Victorian Times

A Monthly Exploration of Victorian Life

Vol. B-1, No. 6 - June 2024

A Humorous Look at Fox-Hunting • *The Oyster-Barrow Man*
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Bird-Life in Summer • *Monograms* • *Desserts for Every Day*
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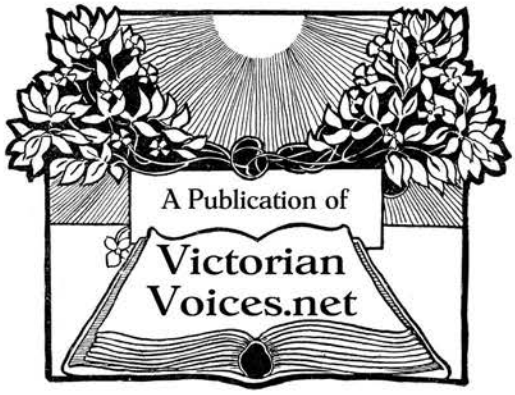
edited by Moira Allen



Print Edition Independently Published
Print Edition ISBN 9798325428319

Cover Image: “Little Gleaners,” published by Gast Art Press, NY; from an undated Victorian scrap album.

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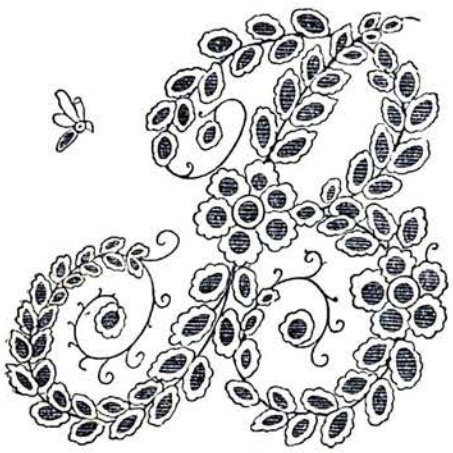

When I Was a Girl…

Victorians enjoyed reminiscing, possibly because the "Victorian era" lasted such a long time. If, in the 1880's, one could remember the beginnings of Queen Victoria's reign, one had definitely lived a long life that had encompassed amazing changes in technology, social customs and more. You'll find such a reminiscence on page 20—but here, I thought I'd take my own stab at… When I Was a Girl!

When I was a girl, there were no home computers. No computer games, no apps. My first computer was black-and-white. Computer dealers weren't quite sure what people would *do* with home computers when they became available, but suggested that we keep recipes on them! Even when we did get computers—some with 256 colors!—the Internet was still years away. If you wanted to communicate with someone far away, you wrote a letter. You waited weeks for a response.

But what about the telephone? When I was a girl, this device was tethered to the wall with a long cord that was forever tangling and tripping people up. The phone itself was heavy enough to cosh burglars with. It had a dial. (At least I don't remember switchboards, but I do remember party lines, as these were still common in rural areas.) If you left the house, nobody could reach you. When you talked to your friends, you often met them *in person*. Long-distance calls (anywhere outside your town) were horribly expensive, so you waited until late at night to make such calls; otherwise, you sent that aforementioned letter.

When I was a girl, you probably wrote that letter, and pretty much everything else, by hand. Typewriters existed, but not everyone had one. In college, the height of my high-tech aspirations was to own an IBM Selectric III, because I supported myself in part by taking in typing. If you wanted copies, you used carbon paper. You could get really awful "Xeroxes" for about 10 cents each. Schools and businesses made copies wit mimeograph or "ditto" machines (yes, that's where "ditto" comes from), which produced purple copies.

By the time I became a writer, a typewriter (yes, I had my Selectric by then) had become a necessity, because *most* publishers (not all!) were beginning to require typed rather than handwritten manuscripts. (This also meant quite a boost to my typing career, as, again, lots of folks didn't have typewriters.) When I was not such a girl any longer, I spoke at a writer's conference on the benefits of this new Internet thing—and spent the hour explaining why writers, who now at least *did* have typewriters, were going to need *computers*.

When I was a girl, if you wanted to buy something, you went to a store, or you ordered from a catalog and waited weeks for your order to arrive. The Sears catalog weighed about five pounds. So, by the way, did your phone book, which was the only way to find anything in your town. (No websites, remember?)

When I was a girl, practically nobody had a credit card. I may have been the first person in my family to get one, because a local bank began offering them to college students. Predictably, when I was a girl with my first credit card, I was a girl with a whole bunch of debt. (But I learned.)

When I was a girl, a magazine like this would have been utterly impossible. Though I discovered Victorian magazines for the first time while living for a short while in England (where you can find them in every used bookshop), I didn't really start "collecting" until I came back to America and discovered I could find them online. In a day of no computers, there would have been no scanning, no electronic archiving, and certainly no ability to create a magazine distributed both electronically and through print-on-demand!

However, when I was a girl, I *did* create my first magazine. It was about nature, and the cover was a hand-colored page from a coloring book. The articles were handwritten, and I charged 25 cents per copy. Only one copy was ever made, and I still have it. Which goes to show that while technology has changed quite a lot since I was a girl, I'm not so sure I have!

—Moira Allen, Editor
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THE MEET.
From a Drawing by RANDOLPH CALDECOTT.

FOX-HUNTING: BY A MAN IN A ROUND HAT.

WHAT can a round hat have to say about fox-hunting? asks the top-hat. Well, he has not much to say to you, Mr. Top-hat: you know all about it; but there are plenty of people in "wide-awakes"—I mean the sort of folk that wear, or would wear, soft felt wide-awakes when in the country—who don't know anything about it, and to these I address myself.

Now the sporting artists who draw for you in the illustrated papers are accustomed to represent for your benefit sportsmen only who are arrayed in tip-top hunting costume, and many of you must feel that a man in a round hat and butcher-boots is as out of place at a hunt as a man in a tweed suit at a ball. These sporting draughtsmen visit the fashionable hunting countries only, or stop at home and imagine the doings in such countries. It may be opposed to their experience; but, if you will believe me, I have seen a great man—the correspondent of an important "country gentleman's newspaper"—at a big advertised hunt attired in a round hat—and that a drab one—and a check jacket. This will strike many persons as something dreadful; but I am of opinion that it should be known, and that other secrets of the public hunting-field should be proclaimed to the ignorant and the deceived.

To begin with—keen and zealous sportsman though I am—I will admit that we must make the best of fox-hunting while we may, for there are very wise men who say that the sport is doomed. How long it will be before its knell is sounded—its "Who-whoop"—nobody can exactly tell: but if much is done in the way of small farms and peasant proprietorship the number of packs of hounds will lessen quicker than was thought probable but a year or two ago. Many signs of increasingly powerful hostility to the much-honoured sport have been forced upon our attention of late years. Riding over tender crops by ignorant or reckless people was always a grievance; but it is not now so patiently borne as was formerly the case: and lately farmers have been objecting to having their fences broken down by beasts that cannot be called hunters bestraddled by men lacking a courage which the farmers respect and wanting in the means necessary to keep up an establishment that "does good to the neighbourhood." Everybody will excuse a poor farmer for remonstrating—even if loudly—against the destruction of his crops; but his complaints about a few broken twigs do not seem to impress all of us as so reasonable. The potterers, the shufflers, and the gap-riders think him cross-grained and short of sympathy for manly sport. I fear, however, that they will have to give in to him, and either abandon the pursuit of the wily fox altogether or take to first class hunters and red coats (I am crediting all men already so furnished as not belonging to the potterers, the shufflers, and the gap-riders), for I believe the possessors of those articles will be favoured and allowed immunity for their more occasional offences longer than the wearers of butcher-boots and tweed-jackets. The round-hats may be called amateurs, for certainly they are so considered by the cold eye of the non-riding farmer and the wrink-

ling nose of the man with a stud of horses. Yet I am pretty sure that the heart of a true sportsman often beats beneath the felt tile of the youth of small means and above the single spur of the little butcher who turns out on the morrow of market-day, and most masters of foxhounds know this, and are polite and cheery to such followers. The hunting, however, is kept up by the "professional" sportsmen—they find most of the money, either, as in the case of the lordliest and the wealthiest, by keeping hounds themselves, or by subscribing largely as responsible members of a hunt. And of course the red-coats, the white leather breeches, the carnation tops of the boots, and the thorough-bred horses are the very brightness and life of the chase as a spectacle—although they do not form quite so harmonious and perfect a picture as the "many-coloured pack," which are enough in themselves to satisfy the painter's eye.

Truly it is a beautiful sight to see hounds bounding and jumping over a bit of wild land covered with brown heather and dead ferns. And this reminds me that it is better—as I have hinted—to make the best of it by revelling in the aspect and emotions of fox-hunting as it now affects us than to indulge in glooming forebodings of evil days or than to try to reconcile the social, political, and sporting sides of the question. Let us leave these things to be discussed in the *Field* and elsewhere, and let us contemplate a scene which appears on the following page, and is entitled "at the Covert side."

Two men, beautifully dressed in full and correct hunting costume, are lolling on horseback near a large covert after a check, and are chatting lazily about things in general, when sounds denoting a renewal of the chase come from the wood, and one of them exclaims in a tone of annoyance, "I do believe they've found that nasty beast again!" What is this man out for? you ask. Why do people go out hunting if not to see the hounds work and catch foxes? If the day be fine, the country pretty, the field (meaning the company) cheery, and one's horse pleasant to ride, these are reasons for turning out. But suppose the meet to be far away, the morning cold and foggy or rainy, and one's horse difficult in some of the many ways possible to the animal, then why does one go out? Because it is the only business of their lives in winter for many; because it is more like play than work to some; and, in the case of others, because a few hardships voluntarily borne are as nought compared with the exhilaration of spirits produced, the certainty of a good appetite for dinner, and the pleasing knowledge that the domestic atmosphere

SOME ROUND-HATS.
From a Drawing by RANDOLPH CALDECOTT.

AT THE COVERT SIDE.
From a Drawing by RANDOLPH CALDECOTT.

will be more buoyant than if they had stayed at home all day. Some turn out to sell their horses, and some to show their clothes ; but nobody goes out because he believes his help is wanted in destroying a thieving little beast of unpleasant odour. Yet I have heard this put forward as an argument in favour of fox-hunting. The poet Somerville sings sweetly of the farmer and his wife rewarding the huntsmen with amber-coloured ale for slaying their mortal foe (I will refrain from ornamenting these notes with a quotation of the lines referred to, although it would give much elegance and an air of high style to the page). This is a poetical way of treating the subject. The jolly farmer still brings out his ale—I wish it were oftener the good home-brewed of yore—but it is for hospitality's sake. He knows that the whole business and promenade of fox-hunting are an artificial arrangement to suit the wealthy and the idle. He is able to kill the foxes himself if he feels really aggrieved. If he lets them live it is because he is " one of the right sort," or because he has very solemn reasons for believing it to be to his interest not to be branded as a vulpecide. But I am again wandering from my duty instead of attending to the show.

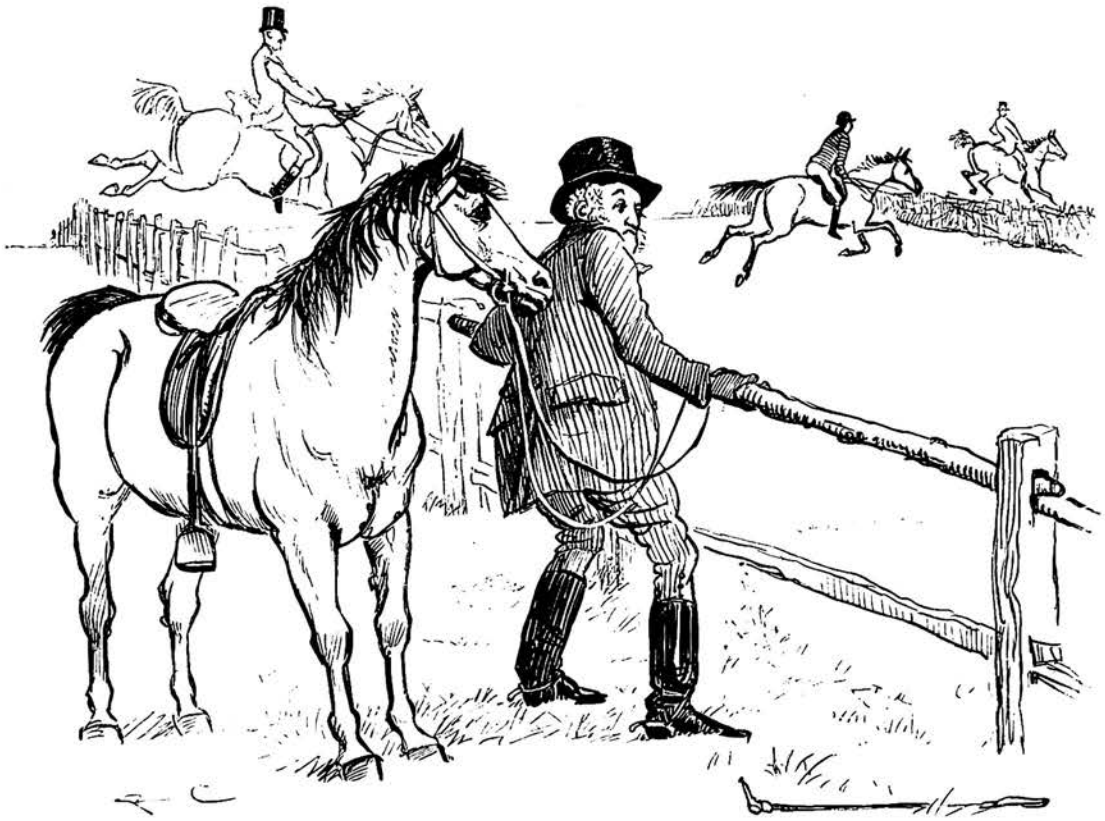
One of the prettiest and liveliest sights that can be seen out of doors in England in these degenerate days is a pack of hounds getting on to the line of their fox. How they enjoy the odour ! The illustration which I call " *Gone Away !*" represents the hounds leaving a patch of gorse and hurrying forward on a breast-high scent—the huntsman with an eye on the hounds is putting his old horse at the bank, apparently, but only apparently—regardless of the safety of his pack. Part of the field come pushing along behind. Such a picture—but a better and a living one—may be seen thirty or forty miles

GONE AWAY !
From a Drawing by RANDOLPH CALDECOTT.

ON THE SURREY COMMONS.
From a Drawing by RANDOLPH CALDECOTT.

from London, in hunting countries despised by the gay and dashing gentlemen who attend the meets of the fashionable hunts.

To the scarce, but quite possibly entitled to respect, reader, who has never been on a horse when "Gone Away! Forrard! Forrard! Forrard Away!" and such like sounds rend the air, I may mention that the situation has a rare excitement. All is movement; and if the hounds have gone away at a rattling pace it is necessary for the sportsman to push along without any hesitation or he will find that in a minute he has not only lost the get on in front!" In this event he had better "get on in front," until the nature of the fences that bound the lane allows the more adventurous of the galloping crowd to pop into the fields alongside. When waiting out in the open field at the time of breaking covert, participation in the exciting rush may be avoided by suddenly dismounting and becoming busily engaged in tightening the girths of the saddle or in vain efforts to keep the horse still enough to allow that operation to be performed. This procedure is believed by some to impose upon the on-looking



PULLING DOWN A RAIL.
From a Drawing by RANDOLPH CALDECOTT.

hounds but all the horsemen as well, except, as an Irishman might say, the two boys who have just dismounted to shove their donkey through a hedge. There are some people, however, as I have shown above, who turn up at the covert side, but who are not anxious for the fox to break covert. Besides stopping conversation it is the signal for preparing to ride, and everybody is not out to ride a run or take jumps. It may be that at such a moment a timid or prudent sportsman suddenly finds that the narrow lane which he has selected for himself is a channel down which pours the whole hunt, vociferating, "Get on, carriage folks by appearing to be a sufficient excuse for not dashing boldly at the stiffly-fenced country that stretches away so invitingly to the horizon.

The illustration called *On the Surrey Commons* exhibits a "whip" (properly called a whipper-in) and a few others getting over one of the usual low banks. They are often rotten and have ditches obscured by heather and ferns. Horses not used to these obstacles are liable to despise them and to fall over them. I have seen a horse carrying a lady send his knees well into a bank and alight on his back on the other side, and I have seen a

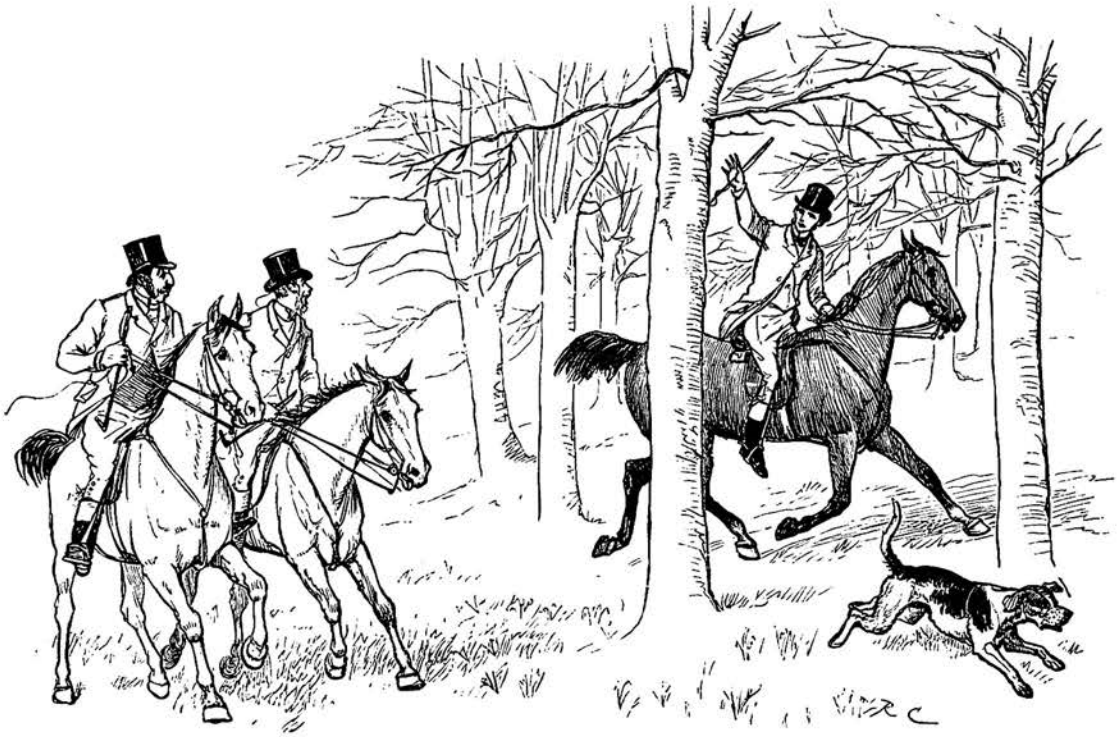
AT A GATE.
From a Drawing by RANDOLPH CALDECOTT.

whip get a severe fall at a bank scarcely higher than a dandelion. In rough countries a big first-class horse is not required, and is not so safe as a little clever one. And it is a great comfort as one grows in years and weight to be able to climb back easily to the saddle after dismounting to pull down a rail —like the gentleman in one of my illustrations—or to open an obstinate gate. A pony that can creep, and scramble, and push through thin places in growing hedges frequently shows much sport to his owner. He is not usually in the same field as the hounds when they are crossing an inclosed country; but in woods he is as well off as anybody, and on open commons and downs he always feels part of the hunt.

When the fox has gone away and the

AMONG THE TURNIPS.
From a Drawing by RANDOLPH CALDECOTT.

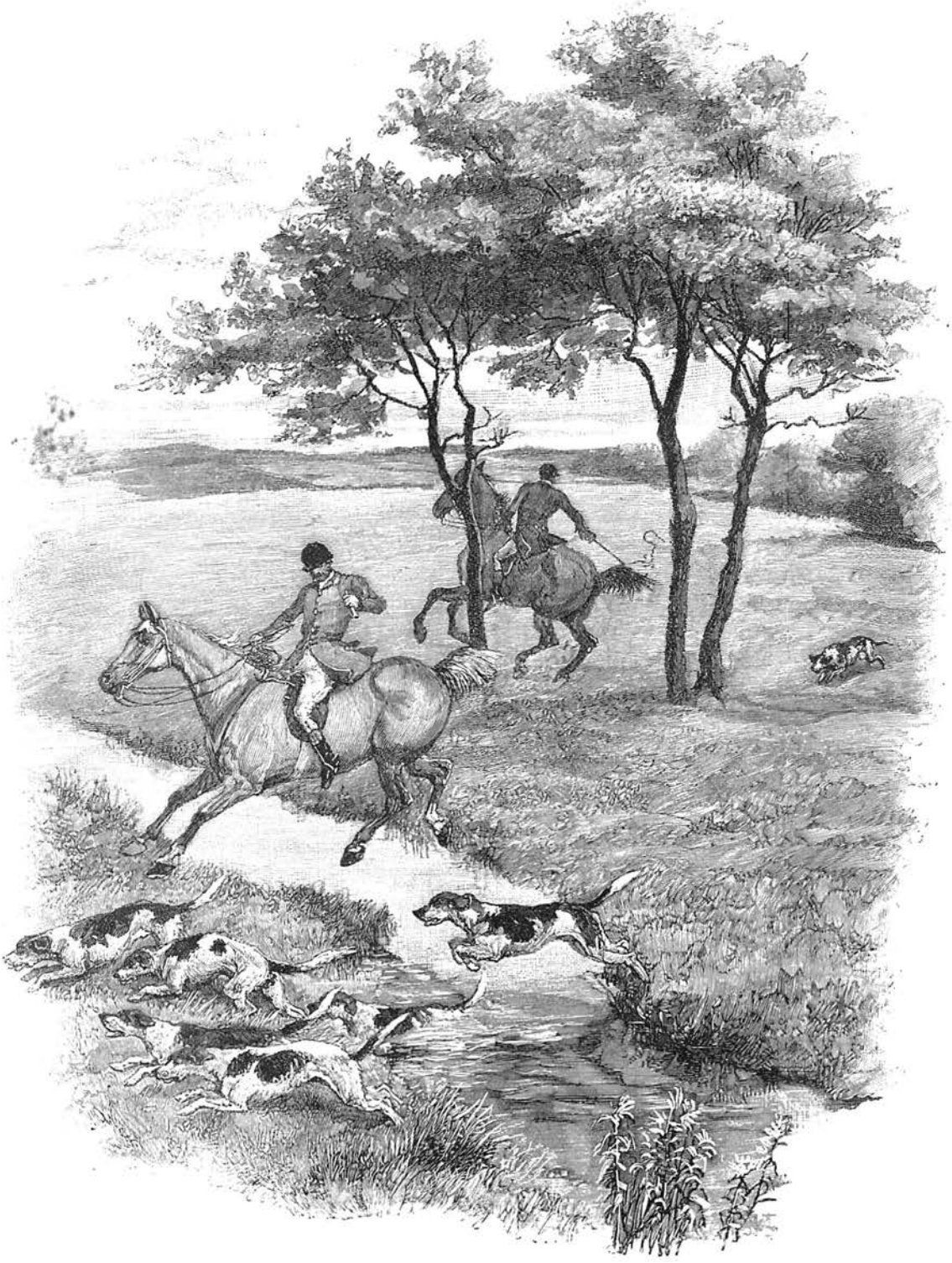
hounds have settled on to his line, then the riding begins. Straight away go some at the nearest fence, others make for the gate in the corner of the field; and here the sportsman must beware of kicking horses and of being jammed against the gate-post. I give a little sketch of a small crowd at a gate. If the gate will not stay open but insists on swinging back heavily I would advise only strong men with their horses well in hand to struggle for the pleasure of showing the customary politeness to ladies. Crowded gateways are dangerous and are to be avoided, and much valuable time may be lost at them.



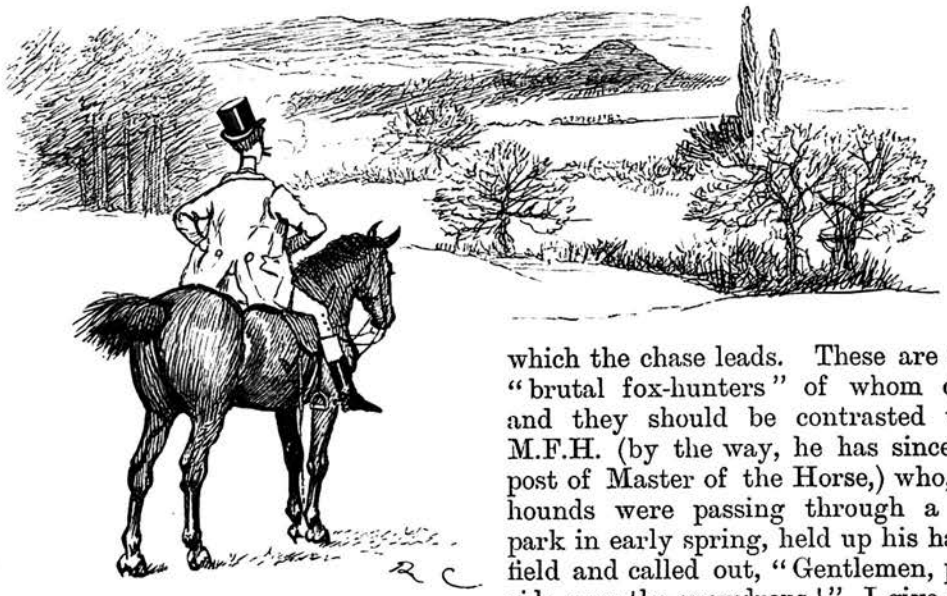
"DON'T RIDE OVER THE SNOWDROPS."
From a Drawing by RANDOLPH CALDECOTT.

But sometimes the boundaries of a field are so formidable that it is very risky for even the best mounted riders to try to get out by any other way, and apparently easy fences are not always cleared without danger. I have known people land on a heap of turnips which have been shot down under the hedge on the far side, and find that they afford a very insecure footing to a horse (I give a sketch of a gentleman so engaged, but it is not drawn from nature), and there are many instances on record of men jumping into a pair of harrows and their horses having to be sawn out. I could tell you of a bold rider who in one season not only had these two experiences but alighted right between the handles (or rather "stilts," is it not?) of a plough on one occasion, and on another jumped on to the back of the hunted fox and killed it—this last feat not being considered quite as meritorious as at first sight some might deem it to be. In addition to these already described delights there is the chance of dropping into a pond or a sand-hole, which sometimes happens to short-sighted men. But all casualties of this nature may be avoided if the sportsman will restrain himself from doing the admired thing, "taking his own line." By riding exactly behind some prudent heavy-weight, and being careful not to go at the fences until his hat and shoulders can be seen steadily careering across the next field there will be little risk of damage to either rider. To allow your horse to go at a fence when the last of the leader seen was a view of coat-flaps turning over his back above a broad flash of white leather is nothing less than an attempt at manslaughter. From such a thought I will gladly turn.

In some of the wilder parts of old England the fox-hunter is led into many pretty places that but for the chase he would know nothing of, and into which he would not be allowed to enter. At other times he would feel like



FOX-HUNTING.
From a Drawing by RANDOLPH CALDECOTT.



THROWN OUT.
From a Drawing by RANDOLPH CALDECOTT.

a trespasser and might be treated as such. "Who would think of coming out here for a mere walk?" asks in a satisfied and gushing manner one of Leech's sportsmen as he splashes down a muddy farm lane. There may be dull, heavy fellows who are not affected by the charms of the scenery through which the chase leads. These are surely the "brutal fox-hunters" of whom one reads, and they should be contrasted with that M.F.H. (by the way, he has since held the post of Master of the Horse,) who, when his hounds were passing through a beautiful park in early spring, held up his hand to the field and called out, "Gentlemen, pray don't ride over the snowdrops!" I give a drawing of the scene—it was in a park where those welcome little flowers grow in wild profusion under the naked beech trees.

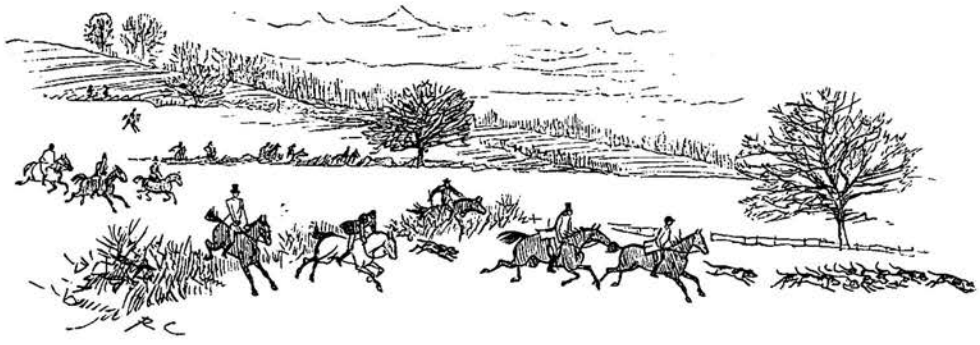
There are plenty of men who turn out with the hope of getting a fast gallop with plenty of jumping; but these are not fox-hunters proper, they are dashing horsemen, and a "drag" would do well enough for them. Others take a morning jog in order to see hounds work, which is not easy to

A SMALL FARMER.
From a Drawing by RANDOLPH CALDECOTT.

do in some countries, owing to the nature of the coverts, the marshalling of the Master, and the quickness and silence of the pack. Here I may remark that it is very seldom necessary for the sportsman to encourage the hounds by such cries as "Yoicks," "Loo in," &c. It is the business of the professional huntsman and his whippers-in to speak to the hounds, and the amateur may get himself into trouble, even if he should happen to possess a very melodious and tuneful voice well adapted to making the woods ring. There are times when a little cracking of the whip may be indulged in; but this should not be carried to excess, indeed it is better to keep it entirely for the late afternoons of blank days—a blank day being one on which no foxes are found. It is expected, however, that any sportsman, on foot or in the saddle, who shall be lucky enough to view the fox when the hounds are at fault or a great distance behind, will immediately sing out "Tally-ho!" with all his might. He may enunciate each syllable with great precision if he likes, and if he can do so without enfeebling the vibrations of the welkin. But a frantic yell of any kind generally appears to answer the purpose and to be preferred by most men. The warning cries of "War'-wheat" and "War'-hole" must be more distinctly uttered if they are to be of any use, and the riders for whose benefit they are given will do well carefully to regard them.

It is quite possible for experienced fox-hunters to lose the hounds during a run—to be "*thrown out*," as it is called, like our friend in the illustration—and to survey a vast tract of hill, dale, and wood without seeing a sign of the pack or the field. This is an evil or a gain according to the humour of the individual. He may have had enough of sport for the day, he may be far from home, and be yearning for a cigar. In such case there is great pleasure on a fine day in leaving off early and riding quietly and contemplatively homewards, an object of interest to the loafers round the doors of the village ale-houses, and of envy to the clerks in the shops and offices of the little towns he may pass through. On the way he may be called upon by some inquirer to say if he has killed the fox, or he may fall in with some dejected-looking "small farmer" like the one I have drawn standing in the lane and have some deliberate conversation on agricultural prospects or "hear tell" of that pack of fox-hounds in Yorkshire which report said was kept out of the poor-rates. This story of course he could not believe; but it might cause him not to forget to send his overdue cheque to the Hunt or the Poultry Fund.

R. Caldecott.



MONOGRAMS AND CYPHERS.

THE employment of monograms in various ways is, in our own times, exceedingly fashionable. Upon an envelope, or upon note-paper, a well-designed monogram forms a graceful ornament; it implies less ostentation than a crest, and is, indeed, according to ancient usage, bined. In the single cypher, the letters occur once only, and in their usual order, while the double or reversed cypher is rendered more symmetrical by the letters being repeated in a reversed order. In the monogram, the characters used are commonly those which belong to some of the more angular alphabets, while in the cypher, the flowing Italian letters are employed. The distinctive

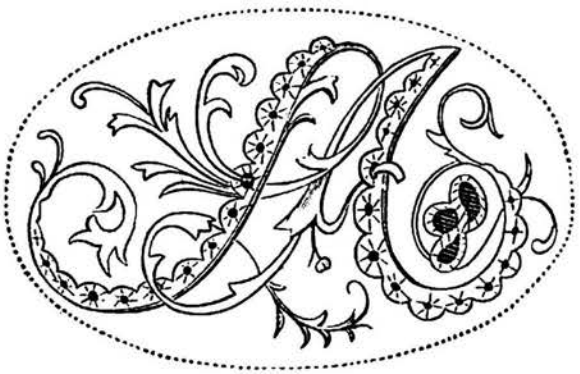


Fig. 6.

Fig. 7.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.

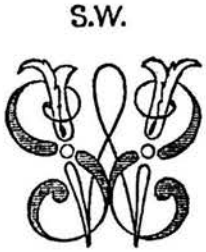


Fig. 4.

Fig. 5.

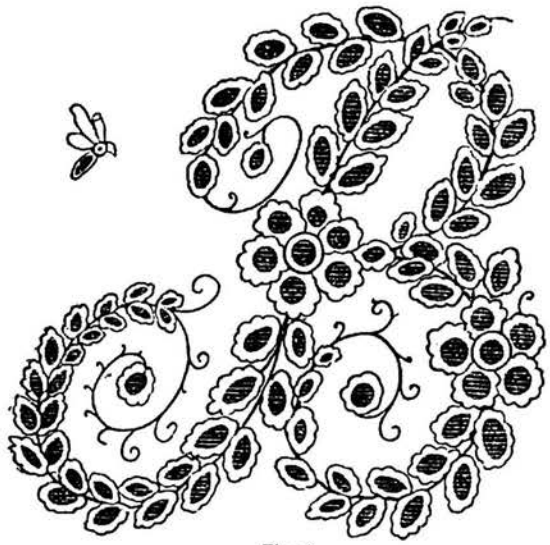


Fig. 8.

Fig. 9.

the proper distinctive symbol of those who are not, according to the laws of heraldry, entitled to use armorial bearings. Although during the last century, and some part of the present, the monogram was almost superseded by the cypher, it is no modern invention, but its history may be clearly traced backwards for many centuries. A monogram, as its name implies, consists of the initials or letters of a name combined in some fanciful manner, and properly, in such a way as to form, to a certain extent, but a single character. The cypher, on the other hand, consists of the letters merely interlaced, but not com- characteristics of the monogram may be seen by referring to Fig. 2, and those of the double and single cypher, by referring to Figs. 6 and 8.

The Designing of Monograms and Cyphers.—Although when used for stamping upon paper, and for some other purposes, the designing is by most persons left to the die-sinker, engraver, or printer, there are instances, such as those in which the device is intended to be carried out in embroidery, where no professional aid can be called in, and, indeed, at all times, the arrangement and combination of the letters of one's own name, in some decorative

form, is a pleasing exercise for the taste and ingenuity; it is one that calls for no very great artistic powers, while the laws to be observed in the construction of these devices, are few and simple.

As a monogram is professedly the name or the initials of the name rendered decorative, the first thing to be observed in the device, will be that it shall be symmetrical and pleasing to the eye, so far as is consistent with legibility, and the following points should be borne in mind:— The principal letter which is commonly, though not always, the initial of the surname, should be made most prominent. In most instances this can be done by making it of a larger size. Where such a method is forbidden by the symmetry of the design, the same end can be frequently accomplished by placing it centrally, or bringing it forward in the interlacing; or, if colour is employed, by making it of some colour which strikes the eye forcibly, as, for instance, of red. The lighter and darker parts should be made to balance as much as possible, in the composition, and although all the letters used should be of one alphabet only, as a mixture of alphabets destroys the consistency of the design, it is allowable sometimes, when found conducive to the harmony and beauty of the work, to take some liberties with the exact forms of the letters, if this can be done without destroying their individual character and significance. The alphabets generally best suited to the purpose, are the different varieties of Gothic and Lombardic characters; that known as "old English" is too confused in combination to be legible, while the "Roman" is too severe and unattractive. Although to some extent a monogram is supposed to be of the nature of an enigma, and, therefore, not necessarily to be read at the first glance, the letters should be so arranged that each may on closer inspection be clearly made out. This constitutes what is called, in technical language, a "perfect monogram," and although this law has not always been regarded by the modern designers, it was invariably observed by the monogrammists of classical and mediæval times. In our illustration (Fig. 1) we have shown an example of monograms embodying the Christian name only, and in which the whole of the letters composing it are introduced. Almost all the shorter female names may be combined into graceful monograms in the same manner, and a device containing the Christian name only is naturally in favour among young ladies, since no change of monogram is then necessary upon change of name in marriage. It will be seen from these in what way the first and most important letter is given prominence by its size. It will also be seen that more symmetry is frequently to be obtained by reversing a letter, and this will almost invariably be the case when the same letter occurs twice in the same name. We have given, in Figs. 2, 3, 4, and 5, what appear to us good typical combinations of the initials of Christian and surnames, which will help the designer. A moment's reflection will convince the reader that an attempt to give a series of monograms, embodying all the more common combinations alone, would require volumes.

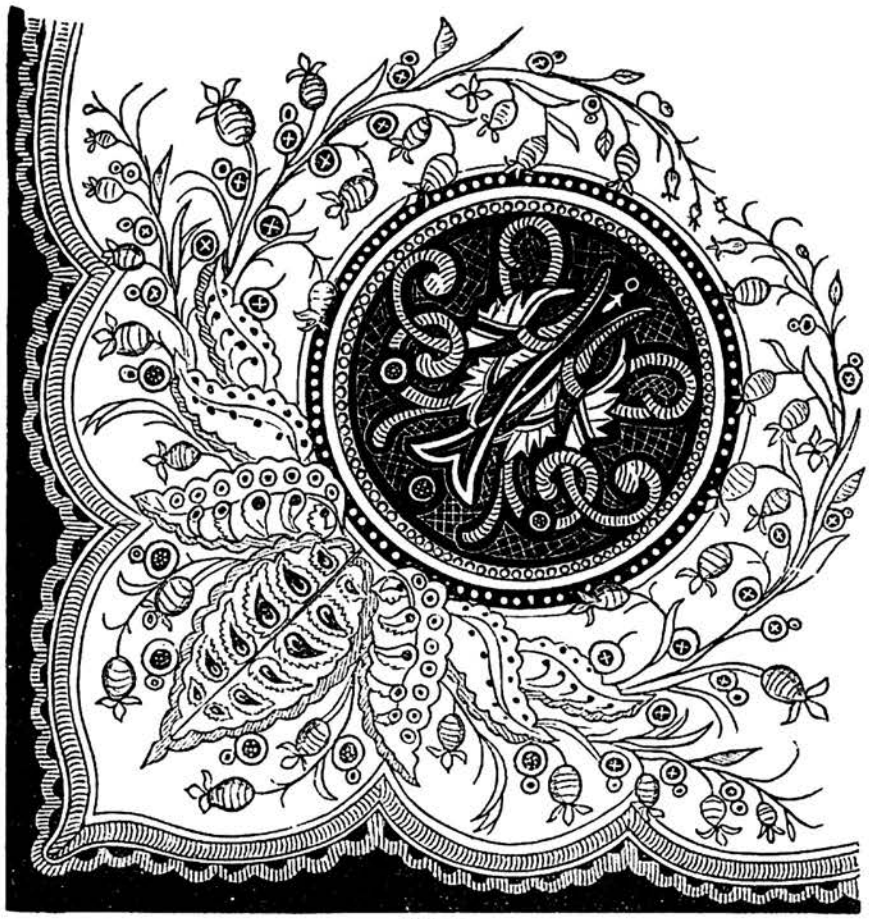


Fig. 10.

In the cypher, of which the leading characteristic is flow of line, the great points are: the attainment of graceful curves, and the proper filling of a certain boundary line, either real or imaginary, for, when the cypher is not intended to fill a certain fixed space, it is frequently brought into an oval form, as being the most graceful (see Fig. 6). As in the cypher, the letters should occur in their proper order, none of those precautions insisted upon for the purpose of giving prominence to the principal letters in the monogram will be necessary. Certain interlacings and interweavings in cyphers are always good in effect. In designing the double cypher (see Fig. 7), which is a convenient method of gaining symmetry with letters which will not otherwise readily assume a decorative arrangement, the easier method is first to write the letters, then to copy them on tracing-paper, and turning the latter to retrace them on the reverse side, interweaving the two initials of the surname as much as may be desired. This will readily give a general double effect on the tracing-paper, which may afterwards be worked out ornamentally. The double cypher was a fashionable device of the first half of the last century, from which period it has continued in use to our own day for certain purposes, as, for instance, for ornamenting the panels of carriages, &c. The monogram, though freely used in classical times, was much more general throughout the Middle Ages. Charlemagne had a monogram cut through a plate, with which he stencilled his signature upon public documents, and this kind of sign manual was, throughout the ninth, tenth, and eleventh centuries, much in use, not

only among kings and nobles, who were unacquainted with the art of writing, but even among the more literate clergy. The cypher came to us from the south, following in the track of the revival of ancient arts and letters. The monogram of our own day owes its popularity to the renewed appreciation of mediæval art.

In illuminating or designing coloured monograms, the reader should remember that gold is, except in certain lights, less prominent in effect than positive colour, and should not, therefore, be generally used for the more important letter; indeed, our own advice would be that it should never be used for the actual characters, but only for the ground, when that feature is introduced, as it sometimes is, the letters being enclosed in a quatrefoil, vesica, or shield-shaped figure. For general laws with regard to harmony and contrast in colouring, the reader cannot do better than consult our articles on "Illuminating."

Embroidered Cyphers.—For application to embroidery, the monogram is not well suited, since it can rarely be worked of so large a size as to be free from the appearance of confusion, neither, except in the hands of a very skilful embroideress, can that neatness of line be given which is essential to this description of device. The cypher is, therefore, usually employed, and may always, by judicious treatment, be made highly effective. One of the most favourite uses of the embroidered cypher, is for marking the corners of pocket-handkerchiefs, and in Fig. 10 we give a design for this purpose, with an ornamental border, which would be equally applicable for enclosing other initials. In Figs. 8 and 9 we show how single letters may be rendered decorative for the same purpose, and by simply transferring with a little alteration the details of these to other characters, it will not be difficult for the embroideress to adapt them to the initials of any name.

The designs given for embroidering handkerchiefs are especially intended to be carried out in white thread only, partly, as the reader will perceive, in raised, and partly in open work; they would, however, be more effective if embroidered in colours, or in gold, black, and white, which, though rare in England, are in some parts of the Continent, and more especially in Spain, extremely favourite methods of embroidering a handkerchief. If gold is employed, it may be desirable for our readers to be informed that the handkerchief, to avoid injury to the bullion, should, when ironed, be carefully laid between two sheets of blotting-paper.

EVERY-DAY DESSERTS,

AND DESSERTS FOR EVERY DAY.

FOR a number of years, in reading a good many cook-books and talking to a good many housekeepers, I have seen the help that a certain collection of desserts might prove, arranged for all seasons of the year, not only with reference to the times of plenty or scarcity in the ingredients used, but also to the furtherance of that variety, from day to day, which is the spice of cooking. My three hundred and sixty-six receipts (for we will be liberal and count in February's extra day) are all plain and practical, and the directions, while not verbose, are, I hope, sufficiently clear to guide even the inexperienced cook. To save repetition, I will give here simple recipes for pastry, sauces, etc., to which we will afterward refer by number.

No. 1.—Pie Crust.

Take one-half cupful of butter, one-half cupful of lard, one-half cupful of water, two and one-half cupfuls of sifted flour, and one-half teaspoonful of salt dissolved in water. Chop the lard into the flour until it is as fine as dust. Make a hole in the middle of the flour and pour in the water. Work together, touching the dough as little as possible. Roll out the dough on a floured board, and sprinkle the sheet with tiny bits of butter. Double it over, roll again and use the butter as before, until it is all used. Roll thin and line a pie-tin, reserving narrow strips of paste for the rim of the pie, and in case of one crust, for pieces to lay across the filling, dividing it into triangular sections. The water used in pastry making should be very cold, and the dough kept cool, and worked as little as possible.

No. 2.—Biscuit Dough.

Mix one quart of flour, four tablespoonfuls of lard, one-half teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, milk or water for soft dough—about two cupfuls. Mix like pie-crust.

No. 3.—Clear Sauce.

Take one-half teaspoonful of flour mixed dry in one cupful of sugar; add one-half cupful of butter, one-fourth of a nutmeg, and one pint of boiling water. Boil ten minutes and add two tablespoonfuls of sherry wine.

No. 4.—Lemon Sauce.

Stir together one cupful of sugar and one large tablespoonful of corn-starch, and add slowly one pint of boiling water, then one tablespoonful of butter and two small slices of lemon and boil till thick.

No. 5.—Brown Sugar Sauce.

Two tablespoonfuls of flour mixed with one tablespoonful of butter, added to one and one-half cupfuls of boiling water. Boil together one minute and add one and one-half cupfuls of brown sugar and cook three minutes, and add a little grated nutmeg.

No. 6.—Sour Sauce.

Two teaspoonfuls of corn-starch, juice of one lemon, one-half pint of water, sugar to taste, and a little nutmeg. Dissolve corn-starch gradually in the water. Mix lemon and sugar as for lemonade, add to water and let it all come to a boil.

No. 7.—Wine Sauce.

One large tablespoonful of butter, five tablespoonfuls of sugar, one tablespoonful of corn-starch rubbed smooth in cold water, and one stiffly beaten egg. Add to the butter and sugar, one pint of boiling water. Boil together till it begins to thicken; when cool, add five tablespoonfuls of sherry wine, or two and one-half tablespoonfuls of brandy.

No. 8.—Hard Sauce (Very Good).

Rub together one cupful of butter, two cupfuls of sugar, with about one cupful of milk, added by the tablespoonful, till it is all as smooth as wax. This takes fully one hour. Flavor to taste.

No. 9.—Brown Sugar Sauce (Excellent).

Rub together two cupfuls of brown sugar, one cupful of butter and one tablespoonful of milk, till light and smooth.

No. 10.—Custard Sauce.

One pint of boiling milk, yolks of three eggs, one teaspoonful of corn-starch rubbed smooth in a little cold milk, one tablespoonful of sugar rubbed in the eggs. Boil in saucepan set in boiling water till it begins to thicken.

No.—11. Vinegar Sauce.

One cupful of sugar dissolved in one cupful of boiling water, one tablespoonful of flour mixed in cold water, one tablespoonful of vinegar, and a little nutmeg. Boil till thick. Wine may be used instead of vinegar.

No. 12.—Cream Sauce.

Four tablespoonfuls of sugar, one-half tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of hot water, and one-half teaspoonful of vanilla.

No. 13.—Molasses Sauce.

One cupful of molasses, one tablespoonful of butter, one-half cupful of water, one-half cupful of sugar, one teaspoonful of corn-starch, a little nutmeg, and the juice of one-half of a lemon. Boil till thick.

Whipped Cream (Recipe A).

Beat one cupful of thick cream in a deep bowl with an egg-beater, till it is a thick sponge. Stir in one-half cupful of powdered sugar and one teaspoonful of vanilla. Never use, until the mixture, whatever it may be, with which it is to be combined is perfectly cold.

Meringue (Recipe B).

Beat the whites of eggs very stiff, and add lightly about two teaspoonfuls of powdered sugar to one egg. Set in an oven, on the grate to brown.

Boiled Icing (Recipe C).

Boil together one cupful of powdered sugar and five tablespoonfuls of hot water until a little dropped in cold water, hardens enough to roll between the thumb and finger. Pour the hot syrup over one stiffly beaten white of an egg, and beat the mixture with a silver fork, vigorously, till the dish which holds it becomes perfectly cold. Then add two teaspoonfuls of vinegar, beating that in well, and use as other icing.

"Deep Lard" (Recipe D).

Fill porcelain kettle about two-thirds full of lard over the stove. When it becomes very hot, try a bit of bread in it; if the bread browns quickly, use for frying; if it burns, lift up the kettle and put the lid underneath. If it soaks up the fat, wait a little while before using it further, as it is not hot enough. Never try to fry anything made of sour milk, as, in the nature of things, it becomes grease saturated before it is done.

Jelly Moulds (Recipe E).

In moulding any form of corn-starch or gelatine blanc mange, proceed as follows: fill a mould with cold water, and pour all out; while the dish is still wet, pour in the jelly to be moulded, and set away in a cold place, on the ice, if possible. It then can be turned out, in the form of the dish in which it was moulded, by wrapping a cloth wrung out from hot water about the mould and inverting it, or by loosening the edges slightly with a knife, often. Boiled puddings turn out and dish nicely, when the mould has been well greased, by running a knife about the edges and wrapping a cold, wet cloth around the tin. Ice-Cream can be turned out in the same way as jelly.

"Smooth Flour" (Recipe F).

Cornstarch, or flour, used for thickening, should always be carefully moistened with milk till it is a smooth paste.

GENERAL REMARKS.

Alcohol can be substituted for brandy in any recipe which cooks the liquor, as nothing else is left, after it has been subjected to great heat.

In greasing tins, lard is much better to use than butter, except in cases where the dough is very delicately flavored and might taste of the former; the mixture is much more likely to stick to the pan with butter, than lard.

"Buttered Paper," always means, in these receipts, a baking tin lined with heavily greased white paper.

Boiled Icing can be the foundation of any sort of frosting; chocolate, with one tablespoonful of melted chocolate; cocoanut, one tablespoonful of grated cocoanut (although this last is always nicer if not stirred into the icing, but piled on top); for coloring red, add a very little confectioner's pink sugar, etc.

FRIDAY, JUNE 1.

Polly's Pudding.

Put a layer of sponge-cake crumbs in a dish; then a layer of jam; then another layer of cake crumbs; then one of sweetened cocoanut, and another layer of cake crumbs. This pudding is steamed, and should be eaten with a custard sauce (No. 10, half doubled) made with one and one-half pints of milk, etc., or a wine sauce as given in No. 7.

SATURDAY, JUNE 2.

Mock Lemon Pie (Very Good).

Bake in two crusts one cupful of chopped rhubarb, one egg, one cupful of sugar, one rolled cracker, and butter the size of a walnut.

SUNDAY, JUNE 3.

Normandy Pudding.

Line a dish with macaroons; pour in one quart of milk, boiled with four tablespoonfuls each of corn-starch and sugar, and cooled. Dot with currant jelly, and cover with whipped cream.

MONDAY, JUNE 4.

Fruit Trifle.

Soak one-half box of gelatine three hours in one-half pint of water; add to this one pint of boiling water, the juice of one lemon, and one teacupful of sugar. When cool, pour it over a dish of sliced and sweetened oranges and bananas.

TUESDAY, JUNE 5.

Strawberries and Cream.

I have left to be understood most of the desserts of simple fruits, melons and berries; but I have added this in its place for the sake of saying, once for all: Don't mistreat and spoil such delicious food by—for instance—washing, or by hulling, until the very last moment (it is astonishing how much fresher strawberries keep with the hulls upon them), or by sugaring and letting them stand in the juice thus formed. The noble berries I have forced myself to swallow, so made soft, soggy, intolerable! Ugh! Prepare the strawberries at the last moment by carefully handling them as little as possible in removing the hulls; add powdered sugar and cream at the table, *and eat.*

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 6.

Orange Float.

Boil one quart of water, the juice of two lemons, one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, and four tablespoonfuls of smooth corn-starch. When cool, stir into the mixture five sliced oranges. Make a meringue of the whites of three eggs, and brown.

THURSDAY, JUNE 7.

Jam Omelet.

Melt one tablespoonful of butter in an iron spider. When hot, pour in five stiffly-beaten eggs, added to two tablespoonfuls of milk, and keep it from sticking by lifting it with a knife. Cook two or three minutes, and fold one-half over the other; but, before folding the omelet in half, spread lightly with jam and sprinkle powdered sugar over it.

FRIDAY, JUNE 8.

Raisin Smash.

Bake in layers this mixture: Two cupfuls of sugar, two cupfuls of flour, one cupful of milk, one-third cupful of butter, three eggs, and two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Place it between boiled icing, with one cupful of seeded and chopped raisins and one-half cupful of blanched and chopped almonds.

SATURDAY, JUNE 9.

Cream Pie (Good).

Bake a pie with one crust, then fill it full of jelly, and cover it with one large cupful of cream, whipped stiff, with one-half teacupful of powdered sugar and one teaspoonful of vanilla. If cream is scarce, add the white of one egg, beaten stiff.

SUNDAY, JUNE 10.

Cocoanut Macaroons.

Stir in together the whites of two eggs (beaten stiff), one grated cocoanut, and its weight in powdered sugar. Work it until it becomes a soft paste, and drop on buttered and papered tins. Bake in a slow oven.

MONDAY, JUNE 11.

Tutti-Frutti Jelly.

Soak one-half box of gelatine in one-half pint of water; add one pint of boiling water, the juice of three lemons, and one and one-half cupfuls of sugar; then strain. When cold, put a layer of the jelly in a dish, then a layer of bananas, one of gelatine, and one of oranges; then another layer of gelatine, a layer of cocoanut, and again one of gelatine.

TUESDAY, JUNE 12.

Orange Cake Pudding.

Bake in a loaf one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, one-fourth cupful of butter, one cupful of milk, three cupfuls of flour, four eggs, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, and the juice of two oranges. Bake, and serve with lemon sauce (No. 4).

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 13.

Tapioca Mould.

Six tablespoonfuls of soaked tapioca, two cupfuls of hot water, and four teaspoonfuls of sugar. When like a custard, add the juice of one lemon, and mould. Serve with custard sauce (No. 10).

THURSDAY, JUNE 14.

Frost Pudding.

One cupful of boiled rice, one pint of milk, butter the size of a walnut, yolks of three eggs, and the rind of one lemon. Bake, and add a meringue made of the whites of three eggs.

FRIDAY, JUNE 15.

Strawberry Shortcake (Good).

Mix together, as for pie crust, four cupfuls of flour, one cupful of milk, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one cupful of lard, and one cupful of butter, adding the latter by bits on rolled dough as for pastry. Roll two pieces half an inch thick; spread one with butter, and lay the other over. Bake and spread (serving at once) with strawberries sweetened and wet with cream. Serve with berries and cream.

SATURDAY, JUNE 16.

Cream Jelly.

Soak one-half box of gelatine, and add one cupful of sugar and one cupful of wine; cover one hour. Put the covered bowl in a pan of hot water until the contents are dissolved. Strain and cool (covered); add one pint of whipped cream, beaten in, and mould.

SUNDAY, JUNE 17.

Lemon Ice-cream.

Heat one quart of milk in a kettle of hot water; when it boils, add three-fourths pound of sugar, beaten with the yolks of four eggs. Cook until it resembles a thin cream; stir in carefully one tablespoonful of extract of lemon and one tablespoonful of dissolved gelatine. The freezer should give directions for freezing.

MONDAY, JUNE 18.

Indian Trifle.

Boil together one quart of boiling milk, five large tablespoonfuls of smooth rice flour, and four tablespoonfuls of sugar. Boil five minutes. Mould, and, when cold, take out the center and fill with custard sauce (No. 10). Dot with citron, sliced thin.

TUESDAY, JUNE 19.

Tutti-Frutti.

Put layers in a dish of six sliced oranges, six bananas, one quart of strawberries, one pineapple, and ten tablespoonfuls of grated cocoanut, sweetening all but the bananas and berries, and serve at once.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 20.

Buttercup Blanc Mange.

Soak one-half box of gelatine over night; add three pints of warm milk, yolks of three eggs, and one-half cupful of powdered sugar. Stir till dissolved, and then strain in a mould.

THURSDAY, JUNE 21.

Strawberry Charlotte.

Boil five teaspoonfuls of rice five minutes in water; strain and boil tender in one quart of milk. Rub the rice through a sieve; add any milk not absorbed, one-half box of dissolved gelatine to one pint of rice, and one-half cupful of sugar. Cook together one minute. When cool, add one teaspoonful of vanilla and the whites of two eggs, beaten stiff. When cold, pour over it one quart of hulled strawberries, and pile up with whipped cream.

FRIDAY, JUNE 22.

Tapioca Cream.

Soak two tablespoonfuls of tapioca in a little milk all night; add one quart of boiling milk, yolks of three eggs, and one-half cupful of sugar. Boil together; add one teaspoonful of vanilla, and bake. Make a meringue of the whites of three eggs.

SATURDAY, JUNE 23.

Island Pudding.

One quart of hot milk, boiled with four tablespoonfuls each of corn-starch and sugar. When cold, add one teaspoonful of vanilla and one-half cupful of grated cocoanut. Mould, and pour over it custard sauce (No. 10), with one tablespoonful of melted chocolate stirred in while hot.

SUNDAY, JUNE 24.

Currant Ice.

Two and one-half pints of strained currant juice, one and one-half pints of sugar, and one pint of water. Mix together and freeze.

MONDAY, JUNE 25.

Bavarian Sponge.

One-half box of dissolved gelatine, added to one pint of warm milk and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Allow it to boil up once, with the stiff-beaten yolks of four eggs (strained). When cold, add one teaspoonful of vanilla and one pint of whipped cream.

TUESDAY, JUNE 26.

Rose Meringues.

Stir in one quart of milk (*simmering*), the yolks of four eggs beaten with four tablespoonfuls of sugar, and then two tablespoonfuls of smooth corn-starch. Boil till it begins to thicken; add vanilla when cool. Mould in long, narrow glasses. Fill up with the whites of two eggs, beaten stiff, with one-half cupful each of powdered sugar and red jelly.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27.

Charlotte Russe.

Line a deep dish with slices of stale sponge-cake, soaked in wine. Fill up with whipped cream.

THURSDAY, JUNE 28.

Chocolate Jelly.

Stir together one-half box of gelatine (dissolved), one and one-half pints of warm milk, one-half cake of melted chocolate, and one cupful of sugar. Strain in a mould. Serve with custard sauce (No. 10).

FRIDAY, JUNE 29.

Nora's Pudding (Good).

One cupful of butter, two cupfuls of sugar, one and one-half cupfuls of flour, six eggs, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, and one tablespoonful of milk. Bake in a loaf, and serve with hard sauce (No. 8).

SATURDAY, JUNE 30.

Cherry Pie.

Bake in two crusts one large cupful of stoned cherries and one teacupful of sugar dissolved in a little water.

—Ruth Hall.

Electric Light.

THE most interesting topic to-day in scientific circles is the subject of light by means of electricity, instead of gas, as employed at present. Up to September of the present year the electric light has been utilized only with the dazzling force with which the voltaic lamp floods large spaces, or can be made to concentrate upon a given object. The division and regulation of this light was the great problem which up to that time had remained unsolved, and the statement of Mr. Edison that with a five hundred horse-power steam engine, and fifteen or twenty Wallace electric machines he could light the whole lower part of the city of New York, with a white radiance almost equal to daylight, was so startling, and coming from such an authority, so weighty as to at once have the effect of reducing the price of gas stocks in England, as well as in this country to about half their previous market value.

Gaslight for dwellings has many disadvantages, and has been for a long time subject to intervals of aberration which made its use only just endurable. It vitiates the air with enormous rapidity. It is dangerous and requires constant care and watchfulness and emits poisonous exhalations, whenever any defect in the plumbing, which is almost alway defective, or the exposure of street mains, affords an opportunity for escape. Besides these objections to the use of gas, there are others equally important. One of these is its deleterious influence upon the eyesight, another, its uncertain quality, and a third the fact that housekeepers are at the mercy of the gas companies, in fixing the amount they consume, and also its cost. This latter consideration has not been felt to be particularly onerous, because gas upon the average is a cheap method of obtaining a ready, if not a clear, and brilliant light. Many of its annoyances are the result of ignorance or carelessness, and upon the whole, the majority of persons were inclined to believe that chained lightning would not be a much more safe or reliable agent than coal-gas properly regulated.

Mr. Edison has, however, done so many wonderful things, that it is easy to believe he can do more, and his honesty, simplicity, and truthfulness are such, that those who know him believe he would not make a statement until he was certain of his facts. Electricity is so wonderful a power, and has already, through the Morse telegraph, been made to execute such surprising feats, during the present century, that old prejudices have given way, and there are few persons but willingly acknowledge that some things may yet prove true, which, as yet, have not found place in their creed or philosophy.

The question started by Mr. Edison's claim, as to whether the way had been found to subdivide electric light indefinitely, so as to produce any number of small, clear, steady lights, out of one strong general current, has been practically answered. If the light can be so divided, as to illuminate the Capitol at Albany, a building in which a Fair is in progress, several factories in different parts of the country, a bridge over the Missouri, and the Palace Hotel in San Francisco, there is no reason why it should not be further divided, and adapted to the illumination of dwellings. Time only is evidently required, ultimate success is certain.

An important feature of the new light is this: that, according to Mr. Edison, when a single light is turned off, the supply in that direction is stopped, the current being regulated by its extinction, with much more certainty and greater precision than in case of gas. It is very well known that when gas lights are extinguished in a dwelling, the volume of gas is somewhat increased, though not to the full extent, in those which remain burning, and if not regulated, will result in long gas jets, spurting up to the top, or beyond the top of a globe, and threatening serious damage. If the electric light proves to be what it promises, it will not only emit a pure, steady, brilliant flame, without odor, and without injurious action upon the atmosphere, but it will be self-regulating, that is, so far as not to increase the volume of light in other burners when one is extinguished. The electric light has had, and still has to experience the same difficulties and hindrances that all great changes and improvements have to encounter, not only in establishing their own validity, but in the settled and inevitable opposition of that widespread element which represents the forces now in existence. The steam engine was not born full-grown. The first attempts to work by steam-power were feeble, uncertain, and unsatisfactory, and were pooh-poohed by the large class that could not understand what lay behind the little struggling, infantile expression of a great comprehensive principle.

It has been said with truth, that a thousand forms of banks of oars, paddle-wheels, screw propellers, power pumps, and other devices for making a boat go were invented, cast aside, taken up again and again, re-invented by men who were not aware of what had been already thought of and pondered over during that period of forty years, until out of the whole vast throng of crude notions the world finally decided upon two forms of propelling apparatus as practical, and put them into general use throughout the field of marine engineering. Exactly the same thing is going on now with reference to electric lighting. Since 1845, when the voltaic arc emerged from the laboratory as a thing which could possibly be put to practical use, the problem of the electric light has enlisted the attention of a large number of able men in Europe and America. Experiments have been making in hundreds of laboratories. Valuable ideas have been occasionally hit upon and patented, and every ten years or so the announcement has been made that the means for subdividing the electric light has been found, and the attention of the world has been riveted for a while upon some new lamp which has run a brief course of popularity, and then has dropped out of sight never to be heard of again, until some new inventor has come upon the same idea and brought it out afresh, believing it to be new.

There are many experimenters now in the field besides Mr. Edison. There are the Brush lamps which are largely used, but which are incapable of extended subdivision. There is the Wallace lamp, and more recently a Mr. Sawyer of New York city has won attention by displaying the results of his experiments with electricity, in the shape of several lights from one current. The light is produced by incandesence, and in this respect is similar to that of the philosopher of Menlo Park, whose experiments are understood to have been all made in this direction. The light by the Sawyer lamps is beautifully soft and luminous, very agreeable to the eyes, and perfectly steady. It is suitable for use in private dwellings because it can be turned off and on, and regulated with ease like ordinary gas. But whether it can be made practicable so far as cost, and the regulation of the means of supply are concerned, is a question, but one of time only, so far as its solution is concerned, for that it will be satisfactorily answered by some one, and the yellow, smoky agent which we now employ for lighting purposes, be superseded by a clear, soft, pure, and greatly more powerful medium, there is no longer any doubt. Gas stock is destined to go down.

WHEN I WAS A GIRL.

By FAIRLEIGH OWEN.

OFTEN wonder, looking back over the lapse of years, whether any of you who read this will be able to recall as many differences between these days and those of half a century, say, to come. It seems difficult to suppose so, for the introduction of railways has, of course, caused such marvellous changes in every way. Still, there is no knowing what the development of sciences, yet in their infancy (as so we are told) may do for the future. You may be sailing through the air in balloons, and conversing with absent friends by word of mouth across the Atlantic. None can tell.

But it is of minor matters I am thinking just now.

Say you want a light. You draw a match across the roughened side of a box; in a moment the candle, lamp, or gas is kindled, the match blown out, thrown away, and no more is thought about it. Nothing could be easier or quicker.

But fancy having to *strike with* a piece of flint upon a steel, shaped for your hand to hold, *something* like the handle of a small kettle. These you struck for some minutes, till the sparks which flew out fell upon a piece of tinder in a box below; then you puffed at the spark, holding to it a brimstone match till that ignited, and a flame was obtained. Then the lid of the little round tinder box was popped down upon the tinder, and its smouldering sparks were quenched.

The tinder was made of a bit of old linen scorched for the purpose; the matches were thin strips of wood about four inches in length, pointed at each end, and dipped into yellow brimstone, which had a most repulsive smell in burning, and was apt to get down your throat and into your eyes, and set you coughing; while in unskilful hands the steel had a vicious habit of striking one's knuckles instead of the flint. Too often a draught from an opening door would extinguish the newly-lighted candle, when all the ceremony had to be gone through again.

Fancy all this, on a cold winter morning, before a light could be obtained.

But careful housewives, in order to obviate the necessity for "striking a light," were accustomed to burn a rushlight set in a contrivance especially adapted for it: a long tin cylinder pierced full of holes, whose ghostly shadow thrown upon walls and ceiling in the silent hours of the night will be among the familiar memories of my contemporaries when they were young.

I saw a tinder-box and steel the other day in a museum among the "curiosities," and I almost expected to see by their side the snuffers and snuffer-tray which were wont to hold the place of honour between the tall, silver candlesticks on every table. How

troublesome we should find it nowadays to interrupt our readings or work, every fifteen minutes or so, with a response to the constant request, "Please snuff the candles."

Tallow dips and rushlights were all the common use at that time. Waxlights, of course, for those who could afford them, and lamps, in which colza oil was burned, also very expensive and troublesome, for the manufacture of lamps was not carried to the perfection it is at present.

With the memories called up by the "nick-nick" of flint and steel, and the smell of the brimstone match, comes one which you, dear young readers, will, I am thankful to say, never see revived.

The cry of "sweep," uttered in a plaintive childish treble, in the snowy winter morning, the little bare feet pattering up the stairs, the almost baby form, half naked, thrust up the chimney, the choking tones replying to the hoarse shouts of the man's voice below; the little head thrust forth at the top, with rattle of the broom to give token of a completed ascent. These make up a picture, alas! so common as to call forth little comment and but a small amount of pity in those days.

But, girls, if you could now see, as I have seen, the bleeding little feet and elbows, soot-begrimed and frost-bitten, and heard the threats with which the poor children were urged on, when perhaps some faulty construction or unwonted obstacle in a flue caused them to falter; if you saw the half-famished mites, taken almost from their cradles to such a round of life—untaught, uncared for—what would you think of it? I daresay it would make your hearts ache, and give you bad dreams, as many a time it did to me, when I was a girl. People get used to things unfortunately, and to hear a helpless little sweep being sworn at by a brutal master, to know that the terrible cruelty of even lighting straw beneath them was no unusual practice, so to force them up a chimney—these things were such common matters then, the mass of the people did not think about them. Only the thoughtful few at last bestirred themselves and the practice was stopped.

Almost as painful, too, then, to a tender-hearted child was the sight of dogs harnessed by ropes to small carts filled with hearthstone, bathbrick, or salt, which were hawked from door to door.

No matter the size or breed of the animal, all were pressed into the service. Of course those most commonly used were the mongrel species, by nature wholly unfitted to the task. The creature's efforts to drag often a heavy load, with lolling tongue and starting eyes, its bony frame strained to the utmost, ill-fed and badly treated, made the spectacle a shocking one. I remember once seeing a man seated in one of these carts, and a couple of the willing brutes half breaking their hearts in accomplishing the feat of dragging the "superior being" who drove them.

I suppose it was the rejected ones of the race which then swarmed the streets in numbers you would not believe possible. There was no tax on dogs then, and anybody who chose kept one, or discarded it, how or when he pleased. Starving, mangy, diseased, they hunted in the gutters for food, fought over the offal, and lay about at corners, crushed out of shape by some accident in the roadway.

Distressful objects, only less so than the beggars, which were indeed plentiful in those days I speak of. Crippled, maimed, old, able-bodied and young, one met them at every turn. Also sailors, who had lost an arm or a leg—often both—in the wars, and who begged, sometimes silently, more often roaring lustily, as they pegged down the centre of the road on wooden legs, some sea song, such as—

"Cease, rude Boreas, blust'ring railer,
List, ye landsmen all, to me,
Hear a poor, disabled sailor
Tell the perils of the sea."

I do not vouch for the exactitude of the words. Numbers of black people, too, there were about then. A negro footman or coachman was quite the custom, and a black page boy the height of fashion. Indeed, one then met more "coloured people" in London than one does in the streets of New York to-day. Now the number is very few, and as servants they appear to be employed scarcely at all.

There were more street entertainers then. The organ-grinders were not common, but there were hurdy-gurdy boys, who carried white mice, and buy-a-broom girls, dressed in the costume of their native country, with their quaint caps and monotonous plaintive song. Jugglers were plentiful, who tossed balls, balanced plates on sword points, swallowed fire, and drew yards of coloured paper from their throats. Men, with pan pipes and tabor, led a bear by a chain, sometimes a monkey perched upon its back or head, clutching with its hands the bear's shaggy coat, while the unwieldy animal performed an absurd dance, as it was called.

The stilt dancers, too, were in great favour. They were rather startling, coming upon one suddenly looking in at a first-floor window. A girl and a boy generally dressed in the Highland costume, mounted upon tall stilts, and accompanied by a man with pipes and a drum, who looked sharply after the contributions of the spectators.

How we children admired them as they stalked too and fro, made believe to dance, and elevated one stilt high in the air, balancing on the other. I believe we envied them their accomplishments. We know now they were indeed subjects for pity, untaught, exposed to all the hardships of such a life, and unfitted for any useful calling in the future.

From our nursery window, too, objects were familiar which have long disappeared. The postman, with his scarlet coat, ringing a loud bell, as he strode down the street, carrying a brown leather-bag for the letters people hurried to the doors to give him. There were no stamps, no prepayment of letters then, as I have said. Then, the lamplighter, with a long ladder on his shoulder, and a lantern in his hand. How swiftly he ran up and down that ladder which was leaned against the small projecting arm attached to the lamp-posts! You might well wonder what it is placed there for, since the ladder is dispensed with, and the lamplighter goes his more leisurely rounds with his long wand. To "run like a lamplighter" was quite a proverb in those days.

What were the police about, you may ask, to permit the swarming of the streets with stray dogs and shameless impostors, as many of the beggars were known to be?

There were no policemen in those days. Lying awake, as was too much my habit as a little child, well do I recall the voice of the husky old watchman as he cried the hour beneath the window, "Past two o'clock and a rainy morning," or, "Twelve o'clock and a moonlight night." That was the formula by which he announced the hour and the state of the weather at the same time.

The watchman—old, weather-beaten, slow of movement, and heavy of foot—was the only guardian of the streets at that time. No wonder that robbery and law-breaking were carried on to a terrible extent. They wore huge, heavy, drab top-coats, carried a lantern, and their temporary abodes were small boxes similar to those used by the sentries, having a seat within and a hatch door, whence they issued at intervals to cry the hour and patrol the streets, and where I fear they might too often be found securely wrapped in slumber.

The streets were much dirtier, too, bad as we are accustomed to consider them now. Crossing sweepers drove a good trade, and were known at their various posts as well as certain buildings. From year to year they were to be seen, and rumour credited more than one with dying possessed of a large fortune.

The wonder is how we got along at all in the mud with the foot-gear which was then worn. Thin, low shoes were general. The children's had straps, the elder people sandals. The soles were no *thicker* than those of ordinary house-slippers; boots were a later fashion, and those only of slight make, with cashmere tops, mostly coloured. They were called "Adelaides," and laced up at the sides. More recently the very old fashion of high heels was revived. These have been carried to such an absurd extent, we may hope for a reaction to a less dangerous and unhealthy style, though not to the thin sole and sandal slipper of half a century past. Certainly there were pattens. I wonder if by chance you have seen any of these—now almost obsolete! In some country places they still linger among the very ancient dames; but in the time when I was a girl the familiar click of the patten rings fell in harmony with the pattering of the rain upon the windows and the downpour from pipes and housetops into areas below. Most effectual in raising one out of the wet they must have been, when once the difficulty of walking in them was overcome. I cannot speak from experience, for before I was of an age to enter on such dignities the patten was almost superseded by the French clog, an ingenious contrivance as far as it went, which sometimes was not very far, as too often some buckle or strap would give way, compelling us to carry home the clogs, ourselves wet-footed.

But the elderly ladies stood by their pattens, with the stout strings and leather thongs over the foot, and the staunch iron rings beneath.

Well do I remember my aunt's maid sallying forth to fetch her mistress from some cosy tea-drinking, laden with the pattens and cloak, and carrying a horn lantern to light them on their way.

No gas, no cabs, no late shops open to make cheerful and bright the suburban side-walks. Visiting was a momentous matter in those days. We kept early hours, too, in the matter of rising and retiring.

Of course, it is in London that the changes I speak of are most to be remarked. Fancy the Strand, where the Grand Hotel has just been opened, so narrow that two hackney coaches could only pass each other, the upper stories of the houses so overhanging that people could talk across from opposite windows. Fancy Trafalgar-square, its fountains and Nelson's column and lions all vanished, a high wooden hoarding surrounding the space, where the skeleton of a whale is being exhibited within a shed erected for the purpose.

People walked inside the whale. Among them was one very small child, holding by its father's hand. As they came out wondering, there is a stir in the street, and the words, "The king, the king!" are hastily repeated from mouth to mouth.

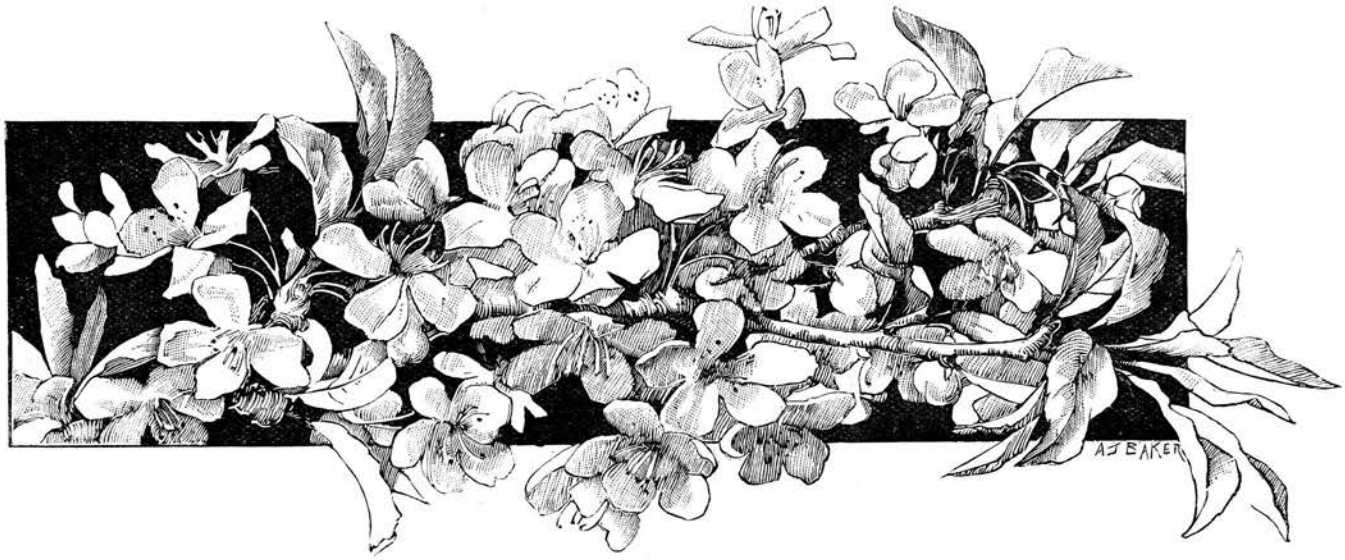
A carriage drives quickly along; soldiers ride before and after; their drawn swords and scarlet coats glitter and flash in the sun. A stout gentleman in a brown coat smiles and bows, as the people cheer and lift their hats.

You will laugh if I say that I believe the sky was bluer and the sun shone with greater warmth and persistency that day than it ever does now. Yet I remember our choicest wear was dainty muslin; we laid aside our merinoes and linseys in May without hesitation, and the wide Leghorn *hats* meant shade from real summer suns in June and July.

Without a doubt, among the many things which have changed for the better, there is one we cannot count. The old-fashioned winters we have had a renewal of lately, but the summers I knew when I was a *girl*—where are they?

C. M. GERE.

FROM THE "ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE" (1893).



Composite.

The hash lay on a plate;
"I am a thinking entity," it said,
"I'm lying here in state;
I am alive, although my parts are dead!"
It felt a sudden thrill,
Then rose a clamor shrill:
"O, Whole, you're rash;
We parts are still ourselves, although in hash."
Murmured the Mutton: "Ah, how yellow were
The cowslips in the fields, how passing fair
Was all about when I, a merry lamb,
Began the life which led to where I am!"
Said the Potato: "Warm was the brown earth
Of the brown hillside where I had my birth;
What joy of growth within my bosom welled,
How curled my tendrils, how my tubers swelled!"
And mused the Beef: "How green are Texas plains;
With what a novel grandeur Nature reigns;
What vast expanses; how our pulses stirred
As swept we onward in a mighty herd;
I see the flying steeds, the sudden dash!"
"Meo-ow!"
"Bow-wow!"
Said the rest of the hash.

—*Chicago Tribune.*

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Dining at Windsor Castle.

THE PECULIARITIES of dining with Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle—an honor which few Americans can hope to enjoy—are thus described by a recent writer, and most readers will be interested in the description of what they can never hope to see in person: On arriving at the visitors' entrance of the castle, the guests are received by the pages of the chamber, who, after consulting a table on which each person's location is written out, conduct the guests to their respective apartments. The visitor's rooms are spacious, warm and thoroughly comfortable; they are hung with interesting pictures, and each contains a large bath, with a perpetual hot and cold supply. If the guest is known to any one in waiting, he will probably be speedily looked up by his friend; if he is acquainted with a lady of the household, he may be bidden to drink tea with her. In any case, he probably receives a visit from Sir John Cowell. About half-past seven it is time to prepare for the Queen's dinner-party, as it is indispensable to appear at the royal table in full dress. The old and ugly Windsor uniform is usually worn by those who have a right to it. Soon after eight the visitor finds his way into the grand corridor, where the dinner company assemble. Shortly after half-past eight the Queen enters from her own private apartments, followed by Princess Beatrice. Her Majesty speaks a word or two to the visitors, and then all go to dinner. The private dining-room, which opens from the corridor, is a most comfortable apartment. The Queen always lunches in this room, and dines there when her party does not exceed sixteen. The further side is almost all window, looking into the quadrangle; the walls on each side of the door are covered with splendid tapestry, which was presented to William IV. by Louis Philippe. There are only two pictures—the Queen (by Angeli) at one end, and the Duchess of Edinburgh at the other. The dinner is always very good, the *carte* being well conceived and well executed, and the diners excellently served. On the *menu* the name of the cook who is responsible for each dish is written opposite to it, so that praise and blame can be equitably dispensed. Champagne and claret are the wines usually taken. There is a large cellar of very fine old port at the castle, but very little is now consumed, nor is sherry (which was the favorite wine of William IV.) in great request. In Prince Albert's time Tokay always appeared, as he invariably drank one glass after dinner; and as a supply was sent every Christmas by the Emperor of Austria, he got the best that could be had. The royal dining-room is quite a spectacle, and the first time a visitor "has the honor of dining," he is very likely to lose his dinner while looking round the room. John Brown, in full Highland dress, is stationed behind the Queen's chair, and occasionally

the other "personal servant," Lohlein (who was Prince Albert's confidential valet) is also to be seen hovering about. There are footmen in their state liveries, pages and cellarmen in their respective uniforms, and the clerks of the kitchen, who carve at the side table. On ordinary occasions they are in plain black with knee-breeches, but at large dinners they appear in their uniforms.

While the Queen is dining, the ladies and gentlemen of the household are taking their meal in the large dining-room, under the presidency of Sir John Cowell; this room opens into the first of the three principal drawing-rooms, and is at the northeast corner of the castle, and the finest view from the whole place is obtained from its windows. The Queen dines here when she has a party of from twenty to thirty. On the very rare occasions when the number is still larger, and it becomes an affair of a state banquet, St. George's Hall is used. The Queen leaves the room with the ladies, and in two or three minutes the gentlemen follow, and then comes the only personal intercourse that takes place between a guest and the host, as her Majesty remains in the corridor for perhaps half an hour, and converses for a few minutes with each visitor in succession, after which she bows to the circle and retires. The guests and household then adjourn into the Crimson or Green Drawing-room (there is some wonderful Chippendale work in this room, which would be the despair of ordinary *dilettanti* if they could see it,) and the evening closes with music and whist.

Tame Moor-hens

EVERY winter, for several years, with curious punctuality, at the first frost, there has appeared upon the lawn before the house a moor-hen. This year another has come with it, with brighter plumage, a red beak and yellower legs. It is a cock-bird, and our solitary visitor of the years before must, from her dingier wardrobe, have been a hen. We call them all moor-hens or water-hens, though the males should surely be called moor-cocks or water-cocks. But "moor-cock" is already the name of a grouse, and water-cock sounds so much like water-taps or turn-cock, or something to do with a cistern or pump that it would be absurd. So there is nothing for it but to say cock-moor-hen. But how folk would laugh if we called a she-grouse a hen-moor-cock! Yet there would be no difference between the two—except that one is right and the other is not.

One of these moor-hens we know to be the same visitor year after year, for there is one particular bush in the shrubbery from which it always comes walking out and to which, when alarmed, it always goes running back. It knows its way everywhere; sits on the wall when the dogs are being fed and, when they have done and are gone, comes down to look for the scraps which are always thrown out specially for it; hides behind the wych-elm in the poultry-yard when the chickens are being given their corn, but always comes out when its own piece of bread is thrown to it; forages in the "potato-house," where the sprouting potatoes, beetroots, and other vegetables have always a treat for it, and pretends not to know that the gardener sees it when he comes in, but sits in the very corner of the wall with its tail stuck up hard against the wall, and its head on the ground, so that it does not look like a bird at all. So it must be the same bird every year. Besides, there is one thing it does that makes it quite certain that it is, and that is this. Whenever it gets a large piece of bread on the lawn—it will take it away from anything, from a crowd of sparrows, or from a cock pheasant—it runs off, *not* into the shrubbery which is only a few feet off, but right across the open lawn at its very widest part to the shrubbery on the other side. And it always runs to exactly the same spot every time. Now this is very odd, for except when there is a hard frost we never see or hear a moor-hen anywhere. As soon as the ice melts it is off back to its pond or stream or ditch, but where it goes to we never know, yet it appears every year upon the lawn.

A moor-hen is a very clever bird at hiding. In the water, it will sit among weeds or in a shady place, or under a single dead leaf that happens to be on the water, with only its beak and nostrils out, and there it will stay as long as you stop to watch it. On land, it disappears in a most wonderful way, but the explanation is quite simple, though most people do not seem to be aware of it—and certainly no dogs know it. The moor-hen, as soon as it gets a chance, hops up into a bush or a hedge or, if there is one handy, a tree. Those who are looking for it hunt about

among the reeds by the water's edge and poke about in the holes in the banks and search the water for it, while all the time the moor-hen has slipped off to a perch it knows of, and is perhaps watching its persecutors from the top of a tall fir-tree. The moor-hen I am speaking of always gets up into a yew, and walks along one of the boughs and stands at the end quite hidden from the view of those who do not know its trick, and watches what is going on when the food for the birds is being scattered about. As soon as the house-door is shut, it walks along the bough again, hops down from one bough to the other to the ground and comes out on to the lawn to feed.

Of course I know its trick, and on purpose I walk under the bough it is hiding on, but though my head cannot be more than two feet from the moor-hen as I pass, it does not fly. When it is in the water it escapes, or finds safety, in being perfectly motionless, keeping perfectly quiet. In a tree it does just the same, and it knows it. But this, of course, requires a good deal of courage—or stupidity—on the part of the moor-hen. Which it is I have never been able to decide. Nothing would be easier to kill than a moor-hen, when you have once seen it, either in the water or in a tree. For it will not move. Is this bravery or is it want of sense? They are timid birds, we know, for when they are walking they are nearly always flicking their tails. This means that they are nervous. A tame moor-hen, like the one I am writing of, never flicks its tail so long as it is sure that there is no danger. But if it hears any strange sound its tail begins to "flick" at once. It will go about picking up crumbs on the lawn as if it knew that we were all friends, but a tap at the window will make its tail flick up at once. So, knowing this, I am inclined to think that the moor-hen is not a sensible bird—but the way that it will snatch a crust out of a cock-pheasant's beak ought to get it the Victoria Cross.

WAX FLOWERS. No 6.

BY MRS. E. S. L. THOMPSON.

THE ORANGE BLOSSOM.

Materials.—Two sheets dark green wax; four sheets double white wax; one sheet of single; one spool green wire, (which is used for all fine flowers); one bottle dry paint, (lemon yellow); one orange leaf-mould. Cut of your spool wire pieces three inches long. Make a hook at the end of each stem, and cover it with a small piece of your green wax, rolled into a little ball. On

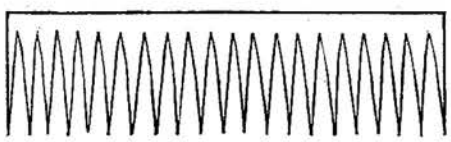


Fig. 1.

the inside of the orange blossom, you will always see the little, green orange. Now fold one of your sheets of single wax double, and cut some pieces an eighth of an inch wide, and one inch long. With your cutting-pin fringe them, as shown by Fig. 1. Then dip the edge of each piece, first in water, and then in the dry paint, for this purpose pouring a small quantity out in a saucer. Cut of the white wax twelve pieces,

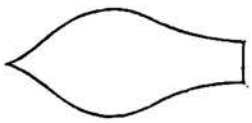


Fig. 2.

the size and shape of Fig. 2. Roll, so that the rounding point will turn back a little. First arrange your fringed pieces on the stem, with the straight part wrapped around the bottom of the small, green ball. Then put, for each blossom, four pieces like Fig. 2. One, and then another, opposite, until you have the four. Finish the blossom with a small calyx of green wax, and mould your leaves as before described. Wind all your stems neatly with narrow strips of green wax.

Hints to Young Housekeepers.

DUTIES OF A MAN-SERVANT.

WHERE but one man-servant is kept his duties are complex; his place is no sinecure. He must be up early, to do his rough work before the family is stirring. He has the front steps and sidewalk to clean, boots to black, his master's clothes to brush, and must have the dining-room and breakfast-table in order and be neatly dressed before the family comes down. In many families an under-servant is kept, or one comes in for a few hours in the morning to attend to the sidewalk, black the boots, fetch the coal, attend to the furnace, pump the water (if there is a reservoir), and break up the wood. This is a great relief, and enables the man-servant to have more time for his morning work. Where no man-servant is kept, this under-servant is almost a necessity in winter.

The man-servant should be ready to attend to and wait upon the breakfast-table, in a neat jacket and clean apron. While the family is at breakfast, he should go into the hall, brush the hats, and lay the gloves upon the rim, and be ready to help to put on the coats and the overshoes, and to hand umbrellas and canes. After breakfast, he should clear the table, brush up the crumbs, look to the fire, fold the table-cloth, and leave everything in order; then go to the pantry, put on an apron which ties at the neck and waist, and a rough pair of cuffs, and wash his china, glass, and plate, clean any knives that have been used at breakfast, and leave his pantry in nice order. (I have before given directions for washing glass, china, and silver.) He must answer the door-bell.

The servant should know whether he is to admit visitors or not. If they are to be admitted, he should precede them, open the door of the drawing-room, and announce them, by name, distinctly. This prevents many awkward mistakes. When the visitors depart, he should be ready to open the door.

Luncheon must be attended to, and if he is required to go out with the carriage, he must give notice to the housemaid to answer the bell during his absence, so that no one may be kept standing at a door. When the carriage drives to the door, it is the man's business to announce it, to stand ready at the front door, with his gloves on, to assist his mistress into the carriage. He should stand at the door till she has passed out, having first put any wraps into the carriage, hold his arm for her as she gets in, see that her dress is free from the door, and, having shut it, wait at the window to receive directions. Whenever the carriage stops, he should jump down and assist his mistress to alight by holding his arm for her hand to rest upon. Having returned home, he should ring, then open the carriage-door, assist his mistress to alight, stand at the front door till she is in the house, take out the wraps and any bundles, shut the carriage-door, and return to his occupations in the house.

The dinner-table is to be laid, and all things connected with it attended to by him. These directions have all been given in the "Duties of a Waitress," and also the service at table. A man should be neatly dressed in black, with white neck-tie and white gloves. While the family are at dinner, the housemaid should bring in the door-mat and light the gas in the hall. When the dessert is put upon the table, the servant should go into the drawing-room, attend to the fire, light the gas, and drop the curtains.

After dinner, he should attend to tea in the drawing-room, go to his pantry, wash and put away glass, china, and silver, bolt the doors, put out the gas, and carry the silver upstairs, if there is no safe. (See "Waitress.") A footman who performs his duties quietly, respectfully, and without bustle, is a great treasure.

In many houses now the dinner is served *à la Russe*. China, plate, glass, fruit and flowers are put on the table, and the dinner is carved and served from the side-table. In such case, the man-servant needs to be a good carver.

Dean Swift quaintly recommends that a footman should read all notes, in order better to fulfill his duties to his master. An old lady of Forfarshire had a Caleb Balderstone sort of servant, and being in haste, took the precaution to read her note to him, adding, "Now, Andrew, you ken aboot it, and need na stop to open and read it." But we think it better for a messenger not to take so lively an interest in affairs around him. MRS. S. W. OAKEY.

IN PRAISE OF SWEET CIDER.

Sing ho! for the cider,
The good ruddy cider,
The sweet mellow cider, our cellars to fill!
Once more, to the cider!
The smooth flowing cider,
The merry brown cider that comes from the mill!

We picked up the apples, my sisters and I,
By pasture and lane when the weather was dry;
With baskets and oxen the gleaning was done,
And each gnarly cheek kindled warm toward the sun!
They blush in the cider,
The sweet common cider,
The sunny brown cider that comes from the mill!

We drove to the valley, the cart jogging slow
With red fruit and yellow, a right pretty show,
And hissing and gurgling as twilight grew dim
The round patient hogsheads were filled to the brim!
At last, 'tis the cider,
The dear honest cider,
The genial brown cider that comes from the mill!

As wholesome as honey, as sound as the comb,
It smacks of October, it savors of home:
I shut my eyes softly and over me steal
The drone of the press and the splash of the wheel:
So rare is the cider,
The red foamy cider,
The sweet, tawny cider that comes from the mill!

Then here 's to the cider,
The good mellow cider
That none but New England can rightly distill.
Once more to the cider!
The free flowing cider,
The merry brown cider that comes from the mill!

—Dora Reade Goodale.

WANTED—A NEW MEAT FOR THE TABLE.

THE lack of variety in those meats which, whether flesh or fowl, must always form the groundwork and basis of an English bill of fare, is a want keenly felt, but most difficult to remedy. Of the thousands of tons of foreign game imported yearly, there is hardly a beast or bird which may not be had in better quality and condition at home, except the prairie bird and the quail; for those canvasback ducks which escape the keen search of the New York dealers and find their way across the Atlantic, alight only on the tables of city companies and millionaries, like the caladrus of old, that appeared only at the deaths of kings. Yet there are probably twenty people in this country who have eaten canvasback duck for one who has ever tasted swan, or rather cygnet, the finest waterfowl for the table, alike in size and flavor, a bird easy to rear, most prolific, rivaling even the breast of a teal, without the fatal drawback of that excellent little bird, that no one has ever been able to get enough of it. Even now, though so neglected by the world, swans may be had from the Norwich swan pit for £2 each. They weigh some sixteen pounds, and with them is forwarded an ancient recipe for cooking them, "done into rhyme by a person of quality."

Another "fowl" which was once reserved for the tables of kings, and now is hardly thought good enough for aldermen, is the peacock. What roast swan is to roast goose, such is roast peacock to roast turkey. Many owners of country houses, who keep peacocks and let them run wild and nest in their woods and shrubberies, take little trouble either to fatten or cook the pea chicks. If they did they would perhaps take more pains to rear these birds for the table. The meat is very white and of exceedingly fine and close grain, and has the true game flavor, with none of the stringiness of the common turkey.

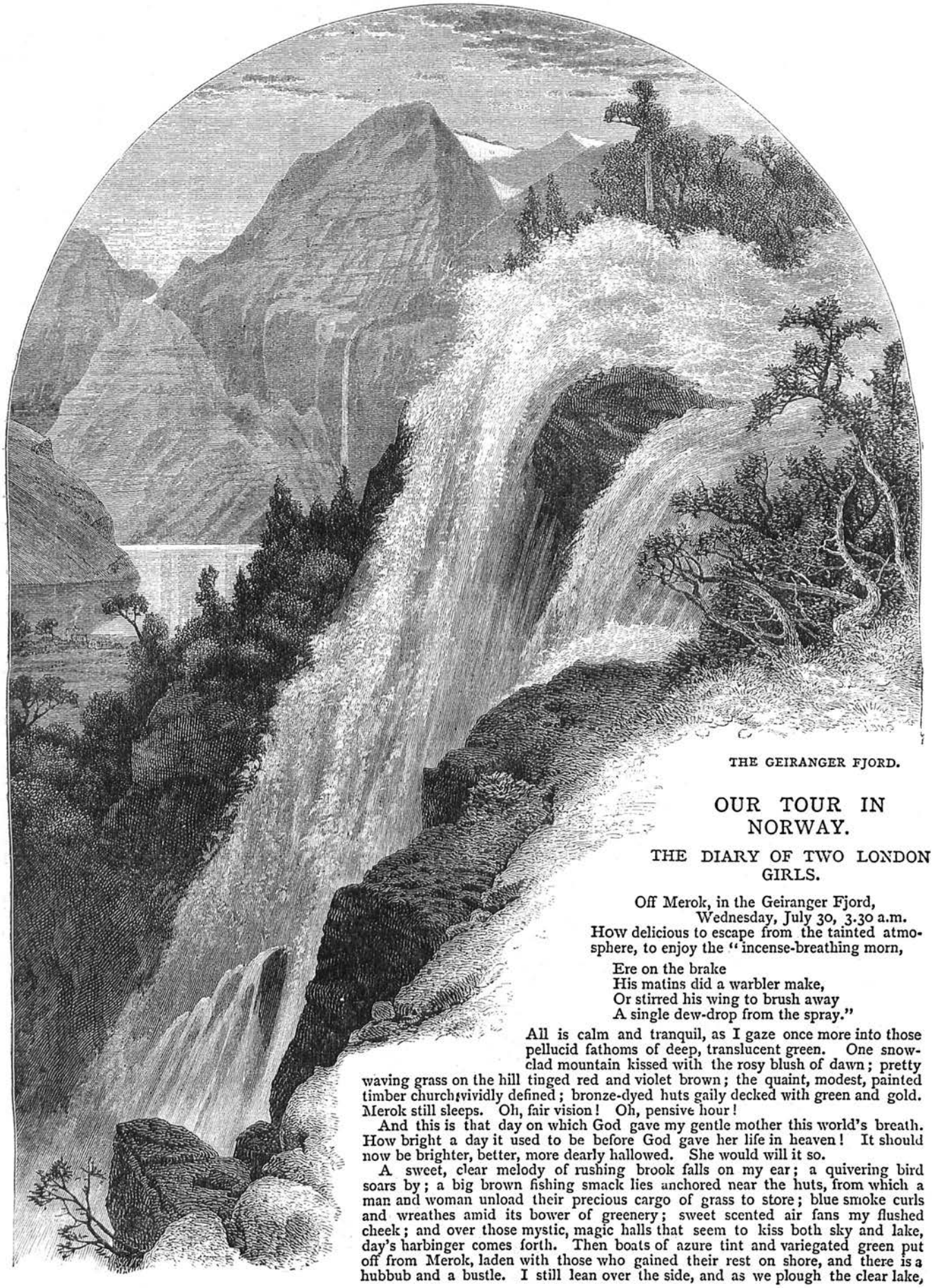
But flesh, and not fowl, is what is mainly desired to widen the possibilities of the dinner table. Fatted swans or peacocks, or American turkeys, might be increased and multiplied without affording more than an occasional relief to the monotony of the menu and the brain-searching of housekeepers. What is wanted is some new and large animal, whose flesh has a character of its own which would readily distinguish it from beef or mutton, and an excellence which shall make it independent of any special treatment in cooking—something which shall combine the game flavor with the substantial solidity of a leg of mutton. An increase in the quantity of venison reared in this country naturally suggests itself. It is objected that deer can never pay to faten for food, because the annual growth of their horns reduces them so much in condition as for a time to make the venison worthless. But this applies only to the buck; stags might be kept like bullocks, and doe venison might still be remunerative.

But swan, peacock and venison are, after all, only revivals of the old bill of fare. To find a new meat we must take stock of the world's resources of animal food, and inquire, after due survey, if there does not still exist some neglected quadruped which will furnish what we seek. Roughly speaking, our main supply of animal food is drawn either from the rodents, the ruminants or the pachyderms—represented by the rabbit, the ox or sheep, and the pig. To vary the supply at our disposal, we shall probably not be able to go beyond these limits; for the general experience of civilized man has already pronounced judgment on the question, and science supports the verdict. It is no good to eat a wolf, for the wolf has already got the benefit of eating the lamb, and left no surplus for us. Of the three great tribes, the rodents may be dismissed from our search; for those that are not already used as food are either too small to be useful, as the lemming or the guinea pig, or too repulsive in appearance, like the capybara, or in habits, like the rat. Of the pachyderms we find only one which is domesticated for food—the dear familiar Berkshire or Yorkshire piggie. The larger pachyderms are too big; the smaller, like the peccary, too savage; the wart hog and other African varieties too repulsive. Clearly, then, we must have recourse to the list of ruminants if we are to find one to add to the bill of fare.

At first the choice seems wide enough. It embraces all the deer tribe, the wild sheep and antelopes, goats and ibexes, which are numerous; but all have a rank of disagreeable flavor, which must prevent their coming into the list of first-class food. The possibility of extending the supply of venison, we have already considered. The wild sheep would probably differ too little in flavor from mutton to make it worth while to domesticate them. The antelopes, therefore, alone remain, and it is among their numbers that the animal wanted must be found, if it is to be found at all.

If the accounts of the African hunters are to be relied on, the venison obtained from the larger kinds of antelopes found in South and Central Africa, is really excellent, that of the koodoo, the oryx and the eland being the best. Perhaps the highest and most modern authority available for quotation on the subject is Lord Randolph Churchill. His lordship's verdict on the eland, the flesh of which is said to surpass that of all other antelopes as much as Welsh mutton does Lincolnshire "teg," will be of material interest to the present inquiry. Less educated palates have pronounced it "peculiarly excellent, having in addition the valuable property of being tender immediately after the animal is killed, which makes it much appreciated in Central Africa, where the meat is usually as tough as shoe-leather, and nearly as dry." In addition to the quality of the meat, the eland has the additional requisite of large size. A full-grown eland is as large as a two-year-old shorthorn, and has more the appearance of a high-bred bullock than an antelope. Its horns are short and straight, pointing backward, and has a dewlap like an ox. It can live on the hardest fare and soon grows very fat on good pasture. Best of all, it becomes quite tame and is easily acclimatized. The writer remembers to have seen a splendid group of these animals in the Jardin d'Acclimatation in the Bois de Boulogne, an old bull nearly sixteen hands high, a cow and two young, apparently a yearling and a two-year-old. They were in good condition, though living in a paddock with only an open shed to shelter them from the weather. The late Lord Derby kept them at Knowsley Park for many years. It seems to be a waste of the resources of nature to allow these fine creatures to be exterminated, as they soon will be, in our new African empire. Why should we not save the eland, the harmeless antelope, the koodoo and other large African antelopes from extermination—and even try to rear some in England? The experiment may be recommended to some of the noble owners of parks and chases who have already done so much to preserve our own deer and wild cattle from extermination. America has allowed the bison to perish. Shall we not take warning and preserve for our own use the splendid African antelopes which, within the memory of man, were a thousand times more numerous than they are to-day?— London Spectator.

THE TROLLTINDEN MOUNTAINS IN THE ROMSDALEN.



THE GEIRANGER FJORD.

OUR TOUR IN NORWAY.

THE DIARY OF TWO LONDON GIRLS.

Off Merok, in the Geiranger Fjord,
Wednesday, July 30, 3.30 a.m.

How delicious to escape from the tainted atmosphere, to enjoy the "incense-breathing morn,

> Ere on the brake
> His matins did a warbler make,
> Or stirred his wing to brush away
> A single dew-drop from the spray."

All is calm and tranquil, as I gaze once more into those pellucid fathoms of deep, translucent green. One snow-clad mountain kissed with the rosy blush of dawn; pretty waving grass on the hill tinged red and violet brown; the quaint, modest, painted timber church vividly defined; bronze-dyed huts gaily decked with green and gold. Merok still sleeps. Oh, fair vision! Oh, pensive hour!

And this is that day on which God gave my gentle mother this world's breath. How bright a day it used to be before God gave her life in heaven! It should now be brighter, better, more dearly hallowed. She would will it so.

A sweet, clear melody of rushing brook falls on my ear; a quivering bird soars by; a big brown fishing smack lies anchored near the huts, from which a man and woman unload their precious cargo of grass to store; blue smoke curls and wreathes amid its bower of greenery; sweet scented air fans my flushed cheek; and over those mystic, magic halls that seem to kiss both sky and lake, day's harbinger comes forth. Then boats of azure tint and variegated green put off from Merok, laden with those who gained their rest on shore, and there is a hubbub and a bustle. I still lean over the side, and as we plough the clear lake,

I see deep down myriad brilliant shades of orange, blue, purple, green, violet, red, playing on white foam, feathery spray, and crystal drops; for countless waterfalls attend the Seven Sisters' Court, and all shine in regal splendour. I glance at the sky for a rainbow; there is not one; but, here in the depths they glow, and on those cliffs gigantic, vast, rampageous, weird, while floating around, above, beneath, are filmy forms and shadowy shapes; and I am paralysed with amazement and *delight*.

Vestnœs, 11 o'clock p.m.

Is it possible that a day can surpass this for grandeur, sublimity, and loveliness? I think not. The whole voyage from Merok, through the Geiranger Fjord, Sunely's Fjord, Slyng's Fjord, and Stor Fjord to Soholt, I believe, must be unrivalled. Perfect weather, exquisite and varied scenery, amiable and entertaining society, and excellent meals. What more can mortal want? Soholt is most beautifully situated; with it we were charmed, and ardently wished we could stay there; but we were due at Vestnœs at night. The landlord kindly procured us a stolkjœrre immediately through to Vestnœs, which a gentleman, who was *in a hurry, politely tried to* inveigle us to let him use; but we could hardly afford to be so unselfish, especially as many others (ladies included) were waiting for conveyances. I was half inclined to remind the gentleman that he did not vacate his bedroom the night before for the benefit of two ladies, or we should naturally reciprocate the generous action.

I think I never saw a picture so sumptuously rich, so gorgeous, so luxurious as at midday when ascending the hill from Soholt. The sun, "high in the vault of cloudless blue," and lavish with heat, shed brilliancy and misty vapours. Across the sparkling Stor Fjord our little steam packet (now a tiny speck) was losing itself in softly heaving mountains clothed in rich blue haze. To left and right dense forests of pine in protean hues of green, and dark velvety brown; on left, more magnificently purpled mountains rearing tall crests to the sky, and in the far, far distance, amid grey clouds, more mountains, as if heaven's portals were opening to show other mountains beyond. There they stood, grand, erect, massive, bold, black as ebony, whose undulating bosoms and valleys were clad in sheeny snow, so dazzling that the eyelid droops oppressed, to pause before the eye dare look again. A deep, rich glow overspread the fiery dell, and the whole gorgeous mass was flaming with heat and glory.

I gazed long at this imposing and magnificent sight, fervid with passionate admiration and suspense, till a gentle trickle of water aroused me from my torpor, and turning I beheld close to me a deep, cool ravine where brooklet's merry laughter rang, and ahead a tall, silver-grey mountain, cold and lonely, to which we gradually approached. Soon a thick, dark mist enveloped it, and hid it from our view, while swift arrows pierced aslant glistening in sunbeams, and

"The brooklet raved, for on the hills
The upland showers had swoln the rills,
And down the torrents came;
Muttered the distant thunder dread,
And frequent o'er the vale was spread
A sheet of lightning flame."

Is it thankless or discordant to admit I feel like one suddenly fallen into the lap of luxury and become replete with satiety? I am bursting with desire to portray what I have seen, but, at the same time, I am utterly powerless, and writhe with contempt at my want of power.

	kr.	ore.
Steamer to Soholt	5	60
Three meals on board for two	10	40
Stolkjœrre to Vestnœs ..	6	35

Hotel Romsdal, Veblungsnœs.
July 31st.

Last night we were not prepossessed with the appearance of our apartment, but this morning, after having slept soundly, our verdict is that we could not be more comfortable. The farm house is very antiquated, and is opposite the little church of Vestnœs, with its small portion of "God's acre" full of humble graves and black crosses. After breakfast I went into the kitchen, where an old woman was making an enormous supply of porridge, so I appealed to the bright young girl (in clean white shirt and ornamented scarlet bodice) who had waited on us at meals for replies to my inquisitiveness. She was shy at first, not being able to converse much in English, but after a while she told me she was the daughter of the bönder, or owner of the farm, that the porridge was for the servants, of whom they keep thirty in summer, about four or five in winter. The labourers work on the farm from four till seven, when they breakfast; from eight till eleven, when they have midday meal and two hours' rest, then return to their labours till four, teatime, and again work till nine. This young girl appeared the essence of happiness and good-humour; when I asked her if she were dull in winter, she replied, "Oh, no! I play." Whereupon I, of course, led her to the piano, and begged her to amuse us with some Norwegian airs, which she did at once, and her execution was remarkably good. She had enjoyed the tuition of a master for one year only, and yet she played through five or six pieces of music without hesitation or mistake. I thought she might well put to the blush many a London young lady who has studied for some years, and yet refuses to gratify a few friends when desired to cheer a monotonous half hour.

Herr Stokkeland, the bönder, intends to give the farm to his eldest son next year, as he and his wife are getting too old, and his son is about to be married. Einara, the pretty young daughter, who presented me with her card, says she shall never be married, and if she happens to do so she has resolved only to wear a sprig of myrtle behind her left ear; the girls in Vestnœs, having forsaken the gilt crowns, wear high tiaras of flowers, but she considers them very ugly. I advised her to serve coffee with boiling milk in future, which she said she would do if English people like it better.

Einara took us a lovely walk through the hayfields (where the peasants were busy raising haycocks) to a flagstaff on an eminence, whence we obtained a grand and extensive view of the surrounding country, the Molde Fjord, and gorgeous mountains. In very hot weather the peasants rest during the day and labour at night. The summer is very short, the winter very long. Rye is sown early in November, which month is called "slaughter month," because then the bönder kills and salts a certain number of sheep and cows according to the requirements of his family. In winter no outdoor work can be done except felling trees and bringing heavy loads over the frozen snow. Every trace of vegetation is hidden under several feet of snow. It is a season of feasting and social enjoyment and cessation from labour, and Christmas is kept right merrily. During winter months the cattle are fed indoors, for which purpose the tender branches and leaves of trees are stored for their support.

In the farmhouse at Vestnœs we made the acquaintance of four ladies who had been to the North Cape, and had a thoroughly successful trip, and who were now, like us, *en route* to the Romsdal. Kate and I thought of taking the steamer to Molde (about an hour's voyage, and very inexpensive) and walking up the hill called the Varden, but we ultimately decided to take the steamer at half-past one for Veblungsnœs. We and the four ladies were sorry to bid adieu to Einara, and I fancy I saw her brush away a tear as she stole a parting glance from behind the white lace curtain. I hope if she visits London she will not forget her promise to come to see me.

We much enjoyed our dinner on board, although the salad was dressed with sugar instead of salt; a good cup of coffee followed on deck.

Such a glorious day! Grand, dark mountains mantled with dazzling snow, a rippling, jewelled fjord, the jagged and rugged peaks of Romsdalshorn and Trolltinderne, and we approach Veblungsnœs. A walk of three minutes, with a boy to carry our luggage, and we are located at the Romsdal about five p.m.

At supper I sat next to Marie Brown, an American authoress, who tells me she is travelling (free of cost) for five years through Norway and Sweden, collecting materials for two large volumes, entitled, "The Sunny North." She seems anxious to induce the Norwegians to alter some of their primitive customs, and to have bigger hotels for the accommodation of her American sisters and brothers; but, as I told her, my idea is this: let beautiful Norway remain much as it is, and those who enjoy rusticity, beauty, peace, and simplicity travel over its glorious scenes, but those who yearn for big dinners, plenty of attention, and creature comforts—why, they had better roam in other lands where they can obtain the things they like best. We saw some seals tossing and tumbling in the Stor Fjord yesterday, and a handsome snake on the road to Vestnœs. A strange coincidence happened to the three ladies at Hellesylt. They were put into a bedroom where the roof was wanting repair, and in consequence of the rain they had to sit under their umbrellas all night. These ladies (not elderly, as I carelessly wrote in my previous article,) struck me as being unusually happy in having travelled a great deal, by which they knew how to get over difficult ground with more than usual ease. They, in fact, had acquired the philosophy of true travellers, and made themselves and all about them happy as with a magic wand. Their nephew and friend evidently were much impressed in their favour, as also were Kate and I.

We are quite in love with Veblungsnœs. Its situation is most charming, and the little hamlet is so quiet and peaceful. The people seem gentle, and speak gently. We cannot help remarking on their soft voices and quiet demeanour. We remained on the hill behind this hotel till half-past ten, and I think we have not seen a lovelier twilight. In the west was a streak of deep gold; a soft, mysterious, deep blue haze ensbrouded the distant peaks, and veiled the glimmering snow; boldly against the paling sky stood forth the eccentric Romsdalshorn, and at our feet the placid fjord lay hushed to rest. We culled large bundles of lovely grasses, the stems of which are brilliant crimson and gold.

	kr.	ore.
Bill at Vestnœs—supper, beds, breakfast	6	0
Einara	1	0
Luggage to steamer	1	45
Tickets to Veblungnœs.. ..	4	40
Dinner on steamer, including coffee	4	40

The Pension Hotel, Aak,
Friday, August 1.

After breakfast, Herr Torke, who is kindness itself, planned to forward our luggage to Aak, three miles, so that we might walk. My friend had a pair of boots soled last night in two hours, so I took a pair this morning, and about half-past nine we went to see Skomager Olsen, and sat an hour with him. An extraordinary little humped-backed cobbler, with a pair of merry, twinkling eyes, and as honest a face as we wish to see. His

wife was singing, and folding a quantity of clean linen, whilst the fair-haired little daughter, Marie, talked to us, and made us accept all she could find to give us; a few dried leaves, some pretty tiny shells, and a Christmas card with a text in Norske. She pressed us to take an English copy of "Eugene Aram," which her brother, who is at sea, had left with her, but we would not so far trespass upon her generosity. We inscribed our names in her birthday text book, while they wrote their autographs for us on a slip of paper. While lost in admiration of the mysteries of the cobbler's art, who should come in and sit down to sew up a grass pillow, but Herr Torke, the proprietor of "the Romsdal," a big man, with a genial countenance. We all had a good laugh, and tried to make each other understand. Not one of them knew English; and to us naturally the position of affairs had its comical side. Cobbler Olsen was highly amused that we should shake his dingy-looking hand; we had quite an affectionate parting. He only charged four kröner thirty ore for putting strong soles to two pairs of boots, and repairing the heels. Marie was delighted with our small farewell token.

The walk to Aak was delightful, but intensely hot. The roadsides were thick with raspberries, with which we refreshed ourselves. We dined at three in the Hotel Aak, after which the four ladies invited us to tea outside the dépendance. Mrs. Russell and Miss Smith had letters to write, so Miss Wriggle and Mrs. Gwynne decided to go a jaunt with us.

Exhilarated and refreshed, laughing and chatting, we trudged through deep sand, by Blaafjeld, and up the valley, where an old woman accosted us, and insinuated the way to her sœter. Thither we followed, when she produced several wooden tubs containing milk, cream, sour milk with a thick surface of cream, most tempting in appearance, and thin, delicious, crisp round cakes of fladbrod, stamped with elegant designs. Kate and I confined our attention to the fresh cream, while Miss Wriggle and the widow lady exhibited a keen appreciation of the thickened acidulous junket. Here we drank to my father's birthday. It seemed a desolate existence, this old woman's. I imagined the pig would enter soon to be her only companion for the night. The natives live to a good old age, but, I daresay, in the mountains many die for want of attention and advice. A young doctor is provided to preside over a district of forty miles in extent, generally for a term of two years, after which melancholy isolation he is presumed to be qualified for better things. This is a glorious valley, environed by mountains to the height of four and five thousand feet, whose sides are sheerly perpendicular; a deep mantle of snow covers their summits, and fills all the ravines wherever practicable for it to lie. The Horn, 4,960 feet, is a most picturesque object, terminating in two cusps, of which the highest is crowned by a pillar, to show that even its savage precipices have been scaled by man.

The Norwegian peasant rigidly adheres to the customs and manner of living of his forefathers. They have a peculiar mode of making their bread. The dough being first prepared—made of wheaten flour, of barley, oat, or rye meal, according to circumstances and situation—is afterwards rolled into round sheets thinner than pancakes, which are thrown and turned by one person on a flat sheet of iron placed on a fire, while another rolls out the cakes. By this means two persons in a very short space of time prepare cakes enough for the supply of an entire family for several months. This is called "flad," or "fladbrod," and will keep a year if put in a dry place. The oldest is thought to be the best, and in former times the woman was esteemed a good housewife who saved for her son's wedding a piece of bread that she had baked for his christening. In times of scarcity the peasants are obliged to have recourse to an old custom, as a disagreeable but sure method of preserving life. They take the bark of the fir-tree, boil and dry it before the fire, then grind it to meal, and mix a little oatmeal with it. It has a bitter and resinous taste, and does not afford much nourishment; but even in the most plentiful times they will occasionally eat it, that they may be prepared against a time of scarcity. They also make a kind of hasty pudding of oatmeal and barley-meal, which they call soup, and in which they sometimes boil a pickled herring or a half-salted mackerel or salmon. They kill cows, sheep, and goats for winter stock, which they pickle, cut in thin slices, dry in the wind, and eat like hung beef. This they call "skarke," and it requires a ploughman's stomach to digest it. Fish is a great and general commodity. Their general drink is small beer in winter, milk and water in summer, and strong beer at Christmas. They are fond of smoking and chewing tobacco. They make several kinds of cheese, particularly one from sour milk, called old Northern cheese. It is made of thickened sour milk, from which the cream has been skimmed. Of this a large quantity is collected from time to time, which is boiled for half an hour, and churned during the boiling; the caseous part then precipitates, the whey is poured off, and the warm curds are put into moulds and strongly pressed. After two days the cheeses are taken from the moulds and put to dry in a tolerably warm place until they begin to ferment and get soft in parts. They are then brought nearer to the fire, in order that their surfaces may dry, and afterwards are piled one on another in a close room till autumn, when they are surrounded with straw, packed in casks, and stored in warm cellars. In Koraas the makers have cheese cases for keeping them, in which they improve exceedingly. The cheeses thus preserved increase in value the older they become, and the more full they are of broken parts, as they acquire no impurities. This cheese, when good, is of a brown colour, thin, has rather a strong smell, and a remarkably sharp taste; it assists digestion, and is regarded by the country people as a remedy for a variety of complaints. Another sort of cheese is made, called *miss smor orst*, principally of the fresh milk of sheep and goats, unskimmed. Of the butter milk, they, by boiling, make a species of cheese called *knage ost*. The dishes formed from milk are numerous.

Hotel Aak (pronounced Oak) has been bought by Mr. Wills, of the Bristol Bird's Eye tobacco. After supper we made arrangements with Mr. Landmark to supply us a guide and luncheon for to-morrow, and we hope to rise early and do a mountain. We hope to take Blaafjeld, over 5,000 feet.

Bill at the Romsdal, Veblungsnœs:

	kr.	ore.
Supper, beds, breakfast	5	20
Conveyance of luggage to Aak ..	0	50

Hotel Aak, The Romsdal,
August 2.

Most glorious morning. Lively breakfast; and about eight o'clock the widow lady, Miss Wriggle, Kate, and I, accompanied by the heavily-handicapped Ingebret, sallied forth, casting over the bridge a loving, lingering glance at Rauma's crystal depths, so fascinatingly alluring.

Wending our way to the side of Blaafjeld, we commenced our ascent, from which point it was impossible to descry the summit. Blithely and steadily we climbed, beneath birch and alder, over loose and rugged stones, upon rich parterres of brown-gold moss and emerald ferns, dwarf shrubs of bilberry and moltebœr clothed in autumnal hues of golden yellow, tinged with pink and deep dark red; now and again pausing to respire and scan the distant height, till we reached a sheet of snow, where we rested. Even here the fiat of Ingebret was still "Move on, ladies." Fifteen hundred feet had yet to be accomplished. How many times we ask, "Is this the top?" and begin vague *speculations* as to what Ingebret's wallet contains. At last, the acme of our bliss, Ingebret plants his stick firmly on a stone, and, surveying us with a look of pardonable pride, says, "This is the top." We cast ourselves in a recumbent attitude, and with limbs stretched to their full extent, devote a few moments to panting and other recuperative measures, while Ingebret kindles a fire for women's chief consoler—tea. We were almost disposed to grumble at Mr. Landmark, who, in lieu of packing twelve hard-boiled eggs as proposed, had only sent a third of that number, with half a loaf and some butter. We had some biscuits, and our precious patent soother, and in so beautiful an arcadia it was not likely we should remember long the trivial negligence of our host. With greedy appetites we were about to attack our frugal repast, when Miss Wriggle exclaimed, "What are those dark *figures moving in the* snow yonder?"

"Surely they are bears!" ejaculated Mrs. Gwynne, with a wry face.

"Then we must be off at once," expostulated Miss Wriggle, but, before we could distinguish the last word, her lap of luncheon was all upset, and she was a few yards on the wrong way down. Dismay had somewhat petrified us all, till we recalled to mind that between us and the bears was a gulf fixed, in the shape of a yawning gorge parting the mountains. A shout to Miss Wriggle soon brought her to bay, and we resumed our task of demolishing the eggs, sincerely trusting that one of the four would not be green; for dark histories have reached us of how the Norwegians leave all the eggs in the nest till the last one is laid, so that the first gift of spring is likely to be peculiar (not to say nasty) in colour and flavour. *Ingebret*, a picturesque object in striped shirt and fur turban, ensconced himself in a shady nook to smoke his lengthy Norwegian pipe, from which we gathered we might leisurely revel in the beautiful scenes around us.

High in the ultramarine canopy of heaven sits the fiery king; the dazzling fjord sparkles with diamond, sapphire, chrysolite, and laves fair Molde's shore and Veblungsnœs, which modest hamlet entreats us once again to be its happy guests; patches of ripening corn and ruddy grass, where busy haymakers look but tiny specks; and near, almost within our touch (except for intervening gulfs), mystic peaks of Romsdalshorn, Vinde-Tinde, and more eccentric, jagged, toothlike crags, Trolltinderne. These "witch-cliffs" are especially conspicuous for their strange, fantastic pinnacles, which against the clear blue sky assume the form of, and have been named after, owls, dogs, men, &c. Olden tradition says that they are the witches and demons of heathenism, transformed into these enduring monuments at the time St. Olaf Christianised this valley by the powerful arguments of fire and sword.

Between four and five o'clock we began to trip down "on the light, fantastic toe," singing and shouting—as we all said, to give our lungs fair play. Our course was arrested by a fluttering, terrified brood of ryper. We counted the parents and seven young. A wretched hawk was hovering and swooping over them, and I fear their ingenuity in hiding would not prevent him carrying out his dark design. During our heated ascent Mrs. Gwynne had disencumbered herself of certain nether garments of woollen texture, which we

hid behind boulders, noting the place, so as to find them on the return journey; but we mistook the route, and if the sheep and goats suffer from indigestion our vivacious widow is decidedly the fair culprit.

Till *midnight* we sat "in the gloaming" outside the dépendance, talking over our happy day.

Two shares, guide up Blaafjeld, 3 kr.

(To be continued.)

HOUSEKEEPING IN THE MOUNTAINS.

A Graphic Description of an Enjoyable Summer Outing.

N the extreme southwestern part of North Carolina, where that state and South Carolina and Georgia corner, there is a region of wild and picturesque beauty. Mountains cluster thickly, many of them over six thousand feet high, densely wooded to their summits with magnificent forests of oak, pine, hemlock and chestnut; down the narrow glens, dark with the shade of rhododendron and laurel, rush clear, bright streams, fed by gushing springs, and everywhere, in their season, blossom the most beautiful and varied wild flowers. Game, such as bear and deer, is plentiful, and the cold streams abound with speckled trout. It would be a paradise alike for sportsmen and health seekers, but it is comparatively unknown to tourists. Railroads have never penetrated these mountain fastnesses, and there are few wagon roads.

The mountaineers live in their remote and widely separated cabins, as they have done for several generations past, most of them unable to read or write, and uninfluenced by any contact with the outer world, but independent and sufficient unto themselves. They hunt and fish, they cultivate small farms, and make their corn into whiskey without any deference to the laws of internal revenue. There is no aristocracy to domineer over them, and their self-respect has never been crushed. Many of them come of good Scotch and Huguenot stock, and possess great natural intelligence; others are shiftless and unreliable, but they form the exceptions to the general rule of hard-working honesty.

On a level plateau, surrounded on all sides by mountains, a little village has sprung up. It was started by an enterprising Northern man who regained his health here, breathing the balsam-laden air; he brought his family and established a home, then induced a number of other people to come and settle. It has a post office, a hotel, a schoolhouse and church, several stores; and a number of comfortable private dwellings, but the primeval forest still surrounds the spot. A few steps away from the main street one is lost in a laurel jungle, and a half-hour's walk takes one to the top of a neighboring summit, whence he can behold a vast stretch of mountains of all shades of purple, blue and amethyst, fading into enchanting softness in the distance.

Three of us—women who had pitched camp together many times before in life's march—attracted to this spot by its fine scenery, its healthfulness and its cheapness, went there to spend the summer. Our first move was to rent a couple of rooms; our next to gather from various sources a few necessary household traps. These could not all be obtained at once, and pending the arrival of the cook stove and some chairs, we cooked by the fireplace and sat on our trunks.

When the cook stove arrived—as it did one rainy day, in an ox cart, together with a couple of turkeys and half a dozen hens which we had engaged—there proved to be not enough pipe to reach through the roof; and when, after several days' delay, that deficiency was remedied, the man who had promised to haul us some wood failed to come. After repeated personal interviews, he finally brought us a load of young laurel and rhododendron, about as thick through as a quart cup and solid as mahogany. He promised to send some one to chop it up for us; but for three days we sighed in vain for his coming, our refrain being that of Mariana in the Moated Grange: "'He cometh not,' she said." On the fourth day we borrowed an ax—a dull one it proved to be, and light—and with many ill-aimed strokes, half of which hit the ground, and much abrasion of the cuticle inside our hands, we chopped enough wood to cook a meal or two.

On the fifth day two natives appeared, who said they had been sent to chop our wood. They surveyed the pile for awhile in silence; but the listless, round-shouldered droop of their homespun coats augured ill for any vigorous exertion. The aspect of the woodpile evidently discouraged them; they went home, probably to recruit their energy, and returned in a few hours to do the work.

Our experience with a washerwoman was much the same. We engaged a black-browed woman of Portuguese descent, who lived in a cabin in the woods, and who could have played the part of one of the weird sisters in Macbeth without any making up. She promised to come for the clothes bright and early Monday morning. When Thursday came, she had not yet arrived; and borrowing a tub, a high wooden bench, and a round black kettle, we went down to the spring and washed the clothes ourselves, mountaineer fashion, while the pink and white laurel blossoms fell in showers upon our heads, and drifted away on the current of the spring branch.

It has been mentioned that we had some turkeys and chickens. As there was no coop to keep them in, we set to work to make one, and with a hammer, some nails, and a few long, wide boards, succeeded in making a coop big enough for a cassowary. But the hens soon slipped out through the cracks, and the next night roosted in the branches of a chestnut, whence they were brought, squawking and protesting, by a small boy whom we induced to climb for them.

The cook stove, which we had obtained after so much delay, was not a portly black one, shining with polish, and possessing a reservoir and tin oven. It was a small one, called a step stove, because the back half was six inches higher than the front; had none of the modern improvements, and had long ago lost its original blackness and assumed a rusty, burned-out hue. So antiquated was its appearance that it might have been in use when Jefferson was president. It was so low that we had to prostrate ourselves before it to see into the oven door; when we put in wood we literally laid our heads in the dust, after the manner of an oriental salaam.

We fancied that the cooking which was done by the fireplace in our front room tasted best; certainly nothing in the way of modern conveniences could improve the salt-rising bread, the chicken potpies and huge peach pies which were taken from the old-fashioned oven on the hearth, heated by coals beneath and on the lid. The hearth was composed of large, flat stones; the fireplace and chimney, likewise of natural stone, yawned wide enough to take in the largest back log; the stately brass andirons had come down from a former generation.

Our bedsteads were of native wood, and made in the village. One was varnished and savored of luxury; the other not. Our beds were striped ticks filled with fresh straw, and as we dropped into sound, refreshing slumber as soon as we retired, we had no regrets that they were not woven wire or curled hair.

Our chairs were hand-made, and made to order, which proved them to be solid and genuine—the qualities so much sought in modern furniture—but we had not enough of them without taking the high-backed, splint-bottomed rocking-chair to the table every meal. Our table harmonized with the rest of the furniture: it had two long, straight boards on top, and four legs which had never come in contact with a turning lathe.

The front room served for both parlor and bedroom; the back one for kitchen and dining room. The walls and ceilings were of rough, unplaned boards, just as they left the sawmill. At first it seemed like coming into a barn, but we soon covered the walls with photographs, illustrations from papers, pressed ferns and clusters of the bright, scarlet berries of the mountain ash, and somewhat redeemed their bareness. No ingenuity, however, could give us more space, and we had to keep the sidesaddle under the bed.

The floors were bare, and the constant clack of our heeled shoes on the oak boards soon became a familiar accompaniment to the performance of household duties. The windows were for some time curtainless; but they framed views of distant mountains and nearer ridges, clothed with majestic hemlocks, chestnuts, maples and oaks, which we were loath to shut from sight, and at night a host of big, bright stars were visible. Our supply of table ware was none too ample, all the dishes we owned generally being called into use at each meal; our cutlery in particular was limited, the knives being four in number, and following an Arkansas precedent we named them respectively "big butch, little butch, granny's knife, and old case."

Pumps and wells were unknown, the supply of water always being obtained from springs. Our spring was several rods away from the house, at the foot of a hill. It issued from the hillside in a strong, clear stream, deliciously cold, and ran away through an almost impenetrable thicket of laurel and rhododendron, to join a stream whose constant murmur and gurgle we heard in the adjacent forest.

It was as if we had gone back several generations—to the days of our great-grandmothers—when we began such primitive housekeeping. With such an environment we ought to have busied ourselves from morning till night hackling or combing flax, carding or spinning wool, weaving at the loom, or attending to the other duties incident upon a simple, patriarchal mode of existence. But our lives did not harmonize with our surroundings. We swung in our hammocks under the shade of pine trees, we rambled in the woods or climbed mountains, with not even the excuse of going to pick huckleberries, and we took frequent horseback rides toward every point of the compass. We raised nothing, we manufactured nothing, we had nothing to barter; we simply paid cash for all our supplies—a proceeding which our great-grandmothers would have viewed with horror.

Mountain trout, speckled red and yellow, were brought to our door on strings by the boys who had caught them, wading in the cold streams, and we bought them for a cent apiece. Grizzled men, who had been hunting in the forest, brought wild game which they offered at prices that attested their remoteness from markets. Mountaineer women, in sunbonnets and short-waisted dresses of calico or domestic gingham, presented themselves at our door with buckets of blackberries, dewberries or huckleberries, which they offered for five cents a quart; or with "pokes" (as small bags are called) full of apples, peaches, roasting ears, cabbages or squashes, which they had raised in their own gardens or which had been brought in bullock carts from "down Georgia way." They addressed us as "you-uns" or "you-alls," and said "I wish you well" when they went away, instead of "good-by." Their gait was a quick walk, up hill and down, and they lifted their feet high as if accustomed to the roots, stones and other obstructions of mountain trails.

We obtained milk and butter through the same purveyors. These articles we kept, together with

meat and berries, in a little whitewashed log house down by the spring; they were preserved cool and fresh and we never felt the need of ice. Groceries were obtained from a store in the village, which was at once post office, grocery, dry goods, hardware and general notion store. The mail was brought to this emporium once a day on horseback from the nearest railroad town in South Carolina, thirty miles away.

It may be asked what we gained in return for all our privations and inconveniences. The answer will be health, fun, enjoyment of many kinds. We took long walks through the forests, admiring the stately ranks of trees that towered above us, untouched by ax or fire, and gathered our arms full of rhododendron, laurel and azalea flowers. The tinkle of bells on the necks of horses grazing far up on the mountain range came faintly to our ears, together with the distant low of cattle, nipping the fragrant undergrowth in the distant woods. Sometimes when climbing the dim paths leading to these wild pastures we would startle, and be startled by, the thin, shy, high-shouldered and slab-sided hogs which eat the mast and nuts, and know no master's crib. Above, in the aisles of verdure, we would hear the thrushes and the veeries singing, and catch glimpses of many a bird we had never seen outside the plates of Wilson's ornithology.

Or, mounted on horseback, we would canter off along the mountain roads till we came to some wonderful view that embraced hundreds of miles: the domes of South Carolina, the summits of Georgia, culminating in Rabun Peak, and all the ranges that lie so thickly in the southwestern corner of North Carolina, while along the western horizon stretched the Great Smoky mountains of Tennessee, faint and dim as a far-off belt of cloud. The grandeur of its scenery has gained for this region the name of "The Land of the Sky." There are points from which eighty peaks over six thousand feet high can be seen at once.

At other times we would penetrate the trackless wilderness till we reached the waterfalls whose roar filled the hollow of the encircling hills, and here, stepping from rock to rock in the cascades, gather rare ferns and curious lichens, and note where mushrooms varying in size from a silver dollar to a saucer, lifted their pleated parasols from the rich, damp soil—buff, salmon, pink, and a rich orange with a deep crimson center. Sometimes we descended a thousand feet into a sheltered cove where there were springs whose waters possessed medicinal virtues, and in whose milder air fruits ripened which would not grow on the breezy heights.

The life of the mountaineers was always open to our study, and was the source of endless entertainment. It was absorbingly interesting to watch the development of human nature under conditions so widely different from those with which we were familiar; and to observe that while an atmosphere of culture could not always produce a gentleman, neither could rude surroundings make a boor, but that the gentle instinct or the brutal one is inherent.

Wherever we went the music of the mountain streams was never long out of our hearing. Pure and cold and sparkling they crossed our path or ran along the side of the road, then went singing on their way down the mountain side under a roof of laurel branches which sheltered them from the sun. It may have been the water we drank, it may have been the air we breathed, it may have been some subtler essence distilled in Nature's laboratory, only to be had far from cities and their artificial life; certain it is that we all gained in health and strength during our summer in the mountains, and look back upon our primitive housekeeping there as an experience in which enjoyment outweighed inconvenience.

—Louise Coffin Jones.

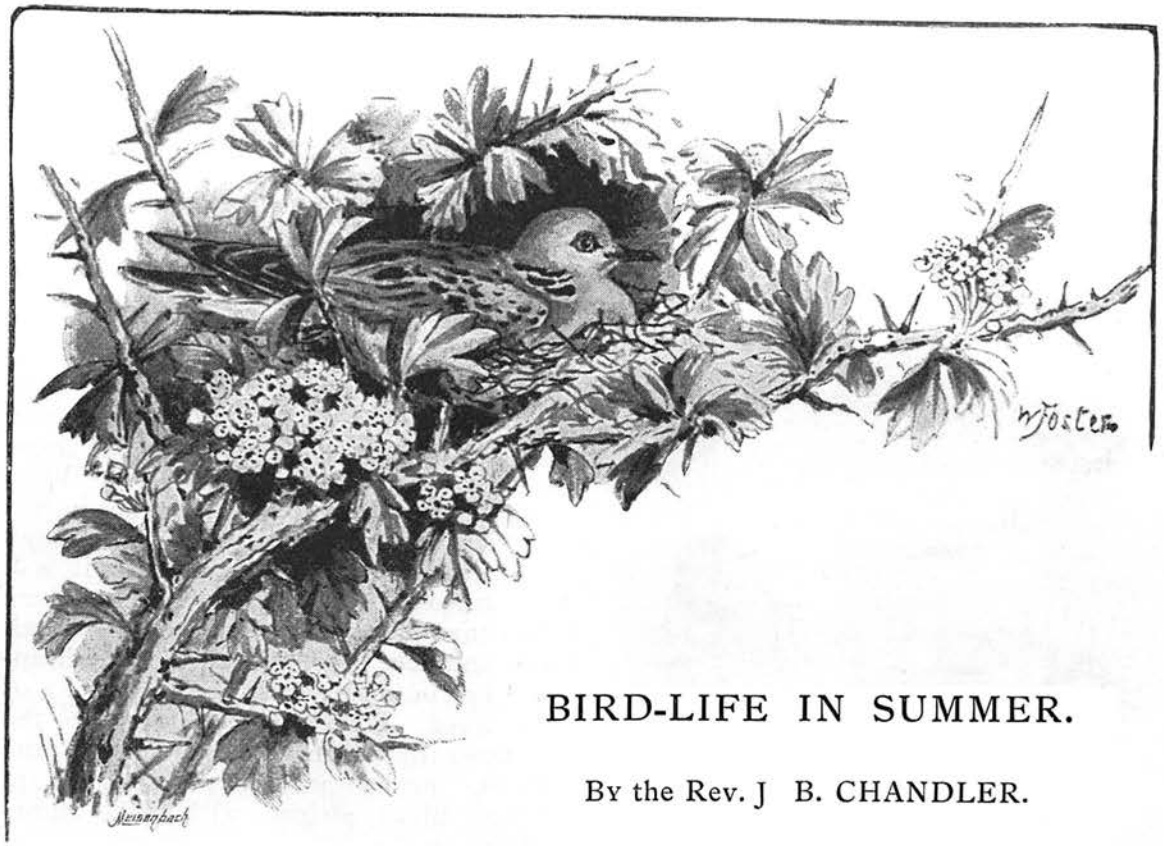
THE MODEL HOUSEWIFE.

She kept her house with neatest care,
No fleck of dirt was hidden there.
Each day she walked the self-same route,
And kept its corners well swept out.
Her carpets. all, were in the shade,
For fear their colors bright would fade.
Dirt, she thought, was a mortal crime,
And so she fought it all the time.
On flies she daily made a raid,
Till none her household dared invade.
What mice with her tried to contend
Soon came to an untimely end.

Her eyes contracted in a squint,
She looked so much for dust and lint.
Her husband's life was full of woes,
For she almost brushed him out of his clothes.
When at rest in his easy chair,
Lo and behold! his wife was there,
Armed with the dust-brush and the pan,
To sweep up round "that careless man."
No daughters fair or sturdy boys
Disturbed her home with mirthful noise.
She scarce found time to dine or sup;
How could she stop to bring them up?

Thus was she thro' the walks of life
Wedded to dirt, and a faithful wife.
When, at last, Death's angel came
Into her home and called her name,
He found her in the northwest room,
Still wielding her beloved broom!
He told her that her time was nigh,
That she must now prepare to die.
She gravely answered with a frown:
"Just let me sweep that cobweb down."
Her apron strings she then untied,
And calmly laid her down and died;
But whispered with the last breath given,
"I—hope—there—is—no—dirt—in—heaven."

—H. Maude Merrill.



THE TURTLE DOVE.

BIRD-LIFE IN SUMMER.

By the Rev. J B. CHANDLER.

Illustrated by WILLIAM FOSTER

FOR the enjoyment of nature we need sound as well as sight, music as well as beauty, we need the stir of active life, and the tender romance and charm of love. Therefore the days of early summer, when happy birds are busy nesting, and, like the angelic choir, rest not in their sweet singing day nor night, is, on the whole, the nature-lover's happiest time. There is something wonderfully oppressive about silence. The first thing about the country which strikes the genuine Londoner is its somewhat awful silence. "Well, you be quiet down here," is his almost invariable remark, "downright lonesome, I calls it." It is not the restfulness of silence which strikes him, but its gloom. He can no more bear it at first than the rustic can stand the ceaseless din and rattle of the great city.

But, as a matter of fact, in the early summer there is no such thing as silence in the country either by day or night. Before the first faint streaks of light yet glimmer in the eastern sky, through the warm darkness of the summer night there sound the songs of restless birds.

First perhaps "the darling of the spring," "the vernal cuckoo, shouteth." It is a curious tradition that for good luck during the year the cuckoo must not be heard before the nightingale. The thrushes also are too happy to sleep long,

THE WREN.

and never do their pure tender notes sound sweeter than at the dim murky hour of early morn. Their songs have woke the skylark, who

> "Springs from the grassy lea or rustling corn,
> Towers through dull night, and wakes the coming morn."

And now the sparrows under the eaves begin to chirp and chatter, the world is waking up, it is growing light. Cheerily the robin sings to his mate, who is sitting on five eggs in a nest-box in the apple tree ; the blackbird trolls his rich notes far away ; the wren comes forth from the garden hedge and sings his shrill little morning song, till the sun rises, and the concert of wild melody swells through the woods and groves.

THE DABCHICK AND ITS NEST.

The cool fresh hours of early morning are full of life and stir and bustle for the birds. Here there is a tender love scene ; there a fierce and angry quarrel. Here there is a sitting mate to be attended to, there a whole brood of callow nestlings to be fed, and everywhere the earth resounds with song. But as the sun rises higher in the heavens and the heat increases a certain lull and languor seems to creep over the birds. First one voice, then another, grows still. The concert for a time has ceased.

But there is no such thing as silence in the hottest summer noon. "The live murmur of the summer day" is never hushed. From the green boughs of the fragrant lime trees there comes the drowsy hum of countless bees. There is a murmur of insect life from the flowery meadow by the pond, and a gentle rustle from "the long grass swaying in the playing of the almost wearied breeze."

Now and again we hear the crow of a pheasant from some distant wood, the loud cluck of a moorhen, and the merry chirrup of a dabchick from the weedy corner of the lake. Come with me and see the dabchicks' nest ; it is worth seeing, and it is a sin to be indoors on such a glorious June day. We will get into the punt and paddle gently down to that island of purple rhododendrons. There, do you see? A round mass of wet weed? Yes, but take off the top covering of weeds, and there are three dingy brown eggs. They were white once, but the damp has stained them to their present colour. They are quite warm ; if we had come more quietly round the corner you would have seen the hen bird on the nest. When disturbed, however great her hurry, she never seems to leave her eggs without covering them up. It is a curious sight to watch her, one hurried dig and scratch with beak and feet, and the eggs have disappeared under their green covering of weed. The young in down are the most delightful little creatures, the head, neck, and upper parts are glossy black striped with rich chestnut brown.

And there, under the opposite bank, conspicuous a long way off, is the far more substantial mansion of a coot. There are eight spotted eggs hard set by now. A few days more, and if you watched quietly you might see the proud parents hard at work feeding their young ; first one and then the other of the old birds dives down and disappears, and on coming up again with a luscious piece of weed is immediately surrounded by two or three greedy chicks, each crying out to be fed first.

But listen to that piping cry and see that flashing gleam of azure light! We have disturbed a kingfisher who was watching for his prey on one of the overhanging boughs of that silver birch. He has his nest in a sandy bank by the side of the pond some few hundred yards away. It is too far in to reach with the hand, but if you put your ear to the hole and listen you can hear the young birds calling out for food. If you stand patiently behind that oak and watch you will soon have the rare treat of seeing one of the parent birds flash by with a fish in his bill and disappear into the bank. These birds breed close to the same place every year, but it is very rare indeed after the summer is over to see more than one pair of birds about the place. The young, apparently,

are sent off into the world to find a new home for themselves.

And now, from one of the old thorn trees in the park there comes one of the sweetest and most soothing sounds of summer. It is the gentle "tur tur" of the turtle dove. It is one of the latest of our summer migrants to arrive, and is rarely seen before the end of the first week in May. If you peered carefully up into one of those old thorns you would most likely not only discover the nest, but even see the pure white eggs shining through the thin layer of sticks which forms the nest.

THE KINGFISHER

An early poet speaks of "a cruel hind" having borne away the turtle's nest. The talented author of *The Poets' Birds* justly ridicules the folly of the thought. "To carry away a turtle's nest," he says, "would be a singularly difficult and irksome matter. It is the very ghost of a nest, a mere scattering of 'spillikins;' a tolerable imitation of it can be made by upsetting half a box of matches." Many of the poets show a dense ignorance of the ways of the birds whom they are so fond of dragging in to give colour to their poems of country life. The latest instance of this ignorance I happened to come across is in Owen Meredith's rather beautiful ode to a starling, which he invokes as

> "Spring's pilot, and her nimblest-wingèd darling,
> Despite the arrowy-flighted swallow
> That in thy wake doth follow."

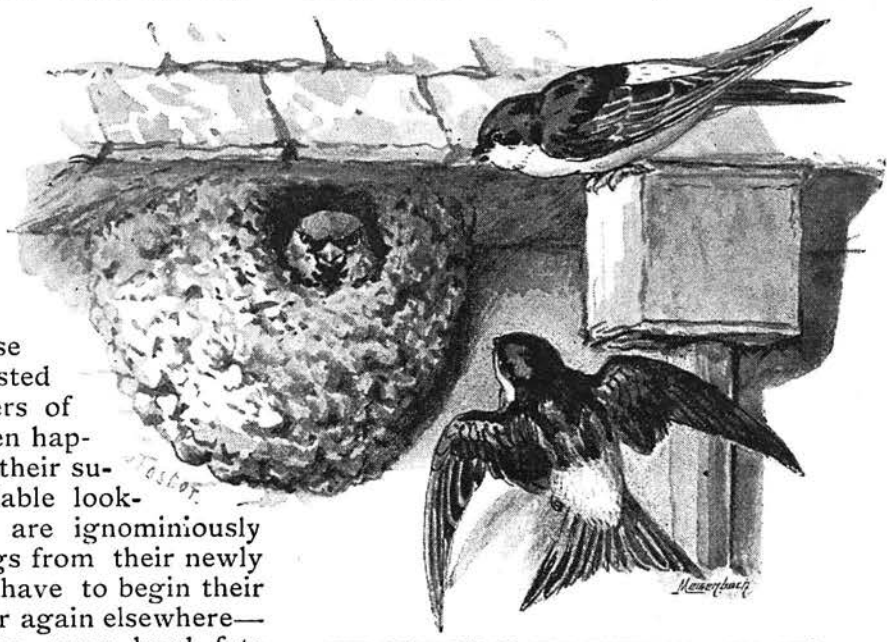
Yet the starling is one of the few constant friends who abide with us all through the year!

Mingled with the sweet plaintive murmur of the turtle-dove there comes a harsher sound; it is the mocking cry of the yaffle or green woodpecker. You can just see his snaky-looking head peering round the main stem of that old alder by the water-side. His

GREEN WOODPECKERS AND STARLINGS.

mate is sitting on five or six white eggs inside that new hole high up in the tree. If you stood under the tree and clapped your hands her head would come out of the window for a moment and then be hastily drawn in again. She and her husband have had considerable trials to contend with; when, after many days of hard and patient labour they had bored themselves a new hole in the tree, and their new house was almost ready for occupation, an impudent pair of starlings slipped in while their backs were turned. For some two days the old alder tree was the scene of a grim and angry siege. One or other of the woodpeckers seemed always to be on guard, but in spite of all their efforts to defend their home the enemy was often in possession for a time.

In this present case victory ultimately rested with the rightful owners of the hole. But it often happens that, in spite of their superior size and formidable looking bills, the yaffles are ignominiously ousted by the starlings from their newly completed home, and have to begin their laborious work all over again elsewhere—possibly to suffer the same hard fate again, and to be frustrated, it may be, from raising a brood at all that season.



THE SPARROW IN THE HOUSE-MARTINS NEST.

Nor is the woodpecker the only bird whose home is ever invaded and captured by bold and unscrupulous robbers. The charming little house-martins have often to suffer the same hard fate. Last year I had been watching with delighted interest the rapid progress of the mud house which a pair of martins were building under the eaves of my house. I had several times noticed a burly-looking ruffian of a cock sparrow sitting on the roof close by and watching the martins at their work. I hoped, however, that it was only idle curiosity that brought him there. One morning, however, hearing cries of distress from my beloved martins, and decided bad language from the sparrow, I rushed out to see what was going on, and found to my fierce indignation that the ruffian and his wife had taken possession of the martins' newly-built home. I succeeded in frightening the invaders away, and left the rightful owners softly crooning to each other in the nest; when I came back again, however, in half an hour, the robbers had recaptured the nest. This time I fired a walking-stick gun over their heads and drove them away, and once more had the satisfaction of seeing the martins return. But not, alas! for long; late in the afternoon, when I returned home from the parish, the tables were once more turned and the sparrows in possession. Then I vowed revenge, and, hiding behind the coach-house door, with my walking-stick gun I soon shot the female invader dead. Well, that concludes the matter, I thought to myself; the sparrow, for all his cheek, will never come near the fatal spot again. Little did I know the depths of perfidy that callous wretch had sunk to. Hardly had ten minutes elapsed since the death of his mate before the ruffian reappeared as cheerful and perky as ever, actually bringing with him a new wife to take possession of his wrongfully captured home! This time I was too daunted to take any further steps to stand up for the oppressed, I fled in horror, and the sparrows brought up a large and vigorous family in that martins' nest.

Other birds, however, of very varying character will sometimes live close together without any signs of hatred or ill-will. One old alder full of holes by the edge of one of our fish ponds is a regular lodging house—a family hotel. Last year in the top flat there was a family of young tawny owls in other chambers in the

same tree three pairs of jackdaws, two or three pairs of starlings, and, I think, one pair of blue tits, were bringing up their respective families. Alas! early one fatal morning some ruthless lad invaded our sanctuary and robbed the sacred tree. The hotel was sacked, every young owl and jackdaw was carried away!

Throughout the hot June day the birds' strain of praise never wholly dies away. You may still hear occasional and fitful bursts of song. But it is not until the late afternoon when the sun is sinking and the heat is less oppressive that the full chorus of the grove begins again. The sun has scarcely set before you will hear one of the most singular voices of the summer. It is the well-known "churring" of the nightjar. Its notes, as several writers have pointed out, are not unlike the noise made by some kind of machinery. It is only uttered when the bird is perched at irregular intervals lasting not usually longer than one or two minutes. The favourite haunt of this quaint but beautiful bird is an open heath or common. The female lays two eggs, which are white, beautifully mottled with brown or violet-grey, upon the bare ground. When flushed, she will feign lameness, and flutter along the ground to distract attention from her eggs or young. One that I put up one hot summer afternoon nearly drove my fat old spaniel wild with excitement as she fluttered off just in front of his nose for quite two hundred yards before she finally flew off and left him. The old dog came back looking very much ashamed of himself and evidently feeling he had been thoroughly befooled.

That other curious trilling note, less loud and more monotonous than the churring of the nightjar, which proceeds from the depths of a furze thicket or from the densest corner of the copse, is the song of the grasshopper warbler, so called from the almost exact resemblance of its song to the note of the grasshopper. But the most noteworthy musician of the night is "the twilight-loving solitary owl," the "dismal" "sullen," "boding" "bird of darkness," for whom the poets have nothing but abuse.

First and foremost there is the brown, wood, or tawny owl, who lives in a hollow tree and startles the invader of his solitary haunts by his loud weird-like shout of Hoo! Hoo! Hoo! Then, the "screech owl" of the poets, whose

FLUSHING THE NIGHTJAR.

"terrific song" and "hideous notes of woe" are so much enlarged upon, is our barn or white owl. It is a beautiful and harmless bird, feeding almost entirely on rats and mice. Its fondness for nesting in a dovecote has raised a prejudice against it. It is useless to endeavour to persuade the farmer that the barn owl has not the smallest wish to eat his pigeons. He will slay it if he gets the chance. The third common south country owl is the long-eared owl, which lives mostly among the Scotch firs on a common, and lays its eggs in the old deserted nest of some wood-pigeon or carrion-crow. Its cry is

THE LONG-EARED OWL.

said to be something like the bark of a dog, but I have never myself identified the cry of this bird. I have more than once kept young long-eared owls, but some accident has always robbed me of them before they reached maturity.

But, to conclude, there is no single hour by day or night in the happy time of early June in which some sweet voice of Nature does not charm the ear; no single hour in which life is not infinitely well worth living.

SOME QUAINT FONTS AND THEIR STRANGE HISTORIES.

By Charles G. Harper.

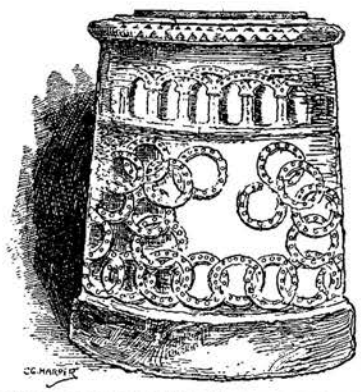
THE odd histories and strange vicissitudes that have overtaken some of our ancient fonts are worth recounting. Varied as have been the fortunes of many of the ecclesiastical buildings in which they are to be found, their own story is still more engrossing. There is, for instance, a very ancient font indeed now to be seen in Deerhurst church, in Gloucestershire.

FONT AT WHICH SHAKESPEARE WAS BAPTISED.

It stood for many years in a farmyard at Deerhurst, and would probably have remained there to this day, had it not been for the Dean of Westminster, who in 1843 noticed it, and rescued it from the degradation into which it had fallen.

The old font of Holy Trinity Church, Stratford-on-Avon, is peculiarly interesting, because it is the one at which Shakespeare was baptized, April 26th, 1564. The official record of the baptism may yet be seen in the register. The future dramatist is referred to as "Gulielmus filius Johannes Shakspere." This interesting relic, which by the style of its panelled bowl is seen to belong to the Perpendicular period of architecture, was brutally treated at the restoration of the church in 1840, being removed and made to do duty as a bason under a pump. A more enlightened age has restored it to the church, where it is still to be seen, although sadly mutilated.

FONT AT DEERHURST.



SAXON FONT, ST. MARTIN'S, CANTERBURY.

The oldest font in England stands, appropriately enough, in the oldest church. This is the venerable St. Martin's, at Canterbury. It is a singular object, somewhat resembling a milk-churn in shape, and is covered with a characteristically Saxon arcaded design, and with interlacing rings, all considerably battered and defaced.

The font of Middleton Stoney Church, in Oxfordshire, has had many strange changes. At some unmentioned time it was turned out of the church, and eventually found its way into a farm garden, and the use this unfortunate font was put to was as a feeding trough for turkeys. Lady Jersey saw the font, and begged it of the farmer, who gave it up readily enough. She then presented it to the church from which it had been missing so long.

BOTLEY FONT.

Taddington Church, in Derbyshire, has also been despoiled of its font, and the bowl of it may be seen built into the wall of a neighbouring public-house, where it serves the menial office of a sink.

Botley Church, in the neighbourhood of Southampton, has recovered its long-lost font, which, after having disappeared for some two hundred years, was accidentally dredged up from the bed of the River Hamble and restored to its proper place.

The weirdest of all fonts is, doubtless, that of Kilpeck Church, in Herefordshire. It is of the Norman period, and, although rudely carved, is distinct enough to show the lower half of a semi-human figure, with great clumsy hands clasped in front, and a something—perhaps intended to represent the legendary "Worm" or snake that is said to have ravaged the neighbouring Golden Valley in ancient days—curled round the legs.

KILPECK FONT.

HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVES.

"FINE OYSTERS!"

By JAMES D. SYMON.

ROTUNDITY, enveloped in a brown coat, ancient but comfortable, that almost swept the ground; a "bowler" crowning a head and face that irresistibly suggested a sun-fish—that is an impressionist sketch of one who nightly patrols a certain unfashionable West-End district, inviting in stentorian tones the inhabitants to purchase his "Fine oysters!"

Slowly he plods along his accustomed round, patiently pushing his barrow and pausing frequently to send his voice down the street, where it re-echoes from side to side like a giant tennis-ball in a court of the ancient model. It was the dull "flip-flop" of his business cry that first made me pause to take note of the merchant, whose keen business eye swiftly took note of me. The heavy powerful voice rose once more, then sank to a conversational tone, and a remark, edged with a jest, tempted me to seek the gentleman's better acquaintance. "Sixpence a dozen! They're for saile, Guv'nor, not for adver*tise*ment!" He set his barrow down as he spoke, and faced me. It must be confessed that neither dealer nor stock-in-trade had an altogether tempting aspect when viewed critically by the light of the four guttering candles, enclosed in smoky lamp-glasses, that adorned the stand. But it was his wit, not his wares, that I desired to taste, so I ventured a question or two on strictly trade topics, in hope of being able to draw him out without resorting to bribery in the first instance. If conversation flowed, he could be remunerated at the close of our talk; just now a purchase would have been impolitic. He expected his customers to open and partake on the spot, or if not, to carry the goods away at once. A public banquet I could not away with; and it was plain that to buy and linger without falling on the delicacies would have given offence, and would either have rendered him altogether dumb or provoked him to oratory—of an amusing character, doubtless, but not (to borrow the watchword of modern popular journalism) "what was wanted."

The hope, however, of an ultimate transaction, or, perhaps, of something else (to be noted later), kept his tongue wagging bravely for a little on what was, no doubt, arrant "shop." Well content, I let it wag, for shop was wanted.

There were two qualities of oysters on the board, each pile with its attendant placard announcing that the one might be had at sixpence a dozen, the other at fourpence. "You see," explained the vendor, "I can get them at about two shillin's the hundred, but they stand ye in 'arf-a-crown the 'undred all told: wot wiv candles and winegar, you can't get out under the 'arf-crown. Supposin', now, I started wiv three 'undred o' the best, that 'ud be seven-an'-six. *If* I sold out at sixpence the 'undred I 'd be five shillin's to the good, but one can't count on that. Then there 's a shillin' a d'y for the barrer and two-an'-six a week for house-rent, and one-an'-six a d'y to the missus, an' the copper's tip to let ye stand ten minutes. So, you see, we can't clear much, good an' bad d'ys together. Oh, it's a foine time we 'ave; I wonder *you* 'aven't a barrer yourself, Guv'nor. You 'd think even a pound a d'y not good enough for bein' wet through. I s'y"—the rotund little body waddled closer to me and struck the attitude Mr. Gus Elen has rendered classic—"I 'll toss yer for two drinks, Guv'nor! W'en one 's bin out in the cold and the wet for hours 'e needs a glass o' ale." Plainly the moment had come for encouragement, but I waived the glorious hazard of the spinning coin, and made the little man happy by a more direct and certain method. His affection warmed from that moment, and personal talk became easy and unrestrained. He knew the true secret of friendly converse between man and man. Out came a stumpy clay, which he charged with villainous shag; then, pulling off one of his sooty lamp-glasses from the

"I'LL TOSS YER FOR TWO DRINKS, GUV'NOR!"

dip it enshrined, he bent down and set the calumet agoing at the candle-flame. Between the comforting puffs came his story.

"I goes to market early—yes, Sir, Billingsgate — gets there at seven, an' sometimes 'as to wait four hours. Then I comes 'ome and puts the stock in a cellar—a nice cool place the landlord lets me 'ave for nuffin'. Goes out wiv the barrer at five, starts 'ollerin' at six. About seven o'clock, on an' orf, is the best business time; some folks likes 'em afore seven, some later, but by nine things gets pretty slack, an' there ain't much 'ope o' more traide for the night, I taikes 'ome wot 's left over. You see, you tries always to increase your stock, if you can; but it 's werry 'ard w'en one 'as debts. Lately I was cleared out, an' a gen'leman opposyte the street wi' me, 'e guv me 'arf-a-crown. It goes for food. Then 'e give me five shillin's. I 'm tryin' 'ard to clear it orf, but we *must* eat, Guv'nor. If I was livin' as I ought, I couldn't get clear. Oh, the streets! I wish I 'd never seen 'em! I was 'prenticed to a wheelwright fust, and then was in a pianoforte plaice; but it was the streets, the streets, allus the streets, for me!"

The throttling grip of London was upon him; but he could only writhe in utter hopelessness. His day of grace was past. The momentary disquietude vanished, however, and the old serenity reasserted itself.

"Competition? W'y, yes, there 's a tidy lot in the traide, but we maikes a livin', more or less."

Evidently, it was rather less than more. Still, he did not whine, and at times made a shift to speak cheerfully, even on delicate domestic matters. Marriage had not been altogether a failure with him, he admitted, but he devoutly wished he were single. The wife was a burden he could well dispense with, though he owned that she was a good creature, who didn't "go out drinkin', or that; but then, you see, Sir, she 'asn't nuffin' to do it on." I fancied the burden of marriage arose altogether from lack of funds to maintain an establishment; later, however, I concluded that there might be other reasons, of which more hereafter. Whatever the present state of his matrimonial relations, his life had not been without its romance, its little love story.

"I was born an' brought up in Edgware Road," he continued; "I live there now in a back room, and my wife an' me was boy an' girl together. But when she was little, her people got into trouble, an' at last there was nuffin for her but to get an 'order to go in'—wukkus, you know, Sir. They sent her to Southall School, I believe, an' after that she went to service. For a goodish bit I lost sight o' her, but at last I fell in wiv a friend o' mine—'e works in oysters too. 'E were a married man, Sir, 'e were; an' who should 'e 'a married but a sister o' my gal's. Well, my gal 'appened to be out o' a plaice, and she come to live along o' 'er sister, my pal's wife. We began to keep company an' so——" He paused and shifted from foot to foot. "And so?" I queried.

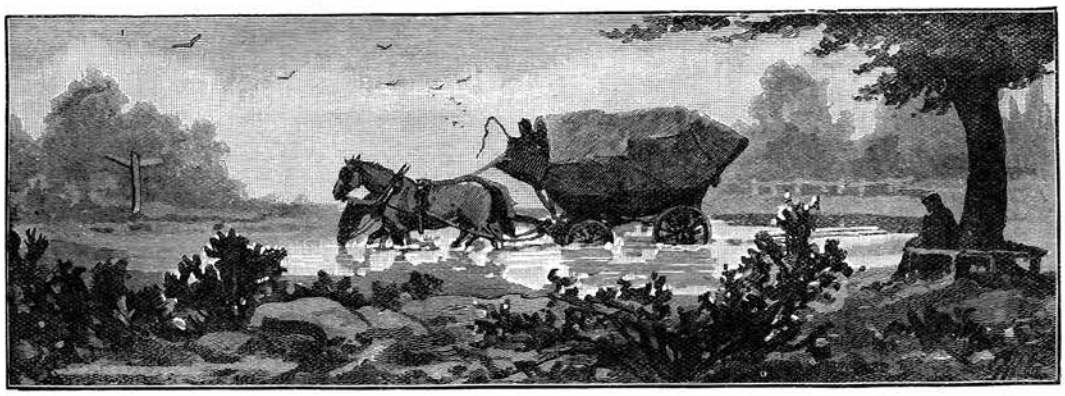
"I married 'er," he answered, with the shamefaced air of a small boy detected in purloining treacle; "yus, we wos married, an' 'ere we are! That wos five years ago—we've one baiby."

The streets by this time were growing deserted, for it was close on eleven o'clock, and Bayswater is not Piccadilly. It was a gusty night to boot, with dreary slants of cold rain, that splashed uncomfortably on the barrow and rendered it more squalid and unwholesome looking than ever. It did not seem likely that the little pile of empty shells lying in one corner would be augmented, or that the delf plates, where rain-water contended for the mastery with certain forlorn pools of vinegar, would improve upon their Barmecide hospitality. To this fact my companion was evidently alive, for he yoked himself to his car, and prepared to move. We went along together for a space indulging in fitful scraps of conversation, broken at intervals by the merchant's cry, "Fine oysters!" which he still raised, on the off-chance of luring some Paddington Montanus to bestow late patronage, and try the quality of the wares that yet remained. Nor was he disappointed. Forth from the public house at the corner came a sportive Boniface, accompanied by a friend. Both greeted the merchant familiarly. The two newcomers were in merry vein, and mine host challenged his companion to a contest of skill in guessing an oyster's age by mark of shell, even as a horse is dated by mark of mouth. But the less erudite comrade fought shy of the challenge; so from skill the worthy allies passed to chance, and tossed for "two dozen o' the best." When the vendor was appeased with a shilling, they passed within, jesting merrily on the vitalising properties of the desirable mollusc.

Evidently the last stroke of business was done. "It was no good waitin' about longer," the vendor remarked, so he said

THIS TIME MY FRIEND WAS ATTENDED—NAY, GUARDED.

good-night, and headed for home. Feeling chilled by long waiting in the wet, I turned off for a sharp turn in the same direction, and soon left the barrow and its owner far behind. But I was not done with him, as I fancied. Twenty minutes later, as I came westwards once more, I caught the murky glimmer of four stars that blinked and staggered towards me. It was the oyster-barrow and its owner wending east. This time my friend was attended—nay, guarded. On the pavement, close alongside of the establishment and him whose humble duty it was to run it, strode a lady—a tall, martial personage arrayed in a clean white apron, whose air of proprietorship bespoke her the better half. Doubtless she made it her business to see that scanty earnings were not made scantier by marital indiscretions. It is a duty not confined to goodwives of the "Other Half." Elsewhere, at eventide, we have seen the business man being taken home!



HIGH-CLASS SWEETMEATS.

WHATEVER the season, sweetmeats, especially high-class confections, are always in favour, most girls finding them delectable when sitting over the fire as when resting in a hammock.

I purpose telling the readers of the "G.O.P." therefore some delightful recipes which I guarantee will not only be reasonable in price, but will look professional enough to enable you to refill any empty bonbon boxes you may possess as acceptable presents for your girl friends. But you must be very careful to follow my instructions most minutely, for like most handiwork it is the attention to details that ensures success. As space forbids I can only give the two following dainties as examples of what may be accomplished at home. They are Marrons glaces and Marzipane varieties.

Marrons Glaces.—For these take one quart of chestnuts, and after removing the outer skin cover with water, boil gently till soft thirty minutes to one hour, depending upon the kind of chestnuts. The Italian chestnut is the best for keeping its shape. Peel very carefully and put into a pan with any broken pieces there may be on the top.

Make a syrup of one pound of sugar and a quarter of a pint of water, boil briskly for five minutes or until it threads; by which I mean the syrup will form a tiny thread on dipping the finger and thumb in cold water and then into the syrup. Let this cool and then pour over the nuts and leave for thirty-six hours in a warm place, or longer if more convenient. Lift the nuts out and drain. Now another syrup must be made of one pound of sugar, a quarter of a pint of water, and one pinch of cream of tartar. Boil quickly for seven minutes; this time the thread must be thicker, and if registered by the thermometer it would be 250°. Take off the fire and place the nuts in carefully, and merely bring to the boil. Stir the syrup most gently and then lift out and drain them. When dry they are ready. Little paper cases make them look more dainty; they can be got at any large stationer's.

A few hints on making syrup I think are necessary here before going to the next recipe. The first point to attend to is the saucepan, which should be perfectly clean and of strong enough material to prevent the syrup being likely to burn, and for this reason enamelled saucepans are not to be recommended. Then care must be taken not to let the syrup grain, which is the technical term for syrup crystallising again. A clean paint-brush or piece of rag dipped in water to wipe the sides of the pan. Skim carefully. Boil quickly, and do not stir, as stirring causes graining. For those who can afford a thermometer I should strongly advise its purchase; it simplifies the process of boiling syrup as it is much more accurate.

Marzipane Varieties.—Marzipane is made in various ways, but the recipe I intend giving is one that may be depended upon and will give satisfaction. One and a half pounds of almonds, two pounds of sugar, four eggs (whites only), half a saltspoon of cream of tartar, half a pint of water.

Make a syrup of the sugar, water and cream of tartar, boil for seven minutes in the same way as for marrons glaces. Stir in at once the ground almonds; if these be prepared at home the flavour is improved; those already prepared cost 1s. 4d. per pound, and answer very well. In either case add a few drops of almond essence and one teaspoonful of orange-flower water. Now put in the eggs, without beating; these must be stirred in off the fire and then returned to cook them slightly. You will find the quantities given make a large amount of marzipane; it may be considerably reduced, say to one-fourth, if desired. After the mixture is made, turn out on to a very large meat dish or marble slab (which is better) and work it with a wooden spoon until it is cool enough to knead with the hands. When worked enough it should look and be of the consistency of a nice dough. The next thing is to divide the marzipane in three or four portions. Colour and flavour each differently—cochineal, coffee, vegetable sap green are all suitable, and one portion may be left its natural colour. Work the colours in most thoroughly, as a streaky appearance would spoil the whole effect. To make diamonds—take a piece of each of the colours and roll out about a quarter of an inch, damp each slightly with a little white of egg and place on top of each other. Rice paper can be bought quite reasonably at any good confectioner's. A small sheet of this damped and placed both at the top and bottom of the square of marzipane makes a professional finish to the diamonds. Leave an hour or two till quite dry, then with a sharp knife cut into slices half an inch wide and cut crosswise into diamonds. I must only give suggestions for several other varieties. Farced fruits, for example, farced being the term used to express stuffed; we will take French plums as an instance. Cut the plum carefully down the middle and remove the stone; cut a piece of marzipane about as large as a nut, roll in the palms of the hands till smooth and oblong, place right inside to show a little of the marzipane only. Cherries, raisins, etc., are all done in this way.

Another way to use the marzipane. Detach a piece of it as large as a filbert and roll again between the palms till smooth, and stick half a walnut on each side, or the walnut may be completely covered with the marzipane. Almonds may be used in the same way. Do not forget that all these goodies look much nicer if placed in small paper cases. Also when arranging them in rows with a little fold of white paper between each row. These do not by any means exhaust the sweets that can be made at home with profit and without undue labour.

OUR EXPERIMENT STATION

A Week with the Aladdin Oven

By Margaret Ballou

I WAS hanging out the wash one morning, when I came round to the back door and found the steps cluttered up with the most ridiculous looking mess of stuff I ever laid eyes on. An old darky expressman stood knocking at the door. At first I couldn't imagine what the truck was; then I caught sight of "Aladdin oven" on a queer-looking black box, and it dawned on me that my husband, who had been reading up for weeks on his new hobby, hygienic cookery, was carrying out his threat that he'd make me quit cooking on the old stove and try this new-fangled arrangement.

When he came home at night he presented me with a new cook book called "The Science of Nutrition," and he grumbled at the lamb because it had been roasted instead of done to death in a slow stove.

If Mr Edward Atkinson had not put his name on the outside of his cook book I should have known a man wrote it. Once I helped edit a cook book our church got out, and if any of the women had handed in copy such as this man with an LL D and Ph D after his name gave to his publishers, I'd have started a fire in the furnace with it. I've heard my grandfather tell of calves that would run around the barn ten times before he could get them in at the door; that's about the way this cook book does. I read twenty-six pages before I got it through my head what the author was driving at. When a man writes a cook book, he tells about protein, fats, carbohydrates and dextrine. A woman gets down to plain language, to a tablespoonful of this and a cup of that, how to beat and stir and chop, or how long to bake or simmer. Details of this sort are wearisome to the masculine mind, I suppose, so a man leaves them out, or else he thinks a woman has such a fund of common sense that she needs no directions.

Take a flighty thing, just out of cooking school, and set her to cooking with Edward Atkinson's "Science of Nutrition" as a guide; what sort of cream sauce would she turn out with this as instruction: "One tablespoonful of flour and one of butter, one pint of milk." Mrs Ewing or Mrs Lincoln would have told you to heat the milk, put the butter in a saucepan and stir it till it bubbled, then add the flour and mix into a paste. Pour on the milk, stir till it thick-

ened and add salt and pepper. These are the little superfluities a man despises when he writes a cook book.

At times the book grows enigmatical. Here are two recipes: One is called pork smothered in apples. "Cut all the fat off the pork chops and lay in a braising dish; take one and one-half cups of meat stock and thicken with a tablespoonful of browned flour and a small piece of butter. Cover and cook one and one-half hours." The other, entitled "salt fish," says anyone fond of this dish may prepare it in the best way by moderate cooking in a dish with a little water added, preparing the pork scraps in the same way as trying out the fat of the pork for making chowder. Cook the beets thoroughly.

The apples and beets in these dishes must be like mock duck—there isn't any duck in it. The gentleman talks of basting with flour and salt. He cooks beefsteak in the oven for half an hour; he puts raw asparagus on toast and leaves it in the oven for two hours; he bakes gingerbread for one and a quarter hours, and bread for four hours; he cooks oatmeal in a slow oven all night. Griddlecakes get twenty minutes each, and he puts butter and bread crumbs on roast beef "to give it an aesthetic appearance." Here are a few gems from his cook book:

Browning Halibut and Cusk a la Creme

Having prepared the fish in the usual way, well seasoned, with sauce, wholly omitting the customary boiling by which the fine flavor of the fish is commonly destroyed, cook the fish a sufficient time according to the quantity. About half an hour before serving, beat the white of an egg into a froth and spread it over the fish. The result will please the critical eye and it will not hurt the fish.

Minced Gander on Toast

Order the toughest old gander than can be found in the market. Prepare him in the usual way; stuff with onion stuffing or with prunes and chestnuts. Place in a large vessel with a moderate amount of water, the vessel being covered; place in the oven; light the lamp at about half power and simmer slowly all night; test with a fork in the morning and if not tender, add a little more water if needed and simmer all day. In about eighteen hours the work will be done. The meat will then be so tender that it cannot be carved; mince and serve on toast with plenty of gravy, of which there will be an abundance.

I read the cook book three times, then at 8 o'clock one morning I went to work. I set up the Aladdin oven in a corner of the kitchen, filled the lamp, trimmed the wick, put on the metal chimney, lit the big Rochester burner, set the lamp in under the hole in the lower part of the stove, shut

The Aladdin Arrives, Lamp, Oil Can and All

the oven door tight, then waited for results. In an hour's time the oven was about the temperature of the hottest room in a Turkish bath. I felt encouraged. I had received Turkish baths and I knew how the oven would cook. The day before I had gone marketing. The butcher stared at me, grew deathly white and dropped his cleaver, when I asked for a piece of the toughest and cheapest meat in the store.

"Dog meat, ma'am?" he inquired, as he began to recover his florid color.

"No. I want it for a beef roll to cook in the Aladdin oven." Then I explained to him about Edward Atkinson and his oven. He didn't understand, but he shook his head as he did up my purchase, seven pounds of shin at six cents a pound. I was willing to follow Edward Atkinson's directions about feeding my family for one week at eighty-eight cents a head in all details but oleomargarine and eggs at eighteen cents a dozen, these I would not allow in my house.

Into the hot oven that morning I put a yellow stone crock containing one cup of split peas and three pints of cold water that

was designed for pea soup. Then I fixed the beef roll according to directions in "The Science of Nutrition." It was rolled up with a stuffing of sausage meat and bread crumbs inside, and flavored with onion, Worcestershire sauce and tomato catsup. I poured a pint of water over it and covered it tight. Into a small brown crock I put the rice, milk and raisins for a poor man's pudding. I set a pan of apples in to bake, and a dish of sliced raw potatoes with milk poured over them.

My husband appeared at noon, hungry, eager, anxious and radiant. I had the table set with good bread and butter, pickles and coffee. We dined off some canned soup which I heated in a hurry, deviled ham sandwiches, scalloped potatoes and poor man's pudding. The potatoes and pudding had cooked in three hours and a half, but the peas looked like yellow bullets swimming in hot water, and the beef roll was tougher than any dog's meat I would dare set before a well-bred canine.

"Turn up the wick," was my husband's brilliant advice. I left him to do it and presently we were breathing a black, sickly atmosphere of kerosene smoke.

"You didn't calculate the time for cooking correctly," said the man of the house with calm superiority. I referred him to Edward Atkinson and a diary I had kept of my morning's work. He got out of the difficulty by discovering that Mr Atkinson calls for two weeks to season the oven.

"Before that time we will be duly seasoned ourselves," I observed.

"Yes, but think of the money we will save," said the man of the house.

For supper we had the beef roll, which floated in a gravy thickened with bread crumbs and sausage meat. It was cooked, —cooked to death, the meat fibers separating from one another as clean as the slices of an orange. The whole thing was a mussy looking dish, and I contented myself with bread and honey. At 8 p m I put a pot of beans in the oven, a crock with a cupful of oatmeal added to salted water, the tough old gander demanded in Mr Atkinson's recipe, and the pea soup.

That was a wakeful night for me. I woke up a score of times before morning, dreaming I smelled smoke and fire. Twice I crept down to the kitchen, but the Aladdin oven was bravely working while we slept, there was not even a thread of black smoke from the iron chimney. I had to acknowledge to the triumphant man of the house next morning that the oatmeal and the baked beans were the best I had ever eaten. The baked apples had been done to a turn the night before, and with good cream we had an Aladdin oven breakfast which was a triumph. The gander was tenderer than it could have been cooked in a hot oven; it was really very good.

At last I laid the man cook's book aside. I had begun to gain more respect for his oven than for his culinary attainments, and I brought my own housewifely knowledge, a study of the cooker and its ways, to bear on the situation. I discovered the Aladdin oven in some respects to be a mighty good affair. I found that a pot of bones with cold water and chopped vegetables left in

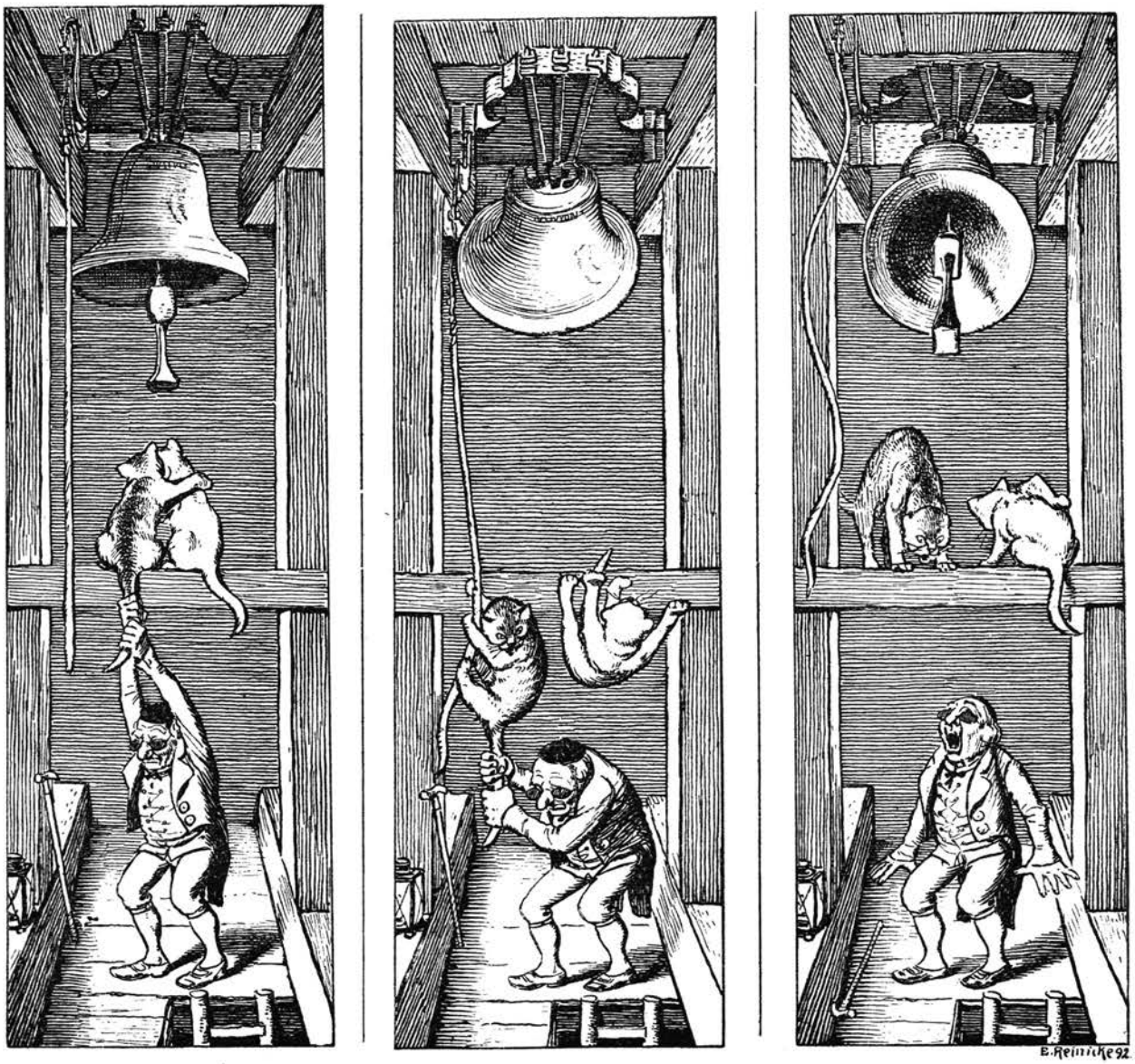
The Oven at Work

the oven over night would produce the best of soup; it turned out excellent dishes of beef and mutton stew, made in old-fashioned style; it baked bread well, after I

had had two lamentable failures. I let my bread rise till light enough to put in the ordinary oven. I found it should be taken at a point a housewife would call a little more than half raised. The slow heat raises it sufficiently before it begins to bake. From one and a half hours to two hours is required for bread baking.

Dried fruits, such as prunes, apples or peaches, can be cooked deliciously in the Aladdin oven, so can certain puddings, Indian pudding, tapioca and apple pudding, custard, or anything in which there is considerable wetting. Potatoes and certain vegetables, such as tomatoes, beets, squash and macaroni, come from the oven in most appetizing form.

The things it will not cook as well are pies, cake, gems and griddlecakes, which call for quick baking. The Aladdin oven will not fry or make coffee unless you have the patience of Job. You cannot make doughnuts in it, or any of the countless things you drop in boiling lard, and you can't broil a beefsteak or bake a satisfactory pie. Still I am converted to the belief that there are some things it will do better than a hot cook stove, and that with careful marketing and calculating housekeeping one can save money by an Aladdin oven.

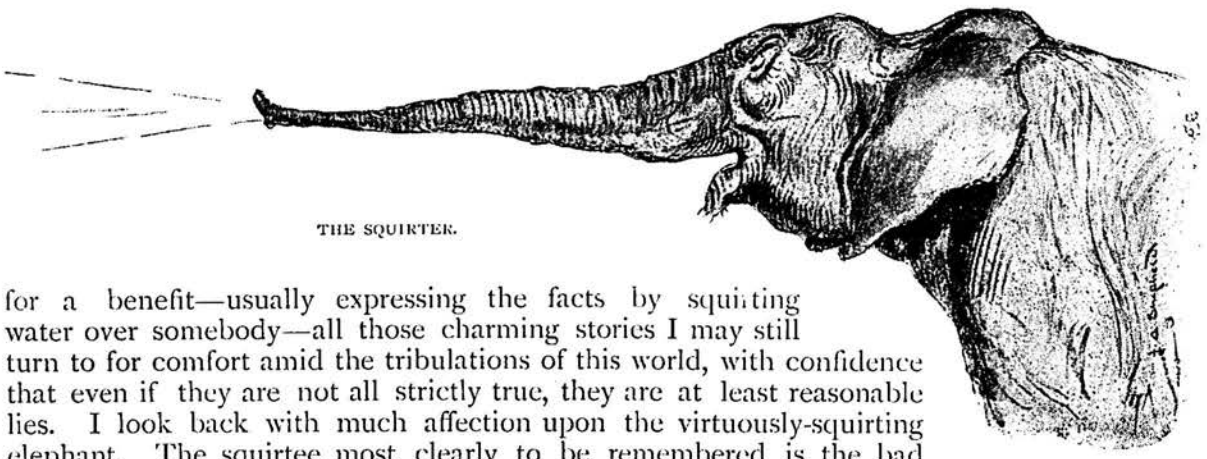


DRAWN BY E. REINICKE.

THE NEAR-SIGHTED SACRISTAN.

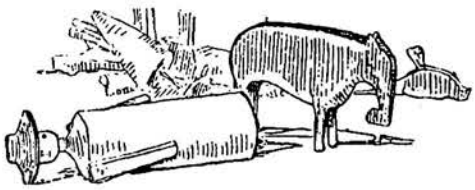
Century Magazine, 1894

UFFA CULLI, Jung Perchad, Jingo, and Solomon—where are their enemies? What human thing so base as nurse ill-will for the genial elephant? The jolly elephant — the meek, all-obedient elephant—the elephant, who provides the world with ivory, and Sunday-school anecdotes, and rides for twopence! Though I turn from my fellow-man—having found him out—though every other thing that crawls, runs, or flies revolt me, still may I keep my faith in the elephant; for assuredly he will be worthy thereof. He, almost alone among living creatures, has never betrayed my trust. I believed in the lion—the picture-books of infancy taught me of his valour, his magnanimity, and all the rest; but the lion has turned out an impostor. I believed in the camel—his intelligence, his long-suffering docility; but the camel is a humbug. In the elephant I may still believe. All those charming stories, wherein the elephant never forgets an injury, nor is ungrateful



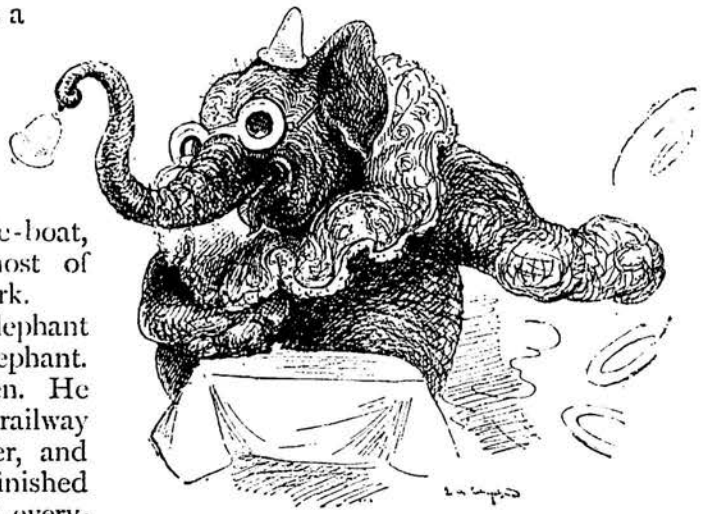
THE SQUIRTER.

for a benefit—usually expressing the facts by squirting water over somebody—all those charming stories I may still turn to for comfort amid the tribulations of this world, with confidence that even if they are not all strictly true, they are at least reasonable lies. I look back with much affection upon the virtuously-squirting elephant. The squirtee most clearly to be remembered is the bad tailor who pricked the elephant's trunk. The squirter was, I believe, the first elephant whose acquaintance I made. I certainly knew him long before I knew that other virtuous elephant who broke a man's head with a cocoanut, to compensate the man for breaking a cocoanut with his head. I almost think I knew him before I first met the Noah's Ark elephant. The Noah's Ark elephant was my most confidential playmate, and tasted rather of garden-mould till the paint came off, when he lost his grittiness and became a pig, having broken his trunk. He was not very broad in the back, it is true, having been made of a flat piece of wood, but he was a very interesting animal before he was a pig. I was much more intimate with him than with Noah, who was a little stiff, not to say stuck-up. As a pig his career ended suddenly in a memorable maritime disaster—when a vessel in my ownership, chartered at the time as a cattle-boat, foundered in the duck pond with most of the farmyard and a good deal of the ark.

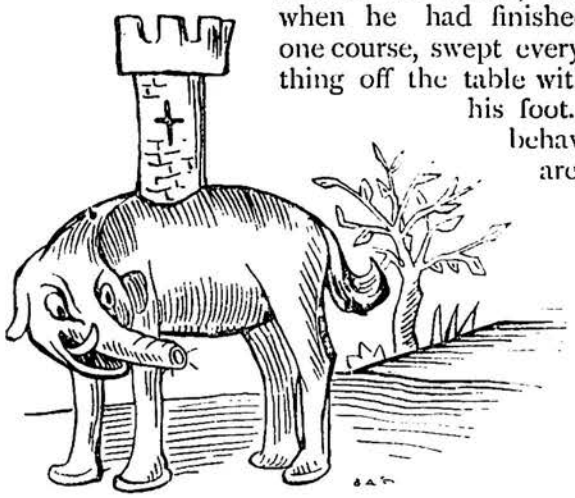


THE NOAH'S ARK ELEPHANT.

It was while the Noah's Ark elephant was a pig that I first saw the circus elephant. He was not altogether a fair specimen. He was rude. He rang an immense railway bell for his dinner, and when he had finished one course, swept everything off the table with his foot. None of the elephants in this place would behave like that. Even Jingo and Solomon, who are young—mere boys—know better than that, and take buns and apples most respectfully. The circus elephant, too, played low practical jokes with the clown, and danced on a tub at a fatal sacrifice of dignity.



THE CIRCUS ELEPHANT.



MAUNDEVILE'S OLIFAUNT.

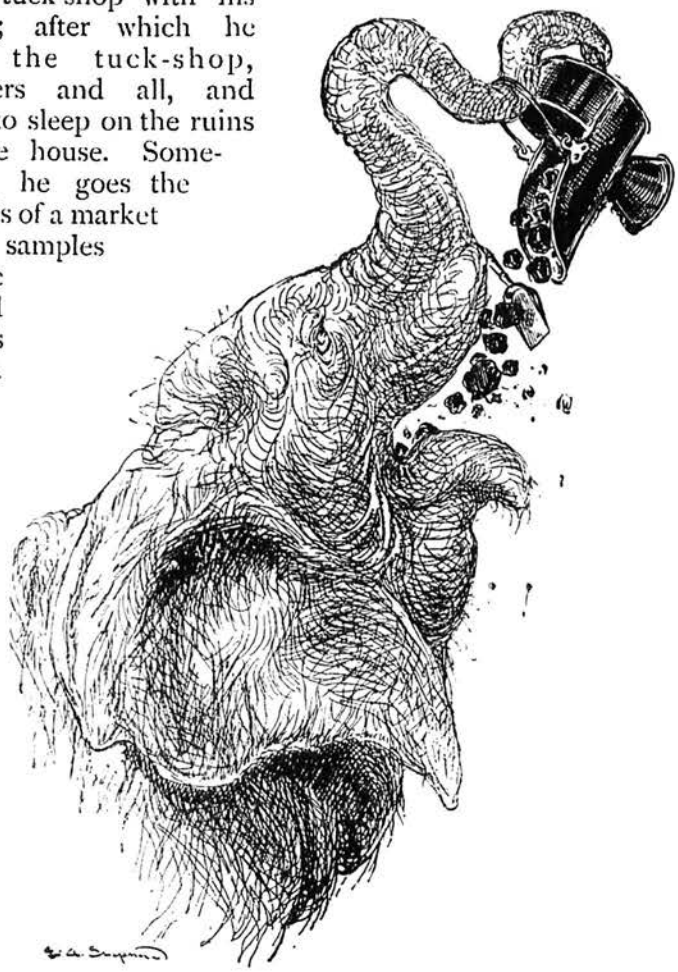
In Sir John Maundevile I still have a dear friend among what that charming old truth-monger called the "olifaunts." He has curly tusks and a bushy tail, and carries a very tall castle on his back, with mighty battlements. He is more startling even than our old friend of the Surrey side, once igno-

miniously cleped the "Pig and Tinder-box." When first I met the pantomime elephant I cannot remember. But I have often met him since, and more than once I have been permitted to refresh one or both ends of him with half-and-half. He is the only elephant of my acquaintance whose magnificence has turned out to be hollow. Anatomically, he is simple, his viscera consisting almost entirely of two convenient handles, whereby his trunk and tail may be made to swing. I knew an exceptionally talented foreleg, who drew extra pay for his ability to knock off a stage policeman's helmet with the trunk. But he was subject to the infirmities of genius, and once, under an exceptional burden of half-and-half, fell ruinously down a trap-door with all the front half of the structure and the Great Mogul, who was in the howdah. Also, I knew a hind-legs—but that is another story.

THE PANTOMIME ELEPHANT.

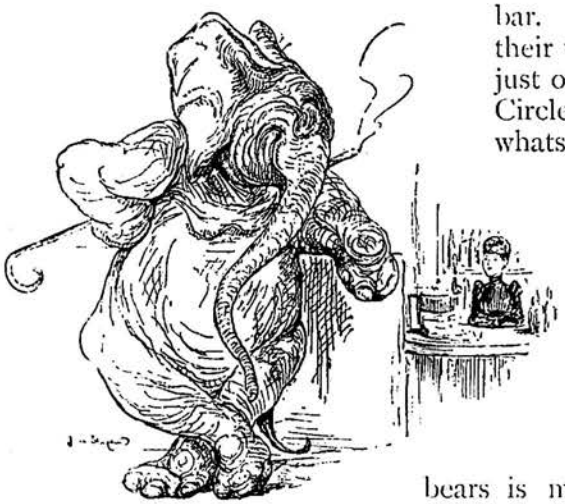
THE BURGLAR.

The late Albert Smith once knew a sponge-cake elephant—but that also is another story. There is moreover another story still—any number of other stories—about the burglar-elephant. He is always in the papers. He gets away from a menagerie and shoves in the front of a tuck-shop with his head; after which he eats the tuck-shop, shutters and all, and goes to sleep on the ruins of the house. Sometimes he goes the rounds of a market and samples things in general. He is very catholic in his tastes, and will toss off a scuttleful of coals or a suit of ready-made clothes with equal freedom and good humour. He has also been known to break into a pill factory, being afterwards used as an advertisement for the pills. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals seems to have had no means of preventing the perpetration of this form of revenge.



STOKING.

Here, at the Zoo, the elephants are much too respectably brought up for this sort of thing. Still they are not muffs, and will take their beer and 'bacca in all good-fellowship. Leave no unprotected pocket wherein cigars within the sweep of Jung Perchad's trunk. For 'bacca he will chew and beer drink, if Iles, his keeper, but leave him for two minutes to his wicked devices. Here we have the elephant's one little vice. He will hang about a

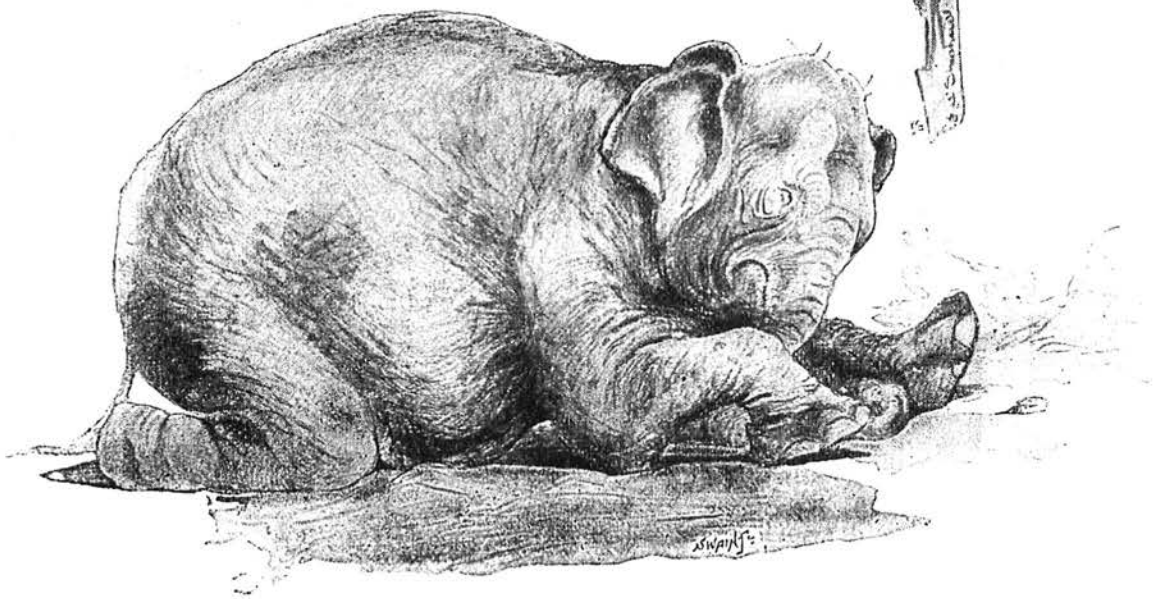


BAR-LOUNGER.

bar. See here, on summer days when all four leave their work of carrying childhood in two-pennyworths; just on the home side of the tunnel under the Outer Circle stands a refreshment bar. With any excuse whatsoever, but usually with no excuse at all, Jung Perchad, Suffa Culli, Jingo, and Solomon will linger wistfully about this bar. Buns are their ostensible object, but I know they covet beer. Even a bun, however, will be taken in good part, and it takes a vast number of buns to offend an elephant. Buns, indeed, are the civilized elephant's chief article of commerce, and between the elephants and the bears is much trade rivalry. Solomon is understood to be agitating for a pole, to place the establishment upon an equal footing with the opposition.

"NO MONOPOLY."

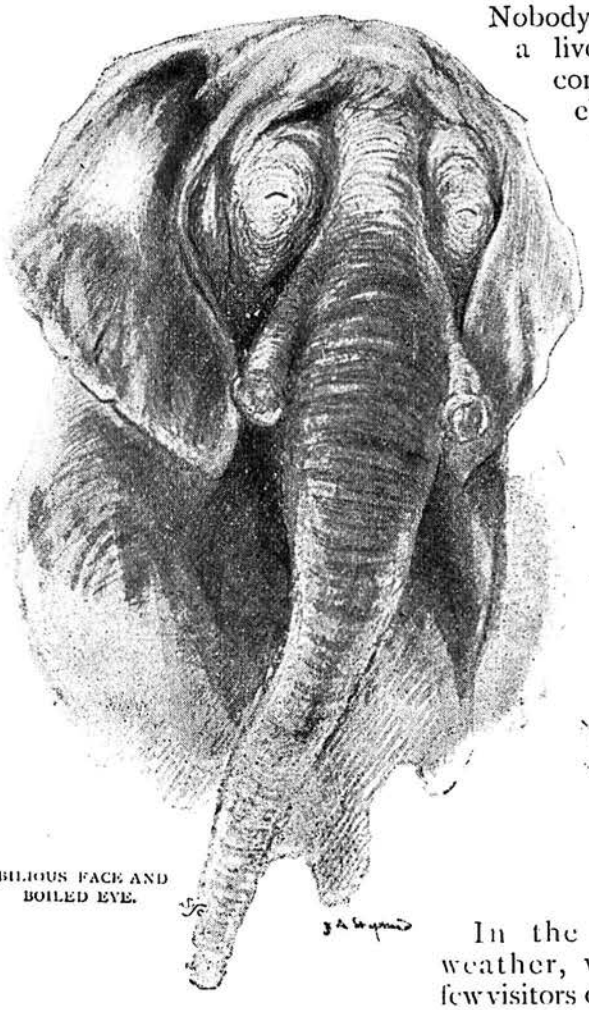
Bank Holiday is a terrible day for these elephants. No reasonable elephant can refuse a bun, or an apple, or a lead-pencil, or a boy's hat, when it is offered. It might hurt the donor's feelings; further, some day, in the winter, when nobody comes, he might want just such refreshment. But it is sad to think of the faithful elephant towards the end of the day, weighed down to the very earth with the offerings of an injudicious public, helplessly contemplating the last bun, with no inch of storage left. And sadder to know that, when the struggle is done, and that last bun deposited, with dolor and affliction, upon the varied accumulation which he envelops, that elephant will proceed indoors to face the officially-provided supper—a barn full of "cow's wittles" (Suffolkese) and a serried company of pails full of mash. What he does



THE LAST BUN

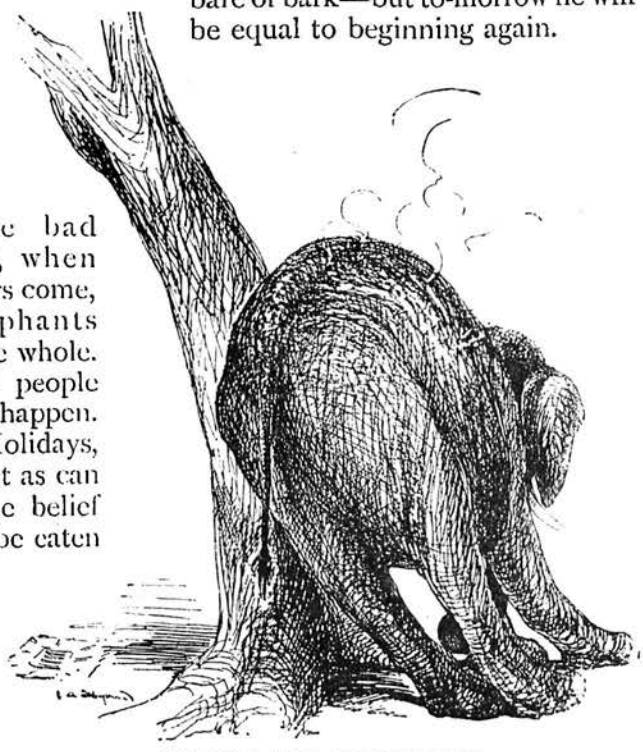
with the supper in the circumstances is a matter of speculation, but none is ever left over for breakfast. More sadness, too, one might look for on the morning after a Bank Holiday, in the bilious and dissipated face, the boiled eye, of Jung Perchad, greatest of all the takers of the cake. But the bilious face, the boiled eye, is not there. No elephant has a liver. Anatomists may profess to have discovered a liver in a dead elephant, but that is only said to astonish the ignorant. Proof plain is there that no living elephant is so afflicted. Nobody with a liver may light-heartedly eat pencils and pocket-combs and purses and plum-cake as does an elephant. Suffa Culli has swallowed a purse with six guineas in it, gaining less discomfort by the transaction than the owner, who had to walk home. The lamented Jumbo once purloined and swallowed a box of blister ointment from the pocket of a veterinary surgeon with perfect impunity; anybody who has lunched off blister ointment might well spend the few remaining minutes of his life in admiration for Jumbo's digestive works. So that the excesses of Bank Holiday never leave any seeds of subsequent discomfort with either Jung Perchad, Suffa Culli, Jingo, or Solomon. Staggering outside a mammoth load of everything, either may lean pantingly against a tree for a few minutes—you may see their favourite tree between the elephant and parrot houses, forced from the perpendicular and bare of bark—but to-morrow he will be equal to beginning again.

OFFICIAL SUPPER.

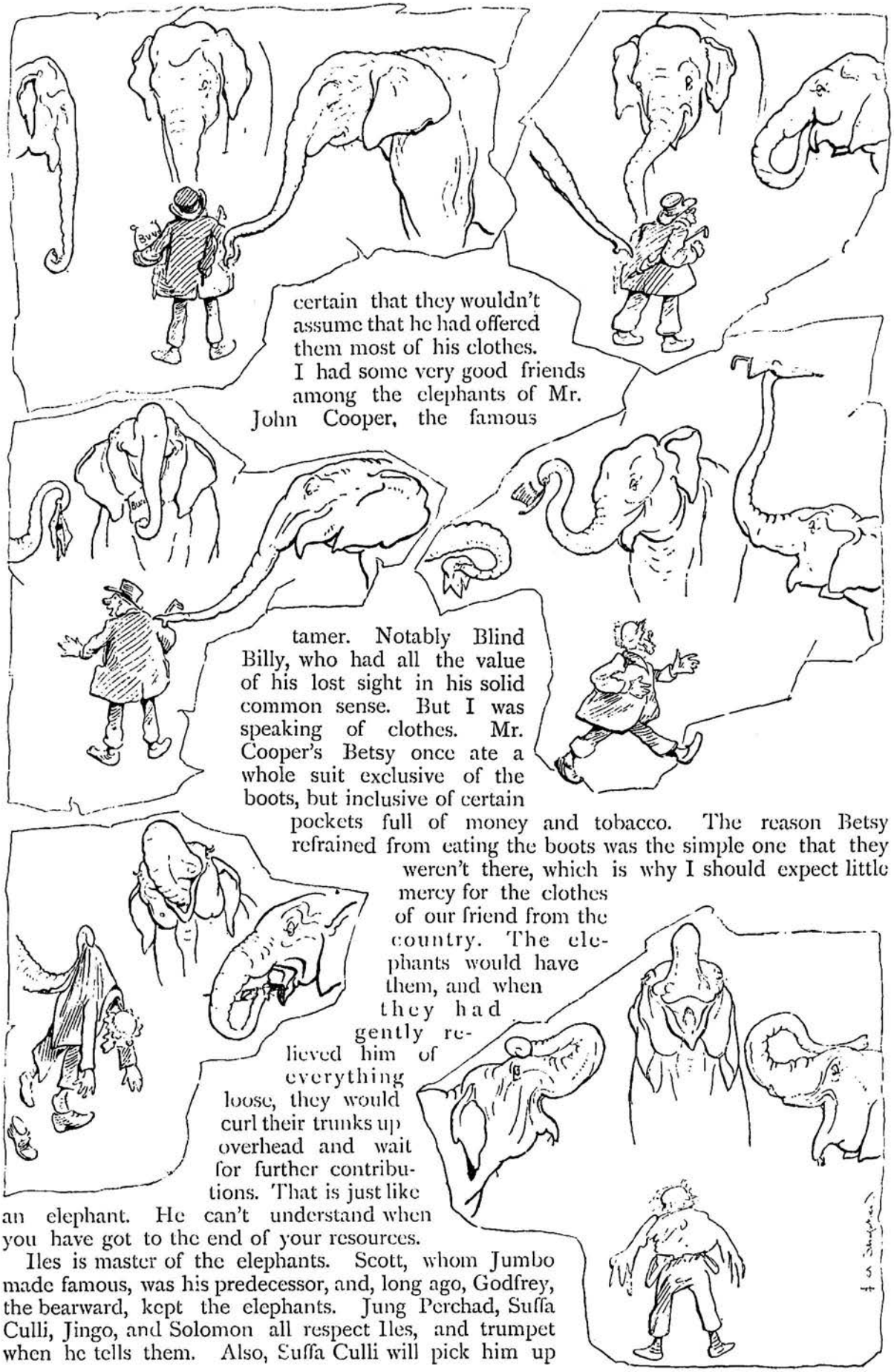


BILIOUS FACE AND BOILED EYE.

In the bad weather, when few visitors come, the elephants are kept indoors. This is as well, upon the whole. If they were all let loose, with very few people about the grounds, awkward things might happen. In the summer, and especially on Bank Holidays, there are quite as many offers of refreshment as can easily be attended to, and the elephantine belief that the entire outside world is intended to be eaten does not get free play. An unfortunate country visitor meeting several elephants at once after a long estrangement from buns, might have disconcerting adventures. His pockets would certainly be rifled and his umbrella eaten, at once; also his hat. I am not quite



OUTSIDE A LOAD OF EVERYTHING.

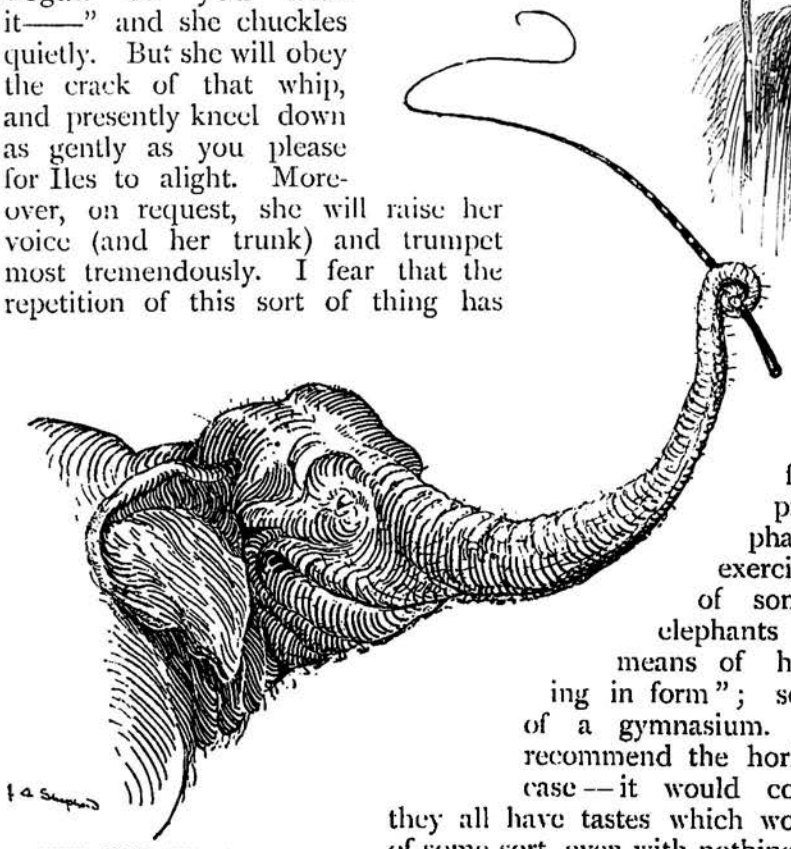


certain that they wouldn't assume that he had offered them most of his clothes. I had some very good friends among the elephants of Mr. John Cooper, the famous tamer. Notably Blind Billy, who had all the value of his lost sight in his solid common sense. But I was speaking of clothes. Mr. Cooper's Betsy once ate a whole suit exclusive of the boots, but inclusive of certain pockets full of money and tobacco. The reason Betsy refrained from eating the boots was the simple one that they weren't there, which is why I should expect little mercy for the clothes of our friend from the country. The elephants would have them, and when they had gently relieved him of everything loose, they would curl their trunks up overhead and wait for further contributions. That is just like an elephant. He can't understand when you have got to the end of your resources.

Iles is master of the elephants. Scott, whom Jumbo made famous, was his predecessor, and, long ago, Godfrey, the bearward, kept the elephants. Jung Perchad, Suffa Culli, Jingo, and Solomon all respect Iles, and trumpet when he tells them. Also, Suffa Culli will pick him up

carefully with her trunk, and plant him on her neck; then—gentle soul!—she will pass him up the whip. Have I, or have I not, detected on these occasions a certain twinkle of the eye, and a certain playful flourish of that whip? I believe I have. "Here, take it, my friend," Suffa Culli might be saying, "take it, and play with it as much as you like. It seems to please you, and it doesn't hurt me. But if I began on you with it——" and she chuckles quietly. But she will obey the crack of that whip, and presently kneel down as gently as you please for Iles to alight. Moreover, on request, she will raise her voice (and her trunk) and trumpet most tremendously. I fear that the repetition of this sort of thing has made Suffa Culli unwarrantably vain of her voice.

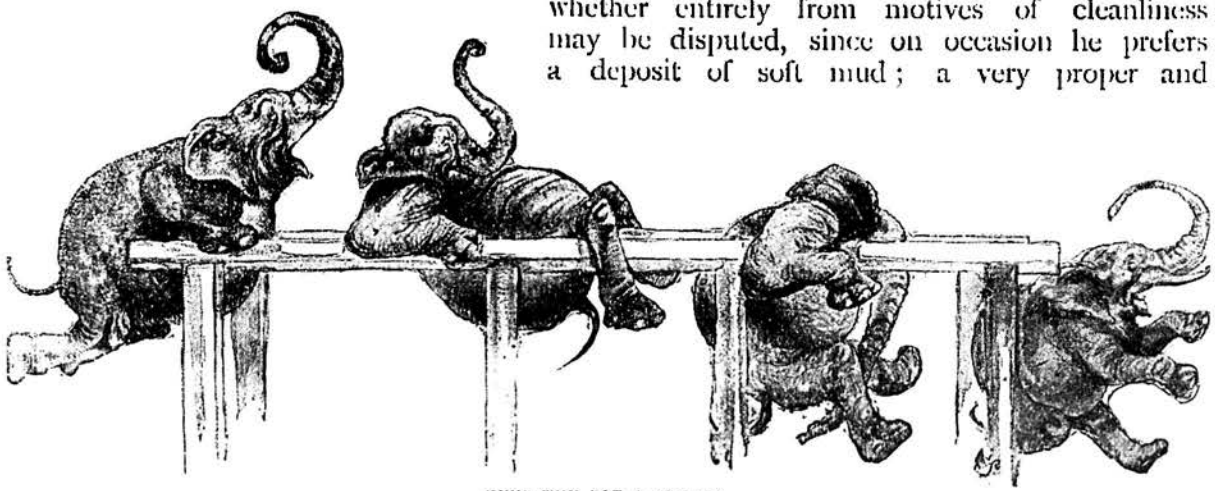
MASTER OF THE ELEPHANTS.



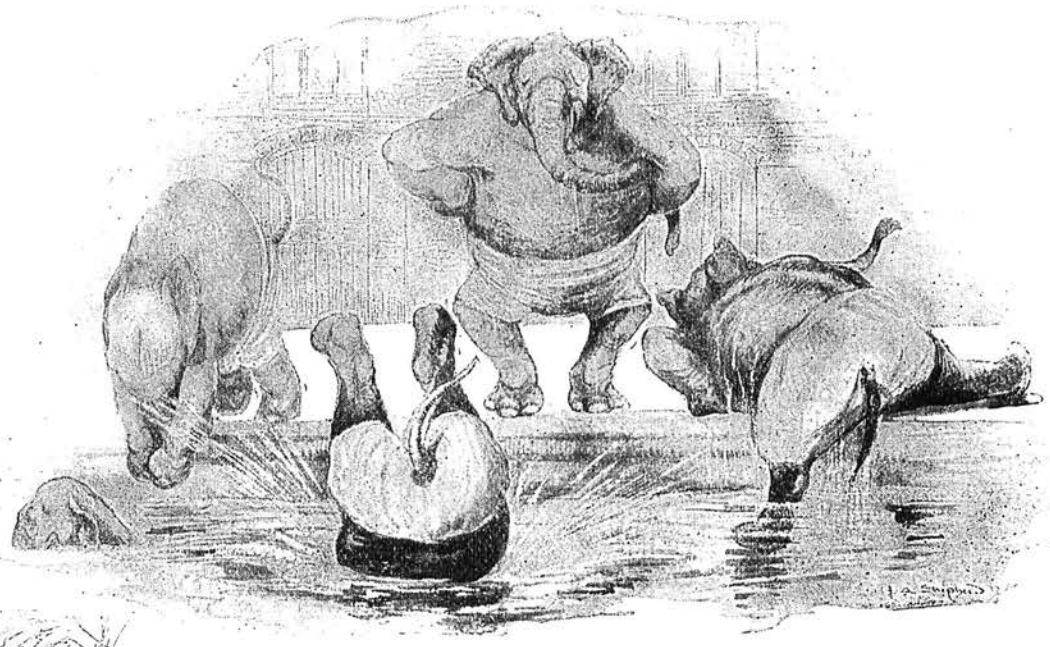
SUFFA CULLI CHUCKLES

Now, their winter shutting-in may preserve these elephants from colds, and may preserve private property from the elephants; but it deprives them of exercise. I must make a suggestion of some sort on behalf of these elephants when next I see Iles—some means of healthy recreation and "keeping in form"; something, in fact, in the way of a gymnasium. I do not go so far as to recommend the horizontal bar in Jung Perchad's case—it would come expensive in bars. But they all have tastes which would lead them to prefer a bar of some sort, even with nothing to drink on it.

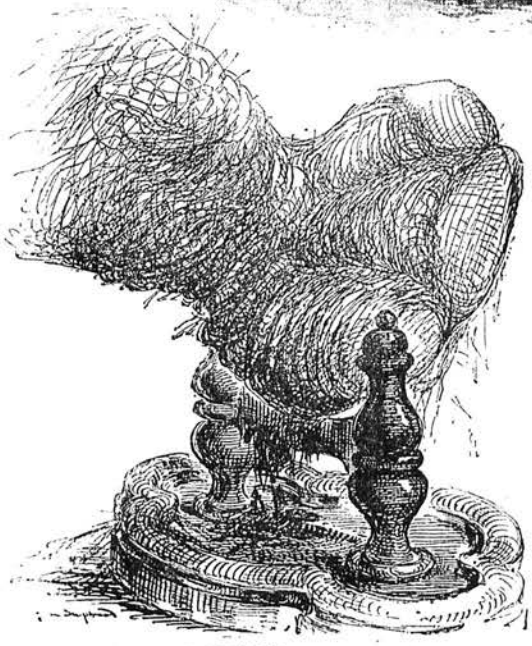
Even the swimming bath at the back, wherein is found much cool refreshment during summer, is largely out of the question in winter. Possible rheumatism and the chance of being frozen in makes that delectable pond useless till spring. An elephant has a great fondness for wallowing in water, although whether entirely from motives of cleanliness may be disputed, since on occasion he prefers a deposit of soft mud; a very proper and



KEEP THE POT A-BOILING.



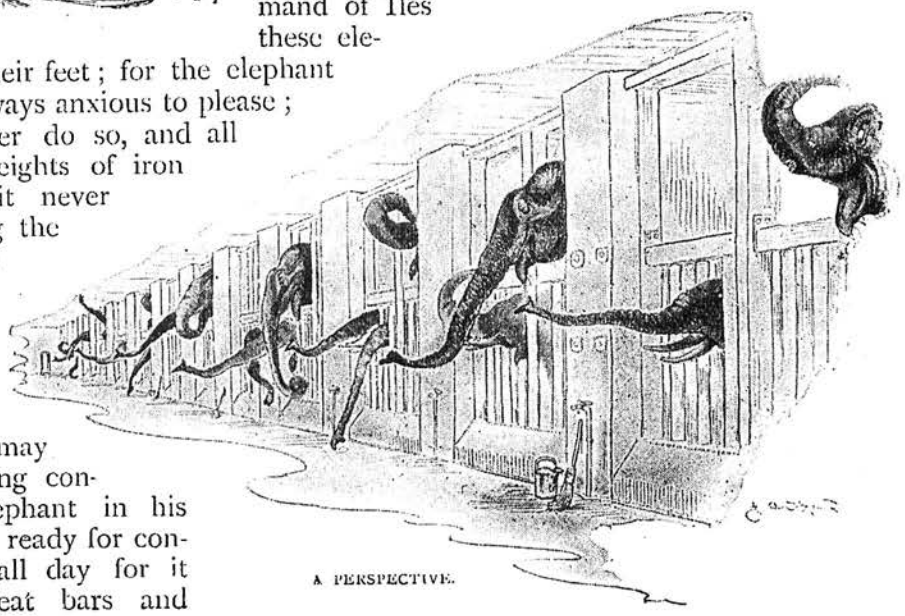
THE BATH.



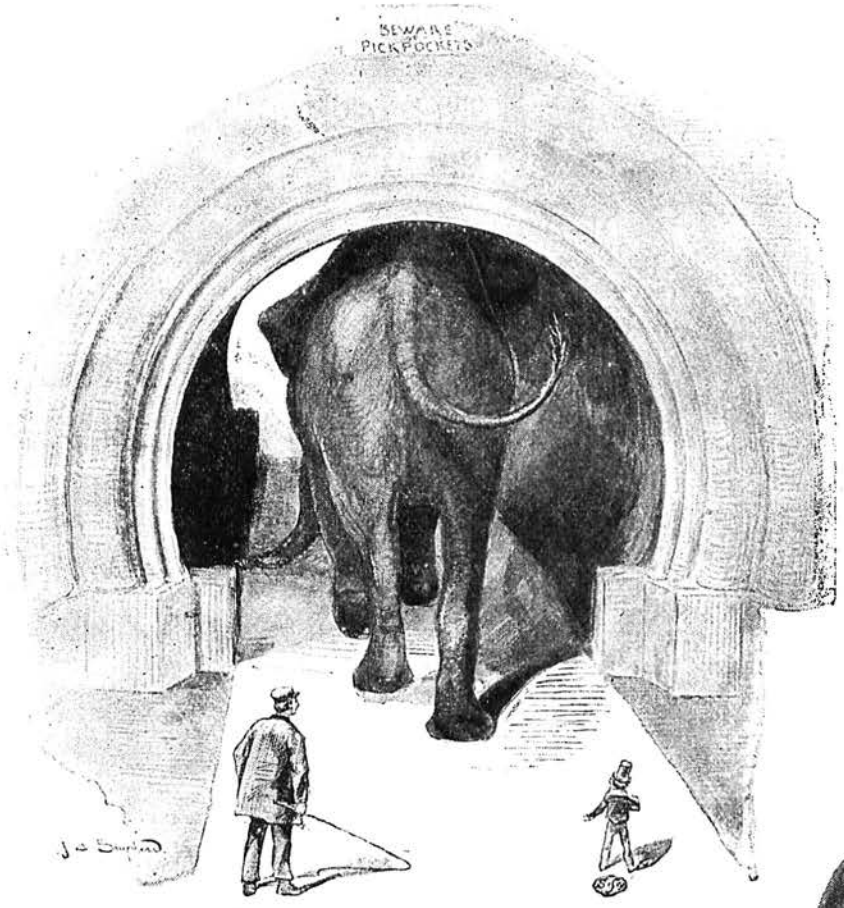
A SCRAPER.

natural preference, I believe, for any creature in a state of imperfect civilization, as may be judged from the tastes of the human boy. Mud, argues the human boy, is soft, mild, and soothing to the touch; also it is warm and comforting, equally in its liquid or semi-liquid state, and when forming a solid extra-cutaneous deposit. Wherefore the human boy, following his proper instincts, mudlarks. Is it this predilection for mud which leads all these four elephants persistently to ignore the foot-scrapers placed at the doors of the elephant-house for their accommodation? Look at them. They are obviously intended for the use of elephants, and for that of no lesser creature in this world. I have no doubt that at the absolute command of Iles these elephants would scrape their feet; for the elephant is a placable fellow, always anxious to please; but as it is they never do so, and all those many hundredweights of iron stand useless; for it never strikes a man entering the house to use an article of convenience so obviously intended for an elephant.

But in the winter, though one may not meet him outside, one may hold quite an improving conversation with the elephant in his house. He is always ready for conversation. He waits all day for it behind a row of great bars and



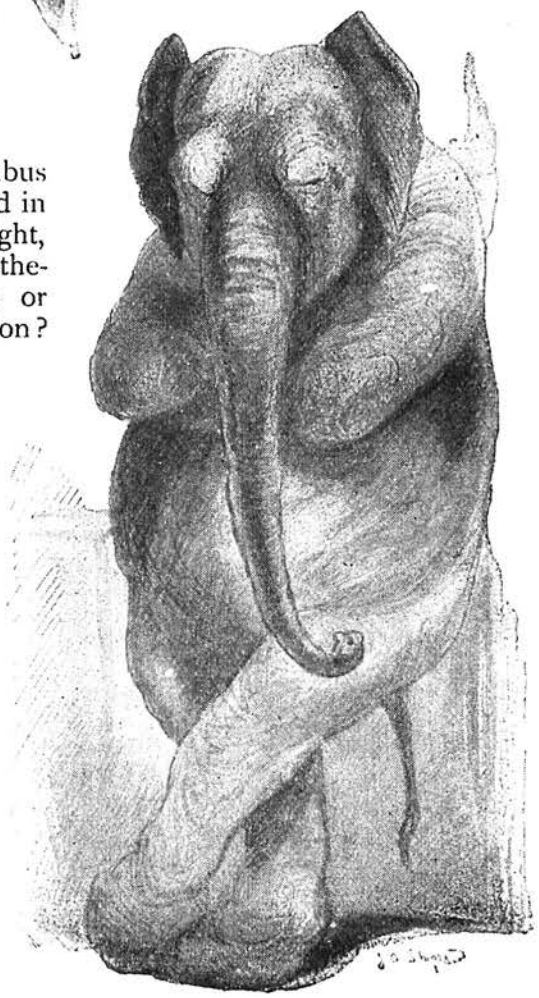
A PERSPECTIVE.



THROUGH THE GAUGE.

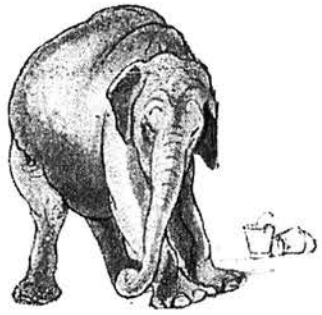
load under the impression that she was an omnibus carrying passengers to and from the Gardens; and in the manner of the historical gentleman of bad sight, who offered a biscuit to Jung Perchad's tail. By-the-bye, was this gentleman an historical personage or a mere figment of a funny man's imagination? I have heard of him, often—had heard of him before I knew Jung Perchad—but I cannot get Iles to admit having seen him.

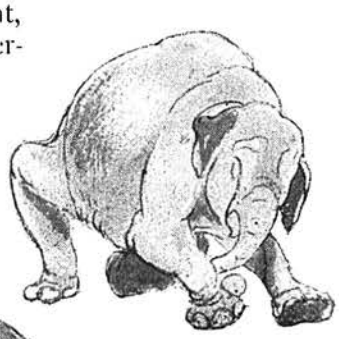
The arch under the Outer Circle stands for ever a memorial of the stature of the late lamented Jumbo. Jumbo could just get through that arch, and then by aid only of a certain shrinking within himself—a sort of gigantic shrugging of the shoulders. If the Society had thoughtlessly repaved under that arch with thicker stone, Jumbo would have been kept out all night. Now, this arch and the constant talk of Jumbo is a lifelong grief and tribulation unto Jung Perchad. Nothing would please Jung Perchad so much as to get a sore back against the top of that arch. But he can't. He is exactly three inches too short. He might get the sore back, of course, by rubbing against the side, but Jung Perchad is an honourable elephant, and a sportsman — never condescending to a mean trick; besides which, nobody would accept curling trunks. I do not know whether any nervous, short-sighted strangers ever at a first lengthwise glance take this elephant-house for the abode of serpents, all loose and looking for victims, but it might be excusable—especially if the house were made a great deal longer, and less well-lighted, and more elephants provided. But it is unlikely that this expense will be incurred for the purpose. Short-sighted people make enough mistakes about elephants already, in the manner of the American in blue spectacles who lately hailed Suffa Culli and her juvenile



THOSE THREE INCHES.

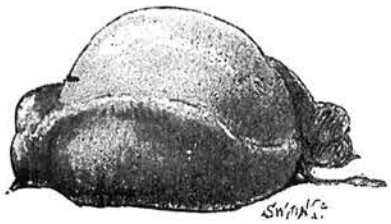
any sore as evidence of record height except one at the very top. Those three inches make a gloomy creature of Jung Perchad—when there are no buns, and he has leisure to brood. The despicable atom of measurement is being continually hurled at his wrinkled head, and even Iles shows him no mercy. "Oh, dear," says the young lady visitor, "what a great elephant!" And Jung Perchad feels the sinful pride rise within him. Then the young lady says, "Is he as big as Jumbo was?" and Jung Perchad's heart is ready to break, for well he knows Iles's too truthful reply. *Three inches less.* Oh, that three inches! Where is the glory of being the biggest elephant in the Gardens of the Zoological Society of London only to be for ever reminded of an insignificant inferiority to a perfect stranger, who is dead?—and serve him right, probably. Jung Perchad grinds his teeth—lucky he hasn't tusks—no matta—r—r, a time will come!





And he broods, and resolves to eat every earthly *thing* he meets, till he finds something that makes him grow; and matures mechanical plans for getting his back nearer the crown of that arch, until the last inquirer after those three inches has left, the gates are shut,

and night falls; and his legs grow unsteady beneath him, and give way; and poor Jung Perchad and all his sorrows sink into a grey, grunting heap of slumber.



COUNTRY SCENES.—JUNE.

A hidden brook in the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night singeth a quiet tune. COLERIDGE

JUNE is the month of roses, the season when England's own national flower blows broad and beautiful along her brown old winding highways, and in her thousands of beautiful gardens, outrivalling the dye that stains the lovely cheeks of her own island maidens. The rose has ever been held as the queen of flowers; it has been called the ornament of the earth—the blush of beauty, and the breath of love. In ancient days the bride was crowned with it, and it was twined around the brows of the honoured guests who sat at the banquets, and was made the emblem of friendship and love. Poets have drawn from it their most beautiful imagery, and Shakspeare has compared a beautiful woman that is cut off in the bloom of life, to a rose that dies as soon as it has grown to perfection. Now the honeysuckle, streaked with white and red, flaunts its sweet flowers in the hedgerows, and the golden marsh-flag throws its sunny shadow upon the streams and pools which it ornaments, overtopping its chaste companion the blue forget-me-not—that little flower

> Whose very name is Love's own poetry
> Born of the heart, and of the eye begot,
> Nursed amid smiles and sighs by Constancy,
> And ever saying, "Love, Forget-me-not."

The red poppy also begins to bloom, and the large white and yellow lilies to display their flowers, and the Canterbury-bell is hung with its beautifully urn-shaped azure cups. The white water-lily, the fairest lady of the lake, now rears her head above the piled velvet of her leaves, and looks down into the clear water, in which is mirrored the image of her beauty. In the forest the fern already throws out the dark green shadow of its overhanging leaves, and Summer is everywhere festooning her lofty halls with leaves and flowers.

Towards the end of this month that pleasant rural occupation, hay-making, commences. The eye is first drawn towards the scene by the sharp rasping sound the mower makes as he whets his scythe, and while we pause and look on, we see at every sweep of his sinewy arms the field-flowers, the pride of Spring, laid prostrate; swathe upon swathe is turned over, and through the fallen and bladed grass peep the golden buttercup, and the spotted cowslip, the rounded crimson of the clover, and the snow-white rim of the daisy, and long before the evening Sun has sunk down into the west, their beauty has perished for ever. Onward goes the destroyer like death, with his scythe in his hand, hewing down all he approaches without distinction, and leaving them ridge upon ridge to be piled into windrows until the field is at last filled with rounded hillocks, graves under which the flowers of Spring lie dead and buried; but still throwing a rich perfume upon the air, which tells how fair and sweet were those pretty daughters of the earth and sky that sleep beneath. Pleasant is the creaking sound of the hay-waggons, as the wheels roll smoothly along the new-mown fields, down grassy lanes which are seldom traversed excepting in harvest time, across the river-ford, in which both wain and horses are mirrored, and where the driver and the steeds keep pace, step for step, as they "move double" with those below, on their way to

where the half-piled rick is seen on the opposite bank; and ever from where the grass still stands uncut, comes the loud crake of the landrail, still heard at the same distance, however near we may draw, for the bird seems to glide as noiselessly through the verdure as an eel does along the water.

Sometimes during our rambles beside the river in this pleasant month, we may catch a glimpse of the otter in pursuit of its prey, now stemming the rapid current, and breaking the foam-bells amid the eddies, as he swims to and fro, then darting down in the direction of the stream with the rapidity of an arrow, or again disappearing in the twinkling of an eye, and, ere one can number twenty, rising up at an immense distance from the spot where it went down, and bearing a large fish in its jaws, as it cleaves its way towards the shore; when beginning at the head, it quickly eats its way down to the tail of the fish, until the whole is devoured. The attitude of the otter in water is really beautiful; its short legs and web-footed feet, its long flattened body, and broad tail by which it can steer itself in any direction it pleases in a moment, together with its broad flat head, are all admirably adapted for swimming, and enable it to turn aside and float as rapidly under the water as when on the surface—frequently, while under the river, it will drive a shoal of fish towards the shore, narrowing the circle every time it swims round them, until, finding they cannot escape, they throw themselves out of the water, and become an easy prey to their pursuer. Sometimes, beside a quiet stream, you come unaware upon the little water-shrew, as it oars itself gently along, its black glossy back shining like velvet, looking, after it has dived for a moment, as if it was covered all over with beautiful white pearls, then in an instant as smooth, and dry, and glittering, as if its silken coat had never touched the stream. When alarmed, it either rushes into its little nest, or plunges to the bottom of the water for safety, although, if you watch narrowly, it will not be long before you see its little sharp snout and long whiskers peeping out above the surface; for it is compelled to re-appear quickly, and draw in a fresh supply of air. In beautiful contrast to its deep glossy back, its under parts are of the cleanest and clearest white; and while it swims, its smooth silky sides seem to broaden out, and its tail to shift suddenly as it turns about in its rapid motions, in pursuit of the insects that feed upon the aquatic plants, so that it is almost impossible for the eye to catch the rapid changes of its tiny rudder-like tail, as it amuses itself by swimming round and round the floating leaves that are suspended from the drooping spray. The dancing motion of the foliage caused by the rippling of the eddies, and the elegant attitude of the little swimmer, as he is borne away a moment by the current, then makes head against it in an instant, then keeps gliding in and out between the leaves of the drooping branch, form as pleasing a picture as the dreaming eye of a poet, or patiently-watching naturalist would wish to alight upon.

The blossoms are already falling from the trees, and the milk-white buds of the fragrant hawthorn seem as if rusting away, and in the waysides and gardens the flowers of Summer begin to blow, in the places of those which are disappearing with the Spring. Nor must we pass over the beauty of the grasses which are now in flower, many of them drooping and rising in the richest forms of silken tracery, plumed and pendent, here running out into the form of a beautiful branch, there resembling the most graceful foliage; and when brought home and examined apart from the gaudier-looking flowers, many will be astonished at the silken beads of the graceful quaking-grass, and the floating plumage of the downy-feather grass, and many another which for delicacy of tint, and beauty of form, are worthy of being placed beside the fairest flowers that grace our garden borders.

At the close of this month the "green-robed senators of mighty woods" are clothed in all the beauty of their Summer array, and those who wish to know what the gloom and silence of a full-leaved forest is, should penetrate its shades before the end of July, when the whole scene is shadowed with its deepest Summer verdure. They will then see in what graceful forms the dark masses of foliage hang, what beautiful effects of light and shade are to be found amongst the trees—here an impenetrable wall of branches, dark as the grave; there, the whole side of a long range of trees, fluttering in a sunlight of golden green, and descending into hues of bronzy brown, until all below fades into the deep purple hue of twilight; excepting where, bald and bare, the silver light streams down from a white and fleecy cloud, and falling upon the trunk of some giant tree covered over with hoary lichen, gives to the mighty mass a dazzling and silvery hue. For this is

> Nature's ancient cathedral, where
> The lute-voiced birds—burst of the summer band—
> Green-hooded nuns, 'mid the blossoms sing—
> Their leafy temple gloomy, tall and grand,
> Pillared with oaks, and roofed with Heaven's own hand.
> Hark how the anthem rolls through arches dun,
> "Morning again is come to light the land."
> The great world's Comforter, the mighty Sun,
> Hath yoked his restless steeds the golden race to run.

The pale gold of the woodbine, and the pearly blossoms of the trailing bramble, mingled with the drooping crimson of the fox-glove, and the dazzling sunshine of the gorse, throw their beautiful masses of colour upon the green of the underwood, and lie in bright relief beneath the vaulted gloom of the overhanging branches—and sometimes you hear the lowing of cattle amid the deep umbrage, or the jingling of sheep-bells in the remote distance; sounds that come like a cheerful voice amid the silence and solitude of the forest; and sometimes you find yourself standing

> Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
> Upon the brook that brawls along the wood.

And in such a spot, with a volume of Chaucer or Spenser, Shakspere or Milton, or any other, out of a hundred names that tremble upon the point of our pen, the hours will glide happily away, and the intellectual wanderer pine for no other companionship.

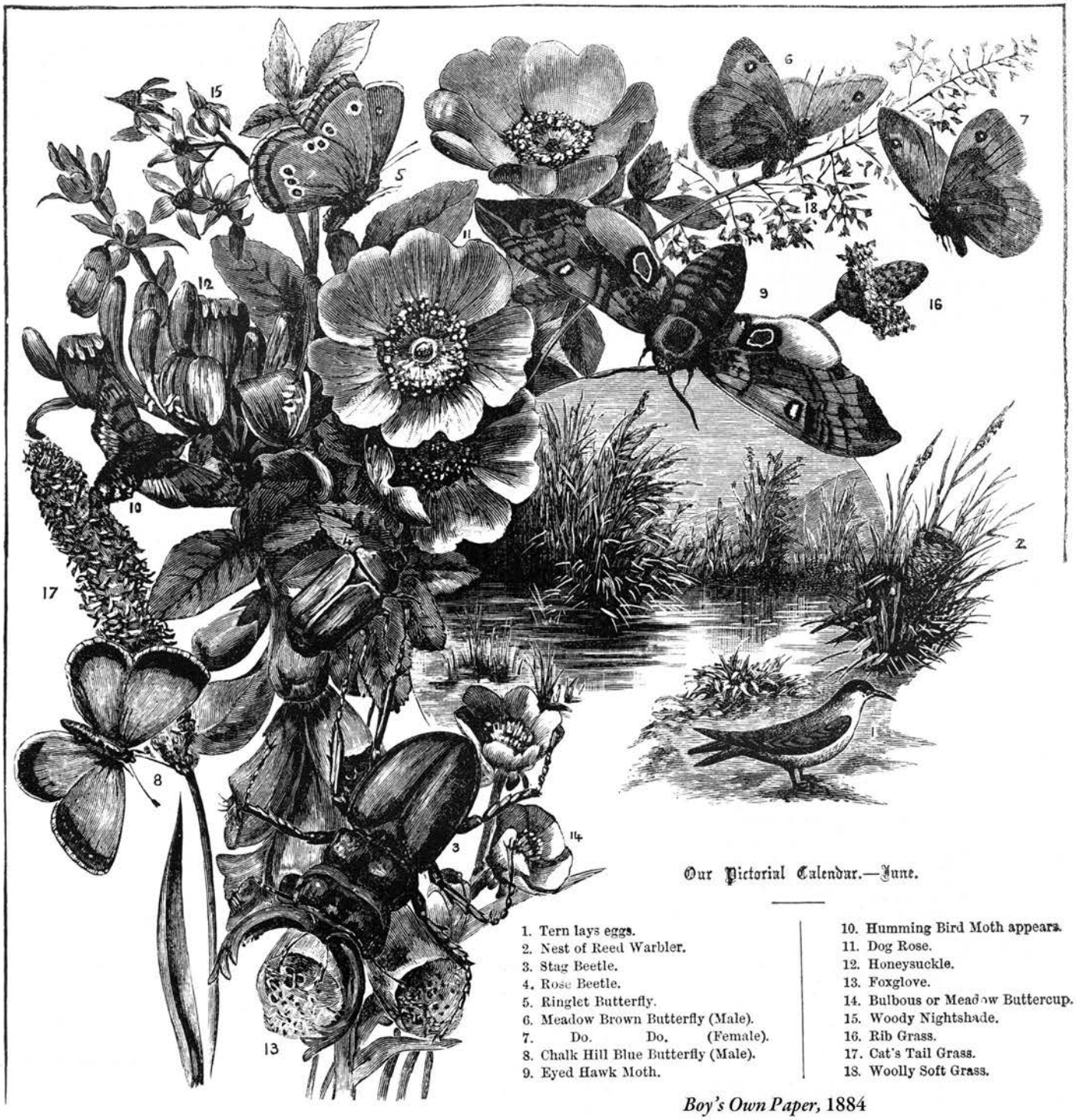
The whole face of the country now wears a most beautiful appearance; here the corn is already beginning to show its ears, there the meadows are mown and cleared away—further on, the grass still stands in all its rich luxuriance of flowers. The tall bugle is in full bloom—and all the orchises, from those that resemble the bee to the butterfly, are in blossom, looking as if they were weighed down by the crowded insects from whence they derive their names.

Both in Summer and Winter, all who have narrowly observed the changes of the seasons, must have been struck by the abundant moisture found under trees. Pace only a common footpath, dry, high, gravelly or sandy, on a frosty morning after the sun has shone for an hour or so, and wherever a tree overhangs your walk, there, the ground is saturated with wet, while all beside is comparatively dry. So it is in June—in foggy weather, beneath the trees the road is a perfect puddle, when all the land around is dry as a desert, especially if it is covered with ivy. In hilly countries too, we find ponds, which are not overhung with foliage, empty and dry, while others which are shaded with branches, that are filled with water, and nearly everywhere is this the case, unless the pools draw their supplies from springs. Those who travel in the night are well acquainted with the quantity of moisture which descends in the form of dew or fog, and that scarcely leaves a trace of its "whereabout," excepting on the trees and plants, an hour after the sunrise.

Moist and damp places naturally call up the figures of frogs and toads, "nasty things," as pretty mouths are in the habit of puckering up and calling them. I will not argue that they are the most agreeable-looking objects, nor very likely to be made pets of, though this has been done before now, and by ladies too. All I wish to prove is, that they are perfectly harmless, and inoffensive. They are beautiful leapers and expert swimmers, and I am sure I have seen frogs so exquisitely marked, that the finest lady in the land would have coveted a dress that was variegated with such rich black and yellow greens, as I have seen the frog wear. Nor is there a more useful creature in a garden than a toad—he is unequalled as a destroyer of worms and insects, and may be rendered so tame that he will take his food out of the hand of his keeper; as to its being poisonous that is a foolish idea, long since exploded. Watch a toad when it is about to seize upon an insect, and its method of attack will astonish you—the insect is, perhaps, motionless, when it first arrests the eye of the reptile—the toad sees it, and becomes motionless, also, its head drawn back and its eye fixed and bright as a star. The insect moves, and is gone, how you know not, so rapid is the action, that, however narrowly you might watch, you could not see the toad strike it with its tongue—a touch, a motion quicker than human sight, and the prey disappears. Few animals have more persecutors than the poor frog; little or big it is either the prey of bird, beast, or fish, as if it was only created to be devoured. Surely it ought to meet with mercy at our hands, for, according to the theory of the author of "Vestiges of Creation," it is more nearly allied to us than "we wot of," and Æsop it will be remembered made it long ago an eloquent pleader against persecution. For my own part, I have always made it a rule during my walks, either to step aside, or wait until either the poor beetle or frog have got out of my way, or else to lift them amongst the grass, where I thought they would be safe, but never to kill either the one or the other wilfully upon its own freehold. The toads are such venerable old hermits, too; living, nobody can tell how long, in the hollows of trees, and blocks of stone, and deep down in dark coal pits; and, like the fly in amber, sadly puzzling our poor ingenuity to tell how ever they came there at all.

In a work which has just fallen into my hands, entitled "Illustrations of Instinct deduced from the Habits of British Animals," there are some striking instances almost proving that animals are gifted with a reasoning power, which, though inferior to that of man, clearly shows that they at least form a link in that great intellectual chain which extends from the created to the Creator. I have not sufficient space to do more than recommend this interesting book to all lovers of Nature. The following extract will go far to prove that, what to the human eye may appear useless or unnecessary, will be found to answer a wiser end than that of mere ornament; and I am sure my readers will look upon the gaudy plumage of the peacock with other thoughts than that it is nothing more than a "luxuriance of Nature," after reading the following brief extract:—

"The tail of the peacock is of a plain and humble description, and seems to be of no other use besides aiding in the erection of the long feathers of the loins; while the latter are supplied at their insertion with an arrangement of voluntary muscles, which contribute to their elevation, and to the other motions of which they are capable. If surprised by a foe, the peacock presently erects its gorgeous feathers; and the enemy at once beholds starting up before him a creature which his terror cannot fail to magnify into the bulk implied by the circumference of a glittering circle of the most dazzling hues, his attention at the same time being distracted by a hundred glaring eyes meeting his gaze in every direction. A hiss from the head in the centre, which in shape and colours resembles that of a serpent, and a rustle from the trembling quills, are attended by an advance of the most conspicuous portion of this bulk; which is in itself an action of retreat, being caused by a receding motion of the body of the bird. That must be a bold animal which does not pause at the sight of such an object; and a short interval is sufficient to ensure the safety of the bird: but if, after all, the enemy should be bold enough to risk an assault, it is most likely that its eagerness or rage would be spent on the glittering appendages, in which case the creature is divested only of that which a little time will again supply. A like explanation may be offered of the use of the long and curious appendages of the head and neck of various kinds of humming-birds, which however feeble, are a pugnacious race."



Our Pictorial Calendar.—June.

1. Tern lays eggs.
2. Nest of Reed Warbler.
3. Stag Beetle.
4. Rose Beetle.
5. Ringlet Butterfly.
6. Meadow Brown Butterfly (Male).
7. Do. Do. (Female).
8. Chalk Hill Blue Butterfly (Male).
9. Eyed Hawk Moth.
10. Humming Bird Moth appears.
11. Dog Rose.
12. Honeysuckle.
13. Foxglove.
14. Bulbous or Meadow Buttercup.
15. Woody Nightshade.
16. Rib Grass.
17. Cat's Tail Grass.
18. Woolly Soft Grass.

Boy's Own Paper, 1884

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