and what poor people should do; "but there wasn't much sense in what he said," was her only comment.

One of the greatest pleasures she confessed was looking in at shop windows—especially the jewellers' shops in the Strand. Locketts, earrings, and bracelets, she spoke of with something like fervour. The photographs of actresses, professional beauties, and the



A DESPISED ACCOMPLISHMENT.
From a Drawing by DOROTHY TENNANT.

royalties, seemed also a source of unfailing interest. "I don't think much of Mrs. Langtry; I know plenty of girls about the market quite as well-looking, though not so stylish." She much objected to the Queen being photographed in a bonnet and the Prince of Wales in a tall hat. "It ain't distinguished; it don't matter so much how the royal people looks indoors, but they shouldn't go out in them common things."

One morning she brought me as a present



THE BEGINNING OF A COURTSHIP.
From a Drawing by DOROTHY TENNANT.

a large bunch of fresh violets and I never saw her again.

One young girl aged seventeen, in whom I had been interested—a gentle, helpless, little thing—came to me the other day, begging for work or sittings. She was lately married to a young man of nineteen. This was the history of their courtship in all its ugly simplicity: “We met for the first time years ago. He was errand boy to a greengrocer. I was a little girl nursing Mary Ann, then a baby. The first time as ever I

saw him was with one of them vegetable baskets on his head like a big bonnet; he never was much to look at, but at that time he looked the ugliest boy I ever saw, but he spoke nice and civil to me and sometimes he gave Mary Ann a ride in his basket. Then he went away to another street and I didn't see him for a long while. Did I ever think of him when he was away? Oh, no, Miss; I even forgot his name. Well, last year his father and mother came and lodged in our buildings. Jim was 'prenticed to a

boiler-maker. Sometimes he came to the buildings and I met him on the stairs. Once he carried up my pail for me, and the next day he came and made so bold as to ask me to walk with him on Sunday. I said, 'No.' He asked me again the following week, and I again said 'No.' Then Mrs. Sweeny, his mother, meeting me on the landing, said, 'Why won't you walk out with James, he is a tidy lad?' So I answered, 'I didn't think he meant it.' After that I consented to walk with Jim Sweeny if Katie, my sister, might come with us, and as he said three wasn't company, we found another young man to walk with Katie. The first time we

care for him, so he came round at that and was soft and humble-like. I came round too, and we found a room at four shillings a week. We were married last month, and . . . please Miss, Jim can't get no reg'lar work, and I don't know whatever we shall do this winter."

We hear much of the want of thrift, in other words the absence of self-denial amongst the poor. Perhaps it is hard to expect much voluntary self-denial where there is so much forced denial. The question, however, has been raised, whether, after all, this carelessness of to-morrow is not inherent in our people, whether their recklessness, the im-



A COURT BALL.

From a Drawing by DOROTHY TENNANT.

went to Battersea Park. We didn't talk much, we hadn't nothink pertickler to say. We went out reg'lar after that. One day Jim said as how he thought we might marry when he'd done his 'prenticeship and came to earn reg'lar wages; he thought we could easily earn enough to hire a room. I said to him, 'Get along!' but he kept to it, and asked my mother and father. They said they wouldn't cross me if I was minded to marry Jim; it was best, my mother said, for me to make my own misery and not have it made for me; so then I thought I'd wait, and I told Jim, but he said he would take up with another girl if I kep' him waiting. This made me sharp, and I pretended I didn't

providence of their early marriages, their eagerness to gratify immediate desire, their "don't care" for the future, would really be corrected and finally overcome by education, by better food and housing, by allotments of land, and industrial partnerships. It is rash to say that the patient will not recover before the remedies have been tried; it is difficult to believe that men will not improve if their condition is improved, and that it will not follow as an undoubted corollary that "when that improvement is of a signal character, and a generation grows up which has always been used to an improved scale of comfort, the habits of this new generation in respect to population become formed upon a higher

minimum, and the improvement in their condition becomes permanent."

I cannot refrain from quoting here a song of the slums, interesting only as affording an illustration of the thriftlessness before alluded to:—

I.

"Up and down Pie street,
The windows made of glass,
Call at number thirty-three,
You'll see a pretty lass.

II.

"Her name is Annie Robinson,
Catch her if you can,
She married Charlie Anderson
Before he was a man.

III.

"Bread and dripping all the week,
Pig's head on Sunday;
Half-a-crown on Saturday night,
A farthing left for Monday.

IV.

"She only brought a bonnet-box,
He only brought a ladle;
So when the little baby came,
It hadn't got no cradle."

Our national songs, I am told, are dying out; the great and stirring events of the day are no longer sung by street ballad-singers; no current political, criminal, or exciting topics are now to be heard chanted in the streets. The death of illustrious personages, records of noble deeds, patriotic songs of England's prowess, all have passed away. The Ragamuffin now, when asked to sing, will feebly pipe such ephemeral ditties as "Alice said to Jumbo," "Over the garden wall," "Oh my little darling," etc. With the ballads the old hurdy-gurdy disappeared, giving place to the barrel-organ, which, alas, is replaced by the piano-organ—that musical engine of torture. If singing is becoming extinct, dancing is still the fashion, and the organ in courts or alleys still sets the little girls jigging in couples.

As I was walking one summer's evening through the intricate back streets near the Thames, I heard the sound of a lively Scotch reel. There is a good-humoured gaiety about these Scotch dances which is always attractive, even when played on a piano-organ. I followed the sound of the music, and found myself in a little court filled with children dancing merrily. I stood there some time enjoying the sight of a real street ball. They were whirling about together, some in couples, others less fortunate bound-

ing about alone. They clasped each other round the waist, round the neck—anyhow indeed, footing it lightly and joyously. Two older girls with a pretty self-conscious hesitation and graceful balancing to the music, dipped into the dance and were soon spinning round at a giddy pace: as I watched, the ball grew more and more animated, and although the organ went steadily through its programme of solemn marches, doleful melodies or lightsome strathspeys, it was all one to the children. The taller girls kept more rhythmic measure, the little ones skipped and danced regardless of time or tune, holding out their tattered skirts with a grace evoked by the music. When out of breath or tired they sat down on some neighbouring doorstep and unconcernedly tied up a garter or thrust back their curls behind the snood. The boys seldom condescend to figure among the girls, and the girls are unwilling to admit them as the dancing is apt to degenerate into rough play.

I stood watching them till the sun sank behind the chimney-pots and the children's shadows lengthened into fantastic shapes. The light of the street lamp, before unnoticed in the fulness of daylight, now asserted itself, and I left the ball, though one or two couples were still floating round to the tune of "The grandfather's clock."

The Ragamuffin whenever we see him is at play; and this brings me to the consideration of their games and sports, though I feel somewhat like the author of the work on Iceland who coming to the chapter entitled "Snakes," could only write "there are no snakes in Iceland." Without going so far as to say there are no games among the children of the streets, it is nevertheless undeniable that most of their games are worn out traditions without sense or purpose.

The boys still show dexterity with the top, and there is a variety of games of marbles, buttons, cherry and date stones, requiring more or less skill; but with these few exceptions the games are greatly in want of revising. Canon told me that the boys themselves grew weary of the sameness of their games. They had tried to invent new ones, but they found nothing better than a variation of "foot-head" or leap-frog. Excepting cricket, which requires suitable ground, wicket, stumps, and a good ball, and is therefore beyond the reach of most ragamuffins, their games are without rules and without object, accompanied by meaningless doggerels, especially among the girls.

Great good might be done by teachers or volunteers if they would introduce some new

and lively games into the playground—games the children would eagerly learn, and, in turn, teach their playfellows—games not necessarily instructive, but at least removed from sheer imbecility.

Watching some half a dozen boys disporting themselves in our garden, I was struck by the irregularity of their play, which consisted chiefly in running after one another, knocking down the weakest, kneeling upon him, and rolling over and over like puppies. Recalling some merry French games which I adapted to their understanding, I taught them amusing romps, though not before

eyes sparkling, their lips parted, as with breathless interest they saw the frog, cock, or boat shaping itself. If Ragamuffins, among themselves, play without rule or reason, they fight also without reason or formality. Canon Southey was not violent or uncontrolled—he acknowledged having “punched boys of his own size”—but to him prudence was the better part of valour, he “didn’t care to stand up agin a bigger chap,” though the Irish boys, he said, would fight fellows twice their size. The fiercest fights are kindled over the gambling, this gambling which the police are powerless to put down, the



THE YOUNG GAMBLERS.
From a Drawing by DOROTHY TENNANT.

repeated failures and being obliged to play with them myself till they learnt how to play alone. In the winter, after the sittings, a glue-pot was brought out, and we made wonderful and curious things with pieces of wood and a handful of nails—graceful little boats from match-boxes, fighting cocks made with corks and pins, inflated frogs from cunningly-folded writing-paper. My pupils were, I acknowledge, slow to learn, clumsy and awkward with their fingers; but it was worth all the trouble of teaching them to watch their eager, absorbed faces, to see their

grievous scourge of our street children. It is hardly realised to what an extent the ragamuffin is demoralised by gambling; if he has no money to toss he will stake his very rags. Chance becomes his god. He will talk of “trying his luck,” “taking his chance,” “looking for a turn of the cards,” or a “toss of the die.” Some of these boys become such confirmed gamblers that a game at which you cannot *win something* is not *worth* playing. They begin at three or four years of age to spin buttons, “shanks or smooth,” or chucking farthings for so many scores of



LEAP-FROG.

From a Drawing by DOROTHY TENNANT.

cherry stones or dozens of buttons. The boys take it in turn to watch for the police, giving warning of their approach by a shrill whistle or predetermined signal. Instantly the greasy cards disappear, the farthings or buttons are whipped into the pocket, only to reappear as soon as the coast is clear. The ragamuffin welcomes any form of excitement—a street fight, an accident, a crowd, a procession; he scents from afar, and his bare feet carry him swiftly thither. Canon Southey when he wished to make himself particularly entertaining would begin describing to me some wild, lawless fight he had witnessed in their yard or street, showing genuine astonishment when I desired him to talk of something else.

“Why, there is a picture of the man, after he was knocked down, in the *Police News*

this week!” Surely, if there was an illustration of the victim or the ruffian, I should take an interest in the subject.

One morning Canon Southey arrived late, his eyes sparkling with pleased excitement. Asking the cause of this unwonted animation, I learnt that “Aunt Betsy was dead.” His inhuman glee arose from no hardness of heart, but simply from the importance and bustle occasioned by the death of a relation. It was some relief to find that Aunt Betsy had never been very intimate with them. “I used to fetch coals for her sometimes, but she never gave me nothink; sometimes I used to go round to fetch cousin Mary Ann to play with, but Aunt Betsy if she caught me would hit me about the head. Aunt Betsy when she was ill told mother she wanted to die; she thought, I suppose, she’d

be more comfortable *then*, though mother *did* buy her fried soles. Aunt Betsy used to be very fond of them when she was well. Now she's gone to glory. I went to see her last night; she was all wrapped up tight. I don't know what for, as she can't feel nothink now. May be, it is to keep her from turning in her grave. I have heard of people doing that."

Canon was looking forward to the funeral, and to wearing a band of black cloth on his sleeve. "Aunt Betsy's funeral is to be very grand; the horse that pulls her will be all black, with a long tail, and the driver will wear a long black cloth on his hat. The more you pay the slower they drives; if you pay very little they trot all the way." Canon Southey then made the astounding assertion that "those kind of horses is used to burials, and they cry all the way along the road." "You mean the relations?" I said, thinking the boy was becoming confused; but he stoutly maintained that the horses which drew the hearse always wept audibly. When I asked him the reason of this more than human display of feeling, he said he "didn't know; they did it natural of theirsels." I inquired whether the driver showed any like feeling; but no, it was confined to the horses. His mother, grandmother, and cousins had felt Aunt Betsy's death very much at first, but they were "getting over it now."

Any one who would take the trouble to win the confidence of these neglected children would sometimes be very deeply touched by what they say. Not the least touching is their indifference to and acceptance of the evils which weigh upon them. The genuine Ragamuffin will never complain. He never expects or even hopes that his condition will improve; he is as much a fatalist as the Turk. I once asked an interesting little boy, with a pale, careworn face and an intelligent expression, if he had ever wondered why it was that he had nothing but rags; why it was he had no boots, and sometimes no bread to eat, whilst I had plenty of everything? He looked up at me with a calm, patient expression, as much as to say, "I have never wondered at such things." "Tell me," I persisted, "have you ever thought about this difference?" "It's the Lord's will," he replied tritely; but he seemed reluctant, when I pressed him, to explain what he understood by the Lord's will. At last in a timid, hurried voice, he said, "It is all the Lord's doing, this way: you are grand-like,

and dress nice, and lives in a big house, and you have a pianner, and—and," he looked round the room that he might enumerate all our titles to consideration, "and a sofy; so the Lord sees as how you are gentlefolks, and He thinks lots of such like as you. But we are very poor, we are; mother pawns the blankets, and father beats mother, and swears awful. We ain't got no Sunday things; we're all raggety, so the Lord don't take much notice on us."



A SCUFFLE.

From a Drawing by DOROTHY TENNANT.

If, instead of accounting for his wretchedness and want by making poverty the reason for being poor, the boy had asked *me* why he was so neglected and miserable, I should have been puzzled to answer him. Perhaps the following letter from Mr. Bright would be the answer. Anyhow it will interest readers from the view—the statesman's view—of the subject. Sometime ago

I sent Mr. Bright a copy of that pathetic little Irish story, *Flitters, Tatters, and the Counsellor*—the history of three Dublin waifs. “The story,” Mr. Bright writes, “is full of interest and sadness. Will the time ever come when it will be untrue of any portion of our population? If the exact influence of our wars since the accession of William III., with their expenditure of blood and wealth, upon the condition of our

cure, and which are the price we pay for the miserable glory which military successes confer upon us.”

Will the time ever come, asks Mr. Bright, when such sad stories will be untrue of any portion of our population? We do look to this and to a yet higher consummation when rags and ragamuffins shall have disappeared, when the existing order will be changed, or rather exchanged, for a



AN UNEQUAL MATCH.
From a Drawing by DOROTHY TENNANT.

poorest class, or I may say upon the creation and existence of it, could be measured, perhaps we should find that ‘the three waifs’ were the direct offspring of the policy which has been determined by ‘monarchs and statesmen,’ but in which our people have had no real interest or concern. War and war expenditure, and the savagery and cruelties connected with it, are responsible for much of the evils we see and lament and cannot

higher and better order, when it will be hard to realise that there ever were such evils, such misery, such shameful, shameless ignorance; just as it requires a powerful imagination to picture England a dreary waste of marsh and forest, ourselves the descendants or inheritors of savage races living in the swamps like the brutes.

We have now reached a stage at which progress is, to a great extent, in the hands

of those who *will* to advance. The people are beginning to realise that none can help them better than themselves. Independence, a consciousness of personal worth and personal rights, is steadily growing and strengthening. Far from repressing, we should hail with satisfaction the present dissatisfaction of the poor in town and country, for it is dissatisfaction with their present condition which alone makes improvement possible. As long as our poor are satisfied to herd together in close, ill-ventilated rooms, eat bad adulterated food, accept over-work and under-payment, it will be very hard to remedy these evils. Trade unions—that grand organisation for the protection of the working man's interests—are entirely the result of well-directed dissatisfaction; it is the dissatisfaction of the people which will give them the equalisation of the Franchise; and it is the dissatisfaction with his rags, his miserable insufficient diet and abject home, not resignation, which will induce the Ragamuffin to bestir himself, get decently clothed, fed, and housed; and when he has these things, without doubt self-respect will come also. The best thing we can do for him is to teach him a noble dissatisfaction—teach him that there are no “upper and lower classes” in the usual acceptance of the word; that we should only recognise as

belonging to the upper or higher class those who are of what Gambetta proudly called “the aristocracy of the best”; then the odious designation “lower class” will no longer be applicable to the poorer class alone.

We should try and show the Ragamuffin how he may become a member of the great untitled nobility; show him that it is only by reforming himself that he can hope to reform the evils about him. For encouragement, for the assurance that continued effort shall triumph over every obstacle and resistance to progress, we should read and remember the words of John Stuart Mill:—
“All the grand sources of human suffering are in a great degree, many of them, entirely conquerable by human care and effort; and though their removal is grievously slow, though a long succession of generations will perish in the breach before the conquest is completed and this world becomes all that, if will and knowledge were not wanting, it might easily be made, yet every mind sufficiently intelligent and generous to bear a part, however unobtrusive in the endeavour, will draw a noble enjoyment from the contest itself which he would not for any bribe in the form of selfish indulgence consent to be without.”

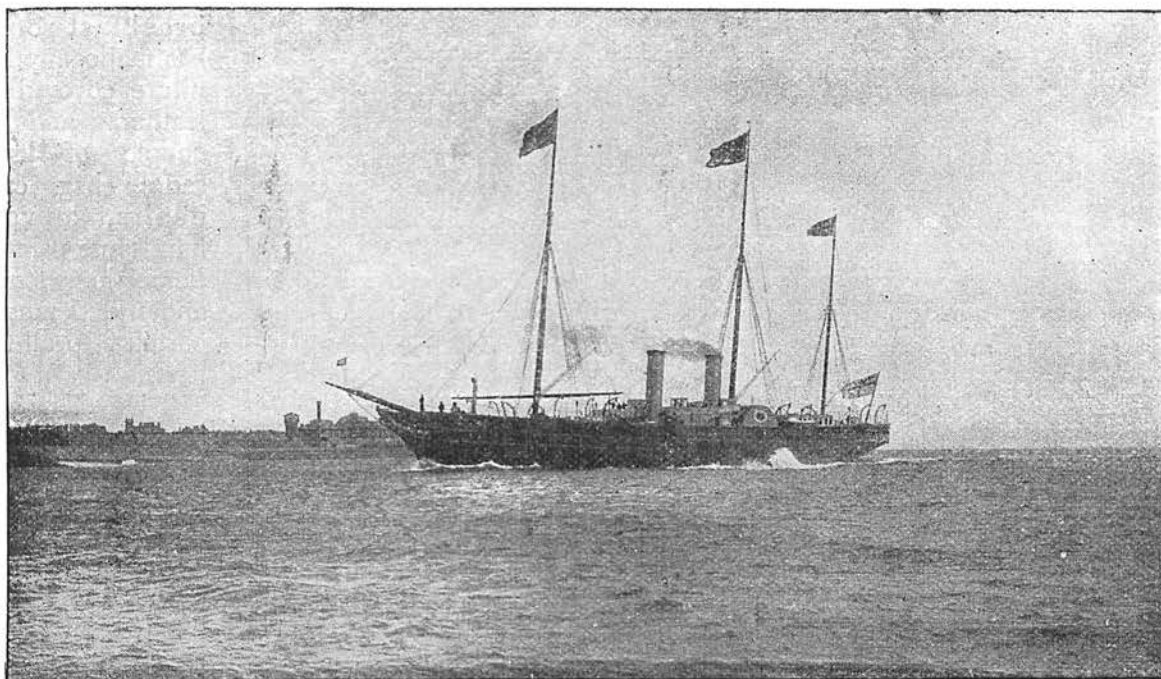
DOROTHY TENNANT.



The Queen's Yacht.

BY MRS. M. GRIFFITH.

(By special permission of Her Majesty the Queen.)



From a Photo. by]

THE "VICTORIA AND ALBERT."

[G. West & Son, Southsea.



THE *Victoria and Albert* is a paddle vessel of 2,470 tons, built by Her Majesty's Government and launched from Pembroke Dock in 1855. Her dimensions are: extreme length, 336ft. 4in. ; breadth of deck, 40ft. ; displacement in tons, when deep, 2,390 tons.

Her engines make twenty-one revolutions a minute, and are supplied by four boilers, with six furnaces to each. It takes about six tons of coal to get up steam, and about three tons an hour to keep her at full speed. Highest indicated horse-power, 2,400.

Her Majesty the Queen made her first cruise in her on July 12th, 1855.

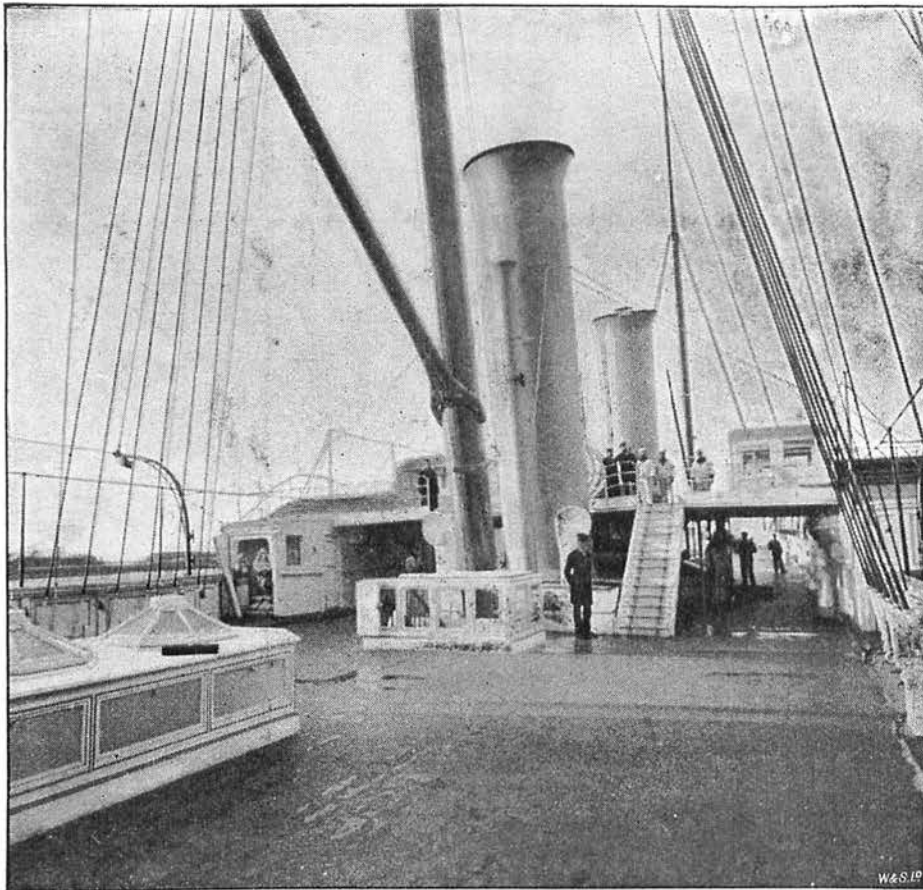
What will first strike any visitor going on board the *Victoria and Albert* is the utter lack of luxury and magnificence of decoration and furniture in the Royal apartments. The most perfect simplicity, combined with good taste, prevails everywhere. It would be well for those who complain of the cost of our Royal yachts to compare them with those of other nations, and note the difference.

The deck is covered with linoleum, over which red carpeting is laid when the Queen is on board ; and plenty of lounges and cushions laid about and many plants, which

contrast pleasantly with the white and gold with which the vessel is painted. She is lit electrically throughout, having forty-two accumulating cells. She carries two brass guns (six pounders) for signalling only. There is a pretty little five-o'clock-tea cabin on deck, which has a hood coming down from the doorway, as a protection from the wind. There is also a miniature armoury, lamp-room, chart-room, and a number of lockers for signalling-flags.

All the Royal apartments have the floors covered with red and black Brussels carpet, in small coral pattern ; the walls hung with rosebud chintz, box pleated ; the doors of bird's-eye maple, with handles of iron, and fittings heavily electro-plated. Her Majesty's bedroom has a brass bedstead screwed into sockets in the floor, bed furniture of rosebud chintz lined with green silk, canopy to match, green silk blinds, and plain white muslin curtains with goffered frills, mahogany furniture, chintz-covered. Dressing-room : mahogany furniture, covered with green leather, writing and dressing table combined ; the walls covered with maps and charts on spring rollers.

The wardrobe-room, in which Her Majesty's dresser sleeps, is furnished in a similar style ;



From a]

THE DECK.

[Photograph. W&S IP

and here I saw a boat cloak of blue embossed velvet, lined with scarlet cloth, and another made entirely of scarlet cloth and with the "Star" on the front, which once belonged to George IV., but is now sometimes worn by the Queen.

In the Princess Royal's room—as it is still called—the furniture is of maple, an electric light pendant hangs over the toilet table, the walls are a pale salmon colour, and the cornice a shell pattern in white and gold, the ceiling done in imitation of plaster.

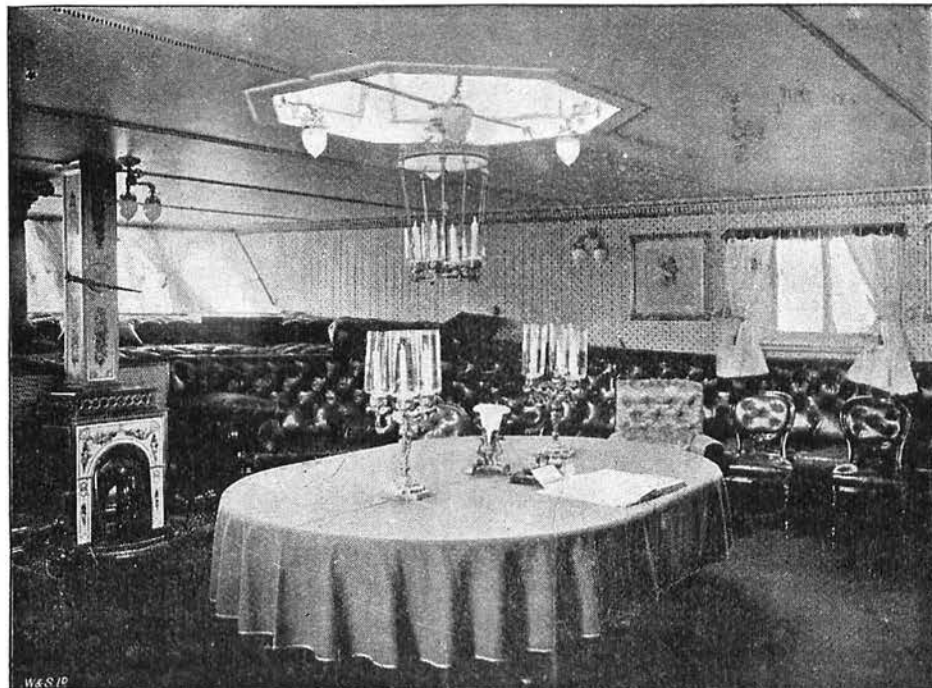
The cabin which was formerly occupied by the Prince of Wales and Duke of Edinburgh contains two little brass bedsteads,

maple furniture, decorated with the Prince of Wales' Feathers; and the Tutor's cabin opens out of it.

The pavilion, or breakfast-room, has mahogany furniture covered in leather, and a couple of large saddle-bag easy chairs, a very handsome painted porcelain stove, and frilled muslin curtains to all the parts.

The dining-room is furnished in a similar way, but the walls are hung with charts and portraits of the former captains of the vessel, who were as follows: (1) Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence, (2)

Sir Joseph Denman, (3) George Henry Seymour, C.B., (4) His Serene Highness Prince of Leiningen, (5) Captain Hugh Campbell, and (6) Captain Frank Thompson. A very handsome candelabrum is of nautical



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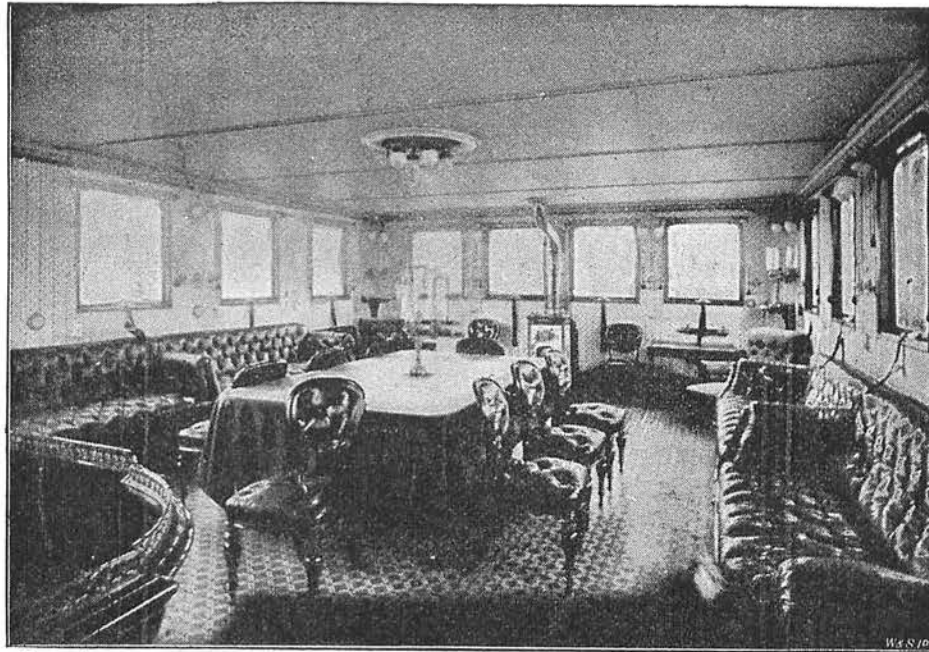
From a Photo. by]

THE PAVILION.

[Symonds & Co., Portsmouth.

design, and the brass coal scuttle is fashioned like a nautilus shell; walls, salmon; and cornice, white and gold, in "Rose, Shamrock, and Thistle" design.

Her Majesty's drawing-room is 26ft. by 18ft. 6in. The walls chintz-covered, and hung with portraits of the Royal Family in oval gilt frames, in the same design as the cornice; the furniture of bird's-eye maple; the coverings, all of chintz, to match the walls. Two large sofas, one at each end of the room; two or three easy chairs, the others high-backed; an "Erard" piano, book-case and cabinet combined, writing-table, occasional tables, and an oval centre table, comprise the whole of the furniture. I noticed a very handsome reading-lamp of



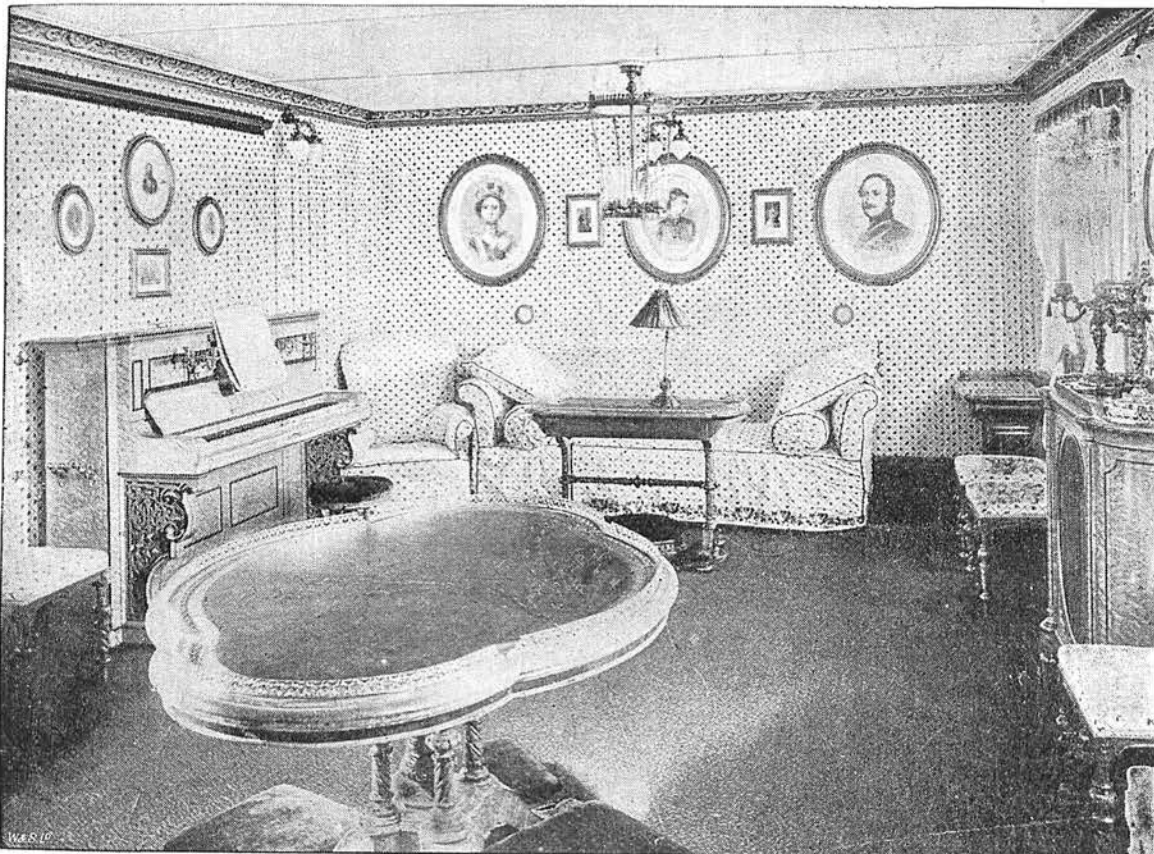
From a)

THE DINING-ROOM.

[Photograph.]

copper and brass, for electric light, with a portable connection, so that it can be used in any part of the room. The bells have also the same contrivance. The two chandeliers, for six candles each, are of the same design as the one in the dining-room.

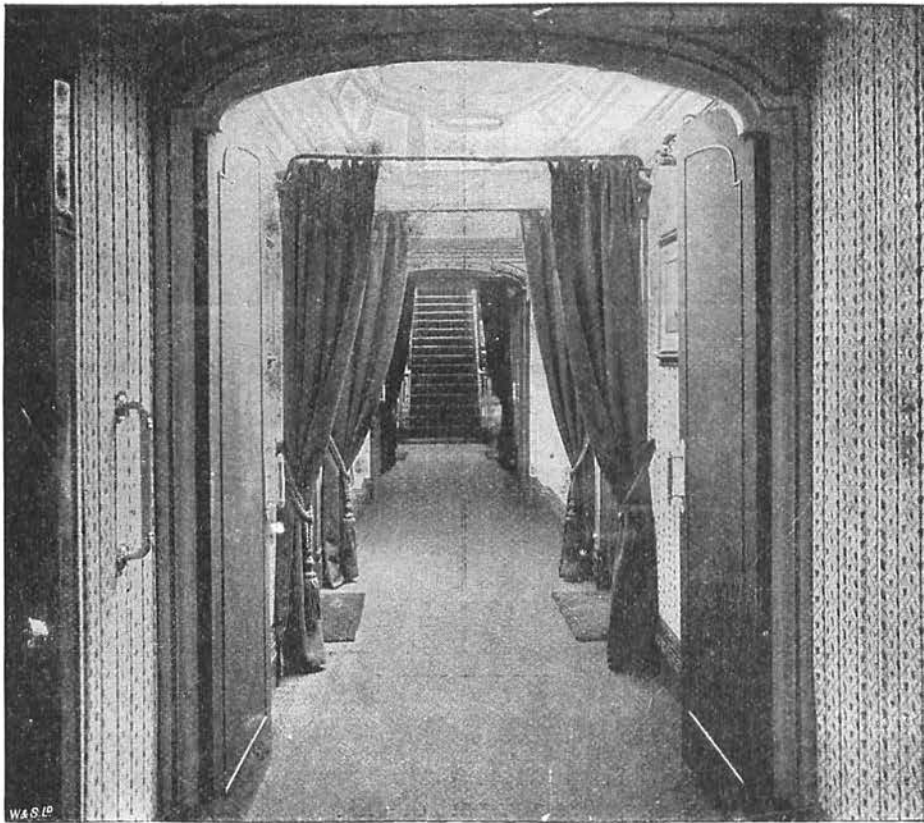
The corridor leading to the Royal apart-



From a)

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

[Photograph.]



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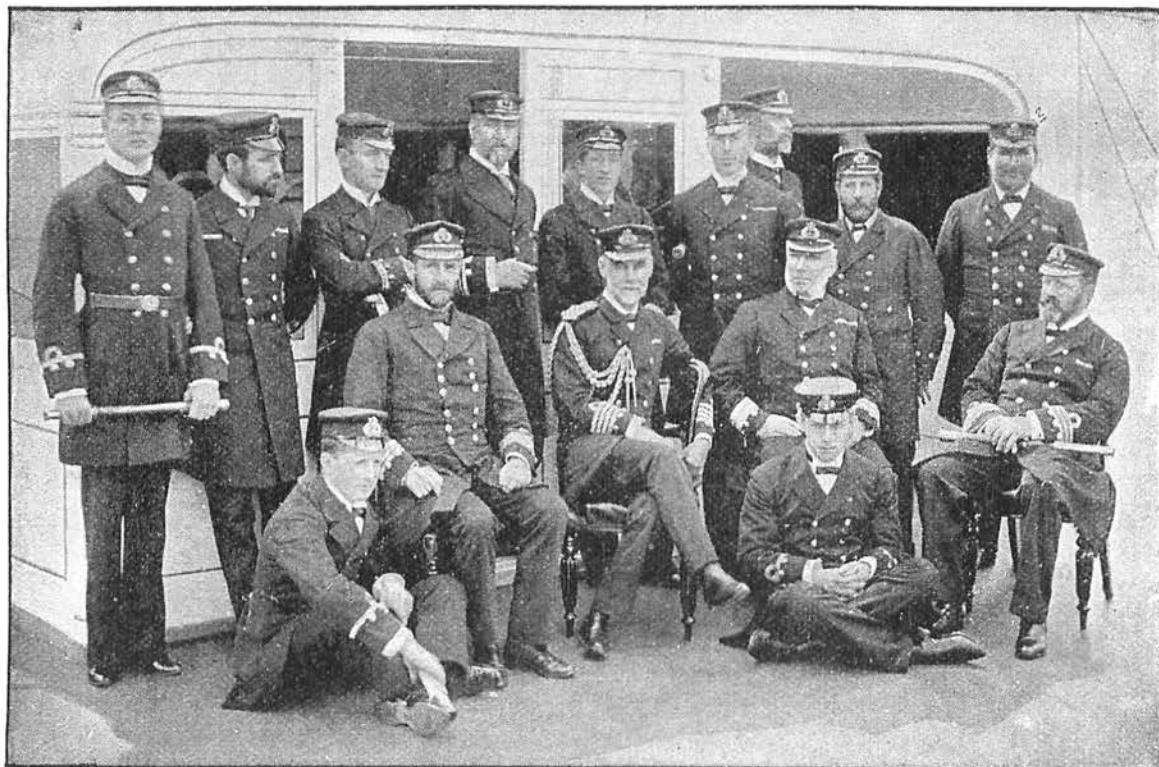
THE CORRIDOR.

[Symonds & Co., Portsmouth.

ments is hung with rich green silk damask curtains, and on the walls are water-colour paintings of several of Her Majesty's ships, done by the boys of Christ's Hospital. The staircase is very wide and handsome, of maple,

Her Majesty the Queen is never now longer on board than forty-eight hours at a time, and the vessel is kept in such perfect order that only twelve hours' notice is required to prepare her for the reception of Royalty.

with gold and white balustrades. The Ladies-in-Waiting have their cabins on the star-board side in the fore part of the vessel, and the Lords on the port side; they have also a commodious dining-room, decorated in white and gold. Her Majesty's servants have twelve cabins, six of them fitted up for two people. In addition to these there are numerous domestic offices, a dispensary, the officers' cabins, and accommodation for the crew, which numbers 170.



From a]

CAPTAIN AND OFFICERS OF THE "VICTORIA AND ALBERT."

[Photograph.

SOME DAINY ENGLISH DISHES.

PREPARED IN ENGLISH HOMES.



AM told the fashion so very popular in England, of having "savories" for lunch and dinner has not yet been generally adopted in America; possibly the lack of suitable recipes for preparing them has something to do with this, or there may be a difficulty in obtaining good anchovy paste, the foundation of so many of them, but which could be imported were there any demand for it. Another reason perhaps, is that Americans have not yet developed, like the Anglo-Indians, a taste for chutney and other spicy compounds. As savories are the correct thing in England we may presume they will become speedily popular across the water. In England, unlike the Swedish fashion of eating them before meals, it is the custom to serve them after the puddings or tarts and before the bread and cheese. Those who do like them are wildly enthusiastic on the subject and consider no lunch or dinner complete without them. Their name is legion, but a description of a few of them as made by an excellent *chef* may here be given. I would preface them by a word of advice; be careful to procure good materials. Lazenby's anchovy paste in tins and Gergona anchovies whole in bottles are to be recommended. The toast should be made on a toasting-fork in front of hot coals, not burnt to a crisp on a griddle. Arrange the savories daintily on a fancy shaped plate, with a lace paper under the toast; thus prepared they are very tempting to those who have little appetite; the tasteful arrangement of a dish often pleases an invalid.

Nothing can be more attractive with its variety of color, deep red, olive green and white, than

Fillet of Anchovy.

Toast some bread in thin slices, cut them into fancy shapes with a cookie cutter. Spread them with anchovy paste. Boil two eggs hard, cut them in slices crossways and lay them on the anchovied toast. Carefully stone some French olives and fill them with fresh butter. Have ready some whole anchovies that have been previously boned and washed, coil these around the olives and place on the sliced egg. Serve cold.

Some other dishes made with anchovies are prime favorites such as:

Anchovy Toast.

Bone a few anchovies, pound them up with a little parsley, shalot, or garlic, and cayenne pepper. Add a squeeze of a lemon and a little oil, sufficient to make a paste; to be spread on toast and served cold.

Green Anchovy Butter.

Take four ounces of boiled parsley, four ounces of anchovies (washed and picked free of bones) and two ounces of fresh butter. Pound well together in a mortar and then make into little pats. Serve on very hot toast that has been cut into fancy shapes.

A youth who objected to strong condiments, complained that a boiled egg was the only safe thing to eat and feared the cook would find a way of putting hot sauces into that, though it seemed to him impossible. It may have been to spite such a master that a cook invented

Forced Eggs.

Boil an egg ten minutes, carefully remove the shell. Cut it in half, remove the yolk, mix it well with an equal quantity of butter and anchovy paste, add a touch of cayenne pepper. Fill the egg with the well mixed paste and put the two halves together.

A somewhat similar dish is

Cheese Eggs.

Boil an egg till hard, remove the shell. Carefully cut off one

end with a sharp knife. Scoop out the yolk, chop it fine and mix with it a little pepper, salt, cheese grated, and vinegar. Stuff the whites with this paste. As this is like Columbus egg it will stand upright.

The following delicious dish is made with Lazenby's anchovy sauce.

Savoury Toast.

Boil two eggs till hard, chop them quite fine. Put into a saucepan two tablespoonfuls of anchovy sauce and a small lump of butter. When dissolved and well mixed together, add the chopped eggs. Beat all well together and serve on hot buttered toast.

The next recipe gives a good method of preparing a favorite fish.

Hot Sardines on Toast.

Take a half dozen sardines, dip them in boiling water to free them from oil. Put them on a plate in the oven till very hot. Have ready some thick toast, well buttered, and spread with anchovy paste. Lay the sardines on this and serve very hot. This dish can be varied by using instead of sardines the famous Norwegian lax, a preparation of smoked salmon that is exported in tins like sardines.

It is difficult to account for the name of the next recipe unless in bonny Scotland the dainty woodcock is not found. Perhaps it has gained its gamey name in the same way that Welsh rabbit was dubbed.

Scotch Woodcock.

Toast some thick slices of bread, spread on them butter and anchovy paste; cut them in strips the size of your finger. Take half a pint of milk and two eggs, make them into a plain custard and pour over the toast. Serve hot.

It may not come amiss if I give here the proper method of preparing the delicacy that is thought to be the national dish of gallant little Wales.

Welsh Rabbit.

Take half a pound of good cheese. Put two ounces of butter into a saucepan and heat it; add the cheese and stir till melted. Then add mustard and cayenne pepper to taste. Serve on well buttered toast, "snap hot."

This brings us to a number of savories made with cheese. These are better known in America than the others, but one or two may be new. The following may date from an early day when the English were cannibalistic and feasted on their neighbors of the little principality:

Welsh Boy.

Mix some grated cheese with the yolk of an egg, add a tablespoonful of cream, a little salt, mustard and cayenne pepper. Spread this paste on buttered toast and put in the oven for a few moments. Serve quickly.

If the next dish was not fit to set before the Queen, it seems to have been good enough for the Prince Consort, as it is entitled

Prince Albert Sandwiches.

Take three eggs, a piece of butter the size of a walnut, a little grated Parmesan cheese, a dash of salt and of cayenne pepper. Put all into a saucepan and stir over the fire till it thickens. Cut some round pieces of bread, fry them in butter till of a nice brown. Spread the paste over them. Have some ham, or tongue, grated or chopped fine, to be strewn over them before serving.

Cheese Fondue.

Take a teacupful of bread crumbs, the same amount of grated cheese, add a bit of onion chopped fine, pour over this a pint of boiling milk, add one egg, two ounces of butter and a little pepper and salt. Mix well, and bake for half an hour.

—Frances B. James.



SAUCES FOR FISH, FLESH, AND FOWL.

DO English people deserve the reproach of their French neighbors—viz., that though they have many religions, they have only one sauce? We are compelled, however reluctantly, to believe that there is sufficient truth in the statement to prevent the boldest cook from contradicting it entirely. "It is very easy," says some reader, perhaps, "for skilled cooks, with an unlimited quantity of butter and eggs at their command, such as they have in France, to turn out rich sauces, and so might we if we had the run of such good things." True, we reply, up to a point, and only to a point, for given the best of materials, it needs a careful hand to concoct good sauces. All praise, at any rate, to Continental housewives generally—we are not applauding professed cooks—for the pains which they will take, by judicious blending of flavors and seasoning, to obtain the delicious stock or gravy required as the basis for many kinds of sauce. If, therefore, any reader of the magazine will, through these pages, take from them, here a hint, and there a wrinkle, we venture to believe that in the end they will feel grateful to their sisters across the channel.

MELTED BUTTER SAUCE.

First—the *one sauce* which we are supposed to make, and that not well! How often is it to be met with on the one hand like bill-sticker's paste, on the other a slop which swims the plate, and looks like thin gruel! And as this is the foundation of so many sauces, sweet and savory, it is certainly worth while to know the correct way to make it. We are nothing if not practical, so it will not serve our purpose to enlighten our readers as to the method adopted when the *richest* melted butter is required; we may say that it is almost all butter, and those who can afford it will no doubt have cooks competent to produce it. Unquestionably the surest way to avoid lumps is to first melt the butter in a small stewpan, then to add the flour very gradually, next the water or milk, also little by little, stirring unceasingly until it boils, and for one minute afterwards, when it is ready to serve. As to quantities, the happy medium is hit, and a nice smooth sauce the result, by using an ounce of butter and half an ounce of flour to each half-pint of water or milk. When the latter is used, add the salt last; it is apt to curdle new milk if put in with it. When a richer sauce is desired, allow an extra ounce of butter, and reduce the water a little. Many of the best cooks approve of the addition of a slice of butter stirred in after the sauce is taken from the fire; a spoonful of cream is another improvement. This, as most of our readers are presumably aware, forms the basis of an almost endless variety of sauces, such as parsley, egg, onion, and fish sauces innumerable.

In some cases it is an improvement to use veal stock or gravy, instead of water, and fish sauce—when the fish is filleted—should receive all the goodness and flavor of the bones, which need slow stewing in the water used for making the sauce. We want chiefly to impress the correct *proportions* of flour, butter, and liquid upon our readers' minds; they can then alter, or deviate from, any recipes they may meet with.

ONION SAUCE.

We know to what an extent tastes differ: we once partook of some onion sauce, our host remarking, "You may not like it; it is made *my way*; I always like the onions to 'crunch.'" And "crunch" they did in a most unpleasant manner, and our host certainly could not complain that he was robbed of *his share*. How different this from a smooth, delicate, fine-flavored onion sauce, made by boiling the onions—Spanish, if to be had—in two waters, then chopping them, and adding milk, flour, and butter sufficient to make a nice thick sauce, seasoning with salt, pepper, and white sugar, and rubbing

through a hair sieve. Give a final boil up, and the sauce is ready. The addition of an egg or a little cream will enrich it to a great extent. Those who will *not* take the trouble to sieve the sauce—and we know the number is not small—must chop the onions exceedingly fine.

BROWN ONION SAUCE.

Very nice with roasted goose or pork, should be made as follows: Fry the onions in butter, and a dash of sugar to a nice brown; thicken a little with "brown roux" or flour, and add enough strong beef gravy to make a thick sauce. Season with cayenne or black pepper, and rub through a sieve.

APPLE SAUCE.

Is, in other countries, made by mixing gravy with the apples, which are stewed until tender, sweetened, and spiced, according to English custom, receiving in addition a high seasoning of pepper or curry-powder. This is a very palatable compound.

DUTCH SAUCE.

Is in high repute in France and America; it is served with various kinds of fish and vegetables, especially *artichokes*. It sounds extravagant, but no one needs much of it, and it is very delicious. To make it, put the yolks only of two eggs into a jar or jug, and two ounces of fresh butter, with a wine-glass of water and a little salt and grated nutmeg; set this in a saucepan of boiling water over the fire, and stir until it is thick, but do not let it boil. Add, off the fire, a dessert-spoonful of lemon-juice. When for serving with calf's head, with which it is very nice, substitute veal gravy for the water. A few drops of strong white vinegar may be used instead of lemon-juice.

EGG SAUCE.

We tasted recently a very delicious *egg sauce*, in which the yolks were pounded, the whites chopped as usual. A little parsley, finely chopped, had been added, and it looked, as well as tasted, very good. The lady who made it sometimes uses fennel instead of parsley.

CREAM SAUCE.

In New York, where salmon is dressed to perfection, *cream sauce* is a frequent accompaniment. The cream is made very hot, but not brought quite to the boil, seasoned to taste, sometimes with shrimp or anchovy essence, sometimes with chopped parsley. If for baked salmon, the liquor from the tin is strained and stirred into it; it requires no thickening. It will be found an admirable sauce for fish of almost any kind; capers chopped and added will be excellent with cod-fish—a thoroughly French combination.

OYSTER SAUCE.

What a popular dainty is a tureen of *oyster sauce*, and how often is it spoiled by the common practice of letting the oysters boil in it! The proper way is to strain the liquor and boil that with the flour and butter, adding a dash of cayenne, lemon-juice, nutmeg, and anchovy essence, and the oysters last thing, long enough for them to become hot through, removing the sauce from the fire so that it shall not boil after they are put in. Follow this plan either for tinned or fresh oysters; when the last-named are used, the beards should be stewed in the oyster-liquor until *their* flavor is fully extracted. Many cooks recommend mace for almost all white sauces, but one fears to mention it, for it is a spice that is so overpowering in flavor that a trifle too much renders anything uneatable. In the hands of a skillful cook it is certainly valuable, though nutmeg can, in almost every case, be used as a substitute.

BECHAMEL.

That popular French white sauce, is very easy to make in even ordinary households, where economy is practiced. For

instance, in making this on a large scale, a whole fowl would probably be boiled down for it, together with a knuckle of veal and a piece of lean ham. Proceed, however, as follows: Put into a saucepan the bones of a boiled or roasted fowl, broken small, with any scraps of *fresh* veal, and a bit of raw lean ham, or the bones from a piece of boiled bacon; add a bit of carrot, a slice of onion, a *tiny* bit of mace, a few white pepper-corns, and, if at hand, a few button mushrooms, with a pint of cold water, not forgetting a sprig of thyme and parsley. Simmer until there is only half a pint of liquid, or even less, and if it does not taste rich, put in a teaspoonful of gelatine. Stir until that is dissolved, then strain the sauce. In a separate saucepan bring to the boil half the measure of cream, mixed with a small teaspoonful of arrowroot; mix the white stock gradually with this, let the whole boil for a few minutes, then serve, adding, off the fire, a few drops of lemon-juice or white vinegar and a little salt. If the stock can be allowed to cool before mixing with the cream, the fat will be more effectually removed. We have dwelt at some length on this recipe, by way of illustrating the fact that people often deprive themselves of nice dishes, simply because the quantities given in recipes are too great for their needs, and they are not sufficiently practical to reduce or alter them to meet their modest requirements. We may mention that if the meat and vegetables are allowed to stew first in a little butter the sauce will taste much better.

WHITE CHESTNUT SAUCE.

Is a most excellent accompaniment to boiled fowl, and would form a pleasant change from parsley sauce, usually served with it. Boil or bake a score of chestnuts until tender, then pound the white part in a mortar to a smooth paste, with a couple of ounces of butter, a pinch of white sugar, and half a teaspoonful of salt. Mix slowly with it half a pint of cream and milk mixed; stir the liquid over the fire until it boils.

BROWN CHESTNUT SAUCE.

Is made in the same way, but brown gravy is used instead of milk; this is usually served with *roasted* fowl, and seasoned rather more highly than the white sauce.

LOBSTER SAUCE.

Ought to have some "lobster butter" added to give good flavor and color, but as this cannot always be obtained, it is well to put into the sauce, besides the flesh of the lobster, a spoonful of "lobster essence," now sold in bottles like shrimp and anchovy essences. A remarkably fine flavor will thus be given at a very trifling additional cost.

The two sauces which follow will be acceptable with a chop or steak; or any kind of meat, game, or poultry may be warmed up *in* them. In either case the sauce must not boil after the meat—which must be previously cooked, as a matter of course—is put in, and allowed to remain long enough to become hot through. The first given is a very favorite sauce among Frenchmen, in which to serve pigs' or calves' feet, ears, or the remains of a calf's head.

DEVIL SAUCE.

Four tablespoonfuls of cold gravy—that from a joint, or, if not to be had, use brown stock—a teaspoonful of loaf-sugar, a quarter as much mustard, a dessertspoonful of good mushroom ketchup, the juice of half a lemon, an ounce of fresh butter, a little salt, and pepper to suit the palate. It should be added cautiously at first; it varies so much in strength, it is almost impossible to state the exact quantity. This may be varied considerably; Worcester, or any other good sauce, can take the place of the ketchup, and vinegar, plain, or flavored with herbs, may be used instead of the lemon-juice.

CURRY SAUCE.

To half a pint of nice brown stock add about a dessert-

spoonful of good curry paste and the same of fried onions, together with a small apple, fried *with* the onions. Simmer until the whole can be rubbed through a sieve, after which it should be again simmered for a few minutes.

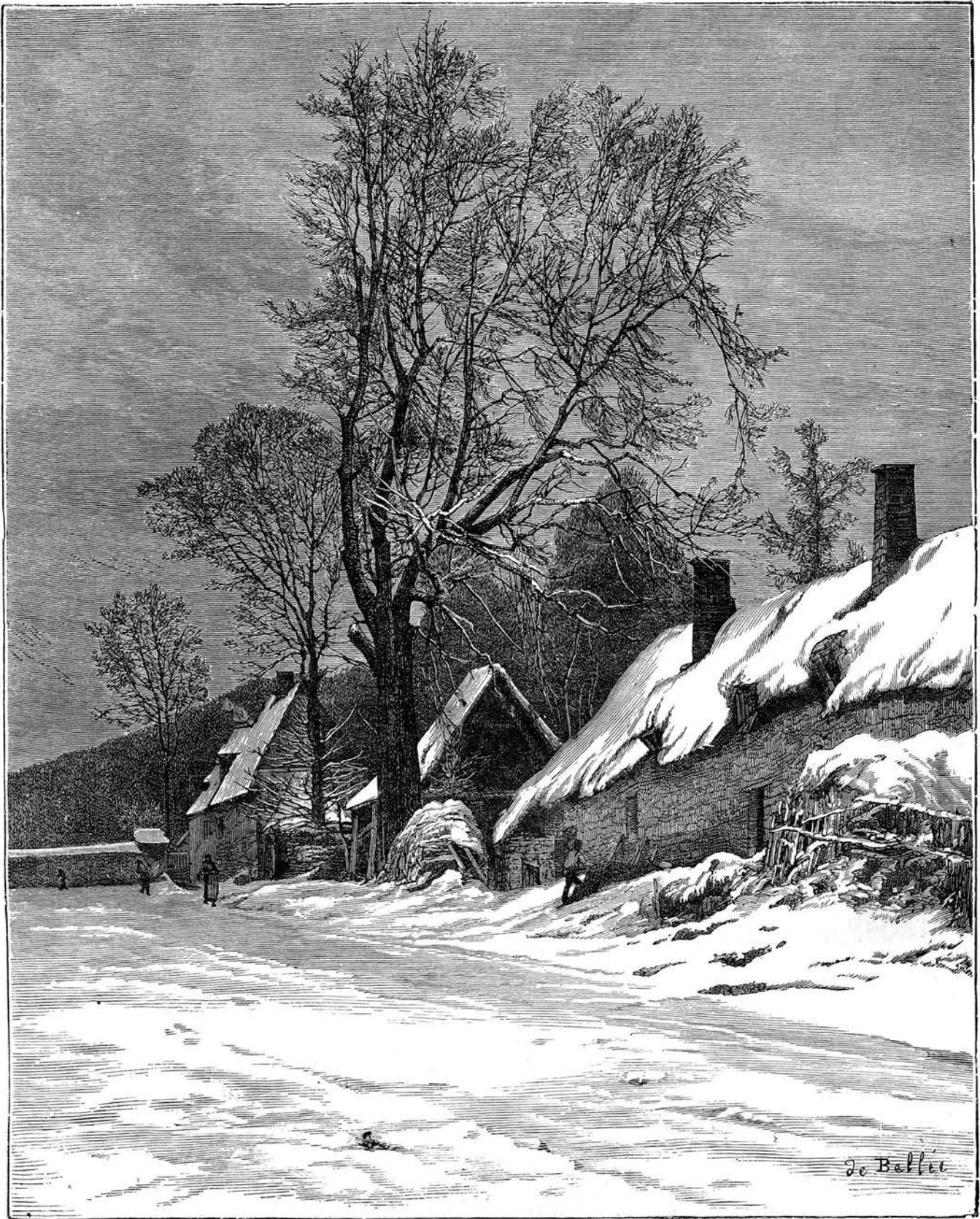
A few general remarks must close our hints on hot sauces. First, we would impress upon every one the importance of having at hand a good supply of roux, both brown and white; full directions will be found for making it in any good cookery book. It is as superior in flavor to a thickening of raw flour only, as baked pastry is to raw. Equally important is freedom from fat; it is a good plan, after skimming, to place a piece of blotting-paper on the surface of the sauce, or a thick slice of stale bread will answer. Coloring is often used in so great a quantity as to seriously mar the original flavor; many kinds, both liquid and in small balls, are very good where cautiously used. "Browning salt" is also safe, but the salt in the sauce must be reduced when it is added. Scrupulous cleanliness is necessary in the matter of spoons and saucepans; let the first be wooden ones only, and the latter—for delicate white preparations—of enamelled iron. Tinned iron is soon affected by acids, so should not be used for sauces.—*L. Heritage, in Cassell's Magazine.*

THE STORY OF THE KITTENS.



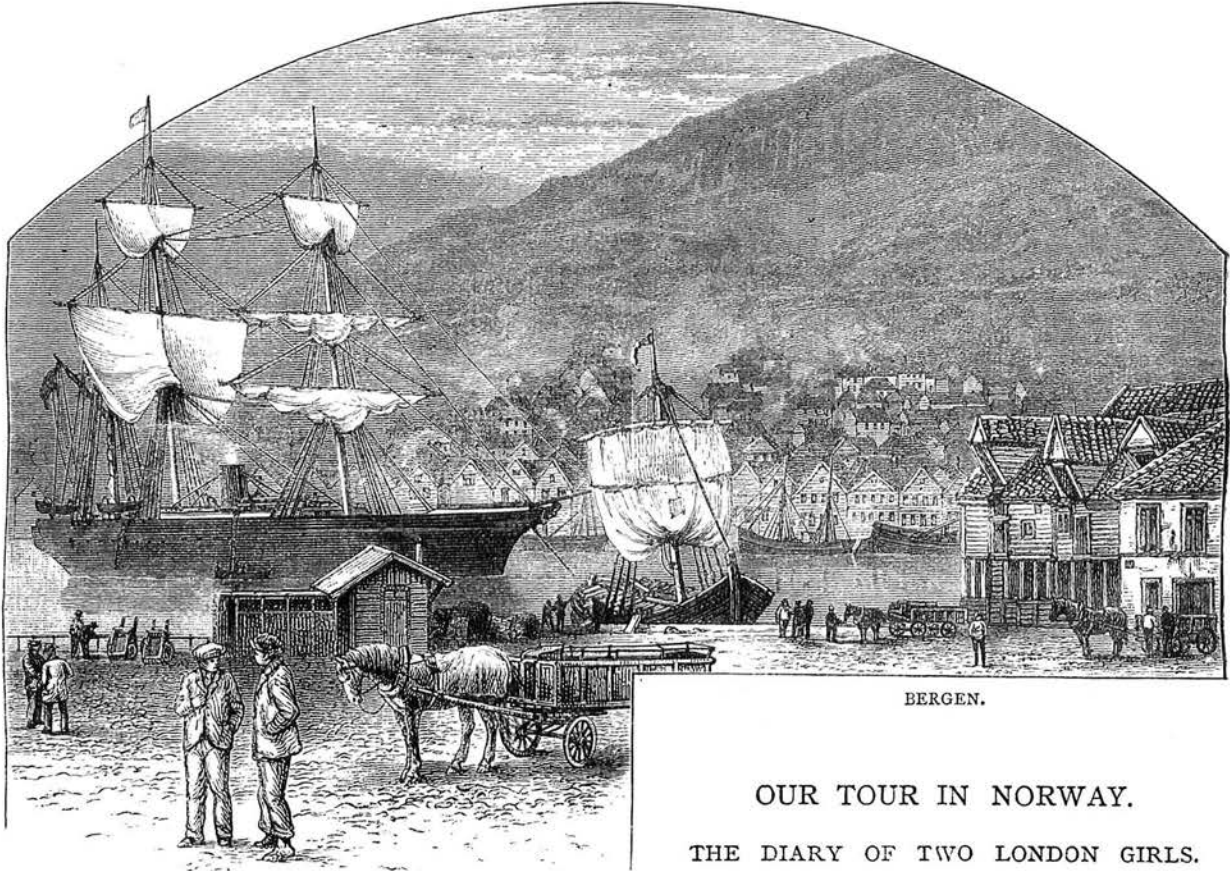
We four little kittens are jolly enough;—
We are Velvet, and Whitepaws, and Hero, and Muff.
Full many a frolic we have through the house,
Pretending to hunt for the hole of a mouse.
One day we were racing,—a live mouse we met,—
Our fright and our horror I cannot forget;
We ran for a refuge;—a nice box we found,
And into its shelter we went with a bound;
We struggled and tumbled, then lay in a heap
Till, all being quiet, we ventured to peep.
We looked all around, and what think you we saw?
A foolish young lady attempting to draw!
Poor Hero was frightened, but Whitepaws and I
Just looked that young person quite straight in the eye.
Velvet was sleepy so he didn't care,
But blinked and sat still without moving a hair.
Now out peeped the mouse from a hole in the wall;
The young lady saw him,—her sketch she let fall
And ran away shrieking, "A mouse! oh! a mouse!"
In tones that alarmed every soul in the house.
Then our mother rushed in,—sagacious old cat!
She isn't afraid to encounter a *rat*!
She quick made an end of the mouse and our fears,
And scolded us sadly and boxed our poor ears.
"Little 'fraid cats," she said, "now run off and play,
And don't be as silly as girls are, I pray!"

—*Henrietta Davis.*



The Girl's Own Paper, 1890

IN WINTRY DAYS.



BERGEN.

OUR TOUR IN NORWAY.

THE DIARY OF TWO LONDON GIRLS.

Tuesday, July 8, 1884,
Steamship "Domino."

WELL! we are off at last, and truly glad I am. Since Christmas I set my heart on seeing Norway. I read *Paul du Chaillu's* work on "The Midnight Sun," a friend lent me "Bennett's Guide to Norway," and another friend, a sportsman who had been there, enlarged freely on its mountains, fjords, and forests, till my imagination was ablaze with desire and I could dream of little else night and day.

Kate said we should never get there, it would be too expensive, so we worried our little brains as to what we could do. What *can* women do? It is a terrible question to solve, but there is also another question—What is there that women cannot do? and the latter impressed us more.

So, in our feeble way, we painted glass, satin, etc., for sale, and I denied myself the various little articles of dress that are so conducive to the happiness of some. Kate had no necessity for this, for her mother supplied, unasked, her every need. So used mine, and I cannot tell you how heartily I wished I could confide all my aspirations to her.

My great longing is to be able to afford to travel, to see the wondrous things of earth, and Nature's magnificent beauties. It cannot be that we are all intended to dwell in one confined spot for three-score years and ten, and never try to behold the wonderful creations of God. I have been told that the ambition to travel is one among the many talents implanted by Him in the human breast—to be used and not abused, to fill us with gratitude and love. Therefore, I think we should cultivate it if we can satisfy our craving unselfishly, and without injury or hindrance to others.

The few in whom we confided our scheme of a Norway tour were puzzled as to why we should select so remote and inclement a

country. But, deeming it less hackneyed and frequented than the sunny South, we thought there might be more originality in a diary, if we kept one; and if by any stroke of Fortune the tour could be supposed sufficiently interesting to publish, there might accrue certain advantages towards a future trip. This thought was hidden deep down in our hearts, nor on any consideration would we expose it, lest friends might laugh and damp our ardour. I was anxious to learn photography, so as to take views; but *tempus fugit*, and I was unable to indulge this notion.

A great disappointment we had—we painted a large mirror (we have never been favoured with half-an-hour's instruction) which we hoped would remunerate us. Certainly it was worth a few pounds if the amount of time and labour bestowed upon it denoted its value, but it was too late for admission to the "Healtheries," and no other way of disposal presented itself. Things were becoming serious. To go to the stern North or not, that was the question; and if we wished to witness "The Midnight Sun" at the North Cape, we must be there before the 30th of July.

We counted our money and counted the cost. Kate decided to tell her father and mother; I to tell my father, who at first was quite averse to the proposition that we girls should travel without a male escort, and suggested that we should change our minds, and content ourselves with England. But the bright visions I had fostered for months were not to be dispelled in a few hours; and, after awhile, he bade me go and enjoy my holiday, return safe and well, but he "would not encourage me." Another examination of our finances ensued, whereupon we resolved, with regret, to curtail the trip, simply to visit the North Cape, and leave the exploration of Norway to the future.

Kind friends had invited us to stay at Ranmoor, near Sheffield, and the idea dawned

upon us that Hull was nearer Sheffield than London, and that the whole affair would be simplified by going at once to Sheffield. On Saturday, the 5th, Ranmoor received us with open arms, and this morning at twelve we left Sheffield for Hull.

Our berths were only written for on Saturday, so after calling at the office of Messrs. Wilson, and examining the "Domino," we could scarcely be surprised to find we were to share our cabin with two other ladies. The Wilberforce Café, in Hull, supplied us with a welcome luncheon of mutton chops, and about four o'clock we came on board to quiz the arriving passengers, and to endeavour to discover those who for the next two days were to be our companions "in sickness and in health." At six the "Domino," with forty-eight passengers and crew, steamed out of harbour, and we were soon at sea. At eight supper was announced, and everyone hastened to the saloon where the table, spread with cold viands, was a tempting sight to hungry mortals. In due course the ship began to roll, the wind arose, and Kate, with our two good-looking young friends, gradually showed signs of weariness, whereupon the stewardess soon tucked them in their little berths, and they are now fast asleep, "rocked in the cradle of the deep."

Expenses for two.

	£	s.	d.
Sheffield to Hull, 3rd Class ..	0	9	0
Hull to Bergen, with option to return from Christiania ..	12	0	0

"Domino," Wednesday, July 9.

A sudden movement. Four heads, three with very pale faces, arise from the bedclothes. "What time is it?" The energetic one looks at the watch. "Four o'clock." "Is that all? We will go to sleep again." A few faint laughs, a joke or two at the funny little cabin, and the crush it was for four, and we were again

in the arms of "Somnus" till six, when cheery Mrs. Cox entered, and said that if we required the cold bath we must seize an opportunity soon. I did so at once, but the indisposed trio were advised to rest till after breakfast. About twelve we succeeded in getting them on deck, where they had to lie all day, and I consoled myself by watching them and talking to the other folk. There is a nice elderly lady with her nephew Charlie; I have had a long chat with them; two stalwart brothers of the youthful invalids, who are very kind and attentive.

Three middle-aged ladies with a nephew and friend: the friend is most polite and generous,

people pronounce the voyage somewhat monotonous (although I did not in the least suppose I should: I love the sea, and am a capital sailor), we have settled to travel inland.

Stewardess is very kind, and most amusing. She considers us quite under the shadow of her wing, and suggests with whom we may converse, and who it is better to leave outside the pale of our society. She told us "Mr. Shout" and the steward nearly had a fight, and that no one would be likely to pay much attention to "Mr. Shout" and his sister. "Mr. Shout" is certainly rough, and speaks to the attendants in a most impolite way. He tries to rule everyone.

young ladies to travel alone in Norway, and that we must be very plucky.

Smeby's Hotel, Bergen,

Thursday, July 10.

Considerable bustle on board this morning. Land was sighted at one a.m., when separated from it by thirty-five miles. About seven we reached Stavanger, which was reviving to the *malheureux*, and, while the ship was stationary, I proposed to them to dress and go on shore to see the cathedral, which I believe is well worth a visit. Being last to leave my crib, I was too late to go on shore, which I should regret, only it was the result of circum-



ODDE.

and lent us his guide-books all day (he has Bædeker and Bennett); for before we left home we had to return the copy of Bennett, and had not time to obtain another.

Then there are four fine men in knickerbockers, armed to the teeth with pickaxes, alpenstocks, and nailed boots; a "little Yankee" and his dame, who snugly recline in big American hammock chairs (the lady's diamond earrings are worthy of remark); a delicate-looking doctor and pleasant wife; "Paddy from Cork," a tall, shy man in a new blue serge suit; a clergyman, who shouts fearfully; his wife and sister; a stately naval commander, and others.

Hearing that much of the glory of the North Cape depends on the weather, and that some

Kate's neck at the back is so sore. The sun has scorched it to-day. I was careful to wrap plenty around her to prevent her feeling the cold, but unconsciously left her neck between her hair and collar exposed to the sun, and it is likely to be painful for some time.

There has been plenty of space at table to-day. Several are looking dejected, and Kate has not eaten anything. The friend of the middle-aged ladies asked if Kate and I were travelling alone, and if we intended to keep a diary. I said I hoped so. He kindly suggested we should send it to some magazine—THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, for instance—because he thought it rather a novel idea for two

stances, it being impossible for more than one to adorn at the same time. A big, happy family assembled at breakfast, the water being calm and still, and a lovely blue sky overhead. The countless fjords—those mysterious arms that wind deep into the land from their parent sea, decked and dotted with islands, rocks, and mountains—are most beautiful. We made friends with Captain Soulsby, who kindly took us on to his bridge and talked to us of sea and land. We passed the Island of Bomlo, where is a gold mine, for which an English company gave £36,000, and is now reported to be worth £60,000. The captain brought out a boiler last week, and the machinery for the mine is now in preparation. This trip is the best this year:

the fogs were so bad last week there was danger of an accident. Summer bursts forth very suddenly in these hyperborean latitudes, treading close upon the heels of winter, and being late this year, a heavy mantle of snow is still unfurled. All glasses were levied for a glimpse of the Folge-fond glacier, where snow and ice lie in continuous fields of undulating hill and valley. Numerous smiling hamlets, lighthouses, cultivated patches, white sails, and boats full of women with prettily-coloured kerchiefs on their heads, beguiled our attention, till nearing Bergen at five o'clock we were constrained to see after our luggage, pay our bill, say farewell, etc.

The stewardess could not conceive how we managed so far to ingratiate ourselves with the captain as to be allowed to pace his bridge, where she declares she has not seen a lady for ten years.

The Custom House officers (whom we dreaded) came on board, just opened some of the luggage and declared it all right. We thanked Captain Soulsby, steward and stewardess, for endless attentions, then, for one moment, felt the want of some knowledge of the language. But the stewardess, becoming cognisant of our slight embarrassment, delivered ourselves and our luggage into the hands of a young man, with directions to him to convey us to Smeby's Hotel, where we have capital quarters.

We are charmed with the situation of Bergen. It lies in a valley, backed by hills and embellished by water in all directions. The houses, built of wood, are mostly painted white, highly polished, and are very dazzling, especially in this fervid heat. Every window is open and prettily draped with white lace curtains. We have bought "Bennett's Guide," a map, post cards, and stamps. Our tea was most liberally provided. Certainly, there is no night here. Half-past ten now, still a lovely after-glow, and I write by the light of day.

Meals for two on "Domino" . . .	£	s.	d.
Steward and stewardess . . .	1	8	0
	0	4	0

Smeby's Hotel, Bergen.

Friday, July 11.

It is intensely hot, so hot that we have not cared to eat much to-day. For breakfast for us two there was a large provision of stewed steak, dried salmon or lax, sausage, four poached and four boiled eggs. We could hardly do it justice, and asked for marmalade, when we received strawberry jam.

Mr. Smeby speaks a little English, and from him we obtained directions to the post-koutor, telegraph office, and bank. The bank being only open from nine till twelve, we hastened thither and exchanged £23 into 414 kroner, 60 ore (mostly paper money), with a little silver. The Norwegian currency was changed on the 1st of January, 1877, from specie dollars, marks, and shillings, to crowns (kroner) and ore; 100 ore are equal to one kroner, 18 kroner to one pound English money. Gold is scarce. There are three gold coins. One piece, a little larger than a sovereign, 20 kroner; one, 10 kroner; and one, 5 kroner.

In the Exchange Building we wanted to telegraph to Odde for a bedroom for to-morrow night, but there is no telegraph station at Odde. At the cathedral we saw a Lutheran christening, and then pleasantly devoted two hours to the museum in company with the three middle-aged ladies, their nephew, and friend. In a small steam launch we crossed to Hangoland to explore. Here we rested in a hay-field, and admired the lovely views by which we were surrounded. Patches of grass had been mown, and sticks were placed in the ground at equal distances, to which were connected eight or nine rows of string; over these the hay was suspended to dry. Re-

turning to our spacious bedroom, we indulged in "the cup that cheers, but not inebriates," and dissected our luggage, deeming it unwise to burden ourselves with flannels and wraps we had brought expressly for the North Cape. Mr. Smeby was most good-natured. He consented to take charge of one portmanteau and bundle of warm wraps, to forward them, if required, and to transmit our letters from England to any part of the country.

Having eased our minds, we trudged up the Drammens-vei to the flagstaff, stopping during the climb to drink some delicious milk. From the flagstaff the view of Bergen is most comprehensive. There we lounged in ecstasies, dreamily watching the glory of the setting sun, the distant calm blue sea, gigantic mountains, sparkling fjords, verdant islets, antique jagts, white sails floating in the breeze, and the busy little town below. About half-past nine we reluctantly returned to supper, and afterwards went to the quay close to our hotel to see the Lyderhorn, and arrange for going to Odde at seven to-morrow morning. We have asked to be called at five, and ordered coffee and kjærks (cakes).

Kr. Ore.

Bill at Smeby's for two . . . 14 0

Hardanger Hotel, Odde.

Saturday, July 12.

Quite a family coterie on board, and a renewal of acquaintances made on the "Domino." We have been very merry, and thoroughly appreciated each changing scene. The chameleon hues of the water are wonderful and most fascinating—ultramarine, pale blue, deep chrome green, and emerald. Its transparency, too, is remarkable. We steamed a distance of 182 English miles amid glorious mountains, wild and severe, smiling and green, rising sheer from the fjords, and called at many alluring stations to take or leave passengers. There were several cosy and enticing nooks at which I thought I should like to stay a month to ruralise and live *dolce far niente*. Joudal was one, Nordheimsund another. A lady and gentleman, who had crossed to Bergen by the s.s. "Norge," from Newcastle, say it is extremely comfortable, and the fare excellent. They only pay £5 for return ticket, including everything. Constant showers frightened the folks off the upper deck, but Kate and I remained there, apparently unconscious of rain. There are four small tables with charts, which are most useful. At dinner we had black currant and gooseberry jam, with beef and chicken. Kate says Miss "Shout" swallowed potatoes as if they were little green peas. We made friends with two merry Norwegian girls who speak English fluently. They say the English will not trouble to learn Norske, so it is incumbent upon them to study English, and that our language is taught in all the schools. When I had broken the ice by speaking to them, nearly all the gentlemen joined us, and there was good fun. "Signe," the elder one, was very quick at repartee. She told us that Odde is a large town, which filled us with horror; we do not aspire to towns, we only want scenery and mountains. To dismay us still more she thinks that Eide (where we intended eventually to go) is a very lively place. I am afraid we have made a mistake after all. "Signe" and her friend left us at Lofthus, kindly expressing a wish for Kate and me to visit them if we return to Bergen. Utne looked extremely pretty with its one little modest hotel kept by Mo'er (Mother) Utne. I felt I should like to get out there, especially after Signe's description of Odde. Several of our passengers landed, and waved handkerchiefs till we were "lost to sight;" but we are anxious to visit the "Skjøeggedalsfos" from Odde, and to attend church to-morrow. Peasants came on the various stations, generally carrying boxes, which I imagine contain their headgear

for church. We have seen numerous flocks of eider ducks. About thirty of us were bound for Odde, and we despaired as to the chance of a bedroom, hearing that the hotels were full, so we communicated our fears to Captain Simonsen, who kindly volunteered to bespeak a bedroom for us. The evening was damp and chilly, and some began to weary of the long day when we reached the pier after 11 p.m. Then there was a rush, and great excitement.

Kate stood by our baggage (consisting of one portmanteau, a diminutive but most convenient picnic-basket, and one bundle of wraps) while I searched for a boy to convey it from the steamer to the hotel. To our surprise and delight two of the sturdy pedestrians in knickerbockers pounced upon our goods and carried them, begging us to follow without a moment's hesitation, and two met us on the road to this hotel to say they had engaged a room for us. Here was substantial kindness in the hour of need, and our hearts beat with genuine gratitude. We could scarcely express our thanks. We ran up to inspect the apartment, but were hastened down again to dispel the alarm of Captain Simonsen, who had also secured us a *chambre à coucher*, and was in great distress at not being able to find us.

We told him of our little snuggerly upstairs, overlooking the Sor Fjord, and shook hands heartily. The hall had filled with people, and we laughed at the sensation we had unwittingly caused.

Lyderhorn—Bergen to Odde, for	Kr.	Ore.
two	21	0
Food	12	60
Luggage and steward	2	0

(To be continued.)



A "FAIRY" STORY.

By Mrs. BRIGHTWEN, Author of "Wild Nature Won by Kindness."

I AM often envied as the possessor of one of the most charming bird pets it is possible to imagine.

My "Fairy" is a tiny whitethroat, a sleek, delicate grey-coloured bird with a pure white breast, of lovely form, swift in flight, and of most engaging disposition.

I met with it in this wise. A plaintive little cheeping sound attracted my attention one morning at breakfast-time, and looking outside the window, I saw a tiny half-fledged bird sitting on the ground, looking pitifully up at me; it pleaded its hungry condition with open beak, and seemed to have no fear at my approach. Of course such a poor little motherless waif must be cared for, so I brought

it in, and it received very readily the provender I offered it.

I never saw such a tiny quaint-looking piece of bird-life; its little throat feathers were beginning to show on either side like a small white cravat; it had about half an inch of tail, and minute quills all over its body gave token of coming feathers. The delightful thing about it was its exceeding tameness; it would sit on your finger and gaze at you with a considering expression; no noise frightened it; it was quite content with life in a basket, or on the table, and therefore it became my constant companion, and has grown to be very dear to me and a wide circle of friends.

Fairy's advent was in July, and for the first

month the early morning feeding was no small care, but love makes all things easy, and at last my small charge could feed itself, and learnt the use of its wings.

Daily baths were taken in my soap dish, which was amply large enough at first, but now Fairy is promoted to the sponge basin, in which she flutters every morning to her heart's content and dries herself afterwards by swift flights about the room. The bath over, the next thing is to search for flies on the window-panes, or on the floor; these are snapped up as great dainties, and in this way Fairy has greatly promoted my comfort all through the heat of August and September (1893) by keeping our rooms free of winged insects.



I have only to take Fairy on my finger and direct her attention to a fly on the ceiling, when off she darts, like a hawk after its quarry, and the fly disappears like magic.

I was much amused to watch her day after day eyeing a large spider in the corner of the room; she evidently considered very deeply whether she could tackle it; it was large and she was small, and for three days she hesitated, but at last her courage was equal to the enterprise, and the spider was seized, minced up, and eaten. My tiny pet lives on grapes, lettuce, flies, meal-worms, and as great indulgences, cream and sugar; a tin of special bird food supplies other items of diet. Fairy is in and out of her cage all day, and but for fear of accidents she might have the range of the house, so confident am I that she would not wish to stray from her happy home. Still she loves an expedition, and once, having flown after me into the hall I did not see her again for an hour or more; a hunt was needful, and after searching every room she was at last discovered cheerfully investigating the boxes in a lumber room at the very top of the house.

I never knew such a clever fearless little bird. She will put her small body into every corner in search of information, she visits all my friends as they sit at luncheon, pulls their hair, sits on their fingers, and is, of course, universally beloved.

I was curious to note whether Fairy would grow restless when the migrating season began, but her abnormal life indoors so altered her natural instincts that she made herself quite happy throughout the autumn, and we were truly glad that we were not called to bid adieu to such a lovable companion.

Very naturally some readers may ask, "How can I obtain a tame, happy little pet bird such as my whitethroat now is?"

I can only reply, such a thing is not to be bought (or very rarely) for any amount of money, but can be attained by anyone who will bring up a young fledgling from its earliest youth with never-failing love and gentleness. There is no secret about it; it is not a gift bestowed on some and withheld from others as many seem to suppose, judging from the number of times I have been told, "Oh, you have the gift of taming creatures." I always disclaim the assertion and say the simple truth, that just as you seek to win the heart of a child by invariable gentle kindness, so

these innocent dumb brethren of ours yield to their devoted love if they meet with similar treatment at our hands.

We must not begin the task of bringing up a young bird without counting the cost beforehand. It will mean rising every morning between four and five and having little sleep afterwards, for we must imitate the self-denying industry of the mother-bird in providing food for her young ones.

If we look out over the dewy lawns at daybreak in spring and summer, we shall see thrushes, blackbirds, robins, and many other birds all actively engaged in searching for worms and insects to supply the needs of their respective families.

All through the day we must think of the tender creature we have undertaken to rear, giving it about every half hour as much food as it desires and keeping it warmly covered from cold and draughts, lest its limbs should be attacked by cramp.

This ailment seems incurable, and is the cruel fate of most fledglings that are brought away from their parents, because people forget that the warmth of the mother-bird is essential to the life of the callow brood, and I, for one, never promote the rearing of young wild birds unless, as in the case of a motherless waif like my "Fairy," we try to save a little innocent life by doing what we can to imitate its natural bringing up. Absolute tameness can only be attained by unvarying gentle treatment. Never has Fairy heard a harsh word, or as far as I know, has she had a fright of any kind.

A single grip of Mungo's* cruel little jaws would end her life in a moment, but Fairy does not know it, and she sings on fearlessly as he passes her cage. I believe she would act as a much petted little dog used to do when his mistress pretended to scold him severely; he would look about eagerly to see where the wicked animal could be that he might fly at him. I tried to speak seriously to my small bird one day when she was particularly in my way, but she only gave me some hard pecks, and to my great amusement fought me with her tiny claws much as a game-cock would use his spurs.

Although the whitethroat is plentiful in the Southern counties, I do not find that people, as a rule, are at all familiar with its appearance,

* My mongoose.

and I imagine this arises from the shy habits of the bird. It flits quickly out of sight when alarmed, and being of an inconspicuous grey colour it requires a keen eye to distinguish it when hopping noiselessly about in weedy hedgerows, where it is so often found, that it has obtained the provincial name of Nettle Creeper.

The sharp clicking note this bird makes when excited we constantly hear in furze bushes and hedges, which is a proof that the whitethroat exists in some numbers in Middlesex, and now that my "Fairy" has begun to sing, I find it is a strain with which I am quite familiar. My curiosity has often been excited by hearing low soft warbles from unseen singers on the common or in the woods; I vainly tried to see what bird it could be, but it always seemed to remain out of sight. My small pet has solved the mystery by performing for my private benefit the sweet music of her wild brethren out of doors.

I am constantly reminded of the lines in Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner."

"A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune."

As I sit at my writing, the delicate soft warbling goes on hour after hour, and is a source of real pleasure to me, it is so manifestly the outcome of a perfectly happy little spirit telling out its inward joy in its own sweet fashion.

Captivity has no terrors for Fairy; she loves her cage, and will hardly leave it except when she occasionally takes a swift flight to and fro, and then alights on my note paper to give a peck at my pen. She delights in sitting on the fender, fluffing up her feathers to revel in the warmth which, in winter, is her substitute for sunshine, and before long she returns to her own little home, and may be seen gracefully sipping the sweet juice of a grape before recommencing her song.

I often wonder how long this, my latest pet, may be spared to me! A bird's life is such a tender thing, a moment's carelessness may rob one of a cherished pet, and the greatest care will not always guard such a tiny swift flying bird from injury.

May the sorrowful day be far distant that shall see me bereft of my little ray of home sunshine, my Fairy whitethroat.

BY MRS. E. S. L. THOMPSON.

TO SHEET WAX FOR WAX FLOWERS.

Melt, by a slow heat, one pound of best cake wax in an earthen bowl. It is best to set the bowl in boiling water. When melted, add a large tablespoonful of balsam of fir, stirring in with a clean stick. If a pure white is wanted, add oil paint (such as comes in tubes), until the mixture looks white and clear. Then strain through very thin muslin into a clean bowl; this removes all impurities. Have ready a pane of glass, a basin of water, and a dipper with a long handle. A small table, with a covering of thick, brown paper, is best to work on. Have your wax on the stove hearth, keeping it warm, but not hot. Dip your pane of glass in the basin of water, shake off all the drops quickly; then dip up a dipper of wax, and pour down lengthwise of the pane. Slip the point of a case-knife under one edge, and remove carefully. Wet the glass again, shake off the drops, and make another sheet, and so on, until you have a sufficient quantity. If you wish colored wax, add the tube paint, in any shade you desire, to the melted wax, to which the balsam of fir has previously been added. By using care, a very desirable re-

sult may be obtained. In cool weather, always work with wax in a warm room, as it breaks easily.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS.

To clean soiled wax.—Moisten a cloth in turpentine, and rub very carefully.

To give the petals of flowers a velvety appearance.—Dip, first, in powdered arrow-root, then in the dry paint (whatever shade they may require). Do not dip the part to be joined to the stem, as the arrow-root and paint prevent sticking.

For Tea Roses.—Use two shades of wax, very light straw-color for the centre, and very light pink for the outside row of petals. Light yellow (dry paint) and carmine mixed; only a little carmine makes a handsome shade for roses. Cut the petals of pure, white wax, rubbing them afterward with the carmine and yellow mixed.

For Pansies.—Use Victoria carmine, rubbing it into the white, sheet wax, (have the wax near a fire); then tint up with light yellow, using the natural flower for a guide.

For Coral Honeysuckles.—Rub Vermillion (dry paint) into the white, sheet wax.

White Crosses.—If the cross-frame is not painted

white, cover it with thick writing paper; paste the paper on with starch, which has been well boiled and strained. Use white spool-wire (silk wound), for the stemming of small, fine flowers, and spool-wire, (cotton wound) for the large

flowers. For pinks, tube-roses and honeysuckles it is best to have the tin flower-cutters. They vary in price from ten to twenty-five cents each, and may be had of any first-class Art Dealer. Next month, we shall describe how to make roses.



LODGERS AND LODGINGS.

A SKETCH FROM EXPERIENCE.

HAVING lived in lodgings many years, some comfortable ones and some quite the reverse, and having during that time made the acquaintance of many, both lodgers and lodging-house keepers, I am perhaps better able than most people to express an opinion about them. Whilst my experience has taught me that lodging-house keepers are not necessarily rapacious and greedy, it has shown me also that neither are they as a rule benevolent beings, who let apartments with the sole object of making their fellow-creatures happy. The position of mistress in a house entirely or partially occupied by lodgers is almost always a trying one, and it is very certain that the comfort or discomfort to be enjoyed or endured by those whom circumstances oblige to live in apartments, may be added to or decreased quite as much by the temper and disposition of the lodger as by those of the mistress. But perhaps I had better narrate a little of my own experience.

The person with whom I first lived was named Mrs. Jorkins. She was a widow, and was mediocre in every respect; I fancy she had a good deal of difficulty in

making both ends meet, and if she occasionally swelled the bills, she had a great many temptations to do so. Her house was let to three different sets of lodgers. I had the first floor—bed-room and sitting-room; the two rooms above were taken by an old gentleman, who in the house always went by the name of "the mysterious party;" and the two rooms underneath were occupied by an ever-varying succession of young gentlemen "engaged in the City," who were at once the life and the nuisance of the establishment.

The "mysterious party" used to consist of the "mysterious parties"—that is, of an old gentleman and his wife, who had lived in the rooms for some years, and led the quietest of lives. They had never had an acquaintance to visit them, nor received a letter or a message of any sort, since they came. They had their own furniture—very handsome furniture it was—kept their own rooms, cooked their own food, and carefully avoided the slightest acquaintance with any one in the house. They had every appearance of respectability; their rent was paid punctually, and often before it was due. It was folded in a piece of

paper, and put with the things left outside the door ready for the girl to carry down, for even the servant who waited on our friends very rarely entered their room. She used to leave whatever they required outside the door, and it was taken in after she had left. One day a carriage stopped at the house, and a doctor was ushered up-stairs. The old lady was ill. Gradually she grew worse, but her husband waited upon her exclusively, and seemed quite to resent any inquiries about her. After a few days she quietly died, then was as quietly buried, and everything went back to the old routine, excepting that the servant was now allowed to enter for half-an-hour each day to perform necessary duties. Mrs. Jorkins at one time became very uneasy, as she thought what should she do if the old gentleman too were to die, while she knew none of his friends or connections; but I comforted her by saying that she might be sure such a methodical, independent sort of person as he was would have made every arrangement that was right and proper, and would have left full directions as to what was to be done. Though at first we felt very curious about him, we gradually became accustomed to our quiet neighbour, and left him as unmolested as he seemed to desire. He is still going on in the same way, and looks as if he would live to be a hundred. I suppose some day the mystery about him will be cleared up. Perhaps he will turn out to be a nobleman in disguise, or an escaped convict, or—more likely than either—an old gentleman who has outlived his friends, grown tired of the world, and desires to spend the remainder of his days in peace.

With the different young gentlemen who occupied the ground floor I was generally on very good terms. They were mostly young men who had lived in the country, and having come up to London to make their fortunes, were engaged in the City. I should think most of them had had comfortable homes, with mothers and sisters to look after them, and they seemed to find it a little hard at first to dispense with this loving care. Mrs. Jorkins' rooms were clean and comfortable, and her terms suited the purses of those who had not a very large amount of money to spend. She would let a young man have the use of a sitting-room and bed-room moderately furnished, wait on him and mend his linen, for twelve shillings a week. Then she would procure for him whatever provisions he required, keep an account of them, and make out a little bill, which was presented for payment every Monday morning. If two companions or two brothers shared the rooms, having another bed put up in the sleeping apartment, they were charged sixteen shillings a week. The weekly bills, which included washing, breakfast, tea, and supper, used to average, for one person, fourteen shillings a week. The young men were supposed to dine out; if they were at home on Sunday (and they never were when they could help it), they had dinner with the family, and paid one shilling and threepence each for the meal.

The items of the weekly bill were a frequent subject of dispute, and though Mrs. Jorkins' lodgers were not

unfairly treated, I am convinced, from the accounts I have heard, that numbers of young men in their position have a great deal to put up with. Everybody knows there are landladies and landladies, and lodgers and lodgers, and I suppose it is very much a question of luck whether or not a decent lodging is obtained on reasonable terms; but certainly if a young fellow inexperienced and open-hearted falls into the hands of an unprincipled and rapacious person, he has a very hard time of it. Becoming intimate as I did with my fellow-lodgers and their friends, I heard many an account of extortion and imposition which made me exceedingly indignant, and I always advised those who were subjected to these things not to put up with them. The best way is, as soon as there is the slightest suspicion of unfair dealing, first to be quite sure that there is a foundation for the suspicion, and then to speak about it at once; and if it is repeated, change apartments. There are hundreds of decent, respectable lodging-house keepers in a large town or city, who may be found with a little trouble, and it is no use putting up with discomfort and annoyance.

At the same time it is most important to remember that young men very frequently lay themselves open to small robberies, by leaving money and various articles of jewellery lying about their rooms, and so place temptation in the way of ignorant servants, who have perhaps never been taught to withstand it. I consider gentlemen have no right to do this. It is unfair to the poor girls who wait upon them, and if they lose anything in this way they deserve it.

The same thing may be said about wine and spirits. When they have been used, before the room is left, the bottles containing them ought to be locked up.

At one time Mrs. Jorkins had a young medical student lodging with her, who fancied that his whiskey went more quickly than his own consumption of it justified; and in order to discover the culprit, he mixed a little of it with a strong colourless emetic, and left the mixture on the table as he had been accustomed to leave the whiskey.

The next day the unfortunate servant was scarcely able to hold up her head, and the young man amused his friends with his account of the sympathetic kindness with which he recommended her to take a little whiskey as a restorative, and the abhorrence with which she rejected his advice.

I could not but feel that he was wrong, and that he ought not to have left such a temptation in the way of a girl who came up-stairs tired after a hard day's work, and therefore was peculiarly liable to fall into an error of this sort.

Several of my acquaintance who could not meet with comfortable lodgings, I sent to Smith's, and one young man in particular told me the other day that he had been there for six years, and would not again live in ordinary apartments on any account.

For the benefit of those who have not met with establishments like the one of which I speak, I may as well describe this one, especially as, if the demand for such lodgings were greater, the supply would increase.

In a large house, in a thoroughly respectable neighbourhood, off one of the well-known squares in London, accommodation is provided for twenty-five or thirty gentlemen. They are charged for lodging six, eight, or ten shillings per week, according as they occupy the first, second, or third floor.

Each floor consists of one large room only, with partitions about six feet in height, which divide it into a number of separate bed-rooms, one for each gentleman. These bed-rooms are plainly but comfortably furnished, and as the division does not reach to the top of the room, they are always airy and well ventilated. The living-rooms are spacious, comfortable, and handsome; and in winter they are well warmed and brilliantly lighted; and if one of the lodgers feels inclined at any time to spend the evening in-doors, he is almost sure to meet with respectable, gentlemanly companions; and he can smoke, play chess, read, or spend his time as he pleases.

The meals are taken at a large table, something like a sideboard, with a locker, and a private lock and key, for each gentleman, in which he can keep what provisions he chooses for his own use; or, if he prefer it, he can order what he wants.

These rooms are not liked by all, on account of the hours—the doors are closed at eleven. If a gentleman wishes occasionally to come in later, he can arrange with the hall-porter to sit up for him; but as a general thing, if a lodger does not conform to the rules of the house, he is politely requested to go somewhere else.

For steady, respectable gentlemen, who wish for comfort and a certain amount of elegance, combined with economy, and agreeable companionship, I do not know any private lodgings which are to be compared to these; and I certainly would recommend those young men who have been unable to meet with comfortable apartments, to try such an establishment.

There is one conclusion that I have come to with regard to young men who live in lodgings, which I must not omit to mention—namely, if they are not careful, they are just as likely to suffer from their friends as from their landladies. I have noticed this again and again. Young men come up from the country, make a few acquaintances, and hospitably invite them to their rooms, give them of their best, and press them to come again. In a little while the experienced friends, being sure of a welcome, and (shall I say it?) of a supper, get into the way of calling in at regular intervals without invitation, until the host is drawn into expenses which he had never calculated upon, and is often quite unable to afford. The only way in a case of this sort is to be determined to keep straight. A young man who has inadvertently allowed himself to be drawn into a difficulty like this ought to speak out boldly, as a friend of mine did on one occasion.

A number of young men, who belonged to the same cricket club that he did, got into the way of dropping in to see him three or four nights a week, and after sitting half-an-hour, they would say, "Give us a little supper, my boy;" and he would hospitably order the best he could for them, until he found that his weekly bills were increasing considerably.

One night, when four or five friends had come in, in the usual way, he said to them—

"Look here, old fellows, I am not rich; I have my way to make, and I cannot afford to find you in suppers, so you had better understand that when you come in here you shall have a hearty welcome, with bread, cheese, and cold water."

The visitors decreased in number, but I do not think the young man was any the less respected for the stand he had taken.

"Our young gentlemen," as Mrs. Jorkins always called them, did queer things sometimes. One of them used to open the door with his latch-key, and leave the key in the door, and we were roused three or four times in the dead of the night by the policeman coming in to tell us of it, and very thankful we were that it was no worse. The same young man, who shared his room with a friend, was such a sound sleeper that it was almost impossible to wake him.

One night he had gone to bed before his companion, and locked the door on the inside, and when his friend wanted to come in he could not rouse him. He knocked and shouted, and made such a noise, that at last all the people in the house collected on the spot, and it was decided to burst open the door, as it was feared that he must be ill. No; he was sleeping as comfortably as possible, and when he was touched, woke instantly. When told of the alarm he had caused, he calmly remarked, "Ah! I have not as much on my conscience as some people."

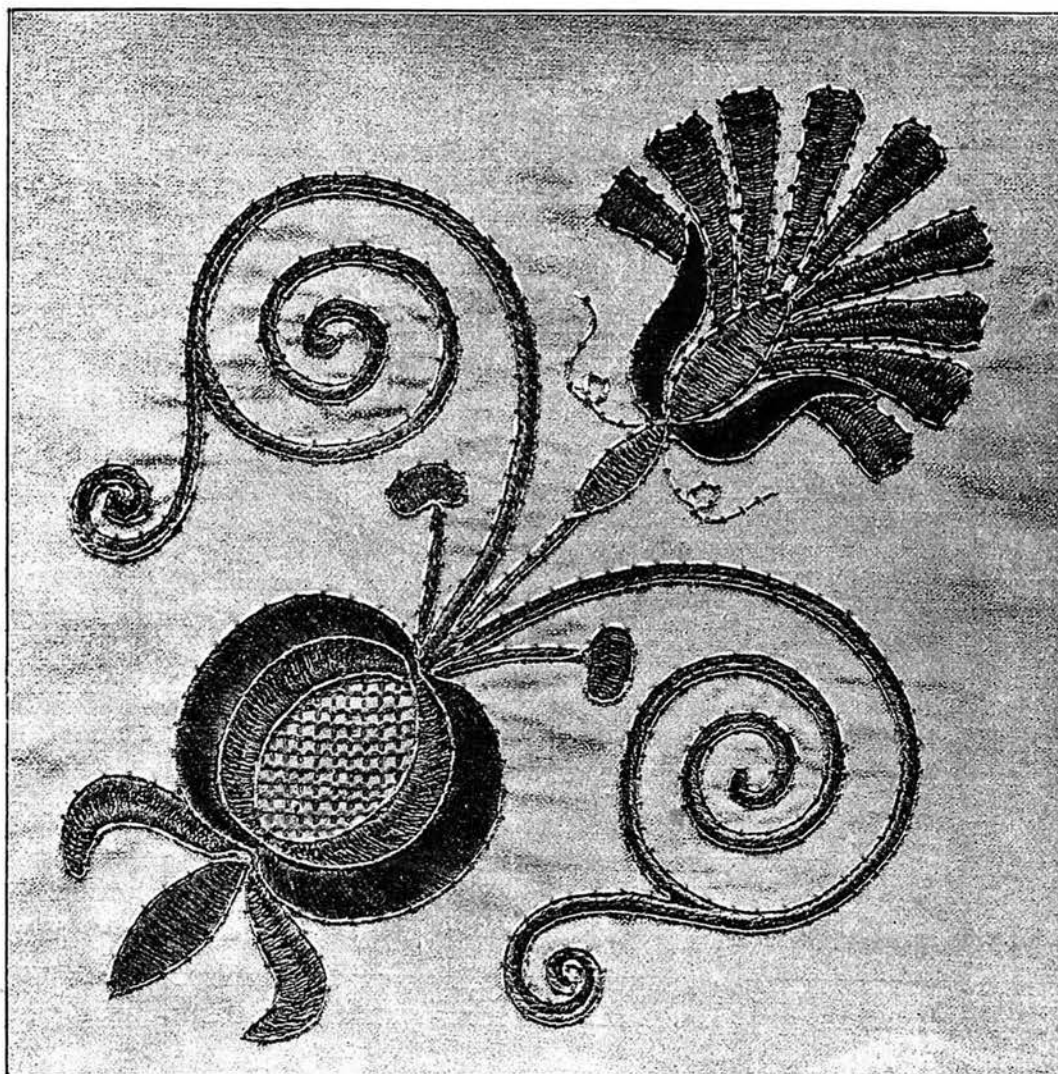
One lodger invited a dozen friends to dine with him one Christmas Day, and then forgetting all about it, went out to dinner himself. Soon the company began to arrive, evidently prepared to spend a happy day; but after waiting a considerable time, they were obliged to return home, as no preparations had been made for their reception, and they were evidently not expected.

In these days, when there are numbers of well-educated women placed in such circumstances that they must do something to earn their own livelihood, I cannot but think it would be well if, instead of taking situations as second-rate governesses, as so many of them do, these ladies would consider the advisability of themselves letting apartments, and taking lodgers, if such a course is practicable. I say this in the face of a fact which came to my notice the other day. A friend of mine advertised in one of the daily papers for apartments, and received in reply no fewer than ninety-two answers—all, of course, from the regular class of lodging-house keepers. What is wanted, in my opinion, is that lodgings should be let by a superior class of persons. If there were a little more refinement and education amongst lodging-house keepers, lodgings would not be so universally decried as they are, nor would lodgers be considered unfortunate and miserable persons. Both parties would benefit by the change, for were it understood that the nominal cost of apartments was the real cost, many would be willing to pay at a higher rate than they can possibly do now, when they are in too many instances obliged to calculate upon a certain degree of extortion.

PHILLIS BROWNE.

ROUMANIAN EMBROIDERY.

BY JOSEPHA CRANE.



BLOTTER.



ROUMANIAN embroidery is easily done ; and, as it is by no means expensive work, a great many people will, we think, be glad to know about it.

The blotter in our illustration is of a very handsome and artistic design carried out in old gold, dark blue, and a dull yellow which is almost the shade of ochre. The material upon which this embroidery is done is a thick brown linen, of sufficient substance to stand the weight of the work.

The embroidery is done in cotton filoselle, which is sold in balls costing threepence each. The cotton is like silk filoselle. There are several threads in the one, and it is used as it is cut, and never splits up. It is bad economy to use the cotton when it is at all worn ; consequently, it is wise to take short needlefuls.

The best needles to use are the chenille needles, which have sharp points and large, oval eyes. The gold which outlines a great deal of the embroidery is Japanese gold, sold in skeins. This gold has the merit, which none other has, of never tarnishing.

All the heavier parts of this design are worked in Roumanian stitch and Indian filling, which will be explained later on. The narrow curves are done in red and yellow rope-stitch, the lines lying closely together. The gold is sewn down at intervals of about an eighth of an inch in red and blue filoselle.

The uppermost spray is worked thus : The nine petals are done in red, and the centre oval beneath is yellow with side leaves of blue.

The lower flower has an open centre of blue stitches taken across the oval and fastened down with a stitch of yellow. All the stitches go the same way. Round this open work oval is a line of gold, then a border of red, the outermost being blue.

Two red leaves come from the flower, with a blue one between them.

All the designs for Roumanian embroidery are conventional, and have a character of their own. Those desiring to try the work, can obtain a price list if they send a stamped envelope to Miss Baker, 5, Clifton Gardens, Chiswick, whose are the designs for this blotter and bracket. She furnishes all materials for this work at very moderate charges, and her designs, as will be seen by these examples, are characteristic and excellent.

The bracket border is very handsome, and worked in the same way, with the addition of some satin stitch, herring-bone, and a V-shaped stitch called *point natté*.

French knots are also introduced in the lower open leaves of the centre flower. The way in which the whole is worked can easily be seen by examining the illustration, and I will now proceed to explain the stitches and how they are worked.

Fig. 1 is *point natté*. When you draw out your needle in the middle of the V, you then take it across under the material, as seen in illustration. The stitches should always be of the same length and at equal distances.

Fig. 2 is simple satin or flat stitch. This is never padded, and is worked simply by laying the long stitches, taken across the petal, or whatever you are working, side by side. The satin stitch should never be too loose, nor should the stitches be drawn tightly. The edge of all satin stitching should be quite clear and true; if some stitches project beyond others, the effect is very bad indeed.

Fig. 3 shows French knots. You should bring

your needle up from the back of the stuff, holding your cotton between the left thumb and forefinger. Then twist the cotton once or twice round the needle according to the size of the knot you wish to make. I sometimes use the cotton double, and that answers very well.

Fig. 4 is herring-bone stitch done very closely.

Fig. 5 shows how gold is sewn down. If you put two rows close together, then let the stitches lie between the ones in the foregoing row, not one stitch under another.

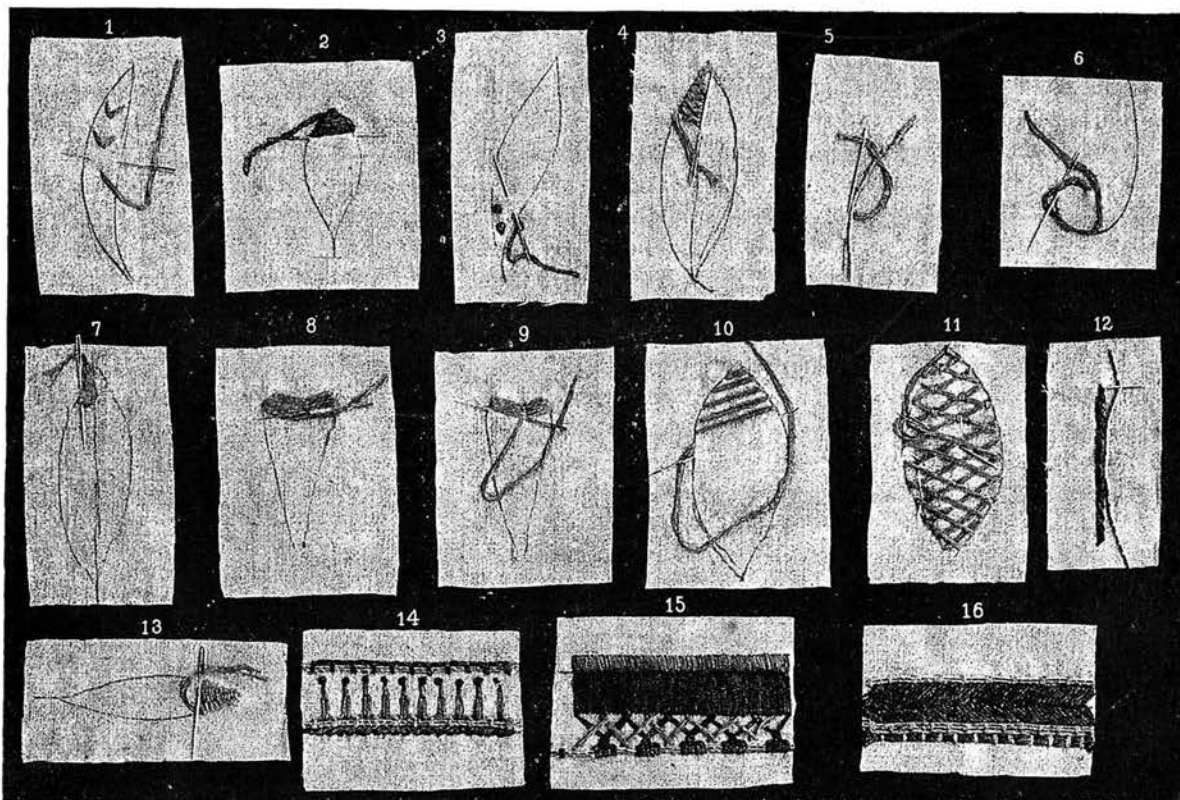
Fig. 6 is rope-stitch. Work as if for chain, only placing your needle at the back of the loop made, and keeping the thread under the needle.

Fig. 7 is plait-stitch. Always bring your needle out a little to one side of the last stitch, as then they cross and form the plait, which is so effective.

Roumanian stitch is seen in Figs. 8 and 9; and, as this is easy when once the knack of doing it is caught, I have given two illustrations of how it is done.

To work this stitch, you should bring out your needle on the left, a few threads beyond the line of your embroidery design. Of course, the number of threads must depend upon the space to be covered, and the quality of your material. Put your needle in on the right, the same distance before the line as before, and then bring it out in the middle of the stitch, as you see clearly illustrated in Fig. 8. You then pass your needle over the first stitch, as you see in Fig. 9, and put it in again a few threads before the point where it came out, then draw it out close to where the first stitch began.

Figs. 10 and 11 show the trellis-work in both stages.

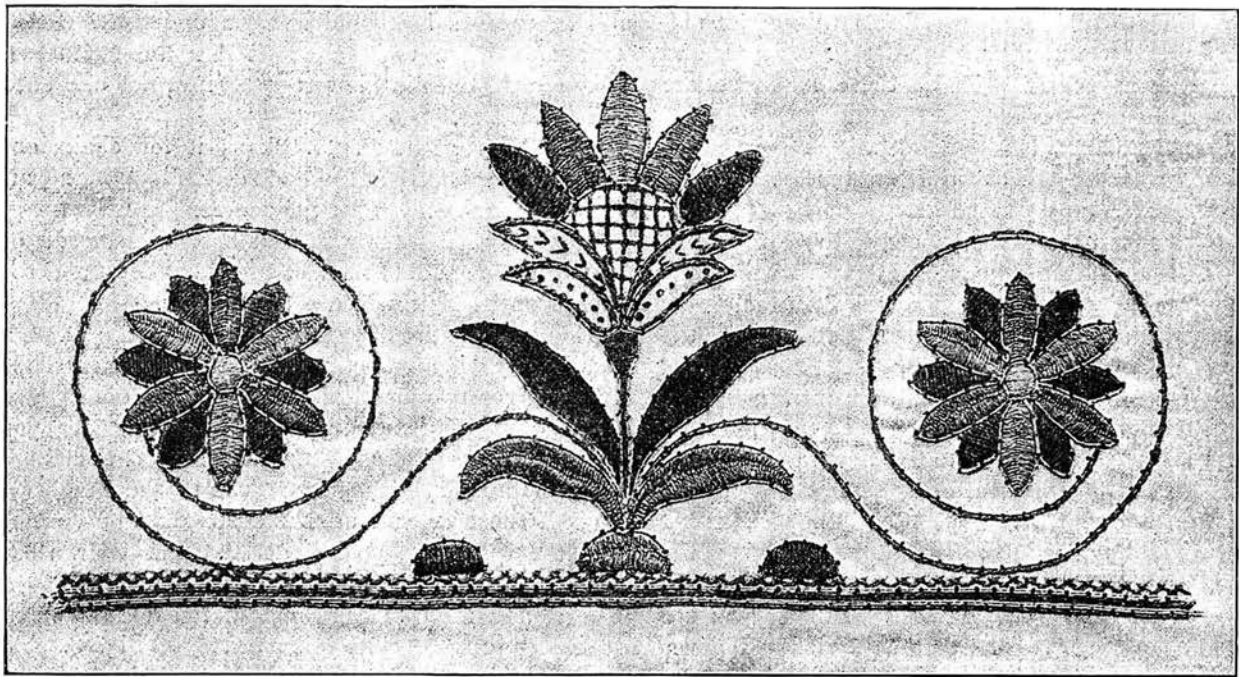


STITCHES FOR ROUMANIAN EMBROIDERY.

The spaces between must always be left at equal distances, and the stitch which crosses the long stitches must always go the same way, and be in a contrasting colour. It looks very pretty sometimes to take the stitches across in fine gold thread, and secure them at

the thread you are holding down. Then draw your thread up, and put the needle down through the material a little distance under the chain.

The next row is of two rows of gold, done like the upper row, only this time with blue cotton. This is



BRACKET.

the crossing with a coloured stitch. If you want the trellis to have thick bars, then double your cotton.

In Fig. 12 you see how the gold is begun. It is always well in beginning or ending the gold to thread it into a very large-eyed tapestry needle, and push it through to the back of the material. Then leave about the eighth of an inch on the wrong side, and secure it. In working the Japanese gold, it must be borne in mind that the gold paper is apt to uncurl in working, so that with your left thumb and finger you should twist it as you go.

Fig. 13 is Indian filling. Having your needle placed as you see it in the illustration, you draw it out; then keep your thread to the right, and take a small stitch towards the edge of the leaf. Then keep your thread to the left as before, and put in your needle as you see it in the illustration.

Fig. 14 is a fancy border. The upper edge is of two rows of gold, sewn down with button-hole stitch taken at intervals. This is done in red. Then there are red French knots over spikes formed of picot stitch. This is a loop as if for chain-stitch, only secured with a stitch holding down the loop at its broad end. Bring up your thread from the back of the stuff, then hold it down with the left thumb, and put the needle in to the right and close to where it came out. Then bring it out the eighth of an inch below, in a straight line, over

done before the picot loops, which come from the line of blue cotton which lies under them. Then follows a row of red rope-stitch.

In Fig. 15 there are two rows of ordinary flat or satin stitch worked side by side. The upper narrow row is yellow, and the deeper under-band is red. Under the red band is herring-bone in red and blue. Do the red very wide apart, and then the blue crossing it. Next come two rows of gold, button-holed down in blocks of stitches at intervals.

Roumanian stitch forms a wide red band in Fig. 16. On each side of it are two rows of gold, sewn down with blue; in the upper row the stitches are simply done at intervals as in Fig. 5, and in the lower they are button-hole stitched down. A double strand of red is sewn down below the gold with blue cotton.

Roumanian work can be adapted to very many uses. For plush curtains or table-covers a band of the work is very effective.

Tea-cosies, and borders of all kinds, are pretty in it; and book-covers, time-table covers, work bags, and all kinds of fancy and useful articles can be decorated with it. Of course, the worker can choose any material she likes for a foundation, but to carry out the true idea of the work, it is far better to do it on this coarse brown linen, the very roughness of which throws up the colours and gold in a very satisfactory way.



HOW MEN DRESS—THE TUBULAR SYSTEM.

BY HENRY HOLIDAY.

Illustrated by the Writer.



ETHER tailoring suggested the merits of the tube to engineers as affording the highest degree of rigidity with a given amount of material, or whether engineering suggested it to tailors, must be left to the investigation of the careful historian. One thing is certain, that as the superior

of man's dress with a consistency and perseverance worthy of a better cause.

This article diffidently raises the question whether rigidity is really the quality most to be desired in a garment; but I fear I have already, in the closing words of the last sentence, betrayed symptoms of partisanship. I hasten to make amends by opening the subject from the point of view of the tubers or pipers (I am not sure by what name the advocates of the tube or stove-pipe system prefer to be known).

Let us then begin by assuming that the tube or stove-pipe is the most beautiful form known to man, that his body and limbs ought to have been made in that form, and that their shortcomings ought to be rectified by art. Let us grant all this (the pipers themselves can hardly ask for more), and let us first inquire whether this rectification is practicable.

A glance at a tailor's fashion-book will show that an immaculate tube, a new stove-pipe without a dent, is the type set before us for imitation; top-hat, collar, coat, cuffs, and trousers all testify to this; they are all devised with this noble aim; but, alas!

Fig. 1



The ideal.

rigidity of the tube became generally recognised it was applied to every part



The actual.

"The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft a-gley."

How far is the realisation short of the ideal?

Here is a picture of a stove-pipe in its pristine purity of form (Fig. 1a), but we all know what it will come to after rough usage. Here is a drawing of a battered stove-pipe carefully, nay tenderly, studied from nature (Fig. 1b). The pathos of the

Let us take the top-hat first as the most favourable instance (*i.e.* from the point of view of the pipers) since it is constructed of fairly rigid material and is unaffected by movements of the body and limbs. Accident apart, a top-hat may for a considerable time retain a close resemblance to the prototype whose name it often



Fig 2

bears; but an accident which would not affect a felt hat or a silk or velvet cap of a former period is fatal to the modern head-gear. The kick of a neighbour's boot under the seat at theatre or concert, the pranks of children, the incautious passing under too low a doorway—any of these might destroy the symmetry of a modern top-hat. While not venturing to call in question the grace of form or charm of colour exhibited in this article of apparel, must we not confess that its beauty is too frail and sensitive for a work-a-day world?

The collar and cuff stand on safer ground; their rigidity can be renewed at the wash; they can, I believe, be obtained of enamelled metal or celluloid, and altogether exhibit the tubular principle in its highest purity. But how small a fraction of the human frame do these cover? There still remain the trunk and limbs whose coverings amount to nineteen twentieths or more nearly ninety-nine hundredths of the whole, and here the tubular system fails before the ineradicable depravity of our fallen human nature, which *will* bend its limbs and will not

From *Pinturricchio*

subject is undeniable; is there not something even human about it? But I entreat the reader to control his emotion while we consider dispassionately its bearing on our present inquiry. For does not this picture of the battered stove-pipe, of the tube in its decay, present to us the type actually embodied in most male garments of this age?

wear zinc. It is useless for tailors to draw gentlemen in trousers without a crease, it is useless for them to supply "trouser-stretchers" to efface every night all evidence of their ever having clothed a human limb during the day; so long as human limbs are formed on one principle and garments on another, the result will be failure. The perfect cylinders of the

fashion-books may be our ideal type, but the battered stove-pipe is our actual working type. The tailors must find a Utopia of their own for their tubes; in this fallen world they are a failure—heaven be praised!

Let us now regard the subject not from the point of view of “tubers” or “pipers,” but from that of rational beings. I would ask whether rigidity is desirable in dress at all, but that the question is scarcely fit for one rational being to ask another; and yet, since we all wear tubes of more or less rigidity, the evil must be encountered in some way, and so, in deference to the assumed good sense of my readers, I appeal to them with the question, Is not the tube the ugliest and most irrational form of dress that can be devised?

There is one vital fundamental principle upon which all dress must be founded. Dress clothes the human frame, and must be formed to accord with that frame. If it restricts the free and healthy movement of the body and limbs it is bad practically. If it disfigures or distorts the human form it is bad artistically.

There are two ways in which dress may harmonise with the form it clothes. It may be loose so that it flows freely over the limbs as drapery; this is the classical type. Or it may fit the limbs closely; this is the mediæval type. The former of these is out of keeping with all our modern ways, perhaps with our northern climate; but the latter is not merely suited to Northern Europe, where for centuries it was universal, but is now adopted wherever convenience compels us to exercise our common sense.

The tube exactly excludes both these sources of beauty. It is not full enough to take any folds of its own, but it is just full enough to miss all the lines of the figure; and this dismal, tasteless, graceless type of form has allied itself to an equally dismal, tasteless, lifeless type of colour. Black and dull grey

browns are alone admitted into man's attire, and we have become so inured to this state of things that we regard it as normal, and fancy any infusion of grace or colour into our dress would be fantastic and unbusiness-like, forgetting that there have been good men of business in Venice, Florence, Genoa, in the Netherlands, &c., &c., who did not find dingy

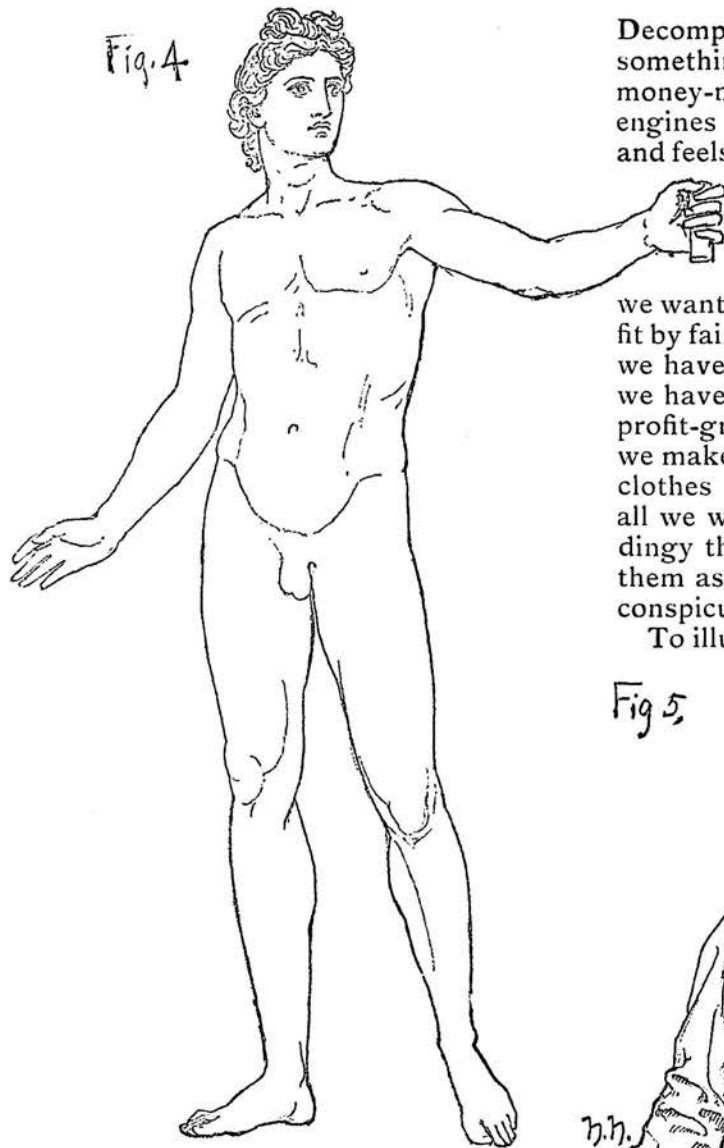


Fig 3

A long way
from Pinturicchio

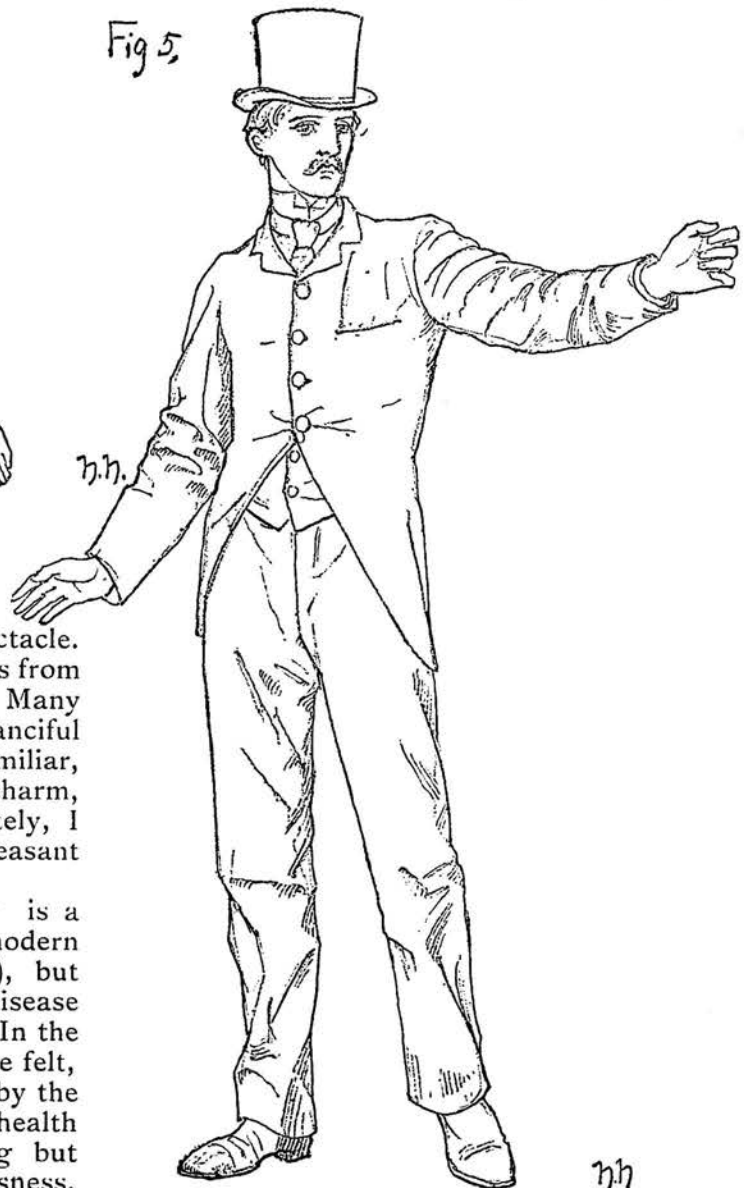
suits of battered tubes essential to success in their mercantile pursuits; forgetting that never till this century was so degraded a type of dress worn anywhere, and now only in “civilised” Europe, America, and their colonies.

I was about to write “so barbarous a type of dress,” but checked myself in time, and I apologise to the barbarians



Decomposition has set in. There is a something inside these hideous clothes : money-making machines, profit-grinding engines are there, but the spirit that lives and feels joy in life is gone. It would not be "business-like" for our streets to glow with healthful colour. It would not conduce to money-making, so what can we want with it. A human spirit might profit by fair and wholesome surroundings, but we have nothing to do with human spirits, we have only to do with "business-like" profit-grinding engines. In this capacity we make our skies, our buildings, and our clothes grimy with coal and smoke, and all we want in our clothes is a colour so dingy that we can carry as much dirt on them as possible without showing it too conspicuously.

To illustrate yet more clearly how guilty



for having in thought compared them for a moment in the matter of dress to civilised nations where alone a group of men is always an ugly spectacle.

On page 36 is a group of Italians from a fresco by Pinturicchio (Fig. 2). Many features in their costume appear fanciful to our eyes because they are not familiar, but the whole is full of grace and charm, and the colours (which, unfortunately, I cannot give here) are bright and pleasant to look on.

By way of contrast on page 37 is a translation of the same group into modern "battered tube" costume (Fig. 3), but the colour is needed to show the disease and death implied in the change. In the one the movements of the limbs are felt, they are clothed but not distorted by the garments, and the glow of life and health is there; in the other is nothing but gloom, darkness, and shapelessness.

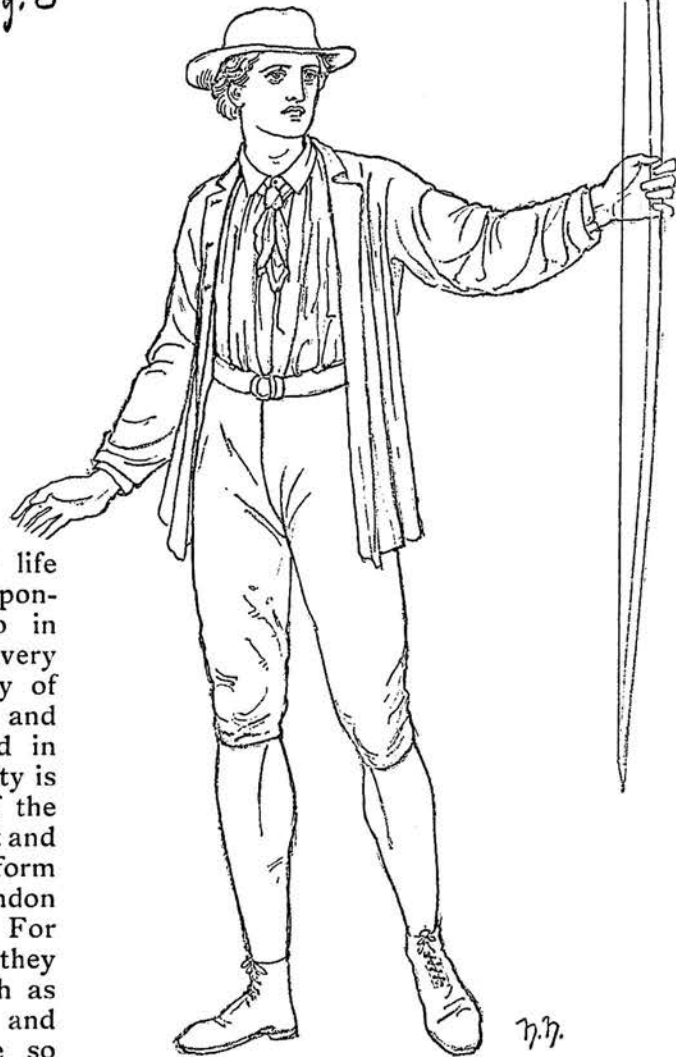
we all are of distorting nature, I give on page 38 a sketch of a Greek statue, perhaps the most popularly known of its kind (Fig. 4), and the same figure in tubular dress, with every spark of grace crushed out of it (Fig. 5). There are people who think the divinely beautiful figure, as God made it, is "shocking," and that the pitiful caricature of it which we produce is *pure!!* May Heaven forgive their blasphemy; but some such idea must possess those who willingly allow the infinitely beautiful lines of the natural limbs to be disfigured by the battered stove-pipes which are the peculiar mark of nineteenth century civilisation.

Happily there are many signs that we are awaking from this nightmare of black bulges and dents which is at present our substitute for the human form. We are not all profit-grinding engines, and many who are would willingly be something better and are the victims of a system. This system is tottering to its fall, and sooner or later life will be a brighter thing and will spontaneously declare itself to be so in its externals; but, meantime, every change for the better is like a ray of hope which lightens the forward path and stimulates to further progress. And in the matter of dress practical necessity is beginning to undermine the rule of the battered stove-pipe. So inconvenient and unpractical is this "business-like" form of dress that men are obliged to abandon it for any manly and healthy action. For riding, boating, cycling, golfing, &c., they drop it for some rational form, such as knickerbockers or knee-breeches, and already these forms have become so familiar to us that it would be easy for them gradually to supersede the old ones.

To show the importance of the change and how easily our dress may be made rational and graceful without anything like masquerading in obsolete styles, I have sketched the Apollo clad in garments which any one might wear in the country now (Fig. 6). It is impossible to cover the limbs at all without losing something of that marvellous beauty and interest, the daily contemplation of which produced

the matchless art of the Parthenon; but at least these garments do not disfigure and distort, they are not an insult to the human frame. They might be improved; the long hose of the Italian figures, for instance, which leave the wonderful articulation of the knee undisturbed are more graceful, but this dress is

Fig. 6



simple, scarcely differs from forms in actual use, and expresses the movements of the body naturally.

The rapid spread of these healthy forms gives some hope that the battered stove-pipe may have been crushed out of existence before the opening of the twentieth century, and that in the next age a crowd of men in assemblies, in the street, or on the railway platform, may not be a repulsive sight to cultivated eyes.

**A PAGE OF FUGITIVE VERSE.
GATHERED HERE AND THERE.**

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my
childhood,
When fond recollections present them to
view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled
wildwood,
And every loved spot which my infancy
knew;
The wide-spreading pond and the mill which
stood by it,
The bridge and the rock where the cataract
fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the
well:
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-cover'd bucket, which hung in the
well.
That moss-cover'd vessel I hail as a treasure;
For often, at noon, when return'd from the
field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that Nature can
yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were
glowing!
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it
fell;
Then soon, with the emblem of truth over-
flowing.
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the
well:
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-cover'd bucket arose from the well.
How sweet from the green mossy brim to re-
ceive it,
As poised on the curb it inclined to my
lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to
leave it,
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter
sips.
And now, far removed from the loved situa-
tion,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the
well:
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-cover'd bucket, which hangs in the
well.

—Samuel Woodworth.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

(AS REVISED AND EDITED BY A "SANITARIAN.")
With what anguish of mind I remember my
childhood,
Recalled in the light of a knowledge since
gained;
The malarious farm, the wet, fungus-grown wild-
wood;
The chills then contracted that since have re-
mained;
The scum-covered duck pond, the pig-sty close
by it,
The ditch where the sour-smelling house drain-
age fell;
The damp, shaded dwelling, the foul barn-yard
nigh it—
But worse than all else was that terrible
well;
And the old oaken bucket, the mold-crust-
ed bucket
The moss-covered bucket that hung in the
well.

Just think of it! *Moss* on the vessel that
lifted
The water I drank in the days' called to
mind,
Ere I knew what professors and scientists
gifted
In the water of wells by analysis find.
The rotting wood fiber, the oxide of iron,
The algæ, the frog of unusual size,
The water impure as the verses of Byron,
Are things I remember with tears in my
eyes.
And to tell the sad truth—though I shudder to
think it—
I considered that water uncommonly clear,
And often at noon, when I went there to drink it,
I enjoyed it as much as I now enjoy beer.
How ardent I seized it with hands that were
grimy
And quick to the mud-covered bottom it fell;
Then reeking with nitrates and nitrites, and
slimy
With matter organic, it rose from the well.
Oh! had I but realized, in time to avoid them,
The dangers that lurked in that pestilent
draught,
I'd have tested for organic germs and destroyed
them
With potassic permanganate ere I had quaffed;
Or, perchance, I'd have boiled it and afterwards
strained it
Through filters of charcoal and gravel com-
bined
Or, after distilling, condensed and regained it
In potable form, with its filth left behind.
How little I knew of the dread typhoid fever
Which lurked in the water I ventured to
drink;
But since I have become a devoted believer
In the teachings of science, I shudder to
think.
And now far removed from the scenes I'm de-
scribing,
The story for warning to others I tell,
As memory reverts to my youthful imbibing
And I gag at the thought of that horrible
well,
And the old oaken bucket, the fungus-grown
bucket—
In fact, the slop bucket—that hung in the well.
—J. C. Bayles.

PANCAKES.

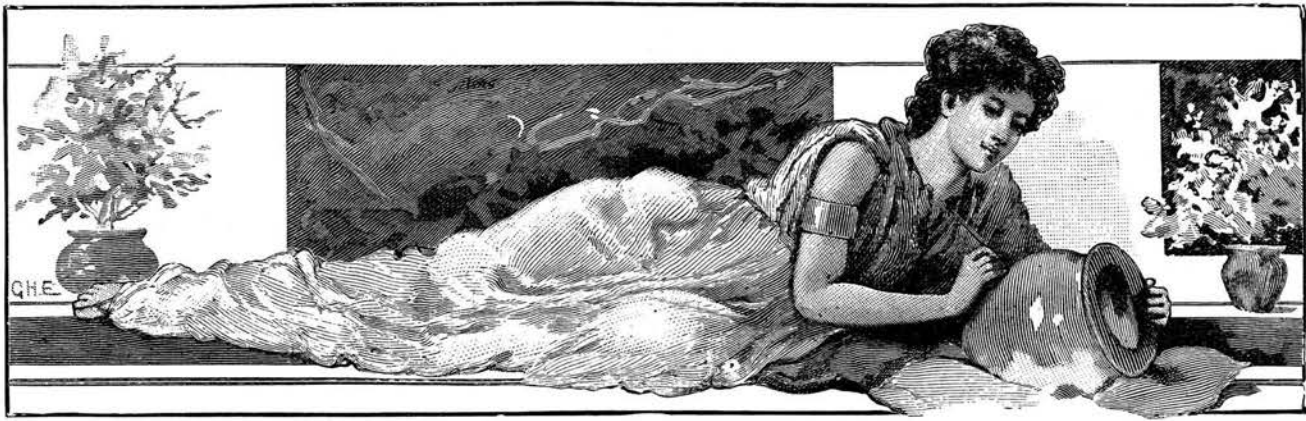
How dear to my heart is the food of my child-
hood,
When poor hotel dinners recall it to view;
The chickens, the partridges shot in the wild-
wood.
And all kinds of jam that my infancy knew.
The plump fat old turkey with cranberries
nigh it,
The mince pies which often I ate with such
joy,
But best of them all and I cannot deny it.
Were those good buckwheat pancakes I ate
when a boy.
Those good buckwheat pancakes, those excellent
pancakes.
Those unrivaled pancakes I ate when a boy.
That old pancake griddle I hailed as a trea-
sure,
For at noon or at night, when returned from my
toil,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
Far better than food that you roast, bake or
boil.
How ardent I seized them with countenance
glowing,

And unto the table did bear them with joy.
And soon to my mouth mighty fragments were
going,
Of those good buckwheat pancakes I ate when
a boy.
Those good buckwheat pancakes, those excellent
pancakes,
Those unrivaled pancakes I ate when a boy.
How nice from the griddle right hot to receive
them,
To swallow them quickly and then call for
more;
Not even ambrosia would tempt me to leave
them,
When once they had entered my mouth's open
door.
And oft when pursuing my way through life's
wildwood,
And learning a bit of its sorrow and joy,
My fancy returns to the scenes of my child-
hood
And those good buckwheat pancakes I ate when
a boy.
Those good buckwheat pancakes, those excellent
pancakes,
Those unrivaled pancakes I ate when a boy.
—George E. Baldwin.

THAT VICIOUS OLD BUCKET.

How fresh in my mind are the scenes of my
childhood,
As fond recollection presents them to view!
The cow-stall, the pig-pen, the ten cords of fire
wood,
And all the tough chores that I had to go
through.
The weeds in the garden, the stones in the
stubble,
The errands to run and the white beans to
shell;
And (when I'd already a surplus of trouble)
The bucket that viciously dropped in the
well
The rotten-roped bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The confounded bucket that dropped in the
well!
After trudging all day in the wake of a harrow,
The team I must water ere getting my grub;
Cross, foot-sore and tired clear to the marrow,
I'd seize on the windlass to fill up their tub,
So downward that bucket, demurely meandered,
And then with hard lugging, it "rose from the
well;"
But ere I could dump it, the rope had dis-
banded,
And, spang! to the bottom the 'tarnal thing
fell!
The fiendish old bucket! the rotten-roped
bucket!
The hundred-ton bucket that dropped in the
well!
Then with grapples and "creepers," and like
botherations,
I bent o'er the well like a capital A;
And mingling my tears with devout invoca-
tions,
I sprinkled them down as I angled away.
How it caught—and slipped off—and at last
caught securely!
I pulled with a joy my words cannot tell;
And I hugged, not from love, but to hold it
more surely—
The mud-covered bucket that rose from the
well.
The slippery old bucket, the rotten old bucket,
The mud-covered bucket that rose from the
well!

—Unidentified.



THE ETIQUETTE OF CALLS AND CARDS.

"Wisdom picks friends; civility plays the rest."—Herbert.



THE word "etiquette" is one admitting a wider significance than is usually given it. Too often we find it regarded as almost synonymous with "nonsense," and, strange to say, the statement "I know nothing of the *etiquette* of this or that" is frequently made in tones betraying conscious pride in such ignorance. Worcester defines the word as "the ceremonial code of polite life; ceremony; civility." That such a code is necessary we must all admit, and though

some people may cavil at the "ceremony," they surely will not at the "civility."

Etiquette, then, in its best meaning represents those useful as well as graceful manners and customs of our social lives, which should be learned willingly, and as far as circumstances will permit, practised faithfully until the "ceremony" or, better, the "civility," becomes simply a part of an every-day atmosphere of kindness and courtesy, which we should all desire to make our own, not from a wish to do "the correct thing," but from a recognition of the utility and excellence behind the form.

The etiquette of calls differs somewhat in large cities and in smaller towns. In the former, one is apt to be dropped and forgotten save by intimate friends, unless rigorously observing a certain amount of what might seem to the provincial dweller useless ceremony, while she in turn may order her social life in a very different way from her city sister, though both are aiming at and achieving the same result—the proper observance of social amenities.

Calls are the currency with which we largely pay our society debts, and among these none are more important than the first call. The rules for introductory visits are, comparatively speaking, strictly laid down, and there is seldom need for deviation from these. It is, however, often a vexed question whose place it is to take the initiative. Now we shall usually find sensible reasons behind well-established rules, if we only look for them, so it is best to consider what would be *sensible*, and in nine cases out of ten this will be the course required by etiquette.

If you are a new-comer in your place of residence, your part is as natural as it is simple, merely to "stand and wait," as it is the privilege of the older inhabitants to indicate a desire for your acquaintance. This rule is not hard to accede to in the cordial life of smaller places, where the nearer neighbors are sure to call, and through them you will meet others. If, however, our lines are fallen in a great city and we have few introductions to pave the way, we may

be obliged to wait a long time, for here people have all they can do to keep up with the social demands made upon them, and the pleasant ways of smaller towns can not and should not be followed. However, it would be an extreme case where no introduction was available, and, with even one such, tact and social talent will have much to do with your ultimate success.

Usually, in the case of any but a new-comer to the town or neighborhood, the younger will wait for the elder lady to call upon her, if there be much difference in age, but the elder may take the advantage of her position and desire the other to do so, and this with so much tact as to convey even a greater compliment than her call would do. Where two ladies of the same place meet for the first time, both having resided there for a long period, either may request the other to visit her, or may continue the acquaintance by calling, unless there is between the two, some marked difference of social standing, when she who holds the highest position will make the first call. That such a difference exists often, even in our democratic country, we must admit. It is by no means always due to a real disparity in rank, but more often because, for good reason, one lady has never endeavored to take her place in society, or has dropped out of it.

These visits must be returned, if possible, within the week, and the formality of the first, must govern that of the return call, for it is necessary to remember that until some degree of friendship is established, the person who made the first advances has the privilege of continuing or dropping the acquaintance.

In large cities it is, as we have said, allowable to make use of the written introduction of a mutual friend living elsewhere, or a person residing in the same place may ask as a favor to herself, some of her more intimate friends to call, but in neither case should too much be expected, as to add still another name to an already over-full list, is by no means a small matter, and though some recognition of such a request is necessary, it may be a formal one. A card may reasonably do duty in place of a personal visit, the latter, however, being so much the greater compliment should be made if we wish to please our friend. If a card is used, the day of reception will be engraved thereon, and it is imperative that the return should be made upon that day. This call will be short and ceremonious, the visitor only recognizing a courtesy which does not necessarily authorize more than a formal acquaintance, while it may, and in many cases does lead to a pleasant one. The card must be left in the receptacle provided for the purpose, and bearing name and day as well as address, will serve as a future reminder to the hostess. If, besides this, we make ourselves charming and your call short, the chances are that the latter will be followed by an invitation, which, being a mark of special favor, must be received as such, and declined but for most excellent and plainly stated reasons. If, as is usually the case in small places, a lady has no "day," the call will be less formidable

and therefore more pleasant; neither is there the same necessity for a short stay, although from twenty minutes to half an hour is quite long enough, while the other limit would be fifteen minutes.

If a call is intended for more than one member of a family, it is well, though not obligatory, to send up a card for each person. In event of seeing no one, a card must be left for each without fail. It may be turned at the corner or not. In small towns this is not the necessity that it is in cities where there must be some indication whether the visit was personal or not.

But besides these ordinary visits which serve to begin and to sustain an acquaintance, there are many no less important. When a friend has a visitor in her home, a call is necessary; particularly in smaller places this is regarded of great importance, and should be made as soon as possible. Of course no previous acquaintance with the recipient of the favor is required, as that she is our friend's friend entitles her to the civility which she in turn must not neglect to recognize within a few days; or, if she finds this for good reason impossible, her card must be left or sent, and should be regarded as a proper response. If a person whom we have previously met visits at the house of one whom we do not know, our call must include the latter, and in the event of missing either or both, cards must be left. This call, of course, requires one in return from the visitor, not necessarily from her hostess, though she may if she like, accompany her friend.

A call after an entertainment should be made within the week and *always in person*. The leaving of a card would, in this case, be inexcusable, unless because of an immediate departure from the town, when it would be the only course.

After the announcement of an engagement a call is in order, though the recipient may be otherwise in our debt. This visit is, of course, to allow us to express our congratulations. A person about to leave town for a prolonged or final absence should make what are known as "P. P. C." calls, these letters signifying the French phrase, "*pour prendre congé*"—to take leave.

Calls of condolence require tact and delicacy rather than hard and fast rules. If the acquaintance between ourselves and the bereaved person is slight, a card should be left after the funeral. When there is some degree of intimacy, a personal call may be made before the funeral, and if our friend is unable to see us, our card should be left bearing some slight message of sympathy.

Calls upon a bride should be made very soon after her return from her wedding trip, if no day for such has been designated, and as immediate a visit must be paid to the mother or person at whose house the reception was held. The bride returns her calls soon and, as far as possible, in the order in which they were made. Her neglect to acquit herself of these debts would be inexcusable, and a person so careless would deserve to be socially forgotten.

The etiquette of calls for young unmarried women differs somewhat in this country from that of the other side; here it is common for even the girl who is not yet "in society" to have her own cards, and to make visits unaccompanied by mother or chaperon, while in England even the daughter who has been "introduced," has her name engraved upon her mother's card, and all formal calls are made with her. This custom has much to recommend it, bearing witness to the superior position of the elder lady, and putting the social life of mother and daughter upon the same level. Fashion has in this country sanctioned the use of separate cards, therefore we must call it allowable, but the best usage does not uphold a young girl not yet "out" in making formal visits alone. If these are to be made, as they properly may under some circumstances, it should be in company with the mother, who

will write in pencil beneath her own upon her card, her daughter's name.

A gentleman should wait for an intimation from a married lady that she desires him to call. This same request, proper from a married woman, is not at all so from a young girl, although this is a rule too frequently broken. It does not, however, debar the latter from receiving such visitors as her mother or chaperon see fit to admit, while it keeps this choice very suitably within their power. It is needless to say that such visits are better received by the mother and daughter together, but this is a "free country." The former, however, should not fail to present herself during part of the time, thus sanctioning the visitor, and maintaining the dignity of her position as the head of her household, one which too many are willing to relegate to their children. The gentleman himself would be wanting in respect and elegance as well if he failed to inquire for the mother or to leave a card for her.

Married men are apt to drop the onus of their social duties upon the shoulders of the wife, and in the hurry and rush of business there is great excuse for this. A wife may, on making a first visit, leave her husband's card with her own, if not admitted; if received, must deposit his card in the receiver or upon a table in hall or drawing-room. Such a courtesy will be recognized in the same manner. In this way the gentlemen may unfortunately remain unknown to each other, though their wives have a formal acquaintance.

In cards themselves custom allows comparatively little latitude, the slight changes in size, shape and thickness being too insignificant to need frequent consideration. A lady's card should be of moderate dimensions, about three and three-quarters by two and a half inches. Large or very small sizes are not in good taste. The paste-board should be of good quality and only moderate thickness and of a pure white or delicate cream tint; no color is admissible, and a gilt edge is the height of vulgarity. The most elegant card is, of course, engraved; written ones come next, while those which are printed must be classed with the gilt edge. Even where the question of expense is to be considered, an engraved plate is better than printing, for allowing the greater original cost, the cards will always be uniform in quality and the plate will last as long as needed. Of late years these plates are to be had at a very small price and the striking off of the cards costs but little. If a written card be used, and our own handwriting is not equal to the requirements, have them done in a bold but natural style, eschewing the work of the imitator of copper plate, as well as the flourishes of the writing-master.

Circumstances alter the arrangement of the name. A married lady whose husband is living should make use of his, as "Mrs. James Richmond." If, on the contrary, she is a widow her card may read, "Mrs. Mary Richmond," though many widows object to this last method and keep to the first form. If the lady is the only person in the society of a small place, who bears her name, or if she is the acknowledged head of her family, she may use "Mrs. Richmond" alone. The oldest daughter of the house will have simply "Miss Richmond" upon her card, thus signifying that she *is* the oldest, while her sisters will have "Miss Alice Richmond," and "Miss Laura Richmond" instead. Some young girls affect an ultra simplicity and use the name without "Miss;" this is never elegant, and its simplicity lacks dignity, as much as would the mother's card if the prefix "Mrs." were omitted. In cities the street and number should, for the sake of convenience, be engraved in one corner, while the day of reception may occupy the other.

Cards have become very useful as the means of conveying somewhat informal invitations. For dinners, balls, and other very ceremonious occasions they are inadequate, but for

dances, lunches, "at homes" and teas they are in good taste. The words "at home" are written upon the card by the hostess herself," also the hour and often the nature of the entertainment, as "Dancing," "Progressive Euchre." The envelope should exactly fit the card, and while it is not out of place to send by mail, it is in better taste that they should be delivered by a servant.

The convenient card is also used in replying to invitations. This is frequently correct, but not unless the invitation itself was in that form. Where one more formal was engraved, or written in the third person a note, also in the third person, is necessary. In using the card the phrases, "Accepts with pleasure," or, "Regrets to decline," are proper, but it is not allowable to merely write "Accepts" or "Declines," as this is too curt a form to be really courteous.

And these are a very few of the many uses of calls and cards, which, properly understood, simplify social duties, while the ultra etiquette, which sensible people regard as its abuse, should be "more honored in the breach than the observance."

—Anna Sawyer.



APPLES.

It was autumn, and incessant
Piped the quails from shocks and sheaves,
And, like living coals, the apples
Burned among the withering leaves—*Longfellow.*



EVERY one knows how to cook apples in pie, sauce, and pudding; but every one does not know how to provide a nice variety of dishes from this simplest and commonest of fruit, which is often, if not always, the main dependence for fruit during the larger part of the year, in all northern families. In many homes the apple, as a table fruit, is not fully appreciated for this reason; and for the benefit of such some ways of adding to the list

of apple desserts are here given which are most excellent, if prepared with good, prime apples. The greening is preferable for all cooking purposes, where a tart apple is desired, if kept in a cool place to keep firm and juicy.

It is an excellent plan during the winter to fill up the emptied cans, that earlier in the season held other fruit, with these apples, peeled, quartered and cooked in a rich syrup, to which may be added for variety sliced lemon and a few raisins. If the syrup is boiling hot when the apples are added, the quarters will retain their shape. They should be sealed while hot, the same as any canned fruit, and will be found an excellent substitute for something finer when other canned fruit is low, and the strawberry yet too expensive for the modest purse. Russets are nice prepared in this way.

To bake apples, choose quite perfect ones, wash and remove all blemish. Cut out the core and fill the space with granulated sugar; place in a deep baking-tin, add a little water and bake. Vary this a little by substituting light brown

sugar, or again pour a little New Orleans molasses in the centre of the apple, instead of sugar; this will change the flavor and be found very nice. Another time fill the space with honey, which meets with much favor, and is really very tempting. In the early fall try "Apple Snow." Take eight, medium-sized tart apples, cook and sweeten as for apple sauce; when cold beat in the whites of two eggs; beat all together for half an hour, then put by the ice. To be eaten with or without cream.

Apple Gateau.

Boil a pound and a half or three teacupfuls of granulated sugar in a teacupful of water, add two pounds of good cooking apples, greenings preferred; boil all together until the mixture is tolerably stiff. Before removing from the fire, grate in the rind of a lemon, press into moulds that have been previously dipped in cold water, but not wiped. When the sauce is turned out on a dish, ornament it with blanched almonds. Serve with cream or a thin custard. It must be kept in the moulds until cold.

Apple Meringue.

Prepare as for apple sauce six or eight good-sized tart apples. Sweeten to taste, and flavor with a little cinnamon. Line a good deep pie-plate with biscuit crust thinly rolled out and bake, then cover the crust with the hot apple sauce. Whip the whites of three eggs, with four tablespoonfuls of fine, granulated sugar, and spread smoothly over the top; return to the oven and brown.

Apple Fritters.

One cupful of sweet milk, a little salt, two eggs, one teaspoonful of baking-powder, and flour to make a batter thick enough to drop nicely from a spoon; chop two apples fine and mix with the batter. Fry in hot lard. Serve with powdered sugar or syrup.

Apple and Tapioca Pudding.

To a teacupful of tapioca, use a quart of boiling water; let stand a while and soften; sweeten a little, add a lump of butter the size of a walnut, then slice in tart apples, sufficient to make a layer over the top. Bake until the apples are tender. Eat with sweetened cream.

Fried Apples.

These are an excellent breakfast dish. Wash, quarter and core good tart apples. Put into a frying-pan with a little water added, boil until nearly tender, then add sugar and butter, and cook until tender and brown.

Bread and Butter Pudding.

Stale bread may be used for this. Cut the bread thin, and butter the slices; place in a pudding-dish butter side down; cover with a layer of tart apples, sprinkle over a little cinnamon and sugar; alternate bread and butter with the apples and seasoning until the dish is full, letting the last layer be of the bread; moisten with water, and place in the oven and bake until the apples are tender. Cover the pudding when first placed in the oven, then remove the cover and brown. Eat with sweetened cream.

Baked Apple Rolls.

Roll biscuit crust out very thin; on this spread apples cut quite thin and fine; roll the dough, so that it will form a smooth roll, and place in a narrow deep tin, add a little water, sugar and butter, and bake. Serve in slices, and spread with butter and sugar; or make a liquid sauce of creamed butter and sugar, a beaten egg, and a pint of boiling water poured over the egg, sugar and butter; flavor to taste.

Evaporated apples make excellent pies, far superior to the dried apple of the olden times. Put a few in a stew-kettle with a plenty of water, and set on the back of the stove to slowly soften. This should be done the day before they are wanted for use. Let them become very soft, then sweeten a little richer than for fresh apples, add butter and cinnamon, and bake between two crusts.

If we add the well-known apple pie, pudding, and apple dumplings to this list, we find that a tart apple may do good service in furnishing both appetizing and healthful dishes.

—Annie Wade Westbrook.

FUNNY NAMES.



SOMERSET HOUSE clerk has lately declared the tedium of his labour on the registry of births and deaths is often relieved by coming across a humorous juxtaposition of names. There is, indeed, a good deal of humour in the Somerset House Registry, the fun consisting in an odd or barbarous collocation of names. For hours the eye of the clerk will roam over reams of dull propriety in

such names as Henry Wilson, George Williams, or Samuel Smith, and then the face of the clerk will be covered with a smile as he comes across "Ether" for the front name, attached to the surname of "Spray." It may seem strange, but it is certainly true, that entered in the books is "foot-bath," which must be written in capitals, "FOOT-BATH," as really the name of a fellow-creature. "River Jordan" is another case in point. Mr. Jordan had a child to name, and, like a free-born Briton, he claimed his right to name it as he pleased. Unfortunately, the name he selected has left the sex of the child rather doubtful. Mr. "Anthistle" had a daughter to name, and he must be forgiven for giving her the Christian names "Rose Shamrock." "Rose Shamrock Anthistle" is a

young lady whose names must please any patriotic man. Another happy father who gave his innocent offspring the names "Arthur Wellesley Wellington Waterloo Cox" behaved rather unfairly to the infant, as he pledged him to a career of greatness. The baby must have had some difficulty in understanding the obligations imposed upon him. Probably Master "Arthur," etc. etc., found it difficult to live up to his names, and despairingly endured an existence which gave no promise beyond mediocrity. Miss "Fanny Amelia Lucy Ann Rebecca Frost O'Connor Douall Luck Holberry Duffy Oastler Hill" it is to be hoped has realised all the expectations formed of her when she received her baptismal names, somewhere about the time of the Chartist agitation. The parents of



"WHAT'S ITS NAME TO BE?"

Miss "Fanny," etc. etc. etc., had the excuse of strong political feelings; but other parents who have given their child a plurality of names must have been actuated only by some unfortunate craze. One lady is actually going about with six-and-twenty "front names"—one for each letter of the alphabet in its proper order, as "Ann Bertha Cecilia," and so on down to "Xenophon, Yetty, and Zeus."

Some children have been rather cruelly named, in a manner which for ever reminds them that they have made a mistake or committed a fault in coming into the world. Thus, "One Too Many Harry," or "Not Wanted James" may be happy young men; but if they are, it is in spite of their names. "That's It, Charlie," or "Who'd Have Thought It, Tom," are names which certainly give utterance to a mild surprise. Sometimes a poetical intention on the part of the parent has been frustrated by a very prosy act on the part of the child. Mr. "Rose" had a pretty conceit in his mind when he christened his daughter "Wild," and all went well until the young lady married Mr. Bull.

We believe that all ladies take an interest in dress, and to cater for that taste we give the following description that they may see how the ladies on the other side of the water adorn their persons. The occasion was her Majesty's Drawing-Room Reception.

Duchess of Northumberland.—Train of blue Ottoman, lined with white glace, and trimmed with point lace and blue velvet; stomacher of magnificent diamonds; dress of poul de soie, trimmed with velvet and point lace. Headdress, feathers, point lappets, and diamond tiara.

Duchess of Buccleugh.—Train of green gothic moire, lined with glace, and trimmed with thulle and Brussels lace; skirt of green poul de soie, trimmed with thulle and Brussels lace. Headdress, feathers, lace lappets, and tiara of magnificent diamonds; necklace, etc., of diamonds.

Duchess of Roxburghe.—Train of green satin, lined with white glace, and trimmed with Brussels lace; dress of green and white thulle over glace, trimmed with Arum lilies. Headdress, feathers, and lappets; ornaments, emeralds, and diamonds.

Marchioness of Humilly.—Train of gray poul de soie, lined with white, and trimmed with Brussels lace; dress of gray thulle over glace, trimmed with Brussels lace and white Bengal roses. Headdress, feathers, and lappets; ornaments, diamonds.

Countess Constance Grosvenor.—Train of white satin, trimmed with a trellis-work of blue velvet and bunches of chestnut blossom; dress of white thulle over glace trimmed with blue velvet and blonde. Headdress, feathers, thulle veil, and diamond ornaments.

Countess of Ashburnham.—Train of black poul de soie, trimmed with thulle; dress of black silk, trimmed with thulle and white roses. Headdress, feathers, and thulle veil jet ornaments.

Countess of Bradford.—Train of green gothic moire, lined with white glace, and bordered with point lace and plaiting of green velvet; dress of green crape over glace, trimmed with point lace and velvet bows. Headdress, feathers, and lace lappets; ornaments, diamonds.

Countess of Zeland.—Train of violet poul de soie, trimmed with point lace and violet velvet rosettes; dress of white crystallise, trimmed with point lace and violet velvet. Headdress, feathers and point lace lappets; ornaments, diamonds.

Countess of Gainsborough.—Train of black silk, trimmed with thulle and ribbon; dress of black thulle over silk, trimmed with bows of white terry velvet and black lace. Headdress, feathers, and lappets; ornaments, sapphires, and diamonds.

Countess of Dalkeith.—Train of white and silver moire, lined with blue glace, and trimmed with blue and silver; skirt of blue thulle over glace, trimmed with magnificent Brussels lace. Headdress, feathers, and silver veil; ornaments turquoises, and diamonds.

Countess of Rothes.—Train of rich white poul de soie, lined with glace, and trimmed with Brussels lace and bands of satin; skirt of white satin, with flounces of Brussels lace, ornamented with bouquets of cerise rosebuds and jasmine. Headdress, feathers, and Brussels lace lappets; ornaments, diamonds, and pearls.

Countess of Kinnoull.—Train and corsage of richest maize poul de soie glace, lined with glace, and richly trimmed with black Brussels lace and ruches; petticoat of same glace, trimmed with Black Brussels lace, bouillons of thulle illusion, and ruches. Headdress, black lace lappets, feathers, and maize roses, with magnificent roses.

Countess of Bandon.—Costume de cour, composed of a magnificent brocaded moire, lined with white glace, and trimmed with bouillons of thulle and lace; white poul de soie petticoat, with handsome lace flounces looped with ferns. Headdress, splendid tiara of diamonds, plume, and lappets.

Countess of Yarborough.—Train of white crystallise silk, lined with poul de soie blanc, trimmed with rich Brussels lace and blue velvet leaves; corsage to correspond, ornamented with diamonds; jupe of white glace silk, covered with thulle and a tunic of Bruxelle de dentelle, trimmed with festoons of blue velvet leaves. Parure of diamonds, and ostrich plume.

Countess of Lichfield.—Train and corsage of black gros d'Afrique, lined with black satin, trimmed with ruches of satin and silver braid; jupe of black satin, covered with volants of thulle, with trimmed tunic en tablier, ornamented with bouquets of epis d'argent and black grass. Tiara of diamonds, ostrich plume and silver veil.

Countess Cawdor.—Train of rich black moire antique,

lined with black taffetas, trimmed with white glace, covered with black guipure lace; corsage drapée; jupe of black taffetas, covered with volants of black thulle de Lyons; tunic of guipure lace, ornamented with nœuds de satin, and bouquets of white lilac and black velvet leaves. Tiara and necklace of diamonds, ostrich plumes, and lace lappets.

Countess of Tankerville.—Train of superb black crystallise silk, lined with black satin, ornamented with bouffants de thulle attacher par des étoiles de jais; corsage studded with diamonds; jupe of black satin, covered with bouffants de thulle, with tunic relieve par des étoiles de jais. Parure of diamonds, ostrich plume, and thulle veil.

Countess of Durham.—Train and petticoat of primrose glace, ornamented with thulle bouillons and rich Brussels lace, festooned with blue convolvulus and brown grass. Headdress, plumes, lappets, and blue convolvulus; ornaments, diamonds.

Countess of Fife.—Train and bodice of green glace, lined with white glace, and trimmed with thulle; petticoat of green glace, with guipure lace tunic, ornamented with rice flowers. Headdress, feathers, lappets; ornaments, diamonds.

Princess Countess Waldegrave.—A train of the richest white velours royal, lined with pink taffetas, very elegantly trimmed with pink and Brussels lace, bouquet of moss roses and ivy, corsage princess to correspond, with lace and diamonds; skirts of white and pink taffetas, covered with magnificent Brussels point lace, flounce, and bouquet of moss roses and ivy. Coiffure of ostrich feathers, lace lappets, and diamonds; parure of diamonds and pearls.

Viscountess Palmerston.—Train of violet crystallise, lined with white glace and trimmed with black lace and Brussels, dress of violet crape over glace, trimmed with black and white lace. Headdress, feathers, and lace lappets; ornaments, diamonds.

Viscountess Combermere.—Dress of white moire, trimmed with borders of gold moire; tunic of gold moire, covered with white thulle, looped all round with white and gold cord and tassels; train of white moire trimmed with bouillons of thulle and gold Indian embroidery, fastened on the shoulders with diamonds. Headdress, feathers, lappets, and diamonds.



Practical Hints for Travelers.

THE veteran traveler enveloped in good nature and an ample wrap and snugly bestowed in a comfortable corner of whatever conveyance may chance to be necessary to accomplish the journey, gets no small amount of amusement out of the discomforts and bad management of the many who go up by the same highway.

The questions and worries and fault-findings of scores of tourists betoken either extremely bad tempers or a total ignorance of the courtesies and proprieties of traveling. How often do we see men and women who profess to journey for pleasure and recreation, making themselves miserable and destroying the comfort of everyone in their immediate vicinity by fault-finding and impatience with the conveyances or their managers, or indulging in disparaging remarks about scenery that they are utterly unable either to comprehend or appreciate. To such people, Niagara is "a water power;" the ocean, "a place to sail ships on;" and they would doubtless be found speculating on the possibility of building a narrow-gauge railroad for the purpose of getting ice from Mont Blanc for city consumption.

"A silent tongue and a full purse" are the magic powers which every successful traveler must press into his service. These, with a reasonably good idea of the fitness of things, will save untold annoyance and chagrin. Among the most important responsibilities of a prospective journey is to

decide where you wish to go and by what route, provided you wish to "do" a certain amount of territory in a given time. There are a few experienced tourists who insist that they never travel, they only "wander." The spirit moves them some fine day to "go somewhere." If a foreign tour seems to suit their mood, they select a steamer, for its superior accommodations perhaps, not because it goes to any special port or that it is the fastest sailer of the line. Wherever it lands them there will be no difficulty in getting away "an' it please them not." In this way a party of three or four persons have made the most enjoyable trips of their lives. They carried little luggage. When a garment was unpresentable it was discarded and another bought. What matter if it were not just according to their taste? It was good enough, and nothing further was demanded.

Parties who have gone only by stereotyped methods in traveling, will enjoy a new revelation by trying one of these eccentric trips. The precaution should be taken to mail to the home address the probable whereabouts, in case of accident or emergency. Indeed, this should never be neglected whatever the plan may be. An excellent method is to carry envelopes stamped and addressed, each containing a card. There are many times when one can pencil a note on a card and it would be impossible to write on a sheet of paper. One of these may be dispatched whenever there is a change of locality, and in this way the traveler is always "findable" in case of any need or accident at home.

There are so many things to be considered when the general subject of traveling comes before us, that one almost hesitates where to begin. Among the absolutely indispensable needs of the traveler are plenty of money, inexhaustible good nature, a fair amount of tact and adaptability, and the faculty of conforming to circumstances. With these qualifications, and the very important item of judicious selecting and packing properly attended to, it only remains to emulate the honey-bee and seek to extract the honey of enjoyment from even the poisonous flowers of disappointment and delay.

Never worry about the progress of the journey; that is always looked after by people whose business it is. If a train is not on time, no amount of questions or fault-finding will be of any use. The officials are fully as anxious to have everything go on regularly as the traveler can possibly be, and their anxiety is much greater for very evident reasons. Provide whatever guide-books and plans of travel are necessary, before starting. Oftentimes those exposed for sale on trains or various other traveling conveyances are put there for the primary object of being sold, and it is not unusual to see guide-books or plans arranged solely with a view to lauding the special attractions of that line, while the various connections, which are often very important to tourists, are either entirely omitted or so placed on the map as to appear entirely inaccessible and not by any means the most desirable points of change. Interesting books should always be at hand. It is well to carry in the hand-bag a number of strong paper wrappers, properly stamped and addressed, in which a book, when read, may be mailed either to the owner's home or to some friend who will enjoy the perusal of it. In this way many interesting volumes may be preserved which would otherwise be neglected and thrown aside on account of growing troublesome by the way.

One of the most important items in preparing for a journey of any length is the careful study of everything that pertains to comfort. Neglect of this will bring in its train a thousand annoyances and vexations, and what might otherwise be a delightful season will be likely to remain in the memory as a succession of annoyances and possible regrets. Properly equipped, any philosophical person may

make a continuous journey of a week or ten days without experiencing any serious discomfort. The amateur tourist who packs his luggage for a journey of any great length is more than likely to find himself cumbered with an immense number of needless articles, and seriously inconvenienced for lack of those things that will be found almost absolutely necessary during the first day of travel. Experienced travelers never trust to the chance of procuring the minor conveniences of the toilet on their journey, as it is often almost out of the question to get reasonably good articles of necessity without great trouble and perhaps serious delay. Black pins, toilet-pins, safety-pins, bonnet-pins, small black-headed pins, etc., should all be abundantly supplied before starting, and they should invariably be of good quality. Cheap articles of this sort are almost, if not entirely, worthless, and the trifle more in cost is really of very little importance, considering their much greater utility and reliability.

Essentially necessary is an outfit suited in every way to the climate, circumstances, and general appearance of the traveler. None of these points should be overlooked. With the modern ideas on dress, the traveling outfit may be one of the most elegant and characteristic of any of a lady's belongings. By this it must not be inferred that it should be either very costly, or elaborate, or in any sense conspicuous; indeed, quiet elegance is the all-important point in such outfits. The severely plain is by far the best taste, and veteran travelers can tell at a glance the habits, and, in many respects, the station in life, of the novice who comes in their way. Good, reliable, serviceable materials should always be selected. Cheap goods for traveling are always the most expensive in the end. They will not last out the most ordinary journey and retain any of their freshness or beauty. Light colors should never be worn except by persons of unlimited means; a woman of ordinary income cannot afford to indulge in them.

For long journeys, a shawl or traveling-rug, waterproof, rubbers, and umbrella are almost indispensable. There is every probability that at some dining-station or transfer, storms may be encountered and the feet be thoroughly wetted by a walk even across the platform, unless thick-soled boots are worn. The ulster or raglan should be worn continuously. It should not be sufficiently heavy to be burdensome for any weather, and it is not only a protection against dust, but the use of it almost invariably marks the experienced traveler. Only amateur tourists go about in dressy suits without wraps. Besides this, a waist underneath may be made very loose and comfortable, which takes away the fatigue of the journey. Fabric gloves are utterly unfit for traveling wear. The dust and cinders will sift through them in such a way as to spoil the appearance of the hands, and many a lady has found her finger-nails disfigured for weeks by the stain and scratching of the dust that worked through the gloves. Only kid or leather gloves should be worn for traveling, and should be long, and in either Bernhardt or Mousquetaire style.

An experienced traveler is always reluctant to undress at night while traveling by rail. There are so many risks of accidents, and so much discomfort attending the situation if a lady by any mishap is turned out of her berth and forced to seek other shelter, that no one who has ever been placed in such an awkward position will again risk the distressing embarrassments attendant upon such contingencies. A slip or wrapper of batiste or satine is indispensable for night wear, and should always be carried in the hand luggage. Wear slippers at night, if they are not uncomfortable;—and special care should be taken that traveling slippers or shoes should never be too close-fitting or in any sense too constraining to the feet. It is not unusual for ladies who sit continuously, as they are obliged to do during long jour-

neys, to have their feet swell ; therefore it is a good plan to make special provisions for such possibilities.

With proper attention to the details of the toilet, a lady may lie down in her berth fully arrayed in wrapper, slippers, and the various necessary articles of comfortable under-clothing, and sleep with as much comfort as she could do on her own bed at home during an afternoon nap. Of course one does not feel so rested on awakening, but it is much better to tolerate a few discomforts of this sort than to run the risk of being exposed to the night air and the gaze of curious, even if interested and sympathizing, spectators, in a condition of undress or even in a respectable-looking night-robe. The wrapper answers all purposes, and its use removes not only this, but any other discomforts incident to the close companionship necessary to the modern sleeping-car. The journey from the berth to the dressing-room is often attended by no little embarrassment unless something in the way of a wrapper is provided, and as economy of space and weight are important, this slip or wrapper serves these purposes with equal propriety.

Suitable underwear is one of the most important necessities of travel. Medium-weight gossamer should be worn, even in the warmest summer weather, by persons who are at all disposed to be delicate ; indeed, those in excellent health will find it decidedly comfortable and conducive to health. If necessary, dispense with the cotton or linen garments, but never, under any circumstances, be without medium or light-weight gossamer underwear. It absorbs the perspiration and prevents chills. It is no warmer than muslin, and in every way much more comfortable to wear after one has become accustomed to it. The draughts and changes of temperature attendant on long journeys are quite likely to develop any latent symptoms of malaria in the system, and bring on serious attacks of dangerous, if not fatal, disease. Short-sleeved, high-necked gossamer wrappers or vests should be worn, and very ample and loosely fitting drawers of the same material, sufficiently long to reach the tops of the boots.

Boots, preferably of leather, must be sufficiently large to be comfortable, and have "common-sense" heels. French heels are dangerous, and experienced tourists never wear them. In passing over platforms, or through stations when one is in haste, they are quite likely to catch between the loosely laid plankings or the narrow strips so set as to give proper drainage around the platforms, and many serious injuries have resulted from their use. Hose should be thick and moderately fine. Lisle-thread is not desirable for traveling uses ; it will draw the feet in spite of all precaution. Soft cotton goods or spun silk will be found the most desirable. Elastics should never be worn for traveling ; they are almost certain to interfere with the circulation. The stocking supporters are much more desirable, but should never be too short—especially if suspended from the corsets. Many prefer them attached to shoulder straps. Corsets are a matter of such vital importance in every respect and for every occasion, that whole sermons might be preached with this much abused article of dress for the text. While it is important that they should be comfortable and perfectly fitting at all times, it is absolutely necessary that they should be so for traveling. Many ladies use boneless corsets, especially those who are easily tired by continuous sitting.

Pongee silk in the natural *cru* shades is one of the most comfortable and serviceable fabrics for underwear, and is deservedly popular. For traveling, wide, rather short drawers of pongee silk with the embroidery to match, a chemise, and a princess underdress of the same material, the latter just reaching the boot-tops, will be found the perfection of artistic and comfortable undergarments. For very long journeys it is impossible to keep white under-

wear even in the most ordinarily presentable condition, unless several changes be provided. The dotted linen undergarments are specially popular for traveling, but even better than these are garments made of light blue or soft gray batiste trimmed with embroidery of the same color on similar material. It is not to be supposed that they are, in point of fact, any cleaner than the white goods after having been through the same process of wearing, but they look very much better in case of accident, are inexpensive, and really, when one becomes a little accustomed to them, are much prettier than white, especially for such purposes. The underwear and the slip or wrapper may be of the same material and general style.

Many ladies suffer seriously with neuralgia and affections of the stomach during long journeys, and these distressing disorders often arise from exposure to draughts and currents of damp air. For such persons, a large piece of fine chamois-skin buttoned inside of the corset and extending over the stomach and bowels will be found one of the most reliable measures of safety. If this is considered too thick, a piece of closely woven silk may be used in the same way. For delicate children, it is an excellent plan to wrap a piece of soft fine flannel around the stomach and bowels, and secure it firmly in place by tapes attached to the other garments, or with light straps or bands passing over the shoulders.

Children should wear the simplest possible sailor or blouse suits for traveling, and have strong shoes and thick stockings. As with their elders, the gossamer underwear should never be omitted. The clothing should all be attached to a waist and hang from the shoulders. Much care should be taken about their diet, and if serious disturbances arise from change of water, a single drop of strong camphor on the tongue, given every half-hour, will be likely to remove all unpleasant symptoms, at least until a physician can be procured. Under no circumstances should they be allowed any exposure in the night air without ample protection in the way of wraps. Children should have moderately thick flannel night-gowns for sleeping-car use ; misses and young girls may dress in the style similar to that recommended for ladies. Special attention should be given to the manners of children on the road. Rudeness and selfishness are intolerable anywhere, but in traveling they are particularly conspicuous. Good manners and good breeding will make children favorites everywhere, and this fact should be strongly impressed on their minds.

If the journey is long and likely to occupy many days, there is great comfort and luxury in a "stop-over" at some good hotel, even if for only a few hours. In many cases the baggage may be checked through, and the inconvenience and delay of handling and transfers can only be appreciated by those who have waited hours for the appearance of some piece of luggage containing indispensable toilet-articles. The few necessities carried in the hand luggage should be selected with the most judicious care, and will invariably comprise, among other things, the most approved brushes, combs, the few necessary cosmetics, and some specially fine toilet-soap, as the average hotel soap is not usually worthy of high commendation. A bottle of smelling-salts and one of camphor, the latter indispensable for the prevention of fever blisters, which often come from exposure and errors in diet, should always be provided.

Arrived at the hotel, a bath is the first necessity. This finished, the slip or wrapper should be put on, having first been thoroughly dusted ; then take each article of wearing apparel separately and put it through a vigorous brushing, shaking and hanging it up for a short time to be aired and dried, especially if it is damp with perspiration. Particular care should be taken that all cinders are

shaken from the folds, as they are often very sharp, and, if allowed to remain in the garments, will cut them badly.

If possible, and the room can be spared, take an extra suit of gossamer underwear in the hand-bag, as that just worn may be too damp to be safely put on for hours. It is an excellent plan for ladies who travel alone and do not wish to be burdened with heavy hand-luggage, to express home, from their first stopping-place, the outfit of underwear, together with other superfluities with which they began the journey. The expense is but trifling, and relieves of a great amount of worrisome tugging at heavy packages. One experienced traveler has an outfit awaiting her at the hotel where she halts midway on her journey.

For short trips where it is not worth while to take trunks, it is an excellent idea to put up a compact package and express it to the address of the family to whom a visit is intended. With this arrangement, a trip may be made with simply a shopping-bag, parasol, and a fan, if desired; and, if the journey is long enough to require it, a lunch-box, which should be of pasteboard so that it may be thrown away when empty. For a three or four days' visit among intimate friends or one's own family this plan is an excel-

lent one, and saves all the trouble and vexation so often attendant on the handling and delivery of heavy trunks. The express company receives the package at the door and delivers it to the number addressed, thus saving all worry and attention as to its safety. The cost is but little,—less, than the cartage of the trunk at both ends the line.

Everybody takes little day excursions to various suburban resorts, and for this purpose the ordinary street costume is sufficient, provided it be not too dressy. At such places ostentatious dressing may subject ladies to severe criticism and unnecessary annoyance. Carry a light wrap, an umbrella or parasol, and a fan. A couple of extra handkerchiefs will not be out of place, and a few toilet-pins and a small dressing-comb may come very handy, particularly if the dressing-rooms are crowded. It is not a good plan to carry a shopping-bag, as in the sometimes almost unmanageable crowds that throng piers and railroad platforms, such articles are likely to be wrenched out of the hand in spite of the greatest care. An extra pocket, either in the dress or skirt, will be found very convenient, the latter especially so, in case it is desirable to carry a pocket-book.

COLD POTATOES: WHAT TO DO WITH THEM.



Tis often very difficult to guess exactly the proper quantity of potatoes to cook in large households, in order neither to have a stint, nor yet to have cold ones remaining. As, however, there are so many nice ways of

using up cold potatoes, it is better to err in having too many than too few of this wholesome vegetable. As meat pies with potato crust and fried potatoes are well known in every household, they may be passed over without comment, that our attention may be devoted to a few less common receipts. We frequently find that cooks are not willing as a rule to trouble about a small number of potatoes left from any meal, and that when two or three only remain, they are quietly slipped into the pig man's bucket (where such exists) without any qualms of conscience. This is probably for two reasons; first, because they are ignorant of many of the nice little dishes that can be made from them, and secondly, because cold potatoes are troublesome to mash. The latter difficulty can be got over very simply by making it a rule to have them peeled and mashed before they have time to get cold; this is only the work of a few minutes, especially if you have one of those useful utensils made for the purpose of mashing them; then cover them to keep them from drying up until you are ready to use them the following morning. Some cooks are fond of getting over the difficulty in another way, that is by boiling them up again when they wish to use them; but this is by no means a good plan, as the flavour of the tuber is utterly spoiled by a second boiling, especially when the skins are the least bit broken.

Potato Pie.—Mix five heaped tablespoonfuls of mashed potatoes with two tablespoonfuls of flour, a seasoning of pepper and salt, and a teaspoonful of chopped parsley. Add a small cupful of nice gravy, put all into a pie-dish and bake for fifteen or twenty minutes.

Potato Balls.—If you have any remaining from a dish of potatoes mashed with milk and butter, you can make delicious balls with it.

To about a pound of it add a beaten egg and mix well. Form into balls, brush them over with egg and roll in fine crumbs. Arrange them in a frying basket, so that they do not touch one another, fry them in plenty of boiling fat until they are a golden brown colour, drain them well and serve very hot in a nicely folded napkin.

Potato Puffs.—As potatoes are dearest when eggs are cheapest, one does not mind using a few of the latter at that season of the year to make a very tasty dish of the former. Mash four large potatoes very smoothly, add a little pepper and salt. Put half a wineglassful of milk and an ounce of butter into a saucepan; when these boil stir in the mashed potatoes until all are thoroughly mixed, and then remove the saucepan from the fire. Add the yolks of three eggs, one by one, beating them thoroughly. Whisk the whites of four eggs to a very stiff froth and add them lightly to the mixture. Half fill six very small china moulds with it, and bake them in a quick oven till they are a pale brown colour. They should rise considerably in the baking. Serve them in the moulds, which may be arranged on a prettily-folded napkin.

Apple Dumpling with Potato Pastry.—Put six ounces of flour into a basin, add a teaspoonful of baking-powder and a little salt; mix well and rub in five ounces of butter, then add six ounces of mashed potatoes. Mix all thoroughly and add a small quantity of water if necessary. Roll out the pastry and line a buttered basin with it, reserving part of it. Fill this with apples, sugar and whatever flavouring you prefer, cover the top with the remaining piece of crust, pinch the edges together and cover it with a well floured cloth securely tied down. Boil it in fast-boiling water for two hours. This pastry is considered by many persons to be much more wholesome than the suet crust which usually envelopes the apples. It is also suitable for hot pies of meat or fruit.

Potato Pudding.—Rub into six ounces of smoothly-mashed potatoes two ounces of butter, add four ounces of sugar and three well-beaten eggs, and the juice of a lemon. Beat all well together, put the mixture into a dish and bake in a quick oven for half an hour.

Potato Fritters.—Mash three large, mealy potatoes very lightly, add three well-beaten eggs, two tablespoonfuls of cream, a little lemon-juice and some grated nutmeg. Beat all well together for about a quarter of an hour, or until the batter is very light. Drop spoonfuls of it into a deep pan of boiling fat, and when they become a nice brown colour take them out and drain them upon soft butter muslin. Serve them with sifted sugar sprinkled over them and with or without wine sauce, as may be preferred.

Fadge.—A very favourite bread made of potatoes goes by the name of fadge. Its manufacture is so simple that most cooks make it by the rule of thumb, and probably the receipt has never found its way into any cookery book. The potatoes should be mashed as smoothly as possible and seasoned with salt, then they should have as much flour well kneaded into them as will make a stiff dough that may be handled without breaking too easily. This should be rolled out to a thickness of about a third of an inch and cut into triangular or square pieces of convenient size. Prick each piece here and there with a fork to prevent its blistering, and bake on a very hot and well-floured griddle. This bread should be eaten hot and well buttered, or it may be fried the next morning for breakfast, when it will make a nice garnish for a dish of ham and eggs. Fadge is not extremely digestible, and should be partaken of cautiously by those who try it for the first time.

These are a few of the tasty things which can be made from cold potatoes, but there are very many more. If you once succeed in establishing the custom of mashing all potatoes remaining from dinner before they become cold, you will be surprised to find in how many nice ways they may be used, if you are on the watch for them. At any time the mashing is forgotten, they may be put, peeled and whole, into the stock pot with beef bones, and you will find them an excellent addition to it, as no vegetable gives a more meaty flavour to weak stock than this most valuable tuber, and they will mash themselves as they cook.

SUSAN M. SHEARMAN.



HOW WE SAVED THE POOR BIRDS IN THE WINTER.

Now that the cold weather has set in, I should like to interest every young reader of the GIRL'S OWN PAPER on behalf of the birds, so that something may be done to preserve such of our dear little feathered friends as are now left to us. I say such as are left, for no doubt both town and country girls have noticed how few birds there are about, and how silent the fields and woods have seemed to be this year in comparison with former ones.

It would take up many pages to tell the stories of bird-distress, famine, and death from starvation which took place during last winter's long frost. I was in the English Lake district in the summer, and there I was told how the songbirds were found dead in all directions.

"The fruit hangs on the trees untouched except by human hands, and last year we could hardly get a ripe cherry from that large tree," said a lady friend to me. "This summer I have not seen a single black-bird, and the only uninvited visitor that has shared with us is the little brown fellow yonder," pointing to a bushy-tailed squirrel

which was at that moment busy amongst the boughs.

"It makes the gardens quite dull," she added. "I would rather have less fruit and more birds."

A gentleman at the same table told us of his experiences on the shores of Derwent Water during the long frost, and said one day he was surprised to notice a bonny, spotted thrush standing quite still on one foot, and with his head under his wing. It did not move as he came near, and, on touching it, he found it was frozen to death. In fact, our English birds perished by thousands of hunger and cold.

Now, I want to tell you how we saved our birds last winter, and I hope all who read this will do something to preserve those in their own neighbourhoods, should they again need a helping hand.

We live in a sort of oasis of green fields, surrounded now with a brick and mortar desert, which has gathered all about us without being able to enter the Polygon, as our enclosure, or park, with its few good houses, is called. Though comparatively near a large, busy city, we have great numbers of birds living amongst us. Both kinds of thrushes, chaffinches, countless starlings, and sparrows, and an occasional blackbird and robin may be seen and heard in due season.

We scatter food for them all the year round, every scrap of crust or morsel left on the plates being put aside, the hard bits soaked and thrown out on the grass at the back, each day, for bird consumption.

One day, as I was dressing before dinner, I noticed that a pear-tree opposite my window was swarming with birds. And what a clatter they were making!

I asked the waitress, who was bird-almoner at that time, if she could give any reason for the uproar.

"Oh, dear, dear," she said, looking quite guilty and troubled, "I had forgotten to feed them!" And rushing out, basin in hand, she soon made things right with the birds, and the noise ceased.

They are used to a chirrup or whistle, and as soon as it sounds, though not a bird might be visible the moment before, little knowing heads begin to pop out from the eaves and the ivy, which is packed with nests, and down they come in all directions to share the feast.

But about our special arrangements for last winter, these being our all-the-year-round arrangements.

One day, when the snow had been long on the frost-bound earth, the greengrocer's boy came into the kitchen in a state of great excitement.

"There are two big crows in the Polygon, seeking for something to eat," said he.

We have no rookery in our neighbourhood, the nearest being about a couple of miles away, so their appearance set me thinking what could be done, and I decided to institute free breakfast and dinner parties for their benefit. Instead of confining ourselves to crumbs, we began to gather all the odd bits of fat, gristle, scraps of rind of meat, occasional bones, spare potatoes, in fact, any and everything that could help to feed these feathered vagrants.

The first spread was made on the lawn in the forenoon, and repeated at three o'clock.

The two rooks were at the first, and at the second there were five, and numbers of other birds.

The next day everybody in the house came to look at the assemblage. There were nine rooks, six chaffinches, three thrushes, one dear little robin, more than a hundred starlings, and innumerable sparrows. Daily through all the cold weather we continued our free meals, all made up of odds and ends that would

neither be missed nor wanted—most of them, indeed, would have been thrown away.

The birds knew our times and, if we were a little late, would be sitting on the trees, waiting for their supply. As soon as the chirrup of the feeder was heard, down they came, and as the children used to say, "it seemed to rain birds all round them," for the hungry creatures did not trouble themselves about the presence of the youngster, who was scattering the food, but set to work, with right good will, to secure an ample share of the feast.

There was another pensioner that used to join; but he went on four legs, and had a furry coat instead of a feathered one. It was a huge Tom Cat with white breast and paws, evidently homeless, poor fellow! He knew these meal-times as well as the birds, and came to claim his share amongst them. He used to feed, literally in their midst, with the birds not a yard off him; for after a time or two they were so accustomed to his presence that they took no more notice of him than he did of them! Poor Tom! We used to invite him in for a warm by the kitchen fire, and a share of our pussy's milk and scraps. He is one of many stray animals of his kind, left behind them by people who remove from streets of small houses which run up to our ground at the back, there being, amongst some persons, a foolish superstition, "it is not lucky to *flit* the cat."

Believe me, it is always lucky to be kind to every creature that God has made.

We continued to feed the birds until quite the early summer months, and used to like to see the rooks with their fashionable, black satin dresses, glistening in the sunshine. Often the children used to laugh at these great, greedy fellows cramming piece after piece into their mouths, until the distended beaks would hold no more, and then flying off to a little distance to consume their spoil. The first pair stayed with us, or rather visited us, daily, long after the others had gone back to their homes, and were too busily occupied with family cares to spend any time in lounging round the Polygon, like sturdy beggars. So we ceased to feed them when we felt they could shift for themselves; for we did not want to encourage pauperism or demoralize even the rooks when self-dependence was possible, and the best thing for them.

I should say the little gentle hedge-sparrows which live in the next garden were too timid to join the bird throng on the lawn, with pussy in their midst, so we always made a little separate spread for them under the hedge, where they could eat in peace.

Thus we saved our birds at literally no cost, except that of a little trouble, and occasionally a few pence spent in potatoes or stale bread. Even every drop of gravy left on a plate was mixed up with the scraps to make the meal more savoury.

If in each house a little were saved for our feathered neighbours, and all the children in our homes were accustomed to do something to preserve bird-life, our woods and fields would soon be flooded with melody again, and there would be no more complaints of the unnatural silence amongst the trees.

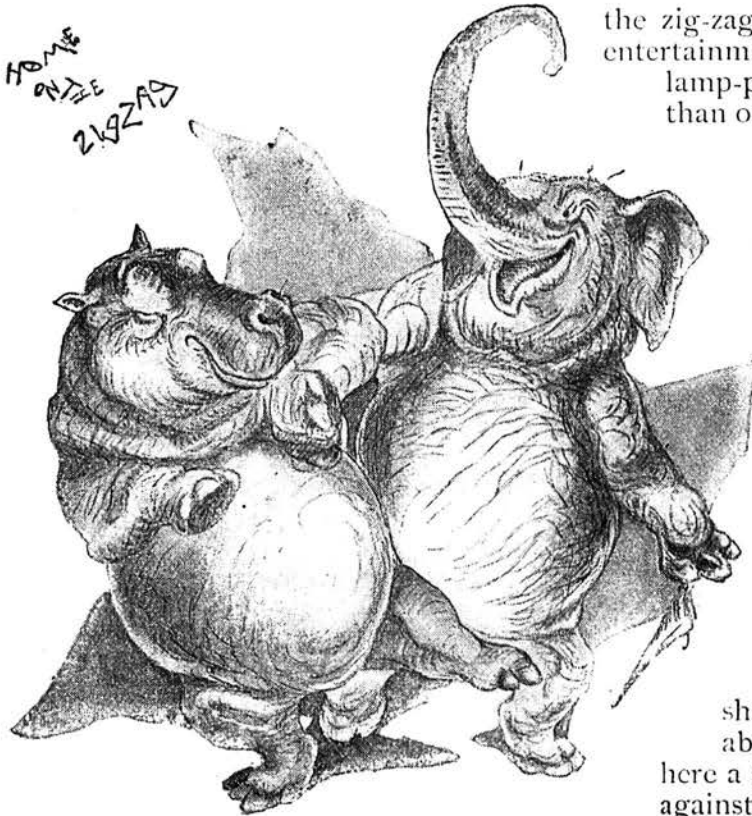
We need not be ashamed of caring for the birds, and thus acting as the almoners of our Heavenly Father to His needy creatures, for not even a sparrow falls to the ground without His knowledge.





BY
 ARTHUR MORRISON
 and
 J.A. SHEPHERD
 I: ZIGZAG PRELUSORY

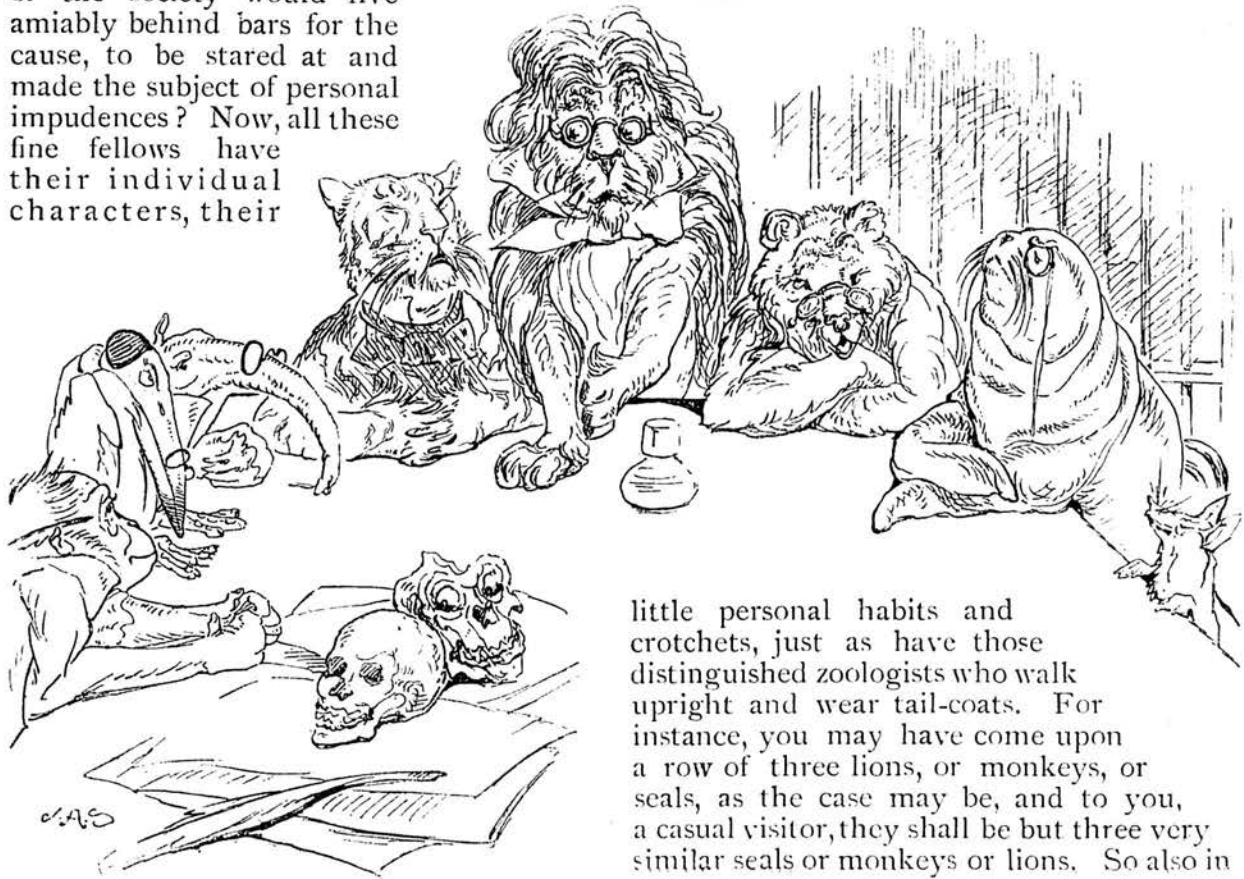
ZIG-ZAGS AT THE ZOO" is a title which must not be misunderstood. The Zig-zag — though possibly suggestive of a beast with stripes—is not a newly-captured wild animal lately added to the great London collection; it is merely the ordinary commonplace, charming, and delightful Zig-zag of everyday existence. For variety is the spice of life, and every man taking ease and joy of his life shall go through it in zig-zags. The direct road is the path of the toiler. Observe a man at a picture exhibition—a man who begins at number one on the catalogue and goes right through with solemn persistence until he arrives at the longest number at the last page, and the uttermost corner of the last gallery. That man is either "doing the show" for a newspaper, or prefers to make the pictures an affliction unto himself. A picture show, like everything else, should be taken on the zig-zag. The man who plans and cogitates the nearest way between two streets—that man is too busy, poor fellow, to know the sweets of the zig-zag. To go upon



the zig-zag is to see more, and with greater entertainment. Who sees more stars, more lamp-posts, front-doors, and keyholes than other men—yea, even unto tenfold?

He who goes home on the zig-zag. The zig-zag is the token, the mystic sign, of contentful ease and good fellowship the world over; the very word is passed to us, like a loving-cup, by the French, who have taken it in all good amity from the Germans, as Littré himself testifieth, and what greater sign of universal brotherhood shall you want than that? The zig-zag, too, is necessary; for the soberest citizen may not walk home through many streets in a straight line, lest he break his nose. "Zig-zag: something with short sharp turns," says the respectable Webster. Let us, therefore, take here a sharp turn, lest we run our noses against the wall of brown speculation.

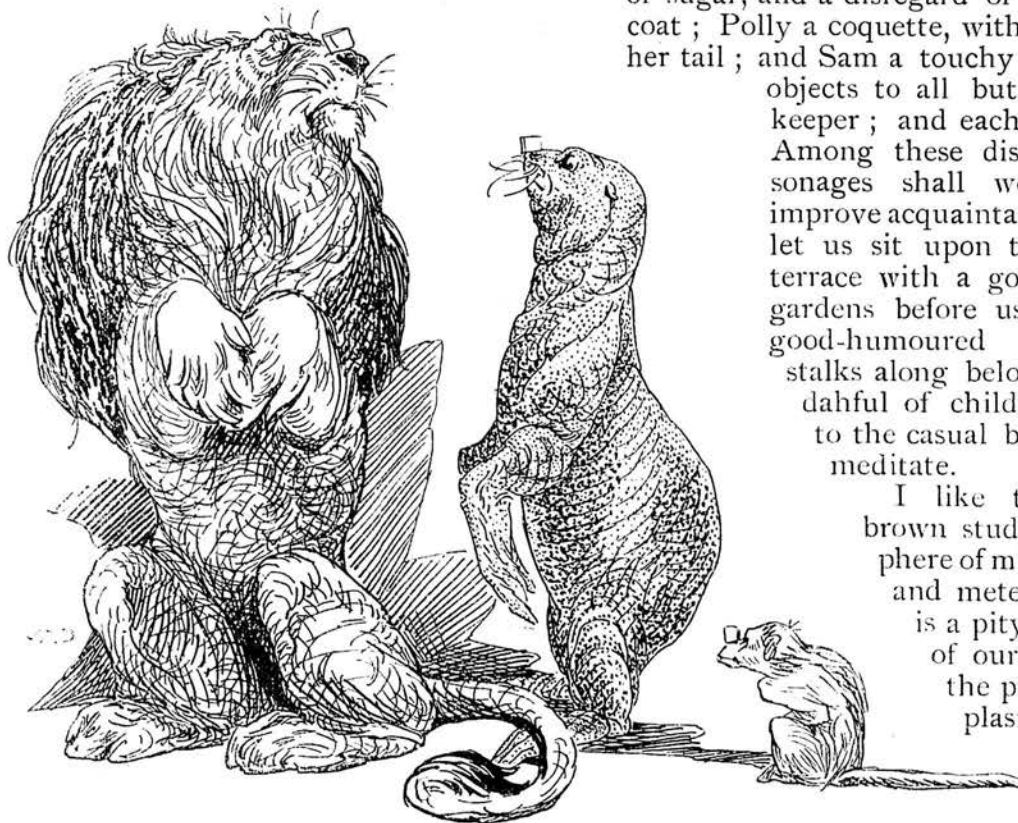
Many good friends have I in the gardens of the Zoological Society of London. These good friends devote their entire lives to the furtherance of a popular taste for zoology, and are, or should be at once elected, most distinguished active members of the society. To pay certain gold guineas a year is a good thing; but what human member of the society would live amiably behind bars for the cause, to be stared at and made the subject of personal impudences? Now, all these fine fellows have their individual characters, their



little personal habits and crotchets, just as have those distinguished zoologists who walk upright and wear tail-coats. For instance, you may have come upon a row of three lions, or monkeys, or seals, as the case may be, and to you, a casual visitor, they shall be but three very similar seals or monkeys or lions. So also in

the official guide-book, for a guide-book which is sober and official can say no other. But scrape close acquaintance with those creatures and talk to their keepers, and you shall find them Bill, Polly, and Sam : Bill, perhaps, being an easy-going lion (or seal or monkey), with a weakness for a lump

of sugar, and a disregard of the state of his coat ; Polly a coquette, with a vast pride in her tail ; and Sam a touchy old fellow who objects to all but one particular keeper ; and each with a history. Among these distinguished personages shall we zig-zag, and improve acquaintance. Meantime, let us sit upon this seat on the terrace with a good view of the gardens before us, while the big good-humoured Jung Perchad stalks along below with a howdahful of children and an eye to the casual bun ; and let us meditate.



I like to conduct my brown studies in an atmosphere of mingled evolution and metempsychosis. It is a pity that the theory of our evolution from the primordial protoplasm in an inclusive line through every living species should now be con-

sidered old-fashioned. I like to imagine that among my remote ancestors every living thing is represented—it gives them a family interest. And if, further, I can persuade myself that *I* have been everything, at one time or another, from a bluebottle to a giraffe—why, then I can brown-study for ever. The imaginative mind can compass all things. Well may I remember the comfort of a mouth six feet by measurement along the lips, in a crocodile. You take in your enemy in one large generous smile, and he is seen no more. And a tail for others—the cow, the dog, the horse, the lion, the tiger—is a convenience, both as a fly-whisk and as a help to working up a tantrum. In evolution from a bluebottle to a giraffe one learns the value of these things.

As a bluebottle, I think I should have enjoyed life—as a young one certainly ; an elderly bluebottle gets bloated, slow, and gouty, losing his sense of humour. He grows infirm of purpose, too, and forgets to return to the same spot on a bald head after the eighteenth time of chasing off—the eighteenth time being really just when the fun begins. Sometimes he passes over a red nose altogether, probably from a fear of aggravating the gout in his feet. I am a little more



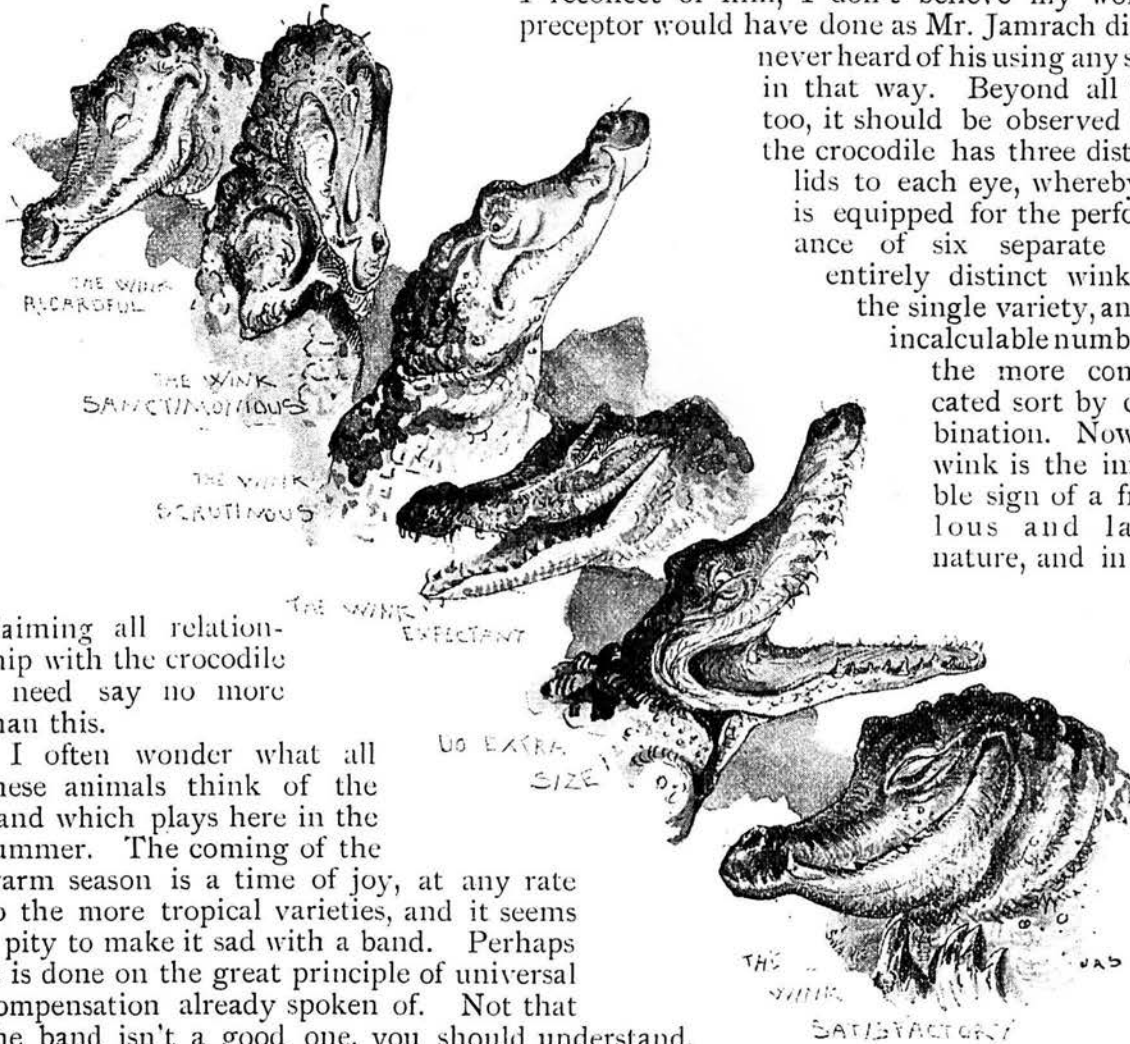
doubtful about the giraffe. I should certainly have had a better opportunity of holding my head high in the world than I ever have now ; and the giraffe has the advantage of the bluebottle in the matter of gouty feet. But what a neck for mumps ! I think I *must* have been a raven or a jackdaw at some time—reasoning by induction—and I must have had a rare good time. The great object of a raven's life is the collection of valuables, wherein he resembles a large half of the human race. He steals rings, silver thimbles, and money, hoarding them in a safe and quiet place. Now, there is nothing so impartial as good Dame Nature. For everything she gives its compensation ; every poison has its antidote, every excess its counteracting scarcity ; nothing dies. Everything is a cause, and the effects of all causes work on for eternity. So that I conclude that my life as a raven must have been peculiarly successful from a business point of view, and that for that flood of good fortune I am now suffering the ebb. Obviously I must have been bursting with this world's wealth in some life or another, else why things as they so painfully are ? Or perhaps — stunning thought !—I am saving up all this penury against a flood of millions to come. But, come when it will, it shall never overwhelm me, for I shall take a holiday in a Scotch hotel.



I quite believe I skipped the crocodiles ; at any rate, I find little hereditary affinity between us. When a crocodile objects to its surroundings, it refuses its food ; as a boy at school, I objected very much to my surroundings, but without any effect of that sort. My late friend—God rest him !—Mr. Jamrach, used

to have rare tussles with his crocodiles. They were valuable as property, and when, out of spite, they took to attempting suicide by starvation, he had them tied up firmly and fed forcibly with a long pole *à la* ramrod. I never remember being so obstinate about my dinner as that ; and if I had, from what I recollect of him, I don't believe my worthy preceptor would have done as Mr. Jamrach did. I

never heard of his using any stick in that way. Beyond all this, too, it should be observed that the crocodile has three distinct lids to each eye, whereby he is equipped for the performance of six separate and entirely distinct winks of the single variety, and an incalculable number of the more complicated sort by combination. Now the wink is the infallible sign of a frivolous and larky nature, and in dis-

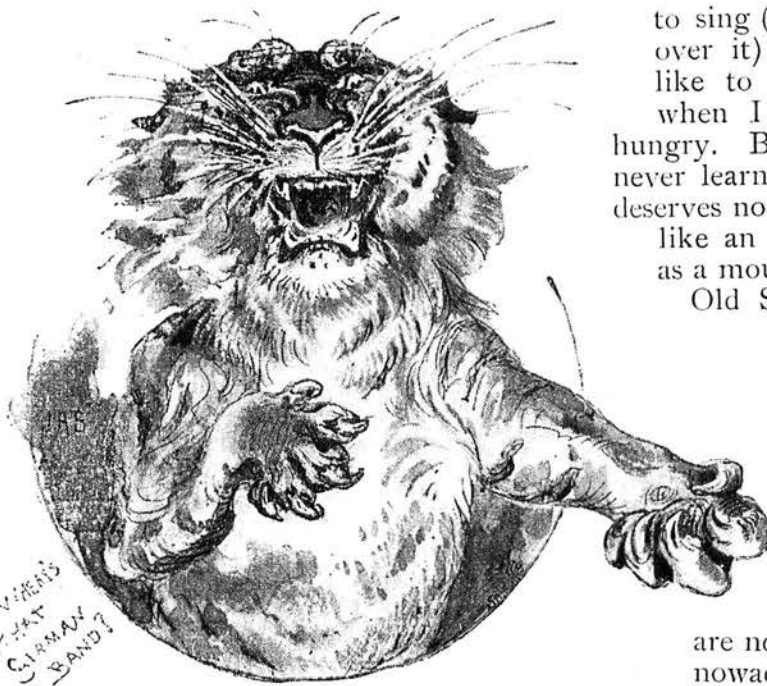


claiming all relationship with the crocodile I need say no more than this.

I often wonder what all these animals think of the band which plays here in the summer. The coming of the warm season is a time of joy, at any rate to the more tropical varieties, and it seems a pity to make it sad with a band. Perhaps it is done on the great principle of universal compensation already spoken of. Not that the band isn't a good one, you should understand, but a band of any sort before dinner is an infliction.

Music is rather a nuisance to a hungry man, and its proper occasion arrives after a good dinner. Lions and tigers have ten times the capacity for hunger granted to man, and should be considered accordingly. Herein do I speak with feeling ; for on several days of the week a German band plays near the corner of my street in the hungriest hour of the twenty-four, and on all the other afternoons the young lady next door, who is learning



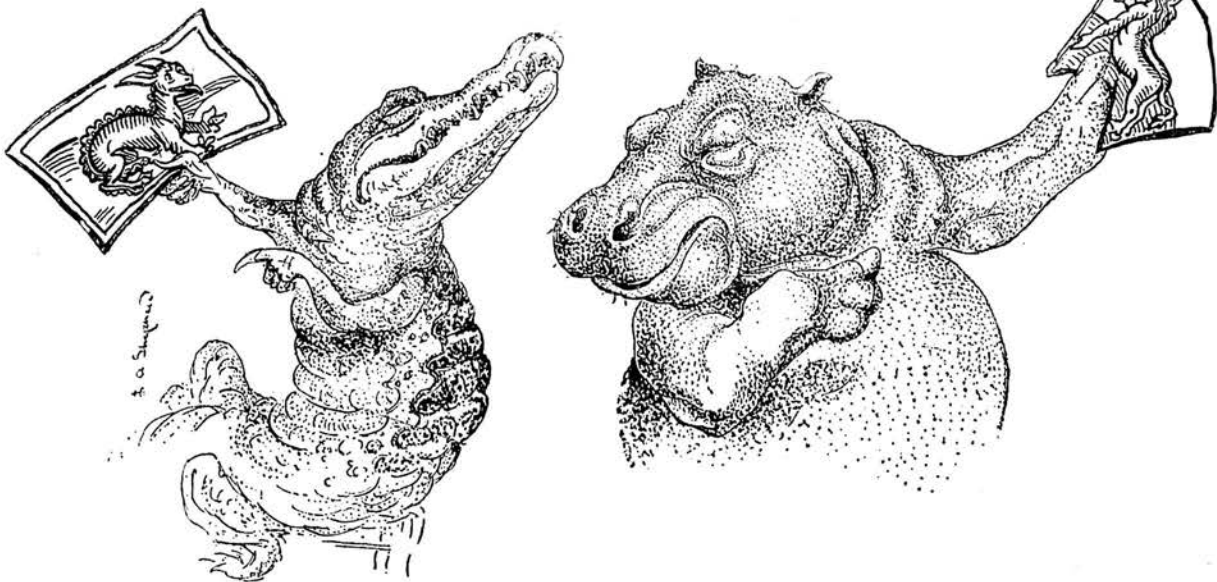


to sing (and taking a very long time over it) practises her scales. I should like to have met that German band when I was—say a tiger, and very hungry. But the young lady who will never learn to sing is infinitely worse, and deserves no consideration at all. I should like an opportunity of attacking her as a mouse.

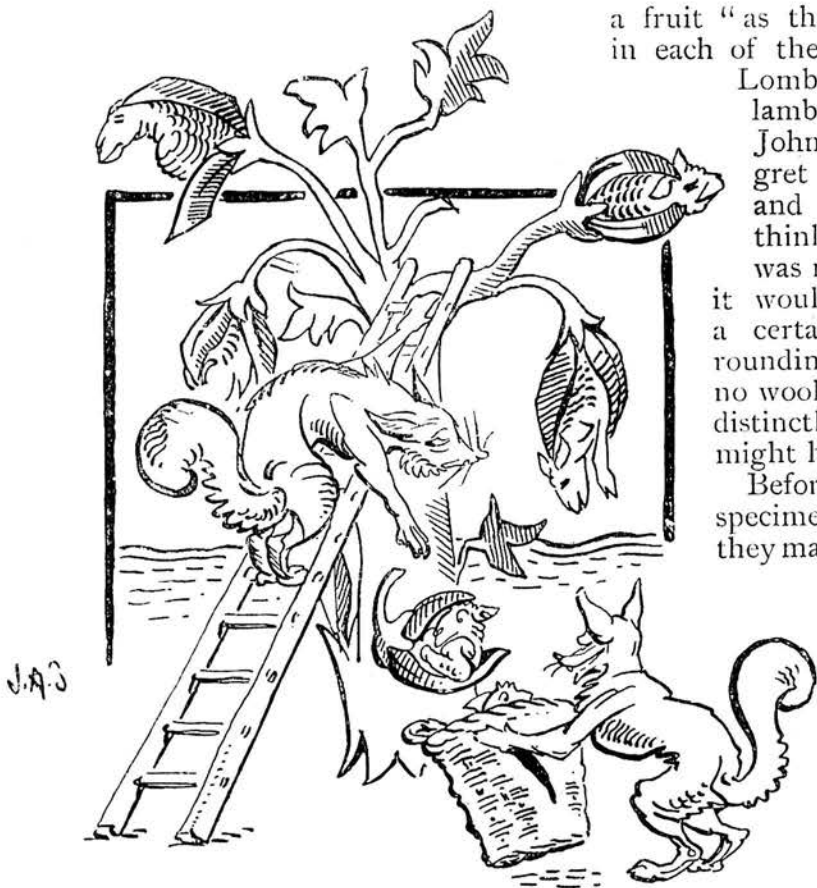
Old Sir John Maundevile is a man one would like to have met. I would do a great deal—even unto paying at the gate—to inspect a zoological garden furnished with a good selection of Sir John's discoveries. I should like, for instance, to see his "wylde Gees, that han 2 Hedes." They

are not found in many poultry-yards nowadays, and have become swans on inn signs. I should like, too, to see that "fulle felonous Best" with a black head and three

long horns, "trenchant in front, scharpe as a Sword," with which he "slethe the Olifaunt." Again, I think I should like to see those "Ipotaynes, that dwellen sometyme in the Watre and sometyme on the Lond; and thei ben half Man and half Hors," and compare them with the blithesome hippopotamus as we now see him in our own Zoo. I should like to have the opinion of the man end on his equine hinder half, and to see how he walked; for, unlike the centaur, the "ipotayne" had only two legs. I should like to get a "cokadrille" as Maundevile's book pictures him, with long legs and ears like a donkey's, and show him to the sleepy alligators in the reptile house, by



way of reconciling long-sundered relatives. But most I should like to get my mutton from a tree in the way Sir John did in a kingdom "that men clepen Caldilhe"—somewhere, it would seem, between India and China. On the tree, says our good friend, grows



a fruit "as though it were Gourdes"; and in each of these gourds grows a "lyttlyle Lamb, withouten Wolle," which lamb, as well as the fruit, Sir John has eaten. "And that is a gret Marveylle," quoth Sir John; and so it is, when you come to think of it. It is a pity that there was no wool on those "Lombs"; it would have given the narrative a certain artistic completeness, a rounding off. But, since there was no wool, it is fortunate that Sir John distinctly said so, otherwise people might have called him a liar.

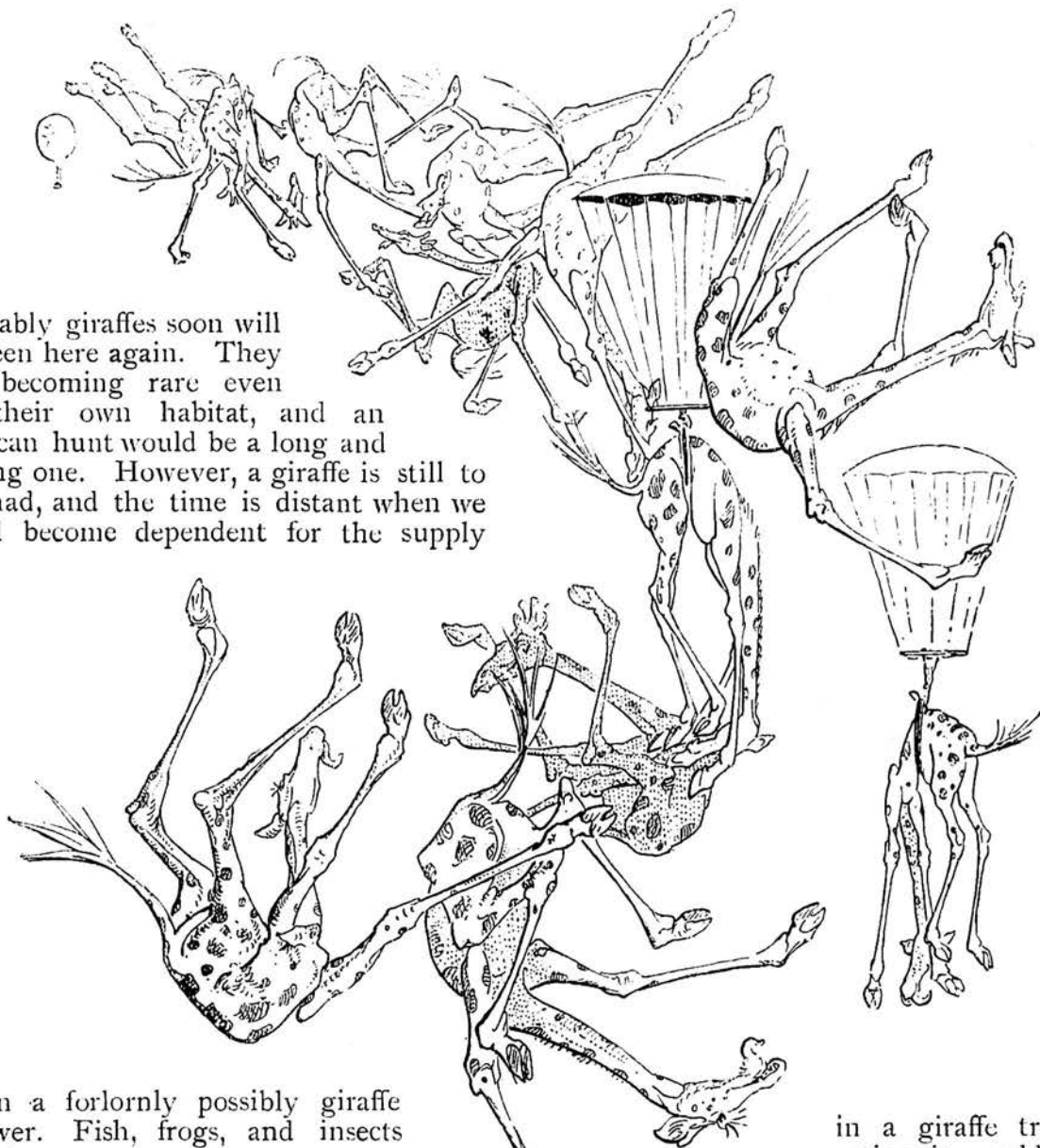
Before the Zoological Society find specimens of these rarities, perhaps they may come upon another giraffe or two. Sir John Maundevile really plays light with the giraffe. He might have made something much more startling of it than "a Best pomelee or spotted; that is but a litylle more highe than is a Stede; but he hathe the Necke a 20 Cubytes long; and his Croup and his Tayl is as of an Hert; and he may

loken over a gret highe Hous." Moreover, the illustrative woodcut in my copy actually under-represents the neck by full two-thirds: but that is for the very best of all reasons—there is no room on the block for any more. Perhaps it was because Sir John vouched for the giraffe that up to the present century most people in this country disbelieved in its existence. But just consider how he might have put it, and with truth; and how that heavy-handed artist might have put it—without truth. An animal with a deer's head, a leopard's skin, a swan's neck; a tongue that was used as a man's hand to grasp things a foot from its nose. With eyes that saw in every direction without a turn of the head; with nostrils that closed or opened.



Withal higher than three tall men, one above another, and capable of slaying a man with one kick of a hinder leg, yet so timid as to fly before a child or a little dog! One feels rather ashamed of Sir John, after all, for neglecting his opportunities. There is difficulty in the capture of a giraffe, and there is expense. These obstacles, however, and greater ones, have been overcome again and again in time past by the Zoological Society of London, and

probably giraffes soon will be seen here again. They are becoming rare even in their own habitat, and an African hunt would be a long and trying one. However, a giraffe is still to be had, and the time is distant when we shall become dependent for the supply



upon a forlornly possibly giraffe shower. Fish, frogs, and insects in showers are not unknown, while cats and dogs are proverbial. Water-spouts cause these fish and frog showers;

in a giraffe transaction it would be necessary to charter rather a strong waterspout, and to stay indoors awhile; all a serious possibility considered from a Maundevillian standpoint.

J. G. Singson

COUNTRY SCENES—JANUARY.

(FOR EVERY MONTH, BY THOMAS MILLER.)



Ah, bitter chill it was!
The owl, for all his feathers was a-cold;
The hare leaped trembling through the frozen grass,
And silent was the flock in woolly fold. KEATS.

JANUARY is called the Gate of the Year—the Entrance Hall that leads to the seasons. We must pass through the grey leaden-coloured portico, supported with glittering pillars of ice, before we can reach the flowery doors of Spring, beyond which the dark green gates of Summer open, while far behind Autumn swings wide upon its golden hinges, revealing a landscape that looks like the ocean basking in the yellow sunshine, its waves the ever-moving uplands, waving drowsily with eary corn.

The walls of this solemn hall, which open indistinctly upon a longer twilight, and silently diminish the darkness that hangs upon the edge of the expanding day, are formed of grey snow, propped up by the mighty bulk of naked forest trees; the knotted and iron elbows of which are linked one within the other—while around hang life-like pictures, all in keeping with the scene—landscapes of ice and snow with cold looks that are half warmed by the dark foliage of the evergreens, and cheered by the rounded crimson of the holly berries, while the trailing ivy, from which the snow flakes have melted, clasps the cottage chimney whence the curling smoke ascends in trails of blue and silver, like clouds that have lost their way, and are wandering back again to the sky. There, spreads out a lonely mere, seeming darker through contrast with the snow-wreaths which surround it, white, deep below, the trees look down, as if cut out from solid ebony: and the crisped reeds, the ghastly skeletons of Summer, whisper to each other with a frozen breath, as if they dreaded that the bleak north wind

should overhear their husky rustling, or with his cutting shears lay them prostrate, blanched, withered, and dead.

In another picture, we see a rustic stile; the snow, that rests upon the barked bars, is imprinted with the robin's feet, while his scarlet breast, harmonising beautifully with the cluster of crimson hips that droop from the leafless spray of the wild rose, form a cheerful foreground to the desolate moorland that lies behind; and as we look upon the open beak of the bird, and his black-beaded and fearless eye, we can fancy that we hear him singing as sweetly as if Summer still stood on tiptoe with her hair unbound, and held between her rosy fingers her streaming garland of long green leaves.

Further on we behold the blue titmouse, hanging by its hooked claws, back downward—yet never fearful of falling; peeping with curious eye, beneath the level-clipped broad-thatched eaves in search of insects, while the white cat, motionless, as if cut out of marble, sits watching upon the smooth-bricked window-sill, sometimes feigning sleep, yet ready to spring up, if only a straw fall from the beak of the busy bird. Past the church porch, whose steep roof is covered with unruffled flakes, an old beggar-man in his thread-bare coat moves slowly along, his head bow-bent—the cutting wind that comes sweeping round the low square tower, blows back his long silver hair, on which the unmelted snow rests, and he pulls his weather-beaten hat lower over his forehead, and grasps his long staff firmer, with his cold blue hands, as he faces the eddying gust.

Whichever way the observant eye turns, this great Hall that opens upon the year is hung with pleasing pictures, and filled with interesting objects. On the dark beams that span above, the bat folds up his leathern wings, and with his head drooping, soundly sleeps; the little dormouse, coiled up like a ball, rests in its burrow, beneath the roots of the antique oak, and should it chance to awaken before the warm days come, feeds upon the hoard it has secured, then folds itself up again in its dark chamber, and waits until it sees the sun-shine streaming from the chinks of the inner door of Spring. High overhead, though still below the heavy snow-filled clouds, is heard the shrill scream of the wild geese; their arrowy-pointed ranks cleave the chilly air, as they sail at night far over the silent town to where the reedy marsh and the sedgy morass stretch out, intercepted by melancholy streams, on the surface of which, excepting themselves only, the shadow of the solitary fowler in his boat is seen to move. There, when the wind stirs the ridgy ripples in the calm moonlight, the wild swan sleeps majestically upon the rocking eddies; the underdown of his silver plumage bared by the fitful gusts that come by sudden starts and then are still, although the rocky motion uncoils not his arched neck, nor unfolds the black beak which is thrust for warmth under his wing.

Without, on the frosted branches, the fieldfares sit huddled together in their feathery coats, looking with hungry eyes upon the few withered berries, black and hard, which the wintry wind has left; while, in the distance, the poor sheep pause every now and then to give a plaintive bleat, as they cease for a moment their cold labour of burrowing for food amid the knee-deep snow; for every-way the country around is covered with it, the fields are all but silent, the high roads are no longer alive with busy figures, and where the heavily laden waggon moves slowly along, it comes with a dead and muffled sound, unlike the cheerful tramp and gritty creak which grinds down the wayside pebbles into summer dust.

Few, excepting they are true lovers of nature, would be tempted to climb the summit of a steep hill to witness the strange and beautiful appearance the landscape below presents if covered deeply with snow. Ascend, and you seem as if looking over a country that is silent and uninhabited. The hedges rise, like white walls, built up as boundary lines through a vast expanse, that one way presents no other landmarks, excepting a few trees, and the black line of a winding river; all beside is one wide outstretched territory of snow. Objects which, at other times, are familiar to the eye, have assumed new shapes; the thatched roof of the cottage and the hayrick, the shed in the field and the high pile of winter-faggots, have all put on a strange disguise; and, but for the smoke which is distinguishable above the low chimney, there is no stir of life to proclaim the existence of man. To the left, the village-spire rises like a lonely monument above a buried country, which seems to tell that all below are dead; for the roads are no longer visible, and what motion there is in the little hamlet is unperceived. It seems as if it had drifted far away, and was fast sinking in the centre of a great and silent sea of snow, the church-spire alone visible above the floating and far-off wreck.

Formless, the pointed cairn now scarce o'er tops
The level dreary waste; and coppice-woods,
Diminished of their height, like bushes seem.

What a picture of the wild and fearful winters of ancient times is presented in the name our Saxon ancestors gave to January, which they called Wolf-month: on account of the ravages made by that animal at this dreary and desolate season of the year. Then our island abounded with huge morasses, swampy wastes, lonely moors, and vast tracts of dreary forest-land, and over these snowy solitudes, in the dark midnights of winter, the howl of the wolf was heard, as, ravenous for prey, he ventured nearer the Saxon huts, and prowled about the doorway of the habitation of man. Dismal and dangerous were the paths then traversed by the lonely wayfarer, for towns and villages lay long and wide apart, and there were but few roads, excepting the long, straight, monotonous highways made by the Romans, or the broken and uncertain bridle-paths, which wound along the dangerous and precipitous banks of the rivers, or at best, in later times the narrow ways traversed by the ancient merchants, with their trains of pack-horses, who went, carefully picking their way through the storms and snow, and darkness of winter. Even now in the vast wolds of Yorkshire, and over the wild broad marshes of Lincolnshire, there exists many a miry and dangerous cross-road, where even a traveller well acquainted with the country, is, in winter, in momentary danger of foundering.

Although January is one of the coldest months of the year, it is accompanied with the consolation of knowing that the shortest day is past, and that every sunset brings us nearer to the flowery land of Spring, for on each morrow we hear the chirrup of the sparrow sooner under the eaves, and we find the grey dawning peeping in earlier and earlier at the lattice, and looking upon the earth as if to see if any bud has yet broken through its brown sheath, or whether the snow-drop has ventured forth into the cold waste, to shiver alone and wait companionless for its warmer attendant the yellow crocus of spring.

At this season of the year a bitter black frost sometimes sets suddenly in, which makes itself felt everywhere; the few green things that remain, curdle and wrinkle up as if they had been scorched, nothing seems to grow, the little hardy bud makes no progress, the earth looks as if it had changed to stone, and beneath it, nature lies dead and buried. The poor birds, as if for condolence, come nearer to the habitation of man—upon the palings, upon the garden-hedge, and about the farm-yard, we see many whose plumage is new to us, and whom hunger alone has driven from the deep seclusion of the woods.

In one bleak biting night the pond is frozen over, and, deluded by the dazzling surface of ice, the cattle, more thirsty through the dry, hard, moistureless food which forms their winter diet, hang down their heads to drink, when, instead of the cold yielding water, their hot breath comes in contact with the chilly marble-like ice, and after several vain attempts to penetrate it, they raise their heads and low piteously, nor cease until the farmer-boy either comes with a mallet or a long pole, breaks through the hard mass, and leaves them to drink their fill. Numbers of fish perish at this time of the year in the ponds and reservoirs through want of air and food, both of which it is easy to supply them with, by breaking holes in the ice, and throwing in bread, grain, or the offals of animals, for unless this is done they will soon begin to devour each other. It is a well-known fact that fish will come at the call of those who are accustomed to feed them, take food from the hand of their keeper, and allow themselves to be touched without attempting to escape, or displaying any symptom of fear. Eels will bury themselves in the mud as a protection from cold, and the carp, it is also believed, seeks the same retreat in severe weather.

Yet, under this vast winding-sheet, that seems to cover the dead, nature is still at work; the seed that remains invisible is silently swelling and bursting below, and in a few more weeks pale lines of green will show where the spring corn has broken through the furrow. The little brown rounded bud is forming, coil within coil, and will ere long thrust its emerald point from out its confined cell, as if timidly peeping forth, and waiting until the rain and the sunshine called it, to bare its broad green beauty to the breeze; for then the woods will no longer be alone filled with

Those boughs, which shake against the cold
Bare ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sung.

The Winter-sleep of many animals is a wonderful provision of nature—although we are perhaps wrong in giving the name of sleep to such a state of torpor, for it is neither produced by over-exertion, nor caused by a want of repose. Some prepare for this uncertain state of slumber by storing up food against they awake, or revive—for either hunger, or a sudden change from cold to heat, or causes which are to us unknown, and against which several of our hibernating quadrupeds appear to guard, often rouse them at mid-Winter, and there is no doubt that they would perish were it not for this fresh supply of food. Some, like the dormouse and harvest-mouse, coil themselves up like a ball, and may be rolled about without evincing any sign of life while in this state—so may the hedgehog—although the latter ever assumes such a form when in danger, and presents the same lifeless appearance at pleasure, while, unlike the former, it lays up no store against Winter. The squirrel also passes a great part of the cold season in a torpid state, taking care, however, in case he should feel “the hungry edge of appetite,” to have a dozen or two of well-stored larders in readiness, which he very often finds robbed, when he comes to visit them. But no one seems to lay up such provision for Winter as the long-tailed field-mouse, which consists of acorns, nuts, corn, and seeds of various descriptions, the accumulation of many a journey, which, when garnered, and nicely arranged, is often rooted up by some hog, as he comes grunting and smelling about the ground, where this little hoarder has concealed his treasure. How he manages to pass the Winter when his house is thus broken open and robbed, we are at a loss to divine, for we can readily imagine that one who has made such bountiful provisions in his chamber, would not be able to rest long together when it is empty. The bats also hibernate, huddling together for warmth, and not only holding on the roofs, and beams, and caverns, and in the hollows of trees, by their claws, but crowding one over another, until it is really wonderful what numbers are congregated in so small a space, as they are often found to occupy. On the habits of some of these animals, we may dwell more lengthily as we pass through the different changes of the year, for now they may be compared to the seed, which, though not dead, is hidden in the earth, to appear again in due season.

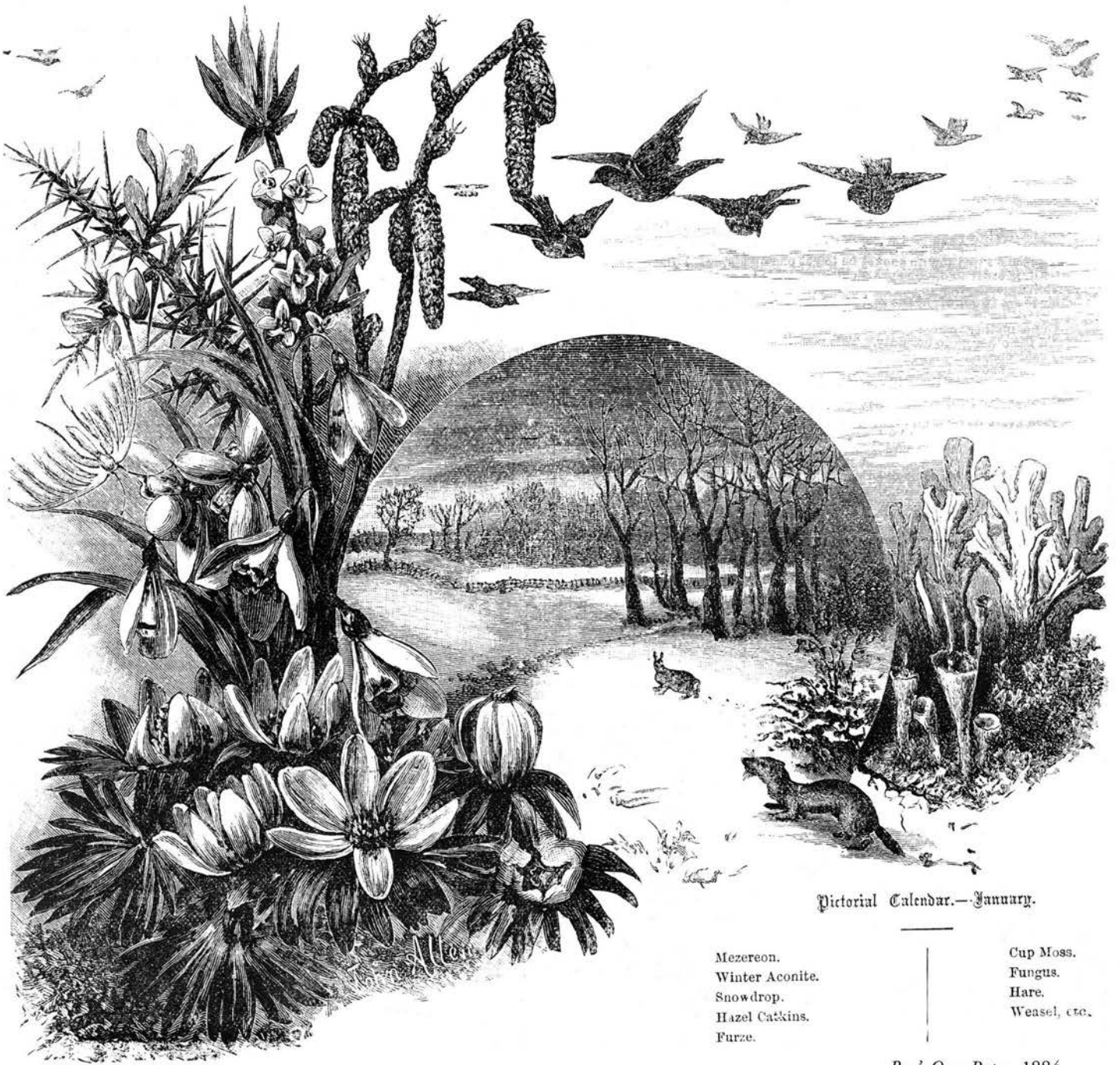
There is something beautiful to a fanciful mind in the varied forms which the frost-work assumes, and although we must venture out of doors to witness the most wonderful productions formed by this strange and silent hand, still those who are too fearful of the cold, or too indolent to venture forth, may discover within doors, traces of the finger of this Hoary Worker—shrub, and flower, and leaf, as of network and cunning embroidery, all wrought in one night by this silent and unseen enchanter. What wild landscapes does he put together! mountains, and deep gorges, and steep precipices, with overhanging pines that seem ready to drop into the dark gulf below—for such are among the many wonders which this artist produces. Strange effects are also wrought by a sudden freezing shower; when the rain encloses all it falls upon, as if with a glass covering, or clings to larger objects, and hangs them about with gems of the clearest crystal, until—

In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorn show,
While through the ice the crimson berries glow.

These showers also produce a startling effect upon birds, causing them to flutter and shake out their wings to get rid of the cumbersome jewels, that only impede their free and natural motions. Yet this very power slowly produces the mighty glacier that, in its thunderous fall, shakes the whole valley into which it descends. January is considered a dead month, and in a severe winter, is one of the dullest in the whole circle of the year; still the out-of-door naturalist will find many objects to instruct and interest him, and may become acquainted with the habits of many living things which the full-leaved summer enshrouds. Birds, which at other times seldom venture near the abode of man; insects, which a fine day of sunshine has aroused from a torpid state; and animals which the floods or hunger have forced from their hiding places; for even the little harvest mouse, either driven from the barn by the removal of the corn, or disturbed from its winter slumber in the earth, may sometimes be seen hurrying off through the shelter of a leafless hedge to its retreat, for

Nature in her sleep is never still.





Pictorial Calendar.—January.

Mezerion.
 Winter Aconite.
 Snowdrop.
 Hazel Catkins.
 Furze.

Cup Moss.
 Fungus.
 Hare.
 Weasel, etc.

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