Victorian Times

A Monthly Exploration of Victorian Life

Vol. B-1, No. 3 - March 2024

A Peek at Girton College • Kitchen Necessities • Norway
Parlour Windows • London's Book-Barrow Men • Zoo Stories • Lemurs
Etiquette of Conversation • Animal Anecdotes • Recipes for Lent
Hawaii's Summer Palace • Windmills of the West • Soutache Embroidery

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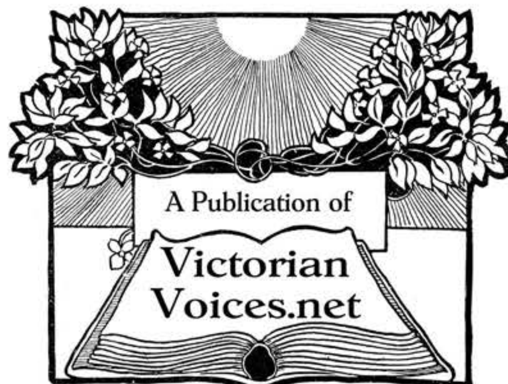
edited by Moira Allen



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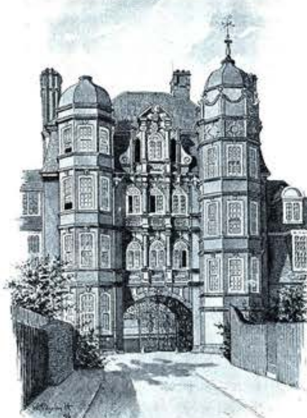


"Us" vs. "Them"

One challenge in selecting articles for *Victorian Times* is the Victorian attitude that prevails in many, many works: The issue of "us" vs. "them." To put it bluntly, racism and bigotry were rampant in the Victorian era. The notion of "political correctness" had not yet occurred to anyone, and consequently, it was regarded as perfectly acceptable and even downright amusing to poke fun at, or sneer at, *them.*

It's not even so easy to categorize "us." From the Victorian standpoint, "us" is certainly white, but that alone is not sufficient. To a British Victorian, a Continental European might be white, but certainly wasn't "one of us." Americans might qualify if one makes allowances for their idiosyncrasies. (And don't assume a greater sense of enlightenment on the American side of the pond!) The poor aren't necessarily "us"—more likely, they are "the other half," as in "how the other half lives."

This is hardly a simple topic to address, especially in the limited space of an editorial, so I'll tackle a bit of it here and a bit next month. Today, I want to talk about how this issue affects what appears in this magazine.

As I said, it's a challenge. On the one hand, it's not my goal to "whitewash" (itself a loaded term) the Victorians and their way of life. The goal of VictorianVoices.net as a whole is to provide a reference resource that will help its visitors understand the Victorians, warts and all. Thus, for the website, I neither editorialize nor censor.

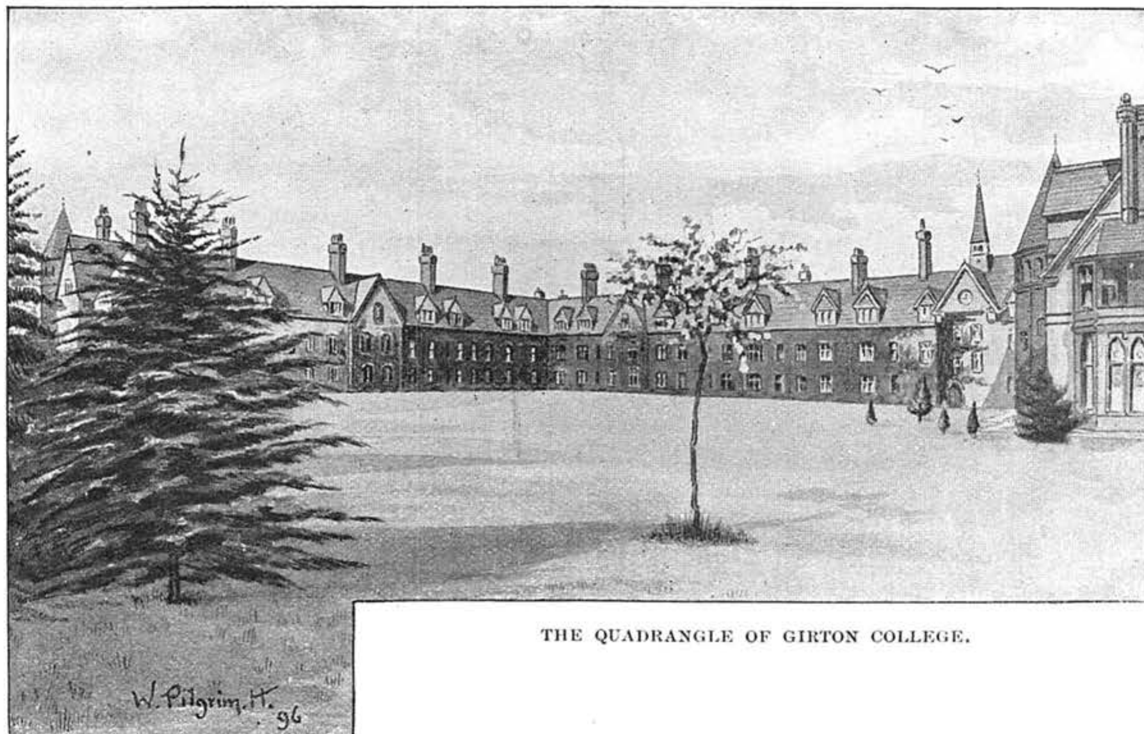
On the other hand, *Victorian Times* is intended to be entertaining and enjoyable as well as simply "educational"—and there's nothing entertaining about being offensive. I recognize that my readers may have a wide range of sensibilities, and while it's never possible to avoid ever offending anyone, anywhere, ever, as an editor I still have a responsibility to my readers, and choices to make.

At first I thought those choices would be fairly simple. I'd just have to avoid, wherever possible, the "N" word and the "D" word. (I'm not saying they will never appear; I did say "wherever possible.") But Victorian bigotry is not simply a "black and white" issue, pun intended. I quickly discovered that I'd be drawing the line at a number of articles that had nothing to do with the "N" word.

The Irish, for example, came in for a huge amount of discrimination on both sides of the Atlantic. I've found (and rejected) a great many articles laced with laughing anecdotes about the dimwitted antics of "Paddies" and "Bridgets." (Often, these anecdotes may not even have anything to do with the rest of the article—the author simply inserted them to be funny.) In America, "Bridget" became a common term for an Irish housemaid (as in "What is a house without a Bridget?"). The Chinese were also held in considerable disdain by Victorians on both sides of the Atlantic, and were regularly referred to, again mockingly, as "Celestials." (Wikipedia explains that "The name was used in reference to the status of the Emperor of China as the Son of Heaven in the Sinosphere. Accordingly, in the 19th century, the name 'Celestial' was used to refer to Chinese emigrants to the United States, Canada, and Australia." [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Celestial_Empire]) By the end of the 19th century, "dago" seems to have become the prevalent term for just about any native of any country.

So what's an editor to do? Well, lots of articles just get tossed aside. And some that I feel have too much value to simply cast aside may get a bit of modern-day editorial surgery. Today, I can't go back to the author and say "change that," or edit the original manuscript—but Photoshop can work wonders. Thus, from time to time, you might see a bit of a hole in an article. But then, changing an article to fit a magazine's editorial standards is a time-honored tradition—it's what editors do! That's why we're called editors.

—Moira Allen, Editor
editors@victorianvoices.net



THE QUADRANGLE OF GIRTON COLLEGE.

CONCERNING GIRTON.

By R. S. Warren Bell.

Illustrated by W. Pilgrim Hodgson *and* F. L. Fuller.

THE popular impression of a Girton girl is, I believe, that she is a wan and pale young lady, that she wears spectacles, that she is a mere bundle of nerves, and that, somewhat in the manner attributed to Ophelia, she wanders round muttering snatches from Greek plays or cudgelling her wearied brains for solutions of mathematical problems of abstruse kind. That this idea is a mistaken one it is hardly necessary to point out. The Girtonian is little more than a big schoolgirl; when she is not working she is playing—or talking—hockey, cycling, golfing, or drinking tea—which is invariably made very weak (this is one of Girton's unwritten laws); she is blessed with an excellent appetite; she goes to bed early and she gets up early, and there you have the average 'Varsity woman in a nutshell.

It is astonishing what a very little people know about Girton. Our foremost college for women, though indisputably an institution of much note, has been but seldom written about, in addition to which I am assured, by those who ought to know, that the few articles that have been penned on Girton are mainly incorrect. I may be pardoned, then—being but a man, and therefore somewhat of an outsider—for venturing thus to describe Girton life, when I explain that it has been put to me that I may be able to clear away some of the existing misapprehensions relating to the conduct of the college, as well as upset a few of the fallacies regarding the way women undergraduates live and move and have their being.

Girton College is a mile from the village from which it takes it name, and rather more than a mile and a half out of Cambridge, on the Huntingdon Road. It stands in a somewhat isolated position, the nearest dwellings being a farmhouse and the steam laundry which Newnham and Girton have built between them for mutual use. The college is somewhat extraordinary in shape; in fact one would require to be deeply versed in architectural terms in order to describe it at all correctly. The reason why Girton has the appearance of having been thrown together is that the original building has been added to in a spasmodic way from time to time in order to provide fresh accommodation for increasing numbers of students.

The college is descended from a very humble ancestor. On October 16, 1869, a hired house, for the reception of six students, was opened at Hitchin. In 1873 the establishment was removed to Girton, and that part which is now to be distinguished by the darker red of its brick was the trunk that threw out branches in all directions as years went on. Girton is now a rambling erection of imposing proportions, and, on account of its character as an educational pioneer, one that will in the dim future make an interesting happy hunting-ground for the archæologist and his chisel.

In addition to over a century of students, a large staff of dons reside at the college, including the mistress, vice-mistress, junior bursar, and seven resident lecturers. Besides the necessary accommodation for all these, there are included in the block of buildings twelve lecture-rooms, library, reading-room, hall, chemical laboratory, gymnasium and music-room. The building of a swimming-bath is also contemplated.

MAIN ENTRANCE.

Each student has two rooms, these being connected by folding doors. Residence at Newnham is said to be cheaper than at Girton, and yet Girton—on paper—appears to make no inordinate charges for maintenance and education. The fees come to £35 per term, and this sum is an inclusive one, there being at a ladies' college few of those extra disbursements that are too often a sore trial to the needy undergraduate. Speaking roughly, a career at Girton costs about £100 a year. And when it is taken into consideration that the establishment is self-supporting, it must be admitted that these terms are exceedingly moderate.

In the matter of visitors there are certain formalities which are strictly adhered to. Before a student can be seen the visitor must hand two cards to the portress, one for the inspection of the mistress, and the other, in the event of the mistress raising no objection, for presentation to the student. And here I should like to mention that the undergraduate—hapless man!—is not encouraged to pay calls at Girton. Of course a brother may visit a sister in her rooms, or a cousin a cousin, but the mere ordinary caller is treated to a somewhat stiff reception in the music-room. The undergraduate who drops in on a Girton acquaintance, in hopes of getting some tea, is, therefore, likely to come away disappointed.

A visit of a few hours' duration to Girton

leaves a vague impression of endless corridors, bright little rooms, green lawns, and packed bookshelves on one's mind. Personally, I was shown everything—even the view from the top of the tower. Imagine going up a church tower—the staircase of Girton's is quite as narrow as that to be found in the average belfry—and coming, instead of to bell-chambers, to doors with names on them!

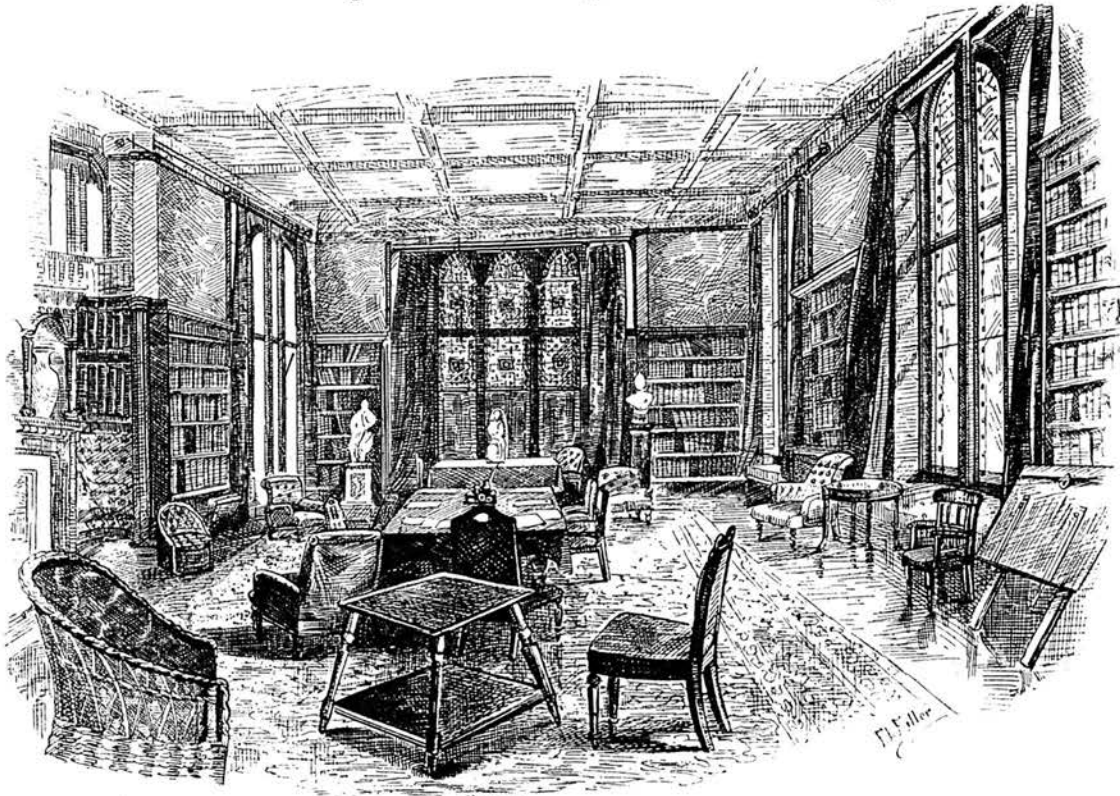
"You don't mean to say that girls live up here?" I asked in some amazement. "Oh yes," was the reply, "they do when the college is very full. There's only one here now, though." But as my visit took place during the Long Vacation term (a special month, that is, during the Long Vacation —which about thirty per cent. only of the students keep) it was not very strange to find one girl only in Girton tower. At the same time I could not help expressing an opinion that chasing up and down a spiral staircase numbers of times during the day could hardly be considered one of the advantages of Girton's curriculum. But I was assured that "they don't mind it a bit," which is, to my thinking, a very fortunate circumstance.

Whilst speaking of this same holiday term, I learned that those girls who take modern languages "are supposed to travel during the 'Long,'" a fact which is highly appreciated by the Girtonians whom it affects, inasmuch as it is an argument which can be brought to bear on paterfamilias with tremendous emphasis. Many of the students make up what are called "reading parties," which parties take cottages, or go up the river, or in other ways put in a few weeks' "real hard work" in each other's company. Indeed it may safely be computed that an industrious Girton girl gets through more solid reading in a term than the average 'Varsity man does in a year. But then the 'Varsity man's lordly and luxurious manner of life is responsible for much of his idleness. In a college each man has a "gyp" or a scout. At Girton there are two gyps to a corridor. The gyp, the tips he expects, and his cupboard depredations, are among the sorrows which make the 'Varsity man's purse weep. At Girton the female gyp is a housemaid, whose honesty is only equal to the surprise she exhibits should one of the students make her a present.

GIRTON COLLEGE.

The all-pervading athletic spirit that pre-

vails at Girton prevents the students from becoming blue-stockings or book-worms. The "fresher," on entering the college, is invited to join the hockey, tennis, and cricket clubs, and I may safely say that only those girls who are physically unfit to indulge in more or less violent exercise abstain from taking advantage of the invitation in question. Hockey is undoubtedly the great recreation at Girton, as it is at the sister college. The hockey uniform consists of a red blouse, blue and red tie, and appropriately short skirt. The game is played with great enthusiasm, and immense is the desire to be chosen to represent Girton



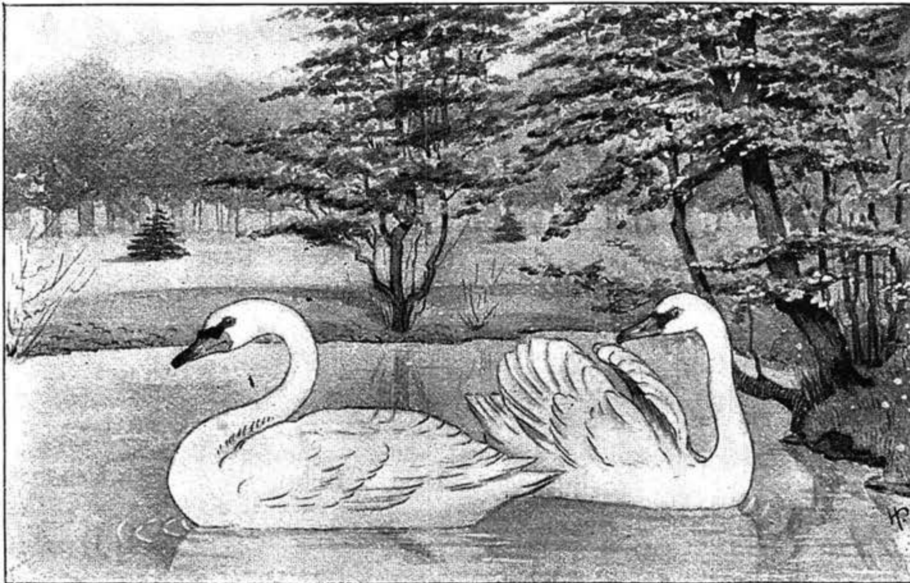
THE LIBRARY.

v. Newnham in the cup ties. The tennis courts are excellently kept, but the state of the cricket pitch would arouse the scorn of any properly brought up schoolboy. "But then," as we were informed quite apologetically, "we only *play* at playing cricket." The bicycle is very much in evidence at Girton, as a glance into the recently erected cycle-shed fully testifies. Every girl who can screw the necessary funds out of paterfamilias becomes a victim to the craze as soon as possible after she enters the college—if, that is, she does not bring a machine along with her dictionaries, as is often the case. Thus horsed, the Girtonians scour the Fen country in small bands, and take trips into Cambridge whenever a reasonable excuse affords them opportunity so to do. The football has not yet been permitted to enter Girton's select preserves, but there is no saying how long this ban will last.

The incomings and outgoings of the Girtonian are taken due note of. The powers that be are always aware of her whereabouts. For, let it be known, there is a book, and in this book each student has to put her initials three times a day—between eight a.m. and nine a.m., between noon and three, and between six and seven in the evening. Thus, were a fair girl undergraduate to run away, her absence would be quickly discovered. If anyone wishes to be absent all day it is necessary for her to obtain an *absit* from the mistress.

The fire brigade is one of Girton's most popular institutions. Every able-bodied girl belongs to it, for the Girtonian, classical though she may be in many of her aspirations, has as yet evinced little desire to emulate Dido's example and submit herself to a roasting—voluntary or otherwise. But to the brigade. It is a very well officered brigade. There is a head captain, corresponding to the chief officer of the M.F.B.; there are three captains, and there are seven sub-captains. The rest are ordinary rank-and-file firewomen, such inter-

mediaries as superintendents, forewomen and engineers being considered unnecessary with so many captains on the staff. There is a practice once a week with hose, engine, buckets, etc. About three times during each term there is an "alarm." This is the uncomfortable feature about the Girton fire brigade, although the members apply to such occasions that ordinary mundane adjective "jolly." Acting on instructions received from the head captain (the only person who is able to dress for the occasion), a number of sub-captains go round with policemen's rattles calling out "Alarm!" Without a moment's hesitation, garbed fully or only partially, the student has to turn out. She may be in bed; she may be deep in Sophocles; she may be wrestling with a matter metaphysical; she may even (though this is unlikely) be playing something frivolous on her piano—her occupation must be left on the instant and she must fly to her post. Then an imaginary fire is put out, the hose is wound up, the engine put to bed, the firewomen complimented or reprimanded according to the degree of smartness they have exhibited, and so the impromptu drill comes to an end. We believe we are correct in saying that there has never yet been a fire at Girton, but it is quite right to take such precautions. It is also very satisfactory to note that there are special exits in case of fire, and fire-proof doors at the end of each corridor.



"JOHN" AND "EMMA."

The Girtonian has this advantage over the male undergraduate, she does not have to pay down a lump sum for furniture on entering the college, which provides bare necessaries in the shape of a desk, carpet, couple of chairs, table, fender and fire-irons, coal-scuttle, bedroom furniture, and cupboard. By a nun a couple of rooms with all these things in them would doubtless be considered sinfully luxurious. The Girtonian, however, soon sets to work to embellish and fill with bric-à-brac what is to be her academical home for the next three years. When her friends receive word that she is proceeding to Cambridge, come October, they present her with a store of dainty knick-knacks, useful and ornamental, and with the aid of these she fills up all her bare nooks and corners. As the rooms are somewhat limited in dimensions, it would be neither wise nor polite to attempt to swing a cat in them. I had myself the misfortune to collide with a decorated flower-jar, which, with a feminine eye for effect, rather than for safety, had been placed on a stool just where it was most likely to be overturned by an awkward masculine. But the accident was received with a smile surely as sweet as the scent of the Girton roses!

It may now be well to describe a day at Girton, with its pleasant mixture of work and play. The following specimen of the Girton vernacular may surprise some of those good folks who have hitherto been under the impression that when a girl goes to college she immediately assumes the manner and diction of a learned woman.

"Well," said my informant, "we get up when we like. Lots of people get up and work before breakfast, and they take it in turns to make tea. When it is your turn the other girls come in, and you make them tea. Breakfast is from eight to nine. What do we have? Oh, ordinary things, you know. Then we work all the morning, and lunch is to be had between twelve and three, hot lunch between one and half-past. After that we play tennis, or golf, or hockey, or ride out on our bicycles. Oh yes, quite a third of the girls have bicycles. Then, if you're here for it, comes afternoon

tea. Is that the great hour of the day? Oh, dear no! 'Tray' is the best part of the day. Oh, I'm coming to that presently. Well, afternoon tea is to be had in several ways. A servant brings round a big pot of tea, and you pour yourself out a cup—if you are working, that is to say. Then you don't have any trouble. In the summer girls are very fond of making their own tea on the lawn. The college provide tea, you know, and we provide cakes, biscuits, etc. Well, after tea we either read or do something else. There's always something on—hockey chiefly in the winter; tennis, bicycling, cricket and golf in the summer. Only a few girls play golf. The links are not proper links, just a few holes. When all the girls are 'up' there are two 'halls,' one at six, one at seven. After hall we have coffee-parties. Then at nine or nine-thirty comes 'tray.'"

I was beginning to feel anxious about the nature of this mysterious function called "tray." The explanation was soon forthcoming however.

"Well, you must know that in the evening your gyp brings you a tray. On this is tea, coffee, or cocoa—you can have which you like. As it's very unsociable to take 'tray' by yourself, you say to another girl, or to six other girls if you like, 'Come and have "tray" with me.' Then they bring their things, you boil the water, and you all have 'tray' together. Then you go to bed about half-past ten or eleven. Midnight oil? Oh no! Very few girls sit up. We get up too early to be able to sit up late. There, that's a day. Oh, I haven't told you how we arrange to be quiet. There are no rules made, but it is understood between ourselves that certain hours in the day are to be held sacred to work. They are called 'silence hours.' Well, we agree between ourselves not to bang doors, nor to sing, nor to whistle, nor do anything that will disturb anyone between nine and one in the morning, three and half-past six in the afternoon, and eight to nine in the evening. During those hours we do not play our pianos either. *Now* d'you understand?"

Girtonians are well provided with literature. The library—which is dedicated to the late Dowager Lady Stanley of Alderley, one of the college's greatest benefactresses—is stocked with a large number of representative works, works upon which the dust is never allowed to lie. The lecture-rooms are similar in appearance to those in the Oxford and Cambridge colleges, plain rooms only, provided with chairs and tables, on the tables the familiar blotting-pads. The hall is the most handsome room in the college. On its walls are ranged the portraits of those persons — chiefly ladies — whose donations have done so much towards making Girton what it is.

A COSY CORNER IN A GIRTON ROOM.

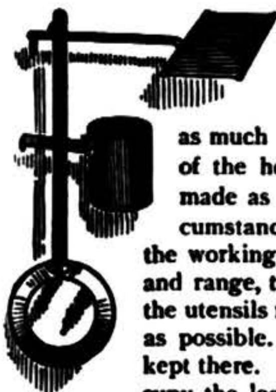
But the pleasantest part of my July visit was spent out-of-doors. In the large quadrangle, shown on page 348, tennis is played. To the right of the college is the hockey ground, behind it the cricket and golf grounds, and the pond, whereon sail two majestic swans entitled "John" and "Emma," the former having been presented to Girton by St. John's College, Cambridge, and the other by Emmanuel. There is an abundance of space wherein to roam about without leaving the Girton grounds; in fact you can go for all the walk you require by following a woodland path which runs all round the college, and is overhung by thick

foliage most of the way. Through a wicket-gate in the far corner of the grounds you can walk out on to the Huntingdon Road and thus avoid a stately exit by means of the drive.

I do not intend to touch on Girton's intellectual triumphs in this article. I have penned my way so far merely with the object of giving the impressions I received during an afternoon visit. To those who wish to compete, I should say, however, Girton offers a budget of scholarships. No student is allowed to enter before she is eighteen, those now resident varying between eighteen and three-and-twenty years of age. There are rather over a hundred Girtonians at present on the books of the college. Since the college was founded almost six hundred students have received instruction under its classic roof. Of these, three hundred and forty-four have obtained honours, according to the Cambridge University standard, and between fifty and sixty have passed examinations qualifying for the ordinary B.A. degree. The majority of the students take posts as mistresses in our larger schools when they leave Girton; the specially distinguished ones stay on at Girton as dons. I quitted Girton wiser than I entered it. I saw that there the far-famed blue-stocking is non-existent; that the muscles are cultivated quite as much as the brain, and that the students seem to be profoundly contented with their lot, each one being blessed, apparently, with that truly enviable possession, a sound mind in a sound body.

A KITCHEN OUTFIT.*

WHAT MUST BE HAD AND WHAT MAY BE HAD.



FOR a kitchen outfit, I give the following list of articles, assuming that "B. S." is a young housekeeper and her family quite small, as much depends upon the size and means of the household. The kitchen should be made as convenient and comfortable as circumstances allow, and in furnishing it, place the working table between, or handy to, sink and range, that you may save steps. Have all the utensils for daily use as convenient to hand as possible. Have each in its own place and kept there. Articles less often in use may occupy the less handy shelves or hooks:

Two tables; one large with drawers for cloths, strings, etc.; one smaller is needed for general convenience.

Three Windsor chairs and one low sewing chair.

One clothes boiler.

Two dish pans—or, I prefer one to be a wooden or paper tub—and kept for glasses and delicate china, as they are less likely to get chipped.

Two covered tin pails; two "quarts" and four.

One dipper.

One perforated slice. (A slice is like a flat skimmer or cake turner, with holes in it, and more convenient than anything else for turning articles in a frying pan, such as eggs, etc.)

Three bread pans; medium size.

Two cake pans.

Three jelly cake tins.

Three pie plates.

Two roll or biscuit pans; long.

One colander.

One large grater.

One nutmeg grater.

Two wire sieves; one quite small.

One flour sifter.

One egg beater.

One apple corer.

One cake turner.

One set of spice boxes.

Two biscuit cutters; large and medium.

Patty pans.

Muffin rings.

One set skewers; large to very small.

One mixing pan for bread. One smaller for cake.

One pastry board, meat board, board for cutting bread.

Two wooden spoons. Two iron; one of them long-handed for basting. Two dessert size.

One rolling pin.

One pastry brush.

Six kitchen teaspoons.

One large fork for meat.

One chopping bowl and knife.

One scale, *with weights*, from half an ounce.

One pot for soup. One for meat.

One preserving kettle.

One double boiler for milk.

Two dripping pans.

One gem or muffin pan, with deep cups.

One small meat saw.

One can opener.

One griddle.

Kitchen knives and forks.

One Scotch kettle for frying; small size.

Three quart bowls. Three pint bowls.

Three kitchen pitchers.

One common teapot.

Stone crocks.

Jars for holding small stores.

Stone jugs for vinegar, molasses, syrups.

One flour dredger.

One tea kettle.

Saucepans. Two pint for sauces, etc. One quart. Two half-gallon. One gallon.

One large funnel. One small one.

One steak broiler.

One fine wire broiler for oysters.

One pudding boiler.

One wooden box for salt, knife board, twine, scissors, etc, etc.

Flat irons, ironing board, stand, etc.

One clock.

One lamp.

One frying pan; medium size.

One kitchen pepper box.

Six Stone china cups and saucers, plates, etc.

Scrubbing and stove brushes, two brooms, (one hair, for oil cloth, etc.,) dust pan and brush, roller or "jack" for hand towel, wash bowl, sink brush, vegetable brush for celery, potatoes, etc., kept only for this purpose.

Soap dish, three crash roller towels, six dish towels, six glass towels, dusters, three kitchen table cloths.

In the foregoing list I have given only what is actually *necessary* for the average cooking and housekeeping of a small family. There are several other articles which are very desirable, though not actual necessities, such as:

A small chopping machine for hash or sausage.

One frying basket.

One salad basket.

One omelette souffleé pan.

Larding needles.

Trussing needles.

One nest of boxes for rice, sago, etc.

One ironing table, forming seat when not in use.

A small omelette pan of Russian iron or marbleized. (Don't be persuaded to take a tin one.)

A small cleaver.

A large French cook's knife. A small one.

Vegetable cutters.

I have one word to say to any fortunate woman who may be starting out in these days of improvements to furnish her kitchen.

Buy carefully and thoughtfully, so that you may not have useless articles encumbering your space. Don't be prejudiced against improvements, neither buy any novelty, that will certainly be offered you, without due thought, and being very sure the article is practicable. Any article at present in use that leaves nothing to be desired, take, in preference to any new version of it.

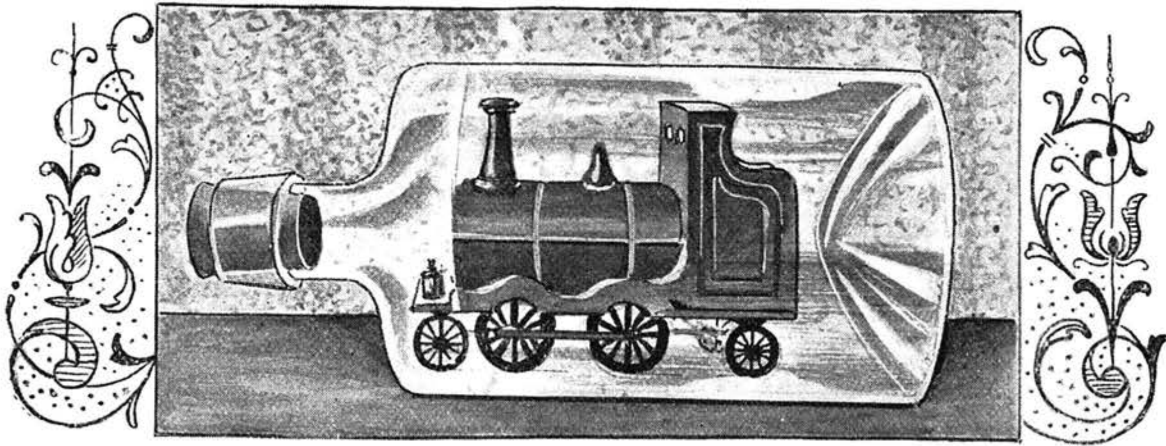
Saucepans, frying pans, in fact everything which comes in that ware, I prefer marbleized; but there are two kinds; one which stains and burns the first using, the other will not stain or burn. As I do not wish to give names, I can only say as a rule, the marbleized ware that I have found satisfactory is of a *bluish* gray, rather than *drab*, and is less prettily mottled. The advantage, I find, is the absolute cleanliness, the lightness in handling, and the fact that they burn less readily than any material but copper.

In selecting marbleized ware, be careful that each vessel stands perfectly level, that it has no irregularity at the bottom, to prevent it standing steadily. Be careful each time they are washed that every dark speck is removed with sapolio, and after years of use they will be like a china bowl.

—*Catherine Owen.*

* In response to "B. S."—Inquiry 17, in GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, No. 27, April 3d.

THE beginning of hardship is like the first taste of bitter food—it seems for a moment unbearable; yet if there is nothing else to satisfy our hunger we take another bite and find it possible to go on.

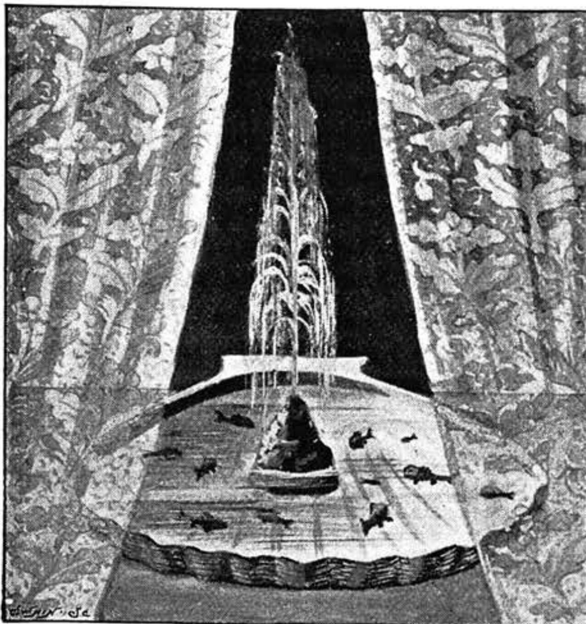


NO. I.—A NOVELTY IN MODELS.

THE FRONT PARLOUR WINDOW.

Written and Illustrated by JAMES SCOTT.

WHEN the editor asked me to prepare an article dealing with parlour window attractions and curiosities, I believed that there must be some dozens of suitable objects shown among the thousands of windows in our country, and I still adhere to the belief. But the difficulty is to encounter them. One cannot walk through the whole network of streets, even in the Metropolis, on the chance of espying a curiosity, for such a course would entail years of labour. I have made extensive search and inquiries, however, and from among the novelties which have come under my notice, I select the following, which may be taken as characteristic examples.

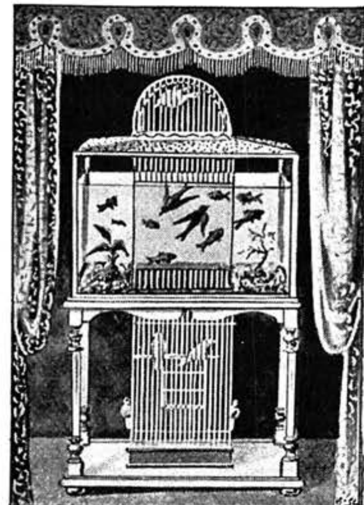


NO 2.—A SHELL AQUARIUM.

Some of the sketches have been drawn by me from minute descriptions supplied by friends; others from window-adornments which have come under my personal observation.

I have observed well-made models of buildings and of various scenes standing in parlour windows, but they hardly present enough novelty to merit illustration here, although interesting in themselves.

I remember seeing, some years ago, a model of a railway engine, the representation of which heads this article, encased in a glass bottle, exhibited in a parlour window. It was interesting, for of course one naturally formed conjectures as to the way by which it had been introduced into the bottle. Undoubtedly, the bottom of the receptacle had first been removed, and sealed again after the insertion of the



NO 3.—AN INGENIOUS COMBINATION.

engine. No. 1 shows its appearance as accurately as I can remember it.

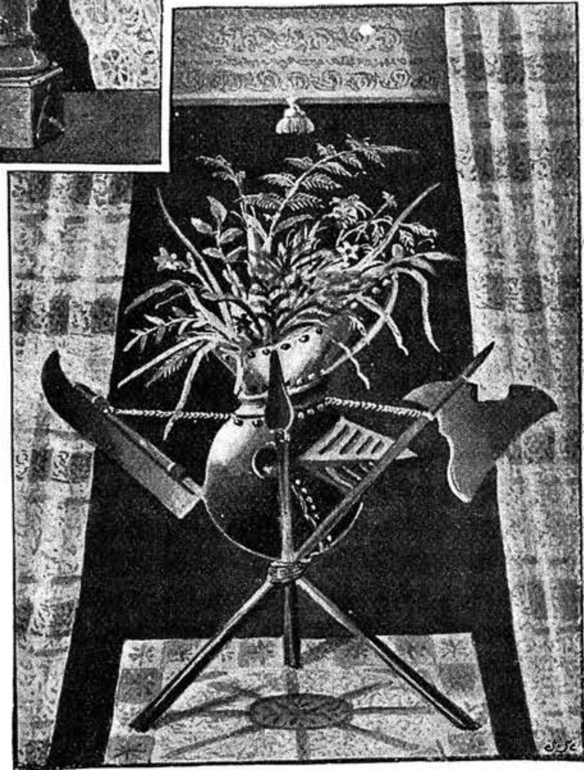
The second on my list is a drawing of what I believe to be a unique kind of aquarium, and one which possesses a great degree of attractiveness. It is a large imitation scallop shell, from the centre of which springs a fountain-jet that falls over the gold and silver fish swimming within it.

A really clever and extremely peculiar idea is embodied in the article portrayed in sketch No. 3. It also possesses the merit of being a pretty arrangement. As will be seen by a reference to the picture, it consists, broadly speaking, of an oblong aquarium surmounting one birdcage, and capped by another. The birds have a free passage through the aquarium from the bottom to the upper inclosure, and appear to be flying in the water among the fish.

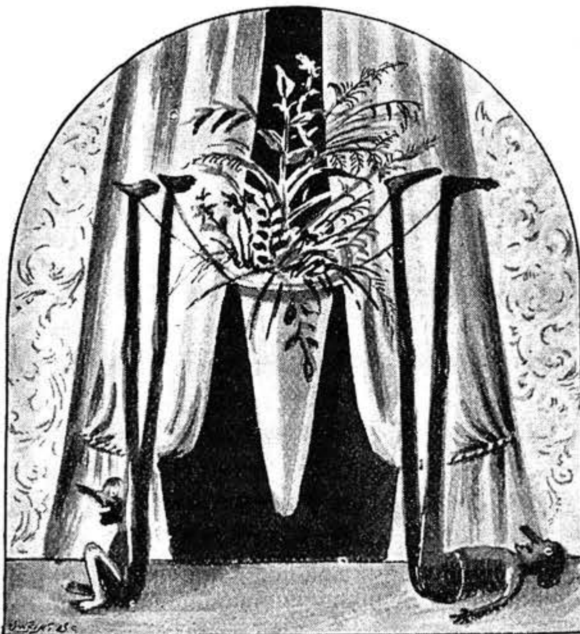
This delusive arrangement, however, is easily explained. Where the cage passes through the aquarium, glass is substituted for wire, with the result that the water is held back, and a clear space maintained for the birds to fly up and down the cage.

NO. 4.
A UNIQUE ATTRACTION.

The object depicted in No. 4 has some novel features in its construction. In formation it is a marble pillar supporting a lily-shaped dish, from either side of which issues a rose-capped pipe. A large and brilliant butterfly is suspended by a fine wire over an artificial fish, and, as the jets of water springing from the pipes coalesce and fall in a sheet over the fish, their impact causes the latter to oscillate and sparkle in the light, whilst, simultaneously, the delicately-balanced butterfly is jerked spasmodically about.



NO. 5.—A WARLIKE TROPHY.

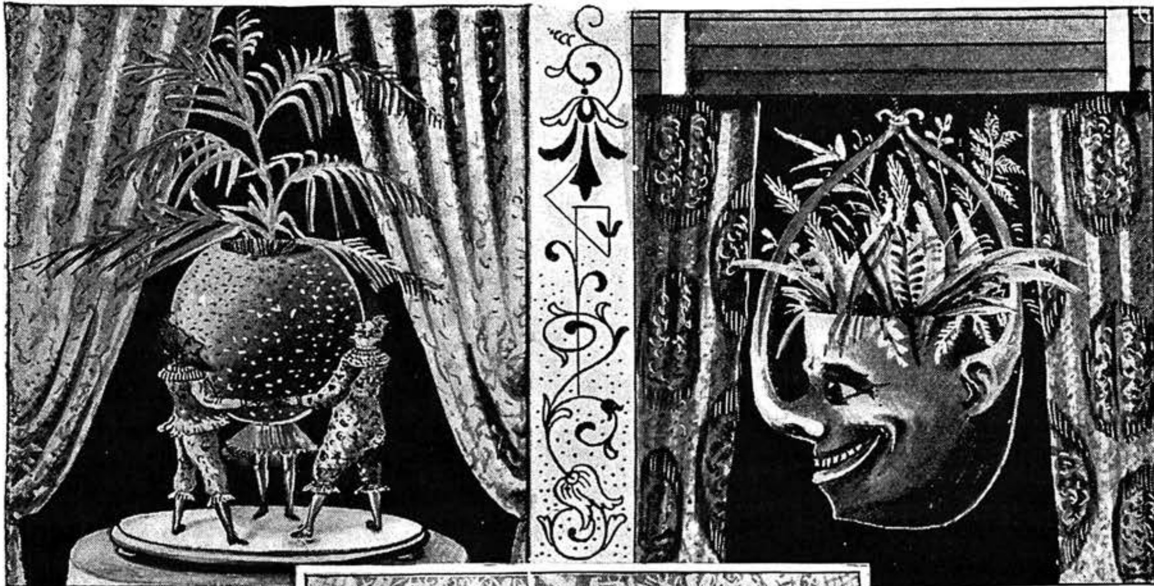


NO. 6.—A RATHER FUNNY SHOW.

As I anticipated when I set about the preparation of this article, the majority of parlour window attractions take the form of vases for holding plants and grasses. Not content, however, with a mere show of growing or dried plants and flowers, many people adopt the plan of exhibiting them in very curious receptacles.

One of the most charming of these ideas, according to my way of thinking, is shown

in drawing No. 5. The vase consists of a mediæval helmet, supported by portions of three ancient patterns of weapons of warfare, which serve as cross-legs. Of a similar character to this ornament is a display embracing a fireman's helmet as a vase, and three hatchets as supports, but as there is not enough diversity between this flower-stand and the one illustrated, I refrain from giving a drawing of it.



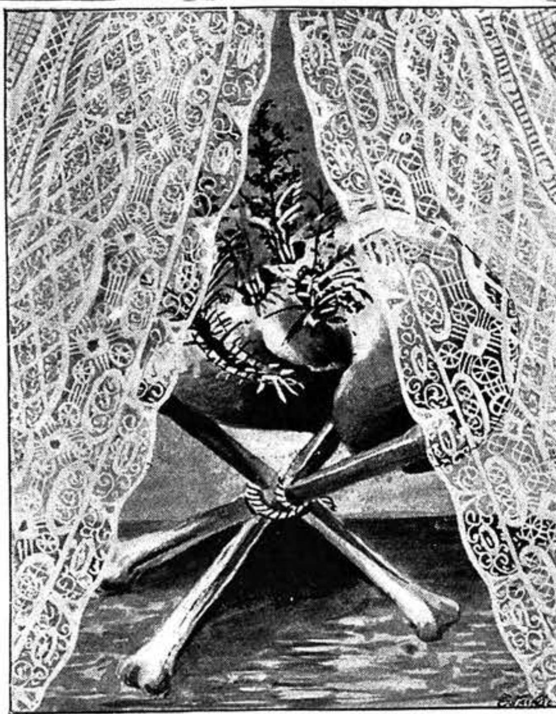
NO. 7.
A PLUM-PUDDING VASE.

NO. 9.
YE GRINNYNGE FACE.

It is a jump from the sublime to the ridiculous to gaze on No. 6 after looking at No. 5. The "vase" in this case assumes the character of a clown's hat, upheld by cords supported by two exceedingly quaint figures. The arms of the curious gentleman who squats on his haunches extend to an abnormal length, whilst a similarly characteristic absurdity is noticeable in the case of the legs of the fellow who lies on his back.

Of a more pleasing type, and rather pretty in its design, is the article shown in drawing No. 7. A china clown, pantaloon, and fairy support a huge plum-pudding, which serves as a receptacle for a dwarf palm.

In the peculiarly gruesome "vase" shown in No. 8, we have the two extremes of nature—decay, as represented by the skull; and life, as indicated in the growing plants, which flourish in the embrasures of the skull.



NO. 8.
A GRUESOME GARNISHMENT.

No. 9 claims attention by reason of its quaintness. It illustrates a hanging vase consisting of a grinning head, the ears and nose of which extend upwards to undue lengths and act as supporting connections. It is a decidedly novel affair, and is the sort of thing which would cheer the spirits of a crestfallen man who might chance to look upon its bright smile!

Those whose occupation necessitates much walking among the bye-streets of our towns must be aware that a comparatively common sight outside parlour and upper windows is a

flower-box constructed to represent a miniature garden gate and fence. There are variations of this pattern, but No. 10 will convey an idea of its appearance.

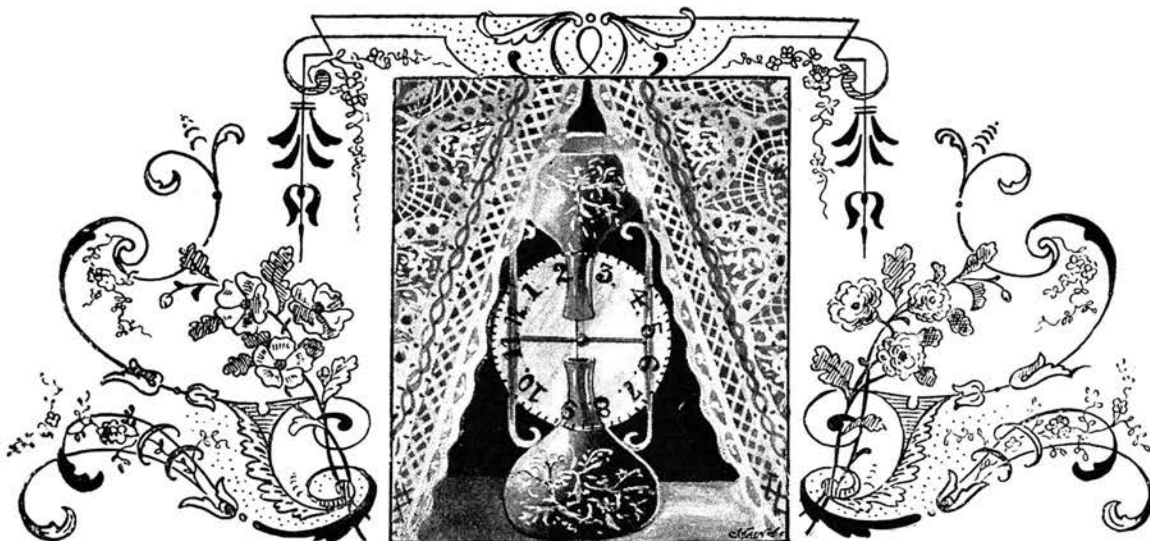
NO. 10.—AN ORDINARY AFFAIR.

There seems to be no limit to the number of strange clocks. One which my numerous inquiries have brought me into contact with is quite novel. It is, moreover, very simply constructed. An illustration of it appears as a tailpiece to this series. The dial, which is a clear glass plate, revolves, whilst the one solitary hand is a fixture. You are supposed to base your opinion of the time of day upon the proximity of the point of the hand to the hour-figure slowly proceeding towards it or slowly receding from it, as the case may be.

To all appearances the clock is controlled by a fine stream of water playing on the side of the central rod, but in reality its mode of working is far different. The friend who supplied me with particulars stated that at the back of the bottom vase is a door giving access to the works of an ordinary clock, from which the minute-hand has been removed. Round the spindle of the hour hand is wound a strong, fine thread, which proceeds up the neck of the vase, and through a thin glass pipe (meant to represent a stream of water), and then round the central spindle of the glass dial, in such a way as not to reveal its purpose.

When the interior clock is wound up, its hour spindle revolves and winds the thread round it, with the natural result that the glass dial revolves once in every twelve hours.

People unaware of these details, imagine that water runs from the upper vase into the lower one, until the latter is full, and that then the whole apparatus is inverted.



NO. 11.—A CURIOUS CLOCK.

HARDANGER COSTUME.

OUR TOUR IN NORWAY.

THE DIARY OF TWO LONDON GIRLS.

Hardanger Hotel, Odde.
Wednesday, July 16, 6 p.m.

So far rather a doleful day. I was very anxious to visit the Folge-fond glacier, but on looking out of window saw a soaking rain. Kate has been very poorly and obliged to lie down, and I feel anxious and uneasy. Sometimes I dread her being seriously ill. Perhaps she overtaxed her strength on Monday. I looked everywhere in vain for a chance of procuring medicine, and at last was obliged to apply to Dr. and Mrs. Williams. They have been so kind, and have given Kate the only seidlitz powder they can spare. (Moral: Bring medicine another time.) We brought plenty of tea from England, and in the *kitchen they* have made it three times for us. One of Kate's boots required repairs. The only cobbler is a man belonging to the hotel, who has patched it roughly and efficiently for 60 ore (about 3d.). We had several things washed, among them our frocks that were saturated on Monday. The charge was 1 kroner 60 ore.

To-night at midnight we leave for Eidfjord, or Vik; from thence we go to see the Voringfos, cross to Ulvik, drive or walk from there to Graven, and thence to Eide. Some have informed us that the food at Prœstegaard's Hotel and at the little station kept by Agge is preferable to what we have here. This certainly is not quite so suitable to the English appetite as it might be. I think Sveend Tollefsen would find it advantageous to keep for his own use cows, sheep, ducks, and fowls. Eggs are not always good; butter is nasty, orange marmalade might be substituted. All who know anything of Norway testify to the honesty and kindness of the natives. (Understand that when I enter the expenses they are for two.)

	kr.	ore.
Bill at Hardanger Hotel,	41	30

Jannsen's Hotel, Eide.
Thursday, July 17.

Last night at half-past ten we went on board the Lyderhorn. Rain fell fast, and I was anxious about Kate. I think I would have stayed at Odde, only that Dr. Williams told us he should also take the nocturnal voyage and could prescribe for Kate if necessary. Securing the only vacant berth in the deck-cabin, I made Kate as comfortable as I could, and soon she was sweetly unconscious.

A thick mist, defying the possibility of penetration, enveloped us, till close on that "witching hour of midnight" the pluvial clouds dispersed, and I could watch soft, filmy fleeces floating on the river, and parting just sufficiently to allow the passage of our ship. Fair Luna shed a pale lustre on the surrounding mountains with stately pines and everlasting snow; "all was hushed and still, save the swollen torrent's sullen roar;" then from the eastern sky a glow, a roseate tinge suffusing all, and the veiled orb rose in splendour, bearing the image of smiling day. Having witnessed all this glory, and feeling oppressed with the weight thereof, an unromantic desire seized me to make tea, which invigorating decoction I handed to the weary and those refreshed by sleep.

Our ship stopped at several lovely ports, including Utne, Vik or Eidfjord, and Ulvik. Under the advice of Dr. Williams we decided to go to Eide, and give up the Voringfos, as he thought Kate was not well enough to make the *détour*. At Eidfjord, whom should we see but "Paddy from Cork," having turned out of bed at three a.m. expressly to see safely shipped the identical young lady beforementioned. At Ulvik, which seemed a large place and very lovely, the "Shouts" came on,

THE NŒRODAL.

and our friendly elderly lady, who greeted us at once with "I heard of you two young ladies bounding into the hotel like kittens after you had been to that wonderful Fos." She expatiated eloquently on the attention and liberal treatment of Móer Utne at Utne, and laughingly said, "My dear, we might almost have expected ices, the dinner was so good." She also praised the beauties of Ulvik, and the food. *The "Shouts"* made as much noise as usual. How I pitied that poor little wife with the terrible cough, who was so agreeable and winning, and how I wondered that she could ever have become linked to the Rev. "Shout," and his sister! He was like a bear, this English clergyman, and the manners of the sister were anything but pleasing. Arriving at Eide about seven, there was a general move towards Mœland's Hotel, and, in spite of Captain Simonsen's endeavours to assist us, we were too late to obtain a room, so came here, where we have a large room on the ground floor (outside, but close to the hotel), and are very comfortable. We have had delicious pancakes; I never tasted better. After breakfast we went to see a waterfall, but rain fell again, in consequence of which, we, with Dr. and Mrs. Williams, took shelter in a picturesque shed. At dinner at half-past one we saw the visitors at this hotel. A lady with two Norwegian boys and one little girl; a sweetly pretty English lady (whose husband is a Norwegian), and two Danish ladies.

The Danish ladies speak English fluently, and are very entertaining. One is widow to the late confessor (or chaplain) to Christian IX. of Denmark. He confirmed our deservedly adored Princess of Wales, who, on his death twelve years ago, went to sympathise with his sorrowing wife. After dinner, Ingeborg Jaunsen, who speaks a little English, and is most solicitous for our welfare, brought us coffee; after which, as it still rained, we sank in profound slumbers. A genial meeting was the eight o'clock supper, and afterwards we had music. The Norwegian boys went gracefully through a minuet to gratify us.

	kr.	ore.
Fare to Eide on the *Lyderhorn* .	5	60
Porterage	0	30

Jannsen's Hotel, Eide,
Friday, July 18.

We are in raptures with Eide. It is one of the loveliest, cosiest little nooks I ever saw, and we are both wishing time would allow us to prolong our stay. Three hotels (the one near the landing-stage is closed), a few fishing huts, not many humble cottages, the roofs of which are prolific with grass, pansies, daisies, dandelions, and ferns, comprise Eide. The houses are built of logs or trunks of large trees, notched at each end, and closely fitted together, the interstices being well filled with moss; the better rooms are lined with neatly-planed transverse boards, as is also the ceiling. Beautiful hills, luxuriously-clad in pine and fir, enlivened by rippling streamlets and dashing waterfalls, environ us. Patches of ground are cultivated wherever there is a possibility, but the opportunities are few; the produce must be very small. A few yards of grass are "slain" (principally composed of wild pansies, forget-me-nots, harebells, and such like), and laid over sticks or string to dry, while the remainder is left growing till another day.

Long wires are attached to the hills and mountains, and again to a machine in the valley, by which hay, rye, and barley are slipped from the mountain side, and from farms which exist high on the hills, wherever there is a space destitute of trees.

This morning, about half-past six, the entry of coffee and delicious curled cakes aroused us. At eight we had a good breakfast off a whole fresh salmon, eggs, and excellent white bread. Kate, fortunately, is much better, and revelling in this place. Walking towards the fjord, we introduced ourselves to an old woman's cottage, consisting of two rooms and a loft, bearing its usual appendage of grass, etc. The old dame was busy at her spinning jenny, skeining a heap of wool in its original state, preparatory to using it in her loom, which we examined and admired, and which contained a beautifully soft texture of serge. She expressed gratitude for the few ore we gave her, and shook hands with us. Women dress the flax of their own fields and the wool of their own flocks, and spin, dye, and weave it, transforming it afterwards into substantial articles of clothing.

In a hut close to the fjord were one hundred and twenty salmon, caught in nets this morning. The average weight was six or seven pounds, and they were being sold for two kroner each fish. The greater number were weighed, wiped over with sea-weed, and packed in boxes with a small quantity of ice, to be despatched to Bergen.

About a quarter of an hour's walk from this hotel a very lovely waterfall, embowered by trees, attracted us, and we sat for some time enchanted by its resonant murmurings, then wound our way through a dense forest, picking bilberries, and overjoyed with the colours of moss and ferns. As we ascended higher and higher we were still more charmed with delightful and extensive prospects. We peeped into two or three rustic wooden buildings which contained large quantities of wood, and as we approached a small patch of potatoes and a few yards of rye we thought we should like to discover the inmate of the approximate dwelling. The door was open, but the lowly habitation empty; looking around I descried a man felling trees, and on our way down we met an old woman whom we supposed to be his wife, and who had doubtless been to Eide to make a few trivial purchases. We tried to render intelligible a few words, but only succeeded in grasping her hand and assuring her of our goodwill.

It seems to me that these honest people in their lonely lives must be untainted by temptation or wrong of any kind. So remote as they are from the busy haunts of men, it is incredible that they can get contaminated; and we Londoners, who boast of our civilisation and progress, may not be half so innocent as these humble creatures whose rest is hardly earned, and in whose breasts discontent can never dwell, because there is not any inducement for them to strive or yearn after other things. The diligence goes to-morrow to Vossevangen, where we intend to spend Sunday. The driver says he will take our luggage for one kroner if we like to walk. To drive in the diligence would be more expensive than a stolkjœrre.

	kr.	ore.
Bill at Eide	18	80
Maid	0	50

Hansen's Hotel, Gudvangen.
Saturday, July 19.

We have accomplished fifty-two miles to-day, and only reached here about nine o'clock. Kate is much better, but I thought it wiser not to walk to Vossevangen, although the roads are good. This morning at nine our stolkjœrre came to Jannsen's Hotel, and with a tender leave-taking we drove off, laughing at our resemblance to Darby and Joan. Skirting the Gravensvand for three miles we reached Graven, where is to be held a Church service to-morrow, which we are sorry to miss. The road, the sides of which are carpeted with lovely white flowers and delicate wild roses, winds through Ovre Seim, and brings us to the beautiful Skarvefos and Skjœrvsfos, besides a number of minor falls. Arriving at a wonderful zigzag path, we walked slowly, and stopped several times to enjoy the varied and exquisite scenery, then drove again through forests and many different pictures to Vossevangen about twelve. Our skydsgut, a man about forty years, taught us the Norwegian names for nut trees, silver-birch, mountain-ash, and many more which adorn the mountain sides, while we instructed him in English. The languages are very similar—in fact, some words are exactly the same.

Vossevangen, with its slate roofs, disappointed us; after Eide the situation seemed devoid of the loveliness we anticipated, and strangely enough, just as I was saying to Kate, "I hope the 'Shouts' will not be here," who should receive us at the gate of Fleischer's Hotel but the "Shouts." A carriage and pair stood in the yard waiting a return fare. This we decided to take to Gudvangen after a bread and cheese luncheon. As Vossevangen possesses several shops, we deemed it advisable to purchase some medicine, methylated spirit, and a kettle and mug for our tea. The kettle was three times larger than we required, but it was the only size we could get. We had great fun in our endeavours to make the people understand, and signed for them to put the prices on paper. Even the "Apothek" could not comprehend nor speak a word of English.

Driving through an ever-changing and transcendent panorama, we stopped to make tea. Our coachman was exceedingly ugly, also excessively amiable. He used nearly a box of matches in his endeavours to ignite us a wood fire (for we considered our bottle of spirit valuable, and reserved it for special occasions), but to no purpose, the wind was too high. On through Tvinde, enamoured with the beautiful Tvindefos, to Vinje, then to Opheim Hotel, where we changed horses and drank a beverage called tea, and extremely nasty. Four Norwegian ladies, *in residence* there for a month, came out to wave us an adieu.

Soon our eyes dilated with astonishment and wonder at the magnificently appalling grandeur of the Nœrodal. *A pied* we sauntered down the Stalheimscleft, an excellent road, admirably engineered in a curious zigzag manner, and indulged in rhapsodies. How I wish I could adequately convey the splendour of this valley with its thunderous and foaming waterfalls, the Sivlefos and Stalheimsfos, the grand Jordalsunten snow-tipped peaks, and the stupendous rocks that have fallen into the valley, threatening terror, confusion, and death. Trees sprout from these massive blocks of granite and marble in a most eccentric fashion.

Gudvangen lay in seclusion till we neared Hansen's Hotel. An English gentleman, who has stayed here for twelve successive seasons studying its piscatorial attributes, welcomed us most graciously, and at supper played the part of host right regally. Already he has lent us books, and expressed his desire to breakfast at whatever hour we select.

	kr.	ore.
Stolkjœrre to Vossevangen ..	6	50
Luncheon at Voss	2	0
Purchases at Voss	6	20
Calêche and pair to Gudvangen	12	25

Sunday, July 20.

A calm, resuscitating day. Our kind friend waited "frokost" for us, and we were sorry to be rather late. The salmon was delicious; he caught it yesterday. The fish have "close time" from last night at six till the same hour this evening, as that here is the allotted Sabbath. Happening to mention how often we should have liked marmalade, Mr. Brodie at once regretted his inability to procure some for us, but hoped to do so to-morrow. He told us that the steamer comes at half-past twelve, and politely intimated that we might

dine about two, after the departure of the passengers for Vossevangen.

Kate and I wandered down to the Nœrofjord, where was a boat full of peasants, the women with clean, prettily-coloured kerchiefs on their heads. I attracted their attention, whereupon a young man jumped out to ascertain if I wished to accompany them. I fancied they might be going to church somewhere, and if so I should like to join them. Sundry "signs and wonders," and at last he drew forth his watch, then, with much pointing, grinning, and nodding, he proved to me that they were going to church some miles away, and would not return till five o'clock. I succeeded in showing him that would be too late for me. I waved to them for some time, then we culled strawberries. Kate sought the finest for me, I likewise for her, not speaking much, for silence is often more eloquent than speech, and the mere fact of being together is joy to us. To be together, only ourselves, in such a Paradise, and on Sunday, too, when everything seems hushed, and there is a quiet sense of rest and peace, and our hearts are full of love and gratitude to God for allowing us to behold (while together) the wonderful works of His hands!—this is, indeed, bliss.

Gudvangen, like many other mountainous districts, does not possess a church, and generally the distance to be traversed to the house of prayer is very great. "Excepting the Cathedral of Trondjhem, founded A.D. 1180 or 1183, and a few other churches which are stone edifices, the churches are mostly built of wood. Many of them are very ancient structures, dating as far back as the eleventh and twelfth centuries: evidencing a wonderful degree of durability in the Norwegian pine, of which they are constructed. Generally built in the form of a cross, with a tower in the centre, terminating in a cupola or spire, with high-pitched roofs, often covered with scale-shaped shingles, and of large proportions, the general effect is massive in a degree which one should not expect from the material employed."*

We were a happy "trio" at dinner. There was mutual pleasure. Mr. Brodie was genuinely courteous and attentive, and I think he was amused with us, and kindly professed to be interested in our independent mode of travelling.

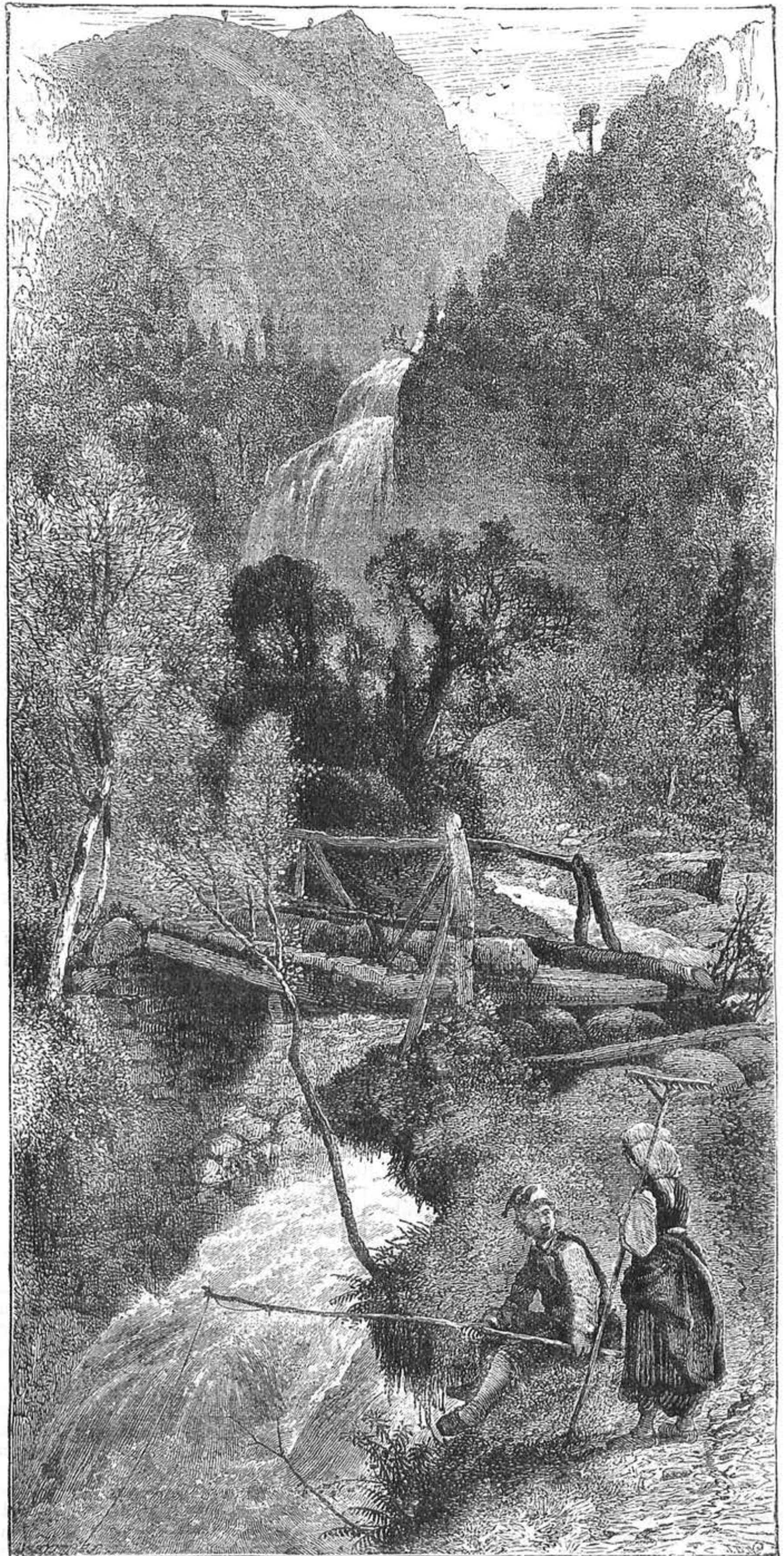
After coffee, we two girls roamed leisurely up the glorious "dal" or valley, and lingered on a rustic bridge. We watched the mist on the mountain's brow, which gradually approached, betokening rain. Hesitating whether to proceed or not, the advent of an old woman minus an umbrella decided us. We had two, so I took her under mine, and we trudged along merrily in spite of inclement showers, talking in a most unintelligible way. Kate sagely remarks that if we shelter every peasant who forgets her umbrella, we shall have enough to do.

From the bedroom window I am looking on to the Kilfos, which is very pretty, although not a large body of water. George Holley says it is the highest perpendicular waterfall in the world, formed by a mountain stream that falls two thousand feet into the Nœrofjord. Of the fosses we passed yesterday, I may almost say "their name is legion." The title of cataract is almost more applicable than that of fos, or waterfall. It is an immense body of water, usually environed on either side by abrupt rocks that have evidently been worn and torn asunder by the long action of the torrent; while below is a huge basin excavated by the same irresistible agent.

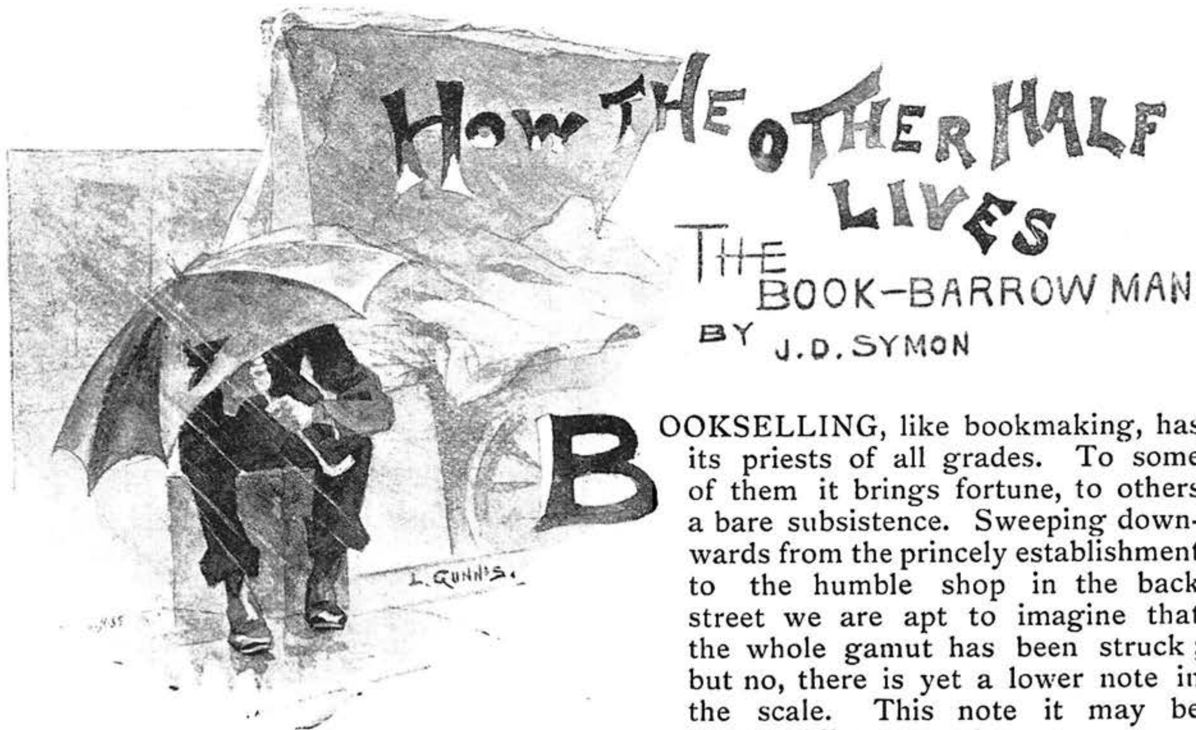
Sawmills are boldly projected into the centre of the cataract, that threatens at each moment to inevitably annihilate them.

(To be continued.)

* Forester.



EIDE.



How the Other Half Lives

The Book-Barrow Man

By J. D. Symon

BOOKSELLING, like bookmaking, has its priests of all grades. To some of them it brings fortune, to others a bare subsistence. Sweeping downwards from the princely establishment to the humble shop in the back street we are apt to imagine that the whole gamut has been struck; but no, there is yet a lower note in the scale. This note it may be worth while to sound.

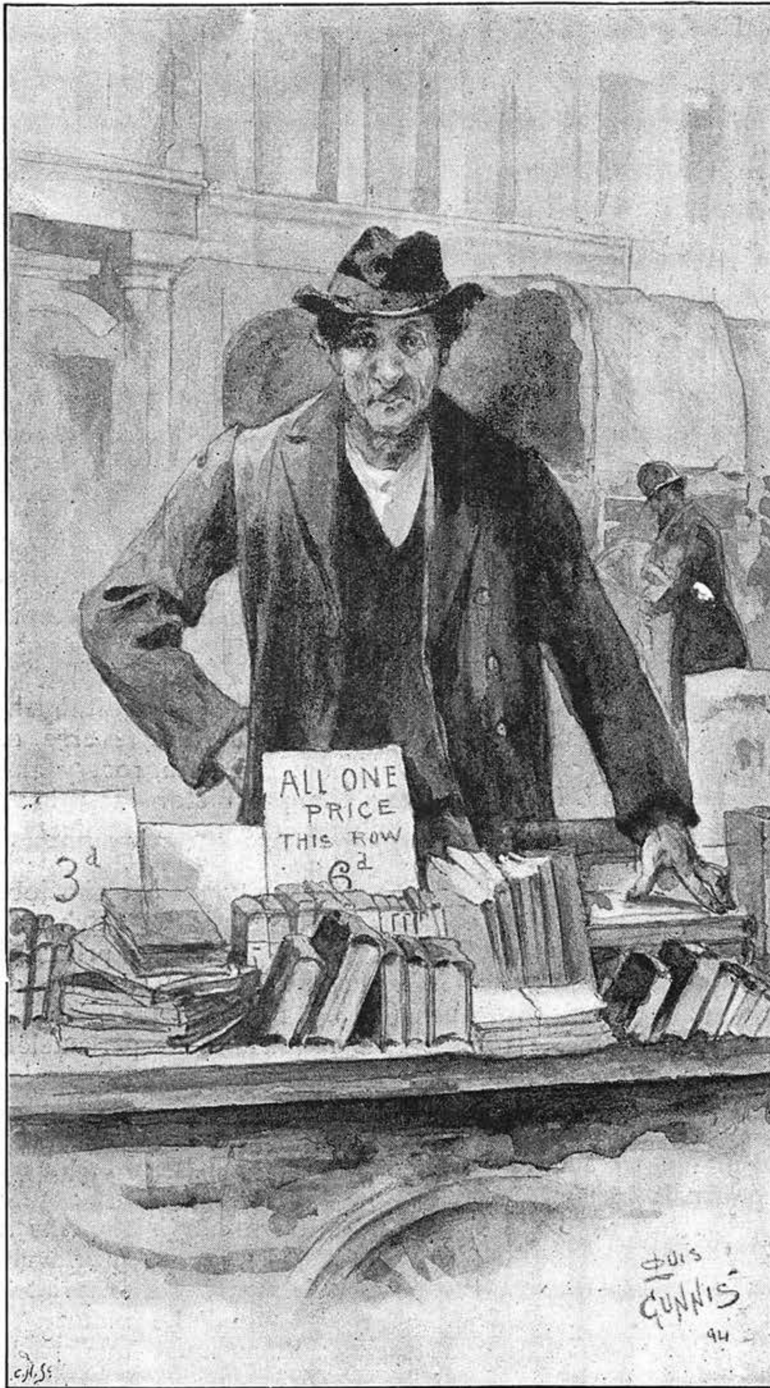
The book-barrow man is a familiar object on London streets. His establishment is nothing if not modest, and its surroundings are generally the reverse of literary; to wit, it is very often to be found in conjunction with greengrocery and flower-selling. In fact, at some period of his career the proprietor may have followed one or other of these lines before turning his talents into more intellectual channels.

"Always a bookseller? w'y, no, sir; though I've been twenty year at the job. I've tried heverythink: fruit, flowers an' all, afore I took to the books." Such was the confession of the book-barrow man whose wit and wisdom it was my privilege recently to enjoy by the wayside, amid the roar and bustle of Farringdon Road. He was a sagacious middle-aged man, clean-shaven (or what passed for it), with an intelligent grey eye, and an epigrammatic tongue that required little persuasion after the first reticence had worn off. We soon became friends, and bit by bit he let me into the story of his ways and days.

"My name, sir? there, sir." As he spoke he kicked out from beneath the barrow his business card in the shape of a long gaudy signboard, not then on duty, as his awning was not up. It told his name and that of his business house: "Ye Olde Caxton Book Stall"—a characteristic title, for my friend, up to his lights, was a lover of ancient tradition. The business was not wholly confined to books, however, for one tray was devoted to musical literature—the best-paying part, the proprietor averred. "But there ain't no demand for proper kind o' moosic now," he mourned; "folks don't want fine old songs like 'Enery Russell's; they must 'ave their 'Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ays' nowadays. Rubbish! I calls 'em." His scorn was perfect.

"There ain't much doing in the books just now," he pursued; "my customers is mostly out o' town." These clients, he assured me, were chiefly "theological people," though what he meant precisely by that term I could not easily determine. The stock certainly did not point that way, for except a set of Blair's Sermons theology was not in evidence. It was the usual nondescript assortment of the old bookstall—some history, some poetry, some political economy, and a lot of trashy novels to finish up with. Of *libri rariores* there were none. Classics were at a discount. "Them works o' Cicero, sir, as I'm asking two bob for, I could once ha' sold for ten; there's no gettin' hanythink for the ancient classics nowadays. In modern works, too, unless it be a first edition, a good *old* copy don't

fetch much, seein' you can get all Scott and Dickens in cheap editions at $4\frac{1}{2}d.$ the vollum. An' people don't buy a book now, they rather reads wot somebody else 'as to say about it. Nowadays nobody goes *deep*. Then the competition —w'y, there's twenty on us round about 'ere, all tryin' to eat one another up. Ah! you must stick to it, if you're to get along. It won't do to go 'ome at two o'clock. My hours is from ten to between seven an' eight. Wot would I call a good d'y's takin's, sir? Well, two pound; a bad d'y? well, three bob; that's a reg'lar bad 'un. We suffers lots from rain; especially the moosic. On bad d'ys we just st'ys on with the cover up, but even then there's lots o' damage."



HE WAS A SAGACIOUS MIDDLE-AGED MAN.

"Two-pound d'ys" must indeed be few and far between, for I learned, after a judicious purchase had conduced to greater confidence, that the average weekly "taikin's" were about £3 10*s.* Of this, 15*s.* must go weekly in mere upkeep of the stand. The barrow is hired for 4*s.*, the tray for 1*s.* The rent of a place to keep them in is 4*s.*, and "as them things is 'eavy, sir, I needs assistance to put them up. That's a shillin' a d'y." About £2 weekly is required to buy in new stock, as the lot in hand is generally cleared out in three days. Little more than 15*s.* can be counted upon for living expenses. Buying is a great problem. "If I'd capital, sir, I'd 'ave a very different class o' books, but w'en a man 'as only a pound to lay out 'e must be careful. A man wi' ten pounds can be a bit rash. I can't get nothink together, as it is. You see, for the 15*s.* I p'ys for 'ire you could rent a shop, but wot's the good o' a shop w'en you've nothin' to put in it? There ye are!

"W'ere do I buy? W'y, everywhere. I attends sales sometimes out as far as Rumford. Further I don't go. If I sees a lot advertised maybe as far away as Brighton I don't go there; I just writes to the auctioneer, and if he 'as no 'igher offer, w'y, the books is mine. Do I

choose? No, sir, I just taikes the lot. Such lots as I gets is usually advertised along with miscellaneous articles. I offers for the books, and so gets 'em. Ever 'ave the chance o' a good offer? Well, that depends on the book. If it were a folio Shaikspeare now, o' course that would fetch a hundred guineas; or a first edition Chuzzlewit, there would be money in it, but (he spoke reverently, as of the unattainable) such things doesn't come our length—all snapped up before they reaches the loikes o' us. Then the buyers knows far more about the books we gets than we do, sir."

"Indeed?" I rejoined, affecting slight incredulity to draw him further.

"W'y, yes," he insisted confidentially, "*they* knows 'em; and you may be sure the best is soon picked. Oh, there's lots o' oyes! Suppose I'm in doubt, I goes this w'y. I may fancy a book's worth a bit, some book not so well known. Well, there comes an offer o' eighteenpence. I refuses. The second man comes, and '*e* says eighteenpence. Then the third man says the same, and so on. Well, ten to one the fifth man *gets* it for eighteenpence. Oh, *they* knows, and, you see, guv'nor, it's foive to one against the bigger price. So the chances are it's correct."

It was difficult to restrain a smile over his curious method of settling a doubtful valuation; but it was a moment that called for gravity, so I silently acquiesced, not attempting any argument, and led him to other themes. His interest in the inside of the books was not great. "Do I ever try a book on Sunday? Well, to tell you the truth, I mostly sleeps all Sunday, I'm so tired. It's wearin' out bein' here all day in the street amongst all this noise; but sometimes I '*as* a go at a book and gets somethink out o' it." Book-plates, however, he was keen on, and evidently was something of an expert in them. "The demand is not what it was, but I've 'ad some foine plates through my 'ands in my toime. I used to tear out the cover often an' often to get the plate.

THE BOOK-BARROW MAN IS A FAMILIAR OBJECT ON LONDON STREETS.

W'y, d'ye know, sir, by roights, I oughter 'ave 'To 'Is Royal 'Ighness' on my sign. I've sold book-plaites to a man as used to sell 'em again to the Prince; so I've as

good as sold 'em to *him*. Once I sold 'im a fine King Charles that 'e gave as a present to the Princess, and she 'as it under a glass caise. I'd know it anywhere; my mark's on it, though nobody but me could find it. Oh, this man used ter sell lots on 'em again to the Prince, w'ich was as good as if I done it myself." My risibility was greatly tried once again when my informant favoured me with the supposed middleman's name, adding "'e were at that time secretary to 'Is Royal 'Ighness."

It would have been a neglect of the interviewer's duty had I failed to interrogate my companion as to any distinguished people he had met or done business with. He mentioned a long-departed Justice. "Oh, 'im an' me's 'ad many a row, sir. 'E used ter throw my books about so when 'e'd done lookin' at 'em." Another acquaintance of note, he informed me, had recently said to him: "Well, the Vestry hasn't cleared the stalls away yet?" "No, they 'ave *not*, thanks to *your* relative's decision in the Law Courts." This opened the flood-gates of my bibliopole's eloquence, for the street-stalls dispute has evidently been the great and burning question of his life. He was severe on the Vestry, and recounted with tremendous gusto his deputation speech. Of one reverend complainant he spoke with bitterness. "One d'y, in a bit of a block, '*is majesty* 'ad to walk a bit in the middle o' the road. Therefore 'e says, says 'e, 'Clear out the stalls.'" When this was brought up at a meeting my friend waxed crushingly eloquent, if his own report be accurate. "'Ad to walk a bit in the middle o' the road, indeed; w'y, the Greatest Man that ever lived walked in the middle o' the road; the Greatest Man that ever lived walked without shoes on His feet; the Greatest Man that ever lived rode upon a donkey! You calls yourself a Christian man! I says, you oughter know better. The Greatest Man in the world did all that; wot's more, 'E didn't persecute poor people. There's room for everybody if folks would just maike w'y a bit."

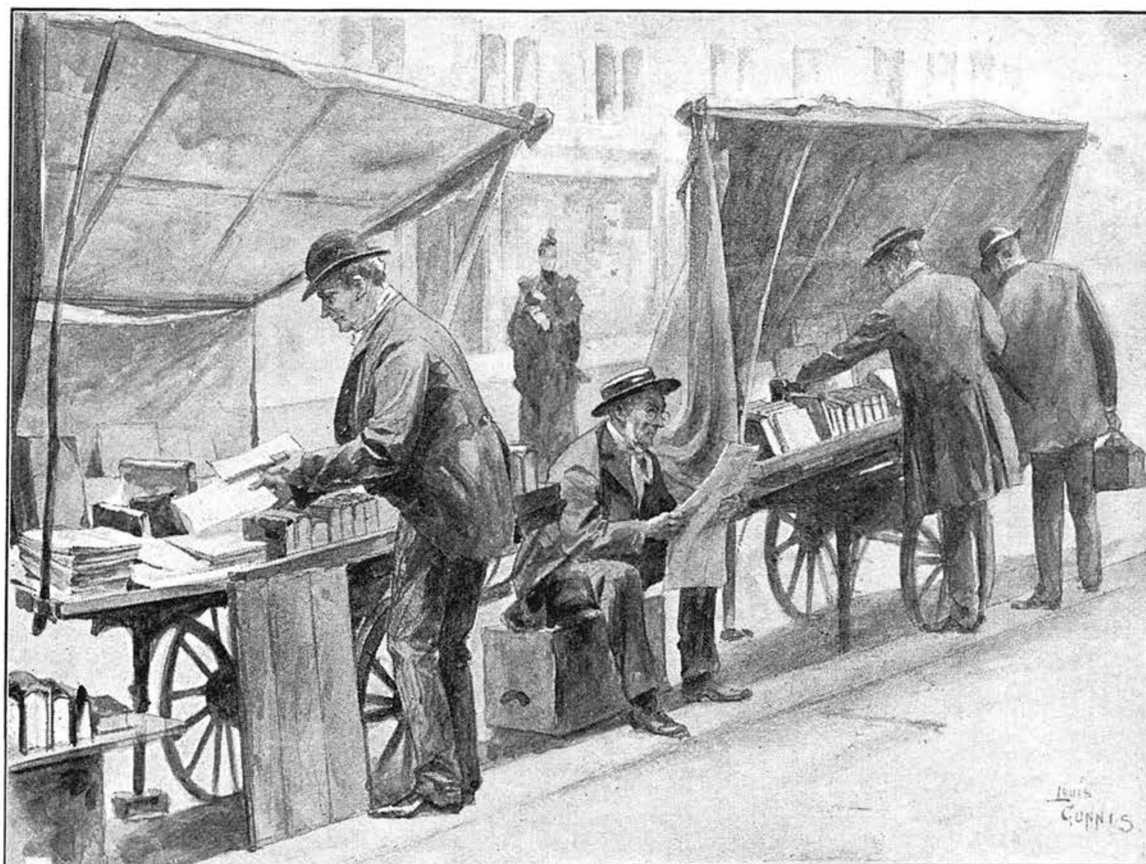
Incident and anecdote now flowed in a stream too copious for the limits of the present article, though so quaint and interesting that it is with reluctance passed over. Toleration of the poor by the wealthy was his great theme, and evidently his panacea for the bulk of social evils. He illustrated his discourse with personal incidents, and glorified America (which he had seen in his pre-bookselling days) as greatly superior to England in charity and hospitality.

Of the professional anecdote proper he had not much to give. His knowledge of what was what in old books did not appear to be extensive. Certain outstanding works he knew the value of, but, as he said, they seldom came his way. A friend of his had once got hold of a Kilmarnock edition of Burns, and in ignorance had parted with it for a shilling or two to an expert, who turned it to better account. He had no reproach for the unwitting one, and seemed to consider the affair merely another instance of the buyer's superiority. That he accepted stoically.

Reverting to the theme of distinguished men, I asked whether he had ever seen the immortal Charles. He had not, to his knowledge. "There's some as s'ys they 'ave; but oh, dear, sir, there's a lot o' flummery talked about Dickens, a *lot* o' flummery." He then launched out into gratuitous scepticism regarding reputed originals. Only one original would he allow, and that was for the "Old Curiosity Shop." He declared that it stood in Fetter Lane. "There was a widow kept it, and Dickens, w'en passin', would often go in to 'ave a gaime with 'er. There's other plaices claims it, but I don't believe on 'em." That Fagin was a Saffron Hill character he thought just credible, "but there's a lot o' flummery talked, a lot o' *gas!*" Thereon he was dogmatism rampant.

So the morning wore away. Many visitors paused at the stall, but not many made purchases. Most of the books were priced very low, threepence was a common charge, and a well-preserved third volume of the *Cornhill* went at sixpence. The "missus," who assisted, came occasionally to inquire a price, and if the bargain was struck she reappeared and pressed the coins well home into the marital palm.

The talk drifted back to personalities. "Yes, I've seen life on all sides, sir, wi' all its trials, troubles, and triboolations. Spells o' bad luck? W'y, yes, bin three months at a time not knowin' w'ere to turn, but it all caime right agen, some-'ow. Me and the missus manages to get along. No, we a'n't got no children. We've bin together these twelve years. Keep to one plaice? yes, sir. You finds it best. Folks gets confidence in you if you stays. We can't save, but we



HIS CLIENTS WERE MAINLY
"THEOLOGICAL PEOPLE."

maikes a livin'—always 'as something to eat, and can keep our little plaice above our 'eads. Now and then we sees the green fields, it ain't often, but sometimes we does it. Savin's out o' the question now: too late. Must just stick to the business as long as ever we can, and then—the workhouse." He brought the name out with a jerk. He didn't altogether relish the prospect; but there was a bold effort to maintain his bluff hilarity as he said the word. "Is that the end?" I queried, saddened, yet admiring his sublimely cheerful acceptance of the inevitable. The keen grey eyes looked straight at me for a moment, then the reply came quietly: "Yes, that's the end. You'd like an 'ansom, guv'nor; w'y, I'll fetch you one. 'Ere you are; goodbye, sir, goodbye!"

GERMAN RECIPES.

Charles X.

Take a nice juicy piece of beef and well beat it; then lard it with bacon. Place it on the fire with half water, half vinegar, plenty of herbs, such as parsley, tarragon, etc., some onions, and, if liked, a little garlic and some butter. Let it remain on the fire, half frying and half stewing, until tender. Remove the meat from the fire; let it stand for one night. Chop some shalots fine, mix with them some pepper, salt, and fine bread-crumbs, cut the meat into slices, dip first into egg and then into the mixture of bread-crumbs and shalots, and fry like côtelettes.

Ragoût of Calf's Brains.

Carefully wash the brains and remove all pieces of skin, etc. Then boil them in water, to which a few onions, cloves, pepper, salt, and a little vinegar have been added. Remove the brains from the broth, and thicken the same with a tablespoonful of flour fried brown in butter. Add a little grated lemon-peel and a small quantity of wine. Put in the brains, let all cook together for a little while, and then stir in from one to two eggs.

Fricassee of Veal with Celery.

Chop a good-sized onion fine, and fry it in butter until it is of a light brown colour. Then take part of a breast of veal, cut the meat into nice-sized pieces, and lay them in the butter and onion. When all has fried gently together for a few minutes, pour in some boiling water until the meat is half covered. Add also two or three sticks of celery cut into convenient size, season to taste with pepper and salt, and cook slowly for two hours. Before serving, the gravy should be slightly thickened. Asparagus heads instead of celery are extremely good with this dish.

Italian Cakes.

Half a pound of finely sifted flour, half a pound of well-washed butter, half a pound of sifted sugar, three whole eggs, the yolks of three more, one tablespoonful of orange-flower water. The butter, after being brought to a cream, must be beaten together with the eggs, sugar, and orange-flower water for a quarter of an hour, the flour to be added last. Form into small cakes and bake.

Justine.

Now the golden-vested cowslips
 In their glorious sweetness reign,
And the red-streaked daisies smiling
 Deck the grassy, verdant plain;
In the lovely hedgerows growing,
 Violets open with the morn,
Shed their beauties, while their odours
 On the downy breeze are borne.

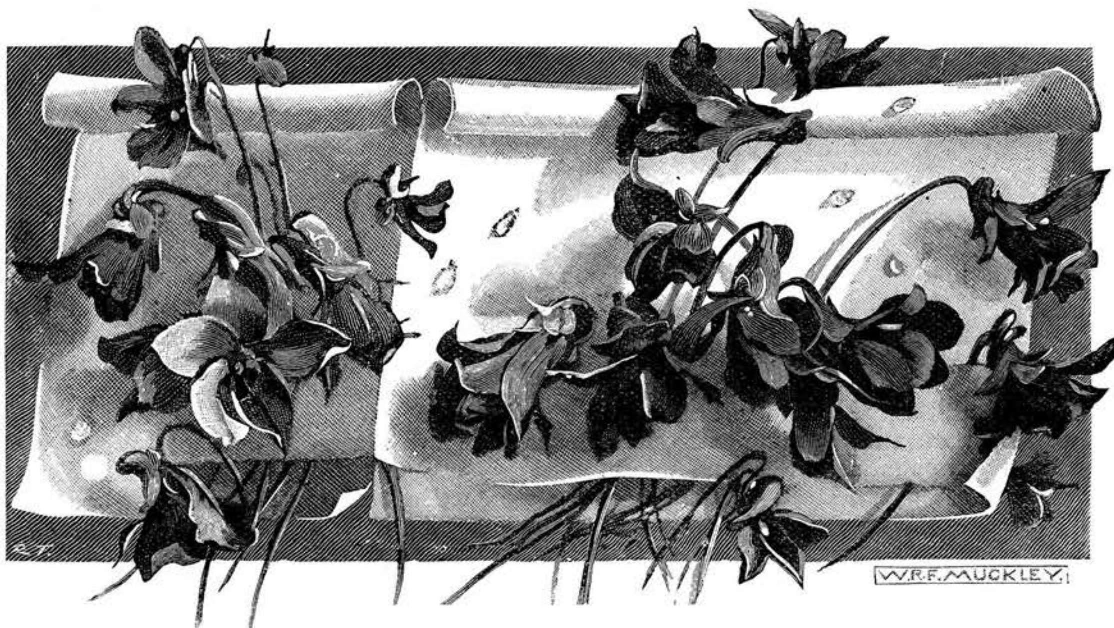
In the quiet woodland shadows
 Modest primroses are seen,
And the cloud-stained bluebells opening,
 Peep amid their leaves of green.
Scattered here and there around us,
 See the pale anemones,
Trembling at the spring-tide zephyr,
 Withering with the passing breeze.

And the daffodils, all golden,
 Cluster in a lowly nook,
And the sweet-voiced birds are singing
 With the wildly-murm'ring brook;
And the blue-robed skies above us
 With the day are bright and fair.
All things wake from winter's bondage,
 Why not man from grief and care?

J. H. A. HICKS.

H.F. DAVEY

J C Staples



MORE ABOUT PUDDINGS.

WE will ask those who are desirous of learning "more about puddings" to read over the paper on "Every-day Puddings" which appeared recently in this Magazine.* As we here assume that the directions given, and rules laid down therein, will be followed by all who attempt to carry out these recipes, we shall thus save much repetition in the present paper.

We are mindful of our promise to give some further hints on puddings suitable for the nursery. Perhaps one of the best is *Albany Pudding;* this is a mixture of coarse oatmeal, crushed wheat, brown bread-crumbs, brown flour, and suet, two ounces of each; four ounces of treacle, and four ounces each of figs and prunes (stoned) cut up finely; one egg and enough milk (*about* a quarter of a pint) to make a stiff mixture are added to the above. This pudding should be steamed for three or four hours, or boiled a proportionate time, and served with hot treacle poured round it. Many mothers have proved the difficulty of inducing their children to eat porridge of any kind; they will do well to serve the ingredients in the form of a pudding such as the foregoing, the combination of cereals and fruit furnishing a most wholesome diet.

It is to be regretted that comparatively few people (vegetarians excepted) are acquainted with crushed wheat, for it is excellent for a variety of purposes, and suits many people better than oatmeal, being less heating to the blood.

Prunes and figs, as well as dates, may be introduced into many kinds of puddings with good results (being equal to raisins, and far superior to currants, which—we will repeat—should never be given to children); they are also excellent stewed and served with farinaceous puddings, or with boiled rice or macaroni; for it should be borne in mind that if starchy foods are partaken of frequently, fruit is necessary to counteract their constipating tendency. A favourite remedy for this complaint with a surgeon who is well versed in hygienic diet is a dish of stewed raisins; these should be stoned, and left to soak for some hours in a little water previous to stewing, until they are well swollen and soft; no sugar is to be added, but lemon-juice is recommended, and, to derive full benefit, stale wholemeal or malt bread should be eaten with them.

To return, however, to puddings: another, suitable alike for children and adults who cannot indulge in heavier varieties, is thus made:—Spread some thin slices of brown or white bread, or stale sponge-cake, with jam; make them into sandwiches, and then cut into small dice—there should be enough to fill a half-pint measure; put them lightly into a buttered basin, then pour over an egg and half a pint of warm milk beaten well together. Steam this for an hour (see previous directions for steaming). Marmalade may be used instead of jam, and any flavouring added to the milk.

A passing word about spice: this should never be added to puddings for invalids suffering from a cough, sore-throat, or allied ailments, as the smallest quantity often proves very irritating.

Empress Pudding is old-fashioned, but popular. Four ounces of well-washed rice are first to be simmered in a quart of milk, until the grain is soft and the milk absorbed; when cooled a little, a couple of eggs, with sugar and flavouring to taste, are beaten in, and the mixture put into a greased pie-dish, in layers, with jam between each, and baked a pale brown in a moderate oven. The substitution of other cereals for the rice, as well as of stewed fruit (apples are suitable), suggests

* See February 2024

itself; and those who do not possess that convenient utensil a "double saucepan" will be glad to know of a simple way of cooking rice and other grain, which obviates the frequent stirring required when it is "steeped" in an open saucepan. Just put the rice and milk in a tin canister, with a tight-fitting lid; set it in a saucepan with boiling water three-fourths up the tin; cover, and keep the water boiling fast until the grain is cooked. If no canister is handy, a mould or cake-tin will do, covered with a plate or a greased paper twisted tightly round. Our reason for preferring tin to crock is due to the fact that tin is a good conductor of heat. In either case, room must be left for the grain to swell, and a little butter will hasten the cooking.

Carrots form a valuable addition to many puddings, raw ones being superior in point of flavour to boiled ones, but they should be grated to pulp. *Devonshire Cheesecakes* owe their basis to grated carrots, to which an egg or two, currants, spice, and cream, with enough grated sponge-cake to give sufficient "body," are added; the mixture is baked in shallow pie-dishes lined with pastry. With richer varieties of these cheesecakes, some butter and other accessories are added, but the plainest are excellent, and have the merit of being cheap.

To plain plum-puddings, such as are known as "vegetable plum-puddings," carrots can always be added: they impart lightness as well as flavour, but as they yield moisture during the cooking, the mixture should be rather stiffer than usual, otherwise the pudding, if a boiled one, may break in the turning out. A small quantity of caramel (burnt sugar) improves the colour and appearance of this class of puddings.

Turning our attention to apples, we are confronted by a host of dishes sufficient to fill a volume, this wholesome fruit being justly and equally popular in all counties.

Apple Charlotte is made by stewing some apples, peeled, cored, and quartered, to a pulp, with sugar sufficient to sweeten pleasantly; the juice and grated rind of a lemon, and an ounce of butter, should then be added to each pound of apples; this must be well boiled, as the *marmalade* should be rather stiff; the tin or dish should be well buttered, and lined with thin slices of bread, buttered on both sides; then the apple mixture and more bread and butter alternately added until full, bread and butter forming the top layer. In lining the tin, the slices should overlap each other somewhat; sometimes they are cut into fingers, if they will more readily fit the tin. The *Charlotte* should be baked to a nice brown. A still more homely one is made of bread and butter as before, but with uncooked apples, over each layer of which, sugar, with spice or lemon-rind and juice, is sprinkled. There is yet another way of making it, if a good share of apples is desired: that is, to put a slice of bread at the bottom of a tin mould, and to line the sides, then fill up with the apple mixture; another slice of bread to cover the top finishes it. Bake as before.

Apple Amber owes its excellence chiefly to long cooking: the ingredients are a pound of apples chopped finely as for mincemeat, half a pound of bread-crumbs, one ounce of flour, three ounces of suet, the grated peel of a lemon, and a dash of nutmeg or cinnamon, two eggs, and three ounces of sugar. It is better to have this pudding *under* rather than *over* sweet, as sweet sauce or castor sugar can be served with it. It needs four hours to boil, or six to steam; the appearance and flavour are totally different if cooked for a matter of a couple of hours only. This resembles the pudding of olden times known as *Paradise* or *Mother Eve's Pudding*, only that currants are added thereto. In superior cookery, apples, after being stewed to pulp for puddings, sauce, &c., are passed through a hair sieve, and when this is omitted, care should be taken that no lumps are left in, and the mass should be well beaten.

Another pudding which can hardly be cooked too much is *Fig Pudding;* one of the undermentioned weight needs six hours to steam, or four to boil, *at the very least*, and the nicest we ever tasted, made from this recipe, was cooked for eight hours. First, slice and cut up ten ounces of *good* figs—poor ones are quite useless; mix them, on a board, with six ounces each of well-chopped suet and bread-crumbs, four ounces of brown sugar, and three ounces of flour; mix with the hand, then, with a sharp knife, chop the whole mass, turn it into a basin, add the grated half of a small nutmeg and two eggs, beaten with four table-spoonfuls of milk, and mix *thoroughly;* then put it into a well-buttered basin or mould, which it will quite fill, if it is to be boiled. A very suitable sauce to serve with this is thus made:—Dissolve an ounce and a half of butter in a stewpan, and stir in an ounce of flour until smooth; add, by degrees, half a pint of milk, stirring all the time; boil up well, and put in a table-spoonful of castor sugar and the grated rind of a lemon, or a few drops of essence of lemons. This sauce can also be served with batter, marmalade, and lemon, as well as many other kinds of puddings. Water can be used instead of milk, in which case more butter is required; the addition of lemon-juice is a pleasant one, and if a clearer sauce is liked, corn-flour or arrowroot can take the place of flour, but either should be mixed with a little cold water before adding it to the dissolved butter.

An authority on culinary matters recommends, for good plum-puddings, the outer fat of roast beef to be chopped and mixed with the suet; he says it is excellent. If for plum-puddings, why not for others to which suet is added? And if the outer fat of cooked meat, why not the inner? Those whose families are averse to fat meat may be glad to take the hint, and use up some of it in this way.

Here is a cheap, but excellent, pudding for the juveniles. Rub three ounces of clarified dripping (or shred it in cold weather) into half a pound of flour until as fine as bread-crumbs, add half a tea-spoonful of mixed spice and a good pinch of carbonate of soda; mix with an egg, half a tea-cupful of milk, and half a pound of golden syrup, all previously beaten up together. Steam for three hours, and turn out carefully.

Treacle Roly-poly is generally a failure, owing to the boiling out of the syrup; plenty of bread-crumbs

mixed with the treacle are needed to obviate this, but it is better to make the pudding in a basin, lining it with the crust, and filling up with treacle and crust alternately, having crust at the top, just as for a fruit pudding. The syrup may be spiced or flavoured with lemon-rind. A very superior golden syrup (clear and of nice colour) is now sold in tins: a great improvement on the dark-coloured—often far from clean—treacle of years ago.

We have previously spoken of the use of sago as a substitute for eggs in plain puddings; here is a case in point: viz., a homely variety of *Snowdon Pudding.* Line a greased basin with stoned raisins, the cut side to be pressed to the basin, and fill up with the following mixture:—three ounces of bread-crumbs, an ounce each of flour and small sago, two ounces each of moist sugar and suet, a table-spoonful of jam, and a quarter of a pint of milk. Boil for two hours. In *Snowdon Pudding* proper less sago is used, because eggs are added.

There are many other puddings we would refer to if space allowed, but we trust that those already treated will prove useful. On a future occasion we hope to mention some of the richer kinds in a chapter devoted to "Superior Sweets."

LIZZIE HERITAGE.

HOW TO MAKE CONVERSATION.*

CONVERSATION is an intellectual battledore and shuttlecock. If one player is inert, uninterested, or ignorant, he fails to return his fellow-player's well-aimed blow, the shuttlecock falls to the ground, and the game is at an end. So in conversation, there must be give and take. You cannot give what you have not got, and "nought from nought, nothing."

A *morning call* is essentially a visit from a lady to a lady, and naturally begins with inquiries after children or mutual friends. You pass on to some topic that you know to be of interest: flowers, pets, parish work. All these subjects may be enlarged on. Flowers may lead to some speciality: roses, orchids, ferns, mosses, hothouses, vineries, new gardening apparatus, fresh modes of culture, botany or botanical literature.

Most women have pets—either dogs, cats, birds, or horses. Poultry, bee-keeping, and the anxieties of the dairy will interest some.

Parish work has so many branches, that if you have met with a worker, you certainly may get some information, if you cannot give it. Temperance work, Sunday schools, district visiting, the Girls' Friendly Society, or Young Women's Christian Association, mothers' meetings, savings banks: one or all are of interest to the parish worker.

Perhaps your visit is to some one in whom mission work at home or abroad, Dr. Barnardo's boys and girls, the sick in the hospital, or the poor in the work-

* To this paper was awarded the Prize of THREE GUINEAS offered for the best paper of suggestions of the most original and suitable topics of conversation.

house, have a staunch advocate. I have heard it said of a lady, "She skilfully steers the conversation round to the 'Deep Sea Missions.'"

Some of our friends may be able to dilate on the beauties of the School of Needlework, whilst others may appreciate the British Museum. One friend may have some clever daughters, who are delighted to describe the Scientific Dressmaking System, amuse you with an account of their Cookery Lessons, or give you a graphic sketch of the students at the School of Art.

When two ladies meet, there is of course a comparison of social notes. Who is coming, who is going, in the neighbourhood? The newest baby, the coming marriage, the latest sorrow, fêtes, concerts, parties, tennis, are discussed, and also I am afraid must be added, servants—a most objectionable subject.

In spring you question your friends as to the most desirable holiday retreat, or you talk of their proposed trip to Norway or America.

If you have a mutual interest in the Army or Navy, you announce the latest promotions and retirements, and speculate as to who will be appointed to the vacant posts.

Schools will frequently be discussed; the advantages of public and private schools; modern education; the pressure of examinations; Oxford and Cambridge; Girton and Somerville; and above all, that perplexing question to the modern parent, What is to be done with the dull boys and girls?—a question which will probably lead to some remarks on emigration, and the various openings in the different colonies.

Between ladies, some talk on dress is allowable; and it would be well, whilst avoiding the extravagance of some dress reformers, if women would endeavour to cultivate amongst their friends a healthy opinion as to women's and children's clothing.

The intellectual woman does not always make a good conversationalist, but most probably she can give you plenty of information on the subject in which she takes a special interest, if you have the tact to draw her out: history, mathematics, social science, archæology, the higher education of women, the training of lady doctors and nurses; or it may be that she organises emigration, is a member of the Kyrle Society or the British Association.

Geology, entomology, natural history, physiology, music, sculpture, painting, all have their votaries. We meet every day with the enthusiastic collector of old china, engravings, autographs, old books, stamps. There may be such divergence between our neighbours' tastes, that one may have a good collection of drawings of fonts, and another may have expended her energies in amassing many varieties of *buttons*. Whatever may be the tone of the mind, a good conversationalist will endeavour to tune his conversation to the same pitch, or if that pitch is low, he will strive to raise it.

Conversation in the *drawing-room before dinner* can only be fragmentary. Guests are arriving, and the announcement of dinner may cut short the most interesting discussion.

A hostess will often be able to start a conversation between strangers by a few words skilfully added to a bare introduction. "Mrs. A., whose pictures we admired so much at the Exhibition;" or "Miss B., like yourself, belongs to the Browning Society." The hostess will also have photographs, engravings, sketches, miniatures, magazines, scattered about, to attract attention and offer topics ready at hand. It is much the custom to admire the artistic arrangement of the room, its elegant draperies, curious furniture, pretty ornaments, and old china. Even the softly-shaded lamps may claim attention and turn conversation to the modern facilities for lighting, to the wonders of the Electric Exhibition at the Crystal Palace in 1882, and the instantaneous illumination of the Collinderies last year.

Amongst friends, there will be an exchange of family news and congratulations, the success of A. at college, B. at Woolwich, C.'s engagement.

The last cricket or golf match, yesterday's hunt, the proposed bazaar, "that delightful picnic on Wednesday," Mrs. D.'s garden-party on Thursday, the Academy, Grosvenor, and other exhibitions of the day, *the* book of the season, the last-discovered prima-donna, any subject that is occupying the public mind, and does not require much thought or long argument, befits such conversation.

To talk well across a *dinner-table* is an art. A good conversationalist will go provided with a certain amount of material. Here comes in the opportunity for the good story and the clever repartee.

Last year, the Queen's Jubilee must have been talked over at hundreds of dinner-tables. The statues erected, foundation-stones laid, the processions, fireworks, bonfires, dinners, and teas, must have occupied hours of talk; whilst references to former jubilees, coronations, and other State pageants must have been numerous. Even now, the Queen's presents are before the public, and may not such gifts as that of the Khedive—a necklace and earrings of gold lotus-flowers, scarabs, and sphinxes—carry our conversation to the land of the Pharaohs, with its ancient civilisation, its wonderful ruins, its present decrepitude? or may not the old ivory fan, painted by the daughters of George III., presented by Lady Holland, bring to our recollection Holland House, and the group of celebrities connected with it? whilst their many witticisms may be recalled to add the necessary spice to our reminiscences.

If the lady or gentleman at your side is young, amateur photography is a subject on which you are pretty sure to meet with some response; most people have a friend who photographs, even if they do not themselves dabble in photography.

Travels are always a safe subject. You have been to Fiji, and your neighbour to Iceland, and you exchange experiences; or you have both been to Switzerland, and during the whole of dinner you ascend mountains, cross glaciers, criticise hotels, and gaze at waterfalls. Perhaps, however, you have to do with an anxious mother, who consults you as to the danger of her boy riding a bicycle, and wishes you to

endorse her opinion that a walking tour is the best holiday trip for him.

Most people have some knowledge of music, enough at least to *talk* of Rubinstein's playing, of Wagner, and "the music of the future"; or to uphold their preference for popular music.

The "Greenery Yallery, Grosvenor Gallery" young man or young woman may afford you some amusement, unless you are yourself inclined that way, in which case you will no doubt have something to say about the æsthetic.

Possibly, at a dinner-table, the ruffles and wristlets of your *vis-à-vis* may be admired by the person sitting next to you, and if you have some knowledge of Point, Mechlin, and Alençon, you can continue the subject, or else turn it off to the poor lace-makers of Ireland, and the efforts made to help them.

Flowers adorn every dinner-table. The quick eyes of those interested in their culture will detect the new and choice specimen; or it may be a simple lover of flowers, who is delighted at the effect produced, and whose enthusiasm will lead you on to speak of the grouping of plants at flower-shows, and the comparative merits of bedding-out and old-fashioned gardening.

In towns, the streets, the shops, the advertisements —who, for instance, would meet those striking advertisements, the hooded friar, or the three barristers driving through London, without having a word of amusement or indignation to say on the subject—new buildings, the railway, the tram, the omnibus, all suggest topics of conversation to the thoughtful.

In the country, the subjects discussed are different —the prospects of the shooting season, the fox the keeper saw yesterday, the Agricultural Show, the visit of the Archæological Society, the last joke at the Board of Guardians, the coming of age of Lord E., the restoration of F. Church, the Volunteer Parade, the new regiment quartered in the county town, its past victories, its present character, the last box of books from London, and the advantages of circulating libraries, sixpenny telegrams, and parcel post.

Conversation in the *train*—if between strangers—would generally be carried on by gentlemen. Probably it would be started by a courteous offer of a newspaper, with some remark on public affairs, which might be responded to by the intelligence that an opposition paper denies the statements mentioned. The value of newspaper intelligence, and comparisons of their literary style, will probably follow.

The country through which the train passes, suggests fresh topics every few minutes. Suppose a start is made at Southampton, our travellers discuss the docks and shipping they are leaving behind. Two nurses in their grey costume, on the platform of one of the next stations, remind them of Netley, its hospital, its abbey. At Bishopstoke, they reflect on the intricacies of railway junctions, retail the latest accidents, and talk of the advantage of insuring against them.

Now they are in the chalk cuttings, and discourse on the flora and fauna of the cretaceous system. They emerge at Winchester, to speak of its ancient importance as the capital of the kingdom, of its cathedral, of St. Cross, of the colleges of St. Mary, and of their founder, William of Wykeham.

They fly past quiet villages, with grey churches nestling amid the green trees, past the ripening cornfields, catching every now and then a glimpse of a big house, and their theme is English country life.

The train has reached Basingstoke, and they wonder, as they look at the ruins that adjoin the railway station, what the monks would have said if they could have had a glimpse of the noise and bustle that now so closely invade their sanctuary. Probably one of our travellers is a thorough-going conservative, and will lament over the "good old times," their quiet and their leisure; in which case, some fellow-traveller is sure to maintain that "these are the better days," and asks his companion if he desires to return to post-chaises, and run the risk of being stopped by highwaymen. This, perhaps, may compel him to acknowledge that life is now safer, and that there is far less crime; and so they may go on to talk of prisons, reformatories, and what after all is the best thing, preventive work.

At Farnbro', the station for Aldershot, some reference to military matters will be *à propos;* whilst as they pass Woking they will reflect on our funeral customs, or advocate the establishment of cremation.

As London is approached, they talk of its enormous extent, its rapid encroachment on the surrounding country, its wealth or poverty; they rejoice in the many opportunities for study and advancement it offers, or deplore its vice and misery. Now they are slowly crossing the Thames, which suggests such wide-apart subjects as Sir Thomas More, and many another prisoner, passing down to the Tower, and—the Universities Boat-race.

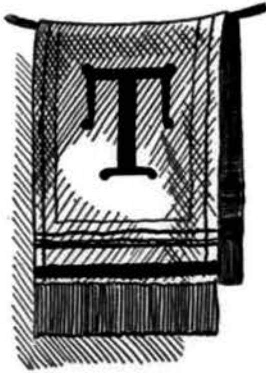
There is St. Paul's, to call to our memory Sir Christopher Wren, Nelson, and Wellington, who lie at rest in the heart of the great City. But our travellers have reached Charing Cross: their conversation must come to an end with their journey; but on many another journey, on each different line of rail, may not the traveller as he goes past town and village find in the passing landscape food for thought, and subjects for conversation?

In the old coaching-days, a celebrated conversationalist was taking a journey. As soon as the coach was started, he began to talk to his fellow-traveller. He talked first on one subject, and then on another, without eliciting any response from his companion. At last, getting impatient, he said, "I have talked of religion, politics, agriculture, but you have said nothing. Is there any subject you can talk on?" Waking up, the man inquired, "Do you know anything new about leather?" If we find our companions do not take up our ball of conversation, whether it be during a *morning call*, at a *dinner party*, or in the *train*, let us do our best to find out in what directions their interests lie; and, *failing all others*, I would suggest they might show some animation if you ventured upon that most *original*, *uncommon*, *and un-English* subject, *the weather*.

J. BIBBY.

HOUSE-CLEANING.

DECLARING HOUSEHOLD WAR IN THE SPRING-TIME.



HE early spring days are the high carnival of the housekeeper, the domestic Mardi Gras, when all the feminine world seems to have gone mad on the subject of cleanliness and renovation. Then comes the first frantic out-burst of work after the winter rest—the first attack of spring mania, the symptoms of which are a restless activity, and a desire for change and growth. The Earth has this fever, and we catch it from her, until it becomes epidemic. We turn lightly to thoughts of house-cleaning, flower gardens and spring clothes, and we pore over seed catalogues, and visit the paper-hangers and carpet stores. We go about the house, measuring walls and ceilings, and floors, computing the amount of paper and carpet they will require, and, perhaps, figuring to bring the cost within the range of a somewhat limited income. We are intensely tired of grates, and stoves, and registers, and long for a season when we can exist without smoke, and soot, and ashes, and dry, hot furnace air. We plan how we can change the aspect of our rooms into something newer, if not better.

It is this desire for change, rather than the desire for cleanliness, that urges woman most emphatically upon her house-cleaning career, and this love of variety—this inconstancy if you will—is one of the saving graces of the world; it is the beginning of much of the growth and reform that has brought the human race to its present development. If it wasn't for woman's ceaseless energy and resistless persuasion, the world would have long since settled into a domestic and social rut. Woman's impulses are quicker than man's. She is to him what the wind is to the sea; she keeps him stirred up, and prevents stagnation. The endless changes she brings about, are as necessary to the health and welfare of the world as the breeze that fans the leaves, the clouds that drip on the fields, the rivers that run to the sea, and the waves that beat on the shore.

It was this desire for something new that made Eve taste the apple in Paradise, and it is this that makes modern women desire most mightily to clean house as soon as the March sun begins to shine warm upon their backs; it makes them long to re-paper walls, to turn old carpets and buy new ones, to change all the wintry arrangements to a new order of things, to get rid of accumulations of dust, mustiness and disease, and to let the air into every crack and crevice in the house. They make sly visits to the garrets, and come down looking blue and cold in spite of the shawls over their heads. There are traces of dust and cobwebs upon them that betray them, and the foreboding world knows that the womens' crusade is about to begin. The more "forehanded" housewives begin to work slyly along the edges of carpets with the tack-puller, and prospect for moths. I once heard an old gentleman say that in the spring his wife spent most of her time looking for something she didn't want to find, and this has grown to be a sad necessity in these days of moth-millers and transient servant girls.

I once knew a brisk woman who used to loosen her carpets in the last of February, so that she might take advantage of the first warm day, and whisk them out before the gaze of an astonished world. There was a tradition in her family that all carpets should be up, and stoves down, by the middle of March, and unless positively frozen up and snowed under, she fought it out on that line. She and her family are long since dead, as might be expected, sacrificed not by cleanliness, but by a silly pride and an insane desire to be more "forehanded" than her neighbors. I have noticed that these women who are so forehanded with their house-cleaning are apt to be forehanded in their deaths. They seem to fancy there is some merit in thus forcing the season, and they plunge into the good work with all the enthusiasm of the ancient martyrs, laying up coughs, and colds, and treasures in heaven. So many women clean house according to tradition, instead of common sense. They learned in their youth that spring begins in March, and in March they will clean house if they kill themselves and their families in the attempt. They remind me of that imprudent young man who attempted to scale the Alpine heights, refusing to listen to sensible advice, and shouting "Excelsior" to all inquiring friends. These women, amid the snow and biting winds of a lingering winter, will expose life and limb, or at least fingers and thumbs, and backs, to get ahead of their neighbors and have their houses cleaned first; they go pegging away up the wintry Alps, in a lame, rheumatic, but determined procession, waving their tack-hammers and scrubbing-brushes, and shouting "Excelsior," till they disappear in a cloud of dust. They pay no attention to good advice, nor do they heed the roar of the awful avalanche of dust, and dirt, and carpets, and stoves, and soot that they bring down on their devoted heads; on they rush, and down from the cold, damp shades of their fireless, sunless parlors, comes the last faint echo of their cries.

I never could see that these too thrifty women gained any earthly reward beyond the approval of their own consciences, and I have never found that those laggards who waited for the real advent of spring before turning their houses inside-out, suffered any great disgrace beyond a few sly nods and significant glances between those early birds, who, if they do not catch the worms, catch something quite as disagreeable.

By the middle of April, or the first of May, the house-cleaning season is at its height. Whole villages are given over to the broomstick, and the habitations are ravaged by the scrubbing-brush and mop. The sound of the tack-hammer is heard in the land, and numerous carpets pass under the rod. Stove-pipes grow weak-kneed and shaky, as though they dreaded their impending fate. Stoves become uneasy, and presently rattle away to pass the summer in some cool, sequestered spot, and spend their days in philosophical meditations on the vicissitudes of life. There is a new deluge of water and soap, and a continual swish of mops and brushes. Everywhere one hears the tattoo of carpet-beating, the monotonous clack of the tack-hammer, and the rumble, and roar, and screech of mobilized stoves and furniture. Sacred carpets become acquainted with the sun, and chairs, and sofas, and mattrasses lounge and sprawl about on the grass in the most unconventional manner. This is a glorious picnic for the inanimate part of the household, and during these days of license they manage to get ample satisfaction for such bruises and scars as they have received from humanity. The blood-thirsty, old-fashioned bureaus and chests do their work of devastation on fingers, and backs, and walls, and the new-fashioned trunks find their victims wherever they go. Owing to the obstinacy and fiendish ferocity of these inanimate things, most house-cleaners come out of the fray a mass of wounds and bruises, but as a rule they come off victorious, and that thought sustains them in their misery.

As May passes the sound of this warfare grows fainter and more spasmodic, and at last peace reigns again within the habitations of men. Victorious woman takes off her armor, binds up her wounds, and hangs up her weapons; she brings out *the pipe* of peace, and determines not to declare war again for at least six months.

—*Elizabeth Cole.*

NATURAL HISTORY OF THE PEACOCK.

THE peacock sits perched on the roof all night,
And wakes up the farm-house before 't is light;
But his matins they suit not the delicate ear
Of the drowsy damsels that half in fear
And half in disgust his discord hear.

If the soul's migration from frame to frame
Be truth, tell me now whence the peacock's came?
Say if it had birth at the musical close
Of a dying hyena,—or if it arose
From a Puritan scold that sang psalms through her nose?

Well: a jackass there was—but you need not look
For this fable of mine in old Æsop's book—
That one complaint all his life had whined,
How Nature had been either blind or unkind
To give him an aspect so unrefined.

"'T is cruel," he groaned, "that I cannot escape
From the vile prison-house of this horrible shape:
So gentle a temper as mine to shut in
This figure uncouth and so shaggy a skin,
And then these long ears!—it 's a shame and a sin."

Good-natured Jove his upbraidings heard,
And changed the vain quadruped into a bird,
And garnished his plumage with many a spot
Of ineffable hue, such as earth wears not,—
For he dipped him into the rainbow-pot.

So dainty he looked in his gold and green
That the monarch presented the bird to his queen,
Who, taken with colors as most ladies are,
Had him harnessed straight in her crystal car
Wherein she travels from star to star.

But soon as his thanks the poor dissonant thing
Began to bray forth when he strove to sing,
"Poor creature!" quoth Jove, "spite of all my pains,
Your spirit shines out in your donkey strains!
Though plumed like an angel, the ass remains."

So you see, love, that goodness is better than grace.
For the proverb fails in the peacock's case,
Which says that fine feathers make fine birds, too;
This other old adage is far more true,—
They only are handsome that handsomely do.

ANECDOTES OF ANIMALS.

BY A WESTMORELAND NATURALIST.

IT is almost as interesting to observe the eccentricities of animals as to mark their regularly established habits. If we closely study their manners, we shall find that they are not wholly devoted to routine, but that they are quite ready to adopt new and independent courses of action under exceptional circumstances. Now, it is not at all a legitimate thing for house sparrows to take to carpentering; but an instance in which a precocious little fellow showed superior abilities in this line has lately come to the writer's knowledge. The sparrow had decided on building in a hole in the wall of a house. But the entrance sloped outwards so disastrously that the building materials were perpetually rolling down, and but small progress was made. The simplest way would have been to remove into a more eligible locality. But no; will, not to say obstinacy, is powerfully developed in a sparrow's character; and in that ungainly hole he was determined to settle. What did he do? He went away and gathered up a lot of little bits of wood, which he and his coinciding wife carefully fixed in an upright position, and thus built a complete little railing at the mouth of the aperture. Within this clever palisade they successfully laid the foundations of their domestic happiness, and everything went on perfectly well. This is probably a rare instance of ingenuity, and *it is certainly an interesting* one. It happened at Liskeard, in Cornwall.

At Gilthwaiterigge we were interested in watching the movements of a pair of nice little spotted fly-catchers (*Muscicapa grisola*). It was that Gilthwaiterigge to which the invalid ducks, mentioned in a previous paper, were sent for the benefit of the water cure: a picturesque old Westmoreland cottage, with pointed gables, stone-mullioned windows, a polished oak staircase, walls three feet thick, a prescriptive right to a ghost story, and a

history extending back into the past for 300 years. This history mysteriously terminated in the execution of the owner, a Romanist, in the stirring days of Queen Elizabeth; but we will loyally presume that he had been plotting against the rule of the Protestant lady of the land; though the writer has seen the circumstance recorded in a Roman Catholic saint book as a martyrdom for "the faith." But there was a plot laid against the peaceable reign of the little quiet fly-catchers by a pair of travelled martins, just come home from the grand tour. The fly-catchers were in the end dispossessed, their little wigwam was torn to pieces, and the mud cottage of the martins rose in its stead, close under the eaves, and just above the small ledge where the wigwam had been planted. Scarcely had the mud of the martins' hovel dried in the sun, when a pair of sparrows that had long been peering down from the shoot above, and talking noisy treason to fill up the time, hopped in at the door of the hut and took possession. The martins tried to eject them; but they resisted the entrance of the rightful owners with their hard beaks and with prodigious quantities of chattering; and at length, the baffled builders yielded the point, and carried their little hods of mortar to another site. It seemed a hard case, but it was just, and the circle of retributive justice was not yet complete, as we shall soon see. The sparrows stuffed their ill-gotten house so full of furniture, (straw mattresses, feather-beds, and the like,) that there was scarcely room left for the family. At length, heavy rains set in; the inappropriate furniture and the noisy children were too heavy for the mud building; it fell to the ground with all its luckless inmates; the young ones perished, and the old ones had to begin the world afresh. The moral of this story is of course excellent, and needs no comment.

A lady of the writer's acquaintance was once walking amid the lovely scenery of the Isle of Wight, when she observed a little kitten curled up on a mossy bank, in all the security of a mid-day nap. It was a beautiful little creature, and the lady gently approached in order to stroke it, when suddenly down swooped a hawk, pounced upon the sleeping kitten, and completely hid it from her sight. It was a kestrel (*Falco tinnunculus*). Our friend was greatly shocked, and tried to rescue the little victim; but the kestrel stood at bay and refused to move. There he stood, on the bank, firmly facing her, and all her efforts to drive him from his prey failed. The lady hurried on to a fisherman's cottage which was near at hand, and told of the little tragedy with the eloquence of real feeling. But the fisher-folk laughed merrily, and said, "It is always so. That hawk always comes down if anybody goes near the kitten. He has taken to the kitten, and he stays near at hand to watch whenever it goes to sleep." The case was so remarkable that the lady inquired further into its history, and learnt that the kitten's mother had died, and that the fisherman's family had suddenly missed their little nursling. After some time they observed a kestrel hawk loitering about the cottage. They used to throw him scraps of meat, and they observed that he always carried off a portion of every meal, dragging even heavy bones away out of sight. His movements were watched, and they saw that he carried his stores to the roof of the cottage. A ladder was placed, some one ascended, and there, nestling in a hole in the thatch, lay the lost kitten, thriving prosperously under the tender care of its strange foster-father. The foundling was brought down and restored to civilized life; but the bandit protector was not disposed to resign his charge, and ever kept at hand to fly to the rescue whenever dangerous ladies threatened it with a caress. It was observed that he used to feed his pet by tearing the meat into the minutest shreds possible. Years passed away—fifteen years passed —and the lady revisited the fisher's cottage. A grave, sober-minded old cat was calmly meditating on the course of time, or on other congenial topics. The romance of the hawk-fed kitten had settled into the sobrieties of this respectable presentation of advanced age. And the hawk? The hawk had been gathered to his fathers some time before.

During the past summer an affecting event occurred in the flock of black-nosed sheep that browse under the beautiful trees of Elleray, or scour over the rocks of Orrest Head—that Orrest Head from whose noble forehead you may watch the silvery sleep of Windermere. It was sad to see the mother-sheep smitten by sudden death, the effect of some poisonous plant, it was thought: it was sad to see the twin lambs carried away by the shepherds, one under each arm, piteously calling to the dead mother to follow them. Some time after, we asked, "What has become of the orphan lambs?" "Oh, they milk a *coo;* and it is a sight to see it." So we went to the farm, and there, sure enough, were the pet lambs, "Billy and Nanny," busily milking the compassionate *coo* for themselves. The compassionate cow had "taken to them" from the first; they consumed the whole of her milk, and the fine fat fellows did excellent justice to her benevolent care.

These cases of singular adoption may be followed by an instance of strong parental feeling. *A little* fox, quite a small cub, once ran into the hall of a gentleman's cottage, and claimed sanctuary there. He had been frightened by dogs, it was thought, perhaps had been hunted by them. Fortunate little fugitive! he could not have found a fairer refuge than in that home of taste and of chivalrous humanity: where the free birds of the air come at bidding, hover around your head, fan the air before your face with little winnowing wings, and take the crumb of bread from between your lips: where the indulged bees glean their harvests from the beautiful flower-beds for their own, not their master's use, loving him almost as they love their queen: and where the courteous proprietor, an enthusiast for the general happiness, moves about, lord of thousands of little hearts. It was a wise instinct which prompted the startled young fox to ask sanctuary in that hall. Late at night, when the full moon, by clearing the crests of the closely embowering trees, was able to take a quiet look down into the heart of the little paradise, the owner of the place looked out of the window into the court where the young fox had been chained, like a little

dog, to a kennel. There was a stealthy movement, a figure was gliding along in the clear moonlight—gliding stealthily along—and drawing near to the chained cub. It was an old fox, literally grey about the face with age, and it had braved the formidable dogs that were tied up in different parts of the grounds, had sought out the fugitive, and had come to lay a late supper before it, consisting of a fowl—a whole fowl.

A scientific friend once mentioned to the writer a very fine instance of self-command, and of generous confidence in the real tenderness of the hand that was inflicting pain. The informant, an Inspector of Army Hospitals, was with a branch of our forces in India at the time referred to. There was a magnificent elephant, of the largest size, attached to the artillery corps. The noble creature was suffering from an enormous tumour which had formed at the back of the neck. All curative means had failed, and it was decided that a very formidable operation must be performed. There was great danger connected with the attempt, on account of the vast irresponsible strength of the elephant. Our friend determined that his own hand should be the one to test the creature's power of endurance, though the peril to himself was of course imminent. At the appointed hour, the elephant was led out. His attendant stood in front of him, and gave him the word of command to kneel down. Down lumbered the huge mass of unimpaired strength. Not a rope, not a chain, or bond of any kind was cast about him. Our friend approached, and made a fearfully deep incision. The elephant heaved one great sob from the depths of his panting chest, and recognising in a moment the meaning of that sudden agony, he quietly *leaned over* towards the operator, in order that he might have better command over his work! With the exception of this single movement, he never stirred or gave sign during the whole course of the operation. Surely there is moral grandeur in this scene, and it is a relief to one's feelings to know that the courage of the skilful operator and of the noble sufferer were repaid by complete recovery.

A fine black retriever dog of our acquaintance once met with a painful accident. He immediately betook himself to that one of his two mistresses in whose surgical skill he seemed to place the most confidence, and she bravely removed the damaged and useless claw. Ever after this, if he had the slightest ache or pain he used to betake himself to her as to a general practitioner of ascertained ability.

It is almost inconceivable that any one should be found who can wilfully ill-use any of God's creatures, when they prove themselves to be capable of such a fine appreciation of moral motive.

NOTES OF A WESTMORELAND NATURALIST.

DEATH FROM FRIGHT.

THAT animals frequently die from the shock of a sudden terror, is well known. The following instance has recently come under notice. A friend of ours, an enthusiastic naturalist, who resides in our beautiful Westmoreland, discovered that a fine pair of large white owls had been making their rummagy nest in a loft, where they *would be* disturbed by the entrance of very few rays of ungenial light. He climbed a ladder and looked in. There sat the solemn pair, in the deep hush of intense gravity—she upon the nest, he beside her, with no less than thirteen dead mice laid out in order before him, in readiness for the regular return of the meal times. They sat in all the stolid dignity of prescriptive wisdom, gravely blinking at the lord of the manor, though much too philosophical to betray the least surprise at anything which could happen. But at a short distance from the sages was dimly visible the shadowy outline of a wood-pigeon sitting on her nest. Again and again, and day after day, did our friend climb the step-ladder, and superintend the birth, growth, and training of the family of hideous young owls; and still the shadowy form of the gentle wood pigeon sat noiseless on her nest. By this time, the form was sinking, and drooping, and losing its fair rounded outlines. She was dead: she had been dead from the first; and it is supposed that her gentle breast heaved with such a sudden paroxysm of terror, when the white-plumed sages first flapped in to fix upon a building site, that life departed: she had literally died of fright.

One of our fine Windermere swans was found, not long ago, sitting in grand monumental attitude upon her eggs, in a retired nook of the little dreamy bays. She was perfectly uninjured, and yet quite dead. The shadows of the mountains silently came and went, the reeds spoke in whispers only, and the old oaks had said and done nothing new for centuries. So that no natural cause of alarm was likely to have reached her in her calm seclusion. Perhaps some fox, bent on no good, had rustled the underwood not far off, or had slunk through the ferns just within sight; and, with one heave of terror, the swan's life may have left her. But nobody knows why the stately matron had failed to lead forth a little fleet of white cygnets on the serene waters of Windermere.

Another case of fright, with a less tragic ending, came under the observation of a gifted naturalist of Westmoreland. He was one day driving along the road, when, to his great surprise, a poor sky-lark suddenly flew into his gig. Panting and trembling with affright, it took refuge by his side. He looked round and above in search of the reason, and there, just over his head, was hovering a hawk, ready to pounce on his prey. The thing was intolerable; and away drove our friend, determined to defend the poor flutterer that had claimed sanctuary almost in his bosom. But the hawk was in no mind to be baffled; and on he wheeled, too, keeping his keen eye on the sky-lark. It was a chase. Which will beat? hawk or horse, wings or wheels? One mile is done; on spin the wheels, but on circles the bold fellow overhead. Two miles: there he is still, just overhead, circling, hovering, swooping with matchless determination. That fine bandit of the air deserves to win, were it not that the trustful little poet deserves to live to sing a fresh hymn in the sky; the little creature still clings to his new ally, showing the most eloquent signs of intense

terror. At last, after the two miles of road, (for our friend well knew the distance,) the bandit gave in and swept away: and then, when all danger was over, when there was no dark spot overhead winnowing the air with strong wings, the fugitive crept out of sanctuary, and bounded joyously away.

THE RESCUE.

An instance of considerate affection, but rather of sagacity than of sentiment, occurred in the same neighbourhood. A couple of ducks had been reared in the paved court of a town-house, where a small dish of water was the only sphere in which their aquatic instincts could be developed. So much fuss was made about this mimic bath, that the water supply used soon to be flicked and flirted away. Deprived of their natural element, the creatures grew up strangely enough; one was gaunt and lean, the other excessively deformed, with a long neck bent the wrong way, and with a singular propensity to tumble backward when she walked. As their lady-patroness was a humane person, she sent the invalids out of town to our cottage in the country, for the benefit of fresh air and hydropathy. One day, after enjoying the luxury of the great pond at Gillthwaiterigge, the deformed duck was accidentally caught by the wry neck in the twisted root of an overhanging tree. Unless soon rescued she must die of strangulation. Away bustled the brother, up to the back door of the house, and there he stood, quacking vehemently. One of the servants was struck with the earnestness of the creature's manner, and threw him some food. Oh no, he would not eat a mouthful. "What, then?" Having fixed her attention, he ran quacking down towards the pond, looking back over his shoulder to see if she were following. At last he allured her to the very spot desired, where was still suspended by the neck the poor infirm duck. The servant immediately rescued the sufferer, and the excited message-bearer instantly subsided into his usual common-place character.

NOTES BY A WESTMORELAND NATURALIST.

CATS—MARTENS—HEDGEHOGS—WILD CATTLE—FIELD VOLES.

It is not easy to get up much sentiment on the subject of cats. They are not a high-minded portion of the living community; and there is so much savagery about them in the matter of birds, that it requires some such piece of noble conduct as that which we are about to relate to raise them in the moral scale. There is a favourite cat belonging to a family which resides just within the mountain gateway into Easedale, one of the finest spots in Westmoreland. The grand Helme Crag, so familiar to lake tourists as the rugged buttress on whose summit the "Lion and the Lamb" meet in serene fellowship, guards the entrance on the right hand. The little dale, walled in by mountains, is before you in deep stillness; and Grasmere, with its one island and its white church, is left behind. The house is planted rather above the roots of the fell, and in this beautiful home the Grey Cat of Helme Crag brought forth so many interesting families as to perplex the indulgent humanity of her owners. At first, one representative kitten was always spared to her; but kittens have the incurable propensity to grow up into old cats; and in order to check the excessive spread of the race, the whole of the infant families had lately been doomed.

A few weeks previous to the time of my writing, the grey cat disappeared; but it was soon observed that she came back to the house for a few minutes twice in each day; in the morning to "get her breakfast," as we say in Westmoreland; in the evening to "get her supper;" and after each meal she disappeared again. At length, very severe weather set in. The snow lay all around. Silver How stood like a white wall before the blue of the sky, showing that in winter it must have received its graceful name, and not when it was clad in the purples and opals of summer. Fairfield, too, was glistening in resplendent justification of its title; and steep Steel Fell, refusing to be wrapped like the rest of the brethren in snowy winding-sheets, and only tolerating here a frosting and there a network, looked its name well. Still, the poor grey cat came home, pleading for her breakfast, about half-past eight, and again in the evening for supper to fortify her endurance against the miseries of the night. Our friends tried to track the poor creature, for they felt sure that, in order to preserve her offspring from the fate of their predecessors, she had gone up to the heights and brought forth her young in some lonely hollow in the rocks, or on some soft bed of heather, now changed into a cold bed of snow. And so they traced the little round foot-prints dotting the snow for a considerable distance up the hill-side. There is a great crag above the residence, but the little dotted lines went beyond the crag, padding upward over the fell; then they were lost, and the search had to be given up. Some days more, and still the snow and the bitter cold. At last, one morning the grey cat came home, half-dragging, half-carrying a kitten in her mouth; and, making her way into the sitting-room, she laid down the little perishing creature at her kindly mistress's feet with a look of such wonderfully expressive appeal as, it is needless to say, was perfectly irresistible. No other kitten was brought in; and it is hence inferred that the others had all perished from the cold, and that, to save the life of her last, she had determined on trying the eloquence of her mute appeal. Prosperous days followed, and the nursling of the fells is a spoiled pet, taking all manner of liberties with her much-enduring mother—lying in ambushes, leaping out unawares, carrying on dreadful assaults and batteries, and persecuting her mother's tail to within an inch of her violent indignation.

Our mountains used to be inhabited by a race of beautiful little animals, which have now almost, if not entirely, disappeared before the eager quest after their skins. They were martens; and when a shepherd in his tramps over the fells had caught sight of one of these little creatures, and had knocked it down and killed it, he was sure of securing a good price for it from the Kendal

furrier. Our marten, like some of the lesser animals of the arctic world, had the wonderful provision of turning white in winter, in harmony with the surrounding snows—a gift which finely shows the superintending care of Providence in minute adaptation to the habits of the animal and the dangers of the times. A little dead specimen was brought to be shown to some friends of the writer some years ago, which was just in the transition state—white nearly all over, though the brown lingered still about the head. It was, in fact, a beautiful little native ermine, tinged here and there with a slight yellow hue. A lady's fur cape of large dimensions was made about that time from the skins of these poor hunted aborigines of the Westmoreland mountains. But we never hear of them now. They have gone with the eagles.

The quaint little hedgehogs have an excellent mode of providing themselves against the cold of winter. They creep into a heap of dry dead leaves, and, rolling themselves round and round, are soon provided with a russet great-coat. Each little prickly spire has done its best to pick up a leaf, and soon the surtout—a very ragged one, to be sure—is complete. This is certainly a beautiful piece of native tailoring. The writer does not mean to say that the hedgehog walks out in his great-coat, but that he wraps himself in it when he is about to take a long nap.

During the last few months we have been able to reckon horned cattle as amongst the wild denizens of our Westmoreland mountains. Mr. Rigg, who keeps the large hotel near the railway terminus at Windermere, being in want of more extended pasture for his horses when they were "turned out for a run," had secured some wild land on the fells over towards Kentmere. Some cattle had also been placed there to pick their free living over the heights. But the air of liberty was so sweet, as they sniffed it in with expanded nostrils, and ran riot over heather, bracken, and crag, that the cattle announced their determination never to submit to restraint again—announced it as expressively as tossed heads and wild eyes, rude snorts, fly-away tails, and scampering hoofs could declare. There was no doubt whatever about their meaning, as Mr. Rigg and his men found whenever they tried to reclaim the runaways, or to fulfil some contract with the butcher. They were mostly spirited little Scotch cattle, to begin with, and to be living a wild Highland life again was delicious. A long bright summer's holiday it was. But the longest day has a close, and the poor truants found that it was useless to strive with man, or to set at nought his power. A *battue* was organized: men carrying long poles went out on the fell, surrounded them, hemmed them in, drove them together; and men armed with rifles stood and picked out the well-favoured ones. One received a bullet in his forehead, and dropped dead; another in the spine, and died instantly; and so on. There is no pleasure in describing this part of the story, but there is the satisfaction of believing that the deaths which those fine little mountaineers died were as easy and speedy as can possibly fall to the lot of doomed beasts. With regard to the beef, they say it was excellent. The writer, a few weeks ago, came unexpectedly upon a little group of them which had been partially reclaimed, and placed in a craggy and bosky inclosure on one of our fine uplands. Not knowing their history at the time, the surprise was great at observing their extremely wild manners, half-scared and half-defiant, as they scoured away amongst the rocks—reminding one of the wild, weird-looking shaggy buffaloes which we see blundering about in the Pontine marshes between Rome and Naples.

It is entertaining to watch the habits of a pretty little animal called the field vole. Perhaps it is more like a dormouse than anything else. It is almost as red as a squirrel, has a large head for the size of the body, short ears, bright pleasant eyes, and a short tail. The disproportioned size of its head is its chief peculiarity. A family of these field voles lived in the loosely-built stone wall of our garden some time ago, and the cook almost tamed them by spreading dainty little dinners for them on the top of this wall. But they would not come and dine, if they were aware that any one was watching. In another house they used to make forays into the back-kitchen, and live there at free quarters. The other day there was a rustling in a bed of moss and ferns on a bank under the tall trees in the beautiful Elleray woods, which are now sorrowfully thinned by the unrelenting rigour of the axe, and presently out ran the little rufus, with his queer large head and glancing eyes. Life seemed to be a pleasant festal sort of thing; and he flirted about, nibbling this and sniffing at that in most dainty fashion, until, made aware that he was watched, he scuttled away into a hole at the root of a tree. He seems to be a good deal of an epicure; for one of his brethren, some time ago, took up his dwelling in a hot-house, which was richly festooned with purple grapes. These he managed to reach by climbing, and he went on from bunch to bunch, biting off the end of the delicious fruit, and sipping the pure juice of the grape. But he left them all in proper order still richly pendant from the vine; something like the performance of one of the great men of our day, and one of the cleverest, who, when he was a young boy, was more than suspected of having been at work at the peach-tree in the walled garden. The lady-mother administered a rebuke, and Henry promised that "he would never pick another peach." Next day, when the stately matron swept out of the hall, and went to visit her gardens, she found that Henry had been biting a section from the sunny side of every peach, and had yet left them all hanging on the tree; thus legally keeping to the letter of his promise, that "he would never *pick* another." That lad certainly promised to make a great lawyer.

HOUSEHOLD ROYALTY AND DEMOCRACY.

Royalty at Home.

THE Royal palace at Hawaii is a three-story and basement structure, which, although a pleasant habitation enough, is surpassed in cost and beauty by thousands of American mansions. The basement is divided into kitchens, servants' quarters and storerooms, the floors of which are covered with matting. Conspicuous on the walls is the following code of rules, which affords an interesting glimpse of the interior discipline of a royal abode:

RULES AND REGULATIONS, IOLANI PALACE.

1. The butler shall be responsible for and take care of all silver, china, glassware, etc., belonging to the palace. He shall also be responsible for the proper appearance and dress of the servants who wait on the table, and see that the meals are punctually served, and that the waiters are prompt in their attendance.

2. Ones ervant, appointed by the Chamberlain, shall have certain boys to work under his direction and authority for the purpose of keeping the palace and verandas clean.

3. The cooks, stewards and ai-puupuus only are allowed in the kitchen.

4. No smoking is allowed in the kitchen and the Poi Department.

5. The butler shall be responsible for the cleanliness of the kitchen, pantry, crockery and glass room.

6. All loitering or sitting on the basement steps or parapet and in the basement hallway is forbidden.

7. All spitting on the floors, rugs and basement steps and passage is forbidden.

8. All improper conduct, carelessness, breakage and disregard of rules shall be punished by "fine," according to the nature of the offence.

9. It shall be the duty of the officer of the day, as also of the non-commissioned officers and men of the guard, to see all rules strictly and promptly carried out.

10. Members of the Royal Family, His Majesty's Ministers, and His Majesty's Staff shall have direct access to His Majesty at any time. Other persons shall apply for such access through the Chamberlain's office. It shall be the duty of the sentries to direct such persons to the Chamberlain's office.

11. No person whatever shall be admitted into the Palace grounds in a state of intoxication.

12. Under no circumstances is a sentry to use rude or abusive language to any one applying at the gates for admission.

13. The gate for general admission shall be the one on Richards street, but members of the Royal Family, His Majesty's staff, Cabinet Ministers, Privy Councilors and Government officials shall be admitted at any gate.

14. The servants' quarters shall be inspected not less than once a week by the commanding officer of the guards, or an officer appointed by him, to see that they are thoroughly well cleaned inside and out, and that no refuse matter lies around or near the quarters.

15. The inspecting officer shall especially see that the water-taps are in good order and shall make his report, after inspection, to the Chamberlain.

16. All servants shall be individually responsible for clothes, shoes, liveries, etc., supplied them by the Chamberlain, and shall make good any loss or damage beyond ordinary wear and tear.

17. The officer of the day shall see that all lights are put out in the servants' quarters at ten o'clock p. m., except in the rooms of such servants as may be in attendance after that hour.

18. All noise, singing and dancing must cease in the servants' quarters at 10 p. m.

19. Any servant breaking the above rules shall be taken to the guardroom and be liberated at daylight the following morning.

20. Any servant who absents himself without leave shall lose his wages for the day or days of absence.

21. Persons entering the office of the Chamberlain shall remove their hats.

22. The first Thursday of each month will be dress inspection day. Every Thursday will be devoted to general inspection.

23. The adjutant of the household shall have a general supervision of all servants and everything pertaining to the Palace proper, and all reports concerning the servants shall be made to the Chamberlain or Vice-Chamberlain through him.

IOLANI PALACE, January 12, 1891.

Democracy at Home.

MRS. CLEVELAND'S HOUSEKEEPING.

The mistress of the White House has little trouble in housekeeping, for all the servants are under control of the stewart. On him devolves the duty of preparing a bill of fare and of marketing; then he sees that the other domestics are fulfilling their duties properly. Over the kitchen, two housemaids, butler and assistant laundry woman and stable servants, he has the entire supervision, and if he wishes to discharge help he gives his reason and complaint to the mistress of the house, who acts as she thinks best. All of the servants except the cook and coachman are paid for out of the President's salary, and, as there are about ten in all, the item is no small one. For running expenses—such as repairs—the government allows a certain sum each year.

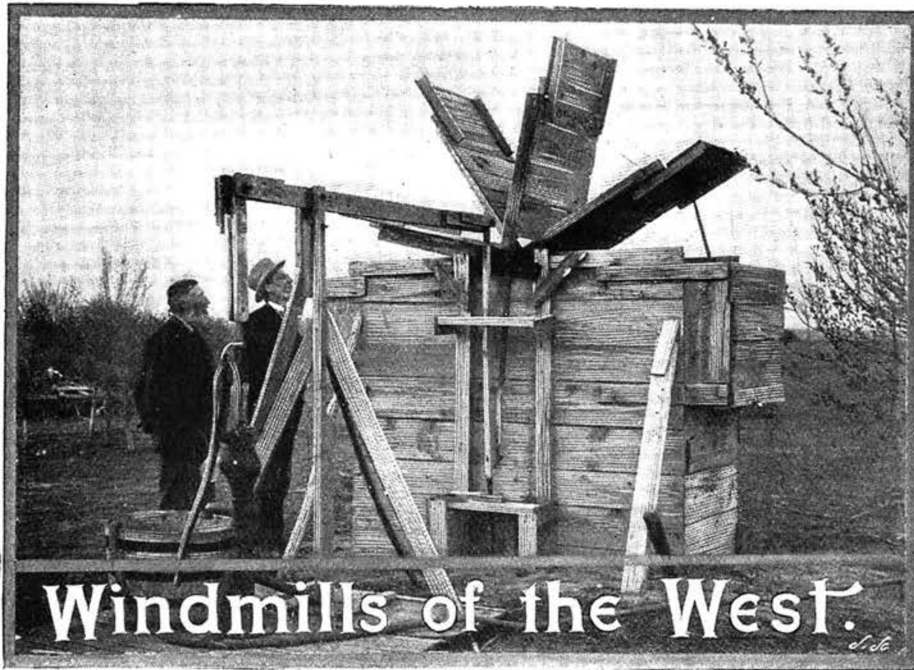
A STAY-AT-HOME POEM.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"Out into the country, sir," she said.

Where the grass is green and the milk is blue,
And the little bedroom will not hold two,
Where the sun shines down with a red-hot glare,
And not an inch of shade anywhere;
Where the folks are hospitable, gracious and bland,—
A million mosquitoes reach out for your hand!
Where the dishes are cracked and the knives are of yore,
And the cockroach smiles,—he's been there before (you);
Where the peaches are ripe—canned up in a can,
And the bathing's fine—in a small tin pan;
Where the waiter is true to his name—he waits,
And the butter suggests deep thoughts of dates,
Where the song of the tree-toad is like a brass band,
And the spring chickens bear Mr. Noah's brand;
Where are eggs—and fresh—but you are the latter,
And you fume—and smile—while you list to the clatter
Of geese, and ducks, and guinea hens;
The calf is dead, and pigs in pens;
Till you turn in despair to the landlord's chatter,
And feel yourself going as mad as a hatter.

"And why do you go, my pretty maid?"
"Me boarder's me fortune, sir," she said.

—Edna Sheldrake.



How the Farmer in the Western States of America Utilises Wind-Power to Irrigate his Land, and to Supply his Home with Water. Western Windmills are the Queerest, most Interesting, and most Useful in the World, and are now Looked upon as Indispensable for the Proper Development of one-fourth of the Land in the United States.

By Waldon Fawcett.

Much has been written about the picturesqueness of the windmills in Holland. But unfamed by song and story, and almost wholly unknown to the world at large, are the strange, wind-propelled machines of the Western States of America.

Yet the Western windmills are infinitely quainter and more interesting than any erected since the days of Don Quixota. They are among the greatest curiosities of the Continent.

The chief use of these ingenious structures is to furnish an adequate supply of water to farms. More than one-third of the area of the States is, or was originally, arid land, and is habitable for man and beast only when subjected to the magical influence of irrigation—hence the windmills.

The windmill, in the Great Plains' region of the West, is as distinctive a sign of progress as is the railway locomotive.

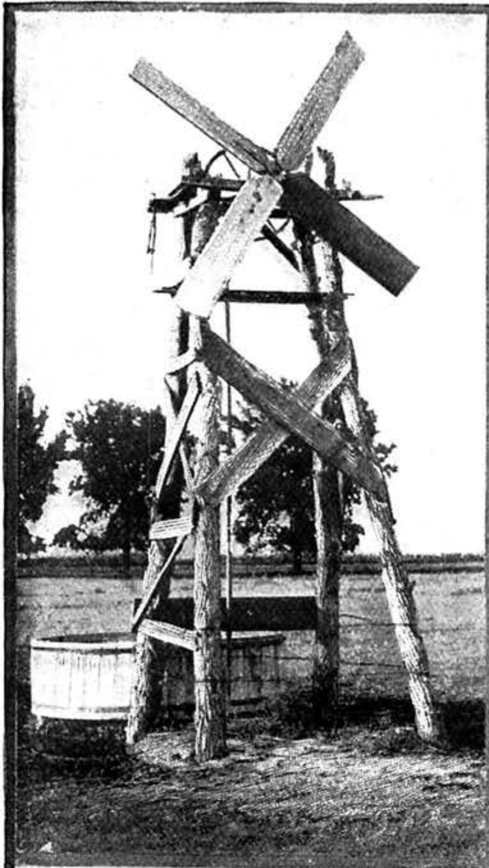
Throughout almost the entire territory between the Mississippi and the Pacific coast, the supply of water is so scanty that it is impossible to store it in reservoirs, or to make elaborate waterworks.

A small amount of water is available almost everywhere—and it is due to the successful experiments of the United States Government in utilising the ever-present force of the wind, that windmills dot this region as thickly as farmhouses.

Government experts estimate that throughout at least one-fourth of the States windmills must ever be inseparably connected with the development of the country.

The windmill was popular in this Western country as a means to raise water for domestic use long before it was used to irrigate the land. Giant windmills have enabled farmers on the plains to introduce town luxuries into their homes, hot and cold water baths, lawn sprinklers, and systems of fire protection. The windmills feed a steady stream of cold water through the milk-house to the stock trough.

Cool water is allowed to play around the milk-cans, for it has been found that it will cause a greater percentage of cream to rise to the surface than would otherwise be the case—naturally a matter of considerable importance, as the butter products of this


A Simple Turbine Windmill.

A Giant Turbine.

territory amount to many millions of pounds annually.

In many progressive towns and villages in the West, the windmill has totally displaced the town pump; and wind-propelled machinery, and large storage tanks, now supply all the water required by the public.

In order to insure sufficient pressure to throw the water above the housetops, the tanks are placed on high ground; or on high towers.

The newest use of the windmill, however, is the most important—its use in irrigation.

The home-made windmill is having an appreciable effect on population. There are many regions where good grazing may be found, and where great herds may be fed free of cost, summer and winter alike. If the cattle-men and their families are to live here, however, they must have at least a fertile acre for their own uses—this the whirling mill now makes possible.

There are almost as many different types as there are mills. Many are home-made, though manufacturers design types to meet all possible requirements. But often the farmer and his sons prefer to build their own mills in unemployed hours.

Almost any material that comes to hand will serve the purpose—odds and ends of hardware, old wire, bolts, nails, and poles—even neglected mowing machines, reapers, planters, or old buggies and waggons.

There are "go-devil" or "jumbo" mills, "merry-go-rounds," and "turbines," each class represented by innumerable types.

Jumbo windmills are like paddle watermills. The larger kinds are placed on the ground—baby jumbos are put up on high towers. The cost averages about a sovereign, and some develop as much as two-horse power.

A boy in Nebraska built a baby jumbo which pumps ten gallons of water a minute, supplying the needs of a large boarding-house.

The merry-go-round pattern mills may be made in any size, with unlimited power—may attain a diameter of twenty-four feet, and pump an eight inch stream of water. Their fans revolve about a vertical axis, and look not unlike the showman's merry-go-round.

The turbine class includes "battle-axe" and "Holland mills." The distinguishing feature of the battle-axe mill is a tower supporting a horizontal axis and crank, to which are attached arms, with fan-like blades at their extremities. A fair

sized Holland mill will grind three hundred bushels of grain in a day.

Among these Western windmills many are extremely primitive.

One ingenious farmer, for instance, bolted the axle of an old waggon, with hub and wheel intact, to the beams on the side of a barn, and nailed fans to the spokes, thus making a mill that served its purpose admirably.

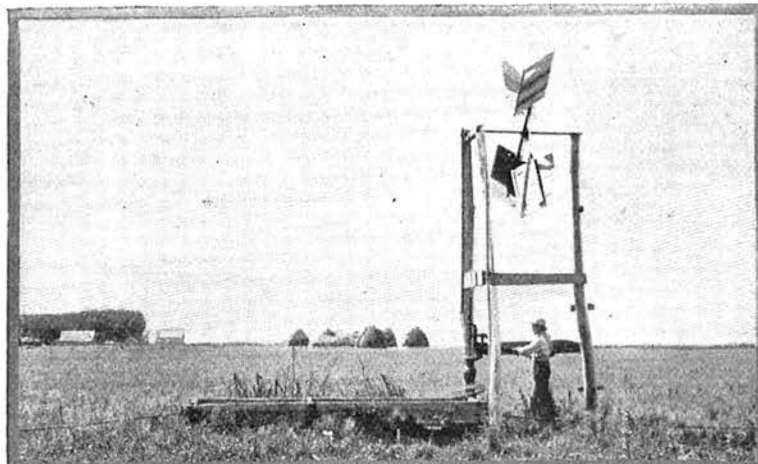
But the commonest types are those with a set turbine and many fans—they are inseparable features of every landscape out West. In any town thirty or forty may be counted; in the country twenty or thirty mills are often in view at one time.

And still the development of the windmill goes on. In some places the energy generated is transmitted long distances, from field to field, and over hills.

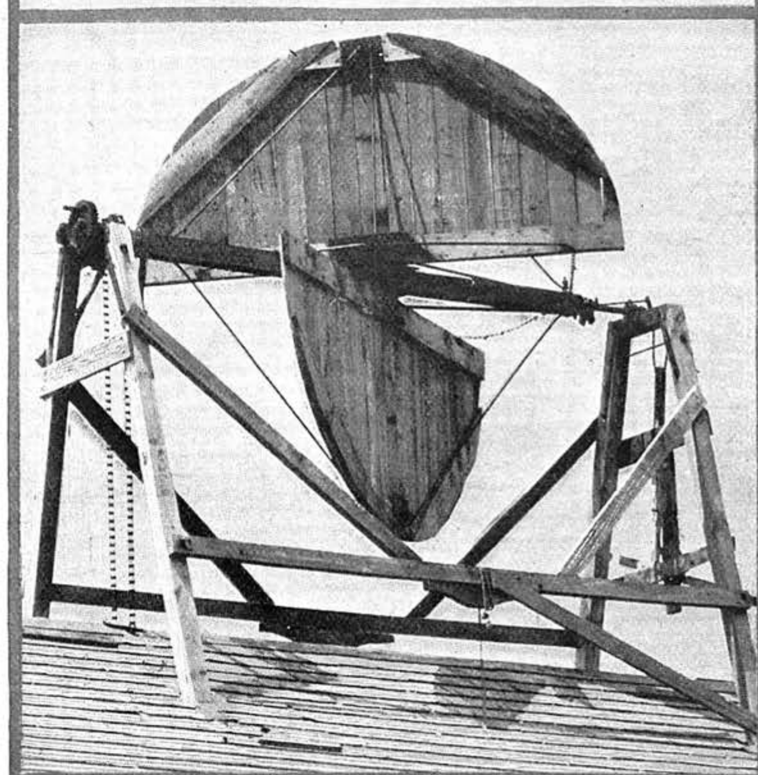
During the windy hours of the day the surplus energy of the wind is bottled —that is to say, the windmill compresses the air into stout iron cylinders, from which it may be drawn off when desired.

The windmill enthusiasts of the West are pointing to the fact that in many countries, old and advanced in the arts, the use of the windmill is unknown, water is raised by hand, grain is ground by horse-power, water-power, or hand, machinery is driven in much the same way, while the wind, with all its potential energy, is neglected.

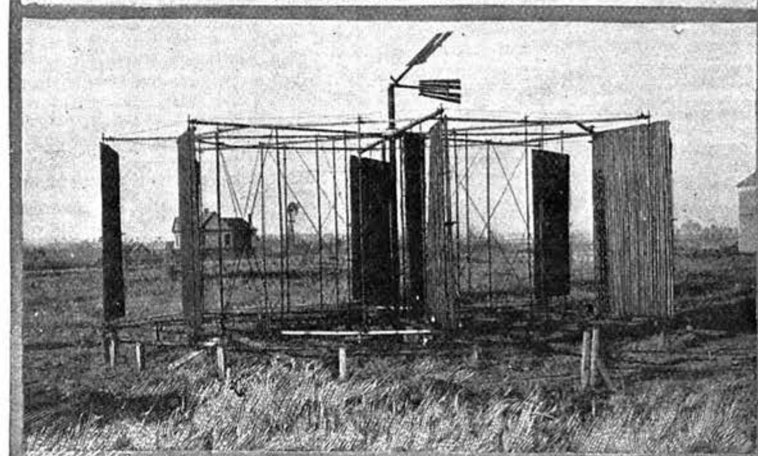
In this matter of windmills. the progressive Western States lead the world.



The Battle-axe Windmill.



A Two-Fan Windmill.



A Large Merry-go-round Mill.

EMANCIPATION OF GIRLS FROM THE PIANO.

In the Interests of Good Housekeeping.

Of all of the vague and uncertain principles that go under the name of "women's rights" there is none that I would concede sooner than the right of young women, or even of little girls, to emancipate themselves from the thralldom of pianism. In the book of punishments of many a good housekeeper there will be actually found the abused art of piano playing, the mother inflicting as a punishment the practising of scales, a sentence involving pain and suffering that registers inhuman cruelty. The little girl fears and dreads the piano-forte, and longs for the time when, having mastered its difficulties, she will not have to play upon it any more, while her older sister regards it as one of the many nuisances that she must put up with until she gets married. Not one girl in fifty loves the bondage.

There are mothers who say that they wish that their daughters would take to cultivating music for its own sake, and cannot see why this is not the case. Liberation from their serfdom will accomplish this if anything will, for the true music lovers will turn to the cultivation, and the remainder will at least spare themselves and their friends considerable annoyance.

The boy is not made to learn Greek unless he has a faculty to do so, and reason is that the girl should not be obliged to learn the piano whether she has talent or not. The enormous difficulty of modern piano-forte music constitutes in itself a valid reason why in the education of young girls it should not be obligatory as one of the elements of good housekeeping. A woman can get through life just as well without playing the piano, and that mother is noble who can say and maintain that her girl shall not be taught piano music unless it is her forte. Let it be fully understood that it is no more of a disgrace for a woman not to play the piano than it is a disgrace for her not to draw, to paint, or to model. In the second place it is inductive that if she does not mean to play some instrument it is a serious mistake for her to restrict herself to the piano as a matter of course. Aside from the too colossal organ, the piano is the only instrument which, for harmonic as well as melodic purposes, is complete in itself, and which is in reality an orchestra in little and the finest instrument in the world. It is the only instrument for which every great composer writes in common course, and it is therefore not because it is unworthy of her attention that woman should be liberated from the task-work imposed upon her in connection with it; it is because music, like every other art, demands from its votaries special gifts and inclinations which all do not and cannot possess in common. It is not to be denied that there are good reasons why all who really care for music should study the piano, but no reason why they should so study exclusively. To become a talented pianist is the work of a lifetime, even for ladies gifted with aptitude and perseverance, under skillful guidance and encouraged by a thousand circumstances as impossible to take account of, as to bring about and foresee. Still there is an amount of skill below—very much below—that of the artist, which if accompanied by feeling, taste and intelligence, may contribute largely to the agreeableness of the household. Third-class to the talented and the mediocre are those to whom the piano is a burden, but who may not lack of finding attraction in other instruments, or in drawing, painting, modelling, or some other kindred branch of art. Taking the young girl, it is well to classify her as having a talent, half talent, or no talent at all for music. If she has talent let it be improved; if it is but half a talent do not encourage or discourage it; if she does not dispose to have any liking for the piano, do not enslave her.

You may not like the word *slavery*, but what else is it? The girl who "hates the very sight" of the piano will not use any less appropriate term. But compulsion of servitude is not all. As a physician, I can bear evidence to physical harm resulting from too close application to the piano, and I question if such harm is not of more frequent occurrence than is generally estimated. Set it down as a fine fact that piano study is not unlike any other study, and remember over-tasking as a thing to dread. Both the girl who "loves," and she who "hates" the piano, are in danger of too close application, and it is well for the mother to gauge her daughter's strength to the work, and not to permit of a single nerve tiring over the keys. An hour's lesson twice or three times a week is enough to require of any girl, and even this may not be a safe average in all cases. If the daughter is to be enslaved, make her chains light; if possible, leave off the chains altogether.

But some will say a word for the accomplishment; will say that the young lady who is a finished pianist will make the more perfect housekeeper. Possibly. But if you will interview the young men you will find that there are few among them who care whether a girl can play or not, and who, while they may like or dislike music, are indifferent to its valuation. Look at it as you please, but if you look closely you will find that though a piano may be a pleasant adjuvant to good housekeeping, it is not indispensable. Rid the mind of the idea that piano music is to form as necessary a part of a young lady's education as the three R's, or French, or drawing, and abolition of the slavery will work no ill to the interests of the Higher Life of the Household.

—*Willard H. Morse, M. D.*

AN OLD NEW ENGLAND INTERIOR.

The houses in this part of the country nearly all maintain traces of their first period of architecture, and have about them a look of permanence in home comfort which is very alluring. There are wide, coolly matted hall-ways, with doors at either end, the one often leading directly to the street, and the other to some sweet, old-fashioned garden with shade trees and box walks and a tangle of all the flowers known to the days of our great-grandmothers. The staircases have slender balustrades, painted white and with polished dark wood railings. Jars of blue and white, brought from over the seas, stand in windows on the landings. Up stairs there are tall old chests of drawers with brass handles and claw feet, prim high-backed chairs, and carpets, oftentimes of homespun, whose colors have faded out to appropriate hues. The quaintly carved cabinets, curious wickerwork, and Indian draperies all tell of old sea-going days, and in the drawing-rooms corner cupboards reveal treasures which the young people of to-day are gladly bringing to light. Small old Indian ivories, amulets, and the like we saw, worth their weight in gold, heaped up in a great shining lacquered bowl, and which decorated one end of a chimney piece which of itself was fascinating. The old tiles had been there over a hundred years and told a Scriptural story in pictures crudely wrought in blue traceries upon a dull white ground. The woodwork in this room was of Indian red, the windows deep and cushioned in faded green, and the walls were hung with old portraits, a stately lady of George III.'s day smiling upon her grandson across the room, whose curling locks and carefully arranged stock and embroidered shirt front were of a period 30 years later. There was a workbox on a shelf in this room full of girlish trifles over a century old; a little book about the language of flowers was tucked in among reels of silk and linen thread; a netted purse, half finished, was in one compartment, with some old coins tied up carefully in the end, while in the largest division was a pair of pretty white gloves which the girl who wore them had embroidered.—*Harper's Magazine.*

cover the fish. Stew gently till cooked, thicken the gravy with flour and serve.

To Bake Any Kind of Fish.

Clean the fish and fill with veal stuffing, sew or skewer it up, and bake in a hot oven till the meat easily separates from the bone.

A NEST OF EGGS.

The best method of preserving eggs is to keep them in meal or bran; though some place them in wood ashes, their small ends downwards. When it is necessary to keep them for any length of time, the best way is to bury them in salt, which will keep them in any climate. It does not matter in what they are preserved. It is necessary that they should be turned every three or four weeks to keep the yolks from adhering to the shell. According to the degrees of heat or cold in any egg, one can judge of its staleness or freshness—if warm it is fresh.

Fricasseed Eggs.

Boil the eggs hard, and take out some of the yolks whole; then cut the rest in quarters, yolks and whites together. Set on some gravy, with a little shred thyme and parsley in it, and let it boil about a minute. Then put in the eggs, with a little grated nutmeg, and shake them up with a piece of butter till it is of a proper thickness. Pour into a dish and serve with fancy shaped pieces of toast.

Eggs in Surtout.

Boil half a pound of bacon cut in thin slices, and fry some bits of bread and butter; put three spoonfuls of cullis into the dish, garnish the rim with fried bread, break some eggs in the middle, cover them with rashers of bacon, and do them over a slow fire.

Egg Toast.

Four ounces of butter, four eggs well beaten, one tablespoonful of anchovy paste, one round of toast. Put four yolks of eggs and two whites with the butter, well beaten; then put them in a stewpan and stir over the fire in the same direction till well mixed. Make a round of toast, spread the anchovy paste on it, lay the egg mixture on with a fork and serve very hot.

Eggs a la Russe.

Cut five or six boiled tomatoes in small pieces and place them in a dish to form one quarter, have another quarter of cucumber, another of French beans, and the fourth of green peas or potatoes mashed. Cut some hard boiled eggs in half lengthwise and put them around the vegetables, then a lettuce cut in strips; finally put a mayonaise sauce over the whole. Delicious.

Egg Gruel for the Sick.

One ounce of sage, one pint of water, one glass of sherry, sugar and ginger, a little lemon juice or nutmeg. Stand the sago in a pint of water on the hot stove to soften for two hours. Boil for a quarter of an hour, when all the ingredients are added, keeping it well stirred; sweeten (and add the wine if wished) lastly beat up an egg very finely and to a high froth; add it to the gruel and beat well.

Aromatic Egg and Barley Wine.

A wineglass two or three times a day is a good cordial in convalescence attended with debility, but the egg must be added the last thing.

Make a quart of barley water and boil it down one-third; then add to it while it is hot a pint of sherry wine, one drachm of tincture of cinnamon and one ounce of refined sugar. *Mrs. E. L. Harman.*

THE OOOOANUT.

How the Fruit Grows and How it May be Used.

READERS of Good Housekeeping, to whom the cocoanut and its uses are so familiar, may be interested in knowing something regarding the product of this monarch of nuts. The tree, which is a species of palm, grows to the height of forty or sixty feet, which is attained in from five to eight years. It is a native of India and the South Sea Islands, but has been transported, either by the hand of man or the agency of the ocean, and is now to be met in about every tropical country of the globe. It is estimated that between three and four millions of acres are covered with cocoanut groves, numbering perhaps 250,000,000 trees, each of which, at an average, yields annually 400 cocoanuts. In our own country, the growth of this tree has been confined to the coast of southern Florida, where the warm waters of the Gulf Stream give a temperature suitable for the growth of the cocoanut, and some three or four thousand trees have already been planted there. It is estimated that a million may easily be propagated; sufficient, in fact, to furnish a large proportion of the home market when they shall have come into full bearing.

The cultivation of the tree is simple and interesting. The nuts which are to be used for seed are gathered in heaps, either with or without protection from the elements, and allowed to remain until the sprout pushes its way through the enveloping husk. They are then planted from fifteen to thirty feet apart, and in holes about three feet in depth; in this hole the nut is carefully placed and is covered at first with ten or twelve inches of soil. As the sprout grows the hole is filled until the surface is level, after which it requires no further attention in this direction. The plant has a great affinity for the salt water of the ocean, and it is said that when the root breaks through the husk, no matter in what position it may have been planted, it points directly toward the sea. If the location is at any great distance from the seashore, a quantity of salt is often placed in the hole with the seed, in order to supply, as much as may be, the absent saline element.

Two shoots are sent forth almost simultaneously, the one which makes its way to the surface to form the tree, and the root which drives itself into the ground with almost equal energy. Indeed, the hold which is obtained by the root of a cocoanut tree is something wonderful. The tree lives in the land of the tornado, yet it is claimed that no tempest was ever yet known to uproot one of the species; the trunks may be, and often are, twisted asunder, and the life of the tree summarily ended, as it never sprouts again, having once been broken; but the root, deep buried in the earth, defies the tempest.

In the land where the cocoanut palm grows, summer and winter are, of course, unknown in the sense in which we know them, and there is no particular season for the maturing of its fruit; consequently at all

The Kitchen Table.

FOOD FOR "FRUGAL FRIDAY."

Whole Cod.

Put a large quantity of water into the fish kettle, which must be of a proper size for the cod, with one-quarter of a pint of vinegar, a handful of salt, and one-half a stick of horseradish. Let these boil together for some time, and then put in the fish. When it is done enough (which will be known by feeling the fins, and the look of the fish), lay it to drain, put it on a hot fish plate, or strainer, and then in a warm dish, with the liver cut in half and laid on each side. Serve with shrimp or oyster sauce and garnish with horseradish.

Salt Cod.

Soak the salt fish in water over night, with a glass of vinegar thrown into it, which will take out some of the salt and make it as mild as fresh fish. The next day boil it, and when it is cooked separate it into flakes on the dish. Then pour egg sauce over it, or parsnips boiled and beaten fine with butter; a little cream added is nice. As it soon gets cold, send it to the table on a hot water dish.

Cod Sounds.

Boil the sounds well, but be careful that they are not done too much. Take them up and let them get cold. Then make a forcemeat of chopped oysters, crumbs of bread, a lump of butter, yolks of two eggs, nutmeg, pepper and salt, and fill the sounds with it. Skewer them in the shape of a turkey and lard them on each side. Dust them with flour and put them before the fire in a tin to roast. Baste with butter, and when cooked pour over oyster sauce, and garnish with barberries. This is a pretty side dish for a large table, or very proper in the time of Lent.

Court Bouillon, For all Kinds of Fish.

Put into a fish kettle of the proper size some water, a quart of white wine, a bit of butter, salt, pepper, some sweet herbs, some stewed onions and carrots, and boil the fish in the liquor.

Herrings.

Scale, dress and wash them, then dry them thoroughly in a cloth, rub over a little salt and vinegar. Skewer their tails in their mouths, and lay them on a fish plate. When the water boils, put them in, and about ten or twelve minutes will cook them. When taken up, let them drain properly, and then turn their heads in the middle of the dish. Serve with melted butter and chopped parsley, and garnish with scraped horseradish.

Frying Fish.

As a necessary prelude to directions for frying fish, it may not be improper to make the following general observations: To fry any kind of fish, first dry them in a cloth and then flour them. Put into the frying pan plenty of dripping or lard, and let it boil before putting in the fish. When they are properly fried, lay them on a hair or wire seine to drain.

In frying parsley, be sure to pick it very cautiously, wash it well, dip it in cold water and throw it into a pan of boiling fat.

Smelts.

Be careful to take away the gills, but leave in the roes. After having washed them, dry well in a cloth, then beat up an egg very fine, rub over them with a feather, and strew over crumbs of bread. Fry in lard over a brisk fire, and put them in only when the fat is boiling hot. When they are a nice brown color, take them out and drain the fat from them. When they are dished up, put a small basin with the bottom upwards, in the middle of the dish, which cover with a warm napkin, and lay the fish on the sides of it. Garnish with fried tails of the parsley.

Oysters.

The largest oysters should be chosen for frying. When properly cleaned and rinsed, strew over them a little grated nutmeg, a blade of mace pounded, a spoonful of flour and a little salt. Dip the oysters singly into this, and fry them in lard till they are brown. Then take them out of the pan, put them in the dish, and pour over them a little melted butter with crumbs of bread mixed.

Mullets to Boil and Fry.

TO BOIL.—These must be boiled in salt and water. When they are cooked, pour away part of the water, and put in the rest a pint of red wine, some salt and vinegar, two onions sliced, a bunch of sweet herbs, some nutmeg, beaten mace and the juice of a lemon. Boil these well together; add two or three anchovies. Then put in the fish, and when they have simmered in it for some time, put them in a dish and strain the sauce over them. Add shrimp or oyster sauce according to preference.

TO FRY.—Score the fish across the back, and dip them in melted butter. Fry them in clarified butter and, when cooked, lay them on a hot dish. Serve with melted butter or anchovy sauce.

Anchovy Sauce.

Take an anchovy, and put in half a pint of gravy, with a quarter of a pound of butter rolled in flour, and stir all together till it boils. A little lemon juice, catsup, red wine, or walnut liquor may be added, if liked.

Egg Sauce.

Boil two eggs till they are hard; first chop the whites, then the yolks, but neither of them very fine, and put them together. Then put them into one-quarter of a pound of good melted butter and stir them well together.

Sauce for all Kinds of Fish.

Take some mutton broth or veal gravy, and put it to a little of the liquor which drains from the fish. Put it in a saucepan, with an onion, an anchovy, a spoonful of catsup and a glass of white wine. Thicken with a lump of butter rolled in flour, and a spoonful of cream. Oysters, cockles or shrimps may be put in after it is taken off the fire, but it is very good without. If the cream cannot be had, instead of white wine use red.

To Melt Butter.

Keep a plated or tin saucepan for the purpose only of melting butter. Put a little water at the bottom and a dust of flour; shake them together and cut the butter in slices. As it melts, shake it one way. Let it boil up and it will be thick and smooth.

Smoked Salmon.

Smoked salmon should be wrapped in greasy writing paper to warm, placed on a hot gridiron already greased.

LENTEN RELISHES FOR LUNCHEON OR TEA.

Tried, Tested and Approved.

O the average woman "who looks well to the ways of her household," luncheon or supper—as the case may be—is the meal which presents the most perplexing features. She likes to have at least one warm dish thereat, and in the effort to secure at the same time variety and palatableness, the "three exclamation marks" are apt to show themselves between the housewife's puzzled eyes. But when the Lenten season dawns, the troubles of her who goes "by the card" are trebled and quadrupled, while eyes and ears are on the alert for suggestions which will relieve the distracted brain.

Below are given some recipes, tried, tested and approved by a family who, in the matter of abstinence from flesh meat, strictly follow the rules of Lent from Ash Wednesday to Easter morning. Let such as do likewise try these relishes, and I doubt not their experiment will be repeated.

CROQUETTES.

Shrimps.

Drain a pint of canned or bottled shrimps from all liquor, and put into a mixing bowl; mash smooth with a silver fork. Add a tablespoonful of butter, a cupful of cold, dry cooked rice or mashed Irish potato, seasoning to taste. Mix well, and form into oval cakes; dip in beaten egg, roll in bread or cracker crumbs, and lay in the frying basket, which immerse in almost boiling lard or dripping, for about three minutes. Serve very hot on a bed of parsley leaves.

Crab.

A pint of crab meat, either fresh or canned, treated as above.

Rice.

Two cupfuls of soft boiled rice, one cupful of grated English cheese, a little salt and pepper. Form into cakes, dip in beaten egg, roll in cracker crumbs; repeat. Fry in boiling lard until a delicate brown. Serve hot.

CHEESE AND EGGS.

No. 1.

Pare the rind from a pound of cheese, lay it in a pie plate, and place in a moderate oven. As soon as the cheese begins to soften, break over it, in separate places, as many eggs as there are persons, sprinkle lightly with salt and pepper, and replace in the oven until the eggs are well set. Lay each egg, with cheese below it, on a nicely browned and buttered slice of toast; place the slices on dessert plates, and put one beside each place at table.

No. 2.

Poach one egg for each person, and lay on a large plate. Grate some cheese over the eggs—as much as desired; put the plate in the oven until the cheese is melted.

No. 3.

Cut very thin a quarter of a pound of cheese and put it in a frying pan over a slow fire. Add to it half a cupful of milk, butter, a pinch each of salt and pepper. Stir until the cheese is almost melted; then add three well-beaten eggs with half a cupful of milk. Cook until set, and serve in a hot dish or on thin toast. An agate pan is much the best for cheese.

No. 4.

Put into an agate pan a lump of butter (hickory nut size), and place over a moderate fire. Beat together six eggs, with salt and pepper to taste, and pour them into the pan; add immediately half a cupful of grated cheese. Stir until well set. Serve in a hot, flat dish.

OYSTERS.

Fricasseed.

Drain a quart of oysters, and put into a pan in which a tablespoonful of butter has browned. Mix a tablespoonful of butter and the same of flour into a smooth paste, and add it to the oysters, stirring it well in; beat two eggs together with their quantity of cream; add this to the oysters, cook for a moment, and pour over toasted rounds of bread.

Escaloped.

Into a well-buttered pudding dish put a layer of rolled crackers; next a layer of oysters, with dots of butter here and there, and slight seasoning of salt and pepper; repeat, pour in a cupful of sweet milk, and bake one hour.

Omelet.

Remove the hard part from forty large oysters, chop the remainder very fine, and add to six well-beaten eggs; season and beat all together for a minute. Put into a pan one tablespoonful of butter; when it boils, skim, and add the omelet. As one side browns, with a cake turner reverse. Leave a moment longer, and serve on a bed of parsley leaves.

Crimps.

Butter some little crimped pans, and line with Irish potato. On this foundation lay six nice-sized oysters, sprinkle with pepper, and pour over them a teaspoonful of melted butter. Cover with bread crumbs, or a thin layer of potato. Brown in the oven and serve hot.

Rolls.

Make a rich pastry and roll very thin, cut into strips three inches wide and five inches long. Place in each about six oysters, with a little butter. Roll, pinch the edges together, and bake in a hot oven until brought to a delicate brown.

In this and the two preceding recipes shrimps or crabs can be used to equal advantage.

Deviled Shrimps.

Drain a pint of shrimps and chop them exceedingly fine; add the crumbs of three thin slices of fresh bread, a heaping tablespoonful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of Worcestershire sauce, two beaten eggs, one quarter teaspoonful of black pepper; mash all together and press into pattypans. Strew with bread crumbs, and bake until light brown.

—Claudia Tharin.

times blossoms, green nuts and the ripened fruit, may be found growing together in a happy and interesting combination. To develop and ripen the large number of nuts, borne by a prolific tree, a great quantity of water is required, in fact, the palm itself has almost the power of an automatic pump. Through the center of the trunk runs a soft, fibrous heart or pith, which would seem to combine with the energy of the pump, the characteristics of the most perfect filterer. No matter where the tree may grow, whether upon the beach or in malarial swamps among stagnant water pools, the cocoanut is filled with a sparkling liquid, as clear as crystal and almost as cold as ice.

The process of growth of the fruit is peculiar. At the base of the long, ragged leaves appears a green sheath, growing at first erect, but afterward bending downward until its contents are matured, when it bursts, revealing a cluster of ragged stems, upon which the miniature cocoanuts are already formed, and in something more than a year they will have become mature, ready to be gathered and marketed.

Some methods of use of this valuable fruit may here be given for assistance to the young housekeeper:

Soup.

Grate the meat of a cocoanut very fine, and put it in a stewpan, with a quart of milk and such flavoring as may be preferred. After it has simmered for twenty-five or thirty minutes (it must never be allowed to boil), strain it and thicken with a batter made from the beaten yolks of two eggs, part of a cupful of milk, and sufficient ground rice to give the proper consistency. It should then be again allowed to simmer, salt and pepper being added to taste, after which it is ready to serve.

Pie.

To a quart of milk, add eight ounces of grated cocoanut, three eggs thoroughly beaten, half a cupful of sugar and butter the size of a large egg. Mix and bake as for a custard pie.

Sauce for Above.

To a pint of boiling milk add the beaten yolks of three eggs, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and flavoring extract to taste—vanilla is best.

Baked Pudding.

Boil a quart of milk, and pour it upon the grated pulp of a cocoanut, to which the milk of the nut has been added. Then add five beaten eggs, a cupful of sugar and half the amount of butter, with such flavoring as may be preferred. It is baked in a deep earthen dish, either with or without an under crust.

Patties.

Twelve ounces of sugar, eight of grated cocoanut, six of butter, the sugar and butter being beaten together and the cocoanut gently stirred in, adding then the beaten whites of five eggs, with flavor to suit. Bake in patty pans, and sprinkle with granulated sugar when taken from the oven.

Sweet Drops.

To each cupful of grated cocoanut add a tablespoonful of sugar and the white of an egg, beating the whole well together, and flavoring to taste. It should be baked for a few minutes only, till the outer portion is slightly colored.

Candy.

To the milk of a good sized cocoanut add half a pound of granulated sugar and a gill of water, boiling it till it forms a soft ball when dropped in cold water. Then stir in half a pound of grated cocoanut, and stir till the whole becomes white, when it should be turned out to cool, and may be cut into any form; if stirred too long it will crumble, the remedy for which is to add a little water and boil again.

Cake.

Several hours before using, grate a large cocoanut, which is to stand meantime in an earthen bowl. Beat well together a cupful of white sugar and eight ounces of butter, to which add the yolks of six eggs. Beat the whites of the eggs to a froth, and add them, with twelve ounces of flour, gradually to the mixture, adding the cocoanut last. Bake in an oven of moderate heat.

Frosting.

Having frosted a cake in the ordinary way, with white of eggs and pulverized sugar, sprinkle the surface immediately with as much grated cocoanut as will adhere.

Cookies.

To a cupful of grated cocoanut add one of sugar, half a cupful of butter, one egg, flour to make a thick batter, and half a teaspoonful of soda. Stir well together, drop on greased papers in a baking dish, and bake in an oven of moderate heat.

Drop Cakes.

Having grated two cocoanuts of ordinary size, add to the pulp an equal amount of sugar, three eggs, half a cupful of ground rice, and beat all well together. Bake as for the cookies.

Pudding.

To a pint of boiling milk add four tablespoonfuls of cornstarch which has been dissolved in a little cold water, the beaten whites of four eggs, half of a grated cocoanut, half a cupful of sugar and flavoring to suit the taste. Turn into moulds to cool.

—*Newton Norton.*

MARSHMALLOW DROPS.

This is a confection greatly relished by many, healthful and unobjectionable. It can be made quite conveniently at home; if the best of materials are used and care is exercised, the product will be fully equal to any that the market affords, and it can be made at any time and in any quantity to suit the occasion. Few people have an idea of the ingredients used or the manner of their use, but here is the whole secret: A half-pound of gum arabic is to be dissolved in a pint of water; strain the solution, to remove any specks or organic matter contained in the gum, then add one-half pound of white sugar, place the whole over a moderate fire and stir continually, until the sugar is dissolved and a honey-like consistency is reached; then add little by little, the whites of four eggs, thoroughly beaten, and stir the mixture till it becomes thin and will no longer adhere to the finger. The marshmallow factor is added by flavoring with as much tincture of marshmallow as may be desired. The compound is then poured into a tin or earthen vessel, which has been lightly covered with powdered starch; when cool, it is cut into squares, which are also dusted with the starch, and the process is completed.

—*Melinda Moss.*

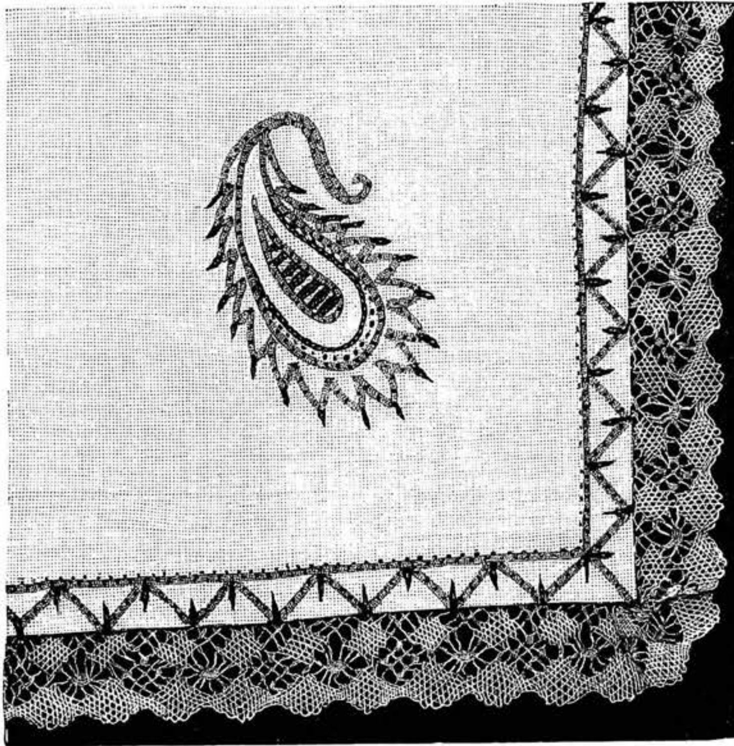


FIG. I.

SOUTACHE is the French word for a narrow braid made either in silk, wool, or cotton; but it is of the latter kind that we shall write now, as it is very much brought into notice at the present day.

The uses of soutache embroidery are very many. Articles for household purposes are easily decorated with it, and the work has the advantage of not returning from the wash-tub spoiled when it has occasion to go there, provided of course that common care is exercised in the process of washing, etc. This care should comprise using soap with no soda or anything of the kind in it, pressing the water from the work and not wringing it, and ironing carefully with a hot iron. Of course all work done in the white soutache can be treated with less care; but though the D.M.C. soutaches—these are the best—are nearly all supposed to wash, it is well to see that common precautions are taken with those that are coloured.

The soutache can be had in white and a great many different colours and in several widths.

Tea and side-board cloths, chair backs, over-towels, night-dress and other tidies, the ornamentation of holland and any self-coloured washing dresses, etc., all lend themselves to this embroidery.

If you like it you can simply braid your design with the soutache and not add any stitches of any kind. But this is very old-fashioned, and the newest way of using soutache in France is to mix it with fancy stitches.

For your designs you can use a great many of Briggs's braiding patterns and some others as well. In Fig. 1 you will see the corner of a tea-cloth which is ornamented with yellow soutache sewn on with black embroidery cotton. The D.M.C. black cotton washes perfectly and thus may be used safely. Nos. 16 or 18 are good numbers.

The palm is almost entirely outlined with the soutache, which is sewn down by small stitches called *point-sablé*. The bars across the middle of the palm are simply three long stitches taken across and the thick black line is chain-stitch, which every one knows how to

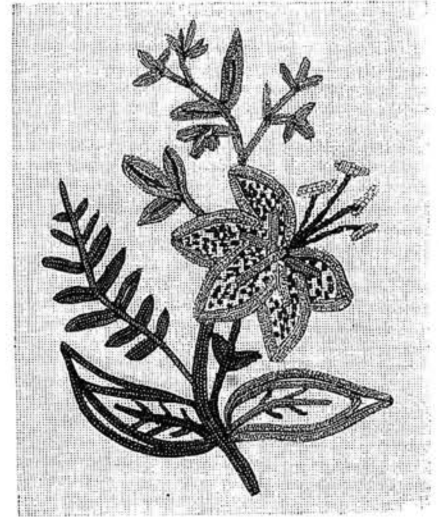
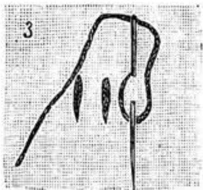
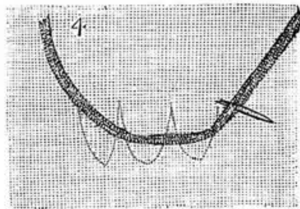
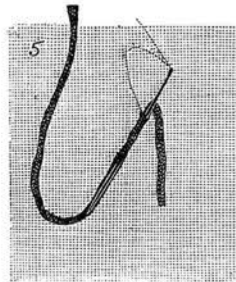
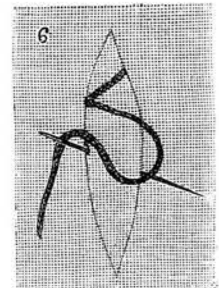


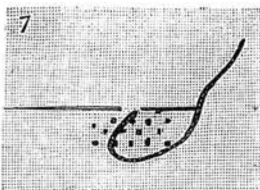
FIG. 2.

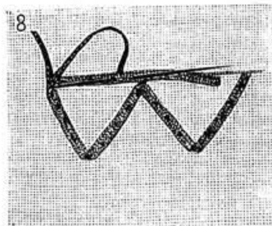


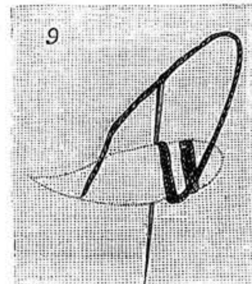


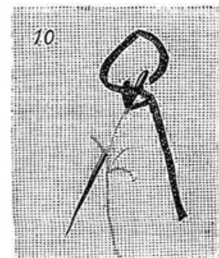












do. The border of the cloth has points of the soutache sewn down in the same manner, and having at the inner side *of* each point a loop-stitch in black. A line of soutaches above the points and then a row of *point-sablé* on the linen itself, each stitch coming between the row of those on the soutache.

The edge of the cloth is turned in and an ordinary *torchou* lace sewn along the edge. The linen is of an ordinary and cheap quality, and for many purposes we prefer the unbleached to the dead white. If you are going to use very bright colours the latter makes rather a hard foundation, and the whitey-brown colour of the unbleached is much softer and prettier.

A bed-spread could be very easily made in sections with palms of two colours, say blue and pale pink or any other combination you fancied. The object of doing a large piece of work in sections is, that it is not nearly so cumbersome, and a part is easily carried about. When finished all the parts can be joined with a pink satin stitching over the join or else herring-bone. Some people put lace in between and then edge the whole bed-spread with lace.

Fig. 2. is a flower which would, when worked, come in usefully for very many purposes.

The flower itself is done in yellow soutache, not sewn down with black but simply run on. The D.M.C. *soie de coton* can be had in all colours to match the soutache, and this can be so used that no stitches are visible. This *soie de coton* is very fine indeed, very strong, and washes well. In turning corners fold the braid over after making a fine stitch or two to secure it. The inside of the petals of the flower are done in *point sablé* in green flax thread, which also form the stems of the anthers. The tips of the anthers, as you will see, are formed of one stitch alone made actually in the soutache. This is done by threading the latter into a chenille needle which has a large oval eye and a sharp point. The small sprays of the upper leaves are done in this way with green soutache of a narrower width than the yellow.

The lower leaves are done in two shades of the green soutache, the main stem being of the darker. The veins from the inner line of the leaves are done in flax thread, just one stitch and that is all.

Fig. 3 shows how loop-stitch is made. Just one long stitch as if you were going to work chain stitch, and fastening it down instead of returning the needle to the same hole.

In Fig. 4 you see how the soutache is threaded into the chenille needle. You should always begin and end your braiding thus, as it is much the tidiest way. When you begin or end it draw the needle through the material, then unthread it and fasten down the soutache.

In Fig. 5 you see how the soutache is sewn down with *soie de coton*.

In Fig. 6 you see how long stitches are made.

In Fig. 7 is *point sablé*. At first this seems only like a back stitch, and so it is, but it is taken at a very tiny angle so that the stitch is round and not flat. Always place the second row of stitches between the first, and so on.

Fig. 8 shows how the *point sablé* is used when it fastens down the soutache itself.

Fig. 9 has the needle left in where the bars are across and not in a point as in Fig. 6, which by the way is intended to be outlined with soutache.

Fig. 10 is very narrow soutache, which is worked in and out with the chenille needle itself.

You can get a narrower soutache than this, not much thicker than a medium embroidery cotton, and very pretty designs can be worked in it.

WAX FLOWERS. No. 3.

BY MRS. E. S. L. THOMPSON.

THE CALLA LILY.

Materials.—One package each white and green calla lily wax, one prepared calla lily centre (to be had at any first-class art-store), large, glass-headed cutting-pin, plaster-paris leaf-mould, green stem-wire, one bottle chrome-green, dry paint. Cut of the white wax two pieces the size and shape of Fig. 1, enlarged until your pattern,

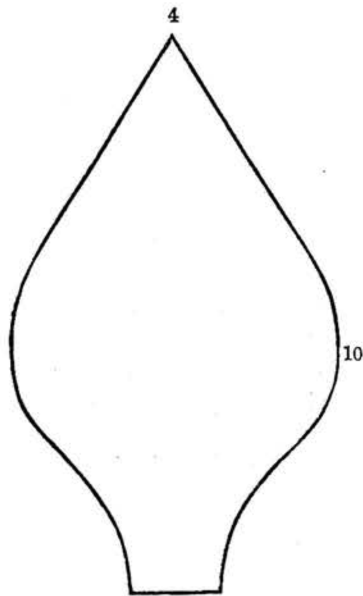


Fig. 1.

which you can make of stiff cardboard, is 5 inches long, from top to bottom, and $5\frac{1}{2}$ wide at the part marked by Fig. 10. First, roll this piece so as to curve it outward a little on the edges. At the point marked Fig. 4, tint with a little of the green paint. Now put the white piece on the prepared stem, allowing the point designated by Fig. 8 to wrap around the stem at the bottom of the yellow part. You can make your own centre, if you desire, by using a whole sheet of light yellow wax, doubled around heavy wire, until it is the shape of a calla lily centre. Then mix light yellow paint in a teaspoonful of corn meal, dip the centre in mucilage, and then roll it in the prepared meal. This will be just as nice as the centre you buy, but of course requires nicety in preparation. The plaster leaf-mould will require five cents worth best plaster-paris, a calla lily leaf, knife, spoon, cup of water and deep dish to mix plaster in. Dip the leaf in water and shake off the drops, then lay it (wrong side up) on a perfectly smooth, pine board. Mix up your paris quickly, stirring well with the spoon. Have it tolerably thick, pour over the leaf, and smooth a little with the knife dipped in water. Allow this to stand fifteen minutes or more, then raise the mould with a knife, and remove the leaf. Now, with a sharp pen-knife carefully trim off to the edge formed by the exact shape of the leaf. Let the mould harden for half a day, then varnish with gum shellac, dissolved in alcohol. When this is dry, and you wish to mould your leaves, dip the mould in water, and mould according to the directions given for rose and fuchsia leaf-moulds.

LEMURS.

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

Amongst the many curious animals I have kept and studied there had never, so far, been a specimen of the monkey tribe. I always feared I could not meet their requirements in the way of food and temperature, and that a proper place for such creatures did not exist at the Grove.

However, the offer of a pair of lemurs tempted me into many consultations and much searching amongst the books in the library, in order to find out all that could be learned about the nature of these animals, and I found myself speculating as to whether it would be possible to make them happy.

Lemurs are inhabitants of the island of Madagascar, where they live in the woods, feeding on fruits. All accounts agree in describing them as quiet gentle creatures, very agile in their movements and nocturnal in their habits.

The word *lemur* was employed by the ancients to describe the unbodied spirits of men, whether beneficent or malignant; the festivals called lemuria were appointed for the appeasing and "laying" of ghosts. The animals received their name from their almost noiseless movements; they would, I suppose, look very ghastly and uncanny as they flitted about on the tree-branches at night.

The more I read about them the more it appeared to me that I must not lightly pass by such an opportunity of obtaining rare subjects for naturalistic study.

So the lemurs were accepted, and I sent a man to the other side of London to bring them, cage and all, with great care to their new home.

Until I knew their size and something about their requirements I could not very well prepare a place for them, and I reckoned on their living in the cage that they came in at least for a few days after their arrival. What, then, was my dismay when the lemurs arrived to find that they were packed in a small hamper, and that no cage had come with them, as it had been found too large to be conveyed by any cab or other sort of carriage.

Plainly the poor animals could not stay in the hamper, and I had nothing large enough to hold them. They were so timid that I was afraid to let them loose in the conservatory; they might have sprung up to the roof and remained there, where it would be cold, and as I had been very specially warned to guard them against draughts, I was puzzled indeed to know what to do with them. At last a large circular linen-basket was found, which made a temporary home until we could think of some better place in which to keep them.

When the hamper was opened the poor frightened creatures were seen, locked in each other's arms, gazing at us with round glassy eyes. It was some days before we could really see what beautiful animals they were, since their timidity was so great that, though they would eat bananas out of my hand gently enough, nothing would induce them to come out of their hiding-place and be friendly.

As soon as possible a bay at one end of the conservatory was wired in, some tree-branches were fixed for the lemurs to climb upon, and a large plant-case, with glass sides and top and soft hay within, made a cosy retreat when they wished for complete retirement.

It was very enjoyable to let the new pets into their pleasant home. They instantly and fully approved of it, climbing at once up to the highest branch, and gazing down at us with a far happier expression in their great eyes than they had hitherto shown. And now for the first time we could appreciate the beauty of their silky-white fur and wonderful tails.

I found out that these were specimens of the ruffed lemur, the most beautiful of the ten species found in Madagascar. I will try and describe them, though it will not be easy to give a very clear idea of creatures which vary so much in aspect according to the position they adopt.

Sitting on their glass-house, side by side, with their long furry tails coiled around them they looked like two huge Persian cats, but standing or climbing they showed themselves as true monkeys, but far exceeding the ordinary monkey in gracefulness.

Round the head was a full ruff of long white hairs setting off the gentle fox-like face, which was mostly black, as were the small well-shaped hands and feet. Lemurs have four fingers and a thumb on the hands, and the great toe and four smaller ones, as well as the fingers have perfect nails, which makes them look very human.

The thick silky fur was white with large patches of black, and the tail, three-quarters of a yard in length, was precisely like a lady's black fur boa, and was used much in the same way, either laid gracefully across the back, or over the feet, wherever warmth was required.

When food was offered to them they had a curious way of obtaining it when not quite within their reach. The little black hand was stretched out and took a firm but very gentle grasp of my fingers, drawing them nearer until the coveted fruit could be reached, and even if the banana could have been taken direct, they preferred to hold my hand, and did it so prettily I was tempted always to make them reach out for it.

Considering the ghost-like character associated with these animals we thought that "Spectre" and "Phantom" would be appropriate names; they do not however respond to any endearing epithets, and only manifest emotion when a banana is offered for their acceptance.

I fancy they are somewhat unintelligent; they differ greatly from the ordinary type of monkey, in that they sit still by the hour together, and have no idea of mischief or of helping themselves in any way; for instance, a monkey, if feeling cold, will accept a shawl and wrap it round him, finding the comfort of it; but these creatures would sit and shiver, and die of cold before the idea of covering themselves would enter their dull brains.

They are masters of the art of expressing surprise and contempt. If something is offered to them that they do not like, they bridle up and turn away their heads as much as to say, "Dear me, no! nothing earthly would induce me to take a thing like that, remove it at once!"

My greatest surprise in connection with the lemurs took place about two months after their arrival. I had carried Mungo* to see them, and carefully holding him by his string I allowed him to stand and gaze at them through the wires.

He had often done this before, and beyond a few angry snorts and their usual grunting sounds they had taken no notice, but on this occasion they both at the same moment set up the most terrific roar that I ever heard. I do not exaggerate when I declare that it really seemed as loud as the roar of a lion at the Zoo. I was close to them, and it was so utterly unexpected I don't think I was ever quite so astonished in all my life. The sound was truly awful, and it lasted for half a minute or more, till I felt completely stunned, and was glad enough to retreat to a quiet room where my nerves could recover from the shock.

I think the Madagascar woods where these animals dwell must be most gruesome places at night, with these black and white creatures flitting about in the branches, abruptly uttering their terrific roars at intervals.

A family quarrel among lemurs must be a thing to remember. Besides this they also give a loud groan now and then, which irresistibly reminds one of Punch's "moaning gipsy in the back-garden." Such a groan must sound additionally weird at night in the dark woods.

When I gave my friends an account of the scare I had had, one of them returned with me to the conservatory to be favoured with a special performance of "Ghosts." Mungo was brought in once more, and up rose the awful sound, with such effect that my friend turned and fled, even though she had been forewarned. Fear is quite irresistibly awakened by the strange quality of the sound given forth by these animals. Having very slight means of defending themselves, I imagine this roaring power has been bestowed upon them to enable them to scare their foes, and drive away through fear such enemies as their soft hands could never overcome in fair fight.

After keeping these lemurs about a year, I found that by no amount of kindness or coaxing could I get them to be really friendly, and I feared they were not over happy without companions of their own kind. They were doubtless caught too old to be tamed. It was therefore deemed best to present them to the Zoo, where under the kind and skilful treatment they receive, they are, I believe, in splendid health and spirits.

Visitors to the monkey-house can identify them from the description I have here given, and cannot fail to admire the agile movements and furry beauty of my quondam pets.

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* My pet mongoose.

KEEPING HOUSE IN ARIZONA.

LIVING OUT OF TIN CANS.

AS we read of the cooking schools that have spread like a network over the country during the last six years or more, we wonder why some large-hearted philanthropist does not found a camp cookery institute in the far West, to teach us errant children of the East how to live out of tin cans. But this is not all we need to know to properly adapt ourselves to tent life. We ought to learn how to dine elegantly from tin plate, quaff our nectar from tin cups, eat salad with tin forks and serve our dainty desserts in tin pail covers, before we can lay claim to being accomplished campers.

Tin in one shape or another is the *sine qua non* of camp existence. We use it for every conceivable purpose, useful and ornamental. In fact we call our homes tinneries, so strongly do our tent furnishings, dainty chinaware, French mirrors and Hall plate partake of the same nature.

The difficulties of camp cookery, at first obscured by the novelty of out-door life and the abnormal appetite generated by it, quickly become apparent when camping lasts the year round. Cut off from all but a most meagre assortment of provisions the day of good cooking seems far away unless we can find some professional *chef* to vary our bill of fare, by teaching us to evolve something out of nothing. Then there are so many questions of detail, we would ask of our *chef* if we might. We want to know how to bake in a spider and broil in a stiff breeze and not catch fire, how to build a camp-fire that is not seven times hotter than it is wont to be heated, and to make good sour-dough bread, and every-day desserts with only *desert* as a basis.

The difficulty here as always among surveyors who are continually moving, is not so much in getting provisions, though that is no easy task, but in keeping one's self and provisions in readiness to move, for which a minimum of food and utensils is most desirable. Tinned goods are least injured by freighting and easiest to move, therefore the dictates, of common sense naturally lead us to live upon canned goods as largely as possible and cook in the empty cans.

One learns to substitute very rapidly in the line of cooking apparatus when once convinced of the great bother of packing anything bulky about from place to place. I remember when preparing to come West to live, of making a careful memorandum of articles absolutely necessary for camp cookery. I abridged Mrs. Lincoln's list of kitchen utensils fully two-thirds and thought I had done nobly, but once here I consider myself amply supplied with a can-opener, coffee-pot, broiler, steamer, spider, grater, rolling-pin and chopping-knife.

A Chinaman, with his native ingenuity, made me my steamer. He took a five-pound lard pail, cut slits through the bottom with a hatchet, turned down the top of the pail so that the steamer could not slip back into the kettle—a ten-pound lard pail—and the steamer was made. There is no fault whatever to be found with its working. After seeing the steamer made, I was able to manufacture the grater myself, by punching holes with an awl through a piece of tin. The broiler is of Mexican design, a fit survival for camp use. It is made of two-inch hoop iron, bent back and forth like a wire-toaster; this when placed upon the coals edgewise, lifts the meat just far enough above them, to broil it nicely. As to my rolling-pin it might be better not to speak. I was brought up in an earnest temperance family where the sight of a whisky bottle would create intense consternation—still I know of nothing half as good for a rolling-pin, smooth and easy to clean and always to be found in profusion strewn every-where.

As to provisions my bearings are taken most carefully, since I am a surveyor's wife. I keep continuous memoranda of necessaries and extras. If a freighter can be found who can bring a large order from town the "may haves" and "must haves" go in together—otherwise, as is most often the case, only the necessaries can be sent for.

Ordinary groceries come in good shape, but vegetables and fruit suffer severely from jolting over rocky roads. Even the firmest apples are so bruised and mangled by twenty miles freighting as to decay before reaching you. Perhaps the greatest inconvenience in cooking is lack of eggs. We can make one egg play the role of ten and one egg-shell do as much as five, we can make the classic flap-jacks without any eggs at all, but custard without them is very like porridge, and cake without eggs loses its identity. Fresh milk is of course unattainable, but condensed milk is preferable for coffee and all dishes requiring sugar as an ingredient, as the heat has no deleterious effect upon it. But in cooking fish, toast or in warming over meat, I know of nothing to eradicate completely the taste of sugar in the milk, although horse-radish and Worcestershire sauce may serve as partial antidotes. One mouthful of insipid, sweetened cod-fish, one is not liable to forget in a life-time.

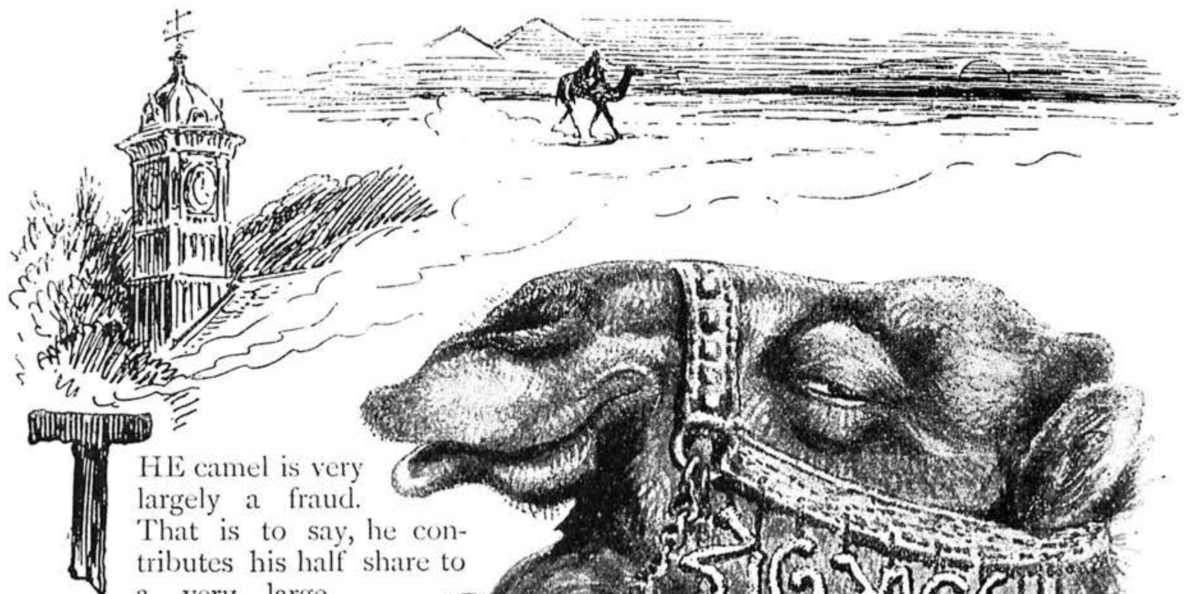
As to bread making there is so much difficulty in keeping yeast in this hot climate and so much annoyance in kneading bread out of doors, with dust and bugs flying about, the sooner dough can be mixed and baked the better. The natural result is baking-powder biscuit or "fry-pan bread" as the miners dub it. This they make of flour, lard, salt and water, stirring it up in less than half the time it would take any other civilized person; then turning it out upon a bread-board, which in this case is a piece of tent canvas laid upon a smooth stone, they pat it into shape, roll it three inches thick, the size of the spider in which they intend to bake it and set it down upon the coals. This bakes on the bottom in about five minutes when it is slipped out of the spider, propped up edgewise in front of the fire, by a pointed stick, and in five minutes more it is browned most skillfully by letting the flames blow against the top of the loaf.

There is probably nothing that we crave so much in this hot country as salad, something to substitute for the excessive meat diet, which is every-where the rule when fresh fruit and vegetables are not to be had. But the salad plants that Juliet Corson finds growing wherever she looks for them, have not materialized. I mistrust that some of the succulent cylindrical cactus might prove edible, but as no one cares to be experimented upon as to their possible innocuous or obnoxious qualities, no important discoveries have been made up to date.

Small game is abundant and delicious. Quail, rabbit and dove can be found in every locality, and venison is not difficult to get when you can find some one who will take the trouble to hunt the deer. But how about the traditional beans and bacon? They are a veritable snare and a delusion. Bacon is too hearty for 100° Fahrenheit, and beans have latent properties of indigestibleness never known to the aristocratic Boston baked bean. In nine cases out of ten the only water to be found near camp is so strongly alkaline that beans can not be made to cook, even if every device be used to soften the water and they be kept boiling from Sunday morning to Saturday night.

When beans and bacon, the old friends of the pioneer every-where but here, prove unreliable, what is then left to do but cry aloud for the camp cookery institute that will teach us how to draw milk and honey from these desert plains.

—*Helen Frances Bates.*



THE camel is very largely a fraud. That is to say, he contributes his half share to a very large fraud, and the goody-goody natural history books of childhood's days contribute the other half—perhaps rather more than half. First he is a fraud in the matter of docility—a vile fraud. We read of the kind, patient, intelligent camel, who voluntarily settles on his knees to receive his load, and afterwards carries it for any number of thousands of miles at twenty or thirty miles an hour with nothing to eat and we approve of the camel and his cheapness.

Then there is a proverb which aids the fraud—most proverbs, by-the-bye, aid a fraud of some sort—a proverb about the last straw breaking the camel's back. What a glamour of oppressed, uncomplaining patience that proverb sets about the camel! You imagine the picturesque but inconsiderate Bedouin, having piled his faithful camel with everything he possesses,

looking about for something else to crown the structure. There are all his tents, blankets, trunks, bags, rugs, hat-boxes, umbrellas, and walking-sticks, with some grocery for Mrs. B. and a wooden horse from the Bagdad Arcade for the little B's. It seems a pity, having a camel, not to load it up enough, so he looks for something else, but can see nothing. Suddenly it strikes him that he has just used a straw to drink a gin-sling, and without for an instant considering what may be the result, he pops it on the top of the rest of the baggage. The patient, loving creature has barely time to give its master one pathetically reproachful look when its back goes with a bang.

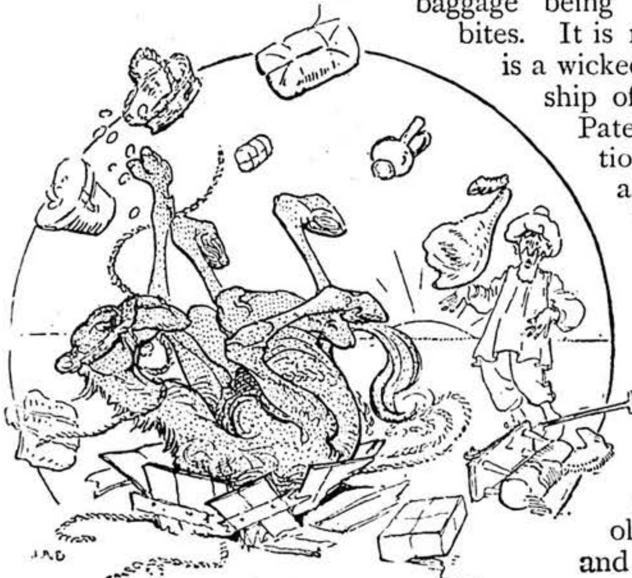
Now, this may be the way of the Bedouin, but it isn't the way of the camel. He doesn't wait for the last straw—he won't have the first if he can help it. There's no living thing in the universe that he wouldn't like to bite or kick; and when he isn't engaged in active warfare with creation in general, he is sulking and planning it.

He equally resents being loaded or fed, or banged with a pole. He wants the world for himself, and finding he can't get it, sulks savagely. He has to be shoved forcibly to his knees and tied down by the neck and fore-legs before he is loaded, and while the operation is in progress he grunts and growls like a whole menagerie, and reaches about—he *can* reach—to masticate people. When he is loaded he won't get up—but he will grunt and bite.

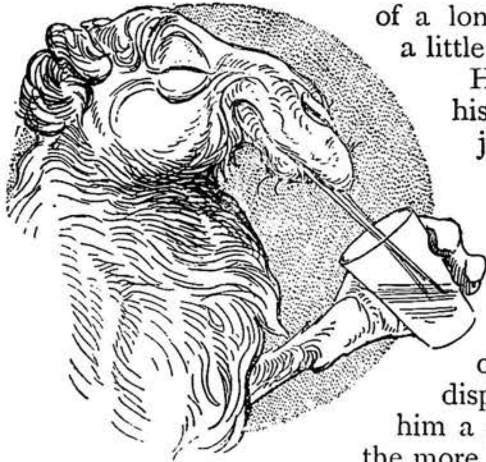
When at last he is persuaded to stand upon his legs he devotes himself to rushing about and scattering his load far and wide —and biting. The unhappy Bedouin's household furniture, hat-boxes, and wooden horse are scattered all over the Syrian Desert, and the unhappy Bedouin himself is worse off than at the beginning; and still the insatiate creature bites. The Bedouin swears—in his own way—hopes that jackals may sit upon the grave of the camel's grandfather, and so forth—and gathers his belongings together preparatory to beginning afresh.

CARTER PATERSON OF THE DESERT.

And then, after all this—and supposing that all troubles are overcome and the journey ends without mishap—that delightful camel objects to the baggage being taken off, and growls and bites. It is not mere poetic imagery, it is a wicked joke to call the camel the ship of the desert. To call it even the Carter Paterson of the desert would be to cast reflections upon the business conscientiousness of a very respectable firm. One is disposed to be the harder on the camel because of the goody-book fraud, which is a double-barrelled fraud, telling wonderful stories of the camel's speed. As a matter of fact, the ordinary pack-camel, lightly loaded, is barely up to three miles an hour.



He is a provident beast in the matter of drink. He takes a very long drink when he can get it, and saves it, neatly stowed away, against the drought. As a camel gets older and more experienced, he lays by more and more water in this way, arriving in the course

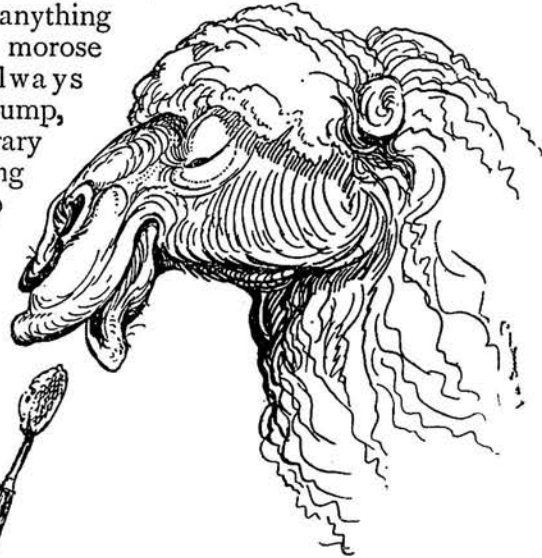


A LONG DRINK.

of a long and thirsty life at five or six quarts. If he lived a little longer he would probably add whisky.

He is also provident in the matter of food. He feeds on his hump. I see an opportunity of dragging in a joke just here about a perpetually sulky man doing the same, but I refrain. I take the occasion to renounce and disclaim all intention of saying anything about the morose camel always having the hump, or of his contrary disposition giving him a greater hump the more he has to eat. It is vulgar as well as old.

The only variation in the facial expression of the camel takes place when he eats. Ordinarily the camel wears an immutable, deceptive, stupid, good-natured grin. This is a wise provision of Nature, leading people to trust and approach him, and giving him opportunities to gnaw their faces off with suddenness and less difficulty; or guilelessly to manœuvre the victim near a wall, against which he can rub him and smash him flat.



FEEDING: MANNER THE FIRST.

SECOND.

His feeding manners are vulgar, although superior to the tiger's. When he eats he uses his immense lips first as fingers to lift the desired dainty. Then he munches in a zig-zag, using alternately his right upper teeth on his left lower, and *vice versâ*, and swinging his lips riotously. And he chucks up his nose, taking full advantage of his length of neck in swallowing.

Here at the Zoo probably the first of the camels to attract the visitors' attention is Bob the Bactrian, in his semi-detached villa under the clock.

Bob the Bactrian is a handsome old ruffian when his coat is in full bloom. He sheds twenty-four pounds of hair every year—and a pound of camel-hair is a good deal. It is frightful to think of the miles of water-colour sketches which might be perpetrated with the brushes made from twenty-four pounds of camel-hair. Self the keeper has sufficient of it by him to weave enough cloth to clothe a regiment—and with good raiment.

THIRD.

FOURTH.

I think Bob is a little vain of his fine beard and long hair. He poses about in picturesque attitudes when it is in good condition, and nothing short of a biscuit will make him disturb the curve of his neck. Bob is a military character—he came from Afghanistan—and carries out the part with great completeness.

Offer Bob a biscuit, and, as he hangs his head over the railings in slobbering expectancy, he will "mark time" regularly with all four feet. Rose, the cross-bred Bactrian, lives next door to Bob, and there is something about the pair, and about their whole environment, that makes one think of them in the characters of an area belle and a fascinating guardsman; particularly as Bob is, I believe, a sort of cousin. The railing between them helps the illusion, just as the clock-tower above them gives a tone to Bob's military bearing—being dimly suggestive of the Horse Guards.

BOB THE BACTRIAN.

Between Bob in full bloom and Bob in a state of moult, there is a world of difference. A sorry, ill-upholstered, scraggy shagbag is Bob in his periodical moult. All his beard—all his magnificent frills gone; a bare, mangy hide with a small patch here and there of inadhesive hair is all his outward show. Poor Bob feels his out-at-elbows state keenly, and lies low. He hides all day in the innermost recesses of his state apartment under the clock, and only ventures forth when the gates of the Gardens are closed, or when Rose is asleep. Sometimes the presence of a piece of biscuit on the floor of his front garden will tempt him sorely for hours, till he ventures forth after it, first looking cautiously about from his door to make sure that he is unobserved.

Neither his periodical seediness of appearance, however, nor anything else under the sun will prevent Bob demanding his meals. He keeps Self the keeper up to his work. If at any time it should occur to him that business in biscuits is becoming slack, or that another meal is due—neither a rare contingency—Bob walks to his back door and kicks with his fore-feet, like a rude boy. The keeper must come then, because Bob's foot never improves a door.

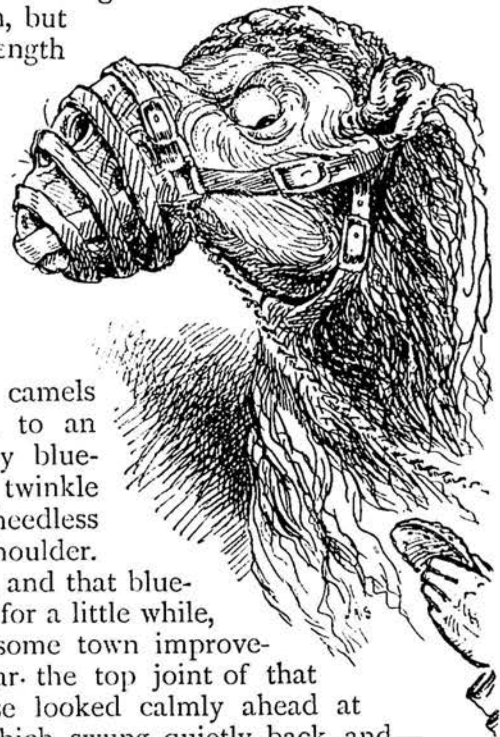
Among Bob's accoutrements a feared and detested place is held by a big leather muzzle, a thing its wearer regards with mingled feelings. He isn't altogether sorry when Self proceeds to buckle it on, because it means that a pleasant walk about the grounds is to ensue. But bitter, bitter, poor Bob's lot to walk among human hands teeming with many buns—buns shut out for ever by that thing of leather! He sees the elephants caressed and fed; Jingo and Jung Perchad amble good-humouredly about, swinging their trunks in affable freedom right and left, and collecting many a pleasant morsel; while he, the magnificent, the bearded, the

"MR. SELF IN?"

military Bob, in that vile nose-cage — but there! He turns his head the other way, and tries to look as though he hated buns. He tries not to see them, but they glisten, gloriously brown and sticky, from all sides—somehow there are always more buns about when that muzzle is on. And Bob becomes a greater misanthrope than is natural to him; which, speaking of a camel, is saying much. But what living thing in all these Gardens could spend half its waking hours in painfully assuming a contempt for buns without becoming a misanthrope?

Rose, who is cross-bred, is, in sheer spite of the hint the word carries, rather an amiable creature, and very rarely cross—for a camel. There has even been no necessity to give her a nose-ring. She is not always of an industrious appearance, having a habit of lying about in an Orientally lazy heap—so Oriental a heap that one instinctively looks for the hookah which Rose ought, in the circumstances, to be smoking.

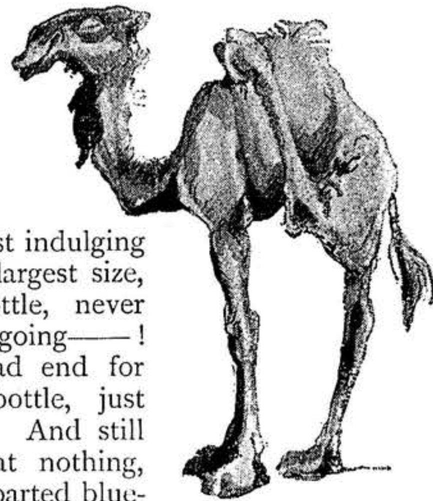
The local flies try a little annoyance now and again, but they have learned a great respect for a camel's length of reach. I remember a country bluebottle—a very raw and self-confident country bluebottle—who made a rash onslaught upon Rose without proper consideration. I knew this fly—I had met him once before, when he madly attempted to burgle a tin picnic box containing nothing.



I felt interested to observe how he would get on with Rose, knowing well that, without asking advice of any regular local bluebottle, he would assume her to be a mere scraggy town cow. This is just what he did. Rose stood, looking perfectly amiable—all camels look amiable; it is a part of their system—and, to an unaccustomed eye, quite unconscious of the country bluebottle's existence. Still, there was a certain optical twinkle which should have warned that bluebottle. But, heedless all, he rushed forward and made to settle on Rose's shoulder. With a nonchalant swing the near hind leg came up, and that bluebottle was brushed off his legs. He buzzed about for a little while, puzzled. This was quite a new motion in cow-legs—some town improvement, evidently. So he settled—at least he tried—near the top joint of that hind-leg, where the foot couldn't reach him. Rose looked calmly ahead at nothing, and moved no limb but the near fore-leg, which swung quietly back, and—that bluebottle was projected into space at the instant his feet were landing.

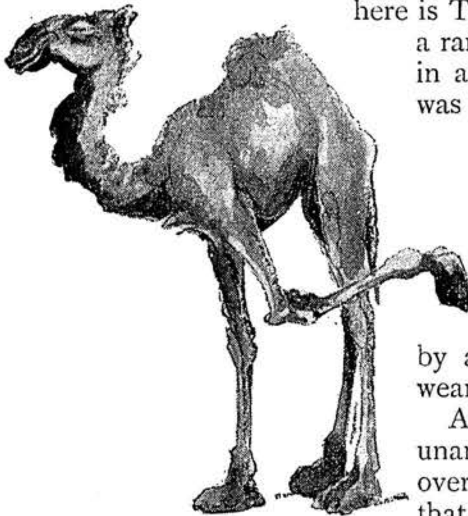
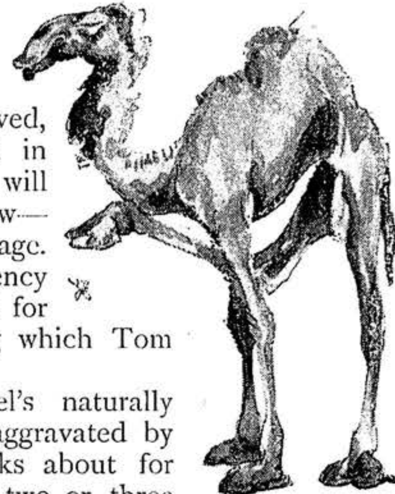
He gathered himself together, and sat on the roof of the stable to think it over. Meanwhile Rose stood at ease, without a further movement. The bluebottle considered the question strategically, and made up his mind that on the chest, just before the joints of the fore-legs, nothing could touch him. He tried it. But he only arrived on the spot simultaneously with a hind-foot, which swung neatly out between the fore-legs and drove that bluebottle into the surrounding atmosphere once more. And still Rose gazed amiably at nothing.

Losing his temper he made straight for her nose; but the nose never moved. The hind leg came up once more, however, and made the rout complete. Baffled and disgusted, the rash bluebottle flew off in a pet, over the rails dividing Rose from

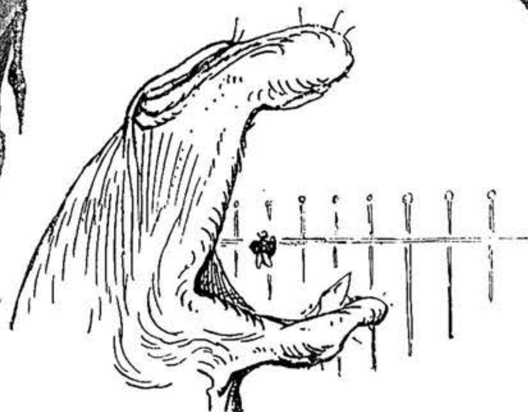
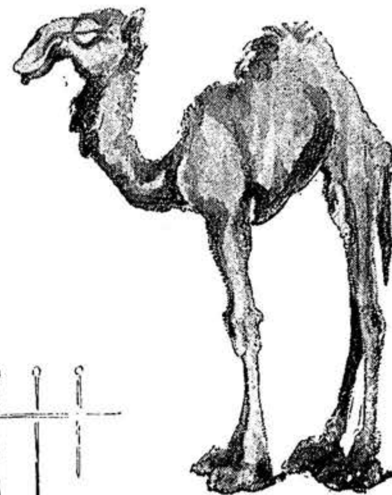


Bob. Now Bob was just indulging in a yawn of the very largest size, and that rash bluebottle, never looking where he was going——! Well, well, it was a sad end for a bright young bluebottle, just beginning to see life. And still Rose gazed amiably at nothing, standing just as that departed bluebottle first saw her.

But the aristocrat among the camels here is Tom, who is white, and a rarity. He was captured in an Egyptian fight, and was little more than half-grown when he arrived, but has increased in seven years, and will grow no larger now—nor any more savage. This latter contingency has been provided for by a neat little iron ring which Tom wears in his nose.

At the Zoo the camel's naturally unamiable temper is not aggravated by overloading; nobody looks about for that last straw after the two or three small boys have mounted. Wherefore these camels are as well behaved as camels can be. Tom doesn't playfully try to smash his keeper against the wall—at any rate, not quite

so often as he did at first—chiefly because of that piece of jewellery in his nose. That has made a very peaceable dromedary of Tom, for when he takes a walk the keeper snaps one end of a neat little piece of chain upon the ring, and keeps the other in his hand. And Tom will do anything rather than have his nose pulled.

At a time when Tom is in the seclusion of the stable—perhaps invisible—approach the rails with an air of having a biscuit about you. Promptly Tom will emerge from his lair, with a startling stride and a disconcerting reach of neck.

Make no further sign of biscuit. Then, if Self be by, you shall find that he has imparted to Tom a certain polish of manner surprising in a camel. Self will tell Tom to beg, and Tom will beg immediately; the supplication consisting in standing on three legs and throwing the right fore-foot negligently across the left knee. Thereat you probably give him a biscuit. But if you remain obdurate, or have come biscuitless,

Tom's politeness evaporates at once. He turns his back upon his visitor with a certain studied rudeness of manner—a contumelious nose-in-air tail-turning—and stalks disgustedly back to his boudoir.

Any other camel will do this, and it is natural. Why do these human creatures come to the rails unprovided with biscuits? What are they for? So the camel turns up his nose—and a camel *can* do this; watch him—and flounces away.

Now, I like Bob, and I like Rose, so far as one may like a camel; and I like Tom, so far as Tom will allow it. But that doesn't in the least reconcile me to the juvenile natural history book. You can't conscientiously look Bob or Tom in the face and call him a ship of the desert, or a ship of any kind. You might possibly manage to work up a small fit of sea-sickness if you rode a Heirie—the swiftest of the dromedaries—at his best pace; because at a pinch the Heirie can make ten miles an hour, shaking his unfortunate rider's joints loose, even enough he be swathed in many swaddlings. But neither Bob nor Tom is a Heirie. Tom is a fairly quick dromedary, but Bob, if he will pardon my saying so, is only an ordinary

slow camel; nothing more than the "hairy scary oont" sung by Mr. Kipling. In Mr. Kipling's ballad Mr. Atkins is made to call the camel many things, but never a ship of the desert. Contrariwise,

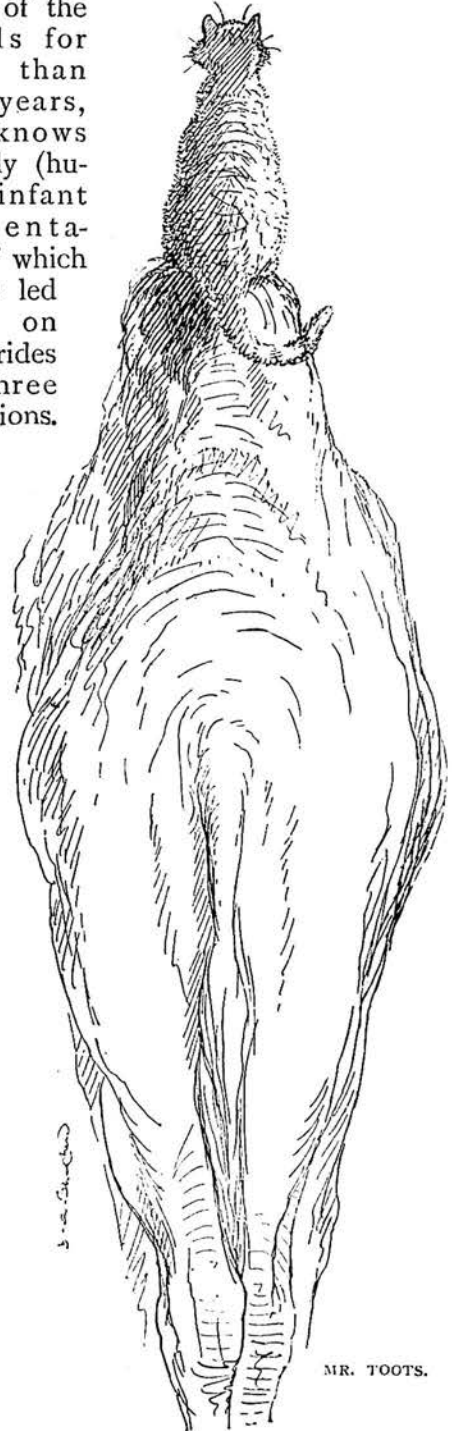
——"the commissariat cam-u-el, when all is said and done,
'E's a devil, an' a ostrich, an' a orphan child in one."

There you have the character of the camel in a dozen words.

THE CAMEL KEEPER.

Two attendants have the camels in the Zoo, Mr. Self and Mr. Toots. The former is the officially appointed keeper, with the regular badge and uniform. He has been master of the camels for more than forty years, and knows a family (human) infant representatives of which he has led round on camel-rides for three generations. What Self doesn't know about the little fads and fancies of "the hairy scary oont" there is nobody to tell him. He is a wary and observant person, is Self. When a man has been forty years watching the affably-smiling camel, and looking out to avoid being suddenly jammed to death against a wall, or having his face bitten off and his feet viciously trodden on, wary observation begins to be natural with him.

Mr. Toots occupies quite a different position in life from Mr. Self, being a cat. Mr. Toots, as fits his name, is a quiet and reserved cat. Bob and Rose are quite friendly with Mr. Toots, and will, if possible, avoid stepping on him, which is an astonishing degree of amiability in a camel; but, of course, so far as Rose is concerned, she is an unusually amiable camel. Mr. Toots is a noticeable, carroty cat, and you can't deceive either Bob or Rose with a substitute. Once Mr. Toots was unwell, and a tabby was installed, as a temporary experiment, in his place. Bob was determined to suppress all spurious imitations, and the last worldly sensation of that unhappy tabby was conveyed through the medium of Bob's fantastic toe. Therefore Mr. Toots still maintains his monopoly, and may sit among Bob's or Rose's feet with confidence. Tom, however, doesn't know him, and won't. So that Mr. Toots, with the wisely accommodating spirit of his namesake, says—"Oh, it's of no consequence, thank you—no consequence at


MR. TOOTS.

all, I'm sure," and gets away from Tom to bask in the magnificent patronage of Bob the Bactrian and the lady next door.

Cantankerous and uncertain as is the character of the camel, there is a deal of human nature about him.

When he has packed into his character all the possible devil, and ostrich, and orphan, there is still room for much human cussedness, and it is there.

You shall see it even in his very face. There is a world of expression in a camel's face, misleading often to a stranger, but with a human deceit.

The face lends itself particularly to varied and strongly marked expression. The nostrils will open and close with a great flexibility, and the lips and eyebrows are more loose and mobile still. What more machinery may the camel want for the facial expression of his ill qualities? With such a lip and nose he can sneer as never can human thing; this at the humble person who brings him no biscuit. He can guffaw coarsely —and with no sound beyond a rare grunt Furious malice is native to his face, and a self-sufficient conceit and superciliousness comes with full feeding. Even in his least expressive slumber the camel is smugly complacent, although his inborn genius cannot teach him that a piece of cardboard is not a biscuit.

COUNTRY SCENES.—MARCH.

Daffodils that come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath!

SHAKSPER

MARCH is the first month that treads upon the flowery border of Spring; it is the beginning of that sunny season which again brings back the birds to our green old English woods, and calls forth the sweet buds from their hiding-places in way-side banks and upland leas, hedge-girded lanes and broad sweeps of meadow land; where the lambs are already trampling upon the daisies, while high above the lark "at Heaven's gate sings." What a burst of music will there, ere long, be in the groves and copses! What a variety of "silver-throated singers" are already on their way to join the great Spring-band, whose melody will awaken the echoes of our flower-haunted woods! For now we may exclaim with Solomon, "The Winter is past—the rain is over and gone—the flowers appear on the earth: the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."

How cheering to hear neighbour greet neighbour, over the little garden-fence, as they exclaim, "Oh! what a lovely Spring-day this is!" To walk forth and hear the gentle murmur of the bee, and to see it settling among the few early flowers which have already opened! To notice the green leaves growing longer and broader every day! and, while the village clock is chiming six, to see the red round sun rising up above the green-shouldered hill! The very streams seem as if they had broken forth into song, and were in haste to tell every flower that is asleep upon their banks, it is time to awaken—that birds are building in the bushes they have hurried past—and the small fry chasing each other around the smooth pebbles they have murmured over.

The dry winds of March come strong and thirsty, and drink up the dregs which Winter has left in the cup. But for the brisk breezes which accompany this month, many of the seeds and roots that have remained in the earth would decay and rot; and the buds, if not hardened by the nipping blast, would blow before they had retained a firm and deep hold upon the stem. If the weather is mild, the elder, in favourable situations, will by the end of the month be covered with leaves, and wear quite a green and summer-like livery; and under the shaded hedge-row the golden celandine will be found in flower, beside that modest nun, the pale-faced primrose, the smell of which is so faint, though sweet, that it is, perhaps, the most delicate fragrance of all the flowers. Under their canopy of broad rounded leaves the violets are also discovered, betraying themselves by their own pleasant smell, which every vagrant breeze seems to delight in exposing—as if the wind had but little more to do than blow aside the old withered leaves, and carry away the healthy perfume. Although these flowers generally blow not until April, yet they may often be found at the close of a mild March month. The anemone, too, that bows its beautiful silver-grey bell to every breeze, and the leaf of which is of the most exquisite form, now carpets the woodland; and no further off from London than the wood above Dulwich, it may be found in countless thousands. Equally near to the great Metropolis of England, the wild blue-bell waves and grows; and children may be seen, about the lanes near Camberwell, returning with handfuls of these early flowers, which they have travelled no far-

ther than the end of Lordship-lane to gather—but little more than an hour's journey, for a good walker, from the busy stir of Cheapside.

Now the forests ring with the heavy blows of the woodcutter's axe, and the bark-peelers are busy at work; and from the chips, the bark, the saw-dust, and the rising sap, there comes streaming upon the air the most healthy and cheering aroma that floats over the earth. It neither resembles a bed of flowers nor a hay-field, nor can it ever be inhaled anywhere but in the woods where such healthy labour is carried on. There is something very primitive and picturesque in this forest labour—we can imagine no employment more ancient—from the time when the first early settlers, the old Cymry of Britain, landed upon our island, and called it "The Country of the Sea Cliffs," hewed down the trees, and built themselves rude huts in the gloomy old woods, which the wolf, the wild boar, the maned bison, and the antlered stag, had hitherto inhabited;—even from that remote period may the occupation of the woodman be dated. We watch him at his work, and see the giant oak, that will ere long bear the thunder of the British cannon to some foreign shore, fall prostrate with an awful crash—loud enough to startle every Dryad, that

> Haunted spring and vale, edg'd with poplar pale,
> With flower inwoven, tresses torn,
> In twilight shades of tangled thickets mourn.

Nor is it possible for a healthy man to inhale this delightful aroma, or watch these hardy foresters at their work, without feeling almost as strong a temptation as they do, to taste the contents of their baskets, and drink from the huge stone bottles which they are ever lifting up, with bare, brawny arms, to their lips; for in such scenes as these, wholesome and homely hunger is to be found.

While rambling through the woods in a fine sunny day, at this season of the year, the snake may often be seen, basking on some dry warm bank, having quitted its Winter quarters, and come out from among the dead leaves, or the roots of the tree under which it had so long slept. It will, however, generally be found in the neighbourhood of a water-course; and woe be to the mice, birds, or lizards that first fall in its way, after so long a fast! The snake is an expert swimmer, carrying its head beautifully erect, as it glides rapidly through the water, easy as an eel. The skin which it casts off may sometimes be found turned inside out, among the thorns of a furze-bush, or in the entangling brambles of the underwood. The viper, which is the only venomous reptile that is found in our English forests, is not so common as the snake; and, when met with, is always in a hurry to escape. It is a question open to much doubt, whether any one ever yet died through the bite of a viper:—if a small portion of ammonia is swallowed, and the wound rubbed over with oil, there is but little to be dreaded from the fangs of this reptile.

Amid all the pleasant out-of-door pictures which the hand of Spring produces, not one excels that of a daisied field, in which is seen the snow-white lambs at play. There is such a Spring-sound about their bleating!—it is much more plaintive and innocent than the deep baa they give utterance to in the height of Summer. How amusing to watch some little long-legged woolly fellow, that has lost his dam! How like a child he acts, that has missed its mother, running here and there, with a low plaintive cry, and not even hearing, for the noise he himself makes, the distant answer of the old sheep, who is calling to him in the best way she can to come to her! The instinct, or reason of these "silly sheep," as we are too apt to call them, is wonderful; and I cannot resist quoting an instance in proof of it, as it comes from such high authority as the "Magazine of Natural History:"—"I observed a young lamb," says the writer, "entangled among briers. It had, seemingly, struggled for liberty until it was quite exhausted. Its mother was present, endeavouring with her head and feet to disentangle it. After having attempted in vain, for a long time, to effect this purpose, she left it, and ran away baaing with all her might. We fancied there was something peculiarly doleful in her voice. Thus she proceeded across three large fields, and through four strong hedges, until she came to a flock of sheep From not having been able to follow her, I could not watch her motions when with them. However, she left them in about five minutes, accompanied by a large ram that had two powerful horns. They returned speedily to the poor lamb, and as soon as they reached it, the ram immediately set about liberating it, which he did in a few minutes, by dragging away the briers with his horns." A stronger proof of sheep possessing reason was never adduced than this: it must have been something more than mere instinct that urged the poor dam to force her way through four strong hedges. But the most wonderful of all consists in communicating her distress to the ram, and bringing him back with her. What human mother could have done more, after having endeavoured, but in vain, by her own exertions, to rescue her child from danger?

Bloomfield, after giving a beautiful picture of young lambs trying their speed with each other, down the slope and up the hillock, describes them as stopping to gather breath for a few moments, yet so eager to pursue their play, that—

> A bird, a leaf, will set them off again;
> Or if a gale with strength unusual blow,
> Scattering the wild-brier roses into snow,
> Their little limbs increasing efforts try."

There are few places in England that wear a more delightful appearance than the meadows near Nottingham at this season of the year, many acres of which are covered with the lilac crocus; and there are, I believe, but few spots in our island, where this early spring flower is found wild in such profusion. And it is a pleasant sight to see the little children "todlin" from the meadows, with their wicker baskets filled with crocuses and daisies, or to watch their actions while gathering them—how one will throw itself full-length among the flowers, and stretching out its little hands, attempt at once to grasp all that are within its reach; while another, equally happy, with its long hair blown back, sits apart, singing to itself, and strewing the lilac petals about its feet in very wantonness. In a wood, near this neighbourhood, primroses were found in flower on New Year's Day, by one of those humble poets, who goes "crooning to himsel" by rural hedgerows and greenwood sides; and the beautiful thought awakened by the discovery of these early daughters of Spring, huddled together in the lap of Winter, must be our apology for introducing the following eight lines, written on the occasion by Samuel Plumb, of Carlton:—

> Old Winter came with fierce destructive sweep,
> And shook the woods, and turned the green leaves sere,
> When, as if wearied in his wild career,
> He paused awhile, and couchant seemed to sleep:
> Forth from a southern covert, warm and deep,
> Came Spring, and looked upon his front austere,
> And lightly stept about like one in fear;
> And where she trod, the flowers began to peep.

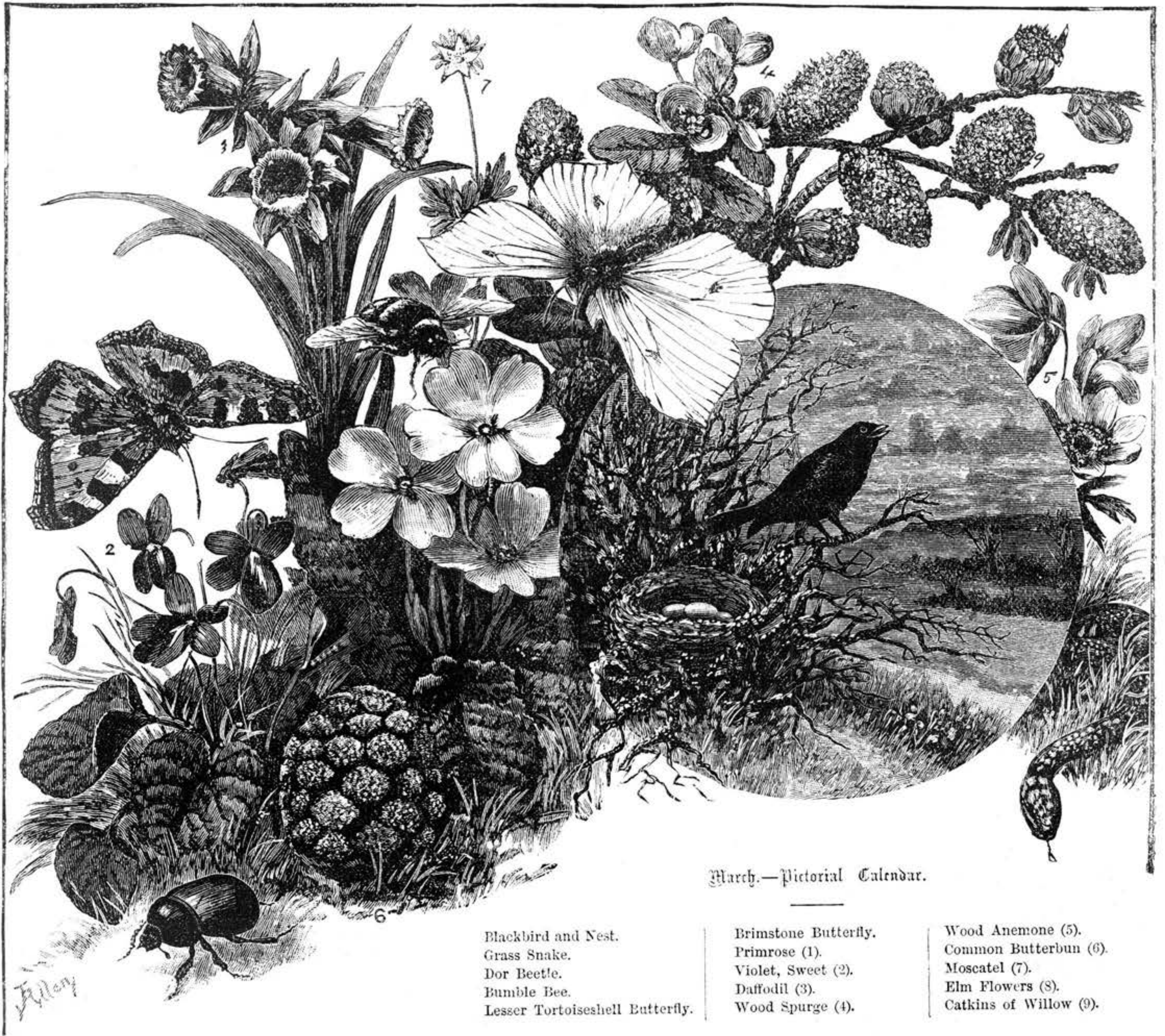
The poet concludes his beautiful sonnet, by stating that he took up the flowers and gave them to a fond and sorrowful mother, who planted them over the grave of a beloved child.

What a different appearance the lanes and highways now present to that which we pictured in January. You see the ploughboy seated sideways on the well-fed horse, the harness jingling at every step, as with the whip drooping idly over his shoulder, and his napless hat placed jauntily aside, he whistles and sings, alternately, some rustic lay, about the "Jolly Ploughboy, who wouldn't be a King." You see the little butcher-boy in his blue frock, followed by his dog, a villianous-looking mongrel; now urging on the three or four lambs he has driven from the white farm house in the valley; now pausing to peep into the hedge to see if he can discover the nest of a hedge-sparrow; anon, giving a whoop and a hallo, which is often accompanied by a heavy stone, hurled with all his might, at the flock of rooks who are busy breakfasting in the ploughed field. The carrier's grey tilted cart comes rocking slowly along between the budding hedge rows, and you see the village dame seated in front, carrying to the next town her little produce of new-laid eggs and home-made butter, and calculating to herself, how long it will be before she travels on the same road with her baskets heavily laden with the first fruits of her carefully tended garden.

The wryneck, a beautifully marked bird, may frequently be seen at the end of this month busily foraging for food, amongst the ant-hills, but starting off, the moment it perceives any one approaching, and concealing itself in the bottom of the nearest hedge or ditch until they have passed. It procures its food by thrusting its long glutinous tongue into the ant-hill, and to this the insects instantly adhere and are easily and greedily swallowed. The little willow-wren, hay-bird, or ground-wren, as it is called in different parts of England, also makes its appearance about this period. It builds a domed nest, leaving a small opening near the top by which to enter. It lays from six to seven small white eggs spotted with dusky pink at the larger end. This beautiful nest is composed of moss and dried grass, wearing outwardly a neat oval shape, while the inside is carefully lined with the softest feathers. It generally builds in the hole of a bank or at the foot of a tree or bush, often under the hollow roots, and sometimes, though we believe very rarely, its nest is found in a low bush. Chaffinches, which remain with us all the year, may now be seen in the fields where the sower has cast his seed. In sheep-walks and dry uplands the stone-curlew is busily engaged looking for insects and worms; this bird builds no nest, but lays its two light-brown coloured and blotchy eggs upon the bare ground, generally in fields that abound with stones, or grey mossy flints, which, bearing a close resemblance in colour to its young ones, are of great use in protecting them from danger.

To a lover of nature it is an agreeable study to watch the habits of birds, to note down, like Gilbert White, of Selborne, their incomings and outgoings, beginning with the date of when they first appear in Spring, and are last seen before their departure in Autumn. From the earliest ages have the migration of birds attracted the attention of man. We find the turtle, the swallow, the crane, and the stork mentioned in the Holy Bible, in the book of Jeremiah, as "observing the time of their coming," and Solomon marks the seasons by the return of the singing of birds. Some come to build and bring forth their young—they then depart until the following Spring—others visit us in the Winter, and as the fine weather approaches disappear, "each knowing their appointed time." The swift seldom stays with us longer than while its young ones are enabled to fly well—the swallow has been known to leave a late brood to perish in the nest when they have not been ready for migration, so strong has been the impulse in the parent-bird to depart. Without being beholden to man for either food or home, without any preparation, saving the momentary act of spreading out their wings, they set out, and return from their long journeys—pass over mountains and seas, cheer us by their songs and delight us by their beauty, yet ask for no return from our hands. They are at once the inhabitants of the earth, the air, and the water, having all the elements at their command, without the incumbrance of that heavy machinery which man is compelled to have recourse to. In their songs we discover the sounds which indicate sorrow and delight, love and melancholy, the low sad wailing of grief, and that happy gladness of the heart which seems ready to burst for very joyousness—for such tones can the fanciful mind gather from their varied lays—such emotions do these "little angels of the trees" awaken in susceptible hearts. For our part, we should almost as soon think of shooting at a little child as it sat singing to itself, and playing with the lapful of flowers it had gathered, as we should at a sweet song bird perched upon a spray, and filling the wide green vallies with its silver music. Listen to what an old poet, who was contemporary with rare Ben Jonson, has said of the delight he felt in listening to the lays of these little choristers. He was wandering beside a river, and fancied that the first bird he heard was chiding the ripples for the murmuring sound they made, which seemed to drown the echo of his own sweet song, when

> There seemed another in his song to tell,
> That what the fair stream said he liked well;
> And going further heard another too
> All varying still in what the others do;
> A little thence, a fourth, with little pain
> Conned all their lessons, and then sung again
> So numberless the songsters are that sing
> In the sweet groves of the too careless spring,
> That I no sooner could the hearing lose
> Of one of them, but straight another rose,
> And perching deftly on a quaking spray
> Nigh tired herself, to make her hearer stay.
> —*Browne's Britannia's Pastorals.*



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