



Victorian Times

A Monthly Exploration of Victorian Life

Vol. B-2, No. 6 - June 2025

*Peculiar Entertainments • Camping in New Zealand • A Talkative Parrot
Curious Epitaphs • The London City Road • Life in Florence • Summer Drinks
A Lost Dog • The Ideal Guestroom • Basket-Weaving • Games Old and New
Women Farmers in America • Traveling Salesmen • The Duties of Servants*

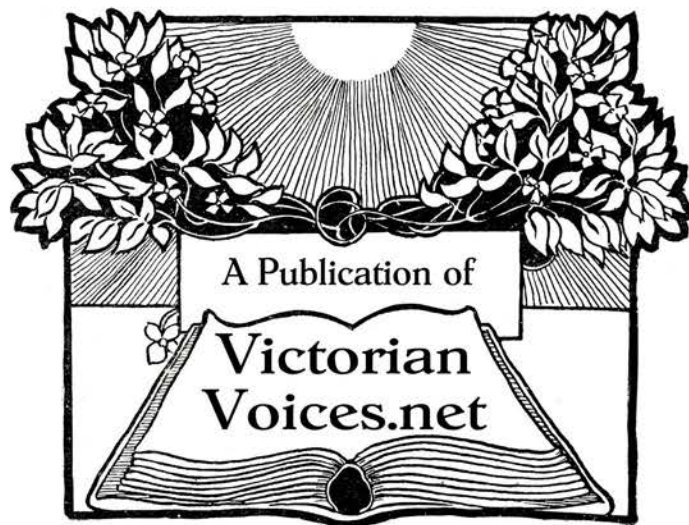
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edited by Moira Allen



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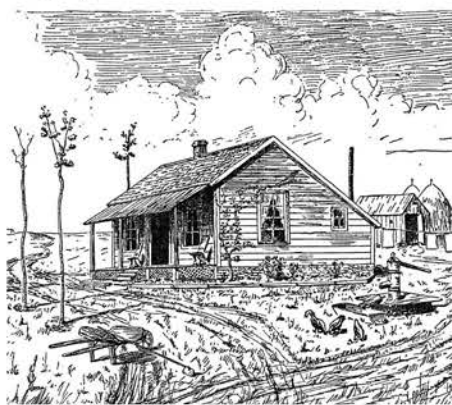
Cover Image: Postcard by Arthur Thiele, early 20th century.

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Vol. B-2, No. 6
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- 4 Editor's Greeting: *Outdated Outrage*, by Moira Allen
- 5 Some Peculiar Entertainments, by Framley Steelcroft (*UK-The Strand*, 1896)
- 13 American Farming for Women (*UK-Cassell's Family Magazine*, 1890)
- 16 A Colonial Summer Trip, by Lily Carlon Davies (*UK-Cassell's Family Magazine*, 1892)
- 19 A Vexed "Woman's Question," by Isabella Fyvie Mayo (*UK-Girl's Own Paper*, 1887)
- 21 Janitors I Have Met, and Some Others, Part 5, by Albert Bigelow Paine (*US-Good Housekeeping*, 1900)
- 24 My Parrot (*UK-Boy's Own Paper*, 1885)
- 25 Household Hints (*UK-Girl's Own Paper*, 1900)
- 27 The Brook and Its Banks, Part 6, by Rev. J.G. Wood (*UK-Girl's Own Paper*, 1886)
- 28 Up and Down the City Road (*UK-Cassell's Family Magazine*, 1875)
- 30 Attar of Roses: Origin and History of the Famous Perfume (*UK-Girl's Own Paper*, 1901)
- 31 Games Old and New, by Milton Bradley (*US-Good Housekeeping*, 1886)
- 32 Poem: "Miss Primrose's Ball," by Adelaide Preston (*US-Good Housekeeping*, 1889)
- 33 Her Guest Chamber and His Spare Room, by Mary Rebecca Hart (*US-Good Housekeeping*, 1888)
- 34 Poem: "Amateur Photography," by Nathan Haskell Dale (*US-Century Magazine*, 1890)
- 35 Curious Epitaphs (*UK-Great Thoughts*, 1888)
- 37 Summer Drinks/A Cherry Luncheon (*US-Good Housekeeping*, 1893)
- 39 Housekeeping in Florence (*UK-Girl's Own Paper*, 1897)
- 41 My Mongrel: The Story of a Lost Dog (*UK-Cassell's Family Magazine*, 1891)
- 43 From Raw Flax to Finished Thread (*UK-Cassell's Family Magazine*, 1894)
- 46 How to Weave Cane Baskets, by Leirion Clifford (*UK-Girl's Own Paper*, 1898)
- 49 Our Earthquake Experience (*UK-Cassell's Family Magazine*, 1884)
- 51 "Commercials" and Their Ways (*UK-Cassell's Family Magazine*, 1877)
- 53 The Servants (*UK-Cassell's Book of the Household*, 1890)
- 63 Cold Meat Cookery and Vegetables (*UK-Girl's Own Paper*, 1898)
- 64 Getting Ready to Go Away, by Dinah Sturgis (*US-Good Housekeeping*, 1888)
- 65 Zig-Zags at the Zoo: 17 - ZigZag Musteline, by Arthur Morrison & J.A. Shepherd (*UK-The Strand*, 1893)
- 73 Recipes: The Use of Dates in Cooking, by Eleanor W.F. Bates (*US-Good Housekeeping*, 1888)





Outdated Outrage

One curious thing I've come across in researching the Victorian era is the degree of *outrage* many people express about it. The Victorians, we're told, were horrible people—prudes, bigots, hypocrites, and misogynists who oppressed nearly everyone, especially women. They were awful, life was awful, everything was awful.

To be clear, there were awful Victorians. There were prudes, bigots, hypocrites, and plenty of folks (male *and* female) who felt women shouldn't be allowed out of the kitchen. But then, we have plenty of all of the above today. Nor were such attitudes *born* in the 19th century; Victorians inherited them from centuries of history. It's not as if, for example, women had loads of rights before 1837—and then had them all taken away. Yet you don't find articles expressing outrage over, say, the awfulness of the Tudors. So why do Victorians get such bad press?

Before I try to answer that, let's consider a few points. The first, of course, is what I just said: Victorians didn't invent these problems, they inherited them. Many issues the Victorians failed to fix remained unresolved well into our own time. Cambridge, for example, didn't award degrees to women until 1948, by which time the 20th century was nearly half over—so one can hardly regard this as a purely Victorian failure.

The second is the question of “which Victorians are we talking about here?” Take, for example, the oft-repeated claim that Victorian women had virtually no rights. (More on that in the next issue!) But... ahem... those women were *also* Victorians. Since women slightly outnumbered men in the 19th century, more than half the population were of the class that today's outraged folks would consider “oppressed.” If someone is awful because they oppress someone else, then that someone else is, by definition, *not* awful—so does that mean more than half of all Victorians weren't, in fact, awful at all?

Conversely, where, on the oppressed-vs-awful spectrum, would you place a Victorian woman who, having married prior to 1883, had to forfeit her property and earnings to her husband—but is horrified (as many women were) by those dreadful suffragists who want the vote? Is she oppressed, or an oppressor? Or... neither? It's important to remember that Victorians aren't a single, homogeneous group with a single (oppressive) mindset, but a collection of diverse individuals spanning several generations and continually changing over time.

But, again, why does the 19th century inspire so much criticism? However good or bad Victorians might have been, they're dead. Getting angry with them serves no purpose.

I think the answer lies in our natural desire to demonstrate that we are *better* than what has gone before. As we grow up, we break away from our parents and our past. As a society, we break away from, and (we hope) improve upon the attitudes and behaviors of those who came before. We aren't outraged by Tudors, because society “broke away” from them centuries before. But the Victorian era is precisely what we've been breaking away from since the dawn of the 20th century. When we want to say “Look how far we've come!” we need to be able to point toward where we came *from*, and that's the Victorians.

The error lies in failing to credit the Victorians with the same achievement. Rather than judging them by how far they *hadn't* come, based upon where we are today, we should judge them by how far they came from their *own* predecessors. Then, we'd have a clearer, and more understanding, view of who they were, why they did what they did, and why they didn't do some of the things we wish they'd done.

Being outraged is a two-edged sword. It can make one feel good (or at least self-righteous) for a moment, but it can also be the measure by which *we* are ultimately judged. If we focus on understanding rather than anger, then perhaps we can hope that future generations will grant the same consideration to us.

—Moirra Allen, Editor
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Some Peculiar Entertainments.

BY FRAMLEY STEELCROFT.



YOU will often hear a man say, with smug, smiling wonder: "It's amazing what people will do for a living"; and, really, it is. Now, while I don't claim to have brought together—"right here" as the Americans say—all the peculiar items of "business" that are at this moment amusing, thrilling, or horrifying the paying public of both hemispheres, yet I have secured a representative lot, each one of whom I have at one time or another interviewed personally.

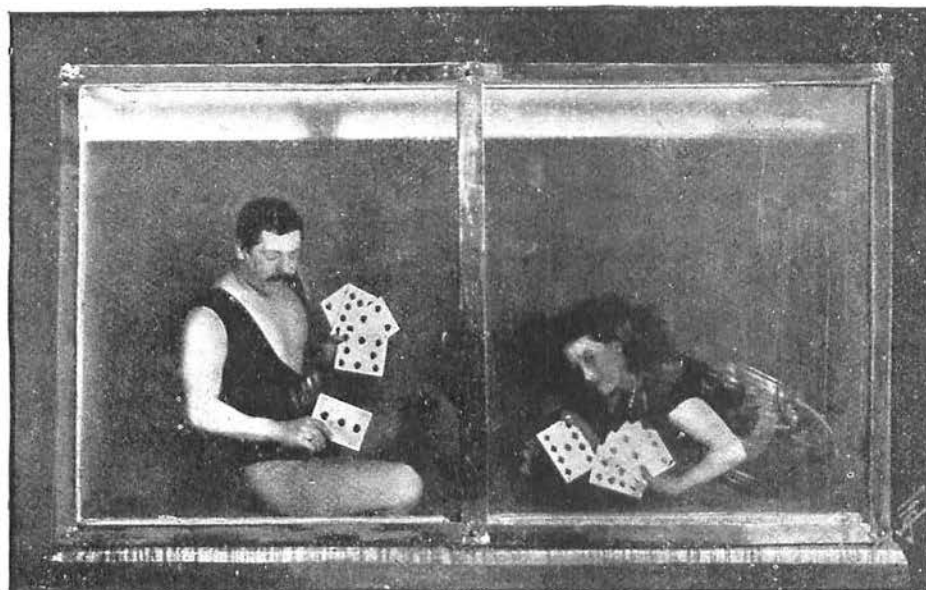
First of all, then, let me introduce to your notice (I feel something of a showman myself, now) Professor James Finney and his sister playing nap beneath the water in their

four and a half minutes beneath the water, and is the possessor of a whole museum of cups and medals, whose mere intrinsic value is about £1,000.

Miss Marie Finney is, perhaps, our premier lady swimmer; and among her remarkable feats may be mentioned a header from London Bridge. It is not known what useful end this served, but it is duly recorded in the printed matter relating to the lady herself. This peculiar pair perform a variety of antics beneath the water, including eating cakes, drinking milk, and smoking. "Professor" Finney (this is the generic title of these specialists) makes some interesting calculations as to the quantity of comestibles consumed by him under water every year;

and without proximity I may say that this is enough to stock one of the Aerated Bread Company's well-known establishments.

I believe that in certain unexalted circles the expression "Go and eat coke!" is sometimes used as an opprobrious admonition. Into the derivation of this I will not go, but I have seen the thing done by an artiste (save the mark!) yclept "the Human



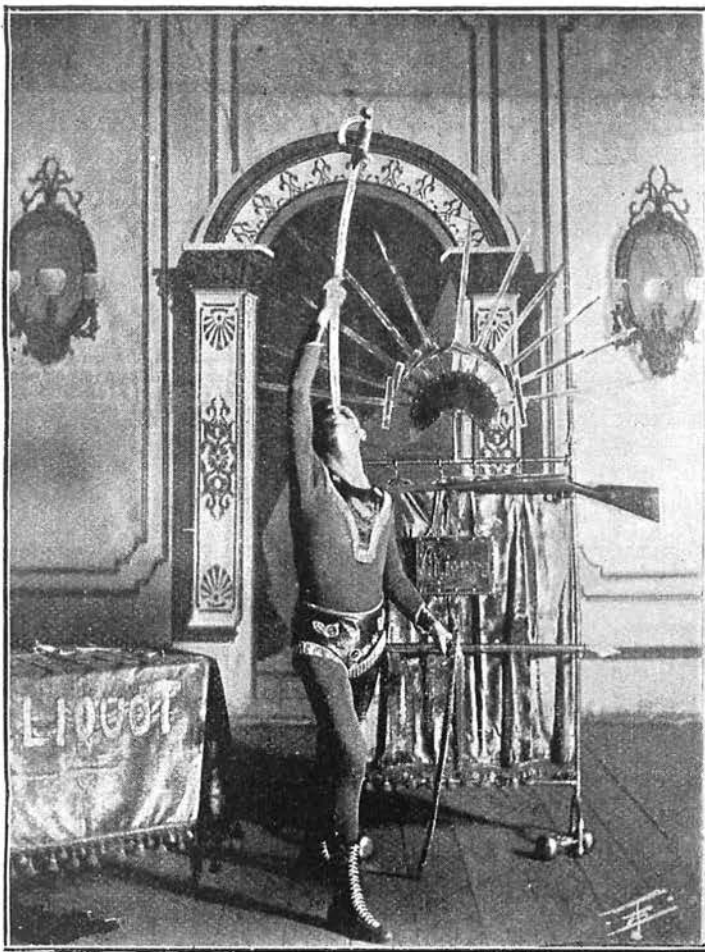
PROFESSOR FINNEY AND HIS SISTER PLAYING NAP UNDER WATER.

big tank, which holds 300 gallons and cost a £100 note. And I should mention that it would be utterly impossible for these well-known swimming experts to simulate interest in the game, were it not that the water is heated to a temperature of 80deg. The porcelain cards are specially made at the Staffordshire potteries.

Another feat performed by Finney under water is the picking up of seventy or eighty gold-plated halfpennies with his mouth, his hands being tied securely behind his back. Just consider what this means. The expert assures me he finds the picking up and stowing away of the coins one by one in his mouth a most arduous and even painful task. He has, however, remained nearly

Ostrich." He was this and much more; for not only did the man swallow every day sufficient carboniferous fuel to cook a respectable dinner for an ordinary Christian, but he also "chawed" and ate at each meal a stout glass tumbler and a lot of wood shavings. The "dessert" (note the ghoulis humour of the printed *menu*) consisted of a couple of lengthy tallow candles, and the whole was washed down by copious draughts of water, while the pianist played a suitably fantastic fantasia.

But some people will swallow anything—especially at £40 a week. We next see the Chevalier Cliquot (these fellows *must* have titles) in the act of swallowing the major part of a cavalry sabre, 22in. long. Cliquot,

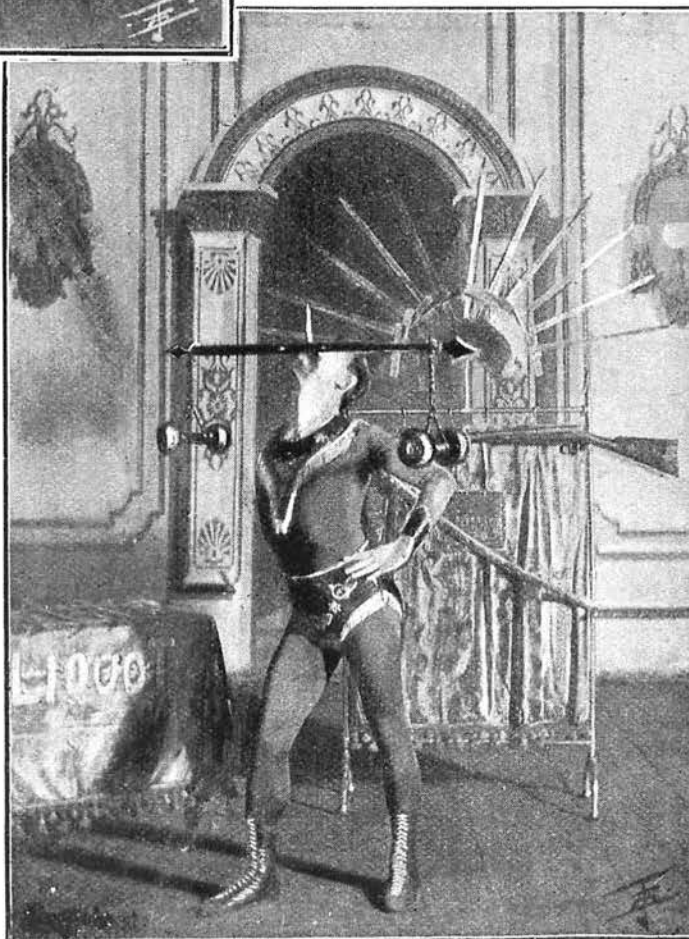


CLIQUOT SWALLOWING A 22-INCH CAVALRY SABRE.

whose name suggests the swallowing of something far more grateful and comforting than steel swords, is a French Canadian by birth, and has been the admitted chief in his dangerous profession for more than eighteen years. He ran away from his home in Quebec at an early age, and joined a travelling circus bound for South America. On seeing an arrant old humbug swallow a small *machete* in Buenos Ayres, the boy took a fancy to the performance, and approached the old humbug aforesaid with the view of being taught the business. Not having any money, however, wherewith to pay the necessary premium, the overtures of the would-be apprentice were repulsed, whereupon he set to work experimenting on his own *æso*phagus with a piece of silver wire.

To say that the preliminary training for this sort of thing is painful, is to state the fact most moderately; and even when stern purpose has

triumphed over the laws of anatomy, terrible danger still remains. On one occasion, having swallowed a sword and then bent his body in various directions as an adventitious sensation, Cliquot found that the weapon also had bent to a sharp angle; and quick as thought, realizing his own position as well as that of the sword, he whipped it out, lacerating his throat in a dreadful manner. Plainly, had the upper part of the weapon become quite detached, the sword-swallower's career must infallibly have come to an untimely end. Again, in New York, when swallowing *fourteen* 19in. bayonet-swords at once, Cliquot had the misfortune to have a too sceptical audience, one of whom, a medical man who ought to have known better, rushed forward and impulsively dragged out the whole bunch, inflicting such injuries upon this peculiar entertainer as to endanger his life and incapacitate him for months.



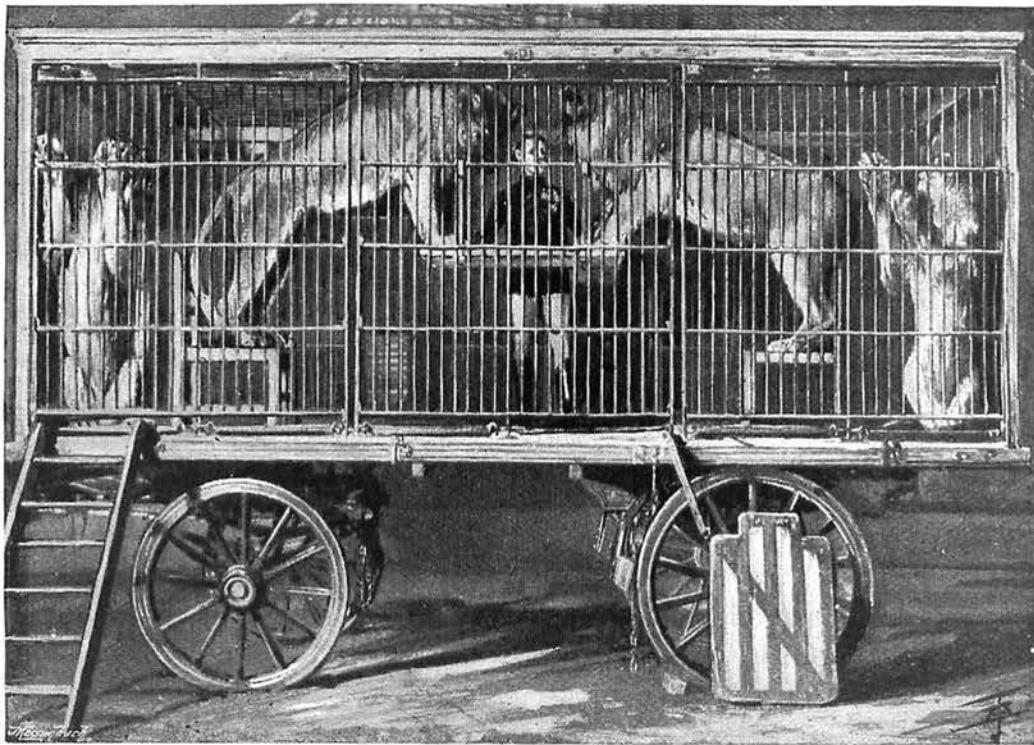
CLIQUOT SWALLOWING A WEIGHTED BAYONET-SWORD.

In the second photograph, on page 6, Cliquot is seen swallowing a very real bayonet-sword, weighted with a cross-bar and two 18lb. dumb-bells. In order to vary this performance, the sword-swallower sometimes allows only part of the weapon to pass into his body, the remainder being "kicked" down by the recoil of a rifle, which is fixed to the spike in the centre of the bar and fired by the performer's sister.

The last act in this extraordinary performance is the swallowing of a gold watch. As a rule, Cliquot borrows one, but as no time-piece was forthcoming at the private exhibition where I saw him, he proceeded to lower his own big chronometer into his æsophagus

mauled by a majestic brute on Christmas Eve last; and this very man—Ricardo—dragged his dying colleague literally from the lion's jaws.

The fact is, we did not know what effect the magnesium flash would have on these four formidable beasts. Would it irritate them, and cause them to vent their leonine spleen upon the daring man in their cage? Nor do I use the word "daring" for cheap effect. The convenience of the lions—so to speak—was materially interfered with. They were not accustomed to do this sort of thing in the early morning; and, besides, the set performance was commenced in the middle. Frankly, the lions were fearfully excited, and



RICARDO IN THE LIONS' DEN.

by a slender gold chain. Many of the most eminent physicians and surgeons in this country immediately rushed forward with various instruments, and the privileged few took turns in listening for the ticking of the watch inside the sword-swallower's body. "Poor, outraged Nature is biding her time," remarked one physician of courtly mien and shabby attire; "but, mark me, she will have a terrible revenge sooner or later."

The circumstances under which the next photograph was taken are not likely to fade easily from my mind; indeed, the task proved one of frightful suspense and anxiety to everyone concerned, including the artist of THE STRAND MAGAZINE. For in this very cage was a so-called "lion tamer" fearfully

at times they were only restrained from flying at Ricardo by men outside the cage who were armed with spiky poles like boat-hooks. At the moment of taking the photograph, the two lions in the middle of the cage remained perfectly still, their horrid jaws open, their great, lustrous eyes blazing, and the hot steam of their breath playing directly on their "tamer's" face.

This man has practised his calling for seven years. He is not troubled with nerves; his constitution is of iron and his philosophy equally sound. "Of course, it is dangerous," he said to me, quietly; "but, then, might you not meet with a far less dramatic and more unexpected death beneath an omnibus in Piccadilly Circus, or the Clapham Road?"

"At first I was a stableman in a travelling circus," he continued. "I always watched the old lion tamer's performance (he has now retired after more than twenty years of it); and I gradually got on fairly good terms with his beasts. The first cage I entered contained a mixed breed of Alpine and Siberian wolves. Yes, they were very 'ugly' and made for my throat."

One day Ricardo unceremoniously slipped into a den of three newly-purchased lions, who were more than equal to the occasion, since they nearly killed him forthwith. After three months' private intercourse with the huge animals, he was permitted to remain in their cage under protest. And this protest is quite permanent. Ricardo has known what it is to have a monstrous black African lion on his chest, his left knee well in the fearful brute's capacious mouth.

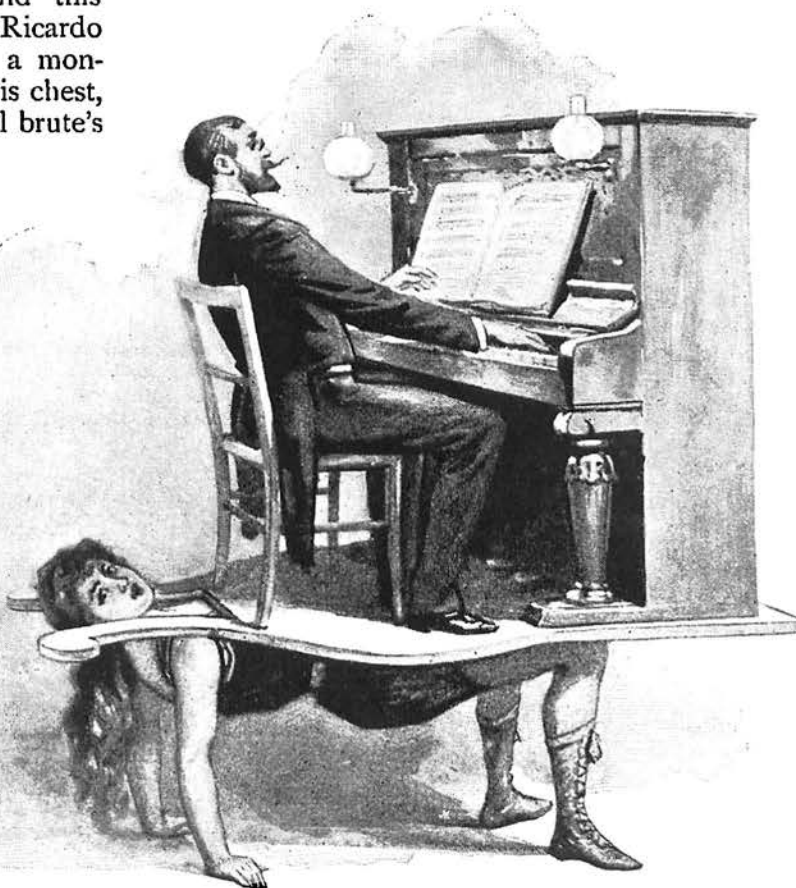
But you know the kind of thing. Let us pass to the "Singing Strong Lady," whose business is as funny as it is original. Really, I don't think the picture needs any explanation at all. This lady, by name (professionally) Miss Darnett, extends herself upon her hands and legs, face uppermost, while a stout platform with a semi-circular groove for the neck is fixed upon her by means of a waist-belt, which passes through brass receivers on the under

side of the board. An ordinary cottage piano is then placed by four men on the platform, and presently the lady's callous spouse appears, bowing, and calmly mounts upon the platform also, presumably in order that his execution may carry greater weight with the audience—and with his wife. First of all the pianist plays a dreamy, soothing Strauss waltz; and then the lady warbles a simple love-song—under difficulties and half a ton. But upon the burden of her song we need not dwell; she has enough to bear already.

Although the foregoing performance appeals directly to any chivalry that may be in a man's nature, I doubt greatly whether it would make much impression on Rannin, the thick-skinned Cingalese, whose unique business is next depicted.

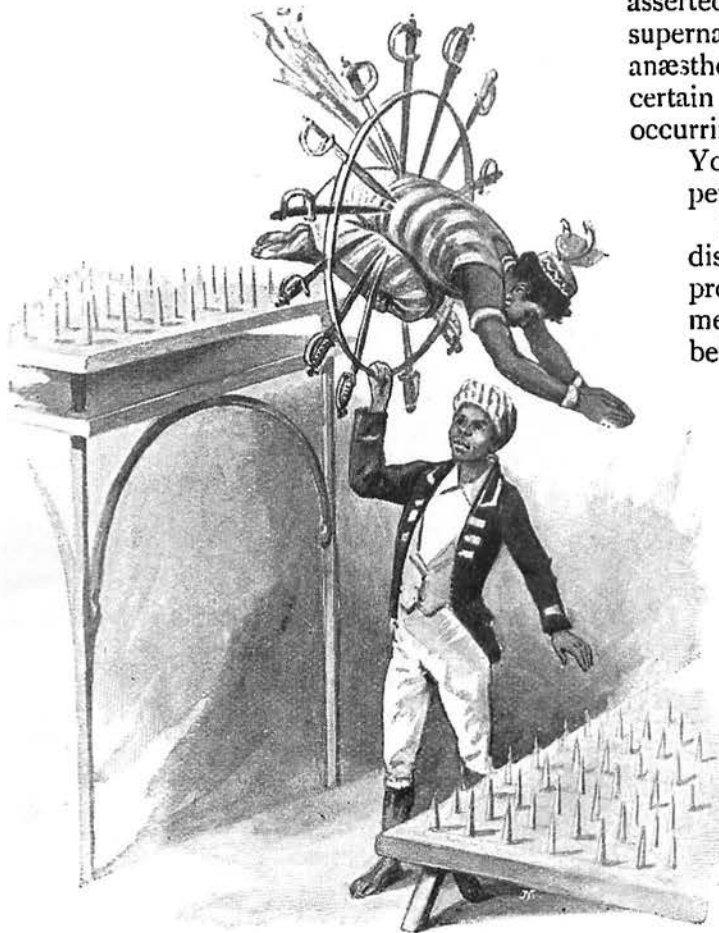
I saw this man last year at Ronacher's in Vienna; and of course there was the customary crowd of doctors and professors—real professors, this time—from the great hospitals in the Austrian capital.

Neither Occultism nor Theosophy have anything to do with this individual. Although, however, everything in the nature of the supernatural is wanting, the performances of



THE SINGING STRONG LADY.

the "man with the iron skin" are extraordinarily interesting; and in spite of their thrilling details they are given with decided grace. On the platform were the requisites with which Rannin conducts his show. Among them were a double ladder, the steps of which were formed of sabres ground to the sharpness of razors; also a kind of bed, thickly sewn with sharp-edged nails whose "business" ends were uppermost; and finally a barrel-shaped utensil, the inside of which was bristling with sharply-pointed nails. Rannin appeared with his shoulders, arms, and feet



"THE MAN WITH THE IRON SKIN"—(RANNIN, THE CINGALESE).

uncovered, and advanced lightly to the front of the platform. After showing how the sabres shred pieces of thick paper into atoms, he ran with bandaged eyes up one side of the sharp sabre-ladder and down the other, at the same time balancing a lamp on his forehead. He next lay down in the barrel, curled himself up closely, and allowed himself to be rolled up and down the platform. Extricating himself with some difficulty from the barrel, he offered himself to those present for their inspection. The impressions of the nails were certainly there, but not the slightest suggestion of a wound. Afterwards he placed himself on the spiked bed, and a man in thick boots mounted on his chest. This individual then placed an iron bar on his own shoulders, and from this two other men hung on the right and on the left. After several other marvellous performances, concluding, as here shown, with a jump from a high spiky platform through a hoop of razor-sharp sword-blades on to the nail-covered bed, Rannin ended his exhibition amid the plaudits of his audience. The medical authorities who had attended the séance of this veritable "man with the iron skin"

asserted that it had nothing to do with the supernatural, but was the effect of a kind of anæsthesia, which is the insensibility of certain nerves to exterior impressions, occurring sometimes in peculiar natures.

You have probably met such—though perhaps in different degrees.

My next performer is a man of retiring disposition—so retiring, in fact, that his professional *habitat*, so to speak, is a box measuring barely 23 in. in length, its depth being 29 in. and its width 16 in. Nor is this all. When inside, six dozen wooden bottles, of the same size and shape as those which contain soda-water, are carefully stowed in with him, and then the lid is slammed down, leaving the audience, and especially disappointed farmers, to marvel that it should be possible for a man to make such a handsome living out of so infinitesimal a portion of the earth's surface. This man, Mr. Walter Wentworth, whom I met at Moore's Circus in Toronto, is the oldest contortionist living, being now about seventy years of age. He bestows upon his act the quaint name, "Packanatomicalization." In the second photograph he is seen asserting



WENTWORTH, THE CONTORTIONIST, PACKED WITH SIX DOZEN BOTTLES.

his presence in the box in a very comic manner.

Wentworth married the lady whose portrait is next reproduced; this is Miss Grantly, the Albino Princess, who is believed to be a descendant of an albino tribe formerly found in America. The lady's appearance, *per se*, is supposed to constitute an entertainment. She has the usual characteristics of her kind — pure white complexion, pink eyes, white lashes and eyebrows.

As is well known, these "freaks" are well paid in the United States (Miss Grantly received 200 dollars a week); but this showman has a code of rigorous compulsory modesty for them—instituted, of course, in the interests of the paying public. For, clearly, if the dog-faced man or the bearded lady is foolish enough to go for a walk in park or street, followed by an ever-increasing crowd of unprofitable sight-seers, is not he or she doing a serious, wicked thing by spoiling potential patrons? Most certainly; if these well-paid "entertainers" *must* go out, they are compelled to take proper precautions. The Albino Princess, for example, invariably makes an elaborate toilet before venturing abroad, using cosmetics galore, and wearing an artful wig over her own snow-white hair.

The reproduction on the next page depicts that curious mode of progression known as "ceiling-walking," as performed by the Vol Beck children. They were trained by their father, who has had thirty-two years' experience as a professional gymnast, and, therefore, plenty of time in which to invent new "business." On retiring, Mr. Vol Beck thought he could not do better than put his enthusiastic boys in the way of climbing the ladder of fame; or, at any rate, teach them to make inverted progress along a horizontal ladder—an equally arduous task.

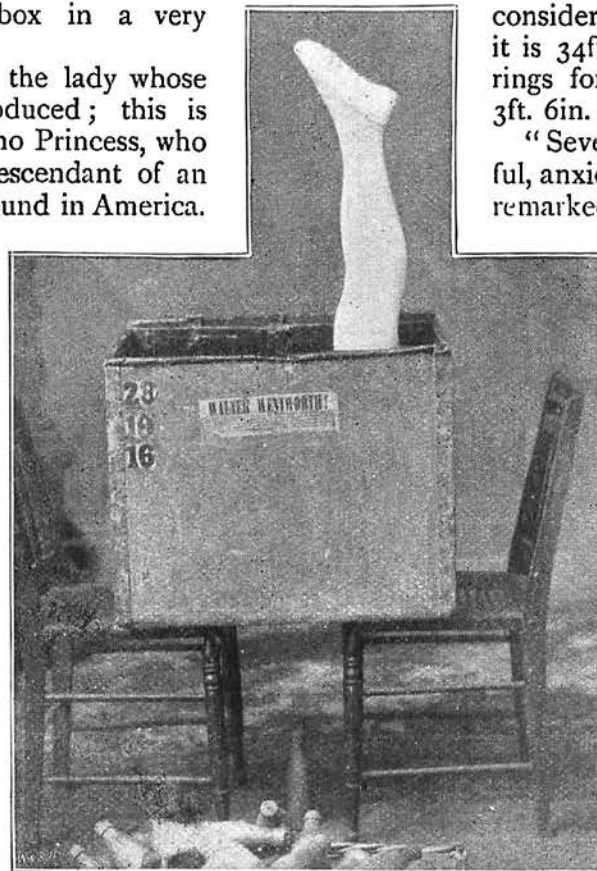
This "property" ladder is of steel and brass, elaborately and beautifully made in thirty-three pieces, each fitting into the other. The apparatus weighs about 4cwt., and cost

considerably more than £300; it is 34ft. in length, fitted with rings for the boys' feet, and is 3ft. 6in. wide.

"Seven long months of careful, anxious training took place," remarked Mr. Vol Beck to me, "before I could trust my children to walk upside down as you see them now, eighty or ninety feet from the ground. They can walk or run backwards and forwards at the rate of four miles an hour if necessary," he went on; "and they can cover 200ft. of 'ground'—or, perhaps, I should say air—without stopping for a moment."

And, certainly, the boys seem very much at ease during this novel act. On the occasion of the

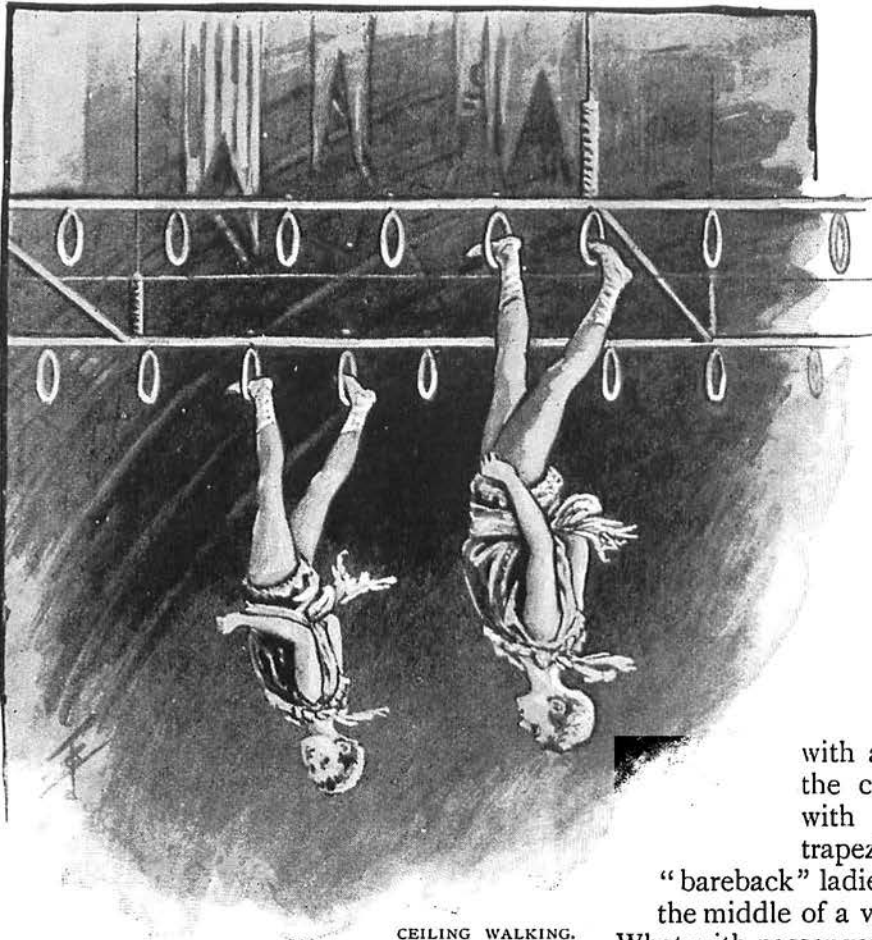
private performance they gave before THE STRAND MAGAZINE artist and myself, they



WENTWORTH ASSERTING HIS PRESENCE IN THE BOX.



WENTWORTH'S WIFE, "MISS GRANTLY," THE ALBINO PRINCESS.



CEILING WALKING.

skipped alternately backwards and forwards with surprising celerity, considering the position and altitude; and the rapidity and confidence with which they hooked their feet in the rings, chatting as they went, was nothing short of marvellous.

Here is a lady with much dependent upon her, yet she bears up wonderfully well. Across her shoulders is a 700lb. bar-bell, on each end of which is a hanger-on whose attentions are frequently almost beyond endurance. This is Madame Elise, a professional strong lady, who is, on occasion, the sole support of a young elephant weighing half a ton,

or perhaps ten able-bodied men. She was born at Neuilly, near Paris, and performs with her husband, who is in the same respect-compelling line. Her greatest feat was the lifting of eight men weighing altogether 1,700lb.; the lightest individual on this occasion weighed fourteen stone, and two among them turned the scale at twenty-one stone each. Truly a moving spectacle, this raising of gross, material men by a true, strong woman to her own exalted ethereal level.

And Madame tells funny stories. Travelling with a circus some years ago, the caravan in which she sat with five other "artistes"—trapezists, *haute école*, and "bareback" ladies—came to a standstill in the middle of a very steep hill in Cornwall. What with passengers and circus accessories, the horse was quite overcome, so he just stopped and, while awaiting further developments, commenced to browse peacefully at



MADAME ELISE, THE STRONG LADY, AND HER HANGERS-ON.

the wayside. Persuasion with a boat-hook was tried, but in vain, so Madame Elise, seizing a bit of rope, hastily alighted, harnessed herself to the heavily-laden van, and dragged it in triumph to the brow of the hill, where her place was taken by the ungallant brute.

Next is seen a party of Poona snake-charmers—a terribly dangerous performance, this, in spite of fallacies prevailing to the contrary. I interviewed the man who is playing the “tumri” while the cobra dances—Syad Jamal, of Sholapur. Strangely enough,

this, he have seen many bite, then die and get black face,” remarked Syad Jamal’s interpreter; and no wonder, since either the double-spectacled cobra-de-capello of the town, or the nâgsarap of the thicket can, when fresh and angry, lay a strong man dead within two hours.

The newly caught snakes, some only as big as a lead pencil, and others 10ft. long, are taken home and placed in blanket-lined baskets. For days they eat nothing; but after a week or so the charmer takes his



INDIAN SNAKE-CHARMERS.

his philosophy was practically identical with that of Ricardo, the lion tamer. “He says,” remarked my interpreter, in guttural tones, “that in Chapter 17 of the Koran is written: ‘The scroll of every man’s fate is tied on his neck at birth.’”

I learn that this profession remains in one family for centuries. Water-snakes, cobras, and pythons are used, and they are caught in the warm month of May, when the reptiles emerge from their holes. The hunting party in the hill districts are armed with forked sticks, with which the snakes are struck down when they erect themselves to bite; and on curling round these sticks they are thrust into a bag carried by a boy. Before this is done, though, the expert catcher seizes the deadly reptile with three fingers—two at the throat and one on the back of the head—and deftly cuts out the two poison fangs with a penknife, the operation lasting from ten to fifteen minutes. “While do

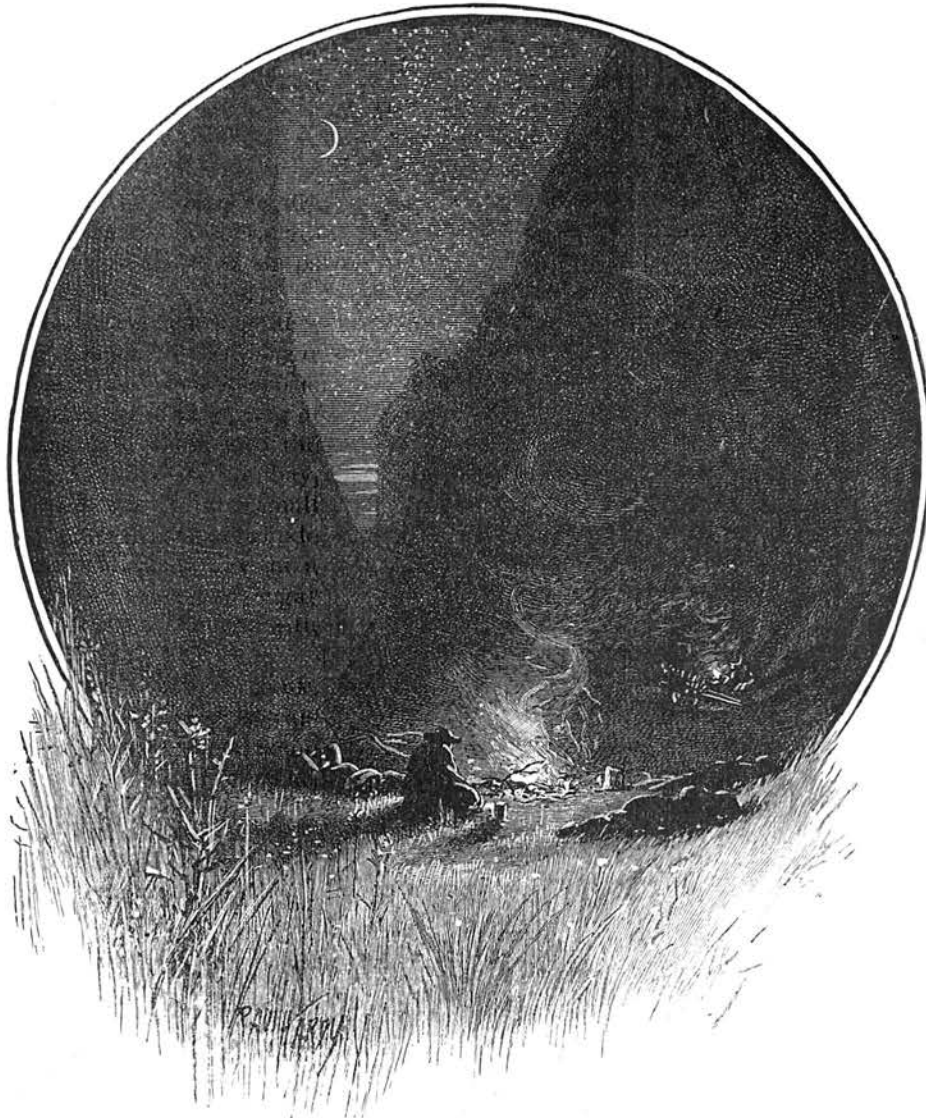
tumri—a villainous instrument, seen in the photograph, and with the squeal of a bagpipe, only more so—and on playing this the cobras begin to lift their horrid heads from the baskets, whereupon each reptile receives one egg and a pint of milk. The water-snakes are fed on whitebait, and the larger reptiles receive a chicken every fortnight. These snake-charmers, who are also jugglers, occasionally buy their snakes from the fakirs, paying from 1s. 2d. to £1 each for them.

“Tell him,” said Syad Jamal, anxiously, “that we are beggars by birth and education, depending on the merchants for food and shelter; thus all our earnings are clear profit, or nearly so. And, also, that I have received as much as £20 for a performance from the Nizam of Hyderabad, besides gold and silver bracelets, and turbans of cloth of gold.” Here the sâmp-wallah, or snake-charmer, fixed his mysterious eyes on me, probably to see if I was properly impressed by these details.

I desire to gratefully acknowledge here the very courteous assistance rendered me in preparing these articles by the following well-known caterers for public entertainment: Mr. Ben Nathan; Mr. Josiah Ritchie, of the Royal Aquarium; Mr. Read, of the Agricultural Hall; and Mr. Maurice De Freece, Manager to Messrs. Warner & Co., of Wellington Street.

AMERICAN FARMING FOR WOMEN.

BY A LADY FARMER.



A CAMP IN THE CAÑON.



AT a time when so much interest is felt in the opening of new employments to women, it is possible that some in England may care to hear of the novel way in which a few women attempt to gain a livelihood in the Far West. It is true that they not infrequently fail. Moreover, the undertaking calls for pluck, endurance, and energy in no common degree; but, on the other hand, it has a certain educational value, and offers to those rightly constituted a good deal of enjoyment. Throughout some of the Western states and territories of America the United States Government still retains large sections of land. This land is open to settlers under certain conditions. Every American citizen is possessed of these land rights, each entitling him to

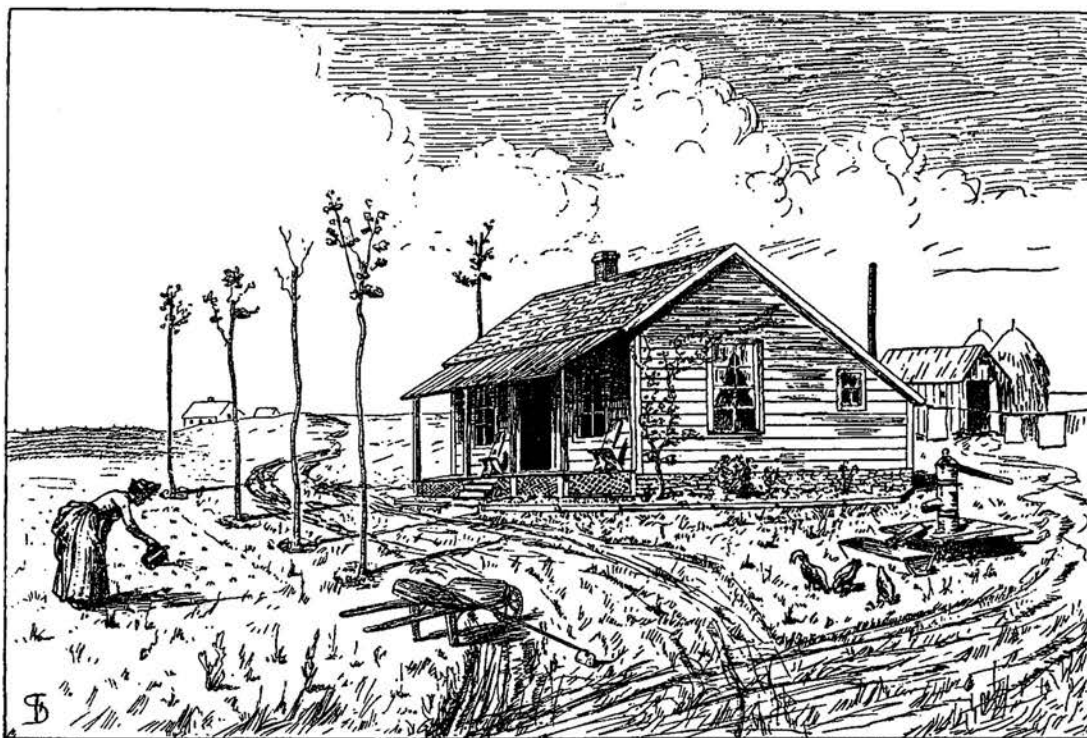
160 acres of Government land of varying quality. The conditions under which the settler takes his claim or quarter section vary with each case. If his claim is a pre-emption, a residence of six months and a payment of 5s. an acre is required. If it is a homestead, a residence of five years gives him the land for nothing. With a timber claim neither residence nor payment is required, but a certain number of acres must be planted with trees. Most of the country west of the Mississippi was settled under these conditions by enterprising men from the Atlantic States, and now the children of these early settlers are pushing westwards to make homes for themselves in the newer states and territories. Of late years many of these homesteaders, as they are comprehensively called, are women. The United States Government in bestowing land rights on American citizens made no distinction of sex. The majority

of these enterprising women who "take up" land accompany a farmer-brother or father, who manages their claim for them. Their life, therefore, differs but little from the ordinary life of women on a Western farm. Occasionally, however, a woman comes out by herself, prepared to rely wholly on her own wit and wisdom in the carrying out of her new undertaking. It is a noteworthy fact that many, and perhaps the most successful, of these independent women are teachers. To such, worn out as they often are with the close confinement of the schoolroom, the unrestrained life of the frontier possesses a great fascination. Their success is due, perhaps, to the patience and perseverance acquired in teaching; also to the fact that the educated woman, possessed of greater resources, is less likely to become restless and dissatisfied than her uncultured sister.

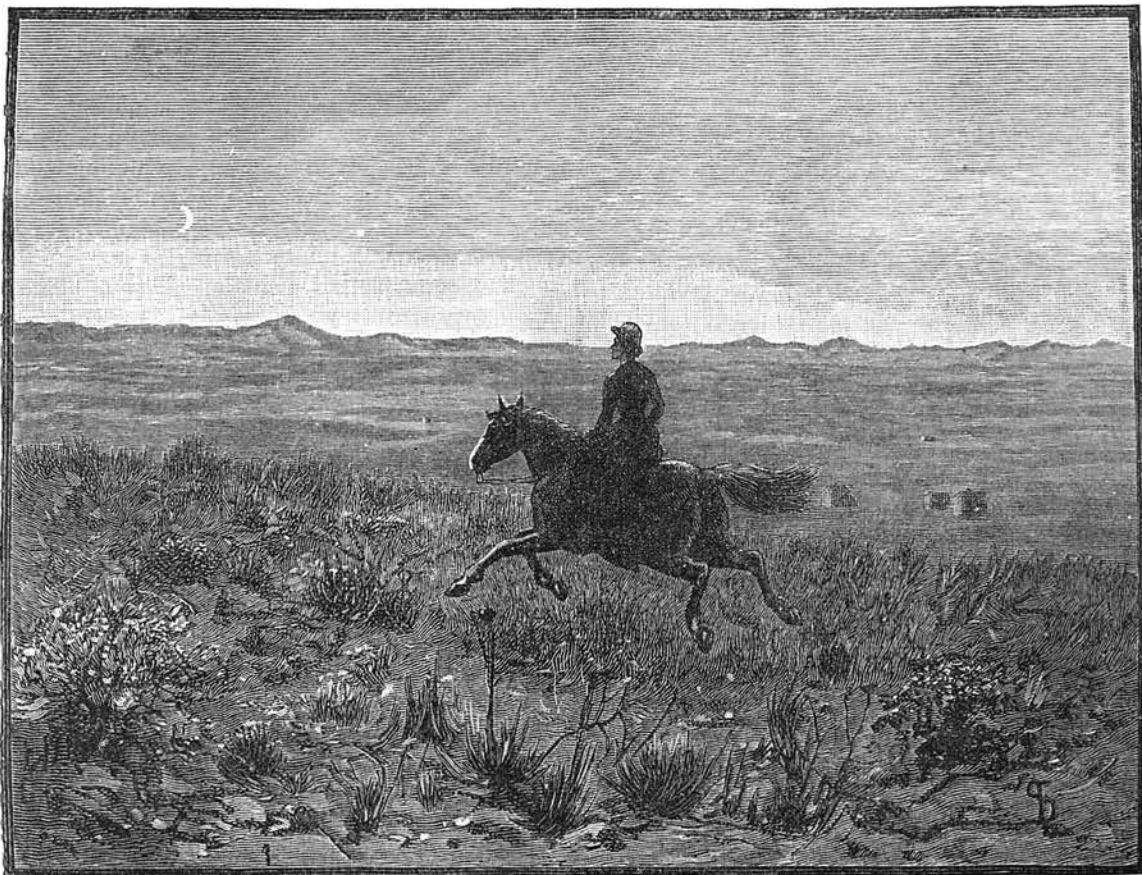
Perhaps after this general sketch a page from the life of a real settlement of teachers in a Western state may be of interest. A railway has recently been constructed from Holdredge, Nebraska, to Cheyenne, Wyoming, across the north-eastern corner of Colorado. It is a branch of the Burlington and Missouri Railway—the line on which the great strike took place last winter. The opening of the new railway was followed this year by a rush of settlers into a part of Colorado heretofore occupied by only a few widely scattered ranches. In a short time mushroom towns sprang up where a few months before the range cattle were grazing. It should not be forgotten that in the West it is the railway that calls the towns into existence, and not *vice versa*. The object of a new line is often to "open up" the country and bring in settlers.

In one of the valleys of the charming rolling prairie

that covers Northern Colorado, east of the Rocky Mountains and not far from the new railway, four young women, college graduates and teachers, settled this spring. The three homesteads and one pre-emption which they have taken up are adjoining. Already things have a home-like look. Each has a neat little wooden house, and two have stables. Ponies, a cow, a dog, and chickens lend life to the settlement. The gardens hold out a hope of fresh vegetables, but ground squirrels and jack rabbits are doing their best to render the hope vain. Already twenty-five acres of the virgin sod have been ploughed—"broken," it is called here—and surrounded with a strong wire fence to keep off the range cattle. Five acres have been planted with potatoes, the best sod crop. For part of the work neighbouring settlers, anxious to earn a little money, have been employed, but part of it was done by the feminine homesteaders themselves. Cutting up potatoes for seed, and dropping them in the furrow, is not the easiest or cleanest of work, but it is not wholly disagreeable, for it can all be done out of doors, and is not a tax on the nerves. While the gardens are being made and the crops put in there is enough, and more than enough, to do, but even when that work is over time does not hang heavy on the homesteaders' hands. Household cares take time, for though life is planned on a very simple scale, the scantiness of materials to work with gives room for some planning and ingenuity. With no beef nearer than the "round up," and butter to be got only by a twelve-mile ride, while fruit is quite out of the question, it is not an easy matter to provide for the table. Then the cow and poultry must be cared for, and each pet broncho has learned to expect from his mistress attentions and



"EACH HAS A NEAT LITTLE WOODEN HOUSE."



"THE DELIGHT OF A GALLOP OVER THE WIDE PRAIRIE."

caresses which at first he scarcely knew how to appreciate.

A cow-horse—that is, a broncho, or horse caught wild off the range and broken to the saddle for a cowboy's use—is scarcely a model riding horse for a lady, but no other is so well adapted to this country. He does not need to be tied, but will always stand if the long bridle is thrown over his head so as to rest on the ground. Martingales are rarely used, and he is guided by simply drawing the reins across his neck in the direction in which he should turn. Generally he is broken to the lariat, and can be picketed out by the head or foot in genuine Indian fashion. No matter how dark the night or how great the speed, a broncho rarely gets a foot into a prairie dog or coyote hole; and his skill in picking his way over a country thickly covered with cactus is marvellous to the beholder, and extremely unsettling to his rider. He is very clever at getting a living where the civilised horse will starve. In other respects too he is unlike the civilised horse, for often he does not eat oats, and shows a decided aversion to a stable. Although small in size, he has great endurance and is capable of a fair rate of speed. He is cheap, too: £8 or £10 should buy a good broncho. But all these desirable qualities are to some extent offset by the fact that he rarely appreciates good treatment, and is somewhat uneven in his temper. A broncho without some

bad trick is as rare as trees on the prairies. Nevertheless, owning one adds greatly to the enjoyment of life on the plains. There are few things that can equal the delight of a gallop in the early evening over the wide prairie, with scarcely a barrier nearer than the Rocky Mountains standing out in splendid line against the western sky.

It is unfortunately true that of trees there is a sad lack in this part of Colorado. Hardly the apology for one can be found nearer than the bluffs, which form the edge of a high table-land that begins a little south of the Wyoming line. Here, growing on the sides of the cañons, can be found cedars and pines. But even these are fast disappearing under the ruthless axe of the settler. Early this spring the "schoolmarm settlement"—as the little colony of teachers is locally called—made an expedition to the bluffs, accompanying a friend who was going with his ox-team for a load of wood. A nine miles' ride in an ox-cart has its drawbacks, and the sun had set before the party reached the camping-place in a beautiful little cañon, with high rocky walls and a grassy floor. A blaze was quickly started, and soon all were ready to turn in, that is, roll up in blankets and lie down beside the fire. For a time the inevitable dog smelt about in a way unpleasantly suggestive of rattlesnakes, but finally he too settled down, and became a comfortable pillow for his mistress's head. No one slept very soundly,

perhaps, for it was a novel experience to lie there, with the sky for a roof and the distant howling of wolves for a lullaby. It was rather cold, too. But the glorious sunrise, seen from the highest point of the bluffs, well repaid all for any discomforts of the night. Picnics are not very frequent, but then there is much to interest in the every-day life of the "settlement." From their doors the teacher homesteaders can often watch the antelope bounding through the valley, or a grey wolf or coyote sneaking over the hill. Now and then comes an exciting but tiring day spent in the saddle, when the cow or a pony has stampeded in the night, and is to be found fifteen miles away perhaps.

The prairie flowers too, so new and beautiful, are a great delight. During the flowering of the cactus the prairie seemed thickly studded with Marshal Niel roses. Then there is always tennis. No turf can make a better ground than the thick mat of buffalo grass. Moreover, there is the exciting possibility, when hunting a wandering ball, of finding it resting on the coils of an indignant rattlesnake. This last, how-

ever, is rapidly disappearing from the country, in spite of the kindly consideration of the Indians, who always spared it, saying that the rattlesnake was the only snake that gave warning.

Thus life in the "settlement" has a novelty about it that is in itself a rest. Then, too, out on the frontier the burdens of society are reduced to a minimum, and the petty cares that infest civilisation seem less real. In the meantime civilisation is coming nearer. Last winter a station was built a few miles away. Now a town has been platted out and given a name. It already possesses two lumber yards, several shops, a livery stable, an hotel, and a newspaper, but no dramshop, owing to the rigidly enforced prohibition law of the county. After a while the mushroom town will have a "boom." Then, perhaps, the land round about will rise in value, and the teacher homesteaders may hope to make a little money. In any case they will have gained a new lease of life, a rich fund of experiences, and 160 acres of land on which to raise potatoes.

A COLONIAL SUMMER TRIP.



"HE AND HIS WIFE HAD PITCHED THEIR CANVAS HOME"

WE were a party of six; our rendezvous was at a neighbouring homestead, and a merry set we were the night before our start, discussing plans and making our final preparations for a month's trip across the middle island. The following morning dawned as only in New Zealand the lovely prelude of a beautiful day can dawn; and with light hearts we made an early move, after carefully packing our "swag." This, consisting principally of saddles, bridles, and guns, was stowed away in our two carriages, a dogcart and tandem, and a buggy and pair.

Our first bit of road was nothing but a rough track over some fifteen miles of hilly country, and our party were well occupied in holding on while the

wheels made frantic plunges into heavy ruts or jumped concealed boulders. After rounding some pretty lagoons, we presently joined the coaching road, and found ourselves left with a promising crop of bruises and sore bones. With a sigh of relief, the ladies arranged their hair and hats, and settled themselves comfortably to enjoy the remaining three hours' drive to the hospitable station at which we were to lunch. Such a cosy, snug little homestead it was at the foot of a high mountain, planted around with trees, as protection from prevailing winds; dogs chained up here and there, and a breed of pure white poultry strutting in the sunshine.

Our bachelor hosts being university men, devoted their spare time, among other refinements, to forming

and classifying a collection of flora and minerals ; and we spent a very pleasant hour in overhauling these and other curiosities, with which their pretty rooms abounded. At the luncheon table an extra chair was set for a magnificent tom cat, introduced with great dignity under the title of "Beelzebub."

In what manner he had earned this name we did not learn, but are bound to admit that in company his Majesty behaved with unusual propriety and decorum.

Proceeding on our way through a peculiar country of somewhat ugly terraced formation, we had occasion to cross a small river, itself inoffensive enough, but banked in rather steeply—too steeply, at all events, to suit our unfortunate dog-cart wheeler, who chose the middle of this stream as a likely place for jibbing obstinately, and it was only when a collapse seemed imminent, that, with the timely help of a road-mender, we persuaded our horse to return to duty. Meanwhile our friend in need, who was thoroughly soaked, sturdily refused the proffered tip, saying he had "only done as he would be done by." So we went on our way, feeling we had met with true colonial courtesy and independence.

Bachelor establishments seem to be very comfortable quarters out here, as was proved during a few days spent at another station on our route. This place was quite dainty in its colouring, the bedrooms being all tinted in pale pinks and blue, while coal fires burnt in each grate to cheer the feminine heart ; for among the mountains the air gets decidedly cold, even in summer, as the sun sinks behind snowy peaks. The coal, by the way, was obtained by our host from a small mine upon his own run.

From this homestead we made a picnic expedition to a waterfall, reported as very lovely. Following a path along the river—the ladies were dismayed to find the track occasionally crossed and recrossed the stream ; leaving them the alternative of wading or being carried over by the gentlemen. As the current ran fairly deep and strong, we all preferred the latter evil, which was achieved 'mid laughter and stumbles ; but even then the feet and skirts got wet—an indiscretion which would probably have cost us sundry colds and influenzas in the Old Country. Here, however, in this dry, clear air, it produced nothing more serious than a laugh at the immediate inconvenience.

We continued our journey, after a day or two, by driving over a mountain pass on such a road as most of us had never been before, and through a country so justly renowned for its grand beauty that, compared with it, Swiss Alpine scenery dwindles into insignificance.

The carriage-road, following the Wai-Makarere river-bed, wound up a mountain side, and, as we slowly climbed this and gained the highest point, we here and there rested our panting teams, and took our fill of the glorious panorama stretching beneath. A foaming torrent in its broad rocky bed, gleaming coldly blue against the velvety olive green of the bush ; and this, in turn, giving way above to bare peaks, crowned in the glistening southern afternoon, with snow and glaciers. Our road, cut through solid rock

which walled it in and sometimes literally overhung it on the one side, fell on the other with an unprotected edge a sheer drop of many hundred feet into the valley below.

As we had increased our number by the addition of another man, and hints having spread of the road being in bad condition through recent floods, two of the gentlemen rode, leading spare horses to be ready for accidents. Happily these were not needed, and that evening we safely reached the Bealy Accommodation House. In these "Hotels," as they prefer to call them, there is but one public room, where all classes sit down together to the *table-d'hôte* tea, the driver of the mail-coach generally taking the head of the table and carving for all. The bedrooms, each with two beds and a wash-hand stand, are mere cubicles run up with matchboard partitions allowing every word to be plainly heard on either hand. Unwilling eavesdropping to our neighbours' conversation made us wary, and among our party silence was a strict rule observed in these rooms : scarcely a whispered "Good-night" being sent from one bed to another, and as for confidences and secrets those were reserved for the mountain summits.

The rumours of damage to the roads by storms were confirmed here, and being advised by the knowing ones to discard our light buggy and dogcart, we ladies left the Bealy on the mail-coach—a remarkable construction, eminently suited to its work and drawn by a team of five horses. The gentlemen rode, each leading a spare horse, and formed our mounted escort. As the dawn was only appearing when we started, the cold was intense, and, though well wrapped in furs, the first sunbeams found us with blue faces and numb fingers. Just here the route involved some rough travelling, for, descending sharply, we crossed the river, and for some distance ran over its shingly bed, where the track, formed by the simple expedient of rolling aside the larger rocks and stones, is, needless to say, constantly effaced by the first freshet. This had occurred a few days before we passed, and the "going" was equally trying to the temper of springs, spokes, and passengers. Our genial driver—who, by the way, grew prolific in thrilling anecdotes when he spied a nervous passenger—here improved the occasion by a graphic account of a recent capsizing in mid-stream, when a lady, being washed upon a handy rock, calmly took advantage of her point of view to produce a sketch from life of the catastrophe for an English paper. Though admiring her pluck, we secretly determined that, should the opportunity offer, our moral condition would unfit us to earn a similar tribute of praise from our Jehu.

After skirting the foot of the bush for a few miles we struck a fresh gorge, and turned into its deep and narrow defile, where the cool, early morning mists still lay to soften splashing cascades and sharply cut rocks, or help birch and pine, fuchsia and lancewood, to blend with a hundred gracefully falling creepers into a fairy-land of beauty. Higher up it melted where snow and ice shone rosy and golden in the sun's rays.

In this part the road had been destroyed, and several

times the coach occupants had to get down and scramble along the edge of the bush while the coach itself took to the river, and made its dangerous way up stream, which proceeding was watched with anxious eyes; for had it turned over—though our party could rely on their saddle horses—the other passengers would have been left stranded in the centre of the bush. Later on we passed some really awful places, having been mounting for some hours, and at one part the coach tilted over a large stone, so that those having the outside seats hung for a second over a yawning precipice. It took some little time to recover one's equanimity, which was not aided by our coachman's little weakness again moving him to ask coolly if we had seen some white bones at the bottom. These, he explained, were remains of a waggon team which had fallen bodily over.

It was on our return down this nightmare road that one of the gentlemen's horses bolted, together with the one in leading; and how he steered the runaway pair safely round the sharp corners and avoided the precipices, he has never been able to recall.

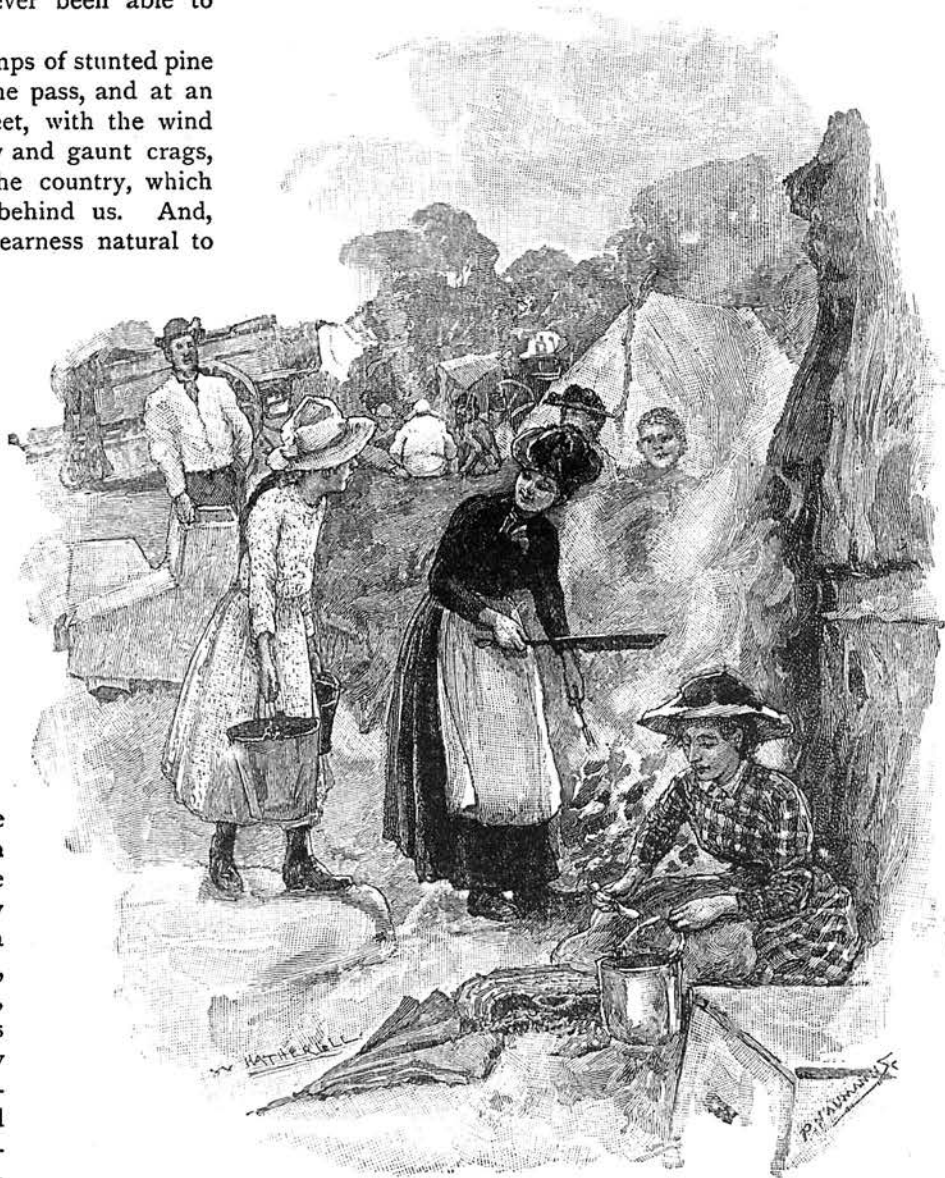
Rising above the last clumps of stunted pine we gained the summit of the pass, and at an elevation of some 1,000 feet, with the wind blowing keenly across snow and gaunt crags, we turned to look over the country, which lay sharply mapped out behind us. And, though the extraordinary clearness natural to this atmosphere rather dwarfed the effect of distance, the prospect of shining peaks and rolling bush was unsurpassably grand.

Once over the crest, with a quick spin down the other side, and our day's travel ended by seventeen miles of fine level road, winding its way through that mystery—the Natural Bush.

Macdonald's Accommodation House stands in its very midst; miles and miles of gigantic fern-palms and mighty tree monarchs, overgrown with parasitic creepers and fragile ferns, stretch away on every side. And this, our goal, a place of many excursions, was kept by a Scotchman, and, if bare of luxuries, was comfortable and exquisitely clean. Many a merry evening did our worthy host and his son entertain us with bagpipe and fling, not to mention the adventures of his

gold-digging days, when, as a young man, he and his wife had pitched their canvas home and made their pile. Gold had been found in the mountains behind his present hotel, and, being personally interested in the diggings, he took us up to persuade us to invest in a few shares.

"Spot" was an old spaniel, born and bred at Macdonald's, and possessed of all, if not more than, a bushman's instincts. The sight of a gun always roused in him the usual sporting dog's excitement; but shown in his own peculiar way. His method was to disappear among the trees, when, after a few moments, a persistent barking would lead the sportsman to some tall, black pine, at the foot of which "Spot" gave tongue. This was a sure sign that game of some kind, whether pigeon or ka-ka, was perched amongst its branches. The dog was never known to make a mistake, which is the more remarkable because the majority of these bush trees are so lofty that birds in the topmost boughs are frequently nearly out of gun-



"THE COOKING ITSELF IS NO LIGHT TASK"

shot, though within the range of the clever animal's perception.

Sport of this sort was plentiful, and wild pigs were fairly numerous; but they are dangerous customers to meet at some seasons, or if molested. One day, when returning from a scramble, we ladies encountered a whole pig family, and, rushing back with the news, were finely laughed at when "mine host" suggested that our quarry were only his tame ones, accustomed to wander, and probably wending their way home to supper.

The wild-duck-shooting was a failure according to feminine notions; for we could only spare one day, and that was threatening a downpour when we started on our ten mile ride to the lake. Before arriving the rain began; and, though the sportsmen braved the weather in boats, we preferred to take such shelter as could be got in a rough cowshed, where we passed the time as best we might; devoured damp sandwiches among the cattle; and were glad enough to mount for the return journey. On coming to a river, easily forded in the morning, we found it swollen by the rain to an angry torrent, which our horses had to swim if we wanted to reach home and supper. Fortunately this was safely managed, and, as to the wetting, a little extra water more or less made no difference.

Camping-out is a very favourite pastime for summer months, and we came suddenly one day upon a party of friends, mostly young people, chaperoned by a newly-married couple. We joined them once at dinner, bringing our share with us, and a very jolly time we all had together. Generally one servant is taken for the rough work; the ladies do all the rest, and when there are many men the cooking itself is no light work.

Our last excursion was to Lake Brunner, about fifteen miles away, and, there being an accommodation house, we decided to sleep the night, and make two

days of it. We arrived at dinner-time to find the house shut up, and the host and hostess absent. So, letting our horses run in a little paddock attached to the place, we awaited events with as much patience as our appetites would allow.

The lake itself was lovely, and our artist prepared to sketch, but was ignominiously routed by overwhelming sandflies, which swarmed in thick clouds round his head. Pipes and cigarettes were *unavailing*, and an experiment with kerosene, by using as a puggary his handkerchief soaked in the oil, proved so offensive that we at last retired, leaving the unhappy painter to fight the tiny pests alone.

While our dinner cooked we watched a little sailing boat come gaily across the lake in the blood-red rays of the setting sun. As it touched land out sprang two stalwart young bushmen and made their hurried way to the house. In a few moments they returned, and we learnt afterwards that they were bridegroom and best man come to borrow spoons and such like for wedding festivities.

The following day, on our ride back to Macdonald's, we passed a pretty bush homestead, whose owner gave us a cordial invitation to lunch, which we gratefully accepted. Whilst the national and always savoury mutton-steaks were frying, we found an unexpected enjoyment in the old jokes of "Mr. Punch," whose pages papered the sitting-room walls. It was strange to meet with the refinements of a Du Maurier and Keene's cockneyisms in this remote bush cottage.

Shortly after this we set out on our return journey, regretting the termination of a most enjoyable holiday; and though perhaps our adventures may seem a trifle rough to English readers, accustomed to take their summer trips with every comfort, they can be sure that any loss of luxury is fully repaid to their colonial cousins by a corresponding gain in robust health.

LILY CARLON DAVIES.



A VEXED "WOMAN'S QUESTION."

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

THERE is no more vexed "woman's question" than that of "clothes." It has been said that if we see how a man regards money and deals with it, we see the whole character of the man; and we think it is equally true that if we find out how a woman or girl feels and acts about clothes, we should have an excellent key to her nature and history.

There is the woman to whom "clothes" are the object of life. This does not necessarily mean that she is a rich woman, who can spend much money, nor does it mean

that she succeeds in being a well-dressed woman. She may be one of those who indulge in what the poet Crabbe called "The piteous patchwork of the needy vain," and who send "one poor robe through fifty fashions"; or she may be a millionaire, always on the alert to catch up the latest fashionable outrage on good taste and good sense. Only in either case, dress is always foremost in her thoughts. The first question she asks about any public event is, "What did the ladies wear?" Her first anxiety concerning any crisis in her own life is, "What shall I put

on?" At church she remembers the bonnets and not the text; and the moment she enters an evening party she appraises all the toilets present, and is unhappy unless hers is the most modish and costly, whether it be with the costliness of Worth's latest whim from the Continent, or of the last box of frippery received at the village shop.

If she feels that any reflection is cast on her waste of time and expenditure of money in the matter of dress, she defends herself in the following manner—that she owes it to society to look nice; that it is everybody's duty to

make the most pleasant appearance; that it is well to employ labour and to put money into circulation, etc., etc. If she has "gone in" for "culture," perhaps she may quote Browning—

"Be thy beauty
Thy sole duty," etc.

On the other extreme there is the woman who does not care a bit for dress; who says she wishes we were born covered with black fur, or that we might cut holes in a sack for our feet and arms, and tie it up round our necks! She carries out her words so far as generally to appear in garments specially unsuitable to the occasion on which they are worn, and seems arrayed in remnants and oddments, chosen without any regard to her age, complexion, or circumstances; she thinks getting up a lace fichu is "a waste of time," and finds it too much "bother" to wear the little ornaments with which family affection may have provided her. She defends herself from any charge of slovenliness by pointing to the swamp of petty frivolity in which too many female lives are sunk, and avers that she scorns any regard which would be influenced by what she wore or did not wear. It may be said in her favour that she generally grows tidier and trimmer as she advances in life, and, proving much more amenable to the criticisms of "her young people" than she was to the raillery of school friends and cousins, is often a matron of comely and attractive appearance.

Then there remains the great multitude between these extremes—a multitude who does not quite know its own mind, and cannot find any principle whereby to regulate its movements; who wants to look pretty and to please, yet is afflicted in its conscience when it reflects on the sin of personal vanity, and on our responsibility for the souls and bodies which are perishing at our gates; a multitude who is sadly tossed between the conflicting arguments of the more strongly-biassed ladies whom we have just described, with the demoralising result that it generally leans in practice towards the former, and in theory towards the latter.

It is this great multitude of girls and women whom we would like to help by offering a few broad principles for their consideration; for principles underlie everything. And it is only by our grasp on principles that we can guide ourselves through the ever-varying details of duty.

Let us say at once that it is the right of all to be well dressed, because that means to be dressed suitably to the climate and circumstances in which they live, and to their occupation, age, and appearance. A woman may be quite as well dressed in print and serge as in velvet and satin. When you hear people complaining that "nowadays everybody will go so well dressed," you hear a misuse of language; and language loosely used is a dangerous thing; because it leads to looseness of idea. Nobody has any right to complain of anybody's being well dressed. What they really mean is that these are unsuitably dressed. And there is a great deal of unsuitable dress in the world of the kind, more or less in degree, of that seen in the daughter of a *parvenu* millionaire of the Western States, who, when she went to a sensible New England seminary, where the young ladies were expected to wait on themselves, descended to the scullery in a velvet robe and diamond earrings!

Anybody, therefore, is not well dressed whose attire unfits her for the performance of those actions which *ought* to be her duty. The tight-laced, be-flounced be-trained damsel proclaims to the world her utter unwomanliness. The nursery would soon make havoc in her finery. Let us hope she would never carry it into a sick room, and in the kitchen it would be a nuisance and a bad example. But then "Isn't it pretty for wearing in the parlour

during those hours when we are doing nothing?" Let us reply with other questions: "Ought there to be hours when we are doing nothing?" And "In providing ourselves with clothes only fit for such occasions, are we not falling into the error we often smile at in working men who will buy stiff, uncomely Sunday garments of broadcloth and silk hats, instead of providing themselves with gala suits of the sensible tweed that will serve afterwards for work-a-day wear?"

We began by saying that everybody has a right to be well dressed in the true meaning of the phrase. But, as Ruskin says in his grand "Letter to Young Girls," "Although in a truly Christian land every young girl would be dressed beautifully and delightfully: in this entirely heathen and Baal-worshipping land of ours, not one girl in ten has either decent or healthy clothing, and you have no business, till this be amended, to wear anything fine yourself." And Jean Ingelow, a writer with whose works you cannot too soon make acquaintance, brings this indictment against our sex—"For them mainly are the gorgeous pageants, are the costly clothes, the gold lace, the carpets of velvet pile, the diamonds and the splendours of life. The pride of life is in their souls, and mainly for them. It is luxury that stands in the way of the civilised world, so that men cannot marry young and be happy. For the earth does not produce unbounded riches for a few while yet the many can have enough. Equality is a word without meaning or possibility; but notwithstanding, squalor and destitution might be things outside our experience, as should be luxury and waste."

This brings us to the principle that should guide our expenditure, whether the sum at our command be large or small. Of material we should buy the best and most durable within reach of our purse. We have no right to keep people employed in weaving and making up useless and perishable shoddy articles. It is a dishonour to them to do such work, and if they are forced to do it that they may get bread to eat, we are keeping them in the worst kind of slavery. That we pay them for it does not make it any better, any more than if we paid them for any other degrading and wasteful service. We insult them by taking their industry and trampling it under foot, as if they had no concern in their work, but only in their wages. How can the industrial classes retain self-respect under such circumstances? And when self-respect is lost, respect for others always goes also. Quite lately we saw a lady sitting in a dressmaker's room watching the "setting-up" of what was considered a very grand garment. Its materials were certainly of the costliest, but it had yards of delicate silk trailing on the ground to an extent that must have ensured their speedy destruction, even on the most ceremonious occasion, and over the short front skirt hung masses of tulle, festooned by elaborate iridescent glass drops, worthy of the decoration of a South Sea Island god! Seeing our friend's grave face, we asked her what she was thinking of, and she replied, "I am thinking of the men who wove that silk to be trodden on, and the girls who sewed those beads to be smashed. Poor things! I would rather be the grimmest maid-of-all-work toiling for real human needs, or the roughest tailor or cobbler, working to cover honest human nakedness."

Let all dress, therefore, always be as durable as can be, both in material and mode. As to "fashion," even that has a root of necessity and common sense, because dress must change as social habits and customs change. Ruskin advises that no garment should ever be thrown aside because unfashionable, and that no costly fashion should ever be followed. Think what that word "costly" involves. Tight lacing,

heavy flouncing, open bodices, high heels, and so forth, costly of health; dead birds' wings, and everything else costly of suffering; complicated trimmings, costly of time and human energy in a world where there are thousands of little children growing up ill taught, thousands of sick people dying ill tended, thousands of industrious folk slaving to death for a paltry pittance.

It seems to us that when a lady has once discovered the dress best suited to her age, appearance, and condition—the ideal robe in which she would wish to be painted for the eyes of unborn generations—her future study will be, not how much she can "follow the fashion," but how little she need follow it to escape singularity. Fashion has nothing to do with a desire to be pleasant in the sight of others. Let any of our readers turn to the graceful studies of girl-life with which M. E. E. makes us so familiar, and then to the figures in any fashion-plate, and ask themselves candidly which are most likely to commend themselves to the eye of artistic taste or of domestic affection?

And here we come to the matter of making ourselves "fair to see." This is a decided duty. We have to make ourselves attractive to those whose love we desire, and to those from whose wisdom we wish approval. But we imagine that the desire to be loved and approved has a very small share in extravagance and fantasticalness in dress. Let us speak out plainly. We seldom befrill and bedeck ourselves, and waste time and money, to please our parents or friends, but rather to spite and outshine our "dearest enemies" among our female acquaintances. Suitability of style, dainty freshness, and tasteful variety will always satisfy love; and good sense, combined with a little industry and taste, will easily secure these desirable objects. I remember the approving notice bestowed by a great divine and philanthropist on the appearance of a young literary woman, who, travelling under difficult and troublesome conditions, was provided with a very few dresses of the plainest quality and style, but who by artfully varied arrangements of muslin or lace and coquettish little additions of tasteful ribbon, managed to give her friends' eyes an ever-new surprise and pleasure. Can there be a prettier picture than that of a modest little maiden trying how a rose-coloured bow will brighten her sober dress, to please papa—or perhaps somebody else?

And now we come to the consideration of "luxury." If we are always to remember the ignorant and the starving, are we never to have anything whose price might have paid teachers or bought bread? Let us hear Ruskin again:—"What of fine dress your people insist upon your wearing, take and wear proudly and prettily for their sakes." Let us never seek luxury of any sort—let us rather avoid it; but let us still accept it with delight when it comes to us by the hands of genuine love. The diamond in a girl's engagement ring, the gold locket enclosing her mother's portrait, the dainty filigree bracelet sent by her brother abroad, the exquisite lace set worked by her dearest friends, are on quite a different line from the fashionable jewellery and ornaments which she buys for herself or teases her relatives to buy for her—as different (with all reverence be it written) as the gift of the alabaster box of precious ointment tendered by a loving woman to her Master is different from the cases of Rimmel's perfume which are squandered at every ball.

And thus we see that the great principle which underlies this vexed "woman's question" of clothes is the great principle of love itself—love, serving others, considering others; love bestowing, love receiving. Such love needs no law, being itself the highest law.

Janitors I Have Met, and Some Others

V.—PURSUING THE IDEAL

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

OUR new janitor was not altogether unworthy, but she drowned her sorrows too deeply and too often, and her praiseworthy attributes were incidentally overwhelmed in the process. She was naturally kind-hearted, and meant to be industrious, but the demon that yearly sweeps thousands into unhonored graves had laid its blight heavily upon her. We often found her grim and harsh, even to the point of malevolence, and she did not sweep the stairs.

We attempted diplomacy at first, and affected a deep sympathy with her wrongs. Then we tried bribery, and in this moral decline I descended to things that I wish now neither to confess nor remember. In desperation, at last, we complained to the agent, whereupon she promptly submerged her griefs even more deeply than usual, and sat upon the stairs outside our door to denounce us. She declared that a widow's curse was upon us, and that we would never prosper. It sounded grewsome at the time, but we have wondered since whether a grass widow's is as effective, for we learned presently that her spouse, though absent, was still in the flesh.

However, we did not move until the end of the second month, by which time we had discovered other objectionable features. The place was too noisy, we said, much too noisy. Besides the air down town was not good for the Precious Ones. It was coming on spring, too, and it would be pleasanter farther up. Not so far as we had been before, but far enough to be out of the

whirl and clatter and jangle. It was possible, we believed, to strike the happy medium, and this we regarded somewhat in the light of another discovery. Life began to assume a new interest, and the prospect of a pretty little apartment in just the right part of town grew daily more attractive. We felt that we had mastered the problem of metropolitan living, and were pleased.

As I look back now after a period of years on the apartment we selected for our ideal nest I am at a loss to recall our reasons for doing so. Innocent though we were, it does not seem to me that we could have found in the brief time devoted to the search so poor a street, so wretched a place, and so disreputable a janitor (this time a man). I only wish to recall that the place was damp and small, with the kitchen in front; that some people across the air shaft were wont to raise Cain all night long; that two men below us attempted to murder each other at unseemly hours, and that some extra matting and furniture stored in the basement were stolen, I suspect, by the janitor himself. Once more we folded our tents, such of them as we had left, and went far up town—very far, this time. We said that if we had to live up town at all we would go far enough to get a whiff of air from fresh fields.

There was spring in the air when we moved, and far above the Harlem river where birds sang under blue skies and the south breeze swept into our top-floor windows we set up our household

goods and gods once more. They were getting a bit shaky now, and bruised. The mirrors on sideboard and dresser had never been put on twice the same, and the middle leg of the dining room table wobbled from having been removed so often. But we oiled out the mark and memory of the moving-man, bought new matting, and went into the month of June fresh, clean, and hopeful, with no regret for past errors.

And now at last we found really some degree of comfort. It is true our neighbors were hardly congenial, but they were inoffensive and kindly disposed. The piano on the floor beneath did not furnish pleasing entertainment, but neither was it constant in its efforts to do so. The stairs were long and difficult of ascent, but our distance from the street was gratifying. The business center was far away, but I had learned to improve the time consumed in transit, and our cool eyrie was refreshing after the city heat. As for the janitor, or janitress, for I do not know in which side of the family the office was existent, he, she, or both were merely lazy, indifferent, and usually invisible. Between them they managed to keep the place fairly clean, and willingly promised anything we asked. It is true they never fulfilled these obligations but they were always quite as willing to renew them with interest, and on the whole the place was not at all bad.

But the Precious Ones had, by this time, grown fond of change. We were scarcely settled before they began to ask when we were going to move again, and often requested as a favor that we take them out to look at some flats. We overheard them playing "flat-hunting" almost every day, in which game one of them would assume the part of janitor to "show through" while the other

would be a prospective tenant who surveyed things critically and made characteristic remarks, such as, "How many flights up?" "How much?" "Too small," "Oh, my, kitchen's too dark," "What awful paper," "You don't call that closet a room, I hope," and the like. It seemed a harmless game, and we did not suspect that in a more serious form its fascinations were insidiously rooting themselves in our own lives. It is true we often found ourselves pausing in front of new apartments and wondering what they were like inside, and urged by the Precious Ones entered, now and then, to see and inquire. In fact the Precious Ones really embarrassed us sometimes when, on warm Sunday afternoons, where people were sitting out on the shady steps, they would pause eagerly in front of the sign "To Let" with: "Oh, papa, look! Seven rooms and bath! Oh, mamma, let's go in and see them! Oh, please, mamma! Please, papa!"

At such times we hurried by, oblivious to their opportunities, as well as our own, but when the situation was less trying we only too frequently yielded, and each time with less and less reluctance.

It was in the early fall that we moved again—into a sunny corner flat on a second floor that we strayed into during one of these rambles, and became ensnared by its clean, new attractions. We said that it would be better for winter, and that we were tired of four long flights of stairs. But, alas, by spring everything was out of order from the electric bell at the entrance to the clotheslines on the roof, while janitors came and went like Punch and Judy figures. Most of the time we had none, and some that we had were better dead. So we moved when the birds came

back, but it was a mistake, and on the Fourth of July we celebrated by moving again.

I can think of no reason now for having taken this flat except that it was different from any of those preceding. Still, it was better than the summer board we selected from sixty answers to our advertisement, and after eighteen minutes' experience with a sweltering room and an aged and apoplectic dog whose quarters we seemed to have usurped, we came back to it like returning exiles.

It was a long time before we moved again — almost four months. Then the Little Woman strayed into another new house and was captivated by a series of rooms that ran merrily around a little extension in a manner that allowed the sun to shine into every window.

We had become connoisseurs by this time. We could tell almost the exact shape and price of an apartment from its outside appearance. After one glance inside we could carry the plan mentally for months and reproduce it minutely on paper at will. We had learned, too, that it is only by living in many houses in rotation that you can know all the charms of apartment life. No one flat can provide them all.

The new place had its attractions and we passed a merry Christmas there. Altogether our stay in it was not unpleasant in spite of the soiled and soulless Teutonic lady below stairs. I think we might have remained longer in this place but for the fact that when spring came once more we were seized with the idea of becoming suburbanities.

We said that a city apartment after all was no place for children, and that a yard of our own, and green fields, must be found. With the numerous quick train services about New York it

was altogether possible to get out and in as readily as from almost any point of the upper metropolis, and that after all the country was the only place to live.

We got nearly one hundred answers to our carefully worded advertisement for a house, or part of a house, within certain limits, and the one selected was seemingly ideal. Green fields behind it, a railroad station within easy walking distance, grasshoppers singing in the weeds across the road. We strolled, hand in hand with the Precious Ones, over sweet meadows, gathering dandelions and listening to the birds. We had a yard, too, and sunny windows, and we felt free to do as we chose in any part of our domain, even in the basement, for here there was no janitor.

We rejoiced in our newly acquired freedom, and praised everything from the warm sunlight that lay in a square on the matting of every room to the rain that splashed against the windows and trailed across the waving fields. It is true we had a servant now — Rosa, of whom I shall speak later — but even the responsibility (and it *was* that) of this acquirement did not altogether destroy our happiness. Summer and autumn slipped away. The Precious Ones grew tall and brown and the old cares and annoyances of apartment life troubled us no more.

But with the rigors and gloom and wretchedness of winter the charms of our suburban home were less apparent. The matter of heat became a serious question and the memory of steam radiators was a haunting one. More than once the Little Woman was moved to refer to our "cozy little apartment" of the winter before. Also, the railway station seemed farther away through a dark night and a pouring rain, the fields

were gray and sodden, and the grasshoppers across the road were all dead.

We did not admit that we were dissatisfied. In fact, we said so often that we would not go back to the city to live that no one could possibly suspect our even considering such a thing.

However, we went in that direction one morning when we set out for a car ride, and as we passed the new apartment houses of Washington Heights we found ourselves regarding them with something of the old-time interest. Of course there was nothing personal in this interest. It was purely professional, so to speak, and we assured each other repeatedly that even the best apartment was only an apartment after all, and this is true when you come to think of it. Still, there certainly were attractive new houses and among them appeared to be some of a different pattern from any in our collection. One in particular attracted us, and a blockade of cars ahead just then gave us time to observe it more closely.

There were ornamental iron gates at the front entrance, and there was a spot

of shells and pebbles next the pavement — almost a touch of seashore, and altogether different from the cheerless welcome of most apartment houses. Then, of course, the street car passing right by the door would be convenient —

The blockade ahead showed no sign of opening that we could see. By silent but common consent we rose and left the car. Past the little plot of sea beach, through the fancy iron gates, up to the scarcely finished, daintily decorated, latest improved apartments we went, conducted by a dignified, newly-uniformed janitor who quoted prices and inducements.

I looked at the Little Woman — she looked at me — and each saw that the other was thinking of the long, hard walk from the station on dark, wet nights, the dead grasshoppers, and the gray, gloomy fields. We were both silent all the way home, remembering the iron gates, the clean janitor, the spot of shell, and a beautiful palm that stood in the vestibule. We were both silent and we were thinking, but we did not move until nearly a week later.



MY PARROT.

MANY are the wonderful and amusing tales told about parrots, some of which one must receive with caution. There are birds who by a marvellous degree of intelligence seem always to say the right thing at the right time. This wonderful gift I do not pretend to claim for my parrot; still I am bound to say that she is a most amusing bird.

Polly is a grey parrot, a native I believe of the West Coast of Africa. She has now been in my possession about three years, having

been brought from Madeira in her infancy, by a friend on his voyage from England to the Cape. Finding, however, on his arrival in Capetown that he would have to proceed some distance up country, he most kindly made me a present of the bird.

By degrees Polly lost her wild and timid nature, and is now most tame and affectionate. Nothing delights her more than to have the top and sides of her head gently rubbed, for which purpose she will always come to one side of her cage, and seems ab-

solutely to *thrill* with delight under the operation, turning her head in every direction and pecking gently at my fingers. At one time she was very fond of screaming out, "Scratchy pole," which she had learnt from me, and always seemed to associate with this head-rubbing. I often now do the same thing under her wings, for which purpose she will always raise them, and gently peck my fingers the while. She also allows me to take her out of the cage, and will climb to my shoulder and place her beak against my

cheek and lips in a most affectionate manner. I might still describe many of her interesting and amusing tricks, but will tell you instead a little about her talking powers.

Of course the ABC of this branch of her education was (as it is in the case of so many human parrots) admiration of self. "Polly," "Pretty Polly," "Pretty birdie," "Dear old birdie," and so on. All these she will repeat in every imaginable tone of voice. I remember one morning about twelve months ago I came downstairs from my room and was reading the morning paper just inside the hall door, Miss Polly being in her cage outside on the stoep. While reading I heard as I thought the voice of Doctor C. (the gentleman of the house) speaking to Polly as I had often heard him: I therefore looked round the corner with the intention of wishing him good morning, but to my surprise Polly was the only individual there, and she it was who had so exactly imitated my friend's voice. This gentleman is now dead, but I still often hear Polly praising herself in precisely the same tone of voice. At the same house we had a lemur, or Madagascar cat, which, though a very pretty little creature, was not only treacherous in its temper, but also possessed a most atrocious voice, very much like that of a cat in a bad temper. This, I am sorry to say, Polly at once picked up, and seemed to irritate the lemur exceedingly by her mockery of it. She also imitated very naturally the yelping of a small dog. I am glad to say she seems to have forgotten the lemur's melodious cry, though she still occasionally mews and barks very naturally.

After I left the friends with whom I was staying I took private rooms, and here Miss Polly was a very pleasant companion, especially at my lonely meals. She seemed quite to look forward to evening, when I always let her out and allowed her to stand on the top of her cage close to me. Here she had literally a "bird's-eye" view of the table and its contents, and sometimes, if I put her within reasonable distance, would stretch out one leg to its utmost extent, and by aid of claws and beak obtain a footing on the table, when she seemed to imagine that everything was her peculiar property, though the milk-jug was the object of her more special attention. I always gave her some bread and milk when I had finished my own meal, and directly she saw me preparing it and heard me say, "Is this for Polly?" down she would walk from her exalted position, enter the door, and wait anxiously for me to fill her tin.

During this time I taught her several sentences, such as "You donkey," which she ever after seemed to delight in calling me, laying special emphasis on the quadruped's name. She would then indignantly scream to be released from captivity, "Let me out," "You let me out," or would all at once appear very anxious to dispense with your company altogether, shouting out, "Get away," "You get away."

I have now left these rooms, and am living with an old friend whom I knew well in the dear old home country. Between us Polly's education proceeds rapidly. Mr. H. is fond of attempting to pull Polly's red tail, of which she is very vain, and it is most ludicrous to see her skip about in her cage in order to escape the indignity. It occurred to me on seeing this to teach her the sentence, "You let my tail alone!" which she is now never tired of repeating in the most emphatic manner, though I must say it is always when no one is thinking of attempting such a thing. The stress she lays upon the word *tail* is most amusing. "Let my tail alone! You let my tail alone!"

At one time she very much hated a stick, especially if one attempted to poke her with it, when she would scream most indignantly. She now, however, is so accustomed to it that she will even allow it to be rested on her back, or her head to be rubbed with it. I think, as a rule, it is very unwise to tease, because it is liable to make the bird treacherous and bad-tempered, but no teasing seems to have such an effect on my parrot. Indeed, she appears rather to enjoy it than otherwise. She is now while I am writing screaming out the inquiry, "Who are you?" and persists in doing so though I have constantly told her that "I am the owner of a very noisy bird."

The chief times for displaying her conversational powers are early in the morning, about three in the afternoon, and at sunset; indeed, such a noise does she make that my friend has nicknamed her "the old chatter-box," of which title she so much approves that she is never weary of repeating it.

One more amusing point I must mention, and that is that she appears at times to confuse her sentences, or stop in the middle, as if uncertain whether she was correct in her statement. For example, I have heard her confuse the two sentences, "You donkey!" and "Dear old Polly!" in this way: "You—dear old Polly!" or again, having repeated the vowels (for she has commenced her alpha-

bet), she will end by calling you a donkey, thus, "A-e-i-o-u—donkey!" She will also at times omit a syllable or word altogether, making the sentence sound very ludicrous. For instance, "You donkey!" is sometimes "You donk . . .!" "You let my tail alone!" is "You let my . . . alone!" and so on.

It is most amusing also to listen to her when talking to herself, which if no one is near she occasionally does, in a kind of confidential tone which it is impossible to make anything of, but which reminds one of the common "Punch" call. Her whistling powers are also very remarkable, the tones being exceedingly rich and varied, and sometimes in the evening, when I open my room-door and the light from the lamp streams on to her cage, there is a preliminary flutter of her wings, a low kind of amused chuckle, and she then breaks out into a whistle such as I have described, generally ending up when the door is shut with a low-toned and confidential "Polly!"

In conclusion, I need hardly say that the above sketch is not in the slightest degree exaggerated, nor though I have been told by others of many more accomplishments possessed by Polly, I have been careful to relate nothing which I have not heard or seen myself. Polly is certainly a most amusing and affectionate bird, but I do not, as I said before, claim for her anything but a degree of intelligence (if we may so call it) greater perhaps than that possessed by the majority of parrots, and, as I have often told my pupils, nearly equal to that of many boys I know. As to the best way of teaching parrots to talk, I perfectly agree with a statement I read in the *BOY'S OWN PAPER* some time ago. Try and gain the bird's affection by kindness, and always taking care to feed it yourself. Just one word before I end, on a question about which there seems to be a great diversity of opinion, "Is it a good thing to give parrots water?" I never do so myself, though I always give her bread moistened with milk morning and evening and a few mealies (known to you as Indian corn or maize) at midday. Of course I also give her fruit when possible. Grapes, of which in season there are plenty at 1s. 6d. per bushel basket, she is particularly fond of. As regards the water question, an old lady who had a parrot nearly twenty years assured me that she never gave her any water at all.

Capetown, South Africa.

J. D.



HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

THE following is an excellent recipe for boiling rice, and not too difficult, either to follow or to remember. Wash half-a-pound of rice in two waters and pick it very clean. Then put it into four quarts of boiling water, into which you have thrown one saltspoonful of salt. Boil uncovered for from fifteen to twenty minutes on a quick fire and quite fast. When tender, strain into a colander, and take it to the sink. Turn the cold water tap on it for two or three seconds; and then turn it into a clean, dry saucepan, by the side of the fire, with the lid half on, and let it dry and get hot. Shake it occasionally to prevent it from burning, and when dry it will be quite ready to serve.

Another method to dry it is to leave it in

the colander, cover it with a clean towel, and stand it in the oven to dry, shaking it occasionally. The last is perhaps the best method of teaching the art of boiling rice to a young cook, because the least neglect in the first way of drying will result in the rice becoming spoilt, and if not dry and hard, then either browned or burnt. I am sure most mistresses have awful recollections of seeing saucepans in the kitchen in which rice had been boiled, in which half the rice had been left at the bottom of the saucepan, either burnt or too brown to be of any use.

GIRLS have little idea how they add to their fatigue and backache by wearing heavy

cloth skirts. Warmth should be acquired without weight, and the waistband of a dress body should be fastened to the skirt by a strong hook and eye in the middle of the back. This relieves the body of the dragging down of the skirt.

It is extremely dangerous to pour paraffin on coals, as some do, to light a fire quickly, but sticks out of a bundle of wood can be dipped at the ends in a very little paraffin when the fire is laid.

BORAX powder in packets is an admirable cleanser and disinfectant, and a little should always be used in washing up china and kitchen cloths.



ENTERPRISING YOUNG GLAZIER DISTRIBUTES A FEW BALLS.



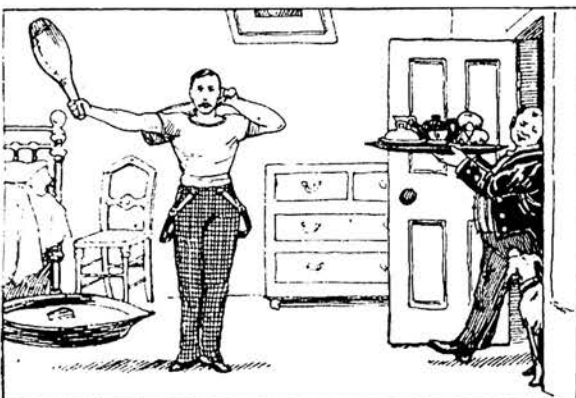
GOOD BUSINESS!



GRANDPAPA: "SNOW ON THE GROUND AND THE THERMOMETER AT 80°! BLESS ME! I MUST WRITE TO 'THE TIMES.'"



LANDLADY: "IT'S ONLY THE WINDER A BIT LOOSE, SIR. I'LL SOON FISH YER THINGS OUT OF THE SNOW."



(1) GETTING UP AN APPETITE.



(2) LOSING A BREAKFAST.

The Strand, 1892

THE BROOK AND ITS BANKS.

By THE REV. J. G. WOOD, M.A., Author of "The Handy Natural History."

CHAPTER VII.

Hedera-dash—A Wiltshire "burnie"—Bandusia—The Cataracts—An unexpected discovery—The DIPPER, or WATER OUSEL—Nesting of the Dipper—A "cool grot and mossy cell"—Eggs of the Dipper—General habits of the bird—Its mode of feeding—The FRESH-WATER SHRIMP—Its marine relatives—Its mode of life—The Dipper in the North—A game-keeper's indictment—Various names of the Dipper—Its structure no clue to its habits—Song of the Dipper.

NOT very far from the Shrivenham station, in Wiltshire, there is a tiny brooklet, or, as Burns would call it, a "burnie," on the banks of which I have many a time watched the water rat, the wagtails, the kingfisher, and the graceful antics of the water shrew.

Though small, and sometimes after a prolonged drought, reduced in places to less than a yard in width, it never is quite dried up, as is the case with more pretentious streams at no great distance. In one place it runs under a road which skirts the lower portion of a hill, and then plunges down some five feet, so as to form a waterfall on a small scale. Then, it rushes down a steep incline over stones of considerable size, and after twenty yards or so makes another plunge of two feet or so, and then flows on tranquilly over comparatively level ground. Ivy and moss grew profusely along the banks, almost concealing the first of the two waterfalls. It was a singularly picturesque spot, and I made a very rough and, unfortunately, hasty sketch of it, which is now before me.

We called the place by a variety of names.

The more classical among us called it "Bandusia," in allusion to Horace's exquisite and untranslatable ode. It is true that no ilex was there, nor even holly, though there were oaks which might take its place. There were plenty of the "hollowed stones."

—"unde loquaces.
Lymphæ desiliunt tuæ."

Some, in whom the niceties of the Latin tongue were imperfectly developed, called it by the name of Hedera-dash, an expressive, though hybrid term.

Then, the two little waterfalls were dignified in allusion to the Nile, with the name of the "First and Second Cataracts." However, the name of "Hedera-dash," like the equally hybrid but convenient word, "bicycle," prevailed above the others, Bandusia falling into undeserved disuse; while the First and Second Cataracts were seldom named, the single word Hedera-dash being used collectively for the whole of the spot as far as the smooth water.

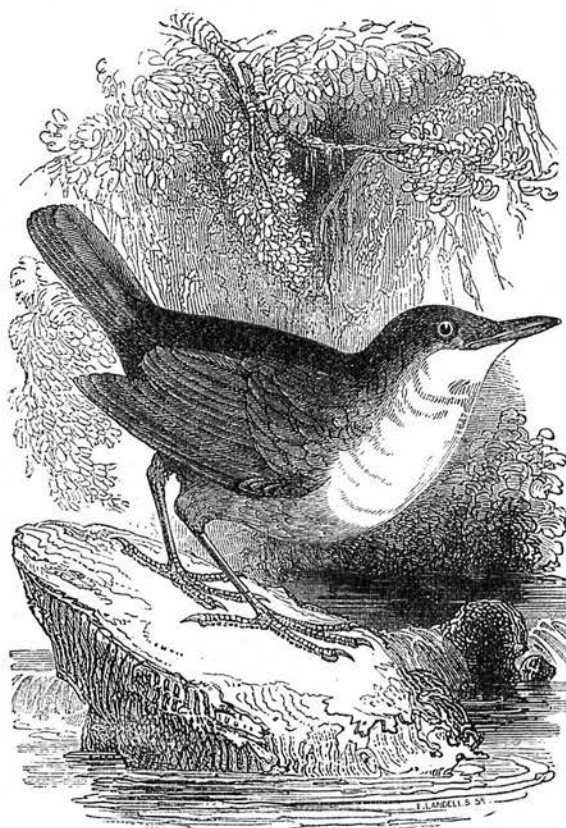
One afternoon, while feeling under the ivy fringe that shaded the first cataract, I came on a soft, rounded cushion of peculiarly smooth moss, and presently discovered a small round hole in it. On inserting my finger, a bird suddenly dashed out into my face, startling me exceedingly, and almost making me lose my footing. There could be but one bird which would make such a nest in such a situation, and I knew, without needing to see it, that I had accidentally discovered the nest of a "DIPPER" or "WATER OUSEL" (*Cinclus aquaticus*).

In accordance with the usual custom of the Dipper, the bird had covered its domed nest with fine moss, and had arranged its position so that it should be always wet with the spray of the waterfall, and should be kept as fresh and green as if it had originally grown there.

The nest of the dipper, indeed, really seems as if it had inspired the poet with the familiar words:

"Here in cool grot and mossy cell
We rural fays and fairies dwell."

In the nest were several white eggs, of which we took one or two, leaving one as a nest egg which would encourage the mother



THE WATER OUSEL.

bird to complete her full number of five before she began to sit.

I afterwards found another Dipper's nest near the Swindon Reservoir, but at a much greater distance from the water than is usually the case with the nest of this bird.

Let those who are fortunate enough to meet with a Dipper watch it carefully. It cannot well be mistaken for any other bird, looking, as it does, very much like a thrush without its tail. As it finds its food chiefly in swiftly rippling brooks, it mostly inhabits the more northern parts of England and Scotland, where the country is hilly, and consequently the brooks run swiftly over their stony bed.

It is not an easy bird to watch, its sober plumage of brown above and white below rendering it peculiarly inconspicuous.

Moreover, it has a way of slipping into the water in a quiet fashion, and when there, behaves in a manner entirely different from

that of the kingfisher. The latter bird watches for a fish from above, "slops" into the water, and immediately returns to its perch, being in the water only a few seconds, and never chasing its prey below the surface. Whereas the Dipper prefers to run, or jump into the water, forcing itself below the surface, and working its way up the stream by the united use of its feet and wings, its plumage being studded with little air bubbles, like those of the water-shrew and water-spider. As it goes along, it searches diligently for small aquatic insects and molluscs, turning over the smaller stones, so as to dislodge any living creatures that may be hiding under them.

Among the animals which constitute its rather miscellaneous diet are water snails, small fish, and especially the many species of beetles that inhabit the water, either in their perfect or larval states. The bird also seizes upon the "caddis worms" which crawl on the bed of the stream, but in order to get at the white grubs, it is obliged to carry the caddis together with its case to shore, and then to pull the tough case to pieces.

A staple article of its diet is the so-called "FRESH-WATER SHRIMP" (*Gammarus pulex*), a not very distant relative of the Sand-hopper, whose lively gambols on the seashore are so familiar to all who have walked along the sands at the edge of the receding tide.

It is sometimes called the Fresh-water Screw, because, when taken out of the water and laid on the ground, it cannot leap like the sandhopper, or even crawl on its legs. All it can do is to lie on its side, and kick itself round and round, leaving a corkscrew-like line of water on the ground. Several allied species are common on the seashore, and when laid on the sand, trace similar patterns on it, instead of jumping about and then burrowing under the sand, as is done by the sandhopper. The Fresh-water Shrimp is one of the inhabitants of the brook, whose very existence is often unsuspected, although there is scarcely a square foot of the brook's bed which does not contain one or more of these interesting crustacea.

The Fresh-water Shrimp has a singular mode of obtaining its food. It wriggles its way under stones, searching about until it is assured that no more food is to be obtained. Then it emerges from beneath the stone, and allows itself to be carried for a foot or two down the stream. Then it arrests its progress, and with a peculiar jerking movement, forces it way up the stream again until it has found another stone under which it may renew its search for food.

Just above Erith there is a little stream which once had a place in history.

Springing from a "holy well" at Lessness Heath, it ran swiftly down the spur of Shooter's Hill, at the extremity of which is situated Erith Church, and then spread and deepened until it formed the "Eare-Hythe," or "Old Harbour," in which the celebrated "Great Harry" used to lie at anchor.

It is now narrowed to a tiny brooklet, which crosses a footpath between Erith and Belvedere. A small bridge is now built over it, but for some years after I came to live in the neighbourhood, it was only crossed by a

single plank not more than a few inches above the surface of the water. Hundreds of pedestrians crossed the brook daily, and yet I never spoke to one who had noticed that the Fresh-water Shrimp absolutely swarmed in the shallow, rippling brooklet over which they had been accustomed to pass for years.

As to the Caddis worms, which have been casually mentioned, their remarkable life-history will presently be described.

The Dipper has often been denounced as feeding on the eggs of trout, salmon, and other valuable river fishes, and, in consequence, it is placed on the list of the many creatures which the gamekeeper classes under the very comprehensive title of "vermin," and shoots whenever he sees them.

This is especially the case in Scotland, where the salmon is jealously protected. But, although many of these birds have been dissected during the spawning season, nothing has been found in their digestive system except insects, molluscs, and fresh-water shrimps.

In Scotland the Dipper is one of the commonest birds that can be found in the neighbourhood of water. It goes by various names, one being the "Water-crow," or sometimes

the "Water-pyet," while in many places it is actually known as the "kingfisher!" The Dipper is notable for being one of the few birds whose appearance belies their character. There is literally nothing in its general appearance, or in any detail of its external or internal structure, which gives the least indication of its aquatic habits.

When a bird seeks for its food beneath the surface of the water, we naturally expect that its feet will be webbed, and the plumage close and compact, like that of the ducks, geese, penguins, and other diving birds. Yet, there is nothing either in the feet or feathers to distinguish the Dipper from any of the land-frequenting thrushes.

Apparent anomalies of a similar kind are to be found both in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, as we shall see in the course of this work. I may, however, mention here that the common cormorant affords an example of an anomaly of an opposite kind. The webbed feet of the water birds are especially made for propelling their owners through the water, and are little suited for locomotion on land, while they seem to be utterly unfit for perching on branches. But, although the cor-

morant has webbed feet, and is as awkward a walker as any duck, goose, or swan, it yet has the power of perching on branches, a remarkable fact which has been noticed by Pliny, and has been introduced into "Paradise Lost" by Milton. Describing Satan's entrance into Eden, the poet has the following passage:—

"Thence up he flew, and on the tree of Life,
The middle tree, and highest that there grew,
Sat like a cormorant; yet no true life
Thereby regained, but sat, devising death."

Another remarkable point about the Dipper is, that it is a singing bird,—the only instance, as far as I know, of an aquatic bird possessing the power of song. Though tolerably familiar with the Dipper, I have never been fortunate enough to hear it sing. Its notes are not loud, but are bright and lively, and are mostly to be heard in the early morning. It sings when perched, mostly choosing a stone near the water, and accompanying the song with various lively gestures.

(To be continued.)



"UP AND DOWN THE CITY ROAD."



IT would be difficult to conjecture why this large metropolitan thoroughfare should have been selected, years ago, from amongst all others, as the place peculiarly the scene of tippling and impecuniosity. But though the fact of going up and down the City Road would appear in those days to have exposed the way-farer to trials and disasters which passengers in other streets were free from, we can assure the reader that at the present day a journey may be made from one end of the road to the other without any Ulysses-like precautions against temptation; and there is so much to observe

in the strange, varied, straggling street, that he may be amply repaid for the trouble of his peregrination, if he can manage to perform it without going "in and out the Eagle."

On commencing his walk something quite unique, so far as our experience goes, will strike the observer, in the collection of stalls which stand out against a background of black wall, as they have stood, for they alone know how long past. We have doubted whether they ever realise any money there, or whether a grateful parish renumerate them as public ornaments, and so keeps them there to hide the hideous dead wall, and prevent it from thrusting itself too obtrusively on public notice; but having watched them closely for some

time, and never having seen anybody buy anything of them, we are inclined to favour the latter hypothesis.

Old tools, old books, old music, and old cartes-de-visite of public characters would appear to be the staple imports of this strange little colony, and it is presided over by suitable old men and women. The wave of advancement will no doubt one day sweep them all away, and we shall perhaps speak of them to our grandchildren, as amongst the more singular of our metropolitan reminiscences.

A most modernising feature of the City Road is the tramways, and, like most settlers in a new country, they find the march of improvement rather impeded by the aboriginal inhabitants, selectly represented in this case by the drivers of coal-wagons, in which the City Road abounds. These gentlemen can date their journeys up and down so far back, and have performed so many of them, that there would appear to have taken birth in their minds an illusion that they are the hereditary owners of the soil, and at liberty therefore to perform their journeys after the manner of a triumphant street procession. It is most distressing to witness an excited tramway-car driver endeavouring, by means of a shrieking whistle, to persuade the obstinate round hat and shoulders of a coal-wagoner in front, that they must move out of the way and allow the tram-car to pass with its load of passengers, all quite as intent on reaching the City as the driver himself, and equally disinclined to "wait for the wagon."

Progress a little further up the road reveals that the

stall-keepers we have spoken of previously are not alone in their endeavours to make a living from the kerb-stone. That peculiar class of philanthropists who go about with little stools, which they mount in retired spots, and proceed to fill purses with shillings and sell them for one of those coins, is duly represented here. The gentleman we see as we come up is young to have been smitten with the desire of enriching his fellow-men, and would seem to have made but little use of his shillings on his personal improvement, before he commenced to distribute them to the public on such liberal terms. However, he is bent upon his object, and is remonstrating violently with the crowd for not availing themselves of his benevolence.

"Well, I never see such a lot as you in all my born days," he says; "there ain't one of yer as knows a bargain when yer see one. Now just observe me, and if you see anythink unfair or under'anded in me, I'll forfeit 'alf a sov'rin to the first man as calls a policeman to take me in charge." At this point he is attentively regarded by a young Frenchman in the crowd, whom he in turn looks at sharply now and again. "There's the purse, ain't there? there's nothing wrong there, is there? I put in a shilling—see—will you give me a bob for it now? No. Very well, here goes again. There's that, and that, and that—that makes four shillings, mind yer—and there's one more to make it up a crown"—click goes the purse—"and now who'll give me a bob for that lot? Here, feel it, take it in your hand, sir"—to a man who stands near him; and having thrust it into his hand he turns suddenly upon the Frenchman—"Now buy it of *him* for a shilling, if you can't trust me! Give me the money—there you are—give him the purse, sir—now you're right, and don't show the people what you've got."

Disregarding this piece of advice, however, the Frenchman opens the purse, and is greeted with a roar of laughter from the crowd as he takes out two half-pennies.

"How much have you got?" says the unblushing philanthropist from his stool; "two 'a'pennies—well, that's twice as much as I meant to give yer."

And strangely enough the sympathy of the crowd is all with the ready-witted, impudent rogue, and not with the dupe, who slinks away blushing crimson—a wiser man, let us hope, and capable of warning a compatriot against our insular perfidies.

And now we come to the bridge, flanked by a long advertising hoarding, which is plentifully covered with announcements of various kinds. What an illustration of the transitory nature of our schemes and projects these street advertisements are, and what a magic-lantern-slide view of life they present! Commercial, literary, artistic, dramatic failures and successes all shout to the public from these stations for awhile, to be covered up soon by others equally eager for notice. We may inspect some of the theatrical announcements, as being specially applicable to the

abode of the drama we have just passed. This is patronised a good deal by the youth of the neighbourhood, who, being constituted on precisely the same principle as their more fashionable brothers and sisters in wealthier parts of London, delight in the gallery of their native theatre in the same way that their aristocratic contemporaries enjoy a box at the Haymarket or Covent Garden.

Let us read the play-bill fluttering on the wall, and see what kind of intellectual feast is provided for them. The piece playing is "a stirring and sensational Drama," entitled "Ran away from Home," being "the adventures of a poor country lad among the vices and temptations of London life." It is all divided into short acts, entitled "A Villain in Peril," "The Escape," "The Plot," "The Disguise," "The Eve of the Murder," &c. &c., and would seem to be of an exciting nature.

While on the subject of theatres we may as well go down the road again a little way, to notice the Egyptian Hall of the district, where the strangest vagaries of nature, and we dare say triumphs of art too if all were known, are exhibited in the shape of individuals who have more legs and arms than usual, or who weigh a trifle under a quarter of a ton, or who are spotted all over after the manner of leopards. The gentleman who constitutes the present attraction is distinguished by having one half of the anatomy of his ribs exposed to the public view—according, at least, to the illustration of him on a waving green curtain in front, where he is represented as standing on an inverted beer-barrel, with all the crowned heads of Europe walking round him, with umbrellas in their hands and astonishment in their faces.

We should not omit to notice the great grimy wharf on one side of the bridge, divided by the narrow black canal which flows sluggishly on through London. Coal, sand, Bath stone, salt, and other heavy goods are lying about the wharves, or are being unloaded from the ugly barges at the water's edge. Hard work, too, it must be—to keep passing in and out of a barge over a narrow plank, with a sack-load on your back every time. All the buildings and offices on the wharf are of a shaky, tumble-down appearance, with patched-up roofs and broken windows; but well-dressed clerks, and sleek-looking managers and employers, may be seen coming and going, so we suspect a deal of money is made in these hovels, in spite of their poverty-stricken look.

And now, as we turn our eyes towards the Angel again, we see we have arrived nearly at our journey's end, for the road is becoming quite smart with its rows of trees and trim gardens in front of the balconied houses—as if indeed it had seen the folly of its former ways, repented of its lapses from respectability, and was brightening itself up before entering busy Islington.

A. H.

ATTAR OF ROSES.

ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF THE FAMOUS PERFUME.



ONCE upon a time there lived in Persia a beautiful princess named Nour Djihan, who was betrothed to a handsome prince named Djihanguyr. Walking with him one day in the lovely gardens of her father's palace, she noticed that on the rose-water eddying in the stately fountain basins, there were floating drops of some yellow oily substance. Calling her attendants the princess ordered them to collect the globules with feathers; this was done, and lo!

it was found that the drops gave forth a glorious odour, and thenceforth the world was enriched with a new and delicious scent, and it was called the Attar Nour-Djihan-Djihanguyr.

Such is the delightful Persian legend to account for the discovery of attar of roses. But, alas for the truth thereof! it must be said, though it bleed the romantic heart, that the famous scent was known to the world long, long years before the birth of the prince and princess with the tongue-entangling names.

Some time ago there was disinterred in Egypt the mummy of an Egyptian princess of one of the ancient dynasties, and in the sarcophagus were found several sealed vials, and in the vials genuine attar of roses. So much for all modern claims for the invention of this popular perfume.

In the whole floral realm there is no flower of more venerable antiquity than the rose. In the Biblical writings it is mentioned by the poetic King Solomon in a way that indicates it was already long-established as a thing of beauty and joy, and his contemporary (or nearly so), Homer, mentions the fragrant essence of the flower in his *Iliad*. No other species of the floral kingdom is indigenous to such an extensive area. Every continent in the world, with the exception of Australia, produces its wild roses. From Greenland to Cape Colony, and from Mexico to the confines of India, there are periods of the year in which the scented blossoms throw forth their welcome fragrance.

Its cultivation as a commercial commodity is a staple industry to a vast and varied multitude of the human race. The valley of Damascus, the vale of Cashmere, Central India, France, Italy, Sicily, Algiers, and especially the south-east of Europe, are all districts famous for their cultivated varieties of the queen of flowers. For many years now the production of roses for attar manufacturers has been one of the chief sources of wealth to the inhabitants of Bulgaria and Roumania. In the latter country especially, open as it is to the balmy breezes of the Mediterranean, and protected by the Balkan range from icy northern blasts, the rose flourishes under the hand of

the husbandman with singular richness and luxuriance. A whole district, comprising nearly five thousand square miles, is practically devoted to the growth of a particularly fine variety of the red rose.

We in our country are familiar with the annual scenes attending the hop harvest, but they are as nothing compared to the stirring spectacle to be witnessed during the rose season in Roumania. Whole armies of people of every age and condition, and of both sexes, congregate there from all parts of the country and neighbouring provinces. The work brooks no delay, for the rose harvest must be gathered quickly or not at all. For miles and miles, as far as the eye can see, the blossom-laden fields are covered with workers in their picturesque native costumes, all busily employed in rose-picking. Greeks, Albanians, Russians, Servians, Turks, Bulgarians, and even emigrants from Armenia and other districts beyond the Bosphorus, throng thither in their thousands. There is work for all, none are turned away, and all can earn good money. Picking begins in the morning as soon as it is light, and while the dew is still on the flowers. Should the weather be dull, the work continues all day, but when the hot southern sun is shining, labour ceases at 11 or 12 A.M., to be renewed in the afternoon at 4 or 5 o'clock. Everyone is paid by results—so much a pound. Baskets are provided which, when full, are emptied into sacks. The sacks, after being duly weighed by the checkers, are slung across the backs of donkeys, and thus conveyed to the central depôts.

The manufacturing process of attar-making is simplicity itself. Rows of copper retorts are fitted up in sheds. Under each retort is a furnace. Into each is put about seventy quarts of water, along with twenty pounds of rose petals. An hour's stoking of the furnace suffices to complete the process of distillation. The product is received in flasks, and consists of condensed water, on the surface of which the precious attar oil is found floating.

There is a popular idea that it takes a vast quantity of roses to produce a very small amount of the attar oil. This is indubitably correct, but the quantity varies according to the district and the nature of the season; also according to the variety of the roses. In the best districts it is computed that the petals of 300,000 roses are required to produce one ounce of the essence, while in France and some other countries in which the climatic conditions are not so congenial, the number would increase to 400,000. It is not generally known that attar of roses can only be extracted from the red variety of the flower. The yellow and white species apparently lack the essential oil.

Considerations like these will show how well-grounded is the popular impression that attar of roses is one of the most costly commodities in existence. It is literally worth a good deal more than its weight in gold. Solid gold is priced at about £4 per ounce, but the same quantity of attar would cost the purchaser £20 to £30. The value of the annual yield from the Balkan district alone is about £80,000.

Like all other commodities of the expensive order, attar of roses is liable to the abuse of adulteration. Its own properties, however, are such as to make a certain amount of dilution necessary. In its original purity the perfume is altogether too overpowering for use. A single drop of the essence is sufficient to impregnate a whole pint of hair-oil with the well-known odour. For this reason it not infrequently happens that a purchaser of so-called pure attar of rose, really gets nothing but a measure of olive oil with a few drops of the powerful scent added.



GAMES—OLD AND NEW,

FOR ALL AGES AND CONDITIONS OF MAN AND WOMANHOOD.



IN a former number of *GOOD HOUSE-KEEPING* some facts and thoughts were given on card games as forming the first class of social sedentary games. Under the second class may be considered those which are played by moving men, or pieces, on a table or board upon which there is some figure or design. This general class may be subdivided into games of skill and games of chance, and from these two distinct classes, a third naturally comes by their combination, which is probably larger than either of the others, and covers a very wide range of methods. Of the first class,

Chess and Checkers are the chief and the oldest. Chess is the most scientific of household amusements, and is claimed to be the oldest and to have been known in India five thousand years ago. In the earliest ages, extending to about the sixteenth century, it was played by four persons, and the moves, which were substantially the same as now, were decided by the throw of dice. From the sixth to the sixteenth century the game was played by only two persons and the element of chance was discarded, thus making it substantially the same as at the present time, the modifications made since the sixteenth century relating merely to slight details in the methods of play and the powers of some of the pieces. Early in its history the game passed from India eastward to China and Japan, where it was considerably modified, and thence westward through Persia and Byzantium into Europe. It has been the delight and study of monarchs, statesmen and philosophers in all ages, and has, alone among games, been sanctioned by the clergy and priesthood of all religious beliefs. It is "a pastime which presents, to-day, features as novel and charms as fresh as those with which it delighted, in the morning of time, the dwellers on the banks of the Ganges and Indus."

The game of Draughts, commonly known as Checkers, has been supposed by some to have preceded Chess, but its origin is uncertain. It was common in Egypt 2000 B. C., as shown in monumental paintings. The pieces have been of various forms in various countries and times, but with some slight modifications in the rules, the game has remained substantially the same through the ages since the reigns of Osirtasens and Rhames in Egypt. The latter, who reigned 1311 B. C., is represented on the walls of his palace at Thebes as playing at Draughts with the ladies of his household, with pieces resembling small ninepins about one and one-half inches high. Plato ascribes the invention of the game to the Egyptian Theuth. Homer, in the 1st book of the *Odyssey*, describing Minerva's arrival at the palace of Ulysses, says, "There she found the haughty suiters; some of them were amusing themselves before the gates with Draughts, sitting upon the hides of the oxen which they themselves had slain." Checkers has been the game of the common people in the early days of this country, played on rude diagrams drawn with red chalk or charcoal on the barrel head in the country store, or on the rough pine board in the bar-room of the village and the kitchen of the farm, or on birch bark in the camp of the winter logger and the summer loafer. The pieces have been as varied as the boards or the places, colored corn and beans, old buttons, coins and pebbles having served in place of more

elegant appliances. Many a godly man has sat hours with his children over the Checker-board by the log fire in the winter evenings, who would not tolerate any other game in the house, and thus it may have been a valuable co-worker with stern parental authority in saving many a New England boy from wandering from the home and paths of virtue.

The games of Twelve Men Morris and Fox and Geese were often the accompaniments of Checkers, but considered only fit for the youngsters. The Fox and Geese board was perforated with holes to receive pegs, and formed the stock puzzle which now is supplanted by the more elegant solitaire and siege boards, with their beautiful glass marbles reflecting in the sunlight all the colors of the rainbow.

While in some classes of games there have been many modern examples which have become popular, very few purely of skill have been invented and less have come to have any reputation. This season a new claimant for favor in this line has appeared and bids fair to command recognition as an exception to the general rule. It is called Halma, a purely fanciful name from an entirely different Greek game, and was invented by a well known professional gentleman while visiting friends in a little village in Normandy, where he amused them by inventing two or three games every evening, the early sunset in that high latitude seeming to daily stimulate his fancy to new inventions. On his return to America the serious duties of his profession absorbed his powers and he forgot everything which he had thrown out in those leisure hours. But, among those flashes, there was one which his friends remembered and treasured, and in 1885 they recalled it to his memory and persuaded him to perfect and publish it. Its friends give it the pet name of Hoppity. It is played on a board with four times as many squares as chess. There is but one form for the pieces those of each player having a distinctive color, and each piece has but two kinds of moves. The rules of the game can be learned in a minute, but the moves are so happily related that no two games are ever alike. It may be played by two or four persons. If two play, the nineteen squares in the corner at the left hand of each player are enclosed by a line forming the "yard." Nineteen pieces are placed at these nineteen squares in each of the two corners, black in one corner and white in the opposite. The game consists in changing the places of all the pieces so that the nineteen white pieces may occupy the squares of the black and *vice-versa*. Each piece has two kinds of moves; first, the move of a king in Chess, and secondly a jumping move, in which it jumps any other piece in any direction and continues so to jump as long as possible, so that if the pieces were properly arranged one might jump entirely across the board at one move. There is no taking of pieces as in Checkers, and a player jumps his own and his adversary's pieces indiscriminately. These are all the rules, and experience develops the possibilities of the game. This board is very easily and simply drawn by ruling a sheet of card into squares of sixteen on a side, with pencil or ink lines. Then separate, in each of two opposite corners, nineteen squares from the remainder of the board by a heavy black line, making a "yard" of the nineteen squares. If four play, but thirteen men each are used in smaller yards, in the four corners, and the players may join as partners. For more than a year this game has been in use among the friends of the inventor, and it has attracted so much attention in this and foreign countries that several sets have been made by hand until its publication has seemed a necessity, such is the fascination of its simplicity and complexity.

In the second class, all the games of pure chance are represented by dice, which are said to have been invented by the Greeks to divert themselves during the siege of Troy, although Plutarch considers it of Egyptian origin, and it is

mentioned in their mythological fables. Dice similar to those now in use have been discovered in Thebes. Herodotus ascribes the invention to the Lydians and it is alluded to as a favorite amusement by Aeschylus and Sophocles. The ancient game was substantially the same as the modern except that three dice were used instead of two, as is usual at the present time. The Romans seem to have been infatuated with it, emperors, noblemen and knights staking whole fortunes on a single throw. All games which are purely chance, are ingenious tricks and devices to cover up with a thin guise of romance, the throws of dice or twirls of the teetotum or the rotating pointer in order to give added interest to the play.

The juvenile game of Mansion of Happiness, which was popular thirty years ago, and is still sold, is an example of this class, in which a moral lesson is embodied in a game of chance. This was among the earliest modern social games published in this country and was copied from the English, as also were nearly all the children's toy books of that day. The old "Steeple Chase" and "Snake Game" are other similar examples of this class generally played with a teetotum instead of with dice. The teetotum, which is a six sided top, has often been used in social games instead of one die, because of a prejudice in many minds against the use of dice in any way, but this feeling has nearly disappeared at the present time.

Backgammon is the best known representation of the third or composite class of games in which the chances of the dice are combined with the skillful choice of moves made in accordance with the rules of the game. This game is supposed to be of English origin and is mentioned by Chaucer and Shakespeare as the game of tables. The name, backgammon, may have been derived from the Anglo-Saxon words *bac*, back, and *gamone*, a game, as a game in which the players are liable to be sent back, which exactly expresses a principal feature of the game by which a player may be sent back to his adversary's tables. Of this game there are two distinct methods of play: the oldest, in which the men are set according to a prescribed formula on the various points of the two opposite sides of the board and then moved according to the throws of the dice; and the more modern or the so-called Russian game, in which the men are set as well as moved by the throws of the dice. The latter is the more exciting, but partakes more largely of the chance element than the older method. As a purely family game this has for ages contested the ground with chess and checkers and has been the greater favorite with the ladies. The fact that but two can engage in it has, in some very interesting conditions, been its greatest recommendation, but, on the other hand, there has been a demand for a similar game adapted to four players, as not being so exclusive.

In 1865 an Englishman named John Hamilton, then lately arrived in this country, offered and sold to Mr. A. B. Swift of New York City a new game which he called Parcheesi, or the Backgammon of India. This was published by the purchaser, and at once jumped into such favor with the public that probably its sales for ten years far outnumbered that of all other board games together, and it still, after twenty years, is a leading game in the market. Although the success of this game has been phenomenal and unexplainable, yet, no doubt, the one great reason for its popularity may be found in its timely adaptation to four players, while possibly the oddity of its name may have been a prominent element, and the balance must be credited to the freaks of the public in such things, which is well recognized by publishers as a most uncertain quantity and not governed by any known laws.

In 1860 the Checkered Game of Life was invented and published, as a juvenile game, in which the ordinary checker board, illuminated with vignettes, mottoes and emblems, is used as a basis for making various moves which, within cer-

tain limits, are governed by chance, but still in each move there is left a choice to the player, thus combining the elements of skill and chance. As in the Mansion of Happiness, certain moral lessons are embodied in the arrangement of this game which, in its day, was the most popular modern board game in the market and, as a juvenile game, still holds a prominent place.

There are other games which are more or less allied to card games or to board games, but which hardly come under either head and are too varied to form a separate class, but which are in themselves of considerable interest and value. Then, in all lines, there are great possibilities of invention. A sheet of card board,—heavy bristol board or the quality known as printers' blanks,—with colored pencils or water colors, will serve to form some entirely new game which, owing to local interest, may be more pleasing than many a published game and possibly of more profit to the members of a family circle. In this effort to please a few friends, a talent may be cultivated which will develop something of public value.

Geographical games, both interesting and instructive have been made by amateurs and if the younger members of the family are encouraged in the preparation of such things, the very labor of the making, is of great value to them at the time, in the immediate instruction derived from the work, and it also cultivates the inventive faculties. Many of the best modern games have been the result of a simple impulse to afford amusement for a family circle. The children should be encouraged to *do something* for themselves and their friends, and the making of toys and games is better than nothing, and more likely to enlist their interest than some things more practical.

—Milton Bradley.

MISS PRIMROSE'S BALL.

Miss Primrose thought she'd give a ball, to which the invitations
Should be sent out, both far and near, to just her own relations.
But ere she sent the cards around, she paused awhile to think,—
The Jacqueminots she wished to come, and Miss La France, in pink;
And Marechal Niel—who most of all was worthy of her labors—
And then she thought she'd like to ask a few old country neighbors.

The first of these must be Tea-Rose, on that she was emphatic,
"A member of the Old Regime, and most aristocratic!"
The Cabbage Roses? Oh, dear me! they were so loud and common!
"But still," she thought, "a little glimpse at life and style won't harm 'em!"

The Hundred-Leaves, upon them too, she'd have to have compassion,
Though very rustic in their ways, and sadly out of fashion.
Then Wild Sweet-Brier must come, of course, to make one of the crush—
And with him bring that dainty bud, the shy, Sweet Maiden's Blush.

And then those Western kin, at whom the rest turn up their noses:
She hoped at least *they'd* stay at home, those dreadful Prairie Roses!
But when the list was quite complete, and every one invited,
The answer very quickly came, they *all* "would be delighted."
The evening came—so did the guests. The bees began to hum;
The crickets tuned their banjos up—the bull-frog beat the drum.

Young Marechal Niel led out Tea-Rose, and both got in a pet,
For he could only dance the *Yorke*, and she,—the *Minuet*!
The Cabbage-Roses polked around, and shocked each well-bred rose,
By knocking up against her chair, or treading on her toes!
But fast and faster grew the fun, the Hare-bells tinkled sweet;
Their merry music chiming with the patter of the feet.

The jovial moon looked on and laughed, the blades of grass kept
winking—

They noticed how much dew-drop wine, the guests would keep on
drinking!

And when the fire-fly lights were out, and all for home were ready,
I must confess the steps of some were just a shade unsteady.
But one and all declared next day, in manner most explicit,
"If Primrose gave another ball, they really would not miss it!"

—Adelaide Preston.

HER GUEST CHAMBER AND HIS SPARE ROOM.

THE GUEST CHAMBER.

AS A WOMAN SEES IT AND WRITES OF IT.



HERE is slight danger that we will spend too little time and money on our guest chamber. The tendency is, rather, to furnish and furbelow it at the expense of the family apartments. Nor is this so much from a desire for show, as certain of the strong-minded have asserted, as from a loyal, hospitable yearning of the feminine heart to give to the expected guest of "the best we have in store." Still, amid the multiplicity of ornament which this feeling prompts and decorative art furnishes, it may sometimes be

questioned if we have given of our best,—if some little homely convenience, not particularly ornamental, might not have afforded the guest more real comfort than—excuse me, please—all the gimcracks. I have seen the time when I would gladly have exchanged a handsome set of mats on my hostess's dresser for a wash-cloth.

Indeed, a wash-cloth, after a long dusty journey, is a most welcome addition to the toilet appliances, and yet how often it is missing! Make two or three, of fine crash or damask, and etch in one corner your initial, or a motto like the following:

Wash, and wipe you dry,
Wash again by and by.

You'll use me often I hope,
Rubbing on a little soap.

They can be found ready stamped in many fancy stores. Place them with the towels on the rack, and if it is July or August your guest will bless your thoughtfulness.

This is one little comfort,—let me suggest a few others that perhaps are so homely as to have escaped your attention.

Have you never felt the need of a dusting cloth when you have been a visitor of several weeks' standing? Every room needs dusting in the morning, whether it has been swept or not, and you hardly feel like sacrificing your own handkerchiefs or your hostess's fine damask towels to the cause; you hesitate about asking for a cloth for fear you may leave her feeling that "she has left undone those things which she ought to have done." If she had made a pretty fancy bag to hang on the door and supplied it with cheese cloth dusters, she would have added to your comfort and to the daintiness of the room as well.

Many a guest is inconvenienced by the want of a *button hook*. Make a pretty bangle-board and on it hang (in plain sight), a button-hook and a pair of scissors. On the other side of the dresser hang a broom-brush in a fancy holder. Transient guests do not always carry these articles with them, and yet they are often needed. I had this impressed upon me once while making a visit of a day and night to a person with whom I was comparatively little acquainted. It was my first visit and I was naturally anxious to make a good appearance. I wore a brown cloth dress that caught everything and when, the next morning, I had shaken and picked it unavailingly, I felt almost ready, like Esau of old, to sell my birthright for—a broom-brush.

The scissors will suggest to your mind the proper accompaniment—needle and thread, but perhaps you have not thought what a convenience they often are to a visitor, or, rather, what an inconvenience the lack of them is. Sometimes at the moment of dressing an unforeseen rip appears or a button is lost—buttons do drop off unaccountably from

new shoes. To go down stairs at this hour and ask for needle and thread is to intrude upon the family; to substitute a pin is to sacrifice your own self respect. Suppose, in such an emergency, you find in the drawer (which, by the way, should always be placed at the guest's disposal) a box containing a needle-book filled with assorted needles, a spool of white cotton, a spool of black silk, a spool of black linen thread, a few shoe-buttons and a thimble. Could anything more endear your hostess to you in that moment of need? You know if what you want is a needle and thread, a five hundred dollar set of furniture or a moquette carpet will not take its place.

Every guest of good common sense, and nobody else should ever go visiting, will take her own stationery with her. But she cannot well take ink. The result is that many fastidious persons who would never use a pencil in writing a letter at home, do so when away from home rather than ask for the family inkstand. The best time for writing letters when visiting is in the morning before breakfast, but it is a very bad time for securing the ink. If you have not been thoughtful enough to ask for it overnight the probability is that your letter will be written with a pencil, or remain unwritten. Now suppose, when you are ready to write, you find on the mantel an inkstand freshly filled with ink, and a pen. What could be a more pleasant reminder of your hostess's care for your comfort?

Finally, O hostess, for your visitor's sake, and your own as well, put on the table a few interesting books—not too deep—or a late magazine. To the busy housekeeper, one of the pleasures of visiting is in finding spare time for reading, and it can be managed so as to be a positive relief to the hostess. If your visitor excuse herself after breakfast to read a chapter or two in "that interesting book" on her table she leaves you free to attend to the domestic cares which at this time always demand your attention, and at the same time conveys to you the idea, which is true, that she is well entertained. When, in the course of an hour, you meet in the sitting-room she is refreshed by her book and you have the satisfactory feeling that all is well in the kitchen. Let me whisper, it was the book that tempted her up stairs again.

Are these things too trivial for the attention of one whose mind has been exercised on body brussels or moquette, rose-wood or antique oak. Do not think it. The moquette and antique oak may speak to your guest only of your taste and money; the homely little comforts tell a tale of loving thoughtfulness and care.

—Mary Rebecca Hart.

THE SPARE ROOM.

AS A MAN SEES IT AND WRITES OF IT.

The saying, "Put yourself in his place," has a wide application. People should visit themselves as often as once or twice a year, occupy the guest chamber, and see how it appears. Your friends will strain a point, and tell you that they have rested well, when they think of things that might be improved. Try the room yourself, and see if it is altogether perfect. Hospitality is a fine art, a Christian grace, and it goes back to ancient times. We read, "Given to hospitality," "Use hospitality," "A lover of hospitality." Abram and Lot entertained angels unawares. The good woman of Shunem had a little chamber for the prophet, and she set for him there a bed, and a table and a stool, and a candlestick.

I have no doubt he slept better there, than he would in some of our modern guest chambers. If you are old housekeepers you will probably make no change in the furniture, and will adhere to the old ways. But if you are open to suggestions, or are about to set up housekeeping, and wish to make your spare room as inviting as possible, let comfort be the chief end sought. A massive bedstead with towering headboard and canopy may be impressive, but an unpretentious

cot may furnish better sleep. There are many elements requisite to make a bed restful.

Avoid those bedsteads that have wide side-boards rising above the mattress, and that give pain, if they do not sever the limbs, as one enters or leaves the bed. Look well also to the springs and see that they are not so billowy as to suggest, if they do not bring the qualms of the sea. Ascertain, also, whether the springs are altogether free from those twangs and groans that disturb the sleep and make one afraid to stir from his present position.

Suit the bed to the wishes of the sleeper; let it be hard or soft. Do not think that hair mattresses have the monopoly of sleep. A bed that made a night memorable for its refreshment, was found to be made of sweet, fresh oat straw. Let there be, also, hard and soft pillows and a bolster. Let your friend sleep with his head high or low.

Again, do not make the bed a safety deposit vault. A distinguished bishop was entertained, awhile ago, in an elegant home and when he was asked in the morning whether he rested well, he gave a favorable answer, but thought it proper to remark, that there seemed to be something hard and humpy under the mattress. Then, there was a hearty laugh, for it was the family silver plate. It seems almost vulgar to suggest that you should give special attention to the guest bed. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. It is no reflection on neatness, for by the use of sleeping cars, and by the transportation of baggage there sometimes enter one's house guests that are not welcome. Spiders dwell in kings' palaces and in elegant mansions there have been guests who have had to resort to the floor to get a night's rest. See that your beds are frequently and thoroughly aired. Open them in the anticipation of expected guests. A clergyman, whose name if given would add to the interest of this article, resigned his pastorate, to accept an appointment as visiting secretary of one of the large benevolent societies. At the end of three years, he resigned his office, saying that he was tired of going around airing people's spare beds. It was too late, for his health was already broken and he soon died. Again, do not put two who are strangers to one another into the same room or bed. If there is a great convention or a great missionary meeting, do not extend your hospitality so far as to make your guests miserable. Two ministers were once put into the same bed who were entire strangers to each other. One snored through the first of the night, while the other was nervous and wakeful. Toward morning the second dropped to sleep, but the other refreshed, arose, lighted the gas and performed his morning ablutions. In lighting the gas he upset the match safe, and sprinkled the matches into the open valise of his sleepless, wretched companion.

There are other things that need attention. See that the windows can be managed, sash raised or dropped, shades adjusted, curtains slipped. Do not hang the gas fixtures with so many little ribbon arrangements and ornamentations that one cannot strike a light in the night if he should want to do so. It is well to have a wax candle permanently in the room. You do well, also, to furnish the room with a writing case. Your friend may not wish to ask for ink, and he may prefer to write in the early morning, or after he has gone to his room at night. He may like the freedom of partial undress, at least the quiet that he then enjoys.

Another article to be kept in the room is a clock. Your friends who sleep at home with a clock in the room miss the ticking and the striking if you do not supply the lack. A physician who lived near a city fire-alarm station, said that he could not sleep in the country, it was so still! The silence of darkness does not conduce to the sleep of nervous people.

It is pleasant too in wakeful hours to know what the time is. If the clock is disagreeable to any it can be stopped. I

am sure that the woman of Shunem would have added to the stool, candle, etc., for the prophet a Connecticut clock, if it could then have been had. Still further, do not think lightly of the slop-jar. That kind that has a tight lid is the best, for the lid has to be removed to allow the jar to be used. If you have a cover with a little observatory in the center and side openings, you will commonly have a soiled and wet carpet. Try it yourself, and see whether you can do better than your guest, and do not mortify him with so troublesome an arrangement.

A word more, do not appropriate the best room for a guest chamber. Take that for yourself; your friend's stay is short. Still, make the room as cheerful as possible; hang the wall with pictures, and supply such beautiful things as taste suggests and means allow.

—*Friendly Visitor.*

Amateur Photography.

I FELL in love with Phyllis Brown:
She was the nicest girl in town.
Her father had a bank account
Of a superfluous amount;
And so the more I thought of it
The clearer seemed the benefit
That such a union would confer
At least on me — perhaps on her.
For she was pretty. Such a nose!
Such grace of curves! Such tint of rose!
Such sylph-like elegance of pose!
Such sunny eyes of heavenly blue,
With little cherubs peeping through!
Such golden bangs! — Oh, every *such*
Was the superlative of much!

And educated? She could speak
Italian, Spanish, Volapük,
French, Russian, Swedish, Danish, Dutch,
And every language born of Babel —
To read and speak them she was able.
So learned, pretty — rich besides;
Yes, she would be the gem of brides!
And I, though poor, had every taste,
The wealth of Kroisos would have graced;
So I resolved to risk my fate
In winning such an equal mate.

At first my chances promised fair:
She met me half-way everywhere;
Accepted my civilities;
And sometimes made me ill at ease
When I on parting held her hand
And felt that mute "You understand,"
Expressed by just the faintest squeeze.
(I cannot think she was a flirt,
And yet she did it to my hurt!)

One day I crossed the Rubicon:
I knew her father would be gone;
I rang her door-bell inly bent
On knowing if she would consent.
She sent me down a little note,
The coolest that she ever wrote:

"Excuse me, please, from seeing you,
I've something else that I must do;
I'll see you later if we live."

I asked the footman if he knew
Why such an answer she should give;
The servant shrewdly shook his head;
"She's busy, sir," he gravely said,
"Developing a negative!"

Nathan Haskell Dole.

CURIOUS EPITAPHS.

(FIRST SERIES.)

MR. W. FAIRLEY, F.S.S., published, in 1873, an interesting book on the "Curiosities of Churchyard Literature," from which we make a few selections. One of the earliest specimens which he gives us is the following on an avaricious man :

"At rest beneath this churchyard stone
Lies stingy Jemmy Wyatt;
He died one morning just at ten, and
Saved a dinner by it."

We cannot help the inquiry as to how the survivors can have permitted such an inscription to appear on their relative's or friend's monument. Perhaps, in some cases, the feeling, which was so strong in a former time, that there ought to be a stone at the head of the sleeping dust, may in many instances have been combined with a keen sense of justice, which induced these critics to tell the truth about the departed.

The literary skill was sometimes sorely tried, and in an emergency creative genius had to do her utmost to tide over the difficulty. Hence, from Bidetord churchyard :

"The wedding day appointed was,
And wedding clothes provided;
But ere that day did come, alas!
He sickened, and he—*did*!"

There is something tenderly and touchingly simple and beautiful about the next quotation from the book, even a slight indication of what sometimes has been called genius :

"Life is an inn upon a market day;
Some short-pursed pilgrims breakfast, and away;
Some do to dinner stay, and get full fed,
And others after supper steal to bed.
Large are the bills who linger out the day;
The shortest stayers have the least to pay."

There is commendable ability displayed in the terse biography which we sometimes find in the epitaph. The life of a man, as to its outer circumstances, has often been written on his tombstone. The following is not bad on a country sexton :

"Here lies old Hare, worn out with care,
Who whilom tolled the bell,
Could dig a grave, or set a stave,
And say Amen full well.
For sacred songs he'd Sternhold's tongue,
And Hopkin's eke also;
With cough and hem, he stood by them,
As far as lungs would go.
Many a feast for worms he drest,
Himself then wanting bread;
But lo! he's gone, with skin and bone,
To starve 'em now he's dead,
Here, take his spade, and use his trade,
Since he is out of breath;
Cover the bones of him who once
Wrought journey-work for death."

A Mr. Dickson, once Provost of Dundee, left by his will the sum of one guinea to compose an epitaph for him. The executors, three in number, not liking to give the guinea to any person who might hit upon a few suitable lines, determined to keep the guinea for themselves by writing each of them a line :

(First) "Here lies Dickson, provost of Dundee."
(Second) "Here lies Dickson, here lies he."

The third was put to it for a long time, but under pressure of the desire for his share of the guinea bawled out vociferously his proposal for the third line :

"Halleujah—Halleluje!"

On a lawyer and his client :

"God works wonders now and then;
Here lies a lawyer and an honest man."

But an answer came to it in the following form :

"This is a mere law quibble, not a wonder;
Here lies a lawyer, and his client under."

There is pith and skill in the following from Houghton Churchyard, Hunts. It may have been composed by the blacksmith for his own gravestone :

"My sledge and hammer lie declined,
My bellows, too, have lost their wind;
My fire is spent, my forge decay'd,
My vice is in the dust all laid;
My coal is spent, my iron gone,
My nails are drove, my work is done;
My fire-dried corpse here lies at rest,
My soul, smoke-like, soars to be blest."

These lines have the quality of genius in them. They are worthy at least of Quarles.

The next we quote is a sarcastic hit at the doctors. The Italians may have had prejudices against physic, and in a time of weakness have consented to take some.

On an Italian :

"I was well,
Wished to be better,
Took physic, and died!"

There is something clearly ambitious about the following, on a watchmaker, in Lydford churchyard, on the borders of Dartmoor :

"Here lies, in horizontal position,
the outside case of
GEORGE ROUTLEIGH, watchmaker,
whose abilities in that line were an honour
to his profession.
Integrity was the Mainspring, and prudence the Regulator,
of all the Actions of his life.
Humane, generous, and liberal,
his Hand never stopped
till he had relieved distress.
So nicely regulated were all his motions,
that he never went wrong,
except when set going
by people
who did not know his key;
even then he was easily
set right again.
He had the art of disposing his time so well
that his hours glided away
in one continual round
of pleasure and delight,
till an unlucky minute put a period to
his existence.
He departed this life
Nov. 14, 1802,
aged 57,
wound up,
in hopes of being taken in hand
by his Maker,
and of being thoroughly cleaned, repaired,
and set agoing
in the world to come."



For more humorous epitaphs,
don't miss Mr. Fairley's hilarious
collection of *Graveyard Humor* -
see details at [victorianvoices.net/
bookstore/grave.shtml](http://victorianvoices.net/bookstore/grave.shtml)

CURIOUS EPITAPHS.

(SECOND SERIES.)

WE give a further selection of epitaphs from the collection of Mr. Fairley, F.S.S. A mining engineer by profession, it was his custom when travelling to look into the churchyard of any village in which he happened to be detained, and to note down from the tombstones whatever struck him as being interesting or noteworthy. The following specimen of churchyard literature could hardly be expected to be composed out of Ireland. It is accordingly to be found on a tombstone in that country.

"Here lies the body of JOHN MOUND,
Lost at sea and never found."

The next, from a cemetery at Cincinnati, must have been a blunder of the letter-cutter—a case of transposition which was thought not to matter, since the reader would put it straight.

"Here lies——
who came to this city and died
for the benefit of his health."

Patrick O'Brien was one day strolling with a friend through a graveyard, when his eye was arrested by an epitaph which shocked his sense of propriety and veracity. It ran thus:

"Weep not for me my children dear,
I am not dead, but sleeping here."

"Well," said Paddy, "if I was dead I should be honest enough to own it!"

On a youth of the name of Calf, who was buried in Gloucester Cathedral:

"Oh, cruel Death, more subtle than the Fox,
To kill this Calf before he came an Ox!"

Husbands and wives have both had an unkind turn at one another, by hap or intention, when the time for an epitaph has come—never more sarcastically than in the following instance, from Old Greyfriars, at Edinburgh:

"Here snug in grave my wife doth lie;
Now she's at rest, and so am I!"

In Australia there is, perhaps, a severer and blunter couplet:

"Here lies my wife, Polly, a terrible shrew;
If I said I was sorry, I should lie too."

We will suppose that the widower, in the following instance, did not see the sharp point of the passage which he chose for his wife's stone.

From a churchyard in Sussex:

"Here lies the body of Sarah, wife of John——
who died 24th March, 1823, aged 42 years.
'The Lord giveth and the Lord *take*th away,
blessed be the name of the Lord.'"

From St. Dunstan's Churchyard, Stepney, we have the following, which is of the characteristic biographical sort:

"Here lies the body of DANIEL SAUL,
Spitalfields weaver, and that's all."

We cannot refuse a meed of admiration to the clever epitaph on a crier of periwinkles, from Chichester Cathedral. There is a vein of genuine humour in it, humour which is even allied to tenderness:

"'Periwinks, periwinkles!' was ever her cry;
She laboured to live poor and honest to die.
At the last day again how her old eyes will twinkle,
For no more will she cry 'Periwinks! Periwinkle!'
Ye rich, to virtuous want regard pray give;
Ye poor, by her example, learn to live.
Died Jan. 1, 1786. Aged 77."

Miss Long was a beautiful young lady, but so short that

she was called the "Pocket Venus." The epitaph concluded, alluding to her when alive:

"Though LONG yet short;
Though short, yet *pretty* LONG."

Mr. Fairley remarks that after an evening party, which included the late Douglas Jerrold and Charles Knight, between whom a close friendship had subsisted for many years, they walked homewards together. In the course of the evening the conversation had turned upon epitaphs, and Knight, half in jest, half in earnest, had asked the great wit to write his epitaph for him. The incident had escaped Knight's recollection, but arriving at the point where they were to part each for his own house, it was recalled to his memory by Jerrold himself. "I've got the epitaph for you," said he. "Well, what is it?"

"Good Knight!"

And with that they parted.

The churchyard of Barrow-upon-Soar, in Leicestershire, contains the following punning epitaph on one CAVE:

"Here in this grave there lies a CAVE:
We call a cave a grave.
If cave be grave, and grave be cave,
Then, reader, judge, I crave,
Whether doth Cave lie here in grave,
Or grave here lie in cave?
If grave in Cave here buried lie,
Then, grave, where is thy victory?
Go, reader, and report, here lies a Cave,
Who conquers death, and buries his own grave."

Of a different kind from those which we have selected is that upon Hogarth, who lies buried in a superb tomb with his wife, the daughter of Sir James Thornhill, and her mother, in Chiswick churchyard. Garrick wrote these lines which are still visible:

"Farewell great painter of mankind,
Who reach'd the noblest point of art;
Whose pictured morals charm the mind,
And, through the eye, correct the heart.
If genius fire thee, reader, stay;
If Nature touch thee, drop a tear;
If neither move thee, turn away,
For Hogarth's honoured dust lies here."

MURDER WILL OUT.

THE AVENGING CROWS.—A traveller fell among thieves, who resolved to murder him. Whilst they were committing this horrid crime, the unfortunate man, looking up, saw a flock of crows hovering in the air. "Avenge my death," he cried, "ye birds of luckless ill-omen!" A few days after the thieves entered an inn, when one of the party, who observed a large number of crows gathering round, said sarcastically, "Here they come to avenge the death of the traveller whom we killed the other day." The servant of the house heard these words, repeated them to the master, and he to the magistrate, and the rascals soon suffered the punishment due to their crimes. So the proverb that "murder will out," proved true in this case, as it has often done before. Nothing in the whole history of crime is more curious than the way in which nature seems to conspire against murderers, and the equally remarkable manner in which murderers seem to conspire against themselves. —*Girl's Own Paper*, 1881

SEASONABLE AND VALUABLE PAPERS.

Summer Drinks - A Cherry Luncheon.

SUMMER DRINKS.

IN summer time we are all thirsty, and even women are interested in the "drink question," for it falls to their lot to provide beverages required. Beer, wine (unless home-made) and spirits are decidedly bad for the system. A doctor, who is not by any means a total abstainer, but a believer in *moderation*, says that "one ounce of alcohol in twenty-four hours is as much as any one can drink without injury to his digestive organs."

As this small amount is soon imbibed in hot weather, and the drinker is still left thirsty, it is better to abstain altogether from alcohol during the summer months. A variety of cheap and pleasant drinks can be made without its aid, therefore why use it?

Lemons make very refreshing and thirst-quenching drinks, and the citric acid they contain cools the blood. Although we, as a rule, think there is only one variety of lemon, there are really two, *Citrus Lumia*, the sweet lemon, and *Citrus Limonium*, the true lemon. *Citrus Lumia* is deficient in citric acid, therefore these are pleasanter to suck, or eat, like oranges than *Citrus Limonium*; for drinks, they require the addition of citric acid. The lemons that are hard, and have a slightly greenish hue, contain the most citric acid. Lemons, unless fresh, soon get mouldy—that is, in a week or so. To prevent them from doing this they should not be allowed to touch each other. If each one is wrapped up in tissue paper, this cannot occur. Some people put them in a large stone jar, cover them with water, and renew the water every three days, or oftener if it smells. But the best way is to buy them fresh.

Lemon squash is delicious when properly made, and only simple materials are required for its decoction. It must be drank the instant it is made, and a large glass is required to make each squash in. The juice of a fresh lemon, "plenty" of crushed loaf sugar, and a bottle of soda water are all that is required. After squeezing the lemon into a pint tumbler, put into it at least three teaspoonfuls of sugar: mix well up, and then put in the soda water, "stirring all the time." A bone spoon, or a glass rod, should be used for stirring with.

LIME JUICE AND SODA.

A favorite drink of mine at one time was this: Put two dessert-spoonfuls of lime juice in a tumbler, fill the glass half full—not more, or it will froth over—and stir in a teaspoonful of fruit salt with a porcelain or bone spoon. Every one knows that fruit salts are possessed of good medicinal properties. This is a good drink to take away a headache.

Instead of lime juice this lemon cordial can be made at home. In an enameled saucepan, put two and a half pounds of loaf sugar, add a pint and a half of water, four lemons cut in slices with the rind on: place on the fire and bring to a boil, strain, pressing all the juice out of the lemons, add two ounces of citric acid: when cold, bottle tightly, and use as required. A spoonful in a tumbler of water is sufficient for some people, others prefer more. Effervescing drinks in powder are handy to keep in the store cupboard. Here are two recipes for them:

LEMON POWDER.

Take eight ounces of crushed loaf sugar and drop on it one ounce essence of lemon. When the sugar is quite dry, put into a dry bowl and add two ounces carbonate of

soda, and one ounce citric acid: mix well up, and put in a dry, wide-mouthed bottle.

GINGER POWDER.

Take one ounce ground ginger, two ounces carbonate of soda, one ounce tartaric acid, and eight ounces of crushed loaf sugar; mix, and bottle as before. Both of these powders must be put in a dry bottle and kept tightly corked, and on no account must a wet spoon be used for taking any out. A pickle bottle is much the best to keep for them, as it is wide enough at the mouth to admit a spoon. Very often more slips out of the bottle than is required, when the powder has to be shaken through a narrow neck.

IMITATION FRUIT SALTS.

I knew a lady who had great faith in the fruit salts she mixed for her family. The ingredients were extremely simple, and the quantity, which would fill a 2s. 9d. bottle, cost her sevenpence. They were these:

Milled sugar, 10 ounces,	2d.
Carbonate of soda, 1 ounce,	1d.
Tartaric acid, 1 ounce,	2d.
Citric acid, one ounce,	2d.
	7d.

She very energetically mixed these ingredients in a mortar, bottled them, and administered in the same quantities as "Fruit Salts."

BOSTON CREAM.

The name suggests that this recipe is of American origin. Whether this is so or not, it is much appreciated by the male members of our family. The ingredients are:

Four pounds of loaf sugar.
Four ounces of powdered tartaric acid.
One ounce of essence of lemon.
Six whites of eggs.
Five quarts of water.

Boil the sugar and water together for a quarter of an hour, beat the whites of the eggs well, and when the sugar and water are cool, mix them well in, also the tartaric acid and essence of lemon. When cold, bottle for use. For a drink put a wineglassful in a tumbler and fill it three-parts full of water. Put in as much carbonate of soda as will lie on a sixpence and stir quickly until there arises a cream-like mead on the top.

GINGER BEER.

This is best if made in the evening and bottled next morning. Squeeze a lemon and keep the juice, throw the peel into a two-gallon pan, with one pound of loaf sugar, and one and a quarter ounces of sliced ginger, pour over them one gallon of boiling water; when lukewarm put in the lemon juice and mix a teaspoonful of German yeast with a little of the fluid until it is like cream: stir in the pan, cover and leave till morning. Then take out the lemon peel and ginger, skim off the froth, and bottle in half-pint stone bottles, and tie the corks down with twine. It will be ready in forty-eight hours.

NETTLE BEER.

Cut off the tops of nettles and wash them well (there should be sufficient to fill a six-quart saucepan), cover with water, bring to a boil, and boil for twenty minutes. Have ready a big pan and pour the nettles into it through a colander: with a wooden spoon press all the moisture through until no more can be extracted: you should then have between four and five quarts. While hot add one pound of brown sugar and one pound "golden sirup." When

lukewarm add one ounce German yeast, mixed as described in Ginger Beer, and half an ounce of tartaric acid, half an ounce of carbonate of soda, half an ounce ground ginger, also more sugar if not sweet enough. Cover and let it stand all night; in the morning, if very little froth has risen, the beer was not hot enough to work the yeast when it was put in, so it must stand by the kitchen fire for an hour or two to work. Skim and bottle in two half-gallon stone bottles, cork tightly. It will be ready in twenty-four hours. Take care not to shake the bottle when pouring it out. It should be quite clear, with a nice froth on it.

This is a pleasant drink and good to take as a medicine. "Culpeper," in his "British Herbal," says of the nettle (*Urtica Dioica*): "It consumes the phlegmatic superfluities in the body of man that the coldness and moisture of winter has left behind. The roots or leaves, or both, boiled and made into an electuary with honey and sugar, is a safe and sure medicine to open the passage of the lungs, which is the cause of wheezing and shortness of breath, and helps to expectorate phlegm, also to raise the impostsuemed pleurisy; it likewise helps the swelling of both the mouth and throat if they be gargled with it."

When gathering them, be sure and provide yourself with a pair of old gloves and a strong pair of scissors, for nettles have a way of reminding you of their presence in a manner that is not pleasant, and to some skins positively disagreeable, if the healing dock is not handy.

A CHERRY LUNCHEON.

The French cherries are here, and the English, which everybody knows are greatly to be preferred, are quickly coming. Only a few weeks ago the orchards in Kent and elsewhere were

"White with blossoming cherry trees,
As if just covered with whitest snow;"

and now the fruit is coloring to ripeness. Here is the programme of

A CHERRY LUNCHEON.

For decorations, use ripe cherries with their glossy green leaves. Odd-shaped baskets filled with moss, on which are heaped small bunches of ripe cherries, are specially attractive. For a centerpiece, fill a large glass or silver bowl with ripe cherries piled high. The cloths and doilies should be embroidered in washing silk with cherries and cherry leaves. Suitable mottoes for the doilies should be chosen, such as "Cherry ripe," "The tree is known by its fruits," "Gleams of crimson," "Luscious fruit of sunset hue," etc. For a large company small tables will be better, seating four or six guests, but for a small company of eight, ten, or a dozen, a large table is to be preferred.

MENU.

Cherries on the Stem.
Fish Croquettes. *Hot Rolls.*
Iced Cherries.
Salted Almonds. *Olives.* *Fruit Salad.*
Snowflake Wafers. *Cheese Straws.*
Cherry Jelly. *Cherry Ice.*
Snowball Cake.
Macaroons.
Coffee.

Recipes for these viands are subjoined:

FISH CROQUETTES.

Boil in a kettle of hot water a good trout, or other white fish: when cold, pick to pieces one pint of the fish. Cook in a double boiler half a pint of new milk, one large table-

spoonful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of flour made smooth with a little cold water, and the yolks of two eggs; remove from the fire, add the fish, season well with salt and pepper, mix thoroughly, and turn out to cool. When perfectly cold, form cylinder-shaped croquettes, dip in egg, then in bread crumbs, and fry in smoking hot fat. These proportions will make twelve croquettes.

ROLLS.

Scald a pint of new milk, add five tablespoonfuls of melted butter, and cool; then add half an ounce (or rather less) of German yeast, and three pints of flour. Give this about six hours to rise when well mixed. Cut with a biscuit cutter and bake for twenty or thirty minutes in a brisk oven.

ICED CHERRIES.

Select large, fresh cherries with the stems on, and dip them first into the white of a well-beaten egg, and then into well-pounded sugar, place on oiled paper to dry, then fill them up in a glass or silver dish.

SALTED ALMONDS.

Blanch a pound of shelled almonds, and let them soak for fifteen or twenty minutes in sweet cream, then pour on baking tins and bake to a golden brown; sift salt over them, and they are ready to serve.

FRUIT SALAD.

Peel a good sized pineapple, dig out the eyes and chop it fine. Peel and slice half a dozen oranges and six ripe bananas. Put alternate layers of the pineapple, orange and banana into a deep glass dish, sprinkling powdered sugar plentifully between each two layers. Over the top squeeze the juice of two lemons. Let it stand over ice for, at least, several hours. Before serving, grate a fresh cocoanut and pile it high over the salad.

CHEESE STRAWS.

Mix thoroughly two ounces of flour, two ounces of butter, and two ounces of grated cheese: add one egg, half a teaspoonful of salt, and enough cold water to make a paste; roll out and cut in strips seven inches long and half an inch in width. Bake to a golden brown in a moderate oven. Tie them up in bunches of half a dozen with very narrow ribbon of a rich cherry color. Serve on fancy plates or long glass dishes.

CHERRY JELLY.

Dissolve a box of best gelatine in a pint of cold water for an hour, then add a pint of boiling cherry juice, and sugar to taste. Strain through a flannel jelly bag, and pour into moulds that have been dipped in cold water. Place on ice and let them stand over night. When ready to serve, loosen the edges and turn on white china plates or glass dishes. Garnish with curled parsley or sprays of asparagus.

CHERRY ICE.

To one quart of cherry juice add two pounds of sugar; heat until dissolved, and then add one quart of water. When cool place in a cold spot, or, better still, in a refrigerator, then add the whites of six well-beaten eggs.

SNOWBALL CAKE.

One and a half cupfuls of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of butter, two-thirds of a cupful of milk, two cupfuls of flour, the whites of three eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and half a teaspoonful of almond flavoring. Bake in a square pan, and ice. Put candied cherries on the icing at regular intervals, and so that one will come in the center of each piece.—Practical Housekeeping. London.



is astonishing with how much volubility some people can state as facts matters of which they are in the main absolutely ignorant. A tourist will stay in a fashionable

hotel at a certain town for a couple of days, and his bill will most probably startle him by its heaviness; he will thenceforward go home and say, "I have been to —, and I can confidently state that it is one of the dearest places in the world!" Another, a Bohemian, will, in the course of his peregrinations, drop into some wayside inn, and, after having regaled himself heartily for a few pence, vent forth his gratitude to the world by vehement protestations that — is, to his certain knowledge, the cheapest corner of the globe. Such statements as these are valueless.

To speak with authority upon the house-keeping of any town or country one must have taken up one's abode in the place, have lived amongst its people, visited its shops, and traded for its merchandise.

The writer, before coming to Florence, was quite at a loss to know whether it was a reasonable or costly city in which to live, so conflicting were the statements made concerning it, so unreliable and uncertain all the information received. The object of this article, therefore, is to state in pounds, shillings and pence the actual cost of living either simply or sumptuously, and consequently to aid any whose footsteps may lead them to this land of flowers, this monument of glories past, this city of the Medici—this Florence.

"O Florence, with thy Tuscan fields and hills,

Thy famous Arno, fed with all the rills,
Thou brightest star of star-bright Italy!"
Coleridge.

To begin this article in a general way, it may be well to state that, in the principal hotels, terms are just as high in Florence as in other European towns. Dinner costs from four francs to six francs a head, *déjeuner à la fourchette* two francs to four francs, and service one franc. The price of rooms varies from three to five francs daily. Wine is usually included in the tariff, and the cookery is decidedly good.

The principal restaurants are in the Via Tornabuoni. "Doney and Nipoti" and Capitani are both excellent, the former is the "Gunter" of Florence, and a dinner with wine and ices included may be had for seven francs. At Capitani the prices are somewhat lower—the tariff varying from four to six francs.

There are, of course, besides these an immense number of Italian restaurants where dinners can be got for three francs or less. The cooking is invariably good, the company interesting, and itinerant musicians aid the digestion and dignify the viands.

With *pensions* Florence is liberally provided. These are well warmed in winter and are provided with all desirable comforts. The prices vary from five to ten francs a day, but terms can be made for a lower sum if the tourist intends staying for any length of time. A student could be found a small room and fairly liberal table for about 100 francs a month.

Cab fares are at the following rates: For a course within the city, one franc during the day; 1 franc 30 centessimi* for the night. If taken by the half hour, 1 franc 20 centessimi for the first half hour and 75 centessimi for the following. The prices are slightly higher at night-time. Trunks or bags are charged for at 50 centessimi the piece.

The principal Italian moneys are the following—

The lira, equal to a franc, equal to tenpence; the soldo, equal to a sou, equal to a halfpenny; and the centessimi, ten of which go to our English penny, and a hundred to the franc or lira.

Most of the houses along the Lung Arno, in the Borgognissanti, and in the principal piazzas are let in lodgings. Good single rooms can be obtained in these fashionable quarters for from 25 to 35 francs a month, suites of two or three rooms from 60 to 100 francs.

On the left bank of the Arno is the student's quarter of Florence, and consequently the unfashionable and cheap part of the town.

Here a good suite of rooms, either on the *terreno* (ground floor) or on the fourth storey, can be got for about 40 francs a month. This suite would be ready furnished, and would consist of two bed-rooms, sitting-room, dining-room and kitchen, sufficient for two or three students to live comfortably together.

Assuming that you have set up house by yourself and that you have not sufficient means to supply yourself with a servant, the next important business is to buy your food.

In the winding, dusky streets, little shops, set sometimes back like caves and sometimes standing boldly forward, will assert themselves. Greengrocers with luscious fruit and vegetables, tobacconists where you can also get salt, sugar, and postage-stamps, and grocers with macaroni of various shapes and sizes and great chunks of salame and *carne-secca*, inviting entry.

At the doors of these shops well-developed peasants with rich complexions and dreamy eyes will await your pleasure. If you only wish to spend one soldo on their wares you will still be greeted with enthusiasm, and with marked reverence and politeness. These children of the Lily city possess the art of gracious courtesy, as strongly bred in their being as they have the gifts of simplicity and content.

On entering a shop point to whatever article you require and say, "*Quanti costi questa?*" (what does this cost). The polite peasant will then put a price to which, whether high or low, you must immediately make an objection. The right word to use here is simply "*Ché*," *Ché* is an expressive little term savouring of contempt. The polite peasant, without a murmur, will forthwith lower the price of his wares, but you must continue saying "*Ché, Ché*," until your heart tells you he has descended enough. This is the art of "haggling," an art which in Italy has to be thoroughly understood by rich and poor alike; for not only at the little stalls, but sometimes even in the best and most fashionable shops, fancy prices are put on wares in the hopes of fleecing unsuspicious foreigners.

In buying vegetables or fruit, don't forget to ask for some "*odore*." The writer has often (after having bought 20 centessimi of vegetables) had presented to her gratis as "*odore*" a lettuce, or an onion, a couple of sticks of young celery, mint, parsley and garlic.

* Ten centessimi=one penny.

The customers are not always content with this present but add to it, of their own accord, a handful of cherries, a couple of pears, or a cooked potato. The writer has never yet been able to reconcile to her conscience this system of open theft; and yet the dear contadine who owns the shop will smile on benignly all the time, and wish their thieving customers "*Buon Giorno*" and "*A Riverderci*" with as much gusto as if they had been duchesses come to spend a fortune on their wares.

The writer has often had blessings called down from heaven for buying from some poor *mendicante* a box of matches for a soldo, or a currant bun for the same sum.

A very useful establishment in Florence is the "48 Centessimi Store." In this can be bought nearly every necessary of life except food. Furniture, cooking utensils, millinery, glass ware, groceries, articles for dress and the toilette, stationery, lamps, small stoves, and artificial flowers—all for the modest sum of 48d.

As for natural flowers, they are as plentiful in this city of the Medici as are weeds in an ordinary country lane. They seem to blossom everywhere; they almost grow under your feet. In the springtime, on the hills, great bunches of red tulips, multi-coloured anemones, and waxy hyacinths may be gathered by armfuls, and the city itself is filled with a luxuriance of odorous blossoms laid out for sale on the cold grey basements of palaces, or in the picturesque baskets of dark-eyed southern maidens.

For the very poor, and those well-versed in the art of "haggling," no better way of business can be contracted than from the barrows of itinerant vendors. The vociferous yells of these men, as they pass by, are sufficient to wake the "seven sleepers," and you will be warned of their arrival long before they come in view. From these barrows may be obtained cherries strawberries and grapes, often at one soldo the pound.

Materials for dresses, corsets, powder-puffs, linen, dried fruit, bright ribbons, paper and hats, are all items of the barrow-men, and may be purchased at a price which would sound laughable to English ears; yet the inevitable "*Ché*" is here as necessary as elsewhere, for the rascals, seeing you have an English look, will slyly insert an extra soldo unless you show them that you are awake to their tricks.

Food is, on the whole, cheaper than in England, especially vegetables, and fruit, oil and wine.

Meat is fairly good and cheap. Beef-steak or veal cutlets can be got for a franc a pound, chickens for from 1 franc 50 centessimi to 3 francs apiece. Mutton, for some reason or other, is very little eaten.

Groceries, such as tea, sugar, salt and condiments in general, are very dear. Sugar costs over 1 franc the pound, and tea sometimes as much as 6 francs. A good plan, in coming over to Italy, is to bring a pound of tea with you, as that quantity is allowed to each person without the payment of duty.

Bread, milk and butter are slightly cheaper than in England. The brown country bread, which is excellent and nutritious, may be got for from 30 to 50 centessimi the loaf, according to size. Rolls and large currant buns can be got for 1 soldo the piece.

Wine, which is sold in the celebrated *flaschi*, can be got for various prices. The red chianti, which is a pure and excellent wine, if somewhat crude to the palate, costs from one to three francs the *flaschi*. A *flaschi* contains about half a gallon; it is a very picturesque

looking bottle covered with a network of straw. For the preservation of this wine, it must be poured from the flaschi into smaller bottles, otherwise it will quickly sour. Each bottle should then be covered on top with a thimbleful of olive oil, no corks are needed.

New laid eggs may be obtained at eighty centessimi the dozen; cooking eggs are usually one soldo apiece. Vegetables are always cheap, fresh, and good. For the convenience of students they can be obtained at the greengrocer's ready cooked, as well as in their raw state; quite a large quantity of spinach, beans, potatoes, or beets can be got for two soldi.

At some of the smaller restaurants a dish of cooked macaroni seasoned with butter, and either cheese, tomato, or onion, may be got for twenty centessimi. Another excellent and cheap dish is of ready-cooked haricot beans well flavoured; a bowl of these can be got for ten centessimi.

Salad lettuces, when in season, may be had at three for one soldo. Tomatoes at twenty centessimi the kilo. A kilo is equal to nearly three pounds. The Florentine "libro" is slightly less than our English pound—twelve ounces instead of sixteen.

Materials for clothing, millinery and under-clothes cost about the same as in England. Dress-making and tailoring slightly less. Boots and shoes are dear and ugly.

Good servants, more learned in cooking and sewing than in reading and writing, may be got for twelve francs a month. A contadine will come and give your rooms a thorough cleaning and sweeping for eighty centessimi, or one franc.

Pianos can be hired for from eight to fifteen francs a month, according to the quality of the instrument, and as to whether it be "cottage" or "grand."

Altogether, with good management, it is possible to live, and lodge in "La Bella Firenze" for the small sum of eighty francs a month, but you must be a good manager, otherwise you will be easily imposed upon, and your bills will readily mount to twice that sum.

If you are not inclined to do your own cooking, you can order in meals from an adjacent "trattoria" * for the modest sum of eighty centessimi or one franc. The writer never gives more than 80 centessimi for a meal which is sent in daily, at half-past eleven, in a long closed tin box, with shelves for the different courses. A very good invention for keeping the food warm.

This eighty centessimi meal consists of macaroni or soup, meat and vegetables, and there is such a generous supply of each that the writer invariably has sufficient for both *colazione* (lunch) and dinner. Besides this the writer has left at her door every morning butter for one soldo, milk for one soldo, bread for two soldi, and wine for two soldi. Her expenses are, therefore, rarely over one shilling *per diem*. When the weather is hot it is good to spend the "wine-money" on a pound or two of fruit, cherries,

strawberries, and grapes often being procurable for one soldo the pound.

In the coffee-houses a cup of *café-au-lait* can be got for from fifteen to twenty-five centessimi. Ices cost thirty or forty centessimi. Beer, which is good, but far more expensive than in England, costs either thirty-five or fifty centessimi according to the size of the jugs.

There are several modes of conveyance in Florence—cabs, electric tramways, steam tramways, omnibuses, horse tramways, and diligences.

The charge for the omnibus course is ten centessimi on ordinary days, and fifteen on the holidays or *festas*.

The electric tramways, which start daily from the Piazza San Marco, make the object of their course that far-famed, lovely hill Fiesole. The cost of this trip is only one franc twenty-five centessimi for a return ticket, and the air, the views, the sublime scenery obtained on every side, the wild profusion of vines and olives, roses and every trailing flower, are worth a fortune if only to remain in the memory as one sweet spot on

this terrestrial earth worthy of Paradise. The steam-tramways, also, will take you for a few centessimi among scenes of radiant beauty. Cestello with its avenues of chestnuts, Lastra a Signa, that ancient city, is renowned in ages past, Campi, Pogge, the Viale de' Colli, the vine-clad Chianti, and the wide famed glorious Certosa, from whose ancient monastery the view obtained of Florence is worthy of an Arabian fairy tale.

Besides all these near excursions there are, of course, many interesting towns and rural spots lying within short train distances from Florence, as Pisa, Bologna, Siena, and Vallombrosa. This latter, though a somewhat costly journey, is one that should be taken by all who have the possibility of doing so, for it is said to be, and with truth it must be, one of the most beautiful spots in the world.

Situated at about 5000 feet above the level of the sea, the air is bright and salubrious, the views on all sides noble and awe-inspiring in the extreme, the diversity of scenery obtained as radiant as it is marvellous. Here the roaring of the cataract mingles its crash



WASHING-UP.

* Restaurant.

with the gentle murmur of the running stream, and the smiling fertility of grassy slope shows up in clear distinctness the dusky haze of forest pine and branching cedar; here the grotesque shagginess of thickets overgrown lay side by side with banks of tender sylvan blossoms, and above and all around are peaks on peaks of mountains, bare and grey except when clothed in silver clouds, or purple haze of mystic indistinctness.

It was at Vallombrosa that Milton wrote his *Paradise Lost*, and Browning commenting on the fact, says of him—

“He sang of Adam’s paradise and smiled,
Remembering Vallombrosa.”

Il Paradisino, which is a little further up the mountain beyond Vallombrosa, possesses a beautiful hermitage and chapel, and the view obtained over the adjoining country from the elevation is inimitable in its sublimity.

Before concluding my article, let me answer a question which has been addressed to me from all sides, since taking up my abode in the Lily City. “Is Florence, after all, as charming a city as it is said to be? Is Florence beautiful?”

I answer simply and emphatically, “Yes.” No writer has exaggerated its worth, no poet sung too warmly of its radiant loveliness. Florence is beautiful. Beautiful in its architecture, beautiful in its situation, beautiful in its wealth of sculpture and its paintings, beautiful in its winding, dusky streets, its glowing colour, and its matchless frescoes. Beautiful in the winter, when its snow-capped range of mountains melt their whiteness in the lowering clouds, beautiful in the summer, when the

strong, pure sun shines from the azure skies, and the nightingale sings wildly from the perfumed brushwood. Beautiful in its sluggish, green-hued river, from which white houses rise, and into which the willow and the ilex throw their shade. Beautiful in its breadth of fields and smiling vineyards, in its pines and myrtles, and its sad-hued olive branches. Always, at all times, and under all circumstances, beautiful.

For the artist there are the galleries of Pitti and Uffizi, filled to overflowing with all that is greatest of the great and matchless dead; for the lover of architecture the Roman arches, the rugged towers, the churches and cathedrals, numberless and costly. For the curio seeker are a thousand nooks and niches, bas-reliefs and lintels, teeming with the past, and speaking mutely of its glory, and for all and everyone there is the pure, strong sunshine, the glowing skies, the clear, sweet southern air.

Yet, in spite of this, how many are there who, after having given Florence a passing glimpse, return home disappointed with its charms? This is either because they are unable to appreciate the beautiful, or because they see it only through the medium of the tourist spirit—the spirit of hurry and unrest. To these this city of the Medici is bound to lose its subtle charm, for to understand and appreciate it in all its entirety, one must linger thoughtfully amidst its surroundings, and, whilst enjoying its present matchless beauty, be also fully alive to the history of its famous past. Then will the sluggish Arno serve a world for thought, and Taddeo Gaddi’s

quaint old bridge become a monument of glory. Then will every dusky street and tower and gable sound the chronicle of bygone greatness, and every ruined arch or broken battlement fill heart and soul with reverence and awe. In yonder crumbling niche the divine comedian sat and gazed upon his lore; within the walls of this old stately house lived Michael Angelo, the man “possessed with four souls.” Upon the heights beyond Le Colle, embosomed in its nest of trailing flowers, worked the great master of the moon and stars, Galileo; by this sequestered vine-clad pathway of Fiesole, the monk Angelico planned out and drew with magic art his hosts of seraphim. And the tower of the Signoria, beautiful in its rugged grace; Giotto’s Campanile, white and fair as an arum lily rising from its stem; and beyond and above all, watching over the city like a sentinel, and dominating the landscape from whatever point of view, the glorious Duomo. Who but the ignorant could remain unmoved before this feast of beauty—who, amongst those who know, would refuse to sing its praise with poet, architect, and artist?—

“Of all the fairest cities of the earth
None is so fair as Florence. ’Tis a gem
Of purest ray, and what a light broke
forth

When it emerged from darkness! Search
within,

Without! all is enchantment! ’Tis the
Past

Contending with the Present; and in turn
Each has the mastery.”—*Rogers.*

MY MONGREL: THE STORY OF A LOST DOG.

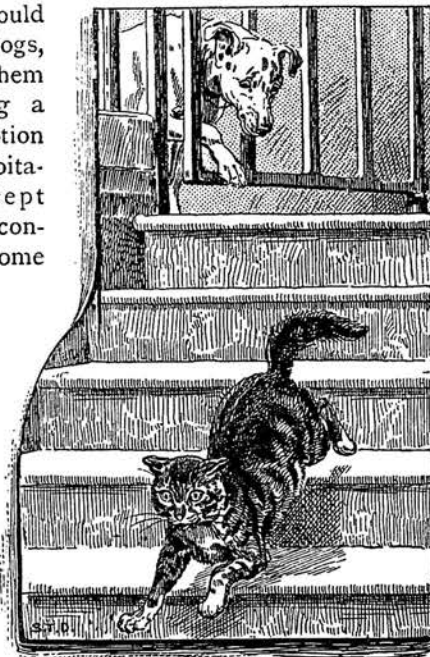


MY MONGREL AT THE BUTCHER’S.

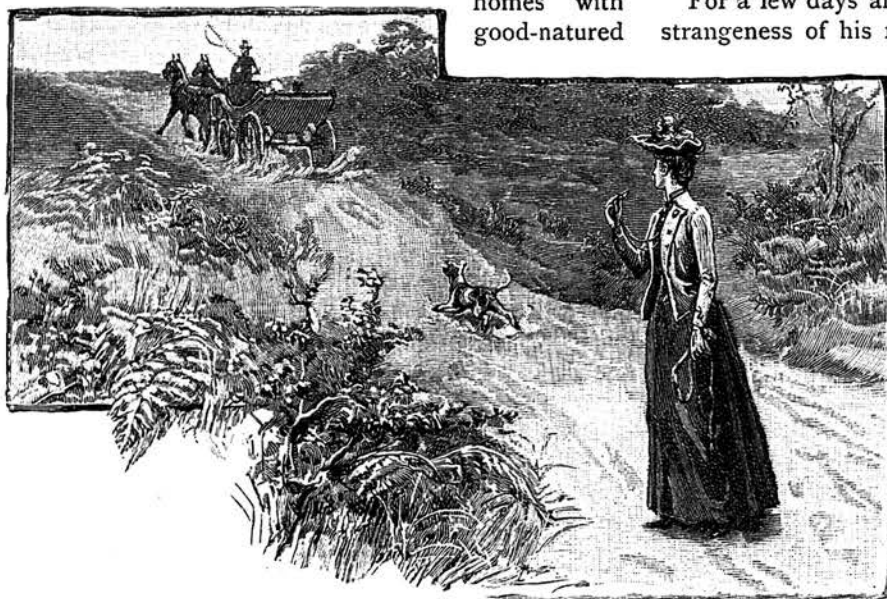
dogs are sent to the “Home” at Battersea, where, if not claimed by their owners, they are either sold or put to a painless death; while such lost dogs as do not appear at Battersea are regarded as stolen, either to be returned, if a reward is offered, or exported to another district.

FEW people, probably, except those who have themselves made search for a lost dog, are aware of the large number of canine waifs and strays which may be heard of and traced by a diligent inquirer in almost any quarter of London. It is generally supposed that the majority of lost

Some recent experience, however, has opened my eyes to the fact that, quite apart from these two recognised classes, there is a large floating population of lost dogs—or perhaps it should be said *found* dogs, since most of them are undergoing a course of adoption into new habitations. Except during the continuance of some special crusade against stray dogs, the police are not particularly active in effecting the arrest of “vagrants”; and numbers of dogs find temporary and then permanent



“POOR PUSSY.”



IN THE COUNTRY.

homes with
good-natured

For a few days all went well ; for, confused by the strangeness of his new position, he conducted himself with unwonted sobriety and decorum. But soon, when the novelty had worn off, and he awoke to the El Dorado of scents and savours which lay around him, he began to "get his tail up," and, like many another provincial in similar circumstances, to develop a strong partiality for the excitements of London life. In the place of rabbit-burrows, he had now areas well stocked with cats ; there were hundreds of dogs to waylay and thousands of vehicles to pursue ; while the butchers' shops offered an *embarras de richesses* in comparison with the modest mutton-bone of

people, who, from laziness or mistaken kindness, do not hand them over to the police, thus rendering it far more difficult for owners to find their dogs than it would be if *all* the waifs and strays could be collected at Battersea. This revelation of the status of lost dogs I owe to my mongrel.

My friends had all warned me that a tragedy was inevitable if I persisted in taking my mongrel with me from the country to the town. For several years he had been a well-known local character in a remote Surrey village, where his affable disposition and tricky habits had endeared him to a wide circle of rustic acquaintances. Often would he go the round of the neighbouring cottages, invariably securing a mutton-bone, or some other titbit, in the course of such domiciliary visits. Or he would exercise his fleet limbs and not inconsiderable vocal powers by yelping in pursuit after the carts and carriages that travelled along the straight sandy road ; or waylay and "sore let and hinder" such other curs as were unlucky enough to pass by his haunts ; or play the truant for a day or two with the cow-boys on the common, keeping meanwhile a very observant eye on the motions of the rabbits. It was urged by my friends that this ignorance of urban conventionalities on the part of my mongrel would unfit him for residence in a great city ; but unfortunately I could not be content to "let sleeping dogs lie," and in a luckless moment brought my mongrel with me to this great metropolis.

a cottage scullery. To walk with my mongrel, even in the quietest streets, soon became an unpleasantly exciting pastime ; and it was on one such occasion, when he had just chased an omnibus and then rifled a butcher's shop, that the necessity of withdrawing him from urban society was forced upon my mind. That very evening, as if divining my intentions, he himself took the initiative by escaping from the hall door and vanishing round the nearest corner. Like every other member of his species, this dog had his proverbial day, and his day, as far as I was concerned, was now over. The intricacies of the streets



"MARVELLOUS INDEED WAS THE MOTLEY ARRAY"

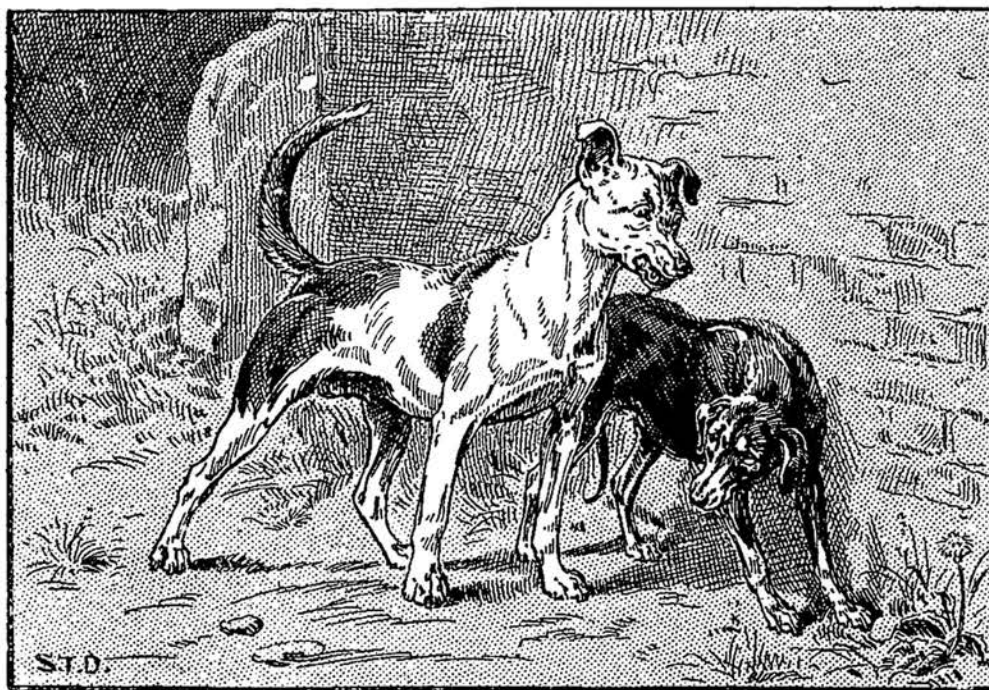
were more than he had reckoned for—my mongrel was a lost dog.

Everything was done that could be done to effect the recovery of this strayed reveller. A reward, much in excess of his market value, was proclaimed by means of placards, posters, and advertisements; while police, postmen, milkmen, bakers, butchers, cats'-meat-men, and crossing sweepers were duly notified of his disappearance and exhorted to keep a careful look-out, but it was of no avail; neither the police nor "the fancy" had news or tidings of him; if he had "gone to the dogs," it was not to those assembled at the Battersea "Home." All that I gained by my search was an instructive insight into the number and condition of other lost dogs, and the amazing inability of people in general to note the salient points of the most clearly worded description. Marvellous indeed was the motley array of curs, of every shape, colour, and size, to which my attention

was invited, in the confident anticipation that each would prove to be my errant mongrel.

Black-and-tan collies seemed to be the speciality in this unowned menagerie, but one and the same advertisement served to bring to my door black retrievers, white lurchers, long-haired spaniels, and short-haired terriers—anything and everything was held to correspond to the description of my lost mongrel. The one idea that never seemed to strike any of my informants was that it was their duty to hand over to the police the stray dogs in their possession; again and again I was told the same thing: that they had taken a fancy to the dog, and if he was not claimed they would themselves "give him a home." I am now driven to the conclusion that my mongrel has found a refuge in some such home as these, where I earnestly trust he is behaving himself in such a manner as to do credit to his former possessor.

S.



FROM RAW FLAX TO FINISHED THREAD.

FLAX was probably the first fibre spun by man. It is mentioned in the Bible; it is found in the form of linen wrappings covering the embalmed dust of the Egyptian mummies, and fragments of it are still in existence which show association with neolithic implements of much earlier date. It is not, however, my intention to place before the readers of this Magazine an archæological treatise on this subject, and I shall content myself with mentioning these

few facts; my object being to show that thread manufacture can boast of "claims to long descent," and that it is one of the industries of man to which a pedigree is attached sufficiently lengthy to satisfy the proudest Lady Vere de Vere.

Flax is grown in many parts of the world, the finest being produced in France; Russia, Belgium, Holland, and Ireland are also countries where this useful plant is largely cultivated. The flax plant grows rather shorter than wheat; its stem or stalk is not quite

so thick. It is the outside or bark of this stem or stalk which furnishes fibre for spinning; the inner portion being a hard woody pith, which has to be threshed out, great care being taken that in so doing the fibre or bark is not damaged. When freed from its pith, the flax is sold to the mills to be converted into thread. Its price varies from £40 to over £200 a ton, yet the difference in the quality of the fibre is scarcely perceptible to an outsider; so it is very evident that any one who was not a connoisseur might make but a very sorry bargain. None but the best and most perfect flax is fit for thread-making.

The manufacture of thread is not confined to any town, district, or country, but in this particular industry we certainly hold our own, for in this "tight little island" are to be found the largest and finest thread-mills in the world.

In the production of the best thread it is not easy to say which is the most essential, the selection of the flax, the perfection of machinery employed, or careful manipulation in the many and various processes through which it passes. It is certain, however, that one machine not in perfect order, one careless worker, or even one imperfect roller, will in a short time do as much damage as any obstreperous bull in a china shop; for most assuredly a very considerable quantity of the most carefully prepared materials would be ruined, and passed on in such a state that it would be condemned when coming under the eye of the all-seeing overlooker, as not being up to the necessarily high standard.

To begin at the beginning, the first process that the flax undergoes, after making its *entrée* into the mill, is that of "hackling," by which the broken, tangled, or imperfect fibres are combed out. The operation is very similar to that of a lady combing out her hair, when it has become very knotty and entangled, only that in place of one comb there are hundreds, the teeth being of steel, and steam-power instead of hand performs the necessary operation. I could safely recommend the "hackling" machines to any lady as capable of combing out the knottiest tresses, but I would not guarantee that after the operation was finished there would be much hair left to adorn the head. The next operation takes place in a "sorting room," where the flax, now called "line," is still further relieved of any impurities by men who carefully look it over and then sort it into the "numbers" into which it will spin.

"Preparing" is the next process of manufacture, which is one of the greatest importance in the production of a perfect and regular yarn. The small locks of the "line" are laid by girls on a slowly-moving strap of leather, each lock overlapping the one before it so as to form a continuous ribbon one or two inches wide, which is carried by the motion of the strap into the first "drawing-frame." The principle of the drawing-frame is this: the ribbon of material passes between a pair of slowly-revolving rollers, which hold it while they pass it forward, and it is then taken by another pair of rollers, which, revolving at a higher speed, draw the ribbon out

to a greater length, and in consequence make it thinner. But since a long fibre when pulled away by the drawing-rollers might catch and entangle the fibres near it, a beautiful mechanism (which must be seen to be understood) was invented by flax-spinners, and afterwards adopted for spinning silk, worsted, and other long staples, by which a number of fine needles are pushed through the ribbon of fibre between the first and second pair of rollers, and travel along with it, giving it a support and preventing the fibres from being snatched away prematurely.

The ribbon, or "sliver," as it is called, when it emerges from the drawing-rollers is smaller than that made by hand, but is far too irregular in size to be spun into yarn, so four or more of these are wound together into a can, a receptacle not unlike the milk-cans that we see on railway platforms. And the sliver thus produced goes through a series of similar drawing processes, at each of which a number of slivers are laid together and drawn out to a smaller size, that is, more nearly to the size of the yarn required. As many as 50,000 slivers are thus laid together, and all the irregularities of the first hand-made ribbon equalised, before a first-class thread-yarn can be produced.

The next process is "roving," which is the first twisting of the sliver, or band which has been formed out of the flax. Previous to the twisting, the sliver, or very thin narrow ribbon as it now looks like, has no strength; the slightest pull would break it asunder. It is, therefore, twisted and wound on a large bobbin, and is then ready for the spinning-frame. There are two kinds of spinning, hot-water spinning and dry spinning. In the former, the "rove" of flax, as it is now called, is made to pass through a trough of hot water, the object being to moisten the gum natural to flax. Thread-yarns vary in size from 3,000 to 30,000 yards to the pound, and some small quantity is spun as fine as 60,000 yards to the pound.

The utmost scrutiny is given to the yarn in order that all flaws or knots may be detected. Men examine these yarns, which are hung on a pole in front of a window. They hunt for knots as though their very life depended on it—indeed to a certain extent it does, for if they allowed any to pass them undetected, they would at the end of the week be unpleasantly reminded of that fact, by finding that a fine had made their wages rather shorter than usual. But they are sharp eyed men, and it is very seldom they are caught napping. If, however, they detect any fault, the girls who have passed it on are of course fined. This strict system of fining is most necessary, as a knot in a thread, as our readers well know, would often snap a sewing machine needle.

The hanks of yarn are next taken to the dye-house, and are first boiled in water to which has been added an alkaloid. This process is to cleanse the yarn of its gummy matter, and leave nothing behind but pure fibre. Were it not for this process, the yarn would ferment and rot. The hanks of yarn are next washed by being hung on a revolving bar of wood, with their ends dipping in the water, and the bar slowly revolving. Next follows a machine somewhat resembling a huge

wringing and mangling machine, which squeezes out all the water from the hanks, even more effectually than the hardy muscles of our grandmothers wrung dry the family washing.

After being duly washed, the hanks do not get their hair combed like good little boys—for that has been done previously—but are treated to a dip in the dye. In a huge cauldron, round which the witches of *Macbeth* might have felt quite at home, is brewed a liquor which, if not composed of such odd and varied ingredients, has sufficient in it to impart to the hanks a good clear colour. The liquid contents of the cauldron are conveyed along little wooden troughs to the receptacles in which the hanks are placed. They are made to turn as in washing on a revolving beam, their ends only dipping in the dye, and it is owing to this continuous movement that an evenness of colour is obtained. Those who dye articles at home would do well to note this fact.

Having been dyed the required colour, the hanks are next taken to the “drying-room”—a not very enviable place to be in, in sultry weather, as it is usually kept at a temperature of about 220° Fahr. Different colours require different temperatures; some will stand great heat, while others would run were the air too hot. After the hanks have become well dried, they have to undergo an important process—that of finishing. The hank is wound on to a bobbin, and then passes through a polishing solution: different threads requiring different polishes. Before being polished the thread is dull, but when it has passed through the machine it is glazed, smooth, and firmer to the touch. In the machine which polishes are small brushes, and fine plush rollers, the material covering the latter being more costly than any worn by Belgravian belle. In some cases the thread is polished in hanks. When such is the case, they are dipped in the solution, and polished with flannel-covered rollers.

Some hanks are polished simply by the friction gained by twisting or wringing. Youths with large iron hooks, and suitable machinery, twist and wring them about in tortuous positions as eagerly as if they were officers of the Inquisition bent on extracting a secret from the luckless being in their hands. Other threads, such as those used for boot-sewing, and all that are waxed by the user, would be ruined by being polished, and are therefore, “finished” in other ways, the secrets of which are only known to the initiated.

The old-fashioned skein threads in pound packets are put up by boys. These young gentlemen sit at wooden benches, each one having in front of him small wooden pegs, fixed upright into the bench. Between them they arrange the skeins in layers, and tie them round tightly with another skein. With a little skill with the fingers, and by the aid of sundry

taps given constantly with a wooden stick, a nice firm pound packet is produced. First, however, in order that the thread when made up may present a neat and tidy appearance, the knots which tie the skein are arranged by little girls so that they shall be all in one place. The skeins are stretched across a frame, and the children pull the knots round till they are all of a row. The skeins are next made up into pounds by girls and papered up. Of course a large quantity of thread is not sold in packets, but on reels or spools. These, which have to be turned with the utmost regularity, are generally imported from Canada, Norway, and a few other parts. They are made in many shapes and many sizes.

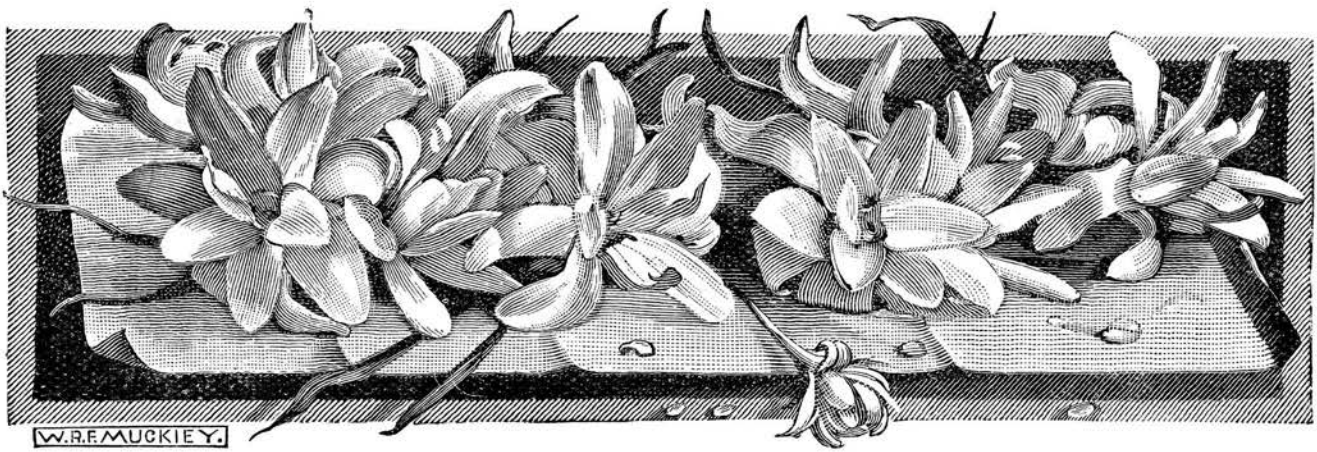
Perhaps the “last stage of all that ends this eventful history” is that of winding the thread on to the spools, or reels, as they are called in every-day parlance. This operation is of course done by machines. In order that every reel may have its exact length, a system of checking is adopted, and every morning two or three reels or spools are taken at hazard from those wound by each girl during the previous day, and having a private number affixed, they are taken to the overseers to test the measurement. “Balling” is also done on machines which are self-measuring, and the balls too are constantly weighed by the attendants, each one of whom has her scales as a check on the machine.

Referring to threads for sewing boots and shoes, we may mention that hemp is sometimes used instead of flax. The fibre is very similar to flax, though the plant is botanically very different. The finest hemp is grown in Italy, and is used for coarse shoe-threads. The finishing of wax threads is different from that of ordinary threads; they are not glazed, and are so finished that they will readily absorb the wax.

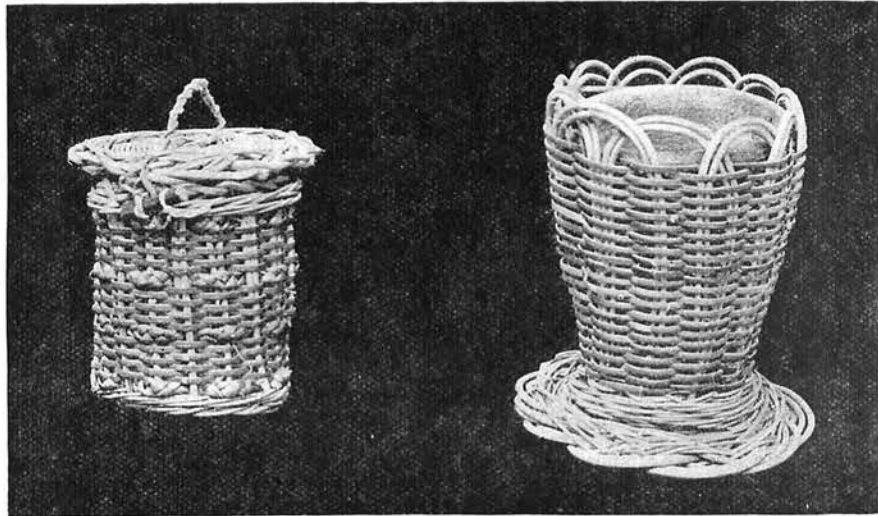
The labels for the spools or reels, which are ready gummed, are stuck on by little girls; and instead of making the tongue perform the damping operation, as is customary when affixing a postage stamp, the child damps the label on a narrow brass cylinder, which is made to revolve slowly while the lower half of it is in water. Strange to say, the children have in many cases a strong prejudice against this useful little machine, and prefer the far more injurious plan of moistening the gummed labels with the tongue.

A journey through a thread-mill—for indeed it is a journey, so large and extensive are such places—is most instructive and interesting. The ear of the visitor is no doubt subject to a continuous hum, whirl, and buzz of machinery; but he quickly becomes so wrapt in amazement at the marvellous mechanical appliances used—which are the most ingenious the human brain could invent—that the discomfiture of the ear is soon unnoticed. When at length one reaches the open air, the quiet is such a contrast to the interior of the mill, that at first it seems unnatural.



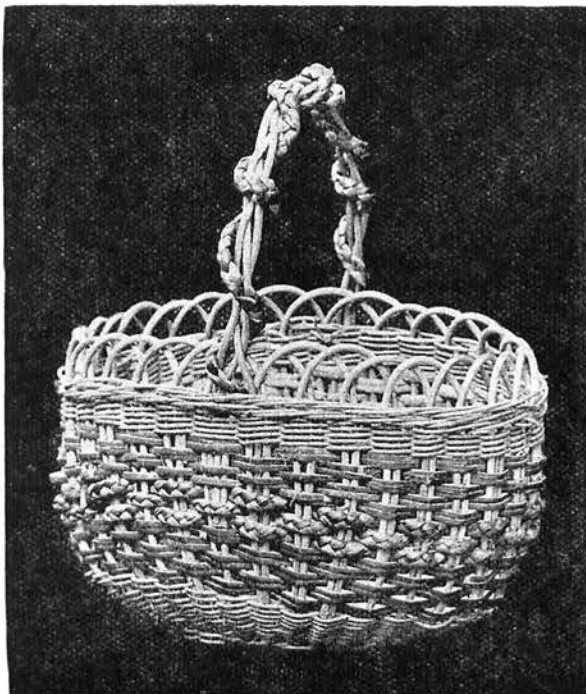


HOW TO WEAVE CANE BASKETS.



MARMALADE BASKET.

FLOWERPOT HOLDER.



OVAL BASKET.



UPRIGHT BASKET WITH HANDLES.

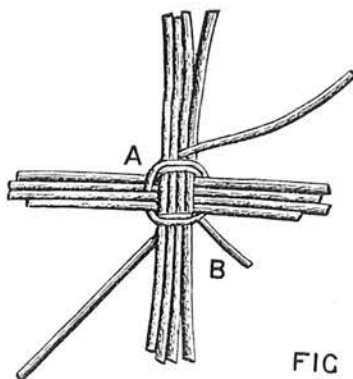


FIG. 1

THERE is hardly any limit to the number and variety of baskets that can be made of cane when once the easy art of weaving them is understood. Almost everyone appreciates baskets useful or ornamental, and they can be made at home with far more ease and economy than the uninitiated would suppose.

Of course the worker's first requisite is a due supply of materials. The cane itself is sold in large skeins and at prices varying from 1s. to 3s. the pound. The sizes of it range from the coarse, which is about equal in size to an ordinary lead pencil, to the finest, which may be compared to a No. 17 knitting-needle. Some of the makes of cane are round, and, if coarse, principally used for the spokes or uprights of the baskets; others are split; others again flat on both surfaces and useful for weaving only.

In fancy baskets coloured straw-plait is sometimes used. This is procurable in different tints and in lengths of six dozen yards. By the dozen yards also are sold rush, a soft green plait very effective for mixing in with the canes; and raffia, similar in weaving, but cream-coloured and much finer.

So much for materials. Tools are few in number and need not be obtained by those desirous of beginning on a small scale only. There are nippers to be had to cut the cane, but a strong knife and scissors do their work quite well. For the piercer, whose uses are to force the weaving apart temporarily and to bore holes in coarse canes or soft wood, a stout stiletto or similar homely tool can be substituted.

Baskets having no bottom are sometimes made on a wooden frame or base, which is

small baskets according as the outer or inner circles of holes is made use of.

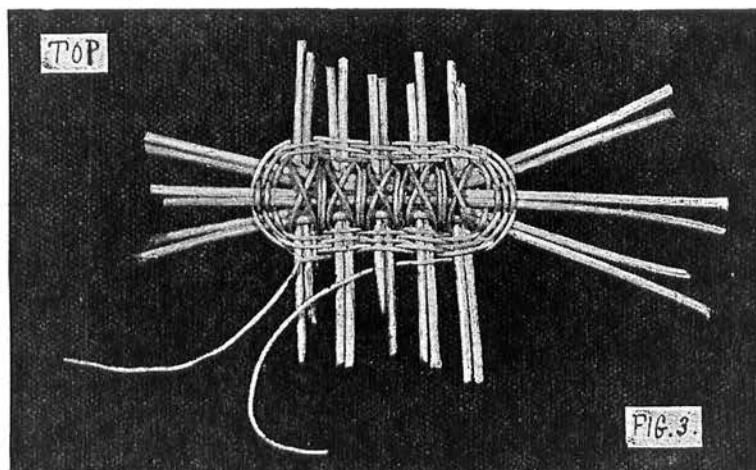
Where a basket is to have a permanent wooden base, this can be bought or cut to any shape ordered. Only the sides have then to be woven, but the finished article cannot be ranked so highly as one in which the bottom is woven as well as the upper portion.

The question as to the sizes of cane with which a beginner should practise is a difficult one, some authorities recommending the use of the finest. As better work can be done with medium sizes, the little extra difficulty felt at first in managing these is soon compensated.

It is a good plan for a novice when applying for cane to mention the purposes for which it

One end of the weaving thread is pushed down behind from A to B, and the whole held in the left hand while the fingers of the right direct the weaver in front of the four uprights at the top, under the four right-hand spokes, over the four bottom ones, and under the left-hand ones. This should be repeated, but at the last, with the weaver under two only of the side strands, then over and under two alternately for two rows. Push the odd spoke in at the back of the weaving at C and work alternately over and under one spoke only until the base or circle is large enough.

Fig. 2 shows a small woven circle and some open borders. For border A, each spoke is sharpened and pushed down close to the one



is required. This because sizes vary in number with different makers, and to ensure that the spokes are not too fine for the working strands and *vice versa*.

For spokes, No. 10 (round) is, for baskets of average size strong and amply coarse; for weaving over it, 4, 5 or 6 in round, and 6, 8 or 10 in flat cane will be found good average sizes.

On receiving the hanks of cane, cut the strings only enough to enable the strands to be drawn out singly. Wind each loosely round and round the hand and put to soak from ten to forty minutes according to texture.

Every worker will desire to begin with a mat or basket which can afterwards be made

next to it; at B, the end of each spoke is beside the next but one; at C, two spokes are missed, and the end of the first is inserted beside the third spoke.

An oval base for mat or basket is illustrated at Fig. 3. The six long strands here are crossed first over a pair of shorter upright ones. The weaver, inserted as before, is so bound over to secure these in place as to form a cross on the right side of the work; then two upright stitches are made on the long strands only; another pair of side strands is affixed with a cross bind, and so on until five pairs in all are in position. A second weaver is now needed and the two are taken together alternately one over and the other under the pairs of spokes until the oval is large enough.

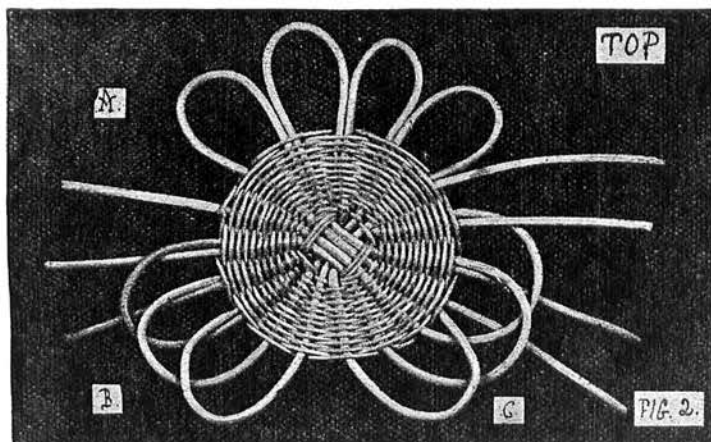
On even spokes it is not possible to use one weaver alternately under and over one spoke as in simple or plain weaving.

As the work proceeds it must be damped and pulled into place to keep it a good shape.

Another way of working over an even number of spokes is illustrated at Fig. 4. Here also the weavers are used in pairs and together. The first is placed behind, the second in front of each spoke, and between each pair of spokes the weavers cross, that which was formerly below being raised before placing it behind a spoke.

In Fig. 5, A is shown yet another way of working with two weavers together. This plan can only be pursued on an unequal number of spokes or the repeat would not come true.

B (also Fig. 5) shows four weavers used together much as the two were in Fig. 4. Begin with one; place it in front of four, and behind one spoke, afterwards before three and behind one. Starting the other three weavers in the same place, put the next always in front of three and behind one; the third before two, behind one; the fourth before one and behind one. After starting thus, bring each in turn before three and behind one,



really a round piece of oak pierced with several rings of holes through which the canes are pushed, while the sides of the basket are formed by inter-weaving. The frame is afterwards drawn off, and so can be used an indefinite number of times and for large or

bottom, and add to this the extra allowance for the edge or border. For this round weaving always cut one extra spoke half the length of the others.

In Fig. 1 eight long spokes are used, four crossed over the centre of the other four.

crossing the others on its way. Thus each weaver should be, as it were, one spoke in advance of the one behind it.

For C, work in the same way but omitting the first row, as three weavers only are employed.

All the parts of a basket are now dealt with save the handles. Two forms of these are given at Fig. 6. A is simply three spoke canes twisted together; at B three spokes are interplaited.

Now to put the pieces of our baskets together. A group of finished specimens appear on page 46.

For the upright cover for a marmalade- or soup-jar, weave a circle three and a half inches across, work two rows triple twist, soak well, bend up the spokes to the shape for the sides, work: one row single twist *, one row rush, seven rows single weaving (with flat cane); repeat from * twice; one row rush, two of triple twist, open border C (Fig. 2) with the spokes pushed far down to form a close border.

Make the top like the bottom, finishing with the same border left more open. Make hinges, handle and fastening of weaving cane well soaked.

For the open oval basket weave a bottom four by five inches and one row four ply twist. Turn up the sides and work another row of twist. One inch of plain weaving with fine round cane; five rows double weaving with flat cane (see Fig. 5, A); three rows rush, five of double weaving, half an inch of plain weaving, finish with any open border. The handle is three spokes, twisted bound over with rush, the ends being pushed down (with the aid of the piercer) nearly to the bottom of the basket.

For the flower-pot holder, work on the wooden frame. Choose the circle of holes measuring two and a half inches across and through each space insert a spoke for eight

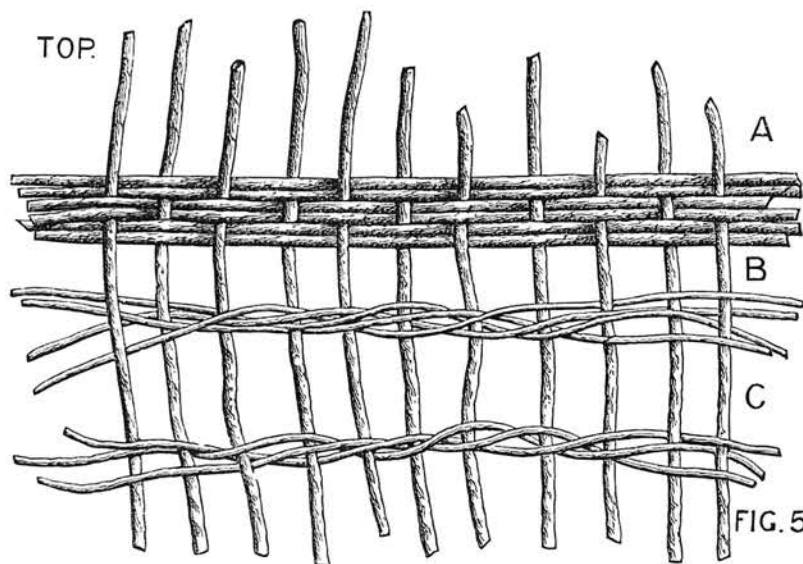


FIG. 5.

inches. Two rows triple twist, then five inches of plain weaving with flat cane. Bend the tops down for an open border (either) and make each loop double by inserting extra spokes pushed down to the bottom of the basket. It is well to work round a flower-pot to ensure shapeliness. The top finished, slip off the frame and soak the ends of the spokes. Bend them outwards into saucer shape, work two rows triple twist and finish with a double open border as above.

For the upright basket with handles, make a round base five inches across. Work one row treble twist. Soak and turn up the spokes. Work one row triple twist, three inches of plain weaving *, one row raffia, one row with any bright-coloured cane, repeat four times from *, work three inches of single weaving; push the ends firmly down each beyond the third spoke to make a close border. Work the handles of twisted fine cane round two extra spokes each twenty-four inches long, inserted two inches from the rim of the basket and pushed well down.

Space forbids the enumeration of any more articles here, but readers should now be able to invent others for themselves. All the principal plaits have been mentioned, and the worker has only to combine these according to her desires.

All work needs moistening now and then to keep it pliable, and should be gradually moulded into shape when in process. It will then dry and harden firmly.

Basket-work can be singed, varnished, or

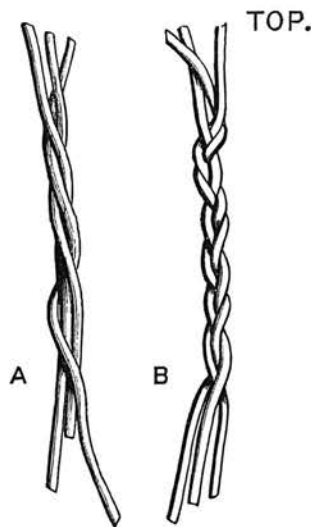
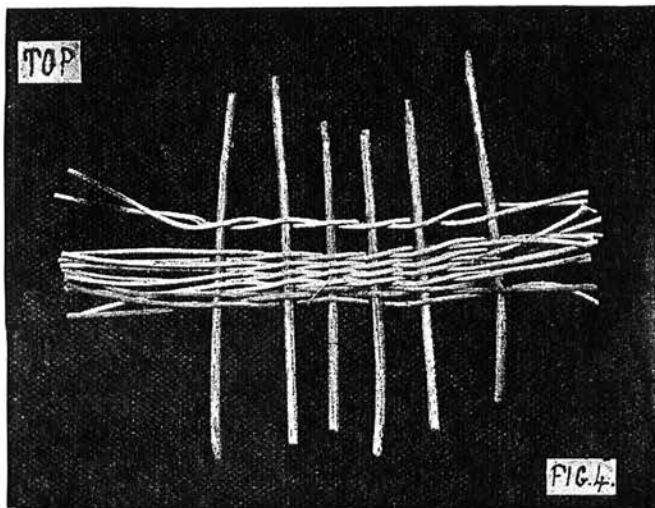


FIG. 6.

enamelled when finished, but this is not necessary.

If these hints prove insufficient or obscure to any reader, additional information can be forwarded to her if she will mention her difficulties.

LEIRION CLIFFORD.



VARIETIES.

THE RULING PASSION.

They had been drifting about in an open boat for seven days, and had almost given up hope, when the look-out cried wildly—

"A sail! a sail!"

The only woman passenger looked up anxiously, "Oh, is it a bargain sale?"

ON THE WAY TO PROSPERITY.—No gain is so certain as that which proceeds from the economical use of what you have.

NO LIMITATION TO GENIUS.

"How do you paint sunrises? you never saw one in your life."

"That's no drawback. I paint sunsets and turn them upside down."

TRUTH.

"Seize upon Truth, where'er 'tis found,
Among your friends, among your foes,
On Christian or on heathen ground,
The flower's divine, where'er it grows."

THE HEROINE'S REPLY.

"I will follow you to the uttermost ends of the earth!" hissed the villain.

"No, you won't," said the heroine calmly.

"Why won't I?" queried the villain, aghast at her coolness.

"Because I am not going there," she replied.

WITHOUT RELIGION.—People without religion are like horses without bridles.

OUR EARTHQUAKE EXPERIENCES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN UNFASHIONABLE DAY AT THE SEASIDE," ETC.



STRANGE, and almost incredible, as the news first sounded to English ears when shouted forth with all the lung-power of small evening paper boys, on April the 22nd last, a terrible throb of some little-understood pulse, beating in Nature's dark places—a veritable earthquake—had just lifted a quiet corner of our land into unenviable notoriety, and startled thousands of country folks out of their comfortable belief that such things were confined to that wide *terra incognita*—"foreign parts."

Knowing as little as the very humblest in our village the origin of this happily rare terror, and feeling that no personal speculations on "faults," explosions of gases manufactured deep beneath our sight, muttered messages from Hecla to Vesuvius, or any other theory of scientific men would be worth the ink they were written with, we will pass at once from cause to consequence, and tell briefly some effects of this most unexpected visitation.

Long indeed will twenty minutes past nine on the morning of that spring Tuesday be remembered through the valley of the Colne, and over many a mile of eastern coast.

So stormy and windy was it, that labourers at work a-field mistook the first rumble of the approaching earth-wave for a strong gust among distant tree-tops, or the warning note of a coming tempest.

But only for a few seconds was mistake possible.

Then from the heart of the earth below rose up a great groan—a sound more awful than cannonading from unseen battle-fields. Upheaving first, then backwards and forwards rocked the troubled land. A dizziness—not of fear, all was too quick for that—absolutely physical, seized on every one standing, and by the time the question had formulated itself, "What is it?" the sight of falling chimneys, cracking walls, cottages unroofing, church-towers rending, and homesteads magically wrecked, supplied the appalling answer.

Swiftly as the shadow of a summer cloud sweeps over wide country tracts, so glided by the invisible power, and ruins marked its course.

When the actual active force of the calamity had come and gone, then terror had its turn. A mighty fear overcame most living things. Birds flew wildly hither and thither, uttering sharp, startled cries. Beating in blind haste, perhaps, against trees or walls, many a little feathered victim fell lifeless to the ground. A flock of sheep being driven up a hill-side could with difficulty be kept together, and one poor woolly matron died within a few minutes of the shock

—her fate being shared by two lambs of very tender age. Farmyard fowls huddled together in abject fright. Dogs howled and cowered in amazement. Cottage folk tell, almost unanimously, how they "wholly looked to be swallowed up!" And as for the womenkind, rushing terror-stricken out of their falling homes, it seems that with one accord, to use their own emphatic phrase, "they shruck."

"'T must be London blown up!" was one man's scared suggestion; but, "Nay, mate," made answer a more reasoning mind. "Not if all London *was* blown up 'twouldn't shake we like this. It's something wuss!" And for the panic that ensued, all who, like the writer, have made a pilgrimage through only part of the afflicted district, must own there is ample reason.

North-west of the Colne's mouth positive damage seems to have begun in one of the three Layers.

Layer Marney, outermost of these villages, felt the oscillation but slightly. Its singularly interesting church and tall tower residence reared by the Lords of Marney in Tudor times are uninjured. About a mile nearer the water is Layer Breton—less lucky, but still in better plight, than the last of these sister parishes, Layer de la Haye, where sundry big cracks in a comparatively new aisle of the church, dislodged battlements, a displaced key-stone in a western arch, and considerable havoc among house-chimneys, manifest the severity of the shock, even at this distance from its centre.

Here, at an isolated farm, the mistress was opening a door from without, when, as she drew forward the handle, the whole building seemed to sway forward, and down came showers of bricks and mortar right and left, eliciting the terrified exclamation, "What *have* I done!" and a momentary dread that in some mysterious way she was actually demolishing her own dwelling. Here too, as in scores of places, very little children had marvellous escapes, and, sitting by the fire-side, were instantaneously changed, by a black downpour, into unrecognisable figures—a transformation which, however, signified not a straw to the thankful mothers who, in the first direful confusion, sought and found their small treasures safe though sooty!

But nearing the coast from this village come very dismal scenes.

At Great Wigborough, upon a peculiar round-shaped hill, said by archæologists to be a huge ancient barrow, stands a church—tall, shapely, bearing little outward token of damage, but on closer examination found to be so racked and wrenched that the fiat has gone forth concerning it, "Unsafe," and from pinnacle to base it must probably be rebuilt.

At Little Wigborough, nearer the wide estuary of the Blackwater, and on the heavy land which seems to have transmitted the force of the disaster much more

readily than the lighter soils, a perfect ruin represents what has long been a somewhat decaying ecclesiastical building, and from Wigborough Hill, looking across the broad marshes to Mersea, and over undulating lands east as far as the eye can reach, almost every dwelling is more or less shattered, with torn gables, beams and rafters snapped like matches, big holes in roofs where chimneys used to be, and the said chimneys lying in ugly, mutilated heaps about the bright spring gardens.

At Peldon, a straggling parish that reaches to the salt water by the "Strood," or road which joins the mainland to the island called "Mersea," the devastation is most saddening. Houses of the better, as well as poorer classes, appear as if they had been taken up, shaken, jerked, twisted, dislocated, and then set down to tumble to pieces at their leisure. Families ran forth at the first sense of danger, and in more than one instance cannot re-enter their homes till weeks of builders' and bricklayers' labour have restored them to safety. The fine old church, which, standing high, was, like its neighbours at Great Wigborough, a landmark for miles around, is cruelly torn from east to west. Great zig-zag cracks disfigure the chancel walls, clerestory windows are badly damaged—looking in one instance as if an attempt had been made to wring the mullions into corkscrew shape—and the grey old tower, weather-beaten by nigh five centuries, and never quite upright in the memory of living man, now leans most ominously, its topmost courses shattered, wrecking in their fall the nave roof, where, through a great gap, one now sees the blue sky, and long strands of dislodged ivy waving from the tottering walls.

Close beneath that undesirable loophole stands a beautiful old font, earlier probably by a hundred years than the existing church.

"How fortunate that *that* was not hurt!" said we to the parish clerk, who keeps on guard about the building.

"More fortunate 'tweren't at church-time it happened," answered he; "there'd ha' bin a deal more hurt than the stone then!"

And we, claiming as friends near and dear the individuals who usually occupy that corner of the nave, accepted the reproof, turning away with a feeling of profound thankfulness for the protection extended to human life in the midst of such sudden and far-extending danger.

Melancholy as are the two miles past Peldon towards the marshes, where no tenement stands that has not suffered, where cottagers have to cook out of doors, camp gipsy-fashion on the common, and often sleep in sheds or any lean-to they can get, the most grievous sight of all waits us at Langenhoe, a spot on the flat, "fleet-drained" land, between the Blackwater and the Colne.

Here the quaint little Perpendicular church is a complete wreck; yet once more gratitude must out-weigh

regret. Across the west end of the small nave runs, or rather ran, a wooden gallery, wherein on Sundays sat the school-children of the parish with their teachers; and that gallery is knocked to pieces by masses of descending stone from the tower, till it looks like fagots of fire-wood flung pell-mell upon the floor. To think of the hearts that would have been half broken if the hour of this awful visitation had been altered, and the gallery filled with its usual troop of youngsters, may well send us away acknowledging humbly that the Hand which orders these things *is* Divine!

Close by Langenhoe lies Abberton, and there destruction, notably among old buildings, has been rife; but the little church of St. Andrew, although most palpably shaken and partially unroofed, still stands secure enough to shelter worshippers, and offer itself on one portion of each Sabbath for the use of its more distressed neighbour, Langenhoe.

Between here and the Colne Mouth lies Fingrinhoe, where bulging walls, impromptu roofs of straw, tarpaulins or big threshing-cloths, shored-up gables, scaffolding round stack after stack of chimneys, and a church needing a heavy total of restoration look mournfully over the waters at Wivenhoe, whence come piteous tales of demolition almost worse than any we have yet described: and so winding up the river we reach Colchester, whose terror and troubles and losses found many chroniclers while their fear was first on them.

We say "fear," for there must indeed have been few minds that could pass through those terrible ten seconds with normal calm, and stout must be the nerves which can recall such experience without a shudder.

Here in the rural parts it seems not so much to have roused voluble alarm as to have what the labouring people call "dazed them."

It is something altogether out of their ken. "A warning," they say, all interpreting the word according to the bent of their own intellect. Many find it very hard to pull themselves together for common every-day work again; but they are doing it patiently and uncomplainingly. Not a single murmur have we heard among our rustic folk. Every soul seems so infinitely thankful at having escaped "what might have been," that repining for what *is* finds no place on any lips. They accept with a bravery which on different lines would earn wide plaudits, heavy and to some irreparable losses, such as, were their condition more widely known, would surely call forth freer practical sympathy than yet seems roused on their behalf. Is it too much to hope that some who read this imperfect sketch of some of the earthquake's dismal doings will join in helping the sufferers, re-erecting shaking homes, and rearing anew God's sanctuaries as a thank-offering for immunity from this great peril which for years to come must mark April 22nd, 1884, as a black-letter day in the calendar of the Eastern Counties?

A.





"COMMERCIALS" AND THEIR WAYS.

THE kingdom inhabited by Commercial Travellers is so vast, and the dwellers therein so varied in characteristics and extensive in number, that it is difficult to give a general description of their habits and ways of life without being inaccurate or unjust in regard to some particular portion of the community. It is best, perhaps, first to clear the ground of those parasites of the great commercial body—that outer fringe of individuals who, while they certainly seem technically entitled to rank themselves among "commercials," are yet very much at variance with the figure which the term "commercial traveller" usually summons before our imagination. The keen, hungry-looking man, with a black bag, whom you may notice sometimes in the street, looking critically at shop-windows, scanning the fascias for proprietors' names, and peeping through the doors to see if the shop is full, or if there is an opening for business, would call himself a commercial traveller. And the man who is upon you in your office before you have recovered your self-possession, before you are aware of his presence almost, extolling the virtues of some article he wishes you to buy—who is alternately bland and stern, repressive and persuasive, as the occasions of business demand—would, doubtless, lay claim to the title of commercial traveller. Indeed, although we have mentioned here only two types of the genus, the experience of most readers will support the view that these might be sub-divided into a much greater variety. Gas-burners and regulators seem to have been as prolific as anything in producing this particular class of representatives. It is astonishing how many people have found out some new description of gas-burner on entirely new principles, and how eager they are to press samples of their ingenuity on the rest of mankind. And they are so generous and reasonable! You are not required to buy one. Oh, no, only try one; allow him to screw one on now, so that during the next three or four weeks, and previous to your giving him the order for a gross, or half a gross—which he feels sure will follow a trial—you may have an opportunity of seeing how it works. So eager are they to leave samples, that one is almost made to fancy there must be some old Act of Parliament which compels a man who takes a sample of a thing, to buy a large quantity or pay a heavy penalty. These intrusive gentlemen often defeat their own ends. What would the reader think of a scene like this, which is often enacted in commercial life? Imagine yourself in the establishment of Messrs. Somebody, Sons, and Co., the mighty merchants, who employ over two thousand hands, whose name is so good on 'Change that people in the City smile when it is

mentioned, and who pay a ground rent for their premises which would keep half a score of families in comfort. The day's work has commenced; clerks are busy writing; managers are hurrying to and fro. Customers are coming in; goods are going out; all is bustle, life, and activity. And in his inner office sits one of the principals—the head of the firm, Mr. Somebody himself—receiving reports, hearing complaints, deciding difficult business questions—his time worth pounds a minute. For old Father Time has failed to appreciate Mr. Somebody's importance, and has made no special arrangement in his favour, so that he has precisely the same amount of time to get through his day's work as you and I have, reader, to get through ours. Enter, in the midst of the hurry and pressure, a quiet-looking man, with a self-possessed demeanour.

"Can I see Mr. Somebody?" he says, addressing a clerk.

"He is very much engaged just now, sir," is the reply; "would one of our managers——?"

"My business is with Mr. Somebody himself," returns the stranger.

"What name shall I say? Will he know your name? No. Then if he should ask your business?"

"I really cannot tell *you* my business. If Mr. Somebody is to be seen, let me see him; if not——" and the reticent individual shrugs his shoulders, and waves his hand suggestively towards the door.

The uncertain clerk takes in the name to Mr. Somebody, who looks up sternly from a letter he is writing—

"What does he want?"

"I don't know, sir; he objects to state his business to any one but you."

The great man frowns, looks at his watch, and says slowly, "Ask him to step in."

Door opened; stranger invited to step in; clerk retires, and door closed.

"Good morning, sir," says the intruder, bowing politely to Mr. Somebody, as that gentleman gazes at him. "I trust you will excuse the liberty of calling, sir, *but I have something perfectly new in the way of shirt-studs and sleeve-links which——*"

Let us draw a veil over what follows; but is it not obvious that the too intrusive gentleman richly deserved any rebuff he might have received?

Turning now from the class of travellers like these, to the consideration of the commercial traveller proper, what a different prospect meets the view. Have we not all met, at some period of our travelling lives, that calm, unflurried gentleman at the railway station, who is under no anxiety about losing his train, makes the porter carry his extra portmanteau, has the evening paper under his arm, and who takes out a travelling-cap, which he adjusts comfortably as soon as he is settled in the carriage? Have we not all conversed with him, and found how pleasantly he can wile away the tedium of a long journey by his merry chat, his knowledge of men and affairs, his

wide experience of mercantile matters, his pleasant anecdotes and easy manners? Jovial, genial "commercial!" let me thank you here collectively for many a journey lightened, and many a useful hint or anecdote added to my store through your bright but too brief companionship.

Perhaps there are few men in the higher walks of life, as distinguished from manual labour, whose work is more arduous, or requires more knowledge of life, perception of character, and consummate tact than the commercial traveller's. Constantly dealing with strangers, he must nevertheless banish all trace of modesty or "backwardness in coming forward," and yet must be equally careful to avoid anything like impudence, which will infallibly get him a bad name and render his visits unwelcome. Indeed, so much is required, that to be a really good traveller a man should be possessed of natural gifts for it, and that especially where a connection has to be made among retailers. Some men have such a genial small-talk, such an air of sincerity and regard as they inquire after your health, and that of any of your relatives they may happen to know, that orders are given almost insensibly. Far different is the lot of the man who has to travel among consumers—that is, among the public generally—persons who do not sell his goods again, but use them themselves.

Are there not, unfortunately, individuals whose readiness in giving orders is only equalled by their unreadiness in meeting their financial engagements afterwards? What thorns are they in the side of the "commercial," and how carefully must he try, by shrewdness of observation, intelligence of inquiry, and keenness of memory, to steer clear of them! For the house he represents has, in all likelihood, no knowledge of its customer's stability, beyond the confidence the firm has in "our Mr. So-and-so's" discretion, and gloomy would be the looks awaiting Mr. So-and-so if he were to bring a black sheep within the fold of his principal's ledger.

An instance of a well-merited reward for perseverance and courage, was that of a commercial traveller who was expecting a large order from a country tradesman, but arrived in the town on a fête-day. Finding the shop closed he inquired as to the whereabouts of the proprietor, and ascertaining that he was attending the fête, about a mile out of the town, went there after him. When he arrived there a balloon was just going to ascend, and, to his dismay, he saw his man stepping into the car. Plucking up courage, however, he stepped forward and asked to be allowed to ascend. There was room, and he entered the car. In a few moments, away went the balloon; and it was not until the little party was well above the tree-tops, that the enterprising "commercial" turned towards his customer with the first remark of—"And now, sir, what can I do for you in calicoes?" Catching the humour of the position, and not unwilling to

reward such perseverance, the astonished tradesman gave his pursuer as large an order as he could manage, with the excusable proviso that, in future, he should be allowed to take his pleasure in peace, and that on no account was the traveller to mention the circumstance to his brethren of the road.

There are a great many temptations besetting the path of the commercial traveller. Always migrating, he experiences but little of that home influence which goes far to make men steady, and which constitutes such an important feature in our English social life. He must fare as he can in the places he visits, and though we are far from saying that he lacks good living, it is easy to imagine a more comfortable existence than that which hotel life affords. And then he is often a victim of custom. So prone is humanity to fall into grooves, and so arbitrary are the laws of these grooves, that even a shifting, ever-changing class of men like commercial travellers, ever passing and repassing one another on the road, has its unwritten, inexorable laws, foremost and most objectionable of which, perhaps, are "wine dinners." It seems absurd that a man should not have been able to dine at an hotel without having, or being expected to have, a pint of wine with his dinner, but in many houses use had rendered it almost unavoidable; and to do as others do, many an unfortunate man has had to pay for that which he was much better without, damaging, as it probably would, both his health and his pocket.

The same principle applies on many other occasions. The difficulty of saying no, and the desire not to appear churlish, leads commercial men, and especially young men, into expenses they cannot afford, and did not contemplate. The wine-dinner custom is now, we think, practically extinct, and a healthier system of a free or open dinner-table, where all can order what they fancy, and abstain from ordering what they don't fancy, has taken its place. The country traveller, too, when business is over, which generally occurs about five or six p.m., is liable to be dreadfully oppressed with *ennui*. The town he is in presents no novelties to him, as he has been there most likely often before, and he is thrown upon such attractions as hotel life affords, and these, as one can guess, are limited pretty strictly to billiards and brandy-and-water. It is scarcely to be wondered at that some members of the fraternity should fall into habits which savour too much of conviviality to allow of much prudence and thrift. But it is satisfactory to know that all this is improving. Thanks to the efforts of such bodies as the Travellers' Christian Association, libraries have been introduced into the leading hotels, and other movements in the direction of a profitable employment of leisure have been organised. It is, we think, only fair to lay these improvements to the credit of the trustworthiness and abilities of commercial travellers generally.

A. H.





THE SERVANTS.

WHAT may be called the social relations of domestic servants with their employers have already been discussed in a previous chapter, which has embraced a great deal of what may be expected concerning these inmates of the household. The questions of perquisites, privileges, liberty, and proper and kindly relations generally, have all been treated of, and it now only remains to describe the proper duties of the various servants of the household.

The subject of the division of domestic work among the various servants of the household is a very important one, because it affects seriously the comfort and successful management of the establishment. In a well-ordered household certain duties belong as a matter of course to certain persons; and well-trained, experienced servants have usually a clearly-defined knowledge of the lines within which custom has decreed that their duties shall lie. It is very desirable that mistresses also should be acquainted with these "lines," because it is generally found that the wheels of the domestic machine run more smoothly when recognised limitations are observed. For the benefit, therefore, both of servants and of mistresses who feel in doubt on these points, a statement is given here of the duties which are usually performed by servants of various ranks, taking them one by one.

The Butler is in large households the principal servant. His duties are chiefly connected with the care of the ale and wine cellars; indeed, it is from this—his chief occupation—that his name is derived, seeing that he is, as the old English has it, "a botteler, or keeper of bottles." In his cellar and stock-book the butler keeps account of all spirits, wine, ale, or other liquors which are brought into the house: he brings these from the cellar when wanted, decants them, and takes them back when done with. When fully competent, he understands all about the quality, choice, and price of wine, as well as its management; and he ought to be able to give his

master advice about its purchase and care. His business it is to fine, bottle, cork, seal, and place in bins wine bought in the wood; and brewing and racking belong to his department.

At one time, when wine was more drunk than it is now, the management and care of the wine-cellars was a very onerous duty. In these temperate times, however, there are many households in which little wine is used, and therefore a knowledge of everything belonging to wine is not so indispensable a part of a butler's duty as it formerly was. The butler's responsibility, however, is by no means limited to the wine-cellars. He has charge also of the plate, keeps account of it, gives it to the footman to clean, places it on the table when wanted, and locks it up at night. The china and glass also are under his especial supervision. The arrangements of the meals of the household are in his hands; he brings in the breakfast, and waits at that meal, assisted by the footmen if these functionaries are employed. At luncheon he usually waits alone, unless the party is large. He looks after the decorations of the dinner-table, decides what silver and glass shall be used, announces dinner when it is ready, removes the covers, serves out the wines from the sideboard, rings the bell as a signal to the cook between the courses, places the principal dishes on the table, and lifts them from the table. When dinner is over, he removes the slips with the assistance of the footman, and places the dessert on the table. He sees that all fires, lamps, candles, and chandeliers are as they should be; has charge of the billiard-room and the smoking-room; answers the front-door bell to the principal visitors; and delivers to his mistress all letters, messages, cards, &c. In smaller establishments, and where there is no house-keeper, he markets, pays the bills, has authority over the other servants, gives them their holidays, and arranges for their work being done when they are absent. Before going to bed it is his duty to shut and fasten all outer doors and windows, see that every-

thing is safe, and that every precaution has been taken to avoid the dangers of robbery and of fire.

From this list of his duties it will be obvious that the position of butler is one of great trust, and that it can only be filled worthily by a thoroughly conscientious, capable, and educated person.

The Footman.—The duties of a footman are varied, and depend very much upon the size of the establishment to which he belongs, and the number of servants kept. When footmen are retained simply for show, to add to the apparent importance of their employers, it is only to be expected that they will be idle and useless individuals; and the expectation is generally realised. One of the qualifications of an ornamental footman is his height; and fine tall footmen are much in request, especially when they can be engaged in pairs of equal size. A footman of this type is always expected to wear livery. He requires two dress-suits and one morning suit a year; and if he is wanted to go out with the carriage, a hat once a year, and an overcoat once in two years. His linen, stockings, gloves, and shoes he finds; and he would be responsible also for his washing. His chief occupations would be answering the door, waiting at table, answering bells, attending the carriage, and obeying orders.

When footmen are retained for use, their duties are numerous, and their post no sinecure. In some houses two footmen are kept instead of a butler and a footman. When this is the case, the head footman receives a higher wage, and acts as butler. Sometimes a single footman is kept, who performs the combined duties of valet, parlour-maid, and footman. A man-servant of this sort is a most useful person. He cleans boots, knives, and windows, carries coal, brushes the master's clothes, chops wood, and runs errands in the morning; and answers the front door, waits at table, keeps plate, glass, and china in order, and looks after the general safety of the establishment the rest of the day. In addition, he cleans lamps, looks after sitting-room fires, lays and carries up breakfast, lays and waits at luncheon and dinner, brings up five-o'clock tea, and tea or coffee after dinner, takes charge of lamps and bedroom candlesticks, keeps the hall tidy, and sees that all windows and doors are fastened securely before retiring for the night. A single-handed man-servant of this description does not, as a rule, wear livery, although he is generally allowed two suits of clothes per year, which may consist either of his master's half-worn garments, or may be bought for his especial use.

The Page.—In some households a page, or "boy in buttons," is kept instead of a single man-servant. The arrangement answers fairly well if a steady

well-behaved boy can be engaged, and if the maid-servants are thoroughly good-tempered and respectable. If, however, these conditions cannot be secured, the arrangement ends in disaster. A clever, willing, quick, clean boy can be of the greatest use in a household; he can clean knives, boots, lamps, and windows, carry coal, rub furniture, brush clothes, run errands, answer the door, and wait at table. He can also wash table-glass, breakfast and tea things, and clean all outdoor places. He is specially valuable in the house of a professional man; and it has been frequently found that the work of a small house can be more satisfactorily accomplished with a page and one maid-servant than with two maids.

The Housekeeper.—In middle-class households the mistress of the household is her own housekeeper; and much of the comfort and well-being of the family depend upon her being able to perform her duties thoroughly and well. In very large establishments, on the other hand, where the mistress has many social duties resting upon her, she relegates her domestic responsibilities to a responsible and trustworthy person, who arranges the work, looks after and pays the servants, and provides for the needs of the family and the comfort of the guests in her stead. It is very evident that to fill a position like this an individual must be thoroughly capable and managing. The housekeeper is, in fact, second in command only to her mistress, and her authority is appealed to by those who are her subordinates. She is the brain of the establishment, while the domestics are the hands; she keeps the whole concern going, decides what work is to be done, and who is to do it, keeps her eye on everything and goes everywhere, and is the medium of communication between employers and employed. She has to decide when and how the house shall be cleaned, when furniture shall be renovated, when additions shall be made to the household stores of linen, and which rooms shall be occupied by visitors. There is no description of household work which she ought not to understand, so that she may be able to discover at once any imperfection that occurs, and to direct how it should be remedied.

When a butler and a house-steward are kept, a housekeeper is relieved of some of her responsibility, because these functionaries market, pay bills, manage accounts, and take the direction of the men-servants. Yet in all cases the housekeeper looks after the women-servants, and she orders the dinner and all other meals, although the cook usually considers herself mistress in the kitchen. When the cook is a skilful worker, however, it is not improbable that she would take umbrage if any attempt were made to interfere in her domain. The

authority of the housekeeper in the kitchen, therefore, is a variable quantity; it depends entirely upon the capacity of the cook to do her own work, and upon the capacity of the housekeeper to supervise it. It is most desirable that a housekeeper should understand cookery, as well as every other department of household work; and if her skill in this branch of knowledge has been made evident, it will be taken as a matter of course that she should not only direct, but even should prepare the chief delicacies of the table with her own hands. But if her skill is doubtful, it would be much better for the housekeeper to leave cookery to the cook, and to devote herself to other matters. Even in a moderate establishment she will find abundant scope for her energy in seeing after the thousand-and-one details which come within her sphere; she may be quite sure that nothing is more calculated to cause disturbance throughout the household than want of accord between herself and the cook. When a cook and a housekeeper work together, and are of one mind, harmony usually prevails everywhere.

It is sometimes said that one of the most difficult pieces of business which can fall to the lot of any one is to manage men. This is a mistake, for there is a more difficult business yet, and that is to manage women; and it is this business which is the special function of the housekeeper. Such a person needs, therefore, not only experience and knowledge, but tact, patience, good temper, and decision of character. These qualities are never needed more than they are when a housekeeper enters on a new situation. It is very difficult for any one to take the control of a household, every member of which knows the ways thereof better than she does. A housekeeper thus circumstanced would do well to set to work quietly, and to be cautious about forcing her plans and methods upon the domestics until she has had time to see how they will work. The best housekeepers, as a rule, remain in the same situation for years. They enter a well-managed household when young and in a menial capacity, gradually rise in rank, so that the routine of work becomes part of their daily life, and they are able to take the direction of affairs without effort. A housekeeper of this sort once lost, is not easily replaced; indeed, it may be said that there is no person more difficult to find than one competent to act as housekeeper in a large establishment.

A thorough mastery of accounts is an indispensable qualification for a housekeeper. There will be so many payments to be made, and items of expenditure to be entered and defrayed, for which she alone is responsible, that, unless she has a clear head for figures, and is able to calculate accurately, she is sure to make serious mistakes. If the housekeeper

is wise, she will keep a register of daily and weekly expenses, as well as of all goods ordered and received, and these memoranda she will take pains to keep in order, according to the day, the week, the month, and the year in which they were made, and to file them, so that they can quickly be put in evidence should any misunderstanding arise; also, she will take every precaution to check the amount of the tradesmen's bills, and carefully preserve, and make an entry of, every receipted bill, so that errors, and, what are worse, attempts at fraud, may be readily rectified; more than this, she will be not only willing but anxious to have her accounts examined at stated and frequent intervals. After examination she will request that they should be signed either by the mistress, or by a person whom she deposes to represent her, so that no blame may rest on the housekeeper if mistakes should afterwards be discovered. Carelessness about money matters is always blamable, but it is specially so in those who have to handle other people's money.

The habit of early rising is another very important qualification for a housekeeper. In domestic management, nothing makes up for the loss of energetic well-directed industry in the early hours of the morning; yet it is useless for a housekeeper to inculcate virtues which she does not practise. If the housekeeper is astir betimes, every servant in the house will be so also, for all will take their cue from her, and it will soon be understood that to get beforehand with the work is the rule of the household; but if the housekeeper is not about in the early morning, the work will be done in slipshod fashion, and everything will go wrong.

It is a very good plan for a housekeeper to keep an inventory of all articles such as silver, china, bed and table linen, ornaments, &c., which are under her charge, and to check this by comparing it with the stock every month, every three months, or every six months, as may be most convenient. By this means any breakages, losses, or injuries that there might be would be discovered, and the cause thereof could be traced; while missing articles could be replaced before the deficiency became serious. The adoption of this method would prevent much annoyance, and also promote economy, because constant supervision is one of the most effectual means of preserving domestic appliances.

The "housekeeper's room" is the sanctum of the housekeeper, and here she takes breakfast, tea, and supper, in the company of the lady's-maid, butler, and valet.

Different rules prevail, of course, in different establishments: but, excepting in the households of persons of very high rank, it is customary for all the upper servants to dine together in the servants'

hall, being waited on by the still-room maid, the under-housemaid, and the kitchen-maid, who dine together afterwards. The lady's-maid usually makes the housekeeper's room her sitting-room.

The Lady's-Maid.—Some people think that the position of lady's-maid is a very easy one; but, as a rule, this is far from being the case. To perform her duties efficiently, a lady's-maid should be trained for her work. She should possess a knowledge of dressmaking, millinery, and hair-dressing; and should be able to turn this knowledge to account, not only in the way of making new dresses, but also in that of repairing and altering those which are partly worn. She should be acquainted also with the best methods of removing stains and blemishes, and should bestow the greatest care upon her mistress's belongings, so that they may be kept clean, smooth, neat, and in thorough repair. A maid who can do work of this sort well is of the greatest value to her lady. Few ladies in these hard times can afford, or are disposed, to disregard altogether the consideration of expense in dress; and they know that to employ a capable, trustworthy, and industrious maid, who will study their interests, put in necessary stitches as soon as required, brush and set straight garments that have been worn, make up inexpensive materials in an elegant tasty fashion, and re-model hats and bonnets with trimmings that are taken off cast-off head-gear, is a great economy. Maids who can and will do all these things for their ladies may almost dictate their own terms.

Arrangements differ so much in different households, that it is scarcely possible to state accurately what are, and what are not, the duties of a lady's-maid. The only way, therefore, to prevent disagreement and discontent on these points, is for both mistress and maid to come to a clear understanding at the commencement of the term of service of what is to be given and received on both sides. To take charge of the mistress's bedroom; to make the bed and dust the room; to polish the lady's boots and shoes; to make and mend, and look after, garments sent to the wash; to take note of the changes of fashion, and give advice as to the choice of clothing; to make dresses tastefully; to get up laces and muslins; to lay out clothing which is to be worn; and to sit up late to receive and assist the lady when she returns from social gatherings and gay parties—all these are duties undertaken by a lady's-maid, and sometimes they are sufficiently onerous. They are, however, felt to be much more of a hardship if they come as a surprise.

Ladies who visit a good deal, and keep a maid for their own use, generally take the maid with them

when they go to stay at country houses. When this is the case, the maid should pack and make everything ready for the journey; take entire charge of the luggage; and in every way that is possible relieve the lady from anxiety and worry. On their arrival at their destination she should ascertain which rooms she and her lady are to occupy, should unpack the trunks, and lay everything away neatly in the drawers and wardrobe set apart for the purpose; should put everything ready for evening wear, and assist her mistress to dress. During her mistress's stay with her friends, the maid should discharge her accustomed duties in the accustomed way. It will probably be arranged that the maid shall take her meals in the housekeeper's room, and any inquiries which it is necessary to make concerning the ways of the household should be addressed to the housekeeper.

A neat refined appearance, and respectful quiet manners, are very desirable qualifications for a lady's-maid; and natural gifts in this direction very often are more valued even than willingness and good temper. Yet even natural gifts are rarely deemed sufficient for the position if they are not developed by training. Any one, therefore, who wishes to succeed as a lady's-maid, should take advantage of every opportunity at her command to acquire skill in the performance of her duties.

The Cook is the principal servant in the kitchen, and suggestions concerning the duties which devolve upon her will be found in the chapter on Kitchen Management. It may, however, be added here that the cook's duties will vary very considerably, according to the character of the household to which she belongs. In large establishments the cook finds full occupation in preparing the food for the different meals, and in looking after the contents of the larder; and she is supplied with one or more assistants, who do the rough work of the kitchen. In smaller establishments, where two or three servants only are kept, it is usual for her to undertake to perform a portion of the household work, as well as the cooking—such as cleaning the pantries, the offices, the front and side doorsteps, the halls, and everything connected with the outside of the house, and also to look after the general arrangements of the kitchen. There is no position more difficult to fill than that of the cook, and none where faithful service is more universally appreciated.

The Housemaid.—The title of this domestic servant proclaims her work. A housemaid is employed to do work about the house; and as a matter of course the range of her duties varies with the means of her employers, and with the style of living

adopted by the family. When two or three housemaids are kept, the one who is most capable, and upon whom the chief responsibility rests, is known as the upper-housemaid, while her subordinates are under-housemaids. The upper-housemaid supervises the work of the others, and she also does the more difficult work, such as cleaning best bedrooms, dusting valuable furniture, and ornaments, &c. She also takes charge of the house-linen, gives it out as required; decides when clean sheets, clean curtains, clean coverlets, and clean towels are needed. She takes charge of the wardrobes and drawers where household belongings are stored: ascertains that the rooms are supplied with whatever is necessary; and takes the general management of the living arrangements. The work of an upper-housemaid is lighter than that of an under-housemaid, so far as actual labour is concerned, but it calls for more capacity, and skill, and experience. The under-housemaid does the rougher part of the work; she occupies herself with the actual scrubbing and polishing, cleans the grates and lights the fires; but the upper-housemaid is her superior in office.

When one housemaid only is kept, she usually has charge of the sitting-rooms of the household, as well as of the bedrooms; and if there is no lady's-maid or valet, she acts as maid to the mistress, carries up the water for the bedrooms, and performs the necessary tasks which under other circumstances would belong to the lady's-maid. She makes the beds also, sweeps, dusts, and arranges the bedrooms daily, and undertakes their weekly cleaning; and if fires are kept there, she looks after them. She sweeps the front staircase, and the front hall also. She may not in all cases have the charge of the linen-closet; the mistress, or the housekeeper, may prefer to undertake this business; but she takes note of the linen which is sent to the wash, and sees that it is returned correctly. She keeps the housemaid's closet in order, and is responsible for the tools needed in her work. It is the housemaid, also, who in many households does the family mending. It is quite usual for a housemaid who is single-handed to make a practice of being dressed by midday, and then to devote the afternoon to needle-work for the family.

The large majority of householders who employ a housemaid, do so in order that she may fulfil the duties of parlour-maid as well as those which belong to her special position. When this arrangement holds good, the cook undertakes a portion of the household work. Usually she sweeps and dusts one of the living-rooms, and lights and attends to the fire; also, she sweeps and cleans the halls, shakes the mats, and cleans the front steps. Occasionally, also, the cook assists in making the double beds. The

division of work in cases of this kind varies with circumstances.

A very important duty which devolves upon a housemaid, is that of seeing that the bedrooms are ready for the night. At sundown all the year round a housemaid who understands her duty makes the round of bedrooms, sees that everything is in order, lights the gas or lamps, or puts candles and matches in readiness for use, shuts the windows, draws down the blinds, closes the curtains, turns down the beds, empties the slops, carries away any dirty boots there may be, fills the ewers, and, if desired, lays out the garments required for the night—on the bed in summer, or over a chair near the fire in winter. In the morning she takes a can of hot water to each room, and knocks at the door at a given time if required to do so.

Another duty undertaken by a housemaid who is also parlour-maid, is that of clearing the table, sweeping up the crumbs, and setting the furniture straight. The silver and glass used at dinner are washed by the housemaid. Between meals, also, the housemaid looks after the fires. She must, by all means, be dressed for luncheon, and be ready to answer both the front-door bell and the sitting-room bells. Want of promptness in answering bells is a very certain sign of an inferior housemaid.

The last duty of the day which a house and parlour-maid has to perform is that of counting the silver, putting each kind separately into its proper place in the plate-basket, covering it, and then placing it either in the mistress's bedroom or in her own.

When a part of the washing is done at home, it is customary for the housemaid to take her share of the work. Sometimes it is arranged that each servant shall wash her own clothes; then the cook takes the towels, kitchen-cloths, dusters, and pocket-handkerchiefs; and the housemaid the pantry-cloths and her own dusters, and irons the pocket-handkerchiefs. Any light tasks of household ironing there may be generally fall to the housemaid. But, in any case, when washing is thus divided between two persons, without outside help being hired for its performance, it will be found that the work is better done, and more quickly done, if the workers do their work separately rather than together, and if each one is made responsible for her own share.

The dress of a housemaid is a very important detail. From early morning till late evening a housemaid should never be seen untidy; indeed, it may be taken as a fact that the housemaid who cannot do dirty work without making herself dirty has not been properly trained. When about her work, a housemaid should wear a washing-dress and a white apron, over which is a large coarse holland or harding apron, two yards and a half wide below

the waist, and with a bib to cover the bodice. This apron can be removed in a moment if a bell rings or a knock at the door is heard. When doing dirty work, such as cleaning grates, filling lamps, or polishing plate, a housemaid should wear long gloves. With a little care her hands may be kept pretty and neat, even though much rough work has to pass through them. By wearing gloves when possible, by washing them constantly in warm soap and water, and very thorough drying, and by rubbing glycerine into them when they show signs of becoming hard and rough, the hands even of the busiest housemaid may be preserved neat and pleasant-looking, if not handsome. When dressed for the afternoon, and for waiting at table, the housemaid should wear a plain dress, with a smart muslin apron daintily trimmed with lace, and a becoming cap. Also, she should wear quiet shoes, because one of the characteristics of a good housemaid is that she moves about quietly, and accomplishes much with very little fuss and noise. So long as she is quietly and modestly dressed, the more attractive a housemaid can appear the better.

The Parlour-Maid.—The position of parlour-maid is a very responsible one, and no one can fill it successfully who is not familiarly acquainted with the manners and customs of refined living, and also with the details of such work as laying the table and waiting at table, opening the door to callers, announcing guests, cleaning and caring for table decorations, washing and polishing silver, china, and glass, rubbing and polishing furniture, and performing, in short, the more important duties which in large establishments are undertaken by the butler and the footman—all of which will devolve upon her. A parlour-maid has been called a female butler, and the title gives a clue to the duties which belong to the situation.

It is always an advantage when a parlour-maid is tall and rather slim, so that she can move about quickly and gracefully, and can give effective help in lifting large dishes. Her manners must be respectful and modest, her appearance neat and pleasant, her perceptions quick, her taste correct, her habits orderly and punctual. Her dress should be neat and trim, so that she will be a credit to the establishment to which she belongs, for there is nothing which impresses a stranger who first visits a house more than to be received by a bright, quick-witted, respectful attendant, who understands what is wanted, and who is able to give any information required without forcing forward her own personality unduly. To be received by a pert, vulgar, ill-mannered attendant is, on the other hand, highly calculated to give a bad impression of the household; for all

persons of experience know that no mistress who understood what was her due would endure to keep a parlour-maid who was not equal to her situation. To an extent, therefore, a parlour-maid has the character of the mistress of the household in her hands, and it behoves her to be specially careful how she conducts herself on this account.

The duties undertaken by a parlour-maid—apart from those special duties already named, which belong to her as a matter of course—vary according to the rule of the household of which she is a member, and according to the style of living adopted by the family. Most parlour-maids have the charge of one or more sitting-rooms, in addition to their regular duties; they look after valuable ornaments and articles of *bric-à-brac*, they arrange flowers and plants, and perform various tasks of the kind which, if they were not employed, would be in the hands of the mistress.

A clever parlour-maid is the right hand of the mistress, and thinks for her and acts for her whenever such thinking and such action are possible. She enters into very close relations with her mistress, and has abundant opportunity to witness the inner life of the members of the family, to know their ways and peculiarities. Consequently it is most important that she should be conscientious and trustworthy; for if she betrays the confidence reposed in her, untold disaster may follow. The great novelist Thackeray, "the week-day preacher," as he loved to be called, used to say that our servants sit in judgment upon their employers, and that the inquisition which is held in the kitchen is an awful institution. In his novel, *Pendennis*, Mr. Thackeray says, "Our own parlour-maids and dependents in the kitchen discuss our characters, our stinginess and generosity, our pecuniary means or embarrassments, and our little domestic tiffs and quarrels. Nothing is secret. Who is a niggard, and screws up his money-boxes; who is in the hands of the money-lenders, and is putting his noble name on the back of bills of exchange; who is intimate with whose wife; who wants whom to marry her daughter, and which he won't—no, not at any price. All these facts our servants discuss confidentially." In another place the same author says, "Some people ought to have mutes for servants in Vanity Fair—mutes who cannot write. If ye are guilty, tremble. The servant behind your chair may be a janissary with a bow-string. If ye are not guilty, have a care of appearances, which are as ruinous as guilt."

If there is one domestic of whom, more than another, masters and mistresses need to be on their guard concerning the "inquisition which sits in the kitchen," it is the parlour-maid; and, therefore, employers should be careful that they do not let the

possession of adventitious qualities by a person filling this position, such as height, genteel appearance, or respectful manners, lead them to disregard the higher qualities of conscientiousness, goodness, and charity.

The Still-Room Maid.—A still-room maid proper is little known in these days, excepting in very large, expensive establishments. In former times, when ladies used to pride themselves on the home manufacture of liqueurs, perfumed waters, cordials, sauces, pickles, wines, jams, and condiments, the still-room was the place where these things were made; and the still-room maid was the individual who had to make them. But now that preparations of the kind are so extensively bought, the practice of making them privately has fallen into disuse. The still-room maid now is usually the housekeeper's maid. She may do a little cooking occasionally, such as the housekeeper would do; but she occupies herself, for the most part, in carrying out the housekeeper's behests, and getting ready to her hand things she is likely to want.

The Laundry-Maid.—The duties of a laundry-maid are generally confined to the washing and getting-up of the family linen. The methods to be adopted for this work are described in "Washing at Home."

The Nurse and the Nursery-Maid.—Amongst servants it is generally understood that there is a decided difference between the positions of nurse and of nursery-maid. A nurse is regarded as an upper servant, who presides over the nursery, is responsible for its management, and responsible for the well-being of the children. A nursery-maid is looked upon as a young girl employed to do the rough work of the nursery, and to bear the fatigue of the children, under the supervision of the mother in small households, and of the nurse in large ones. Both of these servants have, however, very important duties to perform; and it not infrequently happens that the character, the health, the manners, and the temper of the children of a household are determined by the character and conduct of the person who takes care of them and looks after them in early childhood. A wise mother will, therefore, be most particular in making inquiries about the respectability, honesty, truthfulness, cleanliness, health, temper, and capacity of one whom she proposes to engage, either as nurse or as nursery-maid, for her children; for if she is unfortunate in this respect, the consequences may be most serious and far-reaching. Ignorant cooks, inferior housemaids, untrained parlour-maids, may interfere with the comfort

and order of the house, and may inconvenience the adult members of the family for a time, but the mischief they accomplish is soon remedied. Ignorance or want of principle in nurse or nursery-maid may, however, do harm through all the years of life, and the evils they entail upon the family may not be limited to one generation. By all means, therefore, let the mother be most careful to engage the right sort of person as an attendant on her children.

There is no denying that a mother who has presiding over her nursery a clever, trustworthy nurse, is a person to be envied. With the best intentions, a mother who is also mistress of a household, and who has to attend to the various duties, social and domestic, which belong to the position, cannot possibly take upon herself also the entire charge of a nursery. But, nevertheless, she ought to be her own head nurse. If she has reliable assistance in the nursery she can keep the supervision of affairs in her own hands, and she will be all the happier and more contented for doing so. For no matter how clever a nurse may be, a mother has no right to put the entire control of the children into her hands. The work of rearing, caring for, and training her little ones has been given to the mother by God, and if she wilfully neglects it she commits a sin. An eloquent anonymous writer said not very long ago: "We should be struck dumb with astonishment—if we were not blinded by the film of familiarity—at the marvellous way in which well-to-do mothers, having undergone the pain, discomfort, and danger of producing a child, throw away their arrows, and hand over their most powerful function to the nurse and governess; think much more of the size of the eyes than of the size of the brain of their offspring; chance altogether the most dangerous part of the moral character of their boys; and expect on a mere supply of cash a finished and flawless article to be supplied them." The conduct of mothers who do all this is indeed marvellous, but it is also foolish and wicked. Whether a mother is rich and highly placed, and therefore occupied with many friends and amusements; or whether she is poor and hard-working, and therefore busy with many things, the care of her own children is still one of her chief duties, and nothing but utter inability to attend to them can relieve her of the obligation which has been placed upon her, not only to give their interests her personal superintendence, but also to see that the nurse who aids her in her work is trustworthy, enlightened, and capable.

Details as to treatment of children, both in infancy and afterwards, must be given at length under the proper heading: it will not, therefore, be necessary to enter into them here. But it may be helpful to remind mothers that it is of little use that they

themselves should have the most correct theories about ventilation, cleanliness, exercise, hours of sleep, and the formation of right habits, &c., in their children, if the nurse who acts as their representative in the nursery is not sufficiently well educated to understand those theories, and sufficiently conscientious to carry them into practice.

It is a point of great importance that a nurse should be free from all personal defect; should not stammer, squint, or have any peculiarity of manner which a child might imitate. It is also most desirable that a nurse should be an educated person, should speak grammatically, and should be free from all provincialisms and vulgarities; that she should be polite, have pleasant manners and quiet ways. "Children are quick at taking notice. What they see they mark, and what they mark they are very prone to copy."

A nurse should not be young and thoughtless, or she is almost sure to do some ridiculous thing which will be greatly to be deplored. Quite as important is it that she should not be too old, so that she has ceased to be active and energetic, and finds quiet and calm necessary. Children—who are full of health and spirits—ought to be with some one who will laugh, romp, and sing with them, and sympathise with them in their fun. It is always a good sign when children in the nursery are happy with a nurse. Healthy children ought to be happy; if they are whining and peevish there is something wrong which the mother has to alter. Yet people of experience know that there is the greatest difference in the power of nurses to manage children. A very clever nurse once presided over a nursery full of children, one of whom was a little boy of five years old, bright and mischievous, and able to "conduct himself like forty children," at any hour of the day. Yet when the nurse was present this little boy was always "good," when she was absent he was unmanageable. One day nurse was asked the secret of her management. She replied that she did not know that she had a secret; she could not understand how it was that people said Master Jacky was so naughty; he was a dear little boy, and was always good with her. "But," urged the questioner, "there must be something peculiar in your mode of treating him. Think what it is." Nurse thought a minute. Then she said, "Well, I must confess that I am always very careful not to tell Master Jacky to do anything, or not to do anything, unless I know that I can get my way. When I do not feel that I can get my way, I shut my eyes to a good deal. I never let myself tell him not to do so-and-so, and then see him go on doing it. If I did that the nursery would be a place of misery." This hint about the management of children is worth re-

membering. There is no surer way of making children disobedient than to keep on nagging them. Mothers who have met with a nurse who can keep their little ones good and happy, and whom the children love, would be wise to put up with many imperfections rather than part with such a treasure.

The hint given by the clever nurse just referred to reminds us that a capable, conscientious, kind nurse ought to have authority over the children. It is impossible for any one to maintain order amongst children who does not possess a certain amount of authority, and therefore a wise mother, after doing her best to engage the right person to help with her children, will also do her best to uphold that individual with the children. This authority of the nurse should, however, have its limits. No nurse, however trustworthy and clever, should ever be allowed to whip a child. She might be permitted to put a little child in the corner for a few minutes, or inflict other light painless punishments of a similar sort, but if in her opinion occasion has arisen for the child to be whipped, the mother ought to be called in. The remarks on this subject written by Mrs. Craik, the author of "A Woman's Thoughts about Women," deserve to be quoted. "Does ever any man or woman remember the feeling of being 'whipped' as a child—the fierce anger, the insupportable ignominy, the longing for revenge, which blotted out all thought of contrition for the fault, in rebellion against the punishment? With this recollection on their own parts, I can hardly suppose any parents venturing to inflict it, much less allowing its infliction by another, under any circumstances whatever. A nursemaid or domestic of any sort, once discovered to have lifted up her hand against a child, ought to meet instant severe rebuke, and on a repetition of the offence, instant dismissal." If mothers will not protect their children against ignominious treatment of this kind, who is to do it?

If it is important that the rule should be laid down that no nurse is to be allowed to strike a child, it is equally important that it should be understood that the nurse is not to administer medicine to the child without consulting the mother. When children are fairly healthy, the seldomer they are dosed the better. If they are delicate, medicine ought to be most wisely administered, or it will do more harm than good. Medicine administered haphazard is too often intended to "quiet" children; and, as some one has said, "quiet children go to a quiet place—the grave." Mothers who have the welfare of their children at heart cannot insist too strongly on this point.

Children ought not to be teased or made fun of by nurses; treatment of this sort ruins their tempers. They ought not to be frightened by having stories

told them of ghosts, hobgoblins, or other horrors. When this is allowed children are made timid and nervous, and they may continue so for the remainder of life. The evil of the practice of scaring children has long been acknowledged, and yet it is to be feared that it is only too prevalent. In an early number of the *Spectator*, Addison called attention to the mischievousness of the custom. He said, "Were I a father, I should take a particular care to preserve my children from these little horrors of the imagination, which they are apt to contract when they are young, and are not able to shake off when they are in years. I have known a soldier, who has entered a breach, affrighted at his own shadow, and look pale upon a little scratching at his door, who, the day before, had marched up against a battery of cannon. There are instances of persons who have been terrified even to distraction at the figure of a tree, or the shaking of a bulrush. The truth of it is, I look upon a sound imagination as the greatest blessing of life, next to a clear judgment and a good conscience."

The management of children when taking exercise is a very important part of a nurse's duty. There are few mothers who have not been roused to indignation, when walking out of doors, by seeing little children, in the charge of careless nursemaids, being dragged or hurried along, or left crying in a perambulator, at a windy corner, or in the sun, in an uncomfortable position, while their supposed guardian chatted with a friend, or perused the pages of the latest penny dreadful. It is a cruel thing to send children to take the air accompanied only by thoughtless, ignorant, giggling nursemaids, who have no sense of responsibility in their work. If a mother cannot secure the services of a thoroughly reliable trustworthy person to take the children out, there is no better way in which she could spend her time than by going out with them herself every day. Such devotion to duty would need a great effort, it is true, and would occupy much time; but the effort would be well repaid in the assured well-being and happiness of the children. There is nothing more calculated to make children progress in health and vigour by leaps and bounds than judicious exercise in the open air.

Mothers are sometimes very uncertain as to how far they are justified in requiring a nurse or nursemaid to do the actual work of the nursery as well as attend to the children. On this point no absolute rule can be laid down, because possibilities vary so much, according to the age of the children, their number, and the habits of the family. It may be said, however, that it is the first duty of the nurse to wash and dress her charges; and that when there are two nurses, the upper nurse generally undertakes

the management of the infant, washes it, dresses it, carries it out of doors, and sleeps in the same room with it. All children under three are also supposed to be under the care of the upper nurse. The rough house-work of the nursery is done by the under nurse. It is most important that a nursery should be kept clean and in good order. It should be well ventilated, by having the window opened top and bottom whenever the children are out of it, and the room should be thoroughly swept once a day. We have, however, the authority of Dr. Chavasse for saying that a nursery floor should not be washed oftener than once a week, and then the children should be sent into another room until it is dry. Of course, during the drying of the floor the windows must be thrown wide open. A nursery floor must be kept clean without doubt; but the constant wetting of a nursery is a frequent source of illness among children.

When meals are taken in the nursery a nursemaid is usually expected to wash the crockery and clear everything away after use. Except under very occasional circumstances, also, she does small repairs that are needed in the children's clothes, and puts on buttons and tapes when required. Sometimes her duties include the washing of some of the children's under-garments. A clever managing nurse often makes herself most valuable in a house by undertaking a share of the needlework and the laundry-work. It ought to be remembered, that when children are well they gain nothing by being constantly nursed; and if the conditions are favourable—that is, if they have everything they need; if they are protected from danger, by having a guard before the fire, and a guard before the door; they will, if accustomed to do so, amuse themselves far better than a nurse will amuse them; while the results of the industry of the latter will make an appreciable difference in the work of the household. A nurse also who is managing enough to accomplish a little outside work, will be much happier and more content if occupied in doing it, than she will be by watching the children and doing nothing else. Every mother must, however, arrange this detail for her own nursery. When there is a young baby the difficulty about arranging the nurse's duties would arise out of the impossibility of leaving the baby alone. Many mothers take the baby at certain times, while the nurse cleans her nursery or nurseries, and fetches her stores.

A nurse ought to be very neatly and tidily dressed, and she ought to be most daintily clean in person; indeed, more than any other domestic, she is bound to pay attention to the details of personal cleanliness. She ought to have a bath at least once a week; she ought to clean her teeth and brush her nails regularly;

her hands ought to be kept in good condition; her hair should be constantly brushed; and everything she wears should be scrupulously clean. When going out with the children it is her duty to be very quietly dressed. A nursemaid who is decked out in a caricature of the latest extravagance of fashion, never looks as respectable and high-class as does one who is primly, or even quaintly, neat. The fact is, that when a nurse walks out with her young charges she ought to consider it her duty to wear her uniform; and this would cause her to be much more respected by people of experience than any amount of fine clothes would.

The Maid-of-all-Work, or General Servant, as she is sometimes called, simply does all the work of a house that there is to do which the mistress does not undertake. Her duties include those of the cook, the housemaid, the parlour-maid, the kitchen-maid, and very often the laundry-maid also; and, in order to do her work properly, she ought to understand cookery, cleaning, scrubbing, sweeping, polishing, waiting at table; and, in short, to be acquainted with all the numerous details of which household work is made up, and a description of which is given under the heading of "The Work of the Household."

The position of general servant is onerous and responsible. It is likewise too frequently filled by persons who are quite untrained for the work they undertake. Yet the happiness of thousands of homes depends upon the efficiency, honesty, and amiability of those who are thus placed. If maids-of-all-work were more competent than they are, domestic service would not be in the bad odour which it is. For people who know how to set about it, household work is very interesting work, very healthful work, and very satisfactory work. There is nothing degrading about it, and there is abundant honour associated with its due performance. The reason why it is in such disrepute is that so many of those who have it in hand—that is, the maids-of-all-work of the community—are ignorant of the best methods of doing their work.

An American writer once said, "Knowing how is one of the best of labour-saving machines;" and there is no better way by which a young woman can educate herself in household work, than by engaging herself as general servant. The surest way of learning how to do a thing is to do it. The maid-of-all-work practises every branch of household service; and, therefore, she has the opportunity of becoming familiar with every branch of household service. Other servants acquire skill in one department only—they are in danger of getting into a groove; but a maid-of-all-work may acquire skill in all depart-

ments, and she escapes monotony and sameness. So much is this the case that we constantly find that the best cooks, the best housemaids, and the best female servants of all ranks have commenced their career as maids-of-all-work; and through filling this position well, they have qualified themselves to undertake those special duties which may be more highly paid, but which are not any more important.

The position of maid-of-all-work in a well-managed household, where the members of the family are kindly, and care for the happiness of others, is a very happy one; and there are hundreds of young women, by no means wanting in good sense, who very much prefer to manage the work of a household by themselves, and in their own way, rather than be one of a crowd, and have to consult the whims and fancies of others. Nor should it be supposed that the work of a general servant is necessarily harder and more difficult than that of a servant who undertakes a special set of duties, for this is by no means the case. A general servant who manages well, who plans her work—or, if she has a mistress to plan it for her, abides by the plan—and does every day the work of every day, observing method, maintaining order and thoroughness throughout, may have a very good time. She is sure to receive personal consideration which would never be given to her if she were one of a number of workers, and she may enter into close relations with her employer which will be a source of strength and comfort to both. The maid-of-all-work usually receives full credit for all which she accomplishes, and every excuse is made for her shortcomings. All these advantages are hers when the mistress is reasonable and kindly. When the mistress is unreasonable and not kindly, a contrary condition of things prevails. For it must be confessed that there is no situation in which the personal character and disposition of both mistress and servant tells so much for good and for evil, as in that of a maid-of-all-work.

Besides planning her work, being willing and active in carrying out the plan, adopting the best methods, and maintaining order, a capable maid-of-all-work is always particular to observe personal cleanliness, and to keep herself always clean, tidy, and neat. Inefficient general servants very often fancy that, because they have so much to do, and because their work is so varied and comprehensive, therefore they are to be excused if they are untidy and not always as clean as they might be. The fact is, however, that untidiness is a sign, not of the sort of work undertaken, but of the character of the person who does it. A person who loves cleanliness will be clean in the midst of the dirtiest work, and a person who is indifferent to cleanliness and neatness will be dirty and untidy without any occasion. There is

no surer sign of capacity in a maid-of-all-work than that she is never to be seen untidy.

In addition to good management, the adoption of the best methods, the maintenance of order, and personal neatness, still one more virtue must be possessed by the individual who desires to be a thoroughly capable maid-of-all-work. She must have that habit of early rising which leads to punctuality. There is nothing which tends to comfort in a house more than does early rising on the

part of those who are responsible for household-work; while nothing is more certain to lead to disorder and confusion in a house than the habit of rising late, so that, as Mrs. Carlyle used to put it, workers have "to catch Time by the pigtail when they ought to take him by the forelock." If there is one thing which a mistress is justified in insisting upon more than any other, it is that a maid-of-all-work should be up betimes, getting beforehand with daily work, so that all may be decently and properly done.



COLD MEAT COOKERY AND VEGETABLES.

MINCE.

Ingredients.—Half a pound of cold meat, one small onion, one ounce of dripping, half an ounce of flour, one gill of stock, pepper and salt.

Method.—Mince the meat finely and remove all skin and fat; slice the onion and fry it brown in the dripping, take out the onion and stir in the flour, let it brown and then add the stock by degrees and the minced meat. Let the mince get quite hot and serve with a border of mashed potato or well cooked macaroni round.

RISsoles.

Method.—Make in the same way as mince, using only half the quantity of stock, and then spread the mixture on a plate to cool. When cold divide into equal portions, flour the hands, roll into balls, egg and crumb and fry in deep fat a golden brown.

HASH.

Ingredients.—Slices of cold meat, a slice each of carrot, turnip and onion, half a pint of stock or water, half an ounce of dripping, one ounce of flour, sippets of fried bread sauce, browning, bay leaf.

Method.—Chop up the bone from the cold joint and put it to simmer for an hour in the water or stock. Fry the vegetables in the dripping, add the flour and fry that brown, pour on the stock from the bones, stir till it boils, add the bay leaf, pepper and salt, put on the lid and let all simmer half an hour. Put in the slices of cold meat and let them heat gently in the sauce, take away the bay leaf, add a little Harvey or ketchup and a little browning. Serve on a hot dish with sippets of fried bread round.

CURRY OF COLD MEAT.

Ingredients.—Half a pint of curry sauce—cold meat, rice.

Method.—Cut the cold meat into dice and let it heat in the curry sauce. Serve with a border of boiled rice.

COLD MEAT MOULD.

Ingredients.—Three-quarters of a pound of cold meat (minced), a quarter of a pound of cooked ham (minced), one egg, two tomatoes, one small onion (chopped), parsley (chopped), half a gill of stock, one dessertspoonful of flour, pepper and salt.

Method.—Butter a pie-dish, slice the tomatoes and ornament the dish with them. Mix the meat with the onion, parsley, pepper and salt; mix the flour smoothly with the stock and stir it until it boils in a small saucepan;

beat the egg and add it to the sauce when it cools; mix well with the chopped meat, etc., and press all into the ornamented piedish, cover with a greased paper and bake half-an-hour in a moderate oven. Turn out when cold.

COLD MEAT PATTIES.

Ingredients.—Any scraps of cold meat, pastry, pepper and salt, a little stock or water, beaten egg.

Method.—Cut the meat into little pieces and take away any skin. Line some patty pans with short pastry: season the meat with pepper and salt; put some meat on each patty pan and a very little stock or water for gravy; cover with pastry, brush with egg, make a little hole in the middle of each and bake twenty minutes.

VEGETABLES.

GENERAL RULES FOR COOKING VEGETABLES.

1. Green vegetables must be cooked with the lid off the saucepan to keep them a good colour.
2. Root vegetables can be cooked with the lid on as they will not discolour if the steam is shut in.
3. Pulse (i.e., peas, beans, and lentils) must not be cooked with salt in the water as the salt hardens them.
4. Potatoes, artichokes and turnips must be put into water as they are peeled to prevent their turning a bad colour.
5. All vegetables except pulse must be cooked with salt; green vegetables need a pinch of carbonate of soda.
6. Salt for boiling vegetables is used in the proportion of two ounces to the gallon.

BOILED POTATOES.

Wash the potatoes and dry them, pare them thinly, putting them as you do so into clean, cold water; boil gently with salt in the water, from twenty to thirty minutes according to their age and size. When tender pour off the water and put the saucepan back on the stove with the lid off for the potatoes to dry. Sprinkle with salt and shake slightly.

BAKED POTATOES.

Wash the potatoes and dry them. Lay them on a tin and bake them an hour or more until they feel tender. When half baked turn them over.

NEW POTATOES.

Wash the potatoes and scrape them. Boil gently with a sprig of mint from ten to fifteen minutes. Drain and dry on the stove; melt a

little dripping in the saucepan, put in a little chopped parsley, and toss the potatoes in this.

CARROTS.

Wash and scrape, it large split in halves. Score across the thick end with a knife and boil one hour.

TURNIPS.

Wash and pare thickly, boil half an hour, drain, mash with pepper and salt and a little milk.

ONIONS.

Cut off the top and bottom and take away two skins; blanch them by putting them in a saucepan of cold water, bringing to the boil and throwing the water away. Boil three-quarters of an hour.

PARSNIPS.

Wash and scrape, cook like carrots.

CABBAGE.

Put to soak in cold water with salt, head downwards, to draw out the insects. Take away the outer leaves, cut off the stump and score through the thick end to help it to cook. Boil from twenty to thirty minutes. Drain and press well; cut up small. Young greens need hardly any leaves removed.

CAULIFLOWER.

Cook in the same way as cabbage but serve whole.

LEeks.

Cut off the roots and the top part of the green leaves; wash thoroughly, boil gently about twenty minutes until tender and then drain.

GREEN PEAS.

Shell and rinse; boil gently with a lump of sugar and a sprig of mint about twenty minutes. Drain when tender and toss in a little butter or dripping.

BEANS.

Rinse the beans and cut them in pieces. Boil until tender and drain well.

ARTICHOKES.

Wash and peel, boil gently about twenty minutes until tender. Serve at once as they soon lose colour.

SPINACH.

Pick the stalks off and wash very thoroughly, letting the tap run on it and turning it over and over. Rinse out a saucepan and put in the spinach. No water is needed. When tender press and drain well and toss in a little butter or dripping; add pepper and salt and serve.

GETTING READY TO GO AWAY.

PICKING UP, PACKING AND OTHER PREPARATIONS.



CONFUSION in "getting ready" to go anywhere, whether for a day at the beach or a summer in Europe, is far less a necessity than its general presence would seem to indicate. The expense of getting ready to go and of going anywhere may be pretty accurately reckoned by counting the cost of everything needed that can be thought of, and adding to the total thus reckoned at least a third more to cover contingencies. The cost of getting ready will be most easily gotten at,

and the trouble of getting ready reduced to a minimum, by making out certain lists at the very outset of the preparation. The list of things wanted should be divided under two headings, the necessities and the things one would like to have. In with the list of necessities must be reckoned the traveling expenses so far as known, whether they are merely the prices of a couple of tickets to Nantasket, or a cabin passage and servants' perquisites on a North German Lloyd ship.

The lists of things to be provided grow in astonishing fashion as the days of preparation wear away, but the distinction between the necessities and the luxuries should be closely drawn if skekels are at all scarce, and the total amount that can be spent should be carefully told off to see whether among the must haves, one can afford the first, second or third rate grades; it is bad management and mortifying enough to half spoil one's pleasure to have bought real shell hairpins, and find at the last moment that one's stock of handkerchiefs and hosiery must go scantily supplied in consequence.

These lists of wants carefully made in the early stages of getting ready, and carefully consulted, will lighten the burden of the provider for the occasion wonderfully. They save time, regulate the expenditure of money, are helpful in the shopping expeditions, and prevent the awful turning up at the last moment of some forgotten must have when the purse is about or quite empty. Along with these lists there should be a third, a memorandum of things to be done, upon which (as upon both the others) everything apropos should be jotted down as fast as it comes to mind. This list covers the people to be seen, the repairs to be made, orders to be given, etc.

From these lists each entry is to be crossed off as fast as it is provided for, and one's worry diminishes then as the time shortens instead of increasing because of the unexpected things to be bought or done that keep bubbling to the surface unless some effort is made to systematize one's preparations. If these lists are thoughtfully made out at the start, and each want is added as fast as it comes to mind, they will prevent the broken trunk hinge being forgotten till the trunk is needed for packing; the new soles needed on Fred's shoes will get on before it is too late, etc.

"Take time by the forelock" is a good motto for people who are "getting ready." If the outlying odds and ends, the things that "can be done any time," are gotten out of the way as fast as thought of, the way is cleared at the last going off for the things that can never be done until the last moment.

Packing, on the other hand, is one of the things that should be left until the last, yet there are very many women who make this feature of the occasion extend over the whole period of preparation. It adds something to the feeling of really getting ready to begin the packing, and one thing after another is laid away in the trunks, as it "surely will not be wanted again," but what goes in one day comes out the next,

and so on over and over again till at the last one hardly knows "where anything is," though she has worked doubly hard. It is a good plan to put aside such things as are to be packed, as soon as they promise not to be needed again before the start, in a place by themselves, but they should not be packed. The promises are vain; the very thing that is at the bottom of the trunk is the very thing that is wanted for some purpose, and out it must come to the detriment of everything above and about it.

The packing, then, should be done among the last things before the actual start, usually the day before the trunks are to go into the not too tender hands of the expressmen. The preparations all made, the last day at home having arrived, let us see if there cannot be some simplification of the general turmoil of getting off, even when there are children to dress, and there is no nurse maid. Before the packing is begun the clothes to be worn on the journey by each member of the family should be laid by themselves, and see to it that everything essential is there from inside to outside. Put the outside wraps that will not be worn, but must be carried, together with umbrellas, waterproofs and rubbers in a place by themselves together with one or more stout shawl straps; just before the start after it is decided for a certainty just what wraps are needed to wear, the others can be made into long narrow rolls (not short, broad ones) at a few moments' notice. Rain garments should always be carried where they can be easily gotten at, and are almost a necessity in this climate in going for a single day's excursion, surely so for longer journeys, or if one is going far from home.

When everything to be worn is laid out, all for one person in a place, by themselves and one or more, as the case may be, receptacles are provided for the toilet articles that must be used too late and too often to go into trunks, and when all the articles to be packed are collected, the packing proper may be done; it is best done by some one person who will know then where to find a given article at short notice when it is next needed. "Some can pack and some can't." Yes, that is true, and it is not to the purpose here to try to make experts of novices. In general directions, just a few words: Underclothing and articles that pressing cannot injure are best packed in the bottom of trunks or boxes; less room is taken up if articles are folded, not rolled, and the less they are folded the better; hose and small articles fill in corners and uneven spaces and should be used to make each layer level before another is begun; packing in even layers insures the arrival of each article at the journey's end in better condition than when things are put in haphazard in hills and valleys. Everything but dresses, wraps and head wear should be packed solidly, the more so the better, and the latter should not be given room to pitch about in, yet should not be pressed or crushed. An easy and admirable way to pack dresses is to drive some double-headed carpet tacks (the kind used for matting, etc.) into the ends of the trunks, three or four or more in a row above the top layer of underclothing (if the same trunks be used for both), lace stout cord across, lay one dress on, just above it, so that it will not be mussed, drive other tacks, make another bed, lay another dress, and so on. Dresses should be packed right side out, and folded to preserve the natural folds as nearly as possible, by holding the skirt by the waist and folding just as the drapery falls; wherever it is necessary to fold the skirt lay a roll of newspaper crumpled together. Fold waists and wraps with the backs and fronts parallel, right side out, and with the sleeves straight and not folded.

The trunks ready for the express, each child and older person's clothes ready to be slipped into, all preliminaries, thanks to the lists, arranged, the dressing done, the good byes said, and all are ready, and in humor for *un bon voyage*.

—Dinah Sturgis.



XVII.
ZIG-ZAG MUSTELINE.

Now, the mustelidæ are the weasels; and the badger is a weasel, improbable as it may seem, as also is the otter, the stoat, the polecat, the skunk, the glutton, the ratel, and many others. And since so many things are weasels—and to speak of many things at once is beyond my compass herein—those weasels only will I speak of that chiefly take the eye in the outer parts of house number twenty-seven; saying nothing of the glutton (though all weasels are gluttons, each in his way), nor of



REVELATION.

literation. But it is the brock's modesty that conceals his existence, for well he knows that, in his case, brock's display may not contribute much to brock's benefit; which words are an advertisement.

Badger-drawing is a thing of the past, and rightly. But upon this page the drawing of a



badger may now be seen without danger of interference from the police. He is the white badger, and is never easy to draw.

His native objection

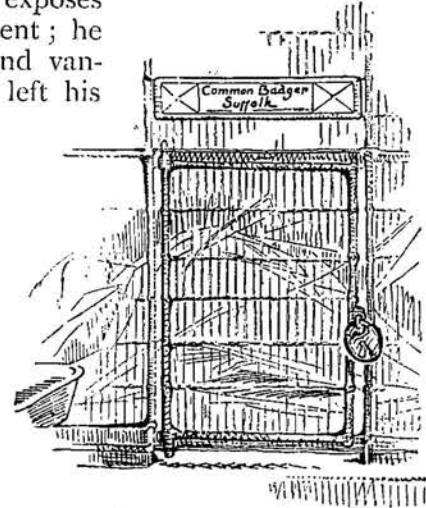
to daylight overcomes his sense of duty to the public, and nothing will make him show himself, short of taking away all his straw. Raking away his coverlet only exposes him for a moment; he burrows again and vanishes. He has left his

card on the wire, he argues, and that ought to satisfy any reasonable visitor. Although, labelled as he is, "Common

Badger," he may feel rather ashamed of that card. That is a notion that I can never get rid of. All over the Gardens various animals are insulted by the epithet "common."

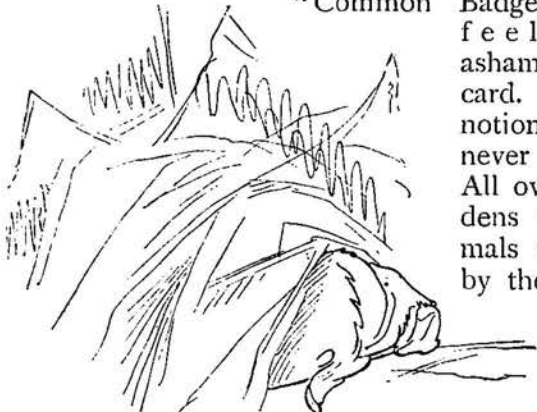
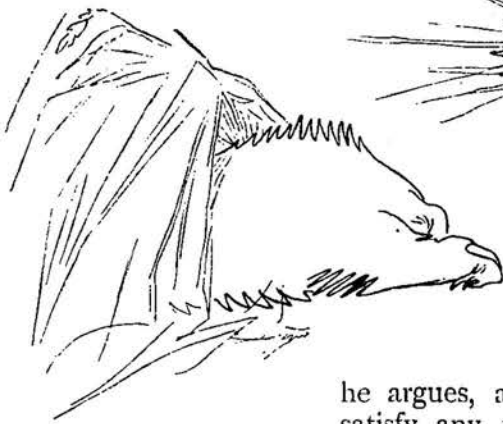
Then there are the

"Stump-tail Lizard," the "Dusty Ichneumon," and the "Hairy-nosed Wombat," not to mention the "Bottle-nosed Whale," that isn't here at all. Is man justified in



OCCULTATION.

J.A.S.



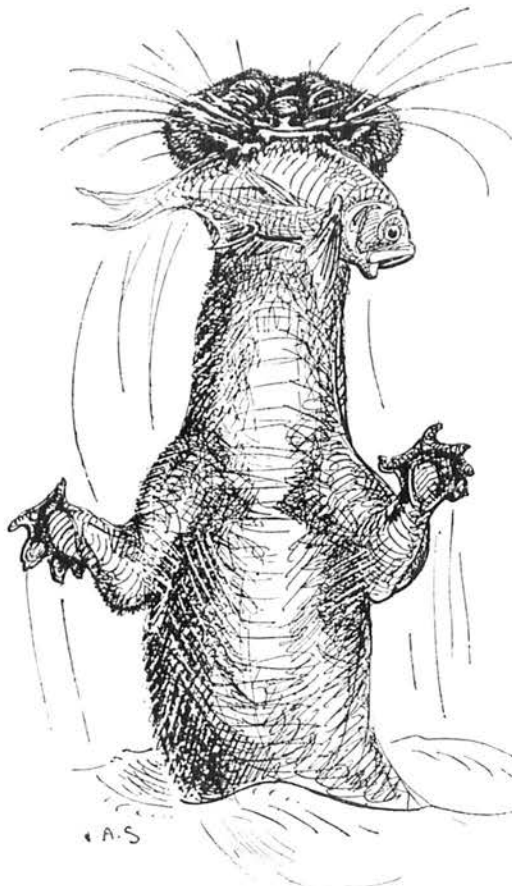
ABSQUATULATION.



DISGRACED AT CREAKLE'S.

so insulting his more virtuous fellow-creatures? Why should we show vulgar discourtesy even to a whale? The rats, too, although not insulted in name, are grievously oppressed after the manner of David Copperfield at Creakle's. "These animals bite" is the notice for ever fixed upon their cage. It gives rise to sad unpopularity, which the rats can never mitigate, in the manner of David, with jam tarts and red-currant wine. But more of this presently.

Jack, the otter, in his big round cage, has his own particular affront to endure, none the less an affront because it is in Latin. *Lutra vulgaris* is the scientific name of Jack, but it is just as offensive to call an otter vulgar in Latin as in English. I can quite believe that it was this painted stigma of vulgarity that caused Jack



JACK.

to run away, some few years ago, and set up in the fish business on the Regent's Canal. It took some few days to persuade him to return, and the task of the persuaders was, I take it, none too easy. An otter is a rare good fighter, and there is trouble involved in bringing him home dead; but alive, he is a whirling tangle of teeth and claws, bad to handle. In any case, Jack is never vulgar. He is an epicure in the matter of fish, and an unerring connoisseur. Observe further, the patrician disdain with which he regards the ignorant people who think to feed him with biscuits. It may be thought a vulgar taste that led him to start life afresh in the Regent's Canal, but where else could he go?

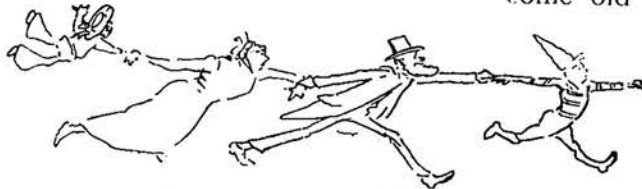
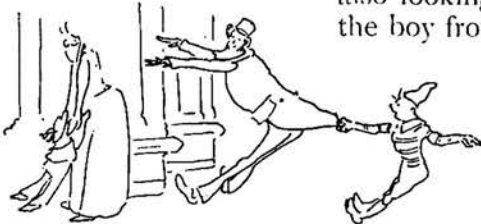
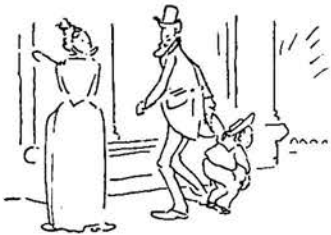
But in all the house numbered twenty-seven there are no such favour-

ites as the rats. Why these have never been properly, officially, and individually given personal names I cannot understand. I prefer to call them Edwin and Angelina, because they are always turning and turning; although to imagine Edwin a gentle hermit of the dale, or a gentle anything, is not easy. For Edwin bites, and hard, and so does Angelina. But then it is only their fun.

I admire Edwin and Angelina be-

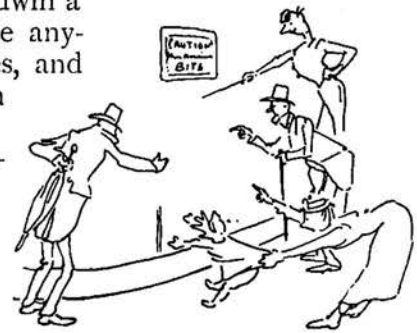


"THEY BITE!"



"THESE THINGS BITE!"

tinkers, tailors, soldiers, sailors, and the others. Each separately reads the label, and then assures all the others that these animals bite. Little Bobby strays from a family party, and reads that fatal label. He rushes back, breathless, to report that "these animals bite," and the whole family come pell-mell. They stand before the label and repeat the mystic formula to one another, and then move off, making way for others, who do the same



"LOOK, THEY BITE!"

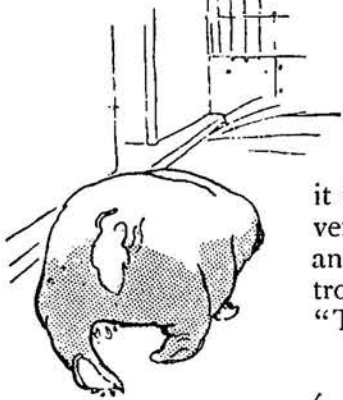
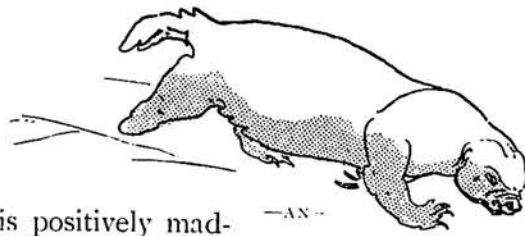
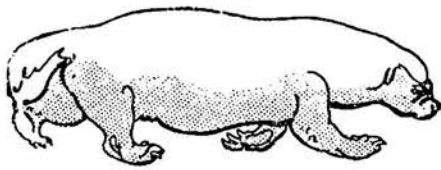
cause they keep up their spirits in most annoying circumstances. Those labels (there are two of them) informing everybody in capital letters that "These animals bite," have a most remarkable effect on human visitors. They touch, in some occult way, a hidden and mysterious spring of human impulse. For no human creature (able to read) can see that label without at once repeating aloud, "These animals bite." It is a most

astounding phenomenon. Watch by the wires, and you shall see. A family arrives, and immediately mother points to the label and says, "These animals bite." "Ugh!" says the eldest little girl, also looking at the label, "they bite!" "Look here," says the boy from school, "these fellows bite!" Nurse stoops and informs Toddlers that these animals bite. Toddlers looks up and replies "Dey bite!" with an air of imparting exclusive knowledge; and then the whole family subsides into a murmuring chorus, whereof the only distinct words are "They bite." And so they move off. Then come old men, old women, young men, and young women, boys and girls,

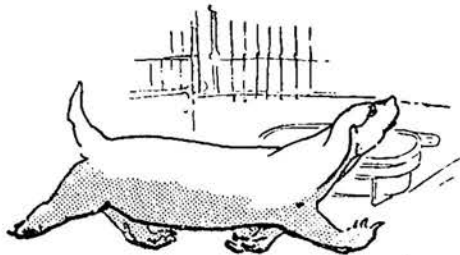
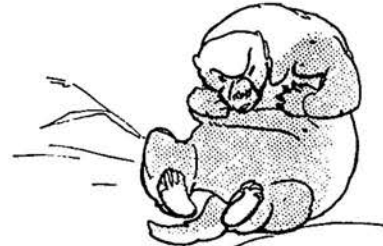
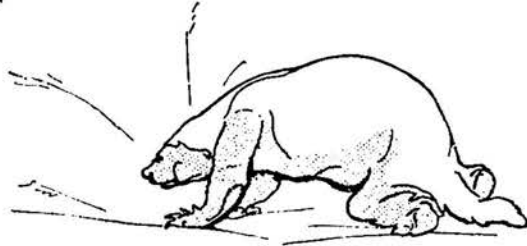


"THEY BITE!"

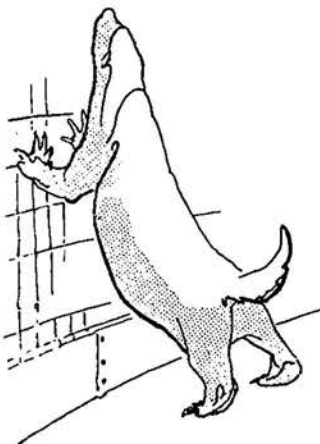
I. A. Simpson



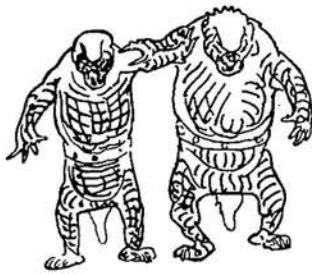
thing. It is positively maddening. No wonder the rats bite; the Archbishop of Canterbury would bite if you tortured him with that exasperating reiteration. As it is, the phrase must eat into the very being of Edwin and Angelina, and they seem to take their regular trot round to the eternal refrain, "These—an-i-mals—bite—these—an-i-mals—bite," always and



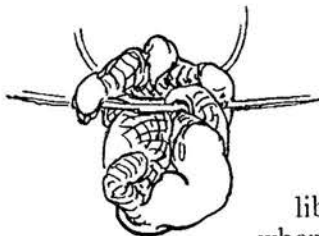
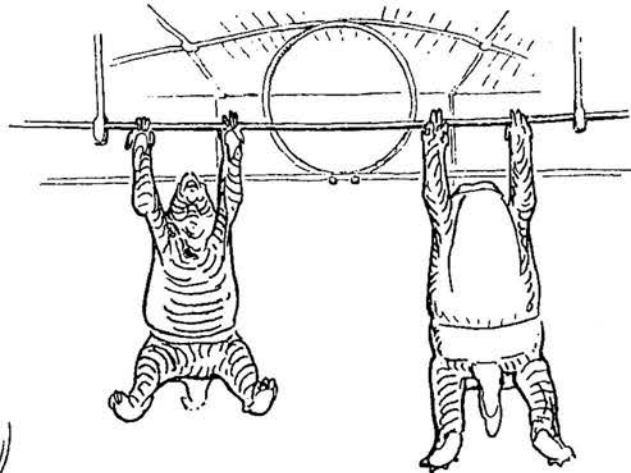
for ever; Edwin introducing a small variation by a somersault each time as he reaches the narrow part of the cage, and Angelina by a jump against the wires. These perambulations are executed with a steady thoughtfulness that plainly indicates profound cogitation of some kind. If it is not the rhythmical repetition of the notice on the label, it is probably the conjugation of the verb: "I bite, thou bitest, he bites. We bite, you bite, they bite. I have bitten,



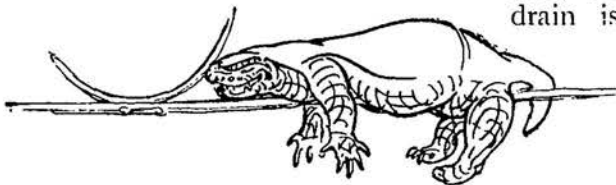
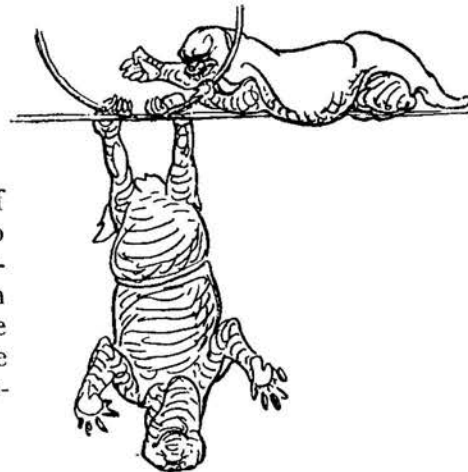
J. A. Symonds



thou hast bitten——” and so on, and so on. Edwin and Angelina are really most deserving and persevering entertainers of the knock-about or Two Macs order, with a strong dash of the Brothers Griffiths. Angelina is best on the horizontal bar, and it is here that she retreats when at feeding time she has a tit-bit to which Edwin may take an independent fancy. The whole cage is well adapted for the performances of the ratels, and, substantially made as it is, anybody is perfectly justified in



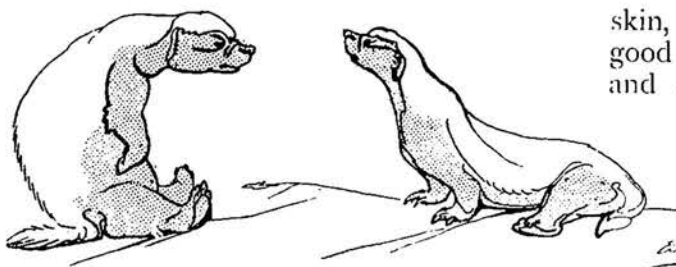
calling it a ratel-trap affair. Edwin and Angelina much prefer their cage to liberty; at closed hours, when the keeper takes them out for a walk, they are inclined to crawl back behind the label that tells of their bites. They have a cement floor, so that they can no longer burrow underneath with a wild notion of coming out in some other part of the world, as they once did; and the drain is care-



fully covered in now, so that games of follow-my-leader therein, once their chief sport, are no longer

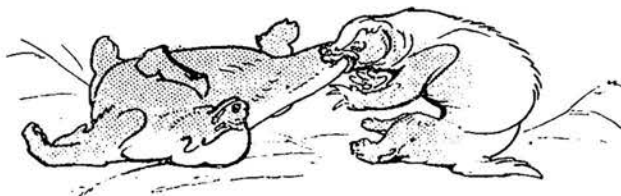
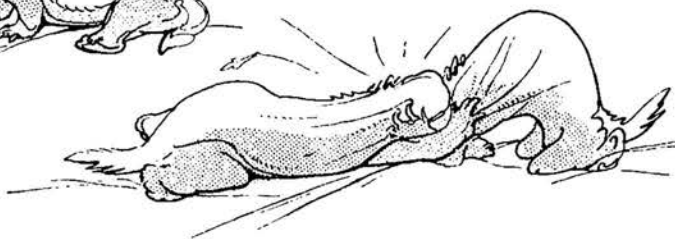
practicable. But chiefly Edwin and Angelina live to revel in the pure delights of mutual assault and battery. Never is Angelina so happy as when she is joyously gnawing her Edwin's head, while his attention is concentrated on a gleeful attempt to drag the hide off her back. It is only from the inside of a skin as tough and elastic as the ratel's that tooth-and-nail combat can be properly enjoyed as a pastime. A ratel is just as fond of being bitten as of biting. It stimulates the healthy action of the





skin, and doesn't hurt in the least. But a good hammering is also enjoyable. If Edwin and Angelina have been particularly good, no more acceptable reward can be offered them than the accidental leaving

inside the cage of a pail. Then the devoted couple may fondle one another vigorously with that pail until it becomes a

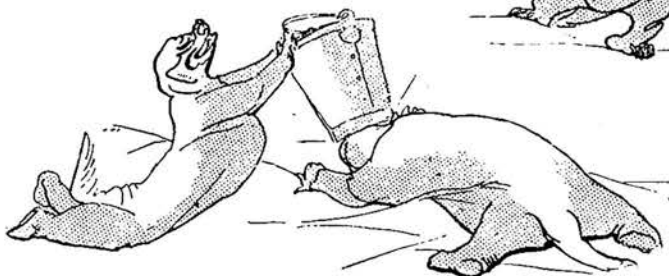
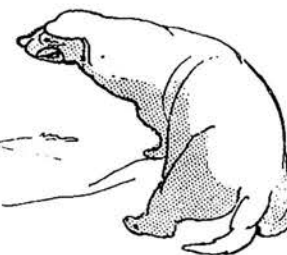


battered wisp of metal, and they feel bright and refreshed all over. Edwin and Angelina between them consume in a week sufficient personal violence to supply Cork political meetings for

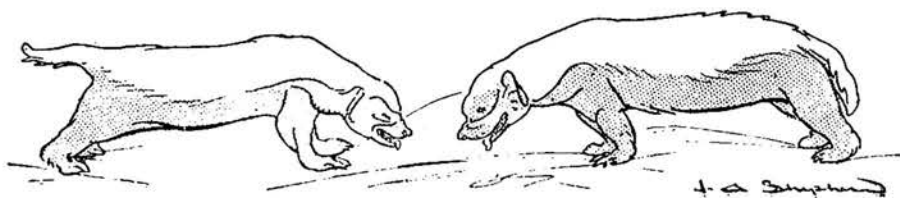
six months. With a little more hardening they might even come whole out of a football match. But even rats have never ventured as far as football. A little infuriate devastation by way of amusement



is all very well, but the ratel avoids extremes. Still, it is not easy to understand the necessity for that notice



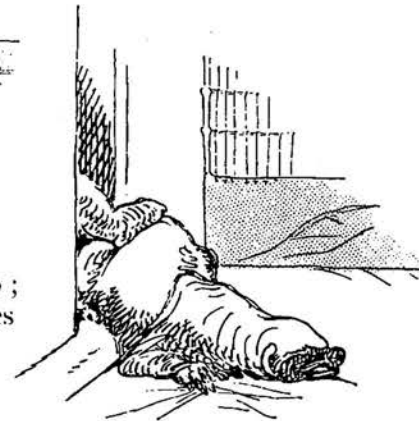
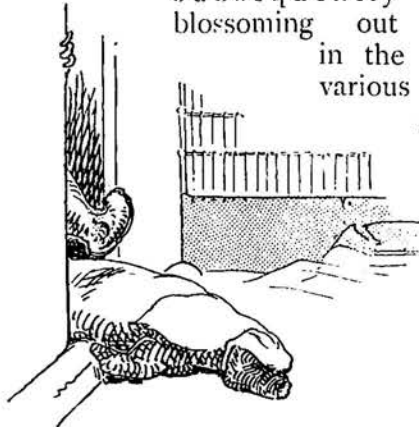
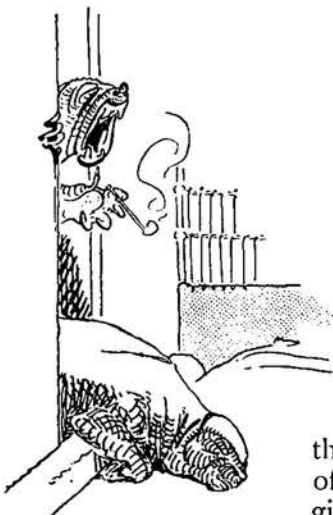
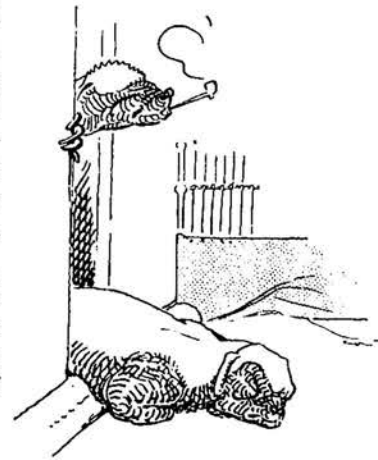
— 'These animals bite.' Nobody would think of disputing the fact. They *are* biting, all the time, more legibly than you can paint it on a label. If only they ate all they bit, Edwin would have become Angelina by gradual absorption, and Angelina



A LITTLE ENJOYMENT,

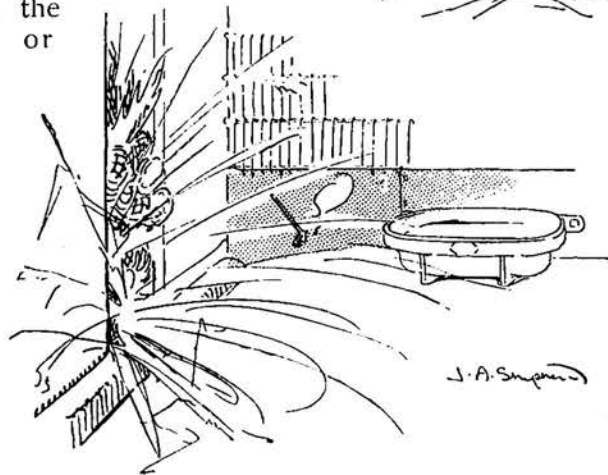
Edwin, long ago ; then they would have become absorbed back again, and which would be which by this time nobody but an analytical chemist could calculate. Indeed, I have a theory that the breed of ratels has been evolved out of certain quarrelsome seals, monkeys, and Malayan bears, who all ate each other up entirely, and then attacked a shopful of ladies' muffs; subsequently blossoming out

in the guise of a medley of all the various antagonistic elements, to perform gymnastics and Two-Mac riots for the amusement



of visitors to the Zoo ; enacting also at times the instructive little sketch of "Bill Slog-gins and the Missis; or

the Door on the Jar and the Family Jar on the Door-step."



J. A. Simpson

IN THE KITCHEN.

THE USE OF DATES IN COOKING.

THE free use of this Arabian fruit in diet is highly recommended by many physicians. It is a gentle laxative, and in cases of hemorrhoids is to be preferred above figs, the seeds of which are sometimes a cause of irritation. Dates form an admirable adjunct to the contents of the pantry and store-room, and may be used freely in cooking, although the manner of handling them is not generally known. They make delightful bread, cake, sandwiches, pudding, and sauce, and in these articles take the place of raisins, currants and citron, sometimes of jam or jelly. The following recipes are original, and it is believed have never before been in print.

To prepare the dates for cooking, separate them one by one and put them into a pan of lukewarm water, toss them lightly about for a minute or two, then drain. Now the seeds or stones must be removed, which can generally be done with the fingers, but should the dates be unusually hard a sharp knife may be used to advantage. After stoning, repeat the rinsing daintily and drain very thoroughly.

DATE BREAD.

At night set a sponge of one quart of lukewarm water, three pints of common white flour, half a teacupful of potato yeast and a teaspoonful of salt. Set it in a warm place to rise, and in the morning add one-half cupful each of molasses and sugar and about five cupfuls of whole wheat flour. This recipe makes three good-sized loaves, and one or two may be reserved for plain bread if you wish; but for each loaf of date bread stir in a pint (slightly heaped) of the prepared dates. Rise again and bake in an oven not too hot at first, but increasing in fervor toward the last of the baking. Three-quarters of an hour should produce loaves of a rich brown, moist and tender throughout. Do not cut the loaves for at least twelve hours. This bread is a great favorite with children, and in point of wholesomeness and deliciousness is almost the ideal food.

DATE CAKE.

Beat together a slightly heaped cupful of sugar and a half cupful of butter; add two well beaten eggs; add one-half teaspoonful essence of lemon and a scrape of nutmeg; add one cupful of sweet milk with one teaspoonful of saleratus dissolved in it; finally add two and one-half cupfuls of flour with two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar sifted through it. Stir gently into this creamy mass a well heaped cupful of the prepared dates. Bake in a shallow pan and cut in squares. Your family will cordially invite you to repeat this cake as often as your time and strength will permit.

DATE SANDWICHES.

Cut white or graham bread in thin slices, trim off any hard crust that may nefariously attempt to cling round the edges, butter thinly, then spread on one slice the prepared dates. They will need to be gently coaxing, rolled and spread with a silver fork to make a smooth layer. The dates having accommodated themselves to circumstances, cover with another thin slice of the buttered bread and press the two sides gently together after the well known manner of sandwiches. Serve in a pretty china plate while they are newly made. Your guests will probably consider this dish a distinct novelty.

DATE PUDDING.

Almost any recipe that has a layer of jam or jelly as part of the rule may be beneficially changed by substituting a layer of dates. The following formula has been used with success and is recommended as easy to make and gratifying to the

taste: Butter a pudding-dish and sprinkle on the bottom half a cupful of dry bread crumbs wet with a very, very little milk; cover with a layer of the stoned and washed dates. The next layer should be bread crumbs as before, the same amount, and moistened with milk still cautiously. Now heat one quart of milk and when nearly boiling take it from the fire and add gradually the yolks of four eggs which have been previously beaten with a half cupful of sugar; add the four beaten whites, stirring them in lightly. Return this to the fire and stir till it begins to thicken. Take once more from the fire, add the veriest speck of salt and a small half teaspoonful of essence of vanilla. Put the custard, a spoonful at a time, upon the layer of crumbs—not to disturb them—and bake until handsomely browned on top. Eat lukewarm or cold, not hot.

DATE SAUCE.

Pare, core and quarter apples as for apple sauce; stew covered until nearly done, then uncover and add an equal quantity of dates and a very little sugar—according to taste—bearing in mind that the dates help to sweeten the apples. Cover and cook once more until the dates are tender, but not until they are raggedly diffused through the sauce, rendering it unsightly. Conscientiously remember that all cooking should first invite the eye to rouse the appetite. But should the sauce unfortunately cook too long for beauty, sift it, return it to the fire and cook still longer till it becomes a jam or marmalade; and in this condition it is a very palatable filling for Washington pies. Never confide your partial failure to anybody, but allow the family to suppose this was the original destination of the dates and apples.

Another method of using apples with dates is to pare and core the apples without quartering, fill the center of each apple with dates, pour over a little hot water, sprinkle with sugar and bake in the dish in which they are to be served. For a very dainty company-dish, heap prettily over the apples already baked to complete tenderness, a meringue of the beaten whites of eggs very slightly sweetened, carefully avoiding the common error of too much sugar in a meringue. Brown a very little in a very hot oven.

DATE PIES.

Bake the prepared fruit quickly in two crusts, adding a little cold water, a sprinkle of flour and dotting with butter before putting on the upper crust; or stew them in a very little water, sift and proceed as with squash, adding milk, eggs, spices and salt, and baking in one crust.

—Eleanor W. F. Bates.

WOULD YOU HAVE PEACE AT HOME

And a Good Name Abroad!

When you don't know what to say, say so.

Nurse good habits, and wet-nurse bad ones.

Open doors quietly and shut them without a bang.

Use the door-mat, instead of the floor carpet, for a foot scraper.

Live sociably with your family, and peaceably with your neighbors.

Let your manners at home be a little better than they are abroad.

Be as agreeable to your wife as you would be with "other men's wives."

Speak as pleasantly to your husband as you would to "other women's husbands."

When the "last word" is likely to be an unkind one, let some one else say it.

Look out for the claws of the family cat when its paws are fairly let out of the bag.

If it must be a kiss or a blow, let the kiss come first—the blow will take care of itself.

Have soft answers always ready as a bulwar! to set up against the overflowing stream of wrath that may chance to be flowing by.



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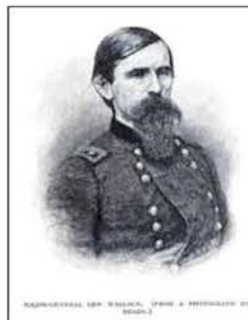
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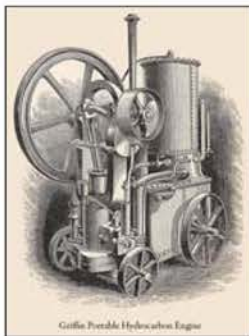
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Eminent Victorians



The Civil War



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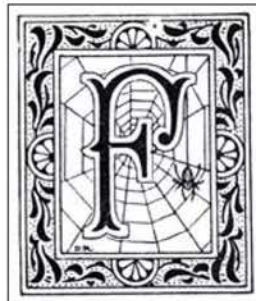
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