Victorian Times

A Monthly Exploration of Victorian Life

Vol. B-2, No. 7 - July 2025

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Games & Gaming • Flatting in New York • Planning Perfect Picnics
"Buzz" the Hummingbird • A Curious Midnight Custom • Huckaback Work
The Mistress of the Household • Japanese Folklore • Training England's Soldiers

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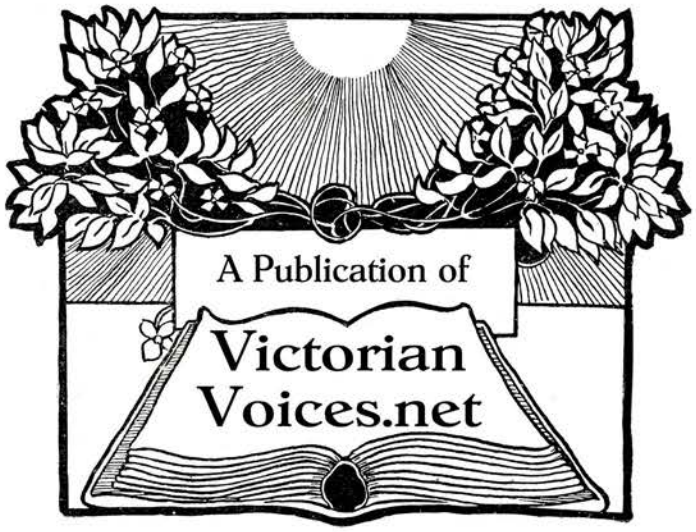
edited by Moira Allen



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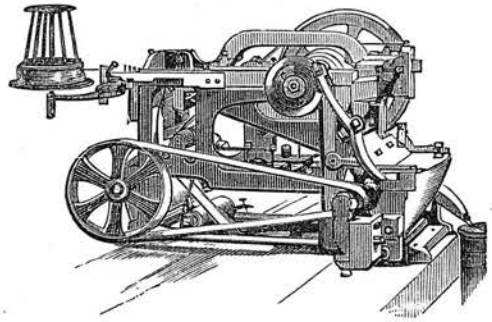
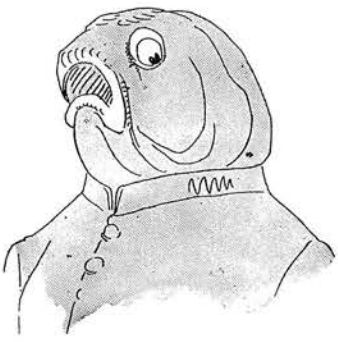




Victorious Victorians

As I mentioned last month, one of the major sources of "outdated outrage" toward Victorians is the alleged lack of women's rights. One online course declares that women couldn't own property, vote, or work outside the home; that their roles were limited to the domestic sphere; and that they were "confined" to their homes. Most of this is pure bunk.

First of all, women could and *did* own property. In Britain, a primary argument for giving women the vote was *because* they were property-owners, and British voting rights were based on property ownership. Even after marriage, when (until the Married Women's Property Act of 1882) a woman's wealth and income transferred to her husband, she might still own property, though most of its income and benefits went to him.

The idea that women "couldn't work outside the home" would have surprised anyone employing servants. Domestic service was the main occupation for Victorian working-class women, but not their only occupation. Women worked in mines, factories, businesses, fields, fisheries, and more. The issue wasn't of gender, but of class. The question facing women in the 19th century was what occupations *gentlewomen* could engage in without losing social status. In 1860, *Leisure Hour* pointed out that Britain had a surplus of gentlewomen who could never hope to gain a husband, and unless they were to starve or end up in the workhouse, jobs had to be found for them. Such jobs *were* found; by the end of the era, even upper-class women worked in the thousands.

As for education,"bluestockings" and "Girton Girls" came in for a fair amount of derision. Americans were amazed at Britain's lack of opportunities for "girls," as Britain had no formal system of "secondary" education (what we'd call "high schools"). Thus, many of the women's "colleges" that opened between 1841 and 1870 actually took "girls" as young as 12. It wasn't easy (though not impossible) for women to obtain degrees in Britain, but that wasn't just a 19th century problem; Cambridge didn't grant degrees to women until 1948!

Women who didn't work might indeed focus on the home, but they certainly weren't "confined" to the home as if they were prisoners. Women ran errands, did the marketing, and paid social calls. Women regularly used public transportation, including omnibuses and trams. In Britain, it was less acceptable for a woman of breeding to go out in public unattended, and the higher one's status, the more restrictive the rules. Here, again, the issue was one of class; if you went out unchaperoned, and struck up a conversation with a man to whom you had not been formally introduced, you could lose your reputation and any chance of a "good" marriage.

The 19th century also marked women's entry into all manner of sports, including cricket, hockey, tennis, soccer, football, cycling, and more. Many were shocked when women played competitive sports *in public*—but this did not deter the ladies.

As for the vote, it depended on who and *where* you were. In America, votes were granted by different states at different times, beginning in 1869 (Wyoming). Women gained the national right to vote in 1920. In Britain, *men* without property couldn't vote until 1918, when the franchise was granted to women of property over 30. Men and women didn't obtain equal voting rights, with no property requirements, until 1928.

The 19th century wasn't an era of "no rights" for women; it was an era when women took a stand against inequalities that had existed for centuries. They didn't win these battles without struggle, but they *did* win. To dismiss Victorian women as helpless homemakers is to dismiss not only who they really were, but what they did for *us*. Without Victorian women, today's women wouldn't have a host of rights we now take for granted. Women of the 19th century weren't victims; they were the truly victorious Victorians!

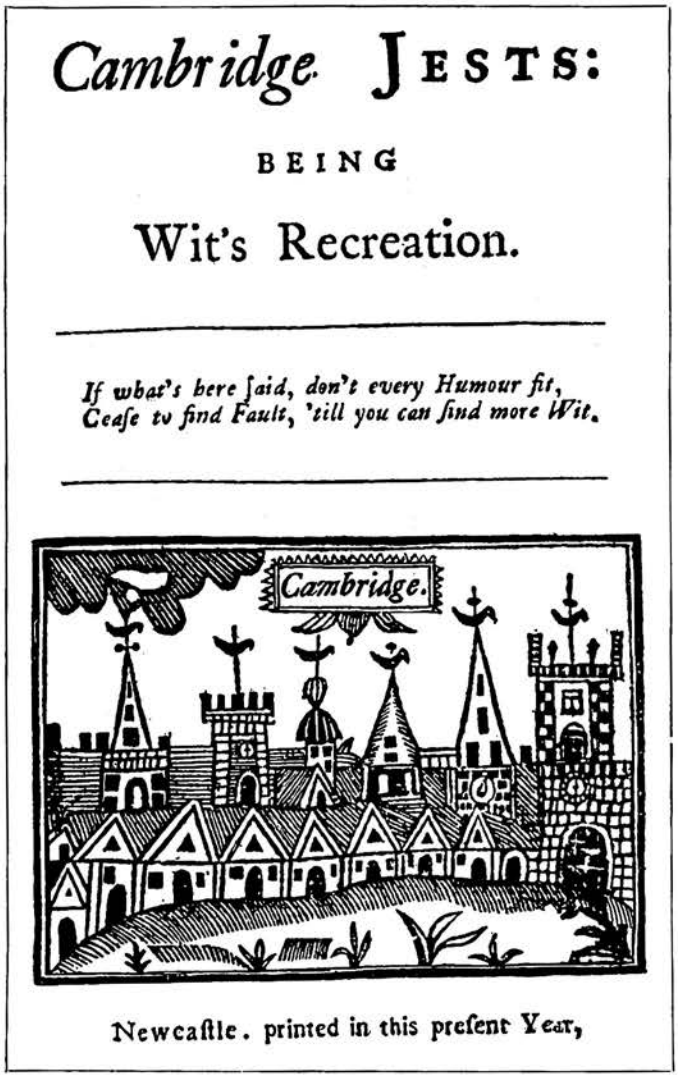
—Moira Allen, Editor
editors@victorianvoices.net

Old Jest-Books.

IT has never been settled who made the first joke; indeed, it is by no means easy to be certain who first made any joke. Joking has been in practice many thousands of years now, but we seem to have invented very few new "wheezes." (The word "wheeze," by the way, is probably used in allusion to the aged and broken-winded character of the jests it is designed to distinguish.) A gentleman called Hierocles, who conducted a respectable business as neoplatonic philosopher in the fifth century, is said to have made exhaustive researches into the origins and relations of the jokes extant in his time. After years of sifting, comparing, and tracing, he reduced all these to an original twenty-one, which had been repeated and repeated, with variations and changes of place and circumstance, in a thousand varied forms for thousands of years. Those twenty-one jokes are still going strong and well, and at this moment a thousand scissors in the hands of a thousand sub-editors are slashing them out in their latest forms from a thousand copies of American papers, shortly, by the aid of a thousand paste-brushes and a swarm of printing machines, to be presented to millions of delighted readers ever alert for the latest and freshest jape.

In their early forms—Greek, Hindu, and so forth—these jokes are, when comprehensible, a trifle dull, not to say sad. Indeed, they have the two faults that characterized the horse in the ancient story (paleolithic, probably): they are difficult to capture, and not worth the trouble when caught. But among the jest-books of our own earlier times we come upon them—and perhaps others; we won't bind ourselves to the twenty-one dogma—in a more understandable habit, though often dull enough even then.

Old English jest-books are now rarities, and valuable. Whether it be that they were actually thumbed out of existence, as one authority holds, or whether many were burned by the laughter-hating Puritans, the fact remains that few, very few, have struggled through the centuries to our own time; and when one of these few is for sale, it is apt—in especial cases, at any rate—to cost its weight in bank-notes. But they were shocking humbugs in their time, some of them. Each consisted, more or less, of shameless thefts from all the others; and it is easy to trace through dozens of them the same merry (or miserable) jest—a jest as often as not invented again last week by guidance of the sub-editorial machinery already particularized. Some were called after famous clowns or jesters—as Tarlton's, Armstrong's, or Peele's jests, by reason of these worthies never having had anything to do with one of them, books or jests. In much the same manner was the title given to one of the most famous of them—the "Cambridge Jests"—probably because it was published at Newcastle. We give a facsimile of the title-page of this book—a thing of some humour in itself. It is embellished with a view of Cambridge, a view instantly to be recognised by anybody


Cambridge Jests:

BEING

Wit's Recreation.

If what's here ſaid, don't every Humour fit,
Ceaſe to find Fault, 'till you can find more Wit.

Newcaſtle. printed in this preſent Year,

acquainted with the town and colleges; for all the weathercocks are at the top of the buildings, just as they are in Cambridge to this day; and the steeples are all built with the thick end downward, a time-honoured characteristic of all Cambridge steeples. The publisher was a wily person, ever awake to catch the purchaser who insisted on being up-to-date. For which reason he avoided definite figures, and with the announcement "printed in this present year" was ready to please all customers, no matter how long the stock might lie on his hands.

Why should Oxford wait? The sister University must have its jest-book too, so in 1628 (much less wily, this definite date) "Gratiæ Ludentes, jests from the Universitie. By H. L. Oxen," was printed by Thomas Cotes for Humphrey Mosley — not at Oxford, of course, but at London. We give a reproduction of the title-page. The Latin title and the quotation from Martial give the proper Oxford air, however, and a ponderous cloaked and booted Mercury occupies half the space, flattening the world, an inconsiderable pudding, beneath his tread. Opening the book at pages 34 and 35 we give a photograph of the text, comprising two anecdotes of Diogenes and one of a clumsy reader. The joke of the bad shot, and the only safe place being at the target, is as hard-worked as ever to-day, and the inches it has filled out at the bottoms of the columns of journals must amount to many, many square miles.

Gratiæ Ludentes.

IESTS,

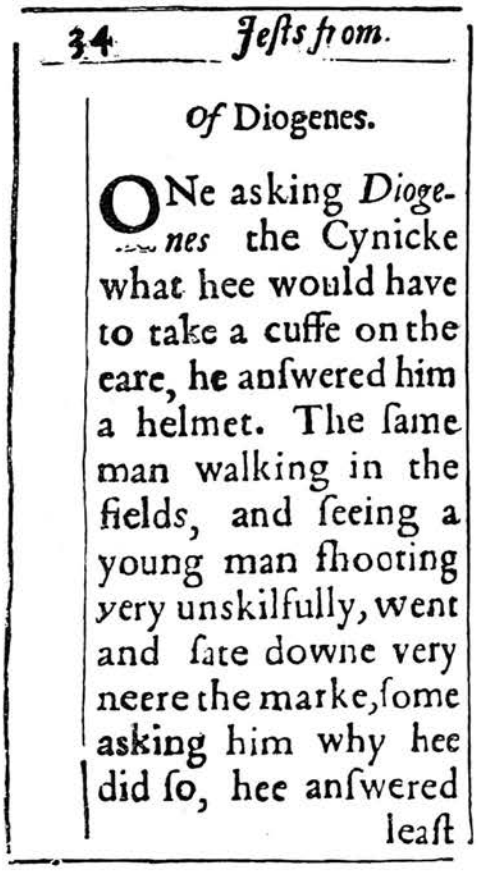
FROM THE

VNIVERSITIE.

By *H. L. Oxen.*

Mart. Die mihi quid melius de fidiculus Agas.

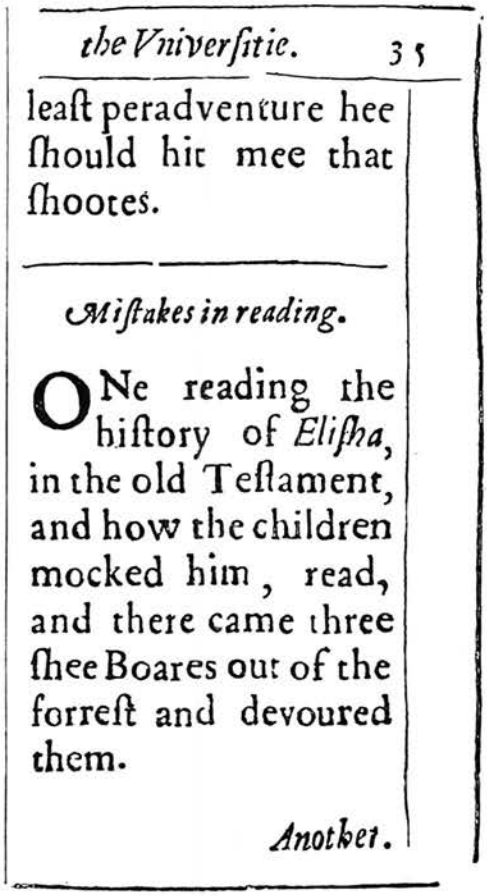
Printed at London by *Tho. Cotes*, for *Humphrey Mosley*. 1628.



34 *Jests from.*

Of Diogenes.

ONe asking *Diogenes* the Cynicke what hee would have to take a cuffe on the eare, he answered him a helmet. The same man walking in the fields, and seeing a young man shooting very unskilfully, went and sate downe very neere the marke, some asking him why hee did so, hee answered least



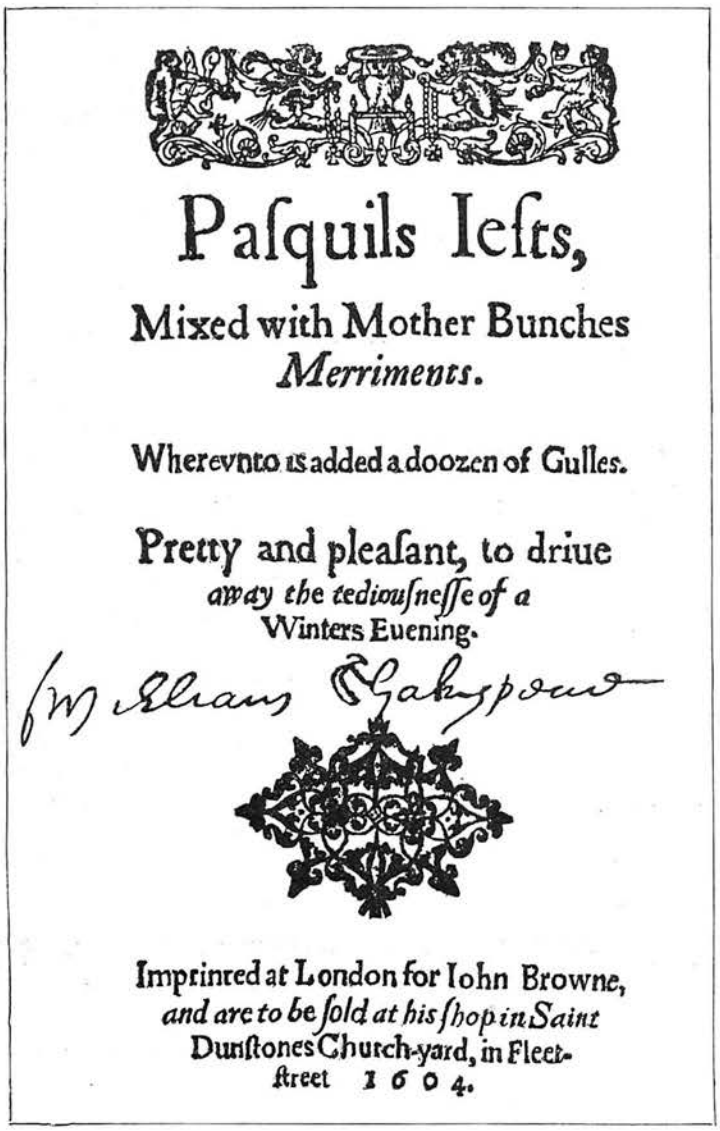
the Vniversitie. 35

least peradventure hee should hit mee that shootes.

Mistakes in reading.

ONe reading the history of *Elisha*, in the old Testament, and how the children mocked him, read, and there came three shee Boares out of the forrest and devoured them.

Another.



Pasquils Iests,

Mixed with Mother Bunches
Merriments.

Whereunto is added a doozen of Gulles.

Pretty and pleasant, to driue
away the tediousnesse of a
Winters Euening.

W. Shakespeare

Imprinted at London for Iohn Browne,
and are to be sold at his shop in Saint
Dunstones Church-yard, in Fleet-
street 1604.

An earlier book than the *Gratiæ Ludentes* was called "Pasquil's Jests, Mixed with Mother Bunches Merriments, Whereunto is added a doozen of Gulles. Pretty and pleasant, to drive away the tediousnesse of a winters evening." This was published in 1604, by one John Browne, of St. Dunstan's Churchyard, in Fleet Street, as may be seen by the title-page here copied. All, except the title-page and the headlines, is in black-letter, and never very inspiriting. But we reproduce the last of the tales — one which in other forms has been told to most of us as a new thing. And lest the black-letter reduced in size may not be completely legible to weak eyes, we transcribe the matter of "The miserable niggardize of a Justice. To conclude, with this miserable Justice, who came to London, to the Terme: And lying in Fleet-street, a companie of excellent Musicians, in a morning, played very earely at his chamber. But he being loth to bestow his money so vainely, bade his man tell them, hee could not as then heare their Musike, for he lamented for the death of his mother. Wherefore they went their way, for their hope was deceived. A Gentleman, a friend of his in London, hearing the same, came to comfort him, and asked him when his mother dyed? Fayth (quoth hee) some XVI yeeres agoe. When his friend understood his deceit, he laughed heartily."

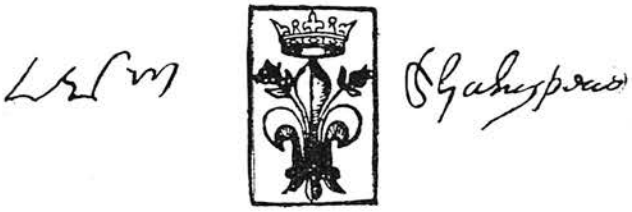
A signature will be noticed on the title-page we show, and another, similar, on the title-page of "The Pleasant Conceites of Old Hobson," shortly to be mentioned. The name is "William Shakespeare." The writing is undoubtedly very old, and *may* be the work of the great poet; but the British Museum authorities (the copies of both books are in the Museum) do not consider the signatures genuine. The British Museum has long possessed these copies, and nobody is prepared with a conjecture as to who could have perpetrated the forgery, if forgery it be, or why it was done. Certainly, from the dates, copies of both might well have been possessed by Shakespeare. If, after all, the signatures be

The miſerable niggardize of a
Iuſtice.

TO conclude, with this miſerable Juſtice, who came to London, to the Terme: And lying in Fleet-ſtreet, a companie of excellent Muſicians, in a morning, played very earely at his chamber. But he being loth to beſtow his money ſo vainely, bade his man tell them, hee could not as then heare their Muſike, for he lamented for the death of his mother. Wherefore they went their way, for their hope was deceiued. A Gentleman, a friend of his in London, hearing the ſame, came to comfort him, and aſked him when his mother dyed? Fayth (quoth hee) ſome xvi. yeeres agoe. When his friend vnderſtood his deceit, he laughed heartily.

THE
PLEASANT
CONCEITES
OF
Old *Hobſon* the merry Londoner,
full of humorous diſcourſes,
and witty meriments.

Whereat the quickeſt wittes may laugh, and the
Wiſer ſort take pleaſure.



Printed at London for *John Wright*, and are to bee ſold at
his ſhoppe neere Chriſt-Church gate.
1607.

dayes after it was Maister Fleete-wood's chaunse, to come to Maister Hobsons & knocking at the dore asked if he were within? maister Hobson hearing, and knowing how he was denyed maister Fleete-woods speach beforetime, speake himselfe aloud, and said, hee was not at home, Then sayd maister Fleete-wood, what master Hobson, thinke you that I knowe not your voyce, where-unto maister Hobson answered and sayd, now maister Fleete-wood, am I quit with you: for when I came to speake with you, I beleeved your man that said, you were not at home, and now you will not beleeve mine owne selfe, and this was the mery conference betwixt these two merry gentlemen."

The original "Merry Andrew" is said to have been Andrew Boorde, or Borde, physician to Henry VIII. Our portrait on the opposite page is taken from a book of his in black-letter—the "Boke of the introduction of Knowledge" (with a foot or so more of title), and does not represent the doctor in particularly merry guise.

genuine, a new and great interest attaches to these collections of old jokes.

"The Pleasant Conceites of Old Hobson the merry Londoner," is a famous book of jests published in 1607. Hobson, as figured in the book, is a great joker, practical and otherwise, though most of his jokes are to be heard of elsewhere. The book, in this first edition (we give the title-page), was in black-letter, and from the last of the stories, shown on the last page here reproduced, we may learn that the numerous "not at home" stories are by no means all of yesterday and to-day. Here, breathless punctuation and all, is the transcription of "How Maister Hobson said he was not at home. On a time Master Hobson upon some ocation came to Master Fleetewoods house to speake with him, being then new chosen the recorder of London, and asked one of his men if he were within and he said he was not at home, but maister Hobson perceving that his maister bad him say so, and that he was within not being willing (at that time) to be spoken withall, for that time desembling the matter he went his way, within a few

How Maiſter Hobſon ſaid he was not at home.

On a time Maſter Hobſon vpon ſome ocation came to Maſter Fleete woods houſe to ſpeake with him, being then new choſen the recorder of London, and aſked one of his men if he were within and he ſaid he was not at home, but maiſter Hobſon perceiuing that his maiſter bad him ſay ſo, and that he was within not being willing (at that time) to be ſpoken withall, for that time deſembling the matter he went his way, within a few dayes after it was Maiſter Fleete-woods chaunſe, to come to Maiſter Hobſons, & knocking at the doore, aſked if he were within: maiſter Hobſon hearing, and knowing how he was denyed maiſter Fleete=woods ſpeach before time, ſpeake himſelfe aloud, and ſaid, hee was not at home, Then ſayd maiſter Fleete-wood, what maiſter Hobſon, thinke you that I knowe not your voyce, where=vnto maiſter Hobſon anſwered and ſayd, now maiſter Fleete-wood, am I quit with you: for when I came to ſpeake with you, I beleeued your man that ſaid, you were not at home, and now you will not beleeue mine owne ſelfe, and this was the mery conference betwixt theſe two merry gentlemen,

Andrewe Boorde.

Rather is his expression suggestive of that of the uninventive sub-editor ordered by an arbitrary chief to produce a new joke in half an hour, and unfeelingly deprived of his scissors. His medical profession appears to be indicated by an extra-sized chest-protector, worn outside. When, notwithstanding the chest-protector, he was dead, and past protesting, the poor doctor was made responsible for many booksellers' sins. "Scoggin's Jests"—or Scogin's, or Scogan's, or Scoggan's, as the name was diversely spelt—"A Historie of the Mylner of Abyngton" and "Tales of the Wise Men of Gotham" (if no more) were issued with his name on the title-page, and nothing else of his in the books. "Scoggin's Jests" is one of the most famous jest-books in the language, and went through many varying editions. Still, it was little but a collection from other books, one at least of the stories being traceable to a prehistoric Hindu source. Scoggin is said to have been a facetious Master of Arts of Oxford, who, about 1480, was jester to Edward IV. But, needless to say, Scoggin also had nothing to do with the jokes in the book bearing his name. We give a facsimile of the title-page of the only copy known to exist of the first edition, now in the British Museum. One of Scoggin's anecdotes is a tale which is, and has been, familiar in many forms to everybody for hundreds—if not thousands — of years. It is the story of a stupid scholar, unable to master Latin, sent by his teacher (Scoggin) to obtain deacon's orders from the bishop's ordinary. He learns by rote the answer to certain questions in a certain order which it is expected that the ordinary will follow, but the ordinary asks other questions, and the scholar faithfully answers with the words he has been taught, with absurd effect. Then follows another familiar story, which we will transcribe. The scholar is sent again, and the ordinary, mollified by a bribe, makes the examination as easy as he can. The tale runs: "How the scholler said, Tom Miller of Osney was Jacob's Father. After this the said scholler did come to the next orders, and brought a present to the Ordinary from Scogin, but the schollers father paid for all. Then said the ordinary to

THE *w 867*
First and beſt Part
OF
Scoggins Ieſts:
Full of witty mirth and pleaſant ſhifts, done by him in France, and other places: being a preſeruatiue againſt melancholy.

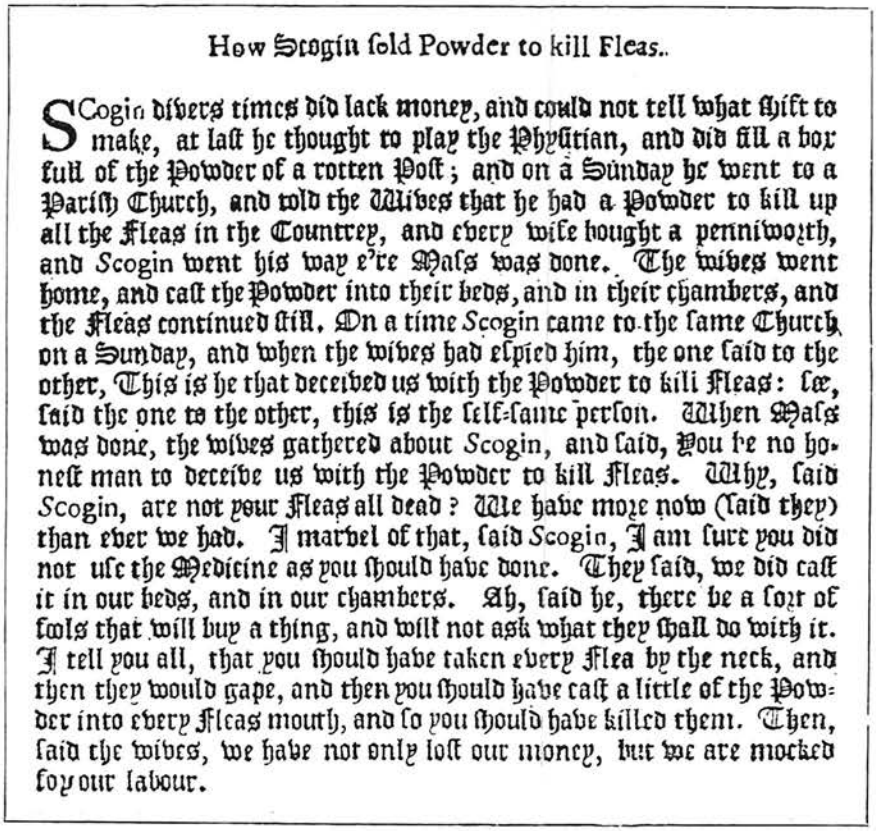
Gathered by *Andrew Boord*, Doctor of Phyſicke.

LONDON,
Printed for *Francis Williams*.

the scholler, I must needes oppose you" (meaning question you) "and for Master Scogins sake I will oppose you in a light matter. Isaac had two sons, Esau & Jacob, who was Jacobs father: The scholler stood still and could not tell. Well, said the Ordinary, I cannot admit you to be priest, until the next Orders, and then bring me an answer. The scholler went home with a heavy heart, bearing a letter to Master Scogin, how his scholler could not answer to this question, Isaac had two sonnes, Esau & Jacob, who was Jacobs father. Scogin said to his scholler, thou foole and asse-head, doest thou not know Tom Miller of Osney? Yes said the scholler. Then said Scogin, thou knowest he had two sonnes, Tom and Jacke, who is Jack's father: The Scholler said Tom Miller Why said Scogin thou mightest have said that Isaac was Jacob's father: then said Scogin, thou shalt arise betime in the morning, and carry a letter to the Ordinary and I trust he will admit thee before the Orders shall be given. The Scholler rose up betime in the morning and carried the letter to the Ordinary. The Ordinary said, for Master Scogin's sake I will oppose you no farther than I did yesterday; Isaac had two sonnes, Esau and Jacob, who was Jacob's Father? Marry, said the scholler, I can tell you now; that was Tom Miller of Osney. Goe, foole, goe, said the Ordinary, and let thy master send thee no more to me for Orders; for it is unpossible to make a foole a wise man."

Everybody will recognise this old yarn, best known, perhaps, in the form of the verses "Long Tom Smith the Doctor," where Noah is the father, and Shem, Ham, and Japhet the sons.

We give a facsimile of another of Scoggin's tales, from a later and differing edition. This again is a familiar favourite, and again we transcribe: "How Scogin sold Powder to kill Fleas. Scogin divers times did lack money, and could not tell what shift to make, at last he thought to play the Physitian, and did fill a box full of the Powder of a rotten Post; and on a Sunday he went to a Parish Church, and told the Wives that he had a Powder to kill up all the Fleas in the Countrey, and every wife bought a penniworth, and Scogin went his way e're Mass was done. The wives went home, and cast the Powder into their beds, and in their chambers, and the Fleas continued still. On a time Scogin came to the same Church on a Sunday, and when the wives had espied him, the one said to the other, This is he that deceived us with the Powder to kill Fleas: see, said the one to the other, this is the self-same person. When Mass was done, the wives gathered about Scogin, and said, You be no honest man to deceive us with the Powder to kill Fleas. Why, said Scogin, are not your Fleas all dead? We have more now (said they) than ever we had. I marvel of that, said Scogin, I am sure you did not use the Medicine as you should have done. They said, we did cast it in our beds and in our chambers. Ah, said he, there be a sort of fools that will buy a thing and will not ask what they shall do with it. I tell you all, that you should have taken every Flea by the neck, and then they would gape, and then



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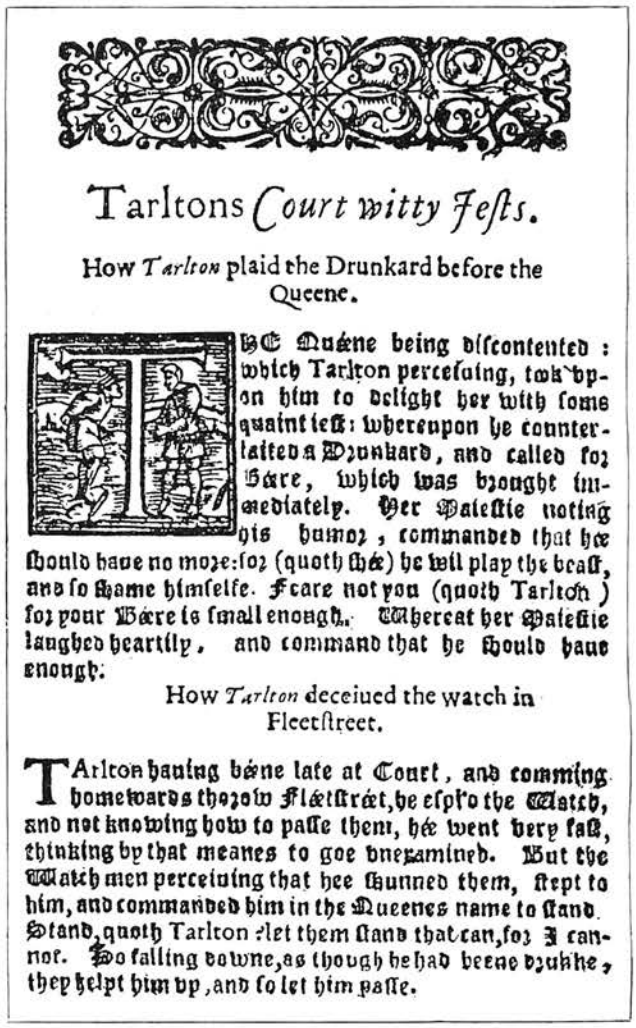
RICHARD TARLETON
one of the first Actors in
SHAKESPEARS PLAYS.

you should have cast a little of the Powder into every Fleas mouth, and so you should have killed them. Then, said the wives, we have not only lost our money, but we are mocked for our labour." It will be remembered that Captain Marryat worked up this old joke in "Japhet in Search of a Father."

Richard Tarlton ("Dick" Tarlton in most records) was a famous comedian in Elizabeth's time. The Earl of Leicester found him tending swine at his native village of Condover in Salop, and brought him to London, being pleased with his ready wit. He acted as judge in a play of "Henry V.," earlier in date than Shakespeare's play of the same name; but he was best as clown. He died in 1589, and was buried at Shoreditch. For some few years he escaped the post-humous penalty then inflicted by book-sellers on dead wits, but in 1611 the inevitable "Richard Tarleton's Jests" appeared, with the frontispiece here given, exhibiting Dick playing tabor and pipe on a grating, or a tiled paving, as the case may be. The portrait may or may not be like Tarlton, but if Tarlton had anything to do with the jests included in the book, he was a mere purveyor of chestnuts, and the Earl of Leicester was deceived. But poor Dick may safely be held blameless of this book, which, however, grew very popular. We give a reproduction of the first page of an edition of 1638, with two jests, neither irresistibly funny. The first describes how the Queen having, on one occasion, decided that Tarlton had drunk enough beer, and stopped the supply, "Feare not you (quoth Tarlton) for your Beere is small enough." Whereat, we are told, "her Majestie laughed heartily." Good Queen Bess seems to have had an enviable capacity for enjoyment. The other story we transcribe: "Tarlton having beene late at Court and comming homewards thorow Fleet street, he espi'd the Watch, and not knowing how to passe them, he went very fast, thinking by that meanes to goe unexamined. But the Watch men perceiving that he shunned them, stept to him, and commanded him in the Queenes name to stand. Stand? quoth Tarlton, let them stand that can, for I cannot. So falling downe,



Tarltons *Court witty Jests.*

How *Tarlton* plaid the Drunkard before the Queene.

THe Queene being discontented: which Tarlton perceiuing, took vpon him to delight her with some quaint iest: whereupon he counterfaited a Drunkard, and called for Beare, which was brought immediately. Her Maiestie noting his humor, commanded that hee should haue no more: for (quoth shee) he will play the beast, and so shame himselfe. Feare not you (quoth Tarlton) for your Beere is small enough. Whereat her Maiestie laughed heartily, and command that he should haue enough.

How *Tarlton* deceiued the watch in Fleetstreet.

TArlton hauing beene late at Court, and comming homewards thorow Fleetstreet, he espi'd the Watch, and not knowing how to passe them, hee went very fast, thinking by that meanes to goe vnexamined. But the Watch men perceiuing that hee shunned them, stept to him, and commanded him in the Queenes name to stand. Stand, quoth Tarlton: let them stand that can, for I cannot. So falling downe, as though he had beene drunke, they helpt him vp, and so let him passe.

as though he had been drunke, they helpt him up, and so let him passe." Not very funny and not very new. The volume is divided into three parts, The Court Witty Jests, The Sound City Jests, and the Country Pretty Jests—all witty, sound, and pretty perhaps, but very musty with age, even at that time.

In 1640 a book appeared with the title, "Art Asleepe Husband? A Boulster Lecture," which may well be considered the seventeenth century prototype of "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures," if we judge alone by the frontispiece and title-page. But the matter of the book scarcely bears out the promise of "all variety of witty jeasts, merry Tales and other pleasant passages," being something of a learned and sober, not to say pedantic and dull, exposition of woman's many excellencies. Still, it seems very likely that the idea of Mrs. Caudle may have been suggested to Douglas Jerrold by a sight of the quaint frontispiece and title-page.

We may recognise an old friend in the joke embodied in a verse printed in "Conceits, Clinches, Flashes, and Whimzies," published in 1639. The verse purports to be an epitaph "On a Cobler."

If any aske why this same stone was made
Know for a Cobler newly underlayd,
Here for his overboasting; pray condole
Him that translated many a weary sole.

Until quite lately—perhaps even now—"translators" were wretchedly paid cobblers, who patched up old boots to sell again.

But the most famous, the type of all jest-books, is the immortal Joe Miller. Now the book, "Joe Miller's Jests, or the Wit's Vade Mecum," is a double fraud. In the first place, Joe Miller had nothing to do with it, nor with any of its contents, though this, of course, was merely the usual thing. But a further fact was that poor Joe Miller himself never made a joke in his life, and could not see one when it was made. He was a comedian, it is true, and a man fond of bright company. Nevertheless, he seldom spoke and he never laughed, no matter how mirthful the company might be. He could neither read nor write, and he learned his parts (he played with ability at Old Drury Lane) by the assistance of his wife. He had a habit of spending his afternoons at the "Black Jack" in Portsmouth Street, where a sort of club of neighbouring tradesmen met. Here his immovable gravity and his lack of humour became a joke, and whenever any particularly funny thing was repeated, his companions ironically ascribed it to his facetious invention. This fact, and the other fact of his success as an actor, caused his name to be noised abroad, so that after his death, one Read, a small publisher of chap-books, having got together a shilling book of jests,

From an JOE MILLER. [*Old Print.*

Joe Miller's *JESTS:*

OR, THE

WITS

VADE-MECUM.

BEING

A Collection of the moſt Brilliant JESTS; the Politeſt REPARTEES; the moſt Elegant BONS MOTS, and moſt pleaſant ſhort Stories in the *Engliſh* Language.

Firſt carefully collected in the Company, and many of them tranſcribed from the Mouth of the Facetious GENTLEMAN, whoſe Name they bear; and now ſet forth and publiſhed by his lamentable Friend and former Companion, *Elijah Jenkins*, Eſq;

Moſt Humbly INSCRIBED

To thoſe CHOICE-SPIRITS *of the* AGE,

Captain BODENS, Mr. ALEXANDER POPE, Mr. Profeſſor LACY, Mr. Orator HENLEY; and JOB BAKER, the Kettle-Drummer.

LONDON:

Printed and Sold by T. READ, in *Dogwell-Court, White Fryars, Fleet-Street.* MDCCXXXIX.

(Price One Shilling.)

with the aid of a poor hack, Mr. John Mottley, laid hands on the dead actor's name to give popularity to his venture. Thus, "Joe Miller's Jests" came into the world in 1739, with vast success. Second and third editions were published in the same year, another in the year succeeding, and a fifth in 1742. After that scarce a year passed without a new edition till almost the end of the eighteenth century. We print a copy of the title-page of the original edition.

It is the fashion to speak of "Joe Miller's Jests" as though the book were familiar to everybody. But how many have seen a copy of any edition? Copies of the first edition, indeed, are rare and difficult to find; though the jokes in them are the same old jokes easy to find always, anywhere. The book, indeed, is but a compilation from the jest-books of the preceding two centuries, brought up to date. The anecdotes throw much light on contemporary habits and manners, and the jokes are still found useful. We reproduce, in reduced facsimile, jokes numbered 99, 175, and 235 in the first edition. No. 99, like the lady it tells of, is resolved never to grow old; it is told or read somewhere every day. No. 175 is given as a quaint instance of the practice, frequent in cheap publications of the time, of imparting an air of mysterious innuendo, of half-daring libel, by the skeletonizing of words by aid of hyphens. Thus, "a certain Nobleman, a Courtier," is set down "a certain Noblem - - a Cour - - - r," and "the House of Lords" is made, as if with bated breath, "the H - - se of L - - ds." No. 235 is another evergreen. It has a way, of late years, of referring, not to two Englishmen eating apple-pie, but two unsophisticated Indians in their first encounter with mustard.

The tales of the Wise Men of Gotham

99. A Lady's Age happening to be queſtioned, ſhe affirmed, ſhe was but *Forty*, and call'd upon a Gentleman that was in Company for his Opinion; Couſin, ſaid ſhe, do you believe I am in the Right, when I ſay I am but *Forty?* I ought not to diſpute it, Madam, reply'd he, for I have heard you ſay ſo *theſe ten Years.*

175. A certain Noblem---, a Cour----r, in the Beginning of the late Reign, coming out of the H---ſe of L---ds, accoſts the Duke of *B----ham*, with, *How does your Pot boil, my Lord, theſe troubleſome Times?* To which his Grace replied, I never go into my Kitchen, but I dare ſay the *Scum is uppermoſt.*

235. One making a furious Aſſault upon a hot Apple-pye, burnt his Mouth 'till the Tears ran down; his Friend asked him, *Why he wept? Only*, ſays he, *'tis juſt come into my Mind, that my Grand-mother dy'd this Day twelvemonth: Phoo!* ſays the other, *is that all?* So whipping a large Piece into his Mouth, he quickly ſympathiz'd with his Companion; who ſeeing his Eyes brim full, with a malicious Sneer ask'd him, *why he wept? A Plague on you*, ſays he, *becauſe you were not hanged the ſame Day your Grand-mother dy'd.*

MERRY TALES.

OF THE

Wiſe Men of GOTHAM.

Printed and Sold in London.

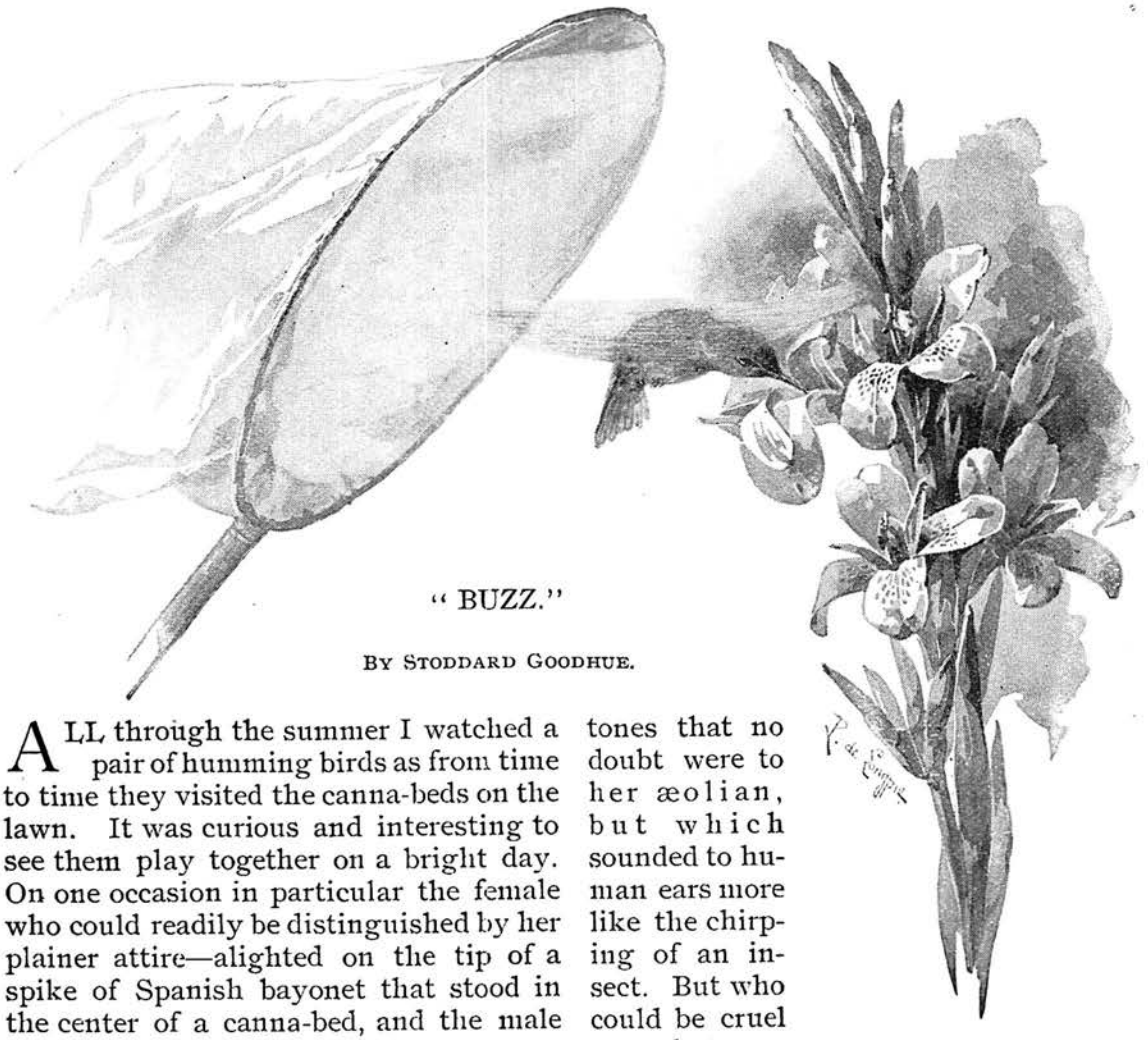
went through many editions, of which we select one for illustration, that probably about the time of the first Joe Miller. Here one may read the title-page and tale III. The "k" and the "h" at the beginning of the first and second lines after the illustration have changed places, and the "k" is upside down; and "the" in the bottom line but one is spelt "teh." But errors of that sort count for little when present and past tenses are used as casually as in the sentence, "The Cuckoo when she *see* herself," etc.

The real and proper illustration to the cuckoo tale, however, is on the title-page, as is right and fitting, for the cuckoo tale is the best known of all. In this picture the hedge, apparently of wicker-work and about a foot or so high, is certainly too low to keep any able-bodied cuckoo prisoner. Indeed, a reversal of things seems to have taken place, for the cuckoo (about the size of a turkey) sits gaily aloft on a tree (such a tree !) while the sage representative of Gotham is imprisoned in the hedged-in space, and, by the label at his mouth, calling "Coocou" on his own account. Though whether it is the man or the cuckoo who says this, and which of them it is that says "Gotam," the confused state of the legends leaves one in doubt. In the body of the little book the tales are illustrated with whatever woodcut happened to be at hand. Thus, in tale II., the man on horseback, who is supposed to be carrying a bushel of wheat on his own shoulders in order to save his horse, has no bushel of wheat, and probably did duty for a bold highwayman, or the Duke of Marlborough, or a jockey winning a race, whenever the subject of a penny ballad or chap-book demanded it. This particular story, by the way, is of world-wide spread. It appeared in a monkish Latin poem in the twelfth century, but it was very old then. It was known in early times all over Europe and Asia, and it is told to-day in Ceylon and in Japan. Other stories in the set are of almost world-wide fame; the one, for instance, which tells of the three men going fishing, when one, on the way back, takes the precaution of counting to see if all are safe. But, omitting to count himself, he makes certain that one of them must be drowned, and laments accordingly.

TALE III.

ON a time the men of Gotham faid would have pinned the cuckoo, that ſhe might ſing all the year; all in the midſt of the town they had a hedge made in a round compaſs, and got a cuc-

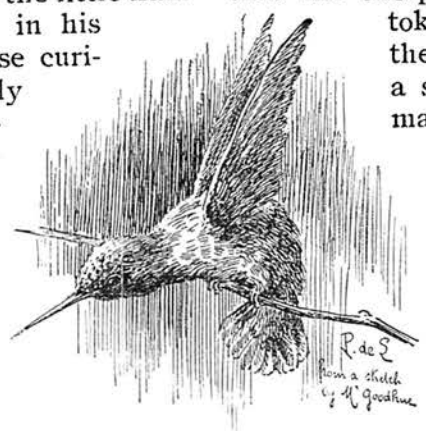
hoo, and put her into it, and ſaid, Sing here and you ſhall lack neither meat nor drink all the year. The Cuckoo when ſhe ſee herſelf encompaſſed within the hedge, flew away. A vengeance on her ſaid the Wiſe Men, we made not teh hedge high enough.



"BUZZ."

By Stoddard Goodhue.

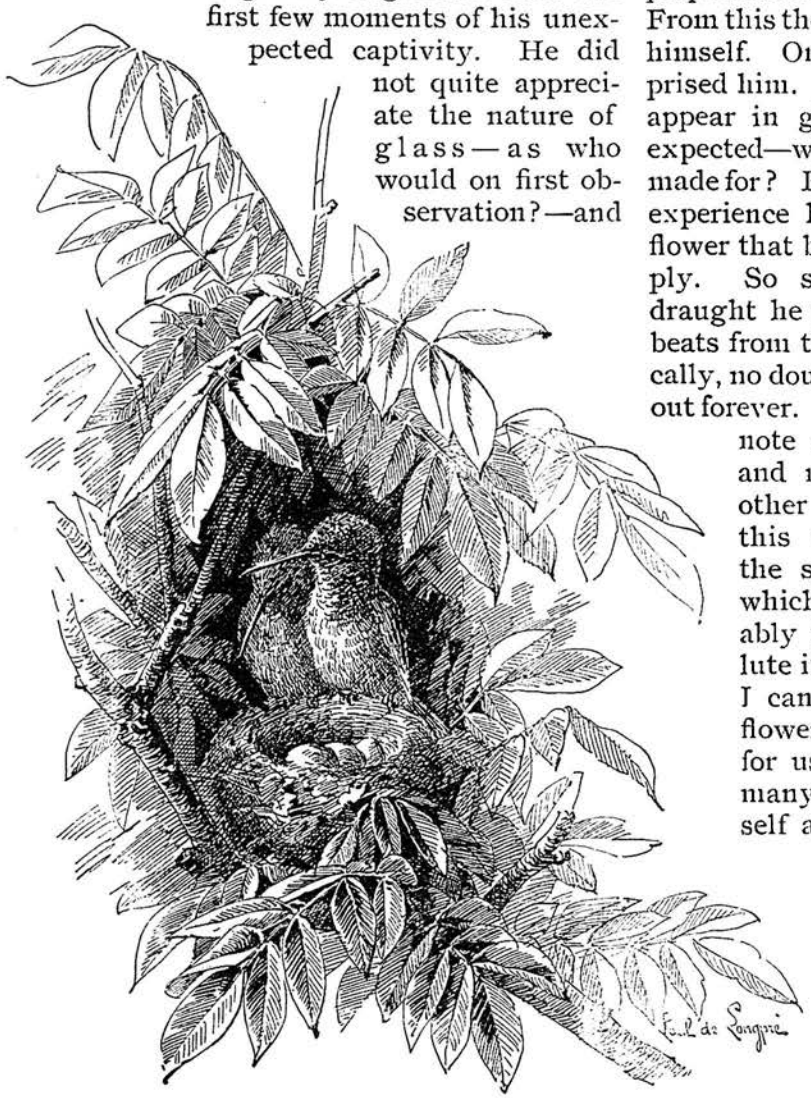
ALL through the summer I watched a pair of humming birds as from time to time they visited the canna-beds on the lawn. It was curious and interesting to see them play together on a bright day. On one occasion in particular the female who could readily be distinguished by her plainer attire—alighted on the tip of a spike of Spanish bayonet that stood in the center of a canna-bed, and the male disported himself about her like one possessed. He would glide upward to the height of twenty or thirty feet above her perch, and then descend like a bullet almost to her side, instantly rebounding to about the same height as before. It was as if he had been suspended by a rubber thread, the elasticity of which caused him to bound back and forth through the air. But the motive power really lay, as I well knew, within the body of the little hummer, — nay, more, it lay in his warm little heart; for these curious evolutions were plainly enough a species of ethereal caress. The little helpmate appreciated it, too, for she flirted her wings joyously each time her mated lover dashed by her. Meanwhile the lover, as he passed, whispered sweet nothings in tones that no doubt were to her æolian, but which sounded to human ears more like the chirping of an insect. But who could be cruel enough to apply ordinary tests to the timbre of a lover's voice?



Let me rather hasten to affirm my belief that these caresses and whisperings were no mere ordinary lover's vows, but the far more significant evidence of happy wedded life; for I feel assured that the little birds had already entered upon their domestic duties. Indeed, I have a theory that the exceptional evolutions were in token of unusual rejoicing on the occasion of the birth of a son and heir to the well-mated couple. And this offspring—so my imagination will have it — was none other than the dear little fellow whose partial biography I am about to narrate. At all events I saw the couple oftener after this, and though I

did not see the nestling with them, that is explained by the supposition that he was made to shift for himself very soon after he learned to fly.

I kept an eye out for the youngster, and presently he appeared. There was no mistaking him, for though he looked almost precisely like his mother he was very much more guileless than she, as he proved by allowing me to approach him almost at will. As I stood close beside him on several occasions, while he hovered from flower to flower, I could not help longing to have him for a pet. At last, unable to resist the temptation, I made him captive with a butterfly-net, which I swept over him while his quick eye was momentarily hidden in the depths of a canna flower. As he lay in the meshes, he set up a plaintive little wail that made me regret my act, but a moment later he cuddled in my hand confidingly. Placed beneath a bell-jar, he was found to be uninjured. Nor did he seem greatly frightened after the first few moments of his unexpected captivity. He did not quite appreciate the nature of glass—as who would on first observation?—and

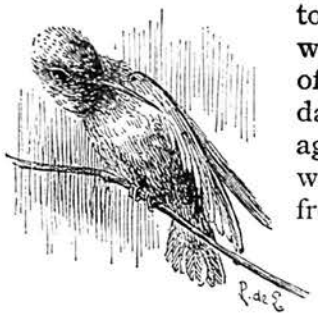


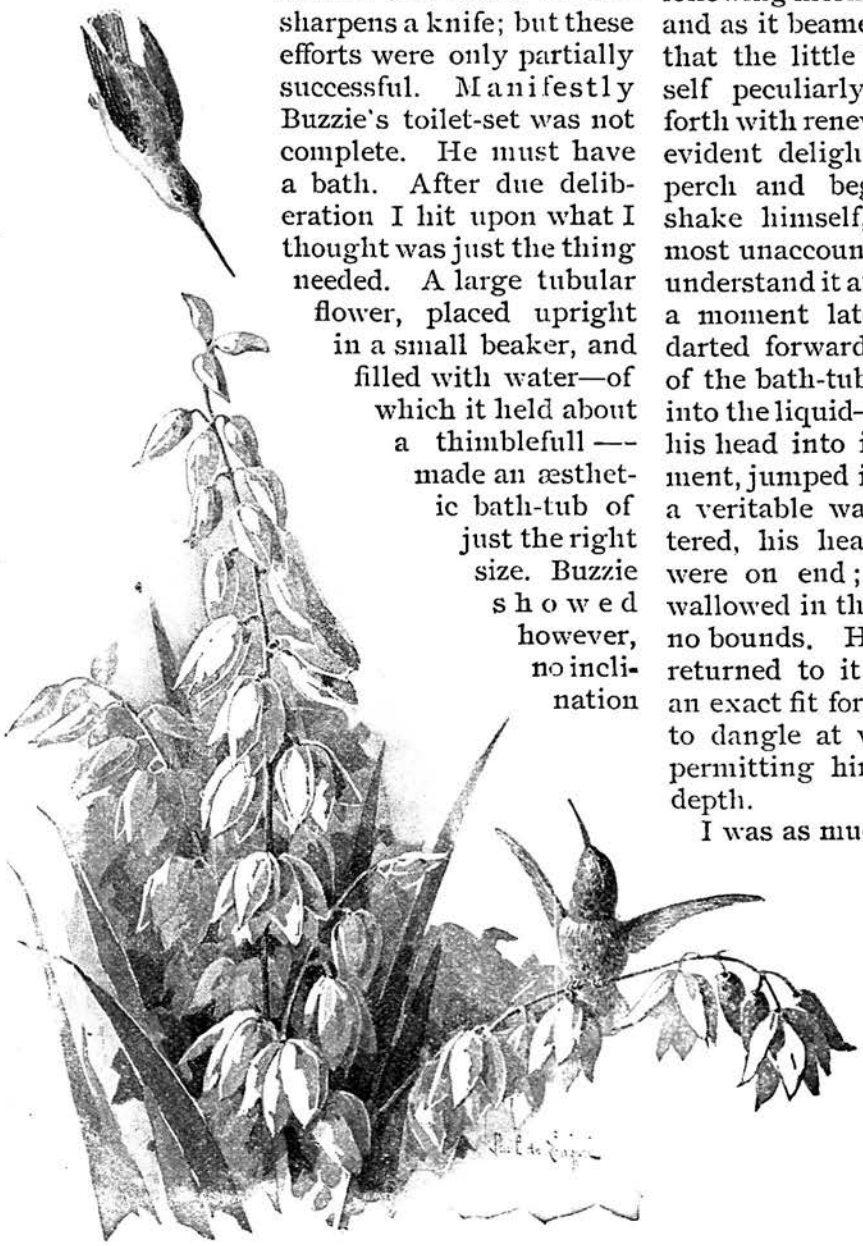
once or twice attempted to fly through it; but finding it impenetrable, he accepted the situation, and perched composedly on a flower that I thrust into his prison. Transferred to a large cage with fine meshes he showed even better judgment, exploring his new home leisurely, and never so much as touching one of the bars. After an exploratory flight he perched on a twig and seemed quite at home.

The problem of feeding proved equally simple. Within an hour after his capture the little bird sucked sugar from my lips with avidity and a little later he fed from the mouth of a medicine-dropper containing simple syrup as freely as if all the flowers of his experience had been of that pattern. The dropper being fastened through the meshes of the cage, a perpetual reservoir of sweets was supplied. From this the hummer continued to regale himself. Only one thing, I think, surprised him. It was not that nectar should appear in glass tubes. That was to be expected—what else could glass tubes be made for? But in the little bird's previous experience he had known nothing of a flower that bore honey in unlimited supply. So sometimes after a vigorous draught he would withdraw a few wing-beats from the tube and examine it critically, no doubt wondering if it would hold out forever. Then he would chirp a cricket note of satisfaction and gratitude and return to the banquet. Another dropper supplied water, but this was seldom touched unless the syrup proved too thick, in which case the little bird invariably flew to the water tube to dilute it. How he learned to do this I cannot imagine, as the nectar of flowers is always supplied ready for use, but this was only one of many ways in which he proved himself a wonderfully wise little bird.

As cage life seemed to agree so well with the hummer, I no longer had any misgivings about adopting him permanently, so I christened him "Buzz." No one who heard him buzz-

ing about his cage would need to ask the significance of his name. Nor would any one who knew him well enough to realize what an adorable little creature he was, wonder that I finally came to address him affectionately as "Buzzie,"—a name, furthermore, rendered peculiarly appropriate by his diminutive size. The little fellow settled at once into the routine of his new life with apparent satisfaction. But very soon a complication arose. Frequent visits to the tube began to show their effect in a deposit of sugar along the sides and top of his bill. He tried to rub it off on his perch, whetting the long slender bill much as one sharpens a knife; but these efforts were only partially successful. Manifestly Buzzie's toilet-set was not complete. He must have a bath. After due deliberation I hit upon what I thought was just the thing needed. A large tubular flower, placed upright in a small beaker, and filled with water—of which it held about a thimblefull—made an æsthetic bath-tub of just the right size. Buzzie showed however, no inclination to use it. But as I poured water into it through the top of the cage, the little bird dashed through the spray again and again, twittering with delight. I sprinkled him freely, and he then repaired to a limb to plume his feathers, soon getting himself in fairly presentable condition.





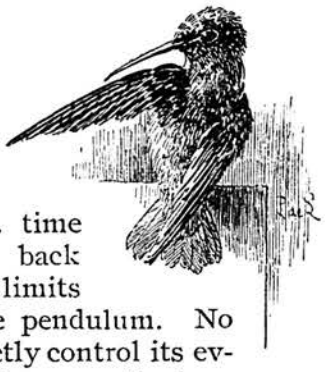
Assuming that this would be Buzzie's only method of bathing, and wishing to provide a more ample food-supply against my temporary absences, I changed the bath-tub into a receptacle for food by dropping some syrup into it. This was on the second day of Buzzie's captivity. It chanced to be a cloudy day. But the following morning the sun shone brightly, and as it beamed into the cage I noticed that the little bird began to disport himself peculiarly. He dashed back and forth with renewed vigor and chirped with evident delight. Then he settled on a perch and began to flutter his wings, shake himself, and twist about in the most unaccountable manner. I could not understand it at all. But it was explained a moment later, when the little fellow darted forward and perched on the edge of the bath-tub. He thrust his long bill into the liquid—now alas syrupy—ducked his head into it, and then, to my amazement, jumped into it bodily, as if he were a veritable waterfowl. His wings fluttered, his head shook, all his feathers were on end; he luxuriated, he fairly wallowed in the bath. His delight knew no bounds. He arose from the bath and returned to it again and again. It was an exact fit for his body, allowing his legs to dangle at will in the liquid, yet not permitting him to sink to a dangerous depth.

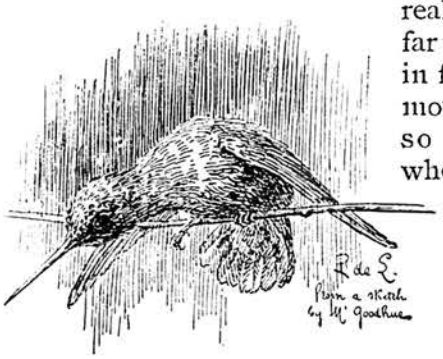
I was as much pleased as the bird himself, until I recalled that the water was syrupy, and thought of the sad plight the little fellow would be in when his feathers dried. Already he was perched upon a twig pluming himself. Something must be done at once. I hurriedly withdrew the flower, filled it with pure water

and replaced it. Buzzie seemed to realize that something was wrong, for as soon as the flower was returned he flew to it, and took his bath all over again, with as much seeming pleasure as before. And this time he came out really cleansed. Then he fairly cut the air in the most marvellous gyrations. Up and down, back and forth he whirled, in an ecstacy of delight, creating a little whirlwind that soon fanned his moist plumes to dryness.

From that time, the plunge-bath became a regular part of Buzzie's daily routine. And this routine soon came to be a very uniform one. Had the hummer's time been scheduled, he could scarcely have been more methodical. From day to day, his main programme scarcely varied except with the weather. On first awakening he invariably stretched vigorously. First one wing and then the other was thrust far out to one side, the tail being spread in the same direction. Then both wings were stretched together behind the back, the little bird assuming the most grotesque attitudes. At last, thoroughly awakened, he would lift himself into the air and take one sip—one dainty sip only—of syrup, after which he would settle back to his perch and begin the most elaborate of toilets. Nothing could be more entertaining than to observe the care this morsel of a bird bestowed upon the feathers in which his tiny body was encased. Between bill and claws, he reached them all, and each one was carefully oiled, straightened, and placed in position. Each wing and tail feather, each plumelet of back and breast was tenderly caressed by that dainty beak. Then head and neck were carefully combed by the tiny claws, which were thrust up in turn each over its corresponding wing.

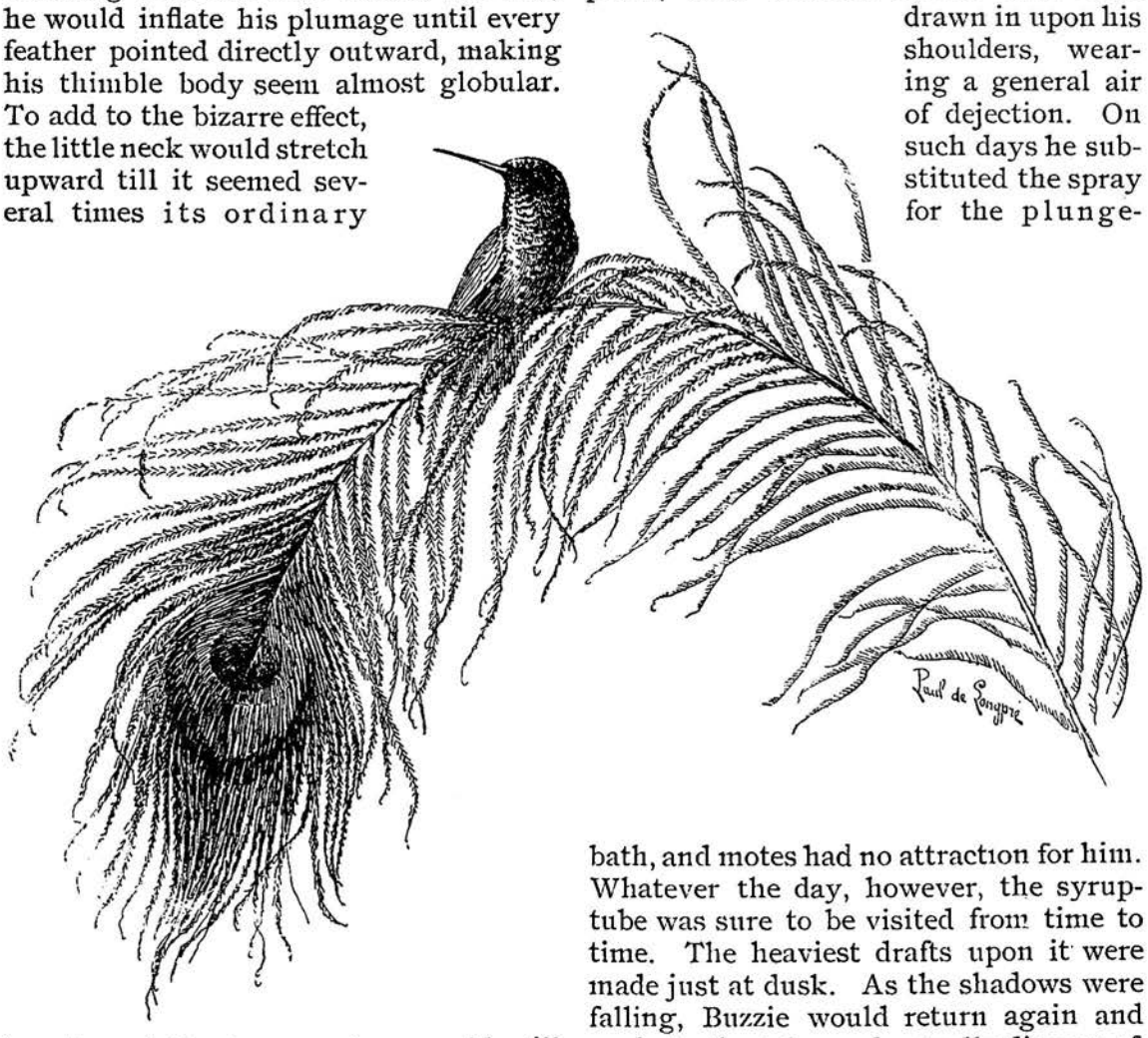
This stage of the toilet completed, breakfast was in order—a long and strong pull at the syrup-tube. After this, a little exercise until the sun, beginning to shine into the cage, gave the signal for the plunge-bath. This finished, the serious business of the day began, that is to say, the pleasure. This reached its height only on sunny days, when for hours at a time Buzzie would swing back and forth within the limits of his cage like a little pendulum. No other bird can so perfectly control its every movement in the air as can the hummer, and Buzzie's powers in this direction were shown to fine advantage by the narrow quarters in which he was at first confined. As he swung back and forth, his vibrating wings making a gauzy haze about him, he would momentarily pause, whirl about, and glide upward or downward or in some unexpected direction. Meanwhile from time to time his slender bill would divide, disclosing a really respectable notch of a mouth, and close again with an audible snap on an invisible something which, as indicated by a pulsation of the tiny throat, was at once swallowed. Apparently, he was catching sunbeams, a very appropriate pastime for so ethereal a creature. But in reality his occupation was far more sordid. He was, in fact, catching the little motes that float in the air so abundantly everywhere, and which were plainly visible to his trained eye. Hours at a time he pursued these particles, securing them in such





quantities that they might really be said to constitute an article of diet—his only departure from the plain syrup.

If the sun shone very warmly, however, and especially after a day or two of cloudy weather, Buzzie sometimes interrupted the mote-catching to indulge in a sun-bath. A more comical figure than he cut in this, it would be hard to imagine. Perching with one side toward the sun, he would inflate his plumage until every feather pointed directly outward, making his thimble body seem almost globular. To add to the bizarre effect, the little neck would stretch upward till it seemed several times its ordinary length and tip far over to one side till its axis was exactly perpendicular to the rays of the sun. Such a metamorphosis in the appearance of a bird I had not supposed possible till I saw it.

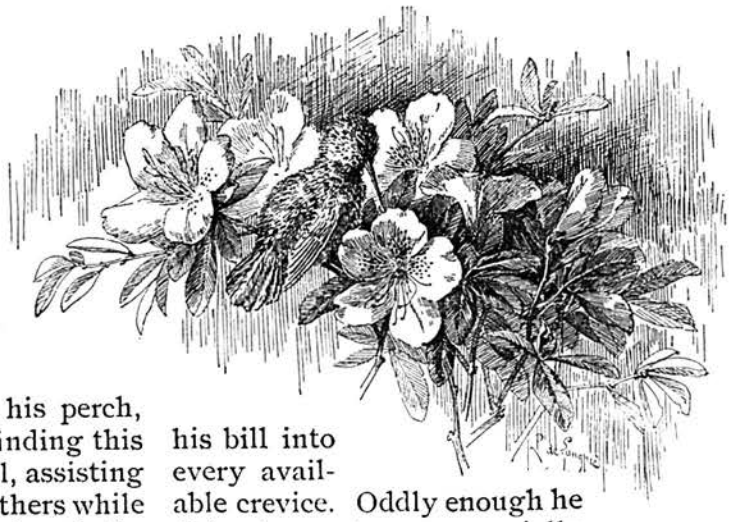


One side thoroughly sunned, the little bird would simply lift himself off the perch, turn about in the air in an altogether inimitable way, and repeat the process with the other side. Then, another perch being selected, the breast and back in turn were thoroughly sunned, the feathers bristling out as before to permit freest entrance of the heat rays. The sun-bath completed, aerial gymnastics and mote-catching were again in order. And so the hours of a bright day were whiled away merrily.

But a cloudy day was sure to find the hummer in drooping spirits. He flew about more or less, to be sure—that battery of energy could not altogether cease activity—but relatively he was quiet and gloomy. Much of the time he sat on his perch, with feathers ruffled and head drawn in upon his shoulders, wearing a general air of dejection. On such days he substituted the spray for the plunge-bath, and motes had no attraction for him. Whatever the day, however, the syrup-tube was sure to be visited from time to time. The heaviest drafts upon it were made just at dusk. As the shadows were falling, Buzzie would return again and again to the tube, and actually dispose of a good many drops of the liquid, though where he could store it in so tiny a body is conjectural. Then he would drop upon his perch, adjust himself comfortably, and draw in his neck till it quite disappeared, leaving only a little spike of a bill projecting upward from a body that seemed in its entirety scarcely bigger than a good-sized bee. And so the hummer's day was finished.

This habit of late feeding once got the little fellow into difficulties, for in attempting to alight on his perch he missed it and fell to the bottom of the cage, and

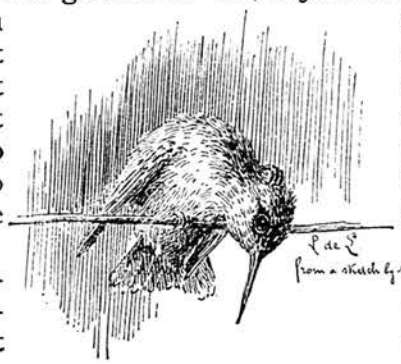
there dropped into a little pool of syrup, spilled accidentally, which so gummed his feathers that he could not fly. His condition when I found him was quite pitiable, and when he saw me he gave a little cry that went to my heart. Such confidence, too, he displayed when I sponged the syrup off his feathers. At first, when I placed him on his perch, he had attempted to fly, but finding this impossible, he sat perfectly still, assisting with his bill to loosen up the feathers while I sponged them. At last the wing-feathers were so loosened that he could get his bill between them, and finally they were quite clean, though very wet. Then he carefully tested them, still holding on to the perch. Finding them sufficient, he made a tentative flight; and then, quite reassured, he arose with old-time confidence, and fanned himself dry in a trice.

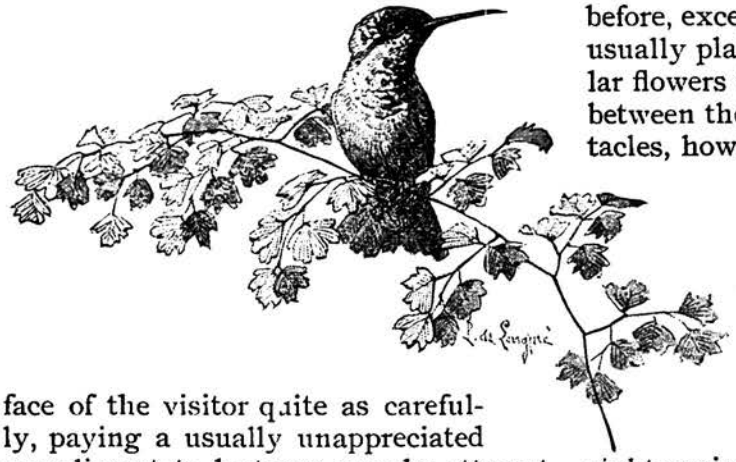


It seemed a pity to keep so intelligent a pet in such close quarters. And indeed, I all along intended to give him the freedom of a large room. But I feared to make the experiment, lest the little fellow might fly against a window pane, or wall, or mirror and injure himself. I especially feared for his slender bill. But these misgivings did injustice to Buzzie's intelligence. When, after tentative experiments with covered mirrors and drawn shades, I gave the little fellow entire freedom, he proved at once the most interested and the most cautious of explorers. He would dart like a bullet toward the window, but pause suddenly just this side the pane, and, hovering there, view the outside world with interest, but I think without regret. Again he would poise in mid-air before a mirror and carefully scrutinize his reflection. But his keen eye readily detected the difference between glass and air, and he had no intention whatever of flying against solids. He would dash about the room at such speed that it took one's breath away to see him, but he was far too skilful a navigator to collide with any obstacle.

He inspected most critically every nook and cranny of the room, and thrust his bill into every available crevice. Oddly enough he did not seem to care especially for the flowers placed in the room for his special delectation, but pictures of flowers were a never-solved mystery to him. If the artist who boasted that birds came to peck at his painted grapes could have seen the eagerness with which Buzzie attempted to thrust his bill into the most commonplace colored lithograph of a flower, his vanity would have received a very salutary check. Very likely the birds felt about the grapes as Buzzie seemed to feel about the flowers, that they were so unlike anything of the kind ever seen before as to merit investigation. I could give Buzzie an hour of delight at any time by introducing a page from one of the wonderful seed catalogues, though he would scarcely deign to notice the originals which the gaudy prints caricatured. The occult and mysterious are ever charming to birds as to men.

All novel objects interested the little bird, and most bright objects fascinated him. A peacock feather was a source of recurring delight. As he perched on it from time to time I wondered if he realized that such a setting well became him, his own glossy mantle rivalling the brightest hue of the exotic feather. Bright ornaments worn about the person were also, to Buzzie, objects worthy of closest scrutiny. A caller entering the room was sure to be startled by the outburst of a tornado in miniature about her head, as Buzzie hurtled toward her to inspect the bright ribbons and feathers on her bonnet. Satiated at last with these wonders, Buzzie sometimes chose next to inspect the





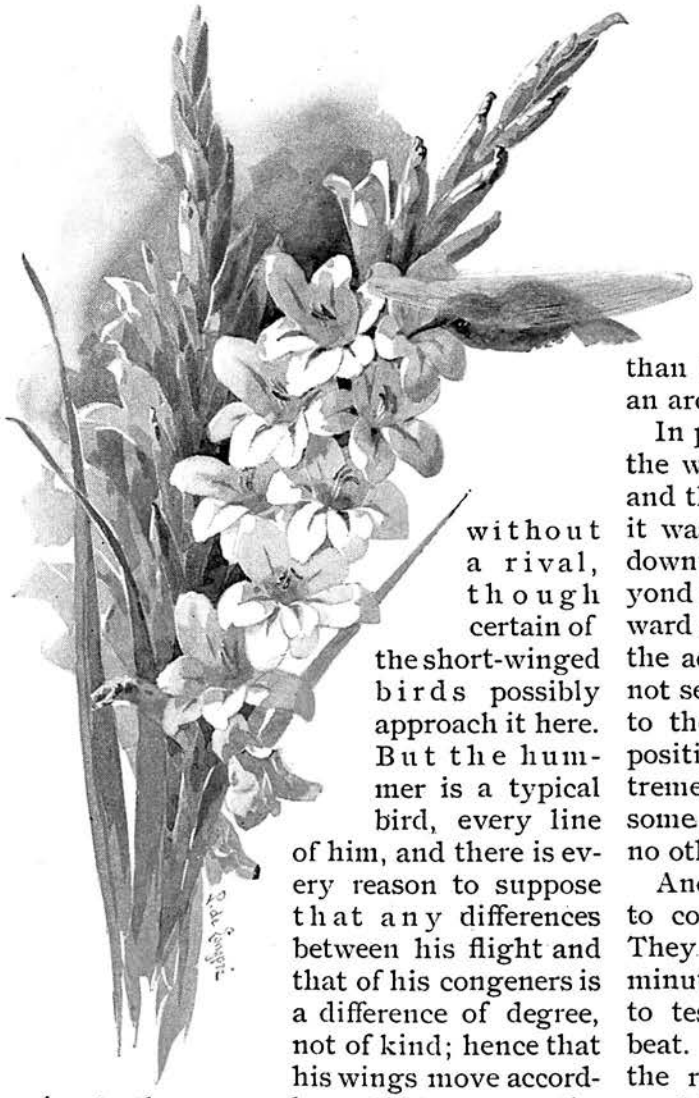
face of the visitor quite as carefully, paying a usually unappreciated compliment to lustrous eyes by attempting to thrust his bill into them, and daintily pecking at half-exposed teeth. He quite won the heart of every fair visitor upon whom he bestowed this favor.

But Buzzie's especial penchant was for diamonds! He never tired of inspecting them, and if a drop of syrup was placed on one he sipped it with such avidity as to suggest that for his delicate palate it had acquired some fresh flavor from contact with the gem. Then, too, he remembered from day to day where the diamond should be, and if his mistress appeared without her rings he showed his disapproval at once by hovering about her fingers or perching upon them and touching his bill to the spot from which he missed the objects of his especial admiration. In this and in many other ways he showed memory and judgment far beyond anything that could have been expected of such a midget. Indeed, considering his size, his intelligence was quite astonishing. He soon came to know his friends and to feel quite at home with them. If I called him he would come at any time and perch on my finger, or preferably on a small twig held in the hand, this being better adapted to the size of his feet; and he would hover about me in the most companionable way, perching on my head or shoulder by the half hour or exploring the recesses of my clothing with manifest pleasure. We came to regard him quite as one of the family.

Convenient perches were arranged for him about the room, and the cage was banished altogether. His general routine of life, however, did not greatly vary from what it had been before, except that his supply of food was usually placed in gladioli or other tubular flowers instead of the glass tube. As between the natural and artificial receptacles, however, he seemed quite indifferent. The natural nectar of flowers he utterly eschewed from the first. Nor could the bee's distillation tempt him while simple syrup was to be had. This alone seemed to satisfy him completely.

Though so tiny a creature—he weighed only twenty-eight grains!—Buzzie seemed utterly devoid of fear. I sometimes let a tame canary out in the room with him, and this bird—by comparison a mammoth—afforded him no little amusement. The canary could not learn that the midget was only a miniature bird, but regarded him as some creature greatly to be feared, and fled before him to the best of his clumsy ability. But the agile little hummer followed him like a shadow, and pestered him exceedingly by making feints at him or even giving him playful jabs with his rapier-like bill. It ended always in the canary seeking refuge in his cage, and refusing to expose himself further to the attacks of so agile and courageous an antagonist.

The constant companionship of this little bird, apart from the enjoyment it gave me, afforded me an unusual opportunity to make observations on the mooted question of the position of a bird's wings during flight. Efforts have been made to settle these questions by instantaneous photography, but the hummer gave a much more satisfactory demonstration than the camera could be hoped to afford. His wings moved so rapidly as to appear as a distinctly outlined haze, and as he often poised in one position for many seconds together, I had ample opportunity to accurately note their exact position. The hummer is the paragon of flyers, poising in air or accurately varying the direction of its flight with a degree of ease and celerity which, I suppose no other bird can approach. This facility is explained by the extreme rapidity with which its wings vibrate, in which also it is



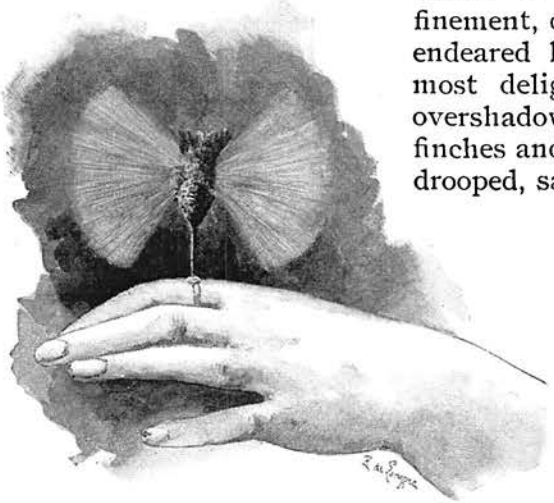
without a rival, though certain of the short-winged birds possibly approach it here. But the hummer is a typical bird, every line of him, and there is every reason to suppose that any differences between his flight and that of his congeners is a difference of degree, not of kind; hence that his wings move according to the same scheme that governs the wing-beats of every other bird. If this assumption be warranted—and it can scarcely be otherwise—a study of the hummer certainly affords the best possible opportunity to solve some of the mooted points question. With this thought in mind, I scrutinized the gauzy wing-haze of my hummer most carefully under different conditions of flight. The results are herewith published for the first time.

I found that when the bird poised or remained stationary in air—as when hovering before a flower—the wings always beat in a practically horizontal plane, regardless of the position of the head. The bill might be raised or lowered, exploring crevices above or below, but in either case the plane of the wing-beat remained the same, the position of the body, however, shifting, and the tail oscillating to maintain equilibrium. Seen from above it appeared that the wings approached each other much more closely in front than behind. Together they described an arc of about 270°.

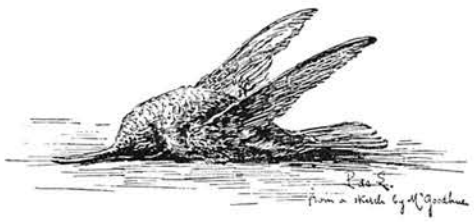
In progressive flight, on the other hand, the wing-beat was almost perpendicular, and the arc described very much less, but it was still true that the forward—now downward—stroke was carried farther beyond the plane of the body than the backward or upward stroke. I can vouch for the accuracy of these attitudes, and I do not see that photography can add greatly to the information thus afforded. Any position of the wings between the extremes noted must of course be true at some time, and, for this particular bird, no other position is ever true.

Another thing that interested me was to count the little bird's respirations. They numbered about two hundred per minute. I greatly regretted my inability to test his temperature and his heartbeat. If the latter was proportionate to the respirations, it must have been almost incredibly rapid.

Many interesting anecdotes of Buzzie's life I must pass over unnoticed for want of space; and now, unhappily, it only remains for me to record the termination of the little bird's career. I am ignorant as to the exact cause of his death. After many weeks of happy life in confinement, during which he had endeared himself to us as the most delightful of pets—quite overshadowing canaries, goldfinches and the rest—he one day drooped, sat with ruffled plumes and was manifestly ill. That night he toppled over on his perch, evidently through weakness, and was found the next morning hanging head downward. He rallied somewhat



under the influence of the sun's rays, but drooped again toward evening; and when next the sun peeped in at his window, it found poor Buzzie lying dead beneath his perch. Whether the food supplied him had proved insufficient in the long run, or whether he had "caught cold" from changes of temperature—it was late in November — I cannot say; but of this I am sure that no pet ever died more regretted than this dear little morsel of a bird.



HOW TO DO HUCKABACK WORK.

By JOSEPHA CRANE.

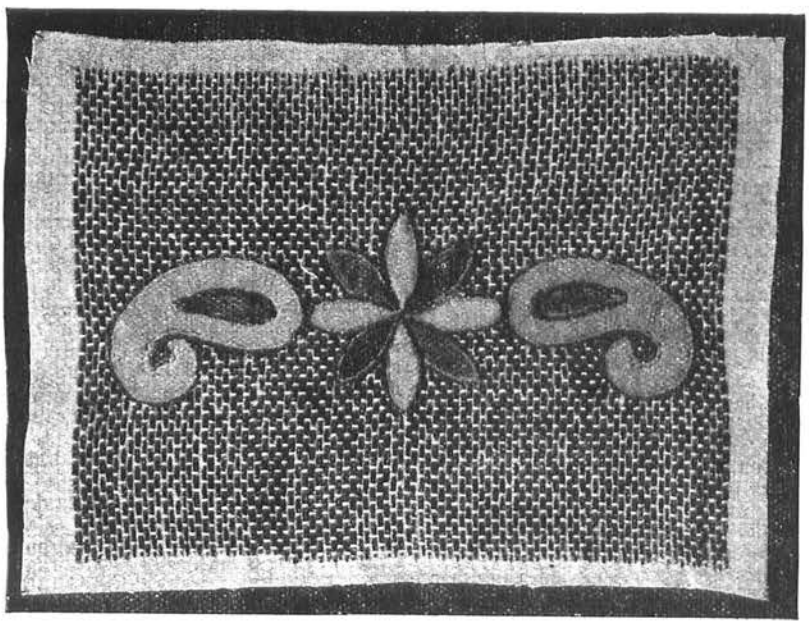
Ordinary huckaback towelling, which can be had in coarse or fine grain as well as bleached or dead white, can form the foundation for very pretty fancy work, suitable for the decoration of tea- and side-board cloths, bed-spreads, and all articles of that kind, as well as the formation of sachets, borders for table-cloths, etc. Huckaback has been used for ordinary cross-stitch, which can be done very easily upon this material, the regularity of the weaving forming a safe guide for the execution of that to me most uninteresting work.

As tastes differ, however, it is not because of my own dislike to cross-stitch that I have not here given any example of it, but because any reader who wishes to use huckaback for that purpose has only to get a cross-stitch design—procurable in any fancy shop—and work it at her pleasure. The space being valuable, I only give illustrations of what cannot be so easily executed without learning from picture and text alike.

Any kinds of patterns do for huckaback work provided that they are very clear and distinct. In the border before you one of Briggs' transfer designs is used, and it serves admirably for this particular embroidery.

As many persons find that these transfer patterns suit their purposes, I may mention that it is better when you are transferring them to place your material upon a board or hard surface. This, with the use of a cool iron, ensures their coming off in a far more satisfactory manner than when there is a layer of anything soft between the table and the material.

Now it is quite free to the worker either to do the darning first and the pattern second, or begin with the latter. I have tried both plans, and prefer doing all the darning first of all. I find it easier to see exactly where the darned lines come in between the interstices of the design, and these details require attention if the work is to be good; and a second advantage is that the embroidered design does not get so much handling and consequent rubbing.



The leaves here are worked in filoselle silk of four shades of green, long and short stitch, well known in all art work, being used for the leaves and rope-stitch for the stalks. The leaves all shade to a dark centre, the veining being done in stem-stitch of the lightest but one shade of the filoselle, four threads of which being used at a time.

The darning here is done in a terra-cotta coloured filoselle, four threads being used at a time, and the lines run lengthwise, which is more suited than crossways to a design such as the one before you.

Before placing a design on your huckaback, you should always decide which way you intend to darn, and examine the way of the stuff before tracing or transferring the pattern.

There is a right and wrong side to huckaback, and though there is not much perceptible difference in the weaving, it is easier to darn the right than the reverse side. Fig. 1 shows you another way of working huckaback. The pattern is a very simple one, worked in satin stitch, with an outline of dark green stem stitch, four shades of red being used.

The darkest shade of red is used for the darning, which, as will easily be seen, is done vertically.

There are many assortments of colour which could be used for this work.

Old gold is very beautiful for darning with, and throws up reds, some blues, and some shades of green. A design done in old gold can be darned in almost any colour.

Filoselle is a very good silk for darning with, but the design can be executed in tapestry or rope silks very well.

Gold outlines can be used with advantage in this work, and for them Japanese gold, which, though inexpensive, never tarnishes, is the best for this purpose.

There is a cotton called "cotton filoselle," which is like silk filoselle, inasmuch as the strand is composed of several threads. This is very good for huckaback work, though, of course, not so effective as the silk.

The leaf design given here, if worked in several reds and a few touches of orange and green, would be very charming, for the leaves are those of Virginia creeper. The darning could be done in one red or some shade of old gold.

Now for the stitches which can be used in this work. Of course for the design itself you

can employ any you please—satin, crewel stitches, plait stitch, any Mountmellick or stitches that you prefer. Heavy embroidery is the best for this work. I do not much care for open-work designs done in it.

In Fig. 2 you will see a double herring-bone stitch worked in two shades of green. This would be very suitable for a border in the darned work, or for rows of the stitches forming a design of themselves.

An examination of the example will serve better than many words to show how this is done. The needle, you will notice, does not go through the huckaback, but is passed simply through those regular threads which form part of the woven pattern.

I generally use a rug needle for this work, as the blunt point passes well under the little threads and does not catch in the huckaback by the way.

When the first row, which is nearly an inch deep, is finished in the lighter shade, the second is worked in the darker in the manner clearly shown by the needle left in as a stitch is being made.

Fig. 3 is another pattern.

Here the four lines graduate, and could, if completed, finish off in the point of a V. These could be done in different colours with good effect. The rows, on the other hand, if desired to be parallel, could be made to begin and end nearly in the same place.

Here the needle is passed from right to left, the same threads serving for the two rows.

Single herring-bone on a smaller scale and in isolated rows is seen in Fig. 4.

In Fig. 5 darning is seen.

Take long needlefuls and avoid having to end and begin again in the middle of a line. If you have to do so, let it be under the threads through which you darn.

It is best to use a darning-needle for darning, as the work can then be done very much more quickly than when a short needle is used.

By these examples it will be seen that huckaback admits of many possibilities, and that various very beautiful articles can be made with it.

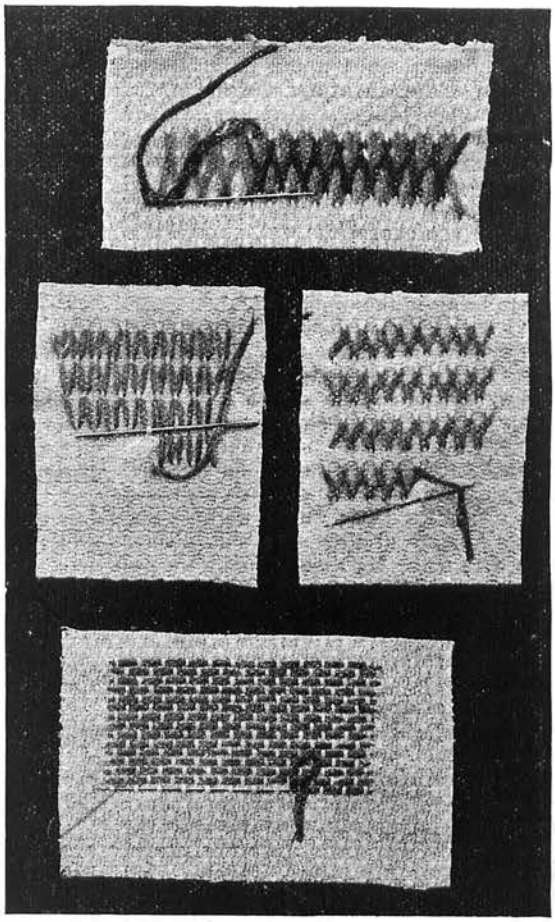
Darned boarders could be mounted on to plush or Roman satin curtains, and look extremely well.

Strips of darned huckaback alternating with strips of plush or velvet or some other material would form nice cushion covers.

When done in strips, of course the work is much more convenient to carry about; and at the seaside a good deal might be done if a strip was at hand in those many idle moments which often fall really rather heavily. A large piece of work would be too cumbersome to carry about and managed in strips or sections.

Overtowels are used in many bedrooms to throw over the towel-horse during the daytime. Huckaback work would be very pretty indeed for an overtowel, and a deep border might be worked at each end and darned, while a medallion might be made at one end of a circle, in which was a big monogram or initials on darned ground.

Toilet-mats are very nice in this work, and, indeed, it would be useless to attempt to exhaust the list of all that could be done with this cheap material which can be had so easily in almost any place.



JAPANESE FOLK-LORE.

WHICH GLOWS WITH COLOR AND CHARMS THE LISTENER.

IT is interesting to note some of the national characteristics to be found in fireside story, proverb and mythological lore. From the story of the creation, a beautiful myth of the "art of love," and the origin of the human race, down to their conception of the wind and thunder imps, nature is peopled with mysterious agencies, and life fraught with supernatural influences to the Japanese. Some of the current fireside tales are very amusing, and none can wonder at the wide-eyed astonishment of the children. Many times have we sat at night by the fire-brazier, in a pleasant Japanese home, where pretty girls, growing lads and rollicking babies gather about parents or grandmother, to listen to fairy-tale, legend, or marvelous myth. The floor is strewn with toys, dolls, masks of *Daruma*—the snow man—tops, pop-guns, devil in the band-box, etc., but as the stories reach their climax, all are abandoned.

A familiar sight in front of Japanese temples, are immense figures of the "wind-imp" and "thunder-cat." The wind-imp has a huge bag of compressed air on his back. By holding, loosing, or removing his hand from one end, the wind may be a gentle breeze or tempest, at the imp's pleasure. When the hand is removed, a tornado visits the earth. Travellers over long and tedious routes, often have their faces torn or bitten by the wind-imp as he passes, though to them invisible.

The thunder-cat carries on his head five drums fastened together, with which he makes thunder. He often escapes from the cloud to the ground, doing terrible mischief. When a victim is killed by lightning, it is because the thunder-cat leaped upon him.

Another of the supernatural beings who infest the earth, is the *kama-itachi*, in the form of a weasel, who tears and lacerates the faces of human beings, with a sharp, invisible, two-edged knife. If one slips on the pavement, or among the sharp pebbles of the garden-paths, or up the mountain-side, it is the *kama-itachi* that made him fall, and if cut, it is the imp's sharp knife that did it.

The *kappa* is another imaginary enemy, which appears to man in the water, having the claws of a tortoise, and the body and head of a monkey. He delights to seize unwary victims, especially promising boys who invade his kingdom.

When one falls asleep, the soul leaves the body for rest or play. Therefore, no one must be waked suddenly or he will die before his soul can return! The dead are always placed with their feet to the south. It thus follows that the Japanese will not sleep in that position. We noticed with interest a diagram of the points of compass, hung upon the ceilings of hotel sleeping-rooms, and the same in private houses, to aid the traveler or unwary in avoiding this position.

Certain days are very unlucky. Seeds will not sprout if sown on such days. On one of these, the head must not be washed, or the hair will become red, of which color the Japanese have a great horror, as pertaining to evil spirits, and bad men, such as English snobs. Indeed, any color of hair but the blackest black is intolerable.

Children must never measure their hight, or place any burden upon the head, lest they become stunted, and an undersized man (according to their standard) is as bad as deformity, and greatly to be deplored. Children are taught that if they tell a lie, an imp will pull out their tongues, which exerts a most wholesome influence. When a deformed child is born, its parents are charged with some special sin. When small-pox appears, parents place a notice upon the front of their house, saying the children are away! Those who have lost children resort to many devices to protect those that remain from death. One of these is to change their names to those of the opposite sex.

Before an eclipse of either sun or moon, the wells are carefully covered to prevent poison falling from the sky. A devil is supposed to stand between an angry husband and wife. In no country have we found such marvelously beautiful trees. Many of these are sacred, being dedicated to the gods. A charming native family of our acquaintance have often told us tales of trees shedding blood when cut down, and of the woodman being struck by sudden death for his rashness. Trees sometimes have an ill name, as being the abode of ghosts, or possessing a strange fascination to attract men to hang themselves.

The story, is sure to begin with that note dear to the heart of childhood, "Once upon a time," one of the great Genii warriors mourned because he could not fine anybody great or strong enough to fight with him, so he determined to find a ghoul to slay. One of these mysterious creatures was frequently seen lurking near the palace, so he sent out his servant who was very brave and strong to slay it. As soon as he went outside the palace gate, he was seized by the helmet, but he caught the ghoul's arm and cut it off with the sword. The creature was so frightened that he ran away, leaving his arm and claws to the Genii warrior for a trophy. By-and-bye an old woman came to see this trophy, expressing great admiration of the valor that had secured it. Being always kind and friendly to old women and children, he good naturedly opened the box to his visitor's gaze, "when lo and behold!" she snatched the limb and flew off with it up the chimney, for she was nothing else than a hideous ghoul herself when she rose to the roof.

A long time ago, a shrewd, but very good-natured man inured to poverty, named Kisaburo, took lodgings near an eating-house, where the appetizing odors of good food frequently pervaded his room. The place was celebrated for the excellence of its eels, fried in soy. As Kisaburo had a vivid imagination, he enjoyed the savory dish through his sense of smell without expense, while eating his simple boiled rice. When the eel-frier heard this, he determined to charge the man for the smell of the eels, and called upon him with a bill. Kisaburo laughingly called his wife to bring the bag of money, which after jingling a while and merely touching it to the bill, he replaced in a box, carefully locking it before the astonished caller, who cried out, "Well, are you not going to pay me?" "Why, surely not," was the reply, "You have charged me for the smell of your eels, and I have paid you with the sound of my money!"

A very remarkable judge named Oka, who is known as the Solomon of Japan, was called upon to decide difficult questions and obscure cases, and was greatly revered for his sagacity. "Once upon a time" a poor young mother was compelled to go out to service, and bargained with a woman to rear her child. After several years, having laid up some money, she demanded her child, but the woman, refusing to give it up, claimed it as her own. In dismay, the mother appealed to the judge, who in the absence of other testimony, forced them each to take an arm of the young girl and pull, decreeing that the successful woman should have her.

Afraid to disobey, the true mother tremblingly took a gentle hold, while the false claimant pulled with all her might. At the first cry of pain, the mother dropped the

girl's hand, and although urged to continue, firmly refused. The judge instantly charged the deceiver with her crime, because devoid of all maternal feeling, and dismissing her in disgrace, gave the child to her mother, amid the applause of every one.

The Rip Van Winkle story of Japan has many versions, and is frequently illustrated in picture book, on canvas, screen, or carved in ivory and wooden ornaments. Its universal presence throughout Japan and China is a forcible comment on the widespread myth.

A remarkable fantasy is told of an encounter of the crab and monkey, which has the usual finale of "Wasn't that splendid?" And then the moral to greedy or ungrateful children or elders, is duly pointed out in most approved fashion. The tale is too lengthy for this issue, but may be given with others of shrewd point in another.

These tales are a specimen of the marvelous stories which clothe the philosophy, wisdom and mythology of Japanese literature, not only for childhood, for "the world with its beard grown," delights occasionally in the same. Stories of elves, foxes, rabbits, monkeys, cats and dogs, reared with all moral and religious training, who fall in love, marry, and live ever after to be happy and good, are the subjects of many books, which re-touched in repeating by vivid imaginations, glow with color and charm the listener.

—*Helen Strong Thompson.*

THE OLD IRON SCUTTLE.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollections present them to view!
The little back yard with its weed-tangled wildwood,
The lath-fronted hen-coop, the cherry tree too;
The small rented house with its eave mouldings stellar,
Its humble apartments, six chambers in all,
The stairs to the coal-bin down in the front cellar,
And e'en the old scuttle kept in the back hall:
The bail-handled scuttle, the open-mouthed scuttle,
The old fashioned scuttle kept in the back hall.

That old fashioned scuttle I hail as a treasure;
For oft, in the morning, from bed would I roll,
In hasty response to the parental pleasure,
And catch up the scuttle and go for the coal.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing!
And quick was obeying the rapturous call;
Then back with my load, I was puffing and blowing,
And blessing the scuttle kept in the back hall;
The bail-handled scuttle, the open-mouthed scuttle,
The black varnished scuttle kept in the back hall.

How sweet to reflect on my youthful position,
When filling that scuttle on me would depend!
In contrast with that of my present condition,
With heater in cellar and servant to tend.
Now, widely removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will instinctively fall,
As fancy reverts to my once happy station,
And sighs for the scuttle kept in the back hall:
The bail-handled scuttle, the open-mouthed scuttle,
The coffin-shaped scuttle kept in the back hall.

—Winfield Lyle.

GAMES AND GAMING.

When games and carols close the busy day.
Pleasures of Memory.
A clear fire, a clean hearth and the vigor of the game.
Charles Lamb
Whose game was empires and whose stakes were thrones.
—Byron.

THE return of long winter evenings brings to light the stores of games and fireside amusements which have rested in the archives of the homes of the land during the reign of outdoor sports. The card and board games will now take, the place of tennis, croquet baseball and the cycle, and supplement the magazine and latest books of story, history and travel in the amusement and instruction of the family circle.

Because of the great increase in the number and popularity of educational and other social games, the subject has come to have an importance in our home life not awarded it fifty years ago, when the boys resorted to the secrecy of the haymow to play "High-low-Jack" on rainy afternoons, and some of the older men enjoyed the same sport evenings in the rear part of the village store by the dim light of the tallow-dip, because "cards" were the synonym for all that was low and wicked.

The general prevalence of games in our social life gives interest to an exhibit pertaining to Ancient Religions, Games and Folk Lore at the World's Fair in a department of Ethnology, in charge of Mr. Stewart Culin of Pennsylvania University. This very interesting exhibit showed, among other things, that there is nothing new under the sun. The Fifteen puzzle was described by an English writer some two hundred years ago. The game of Tip-cat, as played by the boys in our streets, is duplicated by a specimen from Egypt of the date 2800 B. C., and the ball as an implement of sport appears associated with objects in another game in Egypt at least 4700 years ago. Fox and Geese and other similar sports are traced to the Japanese of the sixteenth century. The Zuñi Indians of Mexico have a wonderful game, called The Priest of the Bow, which is very similar to an ancient Egyptian game which has come down from 1600 B. C. Mr. Culin thinks the Zuñi game may be regarded as in advance of any other board game, even of our own civilization, until we come to the true game of Chess. He says, "Chess stands alone among games. We do not find the links that connect it with lower forms of board games."

Playing cards were exhibited in great variety and it is demonstrated that they were invented by the Chinese and evolved from the dominoes, which in turn came from dice, a domino-block representing a pair of dice side by side. The dice in turn are traced from China to India, one being shown which belongs to 600 B. C. The dice are traced to "Knuckle Bones" used in the

games of Old Egypt, ivory specimens of which are shown as having been found in the tomb of Queen Hatasu, B. C. 1600. The knuckle bones, which were the originals of the ivory and pottery ones used later, were derived from the right and left legs of the sheep, and called Kab by the Arabs, meaning ankle bones.

Backgammon appeared in classical history. It was played in the Roman empire, and with little change through mediæval Europe under the name "tables."

"Dice-backgammon makes its appearance plainly in classic history. The game of 'twelve lines' (duodecim scripta) was played throughout the Roman empire and passed on, with little change, through mediæval Europe, carrying its name of tabulae, tables; its modern representation being French tric track, English backgammon, etc. Among the ancient Greeks Kubeia, or 'dice playing,' is shown by various classical passages to be of the nature of backgammon."

Thus we see that the playing of games has always been among the chief amusements of all ages, and we may safely infer that it always will be. Therefore may we not profitably consider the reason why the playing of games, and especially games of cards, has, in the olden times at least, been considered degrading and positively wicked in many communities, especially in New England? The writer remembers distinctly when, at a very early age, he secretly played the game of Dr. Busby with a chum who had become possessed of a set of these cards, and that the pleasure of the game was seriously marred by the feeling that as the game consisted of cards it must in some way be very sinful.

The regular "High-low-Jack" playing cards, checkers, and fox and geese, and possibly home-made dominoes, were practically the only fireside games known in that vicinity, and of these the cards were by the best families considered as among the devices of the evil one, while checkers was the staple game always found chalked on the head of a flour barrel in the village store. One good deacon, the father of a family of grown-up sons and daughters, steadfastly forbade a pack of cards in the house, but aided in the making of numerous sets of dominoes, and in his agreeable moods joined with the younger children in their games with the dotted blocks. All this when analyzed is most unreasonable, because every one must allow that there is *per se* nothing more sinful or degrading in a few spotted cards than in a number of dotted blocks, and therefore the cause for objection to cards in the minds of the best people of the past generations must be found in the use made of the materials.

In those days "playing cards" were chiefly used in gaming for stakes, and were intimately connected with hard cider and New England rum. Therefore there was a very natural prejudice against the cards as the means of the act. At present, dominoes may be as closely associated with beer drinking, the drinks being the stakes.

Another parent, of a later generation, was wiser than the before-named deacon and did not draw any line between the kinds of games that were indulged in, but required that they should always be played "fair," and never for stakes. The boy in this family was forbidden to play marbles "for keeps," but was supplied with the necessary pennies with which to purchase a reasonable stock of marbles for the amusement of himself and friends. In this family, parents and children could join in any game involving cubes of ivory, blocks of wood, cards of paper or what not, observing only the two limitations above named, not even the paying for a quart of peanuts being allowed to depend on the result of one or more games.

These are merely illustrations of a feeling among the better classes in New England communities less than fifty years ago, and it is not necessary to go back to the first half of this century for examples of the same impressions, even if they are not to be found at the present time. Twenty-five years ago, when the game of Authors was the popular forerunner of the multitude of innocent home games which now pervade every household, the publishers of this and other similar games were considered as rather dangerous to the future well-being of the young people, because, forsooth, if they should acquire the habit of handling cards of any kind, they would soon want the real old-fashioned bugbear in all its natural sinfulness. Probably this notion has very largely worn off, and yet there is enough remaining at present to render the subject worthy of careful thought.

In the consideration of the amusements for either the young or old, is it not more logical to base the selection on the methods, practices and influence of a given game or sport, than upon the name of the sport or the materials with which it is played? Is it not possible that the playing of marbles "for keeps," dominoes for drinks, or cards for money, and the gaming they represent, has so demoralized the public mind that no game of chance or skill or contest of physical powers by man or beast can be enjoyed by the public with the keenest zest without the stimulating effect of a wager on the result? Have the same practices rendered it necessary to have prizes of considerable value at stake in order to render popular the social game of progressive euchre, or drive whist in our private parlors? Have the public habitually become so demoralized that a trial of the speed of the noblest animal that serves man must be managed on principles which violate the laws of the state, and that this violation of the laws is upheld by eminent men of good moral training and high legal standing in our communities? "Tall oaks from little acorns grow," and it may be just possible that some of the vital questions that are vexing our legal tribunals, legislative bodies and faithful and devoted parents are referable for solution to playing marbles "for keeps."

Are not these questions worthy our careful attention, purely as matters of good morals and good government?

—*Milton Bradley.*

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING IN THE WOODS.

Some Advice to Campers.

THOSE who expect to spend a season in the woods expect, too, of course, to be deprived, for that season, of many comforts and to depend on makeshifts in their place. But there is a right way and a wrong way of camping, as of all else, and it is astonishing how easy the work can be made, and how pleasant the surroundings, when the right way is chosen. It is an axiom of outing that one must go once to find out how to go again; but, when the wisdom comes at second-hand, it may prove just as profitable as that bought by experience.

First, then: Don't renounce *all* luxuries. A steamer-chair won't take up much room in packing, and, in a week or two of wood-life, you will grow very tired of sitting on the ground, or even in hammocks. That hint is more especially for the chaperon's benefit. Further (if you have no man-servant in ordinary), don't let all the women get all the meals! It will not only prove "confusion worse confounded," but very confusing to the ladies as well. If there are six of them in the party (if not, eke out that number with some of the men), let the three couples take a meal each day—the entire charge of providing and setting it upon the table—and let it be a progressive service, where the care of breakfast one day means dinner the next, and tea the next, with a proviso that those who get a meal do *not* wash its dishes. This plan reduces the hardest work to a very simple fashion.

If it is possible, have one of the men knock up a table and benches for the *mahlzeit*. Take dishes enough to set this table decently, and, except in case of rain, they can be kept there when not in use. Should one of the party be at all ingenious (and, if you camp in New England, he is sure to be), he might make a stove, which seems truly much more formidable in the telling than the deed; one of which, I wot, was a square, bottomless box of sheet-iron, with an opening in front for feeding the fire, and another in the back for stove-pipe. The top was removable, and had two round holes, on which we set our kettles or gridiron, and were able to do all things but bake as easily as on the home range.

A soap-box, with partitions run in by way of shelves, makes a capital cupboard to hold salt, sugar, flour, etc. A small, low table, to stand near the stove and hold cooking utensils, is a help on the slippery wood ground, where every step seems to tell.

In the ladies' tent, I should strongly advise one of those folding sewing-tables, which can be easily transported, and will prove invaluable where there are several women and their belongings packed in together. Don't forget a small hanging mirror and pin-cushion, nor some of those little wall bags which are used for "catch-alls" at home, and will wonderfully economize space and time in searching here. If two or three will carry a small trunk together, instead of a number of satchels, it will prove much better in the same way, and the trunk, closed, also serves as a seat by day and a repository for one person's garments at night. You will probably be made to understand at the outset that nothing should be hung or pinned up about your tent which touches the canvas, if you wish to preserve it water-proof. Still there will be available places, and to each of these should be appended receptacles for the thousand and one trifles a woman has need of, and which must be, at such a time, kept in as small a space as possible and *out of the way*.

In a camping party I knew, one of the leaders spoke with much bitterness, before starting, of the effeminate ideas of comfort entertained by another of the men. "He is actually going to take *sheets*," he said. "Think of that—*sheets!*"

One night in the woods convinced us womenkind that that man was right. Why one should not go to bed decently and agreeably in a tent as well as in a house, I confess to not understanding; and a very decent and agreeable bed *can* be made on the ground, even if, as with us, you are obliged to make those beds of piles of hay instead of hemlock boughs. Take *plenty* of blankets and pillows, if possible, and don't forget the pillow-cases, nor the sheets; but folding cots are not expensive nor very cumbersome, and, having tried both kinds, I would advocate this last sort of couch, certainly for ladies.

Of course, the men know what to wear, and will wear it. For women, an iron-gray flannel is by far the best thing, with, if convenient, one entire change of dress in case of need. A box of tourist ruffling is the *coucisest lingerie*, or a long, black lace scarf, wound about one's neck, looks pretty, and is handy. A soft cap (Tam o' Shanter, or the like) is the most appropriate and convenient headgear. Don't carry a lot of pretty things with you, for they will only be in the way, and, if your heart is set on "dressing up," you had better stay at home.

If you camp near enough an ice-house to get a supply once in a while, a covered barrel, sunk in the ground, makes a refrigerator for butter, etc. Unless the expedition is to be into a veritable wilderness—of *malice prepense*—and if it be more for the fact of camping than for any particular situation, let me strongly urge that you pitch your tent not too far from some farm-house, where fresh food may be obtained once in a while. If the deprivations are necessary—and some are—bear them with all grace, but make the holiday season as easy as is possible for a holiday season to be.

A few glass lanterns will be needed, and then as many of the Chinese variety as you have a mind for will add much to the beauty and pleasure of the evening.

Choose your party for such a trip with the greatest care and thought. There is no half-way work about camping; either it is wretchedness or else it is bliss, and three-fourths of this pleasure or pain depends upon the people, and not the surroundings.

We camped on a certain occasion about five miles from home, and friends drove out to spend the day, with the plain understanding that we levied a tax from all such comers of something good to eat. In consequence, we were kept supplied with all sorts of fragile delicacies. Of course, you take bacon and potatoes, the different cereals, crackers, cookies, and all such long-lasting food; and then, if you can buy occasional chickens, eggs, and milk, or catch a few fish—why, surely, you will not starve!

And "may good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both!"

—Ruth Hall.

SOME INDIAN RECIPES.

CHUTNEY.

ANGLO-INDIAN housewives of the good old-fashioned type pride themselves on their skill in preparing chutney and preserves, and in the season when green mangoes are to be had in abundance, large quantities are prepared to be stored up for using through the year till the mango season comes round again, and for presents to friends at home,

The following recipes have been given to me by notable housewives, who have used them year after year in manufacturing this well-known Indian relish.

Delhi Chutney.—Four pounds of sugar, to be made into syrup; two pounds of salt; one pound of garlic, peeled and sliced; two pounds of green ginger; two pounds of dried chillies sliced; two pounds of mustard seed, to be washed, dried in the sun, and then bruised to remove the husk; two pounds of raisins, four bottles of vinegar; sixty mangoes, more or less, to be peeled and sliced and then boiled in the syrup and three bottles of vinegar. Put aside in a dish to cool, and then add salt, mustard seed, ginger, garlic, and chillies. Gradually stir in the remaining bottle of vinegar.

(Sour apples can be used in place of mangoes.)

Apricot Chutney.—Take sound ripe apricots, peel, stone, and to every four pounds of fruit add two pounds of sugar. Boil until of the consistency of jam. Add two pounds of raisins, stoned and cut, two pounds of almonds blanched and cut in halves, four ounces of green ginger, four ounces of garlic, half a pound of chillies ground with vinegar. Boil these in the jam for fifteen or twenty minutes. Let it cool, then pour in a quart of good vinegar with salt to taste. Boil for half-an-hour again in an enamelled or earthen pan.

Tomato Chutney.—Six pounds of tomatoes; one pound of sugar; half a pound each of almonds and raisins; one pint of vinegar; two ounces each of chillies, garlic, and green ginger. Peel tomatoes and slice almonds, garlic and ginger fine, the latter as fine as possible. The chillies must be ground with a little vinegar. Cook to a jelly in an enamelled pan. Put in salt to taste, and bottle when quite cold.

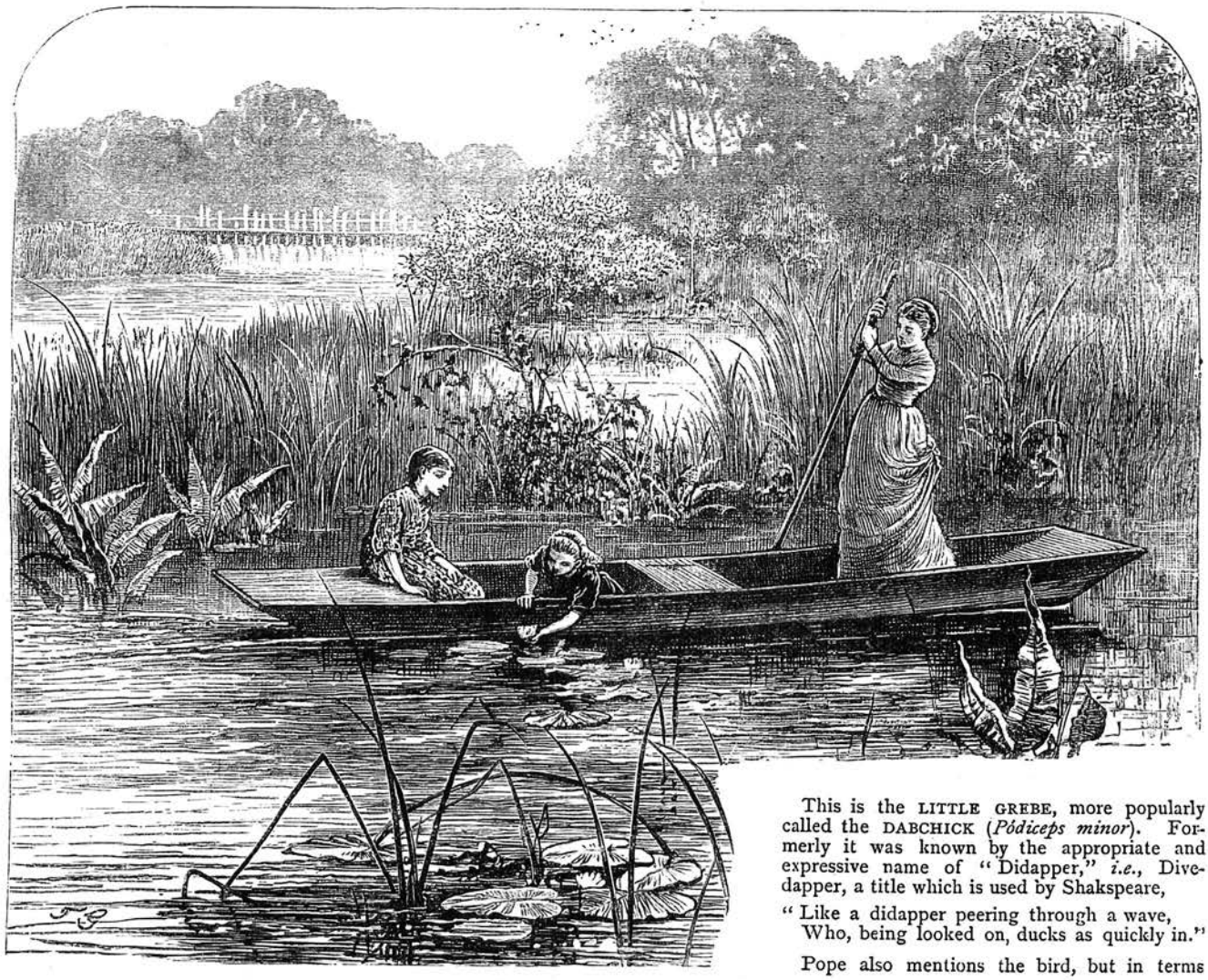
FENELLA JOHNSTONE.

THE BROOK AND ITS BANKS.

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

CHAPTER VIII.

SHOULD the reader be investigating one of the stilly flowing Brooks about the beginning of Spring, and take up his post of observation near any part where it widens into a sort of pool, is edged with reeds or bulrushes, and is sheltered by overhanging branches, he will probably see one of the most entertaining birds that are to be found in the water.



This is the LITTLE GREBE, more popularly called the DABCHICK (*Pódiceps minor*). Formerly it was known by the appropriate and expressive name of "Didapper," *i.e.*, Dive-dapper, a title which is used by Shakspeare,

"Like a didapper peering through a wave,
Who, being looked on, ducks as quickly in."

Pope also mentions the bird, but in terms

so absurdly at issue with its habits, that I fancy that he derived all his knowledge of it from the passage which has just been quoted. Even though he did live on the banks of the Thames, he could never have seen the bird, or he would not have written such lines as these :—

" As when a Dab-chick waddles through the copse,
On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops."

Pope, however, was a Londoner, pure and simple, and had no eyes but for the inhabitants of streets.

The bird is by no means easy of approach, and those who are able to watch it must have made much progress in the arts of silent approach and motionless observation, as already described. Supposing the reader to have gained such a post as has been mentioned, and is silently scanning the dark pool, suddenly there pops up like a cork a little dark bird, which restlessly paddles hither and thither with a quick, jerky movement, and as suddenly vanishes, like a coin from a juggler's hand. After a long interval, up it pops again, swims about for a short time, and again dives, not even raising a splash.

So instantaneously can it dive, and so keen is its eyesight, that Captain Mayne Reid mentions that when as a boy he was shooting Dabchicks with an old fashioned flint-gun, it was necessary to mask the pan with a piece of paper (much to the detriment of the aim), the bird diving at the flash, and being safely under water before the shot could reach it.

When below the surface it swims, or rather flies, with astonishing velocity, the wings being used as much as the feet, just as I have seen the guillemots act when under water. The bird is much more at home in the water than on land, and if it did find itself in a copse, might perhaps waddle in its attempts to reach the water, wherein would be its true refuge, but its legs are much too short for wading, and it can no more hop than a sparrow can dive. Pope seems to have been taken by the sound of the name, to have known that the bird had something to do with water, and then to have evolved the Dabchick out of his inner consciousness.

The feet of the Dabchick, as is the case with all the Grebes, afford a remarkable compromise between the feet of the terrestrial and aquatic birds. In most of the water birds all the toes are joined by a broad web, as in the familiar examples of the ducks and geese. But, in the Grebes, each toe is separate, three of them having a web at each side, so as to give to the toe the appearance of a leaf.

I have mentioned the spring as being the best time of year for watching the Dabchick. This is because at the approach of summer it mostly leaves the brook and takes to rivers, lakes, and similar waters, where it can hardly be seen at all except with the aid of a glass, and where its movements beneath the surface are wholly out of ken.

On the banks of such waters the Dabchick makes its nest, so that the wanderer by the Brook will have little if any chance of seeing it. Even if he should visit the lake or river, he would not be likely to recognise the nest, even if he should see it. For it does not look like a nest. To all appearance it is nothing but a dirty heap of half decaying reeds, loosely tumbled together as if left by the retiring waters after a flood. So exact is the resemblance, that even experienced ornithologists have been deceived by it, and have passed by the nest without suspecting its real character.

The fact is, that the unsightly looking, and unpleasantly smelling heap, is not the nest at all. The real nest lies beneath the reeds, which are intentionally placed there by the bird for the purpose of hiding the eggs. They have a singular effect on the eggs which they conceal.

When first laid the eggs are pure white, but in a very short time they become stained by the damp reeds which are laid over them, and darken into brown, mottled more or less with yellow. A newly-laid egg of the Dabchick which still retains its whiteness, is extremely rare, inasmuch as no process at present known can discharge the stains and restore the egg to its original whiteness.

It has been thought by some ornithologists that the Dabchick does not sit upon her eggs, but merely covers them so as to hide them, and then leaves them to be hatched by the joint influences of the sun's rays and the heat evolved from the decaying reeds.

This theory is, however, contradicted by those who are intimately acquainted with the bird, and who say that it is sufficiently wary to detect a foe at least half a mile, so that the two birds would have plenty of time to cover their nest with the reeds which were already prepared, and then to slip away silently through the water after their wont. Perhaps some of my readers may be enabled to settle this disputed question.

Like many other birds, the Dabchick has two different suits of clothes, one for the summer and the other for the winter, the former being much the handsomer of the two.

YET another aquatic bird which does not betray in its structure any indication of its mode of life.

In the same still, reed-fringed portions of slowly flowing brooks which shelter the dabchick, the WATER-HEN or MOOR-HEN (*Gallinula chlóropus*) may almost certainly be seen. Like that bird, it prefers wider waters, such as rivers and lakes, for nesting purposes, the Brook scarcely affording sufficient shelter, but at other times of the year the brook affords such abundant stores of food, that the bird abandons the river and returns to the brook.

Watching the Water-hen is a very different business from surprising the dabchick in its haunts, as the bird is not nearly so suspicious, neither does it possess the astonishing powers of diving that distinguish the dabchick.

Still, it is a wary bird, and affords good practice to the lover of Nature in watching animal life without alarming the creature that is under investigation. When, however, its wiles, of which it has not many, are learned, it is easily watched by those who will take a little trouble.

In the Isis, Cherwell, and their many tributary brooks the Water-hen abounds, and as most of my boyhood and early manhood were passed in Oxford, I had many opportunities of tracing the life-history of the bird.

Like many other creatures, the Water-hen knows instinctively when it is detected. When its sharp ears are alarmed by an unguarded footstep, or, still worse, by the voice of an intruder upon its haunts, its first idea is to slip aside unseen. So it paddles silently to the nearest bank, glides under the shadow of the overhanging foliage, where its dark plumage can hardly be distinguished, and steals off until it thinks itself in safety.

Sometimes, when the cover is insufficient for this manœuvre, it dives to some distance, always making for some floating foliage or growing water plant, and then rising very gently under shelter of the leaves, only permitting its beak to appear above the surface, so as to allow it to breathe.

In order to retain itself securely in this position, and yet to avoid betraying its locality by the slightest movement, it grasps with its long toes the stems of the water plants, and so is able to baffle the keenest eye.

A trained water dog may detect it and drive it from its refuge, but I presume that our object is to watch the bird and not to frighten it, and we shall attain our purpose by patient waiting. If, when the Water-hen dives, we do not stir, but content ourselves with keeping a close watch on the surrounding objects, we shall presently be rewarded by seeing it rise slowly and cautiously to the surface, glancing suspiciously in all directions, and then, having assured itself that no foe is near, it will swim about as freely as ever.

Should an intruder come suddenly on the bird while it is swimming, it seldom dives, but darts off horizontally on the wing, flying with unexpected speed just above the surface, and mostly allowing its feet to trail in the water. A most startling effect is produced by this sudden flight, and more than once I have seen gunners so disconcerted by the bird starting up under their eyes that they have allowed it to get out of shot before they recovered from their surprise.

Like the kingfisher, the Water-hen lays seven or eight eggs, but takes so little trouble to conceal them that I really wonder how the bird continues to maintain its place in the country.

For nesting purposes it seldom remains near the brook, but betakes itself to rivers, and preferably to lakes or very large ponds well fringed with vegetation. Still, I have found many of the nests on the banks of the swiftly-flowing river Dove, so beloved by trout-fishers, and so celebrated for its frequent mention in Walton's "Angler."

As to the nest, it hardly deserves the name, being nothing more than a quantity of sticks, reeds, and leaves put together without the least attempt at art. In, or rather on, this nest, which is little more than a platform with a slight hollow in it, the bird lays a great number of eggs, yellowish brown in colour, and spotted slightly with reddish brown. Six or seven is the usual number, but I have more than once taken eight eggs from a single nest. The bird always has two broods in one year, and sometimes brings up a third, if the weather be propitious—a fact which may account for its numbers.

When the young are hatched, they are quaint little beings, looking like round balls of dark down, rather than birds. As soon as they leave the egg-shell they tumble themselves into the water, and are at once as much at home as if they had been swimming for years.

Sometimes the nest is made too far from the water for the newly-hatched young to traverse. They can swim well enough when once in the water, but their limbs are not as yet capable of bearing them over land. The long toes of the parent are now used for a new purpose, the bird picking up its feeble offspring with them and carrying them to the water. She will sometimes even carry her eggs in the same manner. The bird has been seen in the act of carrying two young at the same time, one grasped in each foot.

She is rather capricious as a nest builder, and, like the wren, will occasionally make more than one nest before she is satisfied. Even after the nest has been completed and some of the eggs laid, she has been known to build another nest at some distance, and then transfer the eggs with her feet.

After heavy and continuous rain, the rivers are apt to rise so high that the nest would be swamped and the eggs destroyed. The Water-hen, however, has an instinctive prevision of a flood, and increases the thickness of the nest so as to keep the eggs out of the water. The same remarkable instinct has been noticed in the swan. While engaged in the task of adding to the nest, the birds divide the task between them, one remaining by the nest and acting as architect, while the other brings materials.

The all-useful toes of the bird serve yet

another purpose. Though so good a swimmer and diver, the Water-hen does not possess webbed feet. The extremely long toes, however, afford so much resistance to the water that the web would only add to the weight of the feet without sensibly increasing their swimming powers.

Though so wary a bird, the Water-hen, like many other creatures, soon finds out its friends, and will voluntarily seek the habitations of man.

Some years ago, one of my friends had a house in Sussex, the garden running down to the edge of a brook. Poultry of various kind were kept there, and among them was a pair of Water-hens which came to be fed as regularly as any of the inhabitants of the poultry yard. They began by striking up an acquaintance with the ducks in the water, and then by degrees accompanied them on land. I have seen them running about on the lawn in front of the house as much at their ease as any of the other birds.

THERE are two other aquatic birds which are often confounded with the Water-hen. One of these is the COOT (*Fúlica Atra*), which in size, shape, and general habits resembles the water-hen almost as much as the crow resembles the rook.

Strange to say, the characteristic by which the birds can be distinguished is the same in both cases, namely, the colour of the base of the beak. In the water-hen there is a large dark red patch at the base of the beak, while in the Coot the corresponding patch is white, and very conspicuous, especially if the sun be shining on the bird, just as the white base of the beak distinguishes the rook.

The Coot is not so often seen in brooks as the water-hen, and I do not know of any instance of its nesting in such a locality. Moreover, the water-hen remains in the same locality throughout the year, while the Coot is one of the partially migrating birds, haunting the brooks, rivers, and lakes during the warm weather, but betaking itself to the mouths of tidal rivers as soon as the cold weather comes on, knowing instinctively that it will find plenty of food among the young flat-fish, shrimps, and other inhabitants of estuaries.

As to the nest of the Coot, though I have examined many of them, I never found one which could be approached without wading or the assistance of a boat. I have tried both plans, and prefer the boat.

No one who studies even a tiny brook must be averse to wading when occasion demands, but the wading which is required in reaching a Coot's nest is of the most unpleasant character. The nest is always placed at some distance from the shore, and is mostly based on a foundation of growing reeds or sedges. I have found many of them on small tussocks just rising out of the water, crowned with rushes, and surrounded by sedge.

Now, the bed of the large and shallow pond where the nests are placed is necessarily of a muddy nature, and wading through mud is by no means an agreeable process. Mud is always slippery, and always studded with bits of sticks, stones, the shells of fresh-water mussels, water snails, etc., etc., on which it is not pleasant to tread with bare feet.

Then, you never know from one step what is likely to happen at the next step. You may come upon a patch of comparatively firm ground, or you may slide down into a hole a couple of feet in depth, in which latter case you will to a certainty measure your length in the water, either on your face or on your back as the case may be, and will find no slight difficulty in getting up again.

If you take a boat, a punt is the best for the purpose. It only draws an inch or two of water, a valuable property in the shallow waters which the Coot frequents, and it is so heavy that its weight will force a path through the sedges, which, when growing thickly, form a wonderfully strong barrier. I have more than once vainly attempted to drive a skiff through a sedge bank. The sedges seem at first to yield, but they suddenly recoil, and then drive the boat back again, in a most exasperating manner.

The nest of the Coot is very similar in appearance to that of the water-hen, but is of rather stronger make. It is simply laid on the reeds or sedges, and is not attached to them in any way, so that if the water should suddenly rise, the nest floats away with the bird still sitting on it.

In the defence of its nest the Coot displays great courage, as is shown by Mr Alex. Duncan in the "Naturalist's World" of Oct., 1884.

"On the 27th of February this year, a pair of Coots inhabiting the rushes at our garden foot laid the foundation of their nest. They kept building it for a day or two, when I noticed one morning that the nest had disappeared. Not knowing what had occurred, I imagined that the birds had sunk it so as to form a strong foundation on which to build the superstructure. On the morning following that on which the nest had disappeared, a new foundation or layer of reeds was laid on the top of the old one, and the birds were busy during the whole of that day in enlarging and adding to the layer. Visiting the spot again the next morning, I saw that the nest had again disappeared, and that the birds, especially the male, were in a high state of excitement.

"They did not attempt to build any more on the old site, but began in another place, and I was surprised to see that the first bundle of reeds which they placed in position shared the same fate as those of the first nest. But next day the riddle was solved in an amusing way—to me at least—but not to the subjects of the joke.

"Standing on the newly laid down reeds was one of the tame swans kept for the ornamentation of the loch, and seemingly coolly choosing the site of the Coots' nest for its own occupation. It was bending down and breaking off all the reeds within its reach, and laying them crosswise, evidently just commencing to build its own nest. Of course this was the reason of the Coots' nest disappearing so often, as the weight of so large a bird as a swan was more than sufficient to sink it out of sight.

"But the best part of the affair is yet to come. The Coots all the while had been rushing about very excitedly in an aimless way, seemingly not knowing what to do. However, things had evidently come to a climax, for one of them, mounting the swan's back with a rush, began a most furious pecking and pulling about its upper regions, while its mate boldly charged it up in front in good style, forcing the swan to cease its labours and defend itself. This it could not do very well, hampered as it was by the surrounding reeds, and by the dexterity of its small and nimble antagonists. It is needless to say that the Coots came off victorious, driving the large enemy ignominiously away—minus its dignity and a lot of feathers, which latter floated in the air like smoke after a battle—for a Coot, when roused, will fight with great pertinacity. The male of the pair I am writing about is a noted warrior in the tribe, thoroughly punishing all that venture near its chosen domain or mate.

"They were never molested again by the swans, one lesson being enough. But I am sorry to say that the nest, when it contained three eggs, was rifled, and the Coots began and finished another nest in deeper water, where it was secure from the egg-hunter, and where they successfully reared their brood."

I have already mentioned that when the two birds are swimming, the white patch on the base of the beak is a distinguishing mark of the Coot. When they are on land they can be easily distinguished by means of the legs. The feet of the Coot are grey, with a tinge of green, while those of the water-hen are dark olive green, gaining for the bird its specific name of *chlóropus*, or green-footed. Then the Coot has part of the tibia orange yellow, while the corresponding portion of the water-hen is scarlet.

Even the shape of the foot differs. The toes of the Coot are shorter than those of the water-hen, and are slightly fringed with web on the sides, while those of the water-hen are entirely without web.

THE last of the three similar aquatic birds is the WATER RAIL (*Rallus aquáticus*), a bird which, like its first cousin in the corncrake, is tolerably plentiful but seldom seen.

Like that bird, it has an invincible repugnance to using its wings, and even when tracked up by dogs can hardly be induced to take to the air. It winds in and out of the foliage just as the corncrake does among the stems of corn, and when at last compelled to take flight, it only rises just high enough to clear the bushes, and flies quickly and horizontally with dangling legs, just as has been mentioned of the water-hen. Almost the only chance of seeing one of these wary birds is by sitting still and patiently waiting under cover of a bush near the water's edge.

It can at once be distinguished by its peculiar stooping attitude and its short unwebbed toes. The mode of walking, too, is rather peculiar, the little white-tipped tail being jerked upwards at each step, in a manner which much reminds the spectator of the action of a rabbit when running.

In his work on "The Birds of Ireland," Mr. Thompson mentions a case which shows that the Water Rail is, in spite of its shy habits when at liberty, even more capable of domestication than the water-hen.

He saw in a gunsmith's window at Belfast, a Water Rail running about in the window, and picking off the flies from the glass. It resented any interference, and when a hand was placed near it, struck fiercely at it with beak and feet. It seemed so thoroughly at home that Mr. Thompson was quite surprised when he found that it had only been captured on the previous day.

(*To be continued.*)

THE WORLD'S PINS AND NEEDLES.

NEEDLE-STRAIGHTENING.

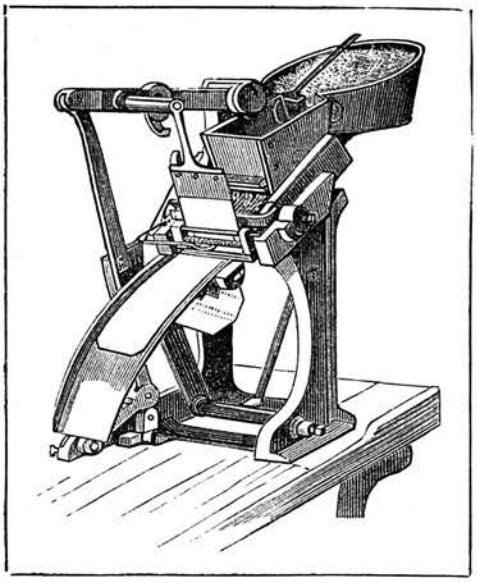
IF you are anywhere about the middle period of life, dear reader, it is probable that your grandmother enjoyed a certain provision customary in her day, and known as pin-money. Not that it was supposed to be entirely absorbed in the purchase of pins: the provision was intended to cover the expense of a multitude of little feminine necessaries, which word, then as now, was capable of a very elastic signification. In one of those clever but scandalous old comedies which adorned the Augustan age of English literature, there is an allusion to the purpose. A country-knight is negotiating the marriage of his son with the daughter of a wealthy cit, and haggles about the proposed allowance of five hundred a year as pin-money. The other attempts a remonstrance :—

Tipkin: The word pin-money, Sir Harry, is a term——

Sir Harry: It is a term, brother, we never had in our family, nor ever will. Make her jointure in widowhood accordingly large, but four hundred pounds a year is enough to give no account of.

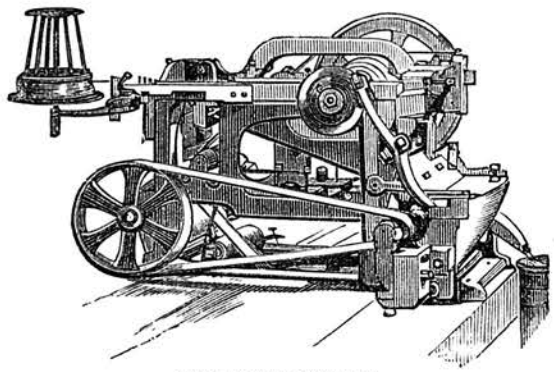
Tip.: Well, Sir Harry, since you cannot swallow these pins, I will abate to four hundred pounds

Sir Har.: And to mollify the article, as well as specify the uses, we'll put in the names of several female utensils, as needles, knitting-needles, tape, thread, scissars, bodkins, fans, play-books, with other toys of that nature.



PIN-STICKING MACHINE.

Addison defines pin-money to be "a sum allowed or settled on a wife for her private expenses." Nevertheless, at that time, pins would form no inconsiderable item in those expenses. Some of us will remember the old ball-headed pin of half a century ago. It was a substantial, not to say clumsy article, which had required much handicraft skill, and many processes, for its manufacture. Adam Smith chose it as an example of the advantages of division of labour. "A workman not educated to this business," he says, "could scarce perhaps, with his utmost industry, make one pin a day, and certainly could not make twenty. But in the way in which this business is now carried on, not only the whole work is a peculiar trade, but it is divided into a number of branches, of which the greater part are likewise peculiar trades. One man draws out the wire; another straightens it; a third cuts it; a fourth points it; a fifth grinds it at the top for receiving the head; to make the head requires two or three distinct operations; to put it on is a peculiar business; to whiten the pins is another; it is even a trade in itself to put them into the paper; and the important business of making a pin is, in this manner, divided into about eighteen distinct operations, which in some manufactories are all performed by distinct hands,

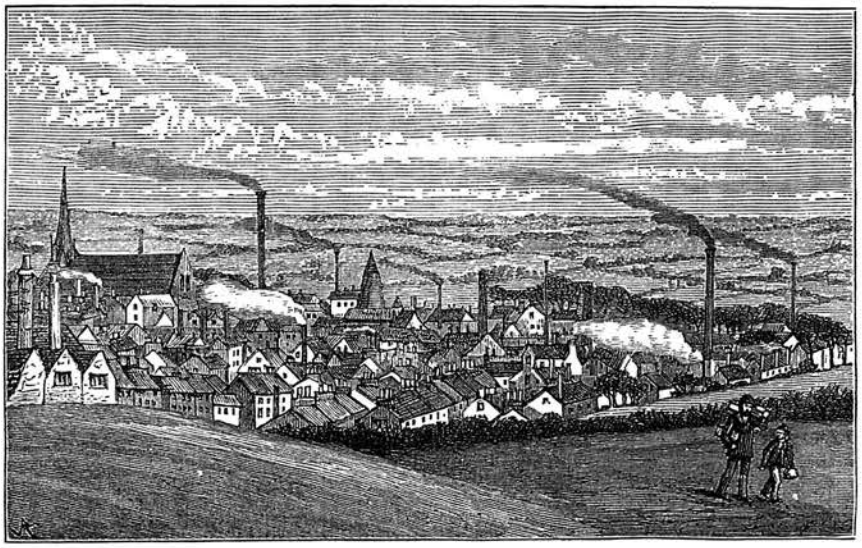


PIN-MAKING MACHINE.

though in others the same man will sometimes perform two or three of them." All this is changed now. The "peculiar trades" have nearly all disappeared. The pin-pointer no longer earns his sixty or seventy shillings a week, living a short life and a muddled one, through inhaling brass-dust and drinking deep potations of ale. Little children, whose tiny fingers alone would suit the work, no longer thread on to the spiky wires the minute coils of fine wire which were to form the pin-heads; the said heads having been previously chopped off from a long spiral by a machine which in grim pleasantry was called a guillotine. The pin-sticker no longer sits before her work-bench, patiently sticking pins into paper with a comb. One little automatic and very noisy machine performs most of the eighteen distinct operations that so interested the father of political economy, devouring brass wire at the one end, and at the other end turning out two or three hundred pins a minute, headed, pointed, and all complete.

The pin of our grandmothers had the sad failing of getting loose and shaky in the head, and sometimes of losing its head altogether: a not uncommon fatality, by the way, with the wearers of pins in those unsettled

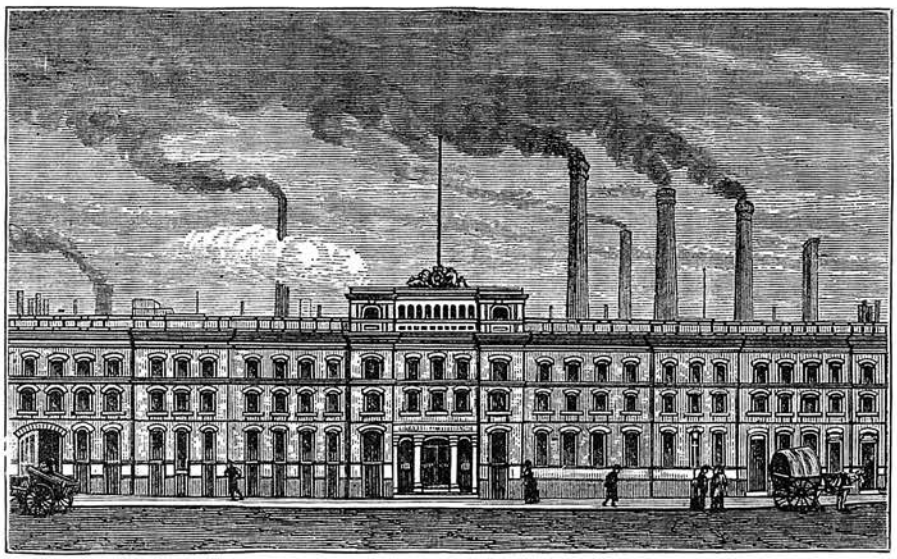
times. The introduction of a pin with a solid head—that is, one in which the body and head should be all of a piece—was a simple improvement, but it cost about seventeen years of labour and ingenuity, and many, many thousands of pounds, to bring it about. Patent after patent was taken out, tried, and thrown aside; manufacturer after manufacturer found his way into the *Gazette;* speculators took up the idea and abandoned it in despair; companies were formed and dissolved—all in the interests of that trifling article, which is universally quoted as the synonym for littleworth. The present method of making pins entirely by machine, and as it were by one operation, dates no further back, as a practical idea, than 1843; at which time it was taken up by a firm of truly representative British manufacturers, of that class which has helped to mould England's commercial greatness, in the same way as her representative statesmen have helped to mould her national greatness. By them was Wright's original machine adopted, perfected, and brought within the magic circle of *profit*—where none of its previous possessors had been able to land it. It would be perfectly hopeless to attempt to explain *how* this intelligent instrument does its work, but this is the work it *does*:—The end of a coil of wire (slung on a reel, ready to be unwound) is presented to it. It seizes that wire, and draws it steadily in, straightening it as it does so; and at the right instant a pair of iron fingers close upon a pin's length of it, and hold it while an iron fist strikes it three blows upon the end, and forms a perfect head; then a cutting instrument comes into play and chops it off; then the fingers unclose, and drop it into a receptacle which ranges it in the right position and carries it to the grinding wheels, rough and smooth, against which other contrivances hold it and pass it along, till it gets a fine point and a final polish, when it is allowed to drop off into a pan; the whole process of its formation having occupied about one-fifth of a second.



THE METROPOLIS OF NEEDLES.

The pin-sticking machine, again, might well be exhibited as part of a conjurer's magical apparatus, so seemingly rational are its movements. Few things look more inextricably confused than pins in a "ruck." The machine will shake out this ruck, marshal the pins in order, present them point foremost, and push them into the paper in regular rows, as perfect in their dressing as a regiment of Guards. While this is doing, another part of the machine is doubling up the paper ready. A long paper of pins, as we know, is folded over and over, in a compact little parcel to be handed across the haberdasher's counter. The first folds lie close, but as the parcel grows thicker, a wider and still wider interval is required between the rows of pins, or otherwise they would fall upon the edges of the folds. The machine does not forget this, but creases the paper up at a wider distance each time, exactly as the folds require.

The Newhall Works, Birmingham, produce upon an average *ten millions of pins per day*. It need hardly be said this is the largest pin-factory in the world. Human life has many unsolved problems, but surely not the least recondite of them is the question, What becomes of all the pins? They don't wear out;



THE LARGEST PIN-FACTORY IN THE WORLD.

and, as this firm at least makes them, they don't break. They bend to circumstances sometimes, like useful, sensible things as they are; but nobody ever saw a pin showing signs of old age. As a careless housemaid would say, they "get lost." But as matter is indestructible, they must be somewhere; and the enigma is—where are they? When the New Zealander—but no; I won't pursue that figure; *that*, at least, is worn out—when we, with all our powers of never-ceasing productiveness and wastefulness, have passed away, among the buried treasures of the earth will be found some millions of tons of—pins.

Another happy advantage which your grandmother, my dear reader, probably had over her degenerate descendants, was the possession of a tasty and handy little pocket-case called a "housewife," for the carrying of her bodkin, her scissors and thimble perhaps, her knitting-pins sometimes, but especially and always her needles. Needles were needles then—a gold-eyed needle was a thing of price, but that insured for it a steady, stay-at-home character, utterly foreign to its slippery modern representative. It was always to be found when wanted. If it were possible that a button should be found absent or loose, a thing hardly to be supposed in those days of tidiness, lavender and linen-presses, out the little pocket-case would be whipped in a twinkling, and the evil would be remedied at once. Strong, solid, and enduring was the sewing of our grandmothers. From the working of a sampler to the stitching of a shirt-frill, all must be firm and unpickable. And the needle was a sturdy, substantial article too, with a goodly girth in the waist. The finest needle in our grandmother's case would very likely not "look at" the holes in a modern shirt-button; any more than our slim and delicate instruments would take her trusty six-cord. Fine needles there were, and fine work too, but we are now thinking of ordinary work-a-day use. The fair fingers that turn over these pages will probably be familiar with needles finer than those which were formerly kept for very special occasions.

Should the brains, that direct those fairy fingers, have any desire to know some of the curiosities of the needle manufacture, we shall be happy to gratify it. The owner must please follow us in imagination to the pleasant little country town of Redditch, where nearly all the needles made in England, and where almost nothing else but needles, are produced. Here she will see needles in all the stages of their growth; for a needle, unlike a pin, has many, and would well serve the purpose of the political economist. Great rough coils (technically bundles) of black wire will be seen piled up on the railway wharf, or in the yards of the numerous factories, and she will scarce believe that her dainty little embroidery implement owes its extraction to such as these. Yet it is so. In this grimy workshop, which looks like a smithy, we shall see a bundle being cut up into lengths sufficient for two needles, by an enormous pair of scissors, which cuts through two or three hundred wires at once. These lengths all partake of the curvature of the coil, and have to be straightened; and this is the first curiosity of the manufacture. The workman heats them red-hot, in heaps, and encloses a quantity loosely in two iron rings, which he lays upon a slab. Then he takes an iron bar by its two extremities, and presses down upon the mass, swaying it from side to side so as to make the wires roll over each other, till they all come straight. He would seem to be making them more crooked; indeed, that is exactly what a novice would do, if he tried the process. The wires, being now nice and soft, are taken to another apartment, to be pointed at the two ends; for each wire, as before observed, is to form two needles, and at a subsequent stage they will appear stretched out head to head. We now see them travelling in procession over the wheel of a self-acting grinding machine, which holds and turns them regularly as each is ground to a sharp and perfect point, at the rate of forty thousand an hour.

Quite a small firework exhibition is presented by the showers of sparks—white-hot particles of steel—which fly from the stone, and are sucked down a tube by a fan exhaust. This is curiosity number two. Now the wires, being brightened a bit in the middle, to allow of a clean impression from the die, have their double heads struck up under a stamp. The workman can pick up a wire, hold it in its right position on the bed, strike the blow, and throw the impressed article on to a heap, fifty thousand times a day. Then the eyes are punctured through at a press, still two at a time; and for this work the light fingers of girls are found most suitable. Little children now spit the double needles on long wires, which hold them together while a workman trims the sides of their heads, and when they are broken across the middle, which they now easily submit to, their crowns. The things are needles now, but black and disreputable-looking, and with no stability in their constitutions, as they are still soft, and would bend like lead. They will shortly pass on to be hardened; but first the *insides* of their eyes have to be smoothed and polished, to save them from cutting the thread; and the manner of doing this is another curiosity, They are again spitted on fine wires, which have been roughened. A number of wires, so furnished, are stretched across a frame, which is attached to the machinery and set in motion, shaking to and fro. The suspended needles begin jigging and twirling in the most comical manner; and the dance is kept up till every eye is rubbed perfectly smooth and round. Hardening and tempering are scientific matters, and require much skill and attention on the part of the workman, but need not detain us.

We will pass on to inspect another curious process, that of scouring or brightening the needles, a much more elaborate and cumbrous affair than might be supposed. A great mill, in a lonely situation across the fields, its lumbering machinery driven by a water-wheel, and making as much noise as the "fulling engines" which so alarmed Don Quixote and his Squire, may be the scene of our inspection. Here the needles, bound tightly in long rolls of canvas, with powdered quartz, emery, soft soap, grease, and other

scouring materials, are subjected for days together to a mangling process under heavy slabs weighted with iron; by which means they are not only rubbed bright, but all the inequalities of their figure are subdued to perfect grace and contour. Needle-makers say this process is absolutely necessary: it certainly answers its purpose to a miracle. In the early days of needle-making, this scouring was done in a very primitive manner. The workman, as he sat at work in other branches of the manufacture, rolled the packages of needles under his feet.

There are several further operations, many of them very interesting to witness, before the tiny articles are ready for the market. It is pretty to see the neat warehouse-girls reduce them to order in nice even layers, by stroking and coaxing them with suitable tools; get their heads all one way by allowing the points to stick in the finger—covered with a wash-leather finger-stall, we are happy to say; and afterwards get out those which are slightly longer than the rest, by the same harmless device. We should admire the surprising way in which the most microscopic faults are detected, and the rigid justice by which the faulty ones are condemned. And we should be fascinated by the nimble dexterity of the fingers that consign them to the tasteful packets, of never-ending variety of design, in which they reach the consumer.

Redditch makes one hundred millions of needles every week: about twelve apiece for every adult female in the United Kingdom. Now, ladies, *can* there be any excuse for our buttons not being sewn on?

CHARLES HIBBS.

Girl's Own Paper, 1900 - Fred Miller

A CURIOUS MIDNIGHT CUSTOM.

MIDNIGHT in an English forest is suggestive of little that is either wild or strange. Imagination may conjure up and bring vividly before the mind's eye many a fantastic scene in association with forest coverts or fairy-haunted moonlit glades; but in reality the setting of the sun in our native woodlands ushers in a season of singular quiet and calm, unbroken by few sounds save the faint occasional "whirr" of a bat, the dismal cry of an owl, or the sweet bursting melody of a nightingale. Oftentimes, however, the nocturnal hours which precede the rising of the moon are absolutely still—

> "No sights are seen—no melancholy bird
> Sings tende·.y and sweet; but all the air
> Is thick a· d motionless,"

and holds a "solemn" stillness. Especially does silence reign throughout our woodlands during the dreary nights of winter, except when the wind mournfully sighs through leafless branches.

In one, however, of our English forests, the quiet of midnight has been annually broken during the last 300 years, in a very singular manner, by the exercise of a custom which will in all probability be extinguished by an Act of Parliament, to which the royal assent will be given during the present session of 1878. Comparatively few persons, however, not inhabitants of the straggling Essex villages which lie in the neighbourhood of Epping Forest, have ever seen this curious custom exercised, and some description of it will probably be interesting to those who love to link the present in picturesque association with the past.

It was on the night of the 11th of November, 1873, that the present writer, forming one of a little band of "Friends of the Forest," found himself at the small forestal village of Loughton. The night was cold but clear, the brightly glittering stars adding to the subdued light from a waning moon. A point of departure had been fixed for the "Friends of the Forest"—

defenders of public rights to common lands and jealous guardians of the finest recreation-ground of the largest city in the world—at the "Crown" inn at Loughton. Thence they plunged into the cold night-air, and as the hands of the church-clock neared the mysterious hour of twelve, they left the village and made towards the forest.

Following the course of a winding road, the houses are soon lost from view, and a dusky, wooded knoll comes into sight beyond a small expanse of gorse-covered turf. The road from Loughton winds round this upland; but access to its sides from its fence-encircled base—the mark of illegal enclosure—is gained through a gateway on the Loughton side.

Entering this gateway, the "Friends of the Forest" are not long in reaching their destination at the knoll-top. Here a curious scene is lighted by the pale beams of the moon. Lone and dreary as this upland crest would be on every other winter's night in this sparsely inhabited district, it is now covered by a crowd of dusky human forms. Whose they are cannot be discerned by the dull light of the waning moon; but figures are moving everywhere—not alone, however, on the turf, which is damp with the night-dews. There is a strange movement in the trees. Leaves unfallen yet in the late autumn are stirring gently, touched by the breeze which reaches the knoll-top from the dark expanse of woodland stretching far away into the night. But it is not the motion of the leaves which makes the strange movement from the tree-tops. Big branches are swaying with a force which the soft night-wind could not produce, and there is a strange glitter of reflected moon-rays between the leafy interstices.

Presently all is still. The moving forms on the greensward are motionless; the tree-tops cease to sway to and fro. A dead silence falls upon the scene, broken only by the husky rustle of the seared leaves. Listen! One other sound now strikes on the ear. It is the first stroke of the village clock announcing midnight. The further strokes are drowned by a deafening shout from human voices rising clear and sharp into the crisp night-air. Another shout; a sound of cracking branches; a hurried movement to gather them; a blaze of light; then smoke and flames as a bonfire lights up the hill-top and shows an assembled crowd of people of both sexes, of all ages, and of various ranks in life.

The blazing branches reveal the figures of many a lusty Essex peasant ensconced in the tree-forks, and applying axe to branch with enthusiastic rapidity. The work of lopping, or "top-lopping," as it is locally called, goes on apace for a short period, until the turf has become littered with the fallen wood. This is hurriedly gathered into heaps, which provide the food of many other bonfires. When these have burnt out, the crowd subsides. Loughtonians and visitors descend the hill in various directions in search of their homes, and smouldering embers alone tell of the curious scene which has disturbed the quietness and solitude of this early winter night in Epping Forest.

A right, however, has by this singular initiation been acquired by the poor inhabitants of Loughton—the right of wood-cutting for their supply of winter fuel, from the 12th of November, 1873, to the 23rd of April, 1874. The "lopping" has been performed—and uninterruptedly performed—in the face of the presumptive possession of the wooded knoll by private persons whose fences surround it. For more than seven months preceding this 11th of November, the passing of these fences would have constituted a "trespass" in the eye of the law, for it was a year later before the Court of Chancery declared that this enclosure and many another—encircling in all nearly 2,000 broad acres of the metropolitan forest—were illegal and unwarrantable. On the 24th of April in each year, the right fell through, and could not again be claimed until November, and then only by the initiatory process already described—initiatory to the exercise of a custom which had acquired the force of law.

Authorities differ amongst themselves as to the circumstances which gave origin to this custom, and as to the date of its origination. By a preponderance of opinion the latter, however, is fixed in the reign of Elizabeth. The virgin queen, it is well known, was a frequent visitor to Epping Forest. She hunted there, and built at Chingford a hunting-box, a portion of which still remains, and bears the name of "Elizabeth's Lodge." It is said that on one occasion, during a sojourn in the forest—her own royal forest, be it remembered—she so much compassionated the miserable condition of the poor in the forestal manors immediately surrounding her residence—the manors of Loughton, Theydon Bois, Epping, and Waltham—that she gave them permission to cut firewood from the forest-trees for their winter use. But to the royal permission she attached—probably under the influence of a whim—the condition that the lopping should commence each winter at midnight of the 11th of November. The terms of the arrangement between Queen Bess and the Essex peasants living within the four forestal manors already referred to were, indeed, very precise. The axes of the wood-cutters must be struck into the trees at that moment which was exactly between the 11th and 12th of November. This prescription being duly attended to by any one, or by more than one, of the inhabitants in any part of either of the four manors named in the royal charter, the privilege of wood-lopping would continue until the 23rd day of the ensuing month of April, after which—during spring, summer, and autumn—it would cease, as already mentioned. If, however, by the slightest mischance or forgetfulness the explicit instructions of the queen failed to be carried out, the right to cut wood would be forfeited, not for one year only, but for ever.

The royal wood-cutting charter, however, gave great displeasure to the lords of manors in Epping Forest. These persons looked with a jealous eye upon a practice which promised to be a serious interference with their manorial rights. But they dared not object to what the sovereign had, with so much of kind consideration for her poorer subjects, ordained; and the royal will overrode for the royal pleasure at all times, within the royal forests, manorial rights and

customs. No enclosure in those days could bar access to royalty or to those armed with the royal permission. There was, however, the chance that, by artifice or cunning, the fulfilment of the one condition on which the right of wood-cutting had force might be prevented.

One of the lords of the manor of Epping offered to perform the lopping for the poor inhabitants of his district. He represented to them that by the irregular and unsystematic lopping practised by the wood-cutters, great injury was done to the forest-trees. He promised, therefore, that not only would he undertake to have the work done by his own people in due form and under the requirements of the royal charter, but that he would further have the wood carted to the doors of the poor residents within the boundary of his manor. Deceived by the plausibility of this proposal, the cottagers consented to accede to it. For a time all went well. The wood was regularly cut according to royal prescription, and sent round as promised to the recipients. Soon, however, less regularity was observed in cutting and delivering the wood, and after awhile the supply ceased altogether, and the "lord," who had cozened his poor fellow parishioners into believing in his sincerity and generosity, then not only refused to continue the practice, but forbade them to cut for themselves.

In the manor of Waltham, within the bounds of Epping Forest, a *ruse* of a different kind, but one which proved equally effectual, was adopted by a crafty "lord," with the object of depriving the poor of the right to lop. A short time before the arrival of the 11th of November, in the year 1641, the manorial lord of Waltham sent an invitation to all the inhabitants—not a very large number—within his manor to attend a great feast which he announced his intention of giving on the night of the 11th. No suspicion of any ulterior designs appears to have been entertained, and the *convives* came in force—there being no absentees from the manorial board, save those compelled by illness to keep their beds. Nothing was wanting at this sumptuous feast. Viands were piled up in profusion, and wine without stint flowed merrily. The time, too, passed rapidly, and it was long past midnight before the carousing assemblage thought of leaving. Then, however, and not till then, it flashed upon them that it was the initiatory wood-cutting night. But it was too late; the time had gone by for qualifying for the privilege; and their late host informed them that their right had lapsed by *non user*. They had, in truth, sold it for a mess of pottage, and there was no redress or appeal from their own thoughtlessness.

The inhabitants of Theydon Bois, by dint of watchfulness and by scrupulous attention to the stipulation regarding the midnight lopping of the 11th of November in each year, managed to secure and retain the privilege of wood-cutting until a few years since. But owing to the power and influence of some of the later lords of manors, and to the timidity or fear of the inhabitants of that particular district, the practice gradually became reduced in extent, and has finally become almost extinguished, its exercise being only attempted in a furtive way.

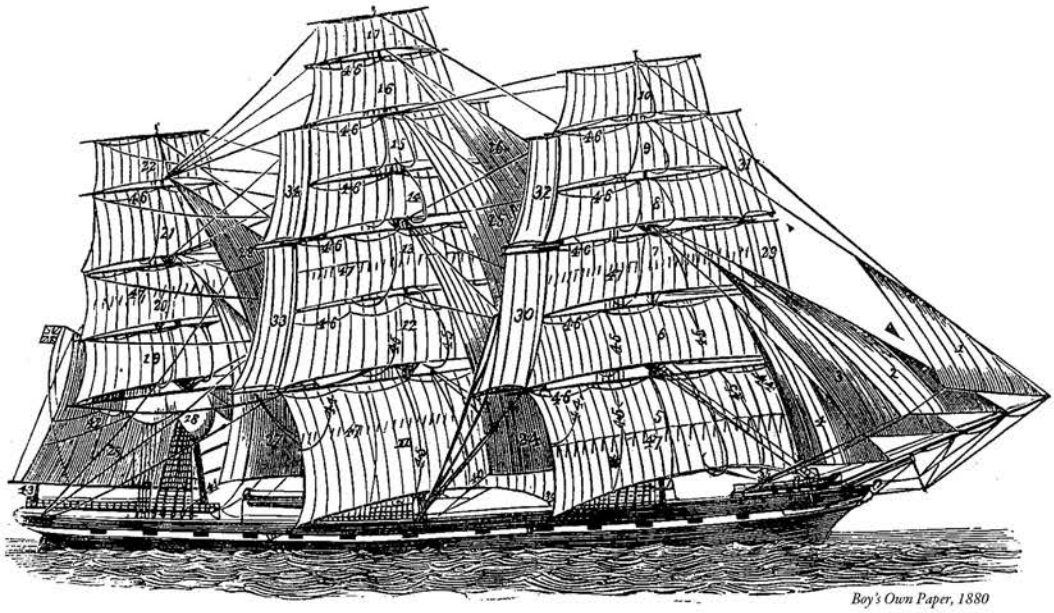
Perhaps it is because the poor of Loughton have been mostly fashioned of sturdier material than the poor inhabitants of the sister parish of Theydon Bois, that the Loughtonians have succeeded in maintaining their privileges intact, in spite of threats, intimidations, and *ruses*. The fact that they have retained their lopping rights in the Loughton portion of Epping Forest is the more remarkable because of the circumstance that the whole of the forestal portion of the manor of Loughton, and not merely the wooded knoll referred to in the early part of this paper, has been enclosed in these recent years; and the lopping, consequently, has been performed during the period from November to April in spite of the enclosing fences, and each year during their existence. Loughtonians, however, have had to fight against the craft of lords of manors who have sought to deprive them of their privilege of wood-cutting. One instance of an attempt to deprive them of this privilege is interesting because, whilst it recalls the attempt made by the manorial lord of Waltham in 1641 to deprive the poor loppers of that manor of their right, it differed from the Waltham case in being unsuccessful.

A lord of the manor of Loughton, as the readiest and most likely means of preventing the poor villagers from qualifying for their right to lop, gave an invitation to all and sundry to attend a great banquet at the Loughton Manor House on the 11th of November. The time fixed for the commencement of the entertainment was late in the evening. No expense had been spared in the preparation of the feast, and the ostentatiousness of the invitation brought a very large gathering. Pains, indeed, had been taken to prevent any one from refusing to come. There were some of the wassailers, however, on this occasion who did not forget, even when the festivity was at its height, that the "lopping" would have to be done at the appointed time. To avoid obliviousness of the occasion they refrained from quaffing too freely of the flowing bowl. Their host, however, pressed them; but, with a keen eye to the important business of the night, they resisted his importunity. A little before midnight they rose to go to the forest; but, on reaching the doors, what was their astonishment to find that they were heavily barred and that the egress of the guests was obstructed! Their cunning entertainer smiled maliciously on witnessing the confusion of the would-be loppers, and refused to allow the doors to be unbolted, in spite of the entreaties of his guests. But his triumph was very short-lived. The men, rendered desperate, resorted to an expedient which the manorial lord had not taken into his calculation. Either suspecting treachery or, what is perhaps more probable, anxious to combine business with pleasure, and to make the most of the latter, a number of them had concealed their axes about their persons, so as to stay as long as possible at the banquet, and avoid the necessity of returning to their homes ere proceeding to the forest. With such effective instruments they made short work of the wooden doors of the Manor

House; and, regaining their liberty, made for the wood with all possible speed, and reached it before the hour of midnight.

But the curious custom of "top-lopping" in Epping Forest is now doomed to extinction. The stunted appearance of the trees in many portions of this woodland—large numbers of them being mere pollards—is due to the long-continued, indiscriminate, and unskilful practice of cutting the trees in the manner which has been referred to. The future conservators of the forest—which now, in the size to which it has grown by the abatement of illegal enclosures, is to be preserved for the enjoyment and recreation of the public for ever—will be the Corporation of London, a body which defended the popular cause in the famous suit determined by the Court of Chancery in 1874. These conservators will have to undertake themselves to superintend the future work of lopping the forest-trees so as to get it done in a proper and systematic manner. But they will do no hardship to the poor, and for the privilege thus taken away they will substitute either a sum of money in compensation, or an equivalent in "kind" in the shape of fire-wood or coal.

FRANCIS GEORGE HEATH.



Boy's Own Paper, 1880

A SHIP AND ITS SAILS.

1 Flying jib
2 Outer jib
3 Inner jib
4 Fore topmast staysail
5 Foresail, or forecourse
6 Lower fore topsail
7 Upper ,,
8 Lower fore top-gallantsail
9 Upper ,,
10 Fore-royal
11 Mainsail, or maincourse
12 Lower main topsail
13 Upper ,,
14 Lower main top-gallantsail
15 Upper ,,
16 Main royal
17 Main skysail
18 Cross-jack (brailed up)
19 Lower mizen topsail
20 Upper ,,
21 Mizen top-gallantsail
22 Mizen royal
23 Spanker, or driver
24 Main topmast staysail
25 Main topgallant staysail
26 Main royal staysail
27 Mizen topmast staysail
28 Mizen topgallant staysail
29 Fore topmast studding-sail, weather
30 Fore topmast studding-sail, lee
31 Fore topgallant studding-sail, weather
32 Fore topgallant studding-sail, lee
33 Main topmast studding-sail, lee
34 Main topgallant studding-sail, lee
35 Jib, inner, outer, & flying sheets
36 Fore sheet
37 Fore tack
38 Main sheet
39 Main tack
40 Main topmast staysail sheet
41 Mizen topmast staysail sheet
42 Spanker brails
43 Spanker sheet
44 Leech lines
45 Bunt lines
46 Gaskets
47 Reef-points

INMATES OF THE HOUSE.—DOMESTIC.

THE MISTRESS.

DISTINCT from the duties which devolve naturally on a wife and mother, are those of a mistress, or female head of a household. Not that the exercise of any, or all, of these functions is incompatible one with the other. On the contrary, the union of the qualities which constitute a good wife and mother is never so complete as when combined with knowledge of housekeeping. No one is so well suited to the latter charge as the sharer of a husband's earnings; no one has so direct an interest as herself in effecting pecuniary economies, and preserving her household in health and happiness. It is much to be deplored that many excellent wives fall short of the full measure of their value, simply from deficiency of practical knowledge.

As it is not possible, in this place, to enumerate all the manifold duties of the mistress of a household, we will content ourselves with commenting on the principal.

Firstly, with regard to the spending of money. In most middle-class families the wife is the medium through whose hands daily wants are directly supplied. The English wife generally spends all the money required for domestic purposes. Having deducted the sums necessary for rent, taxes, insurance, and professional or trade expenses, the husband usually places in the wife's hands either the remainder of the income, or as much of it as he thinks necessary for providing such articles as food, fuel, clothing, wages, replacements, and other necessaries contingent upon wear and tear of furniture, linen, &c., together with the education of children, should any belong to them. The perfection of management consists in maintaining a fair proportion in all the above items of expenditure; not suffering the demand for clothing, for instance, to trench on the sum allotted to food, or *vice versâ*. If the sum of money at disposal be but small, the mistress

should curtail all superfluities in every department over which her rule extends; excessive dress and pleasure-seeking being, perhaps, those which are most liable to fritter away an income, as a moth does a garment.

In all housekeeping arrangements some margin should be left, by the mistress, to meet unexpected misfortunes caused by illness, &c.

Sometimes it happens that, with the most careful check upon unnecessary expenditure, sums of money are laid out unwittingly, leaving nothing to show for the disbursement. The only plan to prevent this unsatisfactory result is to keep close accounts of all money received and spent. These entries should be made daily. At the end of the week the sum-total on either side should be added up and balanced. At the end of the month, again, each item of expenditure should be taken out, and the sums paid for meat, beer, bread, &c., should be entered separately under their respective heads. In order to make any variation in the average consumption clear at a glance, the number of persons provided for should be marked down in a foot-note. Memoranda should likewise be made of any extra demands which may have arisen from sickness, party-giving, or other unusual occurrences.

Having ascertained the extent of the income at her disposal, a mistress should endeavour to make the most of it by paying ready money for all purchases—ready-money payment being the basis of all true economy.

Taking the money from one's purse at the time of buying anything, and "setting it down to account," are by no means the same thing in the end. Independently of interest for money which in some form or another has to be paid when credit is given, the buyer, when she pays for an article at the time, very seldom purchases either what she does not want or in excess of the required quantity. Inexperienced housekeepers especially are liable to fall into the latter errors; the temptation to give a larger order than needful being almost irresistible, when prompted to do so by the persuasive suggestions of a good salesman.

The limit to which the term "ready money" extends is very elastic, and may mean one week, a month, or a quarter of a year or twelve months, according to the credit attached to the purchaser's position in life. As a general rule, however, the longer a bill remains unpaid the greater is the amount of interest charged; although not ostensibly as interest, but in increased charges. In the strict and profitable sense of the word, ready money means payment on or before the delivery of goods. At such times only can any abatement or discount be asked for.

Weekly books are in almost all cases against the interest of the buyer. What with the errors of entry consequent upon the number of persons through whose hands the order passes, and the delay in returning the books when made up, mistakes are inevitable and, of course, wherever any doubt exists, the loss falls on the customer.

As far as it is possible, a mistress should give her own orders, choose her own provisions, pay her own bills, and file the receipts with scrupulous exactness. The above method is, in reality, *marketing*—that old-fashioned term which represents the most healthful and profitable occupation for a woman in the *morning* of the day. Not only is the practice conducive to the direct saving of money, but the choice of provisions is greater than at other times. The chances for change of food also resulting from the practice is by no means the least boon. Nothing is so likely to undermine the health as sameness of diet, and if the mistress of a house stays at home from one week's end to another, she is liable to fall into a stereotyped set of orders, and to lose all knowledge of the varied produce each season affords. Under the impression that certain provisions are equally dear all the year round, she refrains from ordering what, in her opinion, are luxuries, not reflecting that a glut in the market of choice and seasonable provisions is constantly occurring at unexpected times. It is on these occasions that what might otherwise be prohibited luxuries may be enjoyed by all who have money to spend on ordinary food. The only thing necessary to prevent making bad bargains is to possess a knowledge of every article offered for sale. This can only be acquired by experience, aided by the hints and suggestions which the HOUSEHOLD GUIDE is designed to furnish in every branch of domestic economy.

Marketing need not of necessity be the onerous duty which many suppose. To prevent its being so, the mistress should learn by observation what the average consumption of her household is. Having done this, she may easily provide for two or three days in advance. In many suburban neighbourhoods it is now customary for even the best tradesmen to send round certain provisions by their own carts. The prices charged for the goods thus supplied are the same as if ordered from the shop. With many goods, such as greengrocery, butter, and eggs, the plan is convenient, provided the snare of a "booking account" be avoided. With meat, however, the rule does not hold good. A housekeeper who desires to be well and profitably served should select her own meat, see it weighed and trimmed, and take home with her a receipted bill, in which the weight of the meat as well as the price is written. With regard to grocery, if no store be kept in the house, the weekly consumption should be strictly regulated.

People who cannot dispense with booking accounts should be particular not to send verbal orders, neither ought they to pay at one time and book at another. They should either pay at one place always, or "book" always. Our reason for making these remarks is, that mistakes and confusion invariably follow on any irregularity of system.

Another duty on the part of a mistress is the receiving of company, a matter of inclination as well as of duty on the part of many mistresses, provided the husband's income is adequate. In such cases a mistress is bound to regulate her household in conformity with this claim upon her time. If, for instance, she is obliged to be much out of the nursery, she should secure the services of a good nurse to tend the little ones in her absence. If dinner company be kept to any extent, a competent cook is required in the kitchen, and well-trained servants are indispensable, to wait at table. In case the income is insufficient for these requirements, it is a great question whether any attempt to appear better off than one really is, is not more injurious to a man's social position than if he renounced all pretensions to imitate the easy circumstances of his wealthier associates. Most husbands are guided by their wives' judgments in these matters; and it is well that it should be so, because no one else is equally conversant with the expenses and general sacrifices of personal comfort which much company entails.

The engaging of servants is also an extremely important part of a mistress's duties. All indoor domestics are supposed to be subject to her rule, and to take notice to leave from her.

A mistress should be impartial in all disputes which may arise amongst her household, and she should not suffer one servant to take any advantage of another. In order to keep every servant in his or her place, a written plan of work should be given to each domestic on entering service. If any alterations in the rules observed should be necessary, it is better to make the change before a new-comer takes the situation than afterwards. It is often found so difficult to alter the order of household proceedings, that there is no help for it but to change every servant to get one's views carried out. This plan is bad, because new servants are naturally suspicious when no one acquainted with the family is left behind.

OFF FOR DANCING SCHOOL.

Drawings by Kate Greenaway. Verses by Laura E. Richards.

These words can be sung to the Elizabethan air: "To all you ladies now on land," etc.

I

We started off for dancing school,
My sisters twain and I;
The night was lovely, clear and cool,
The moon was in the sky.
I wore a gown of sarcenet blue,
And Madge and Kitty had them too,
For to trip and to skip,
And to skip and to trip,
And be merry all the glad time through.

II

The girls were pranked as gay and bright
As peacocks in their pride;
The parson's Rose was all in white,
Most like an April bride,
Her sister Nell in gown of green,
Good lack! she thought herself a queen,
For to trip and to skip,
And to skip and to trip,
And be merry all the glad time through.

III

The lads in corner huddled close,
Just like a flock of sheep:
Beneath their lids at Nell and Rose
They scarcely dared to peep.
But yet, "How fair so e'er they be,"
Methought, "There's one will come for me,
For to trip and to skip, And to skip and to trip,
And be merry all the glad time through."

IV

The master tapped his fiddle-bow,
And bade us rise to dance.
The girls stood perking in a row,
All waiting for the chance.
And up comes Ned with beck and bow,
And says "Will be my partner now,
For to trip and to skip,
And to skip and to trip,
And be merry all the glad time through?"

V

I dropped my curtsey wide and deep,
And gave to Ned my hand.
Pit! pat! my feet the time did keep,
The while we took our stand.
Then ting! tang! ta! the notes did play,
And Ned and I set quick away,
For to trip and to skip,
And to skip and to trip,
And be merry all the glad time through.

VI

Now hop! hop! hop! we all did go,
A slide and then a bounce.
And Rose flew by, a wreath of snow,
And Nell did flaunt and flounce.
"But best," cried Ned, "I like the blue!
And oh, there's none of them all like you,
For to trip and to skip,
And to skip and to trip,
And be merry all the
glad time
through!"

Janitors I Have Met, and Some Others

VI.—HOUSEHOLD RETAINERS

By Albert Bigelow Paine

IT is of Rosa that I would speak now, Rosa, the young and consuming; and of Wilhelmine, the reformer.

Rosa came first in our affections. It was during our period of suburban residence that she became a part of our domestic economy, though on second thought economy seems hardly the word. She was tall, and, while you could never have guessed it to look into her winsome, gentle face, I am sure that she was hollow all the way down. When I first gazed upon her I wondered why one so young (she was barely sixteen) and with such delicacy of feature should have been given feet so disproportionate in size. I know now that they were mere recesses, and that it was my fate for the time being to fill, or to try to fill, them.

She came in the afternoon, and when after a portion of the roast had been devoted to the Precious Ones and their forbears, and an allotment of the pudding had been issued and dallied over, Rosa came on and literally demolished on a dead run every hope of to-morrow's stew, or hash, or a "between-meal" for the Precious Ones—licked not only the platter, but the vegetable dishes, the gravy tureen, the bread board, and the pudding pan, clean, so to speak. At first we merely smiled indulgently and said: "Poor thing, she is half starved and it is a pleasure to have her enjoy a good meal. She can't keep it up, of course."

But this was simply bad judgment. At daybreak I hastened out for a new invoice of bread stuff and market supplies in order to provide for immediate wants. Rosa had rested well and was equal to the occasion. When I returned in the evening I found that our larder had been replenished and wrecked twice during my absence. The Little Woman had a driven, hunted look in her face, while Rosa was as winsome and gentle-featured, as sweet and placid in her consciousness of well being and doing, as a cathedral saint. In fact it always seemed to me that she never looked so like a madonna as she did immediately after destroying the better part of a two-dollar roast and such other trifles as chanced to be within reach in the hour of her strong requirements.

And these things she could do seven days in the week and as many times during each twenty-four hours as opportunity yielded to her purpose. We were hopeful for days that it was only a temporary disaster and that we would eventually get her filled up, shoes and all. But days became weeks and weeks gathered themselves into months. Each morning Rosa came up winsome and glad to be alive—fresh as the dew on the currant bushes and ravenous.

It was no use. We gave it up at last and merely concerned ourselves with getting sufficient unto the day and moment.

But there was another side to Rosa. She was willing to take counsel, in the matter of her labors, and profit by it.

Also she had no particular aversion to work, and she was beloved of the Precious Ones. It is true she had no special regard for the fragility of queensware, but care in these matters is not expected even of old retainers ; as I have said, Rosa was in the flower of youth.

It was not without regret, therefore, that we found she could not accompany us to the city. Her people did not wish her to become a part of the great metropolis in early youth, and were willing to do the best they could with her appetite at home until another near-by source of supplies could be found. So it was that Rosa passed out of our fortunes when we gave up suburban life and became dwellers in the Monte Cristo apartments.

It was then that Wilhelmine came. A relative was to abide with us, and it seemed necessary to have somebody. I suggested that any employment bureau could doubtless supply us with just what we needed, and the Little Woman went down to see.

I have never known exactly what her experiences were there though she has done her best to tell me. Her account lacked lucidity and connection, but from what I can gather piecemeal, she did not enjoy herself. However, the experiment resulted in something — a very old German individual in a short dress, stout of person, and no English worth mentioning. She came on us like a cyclone, and her speech was as a spring torrent in volume. I happened to know one or two German words, and when incautiously I chanced to let her have a look at them she seized my hand and did a skirt dance. Then presently she ran out into the kitchen, took everything from every shelf, and rearranged the articles in a manner adapted to the uses of nothing human.

This was the beginning, and relentlessly she pursued her course, backed up by a lifetime of experience, and the strong German traditions of centuries. The entire household was reorganized under her régime. The Little Woman and the Precious Ones were firmly directed, and I was daily called to account in a mixture of high-geared German and splintered English that was fairly amazing in its quantity. Nothing was so trivial as to escape Wilhelmine. Like all great generals, she regarded even the minutest details as important, and I was handled with no less severity for cutting an extra slice of bread than for investing in a new rug for the front room. For, let it be said now, Wilhelmine was economical and abhorred waste. Neither did she break the crockery, and, unlike Rosa, she did not eat. She was no longer young and growing, and the necessity of coaling-up every hour or two seemed to have gone by.

But, alas! we would have preferred beautiful, young, careless larder-wrecking Rosa to Wilhelmine, the reformer. We would have welcomed her with joy, and surreptitiously in whispers we hatched plots to rid ourselves of the tyrant. Once I even went so far as to rebel and battle with her in the very sanctity of the kitchen itself. Not that Wilhelmine could not cook. In her own cabbage-and-onion way she was resourceful, and the house reeked with her combinations until strong men shed tears, and even the janitor hurried by our door with bowed head. I never questioned her ability to cook, but in the matter of coffee she was hopeless. In the best German I could muster I told her so. I told her so several times so that it could sink in. I said it over forward and backward and sideways, in order to get the verbs right, and

when she was through denouncing me I said that I would give her an object lesson in making coffee in a French pot.

I am sure now that this was a mistake —that German blood could stand almost anything in the world better than a French coffee pot, but at the time I did not recall the affairs and animosities of nations. I had other things to think of. I was employed in the delicate operation of extracting amber nectar by a tedious dripping process, and, simultaneously engaging with a rapid-fire German at short range. I understood very little of what she said, and what I did gather was not complimentary. I fired a volley or two at last myself, and then retreated in good order bearing the coffee pot. The coffee was a success, but it was obtained at too great a risk. That night we wrote to Rosa and to her mother. We got no reply, and, after days of anxious waiting, the Little Woman went out to discuss the situation in person. But the family had moved, and there had been a very heavy snow. The Little Woman waded about nearly all day in pursuit of the new address. She learned it at last, but it was too late then to go any farther, so she came home and wrote again, only to get no reply. Then I tried my hand in the matter as follows : —

LINES TO ROSA IN ABSENCE.

Lady Rosa Vere de Smith,
Leave your kin and leave your kith;
Life without you is a mockery;
Come once more and rend our crockery.

Lady Rosa Vere de Smith,
Life for us has lost its pith;
You taught us how to prize you thus,
And now you will not bide with us.

Lady Rosa Vere de Smith,
Have we no voice to reach you with?
Come once more and wreck our larder;
We will welcome you with ardor.

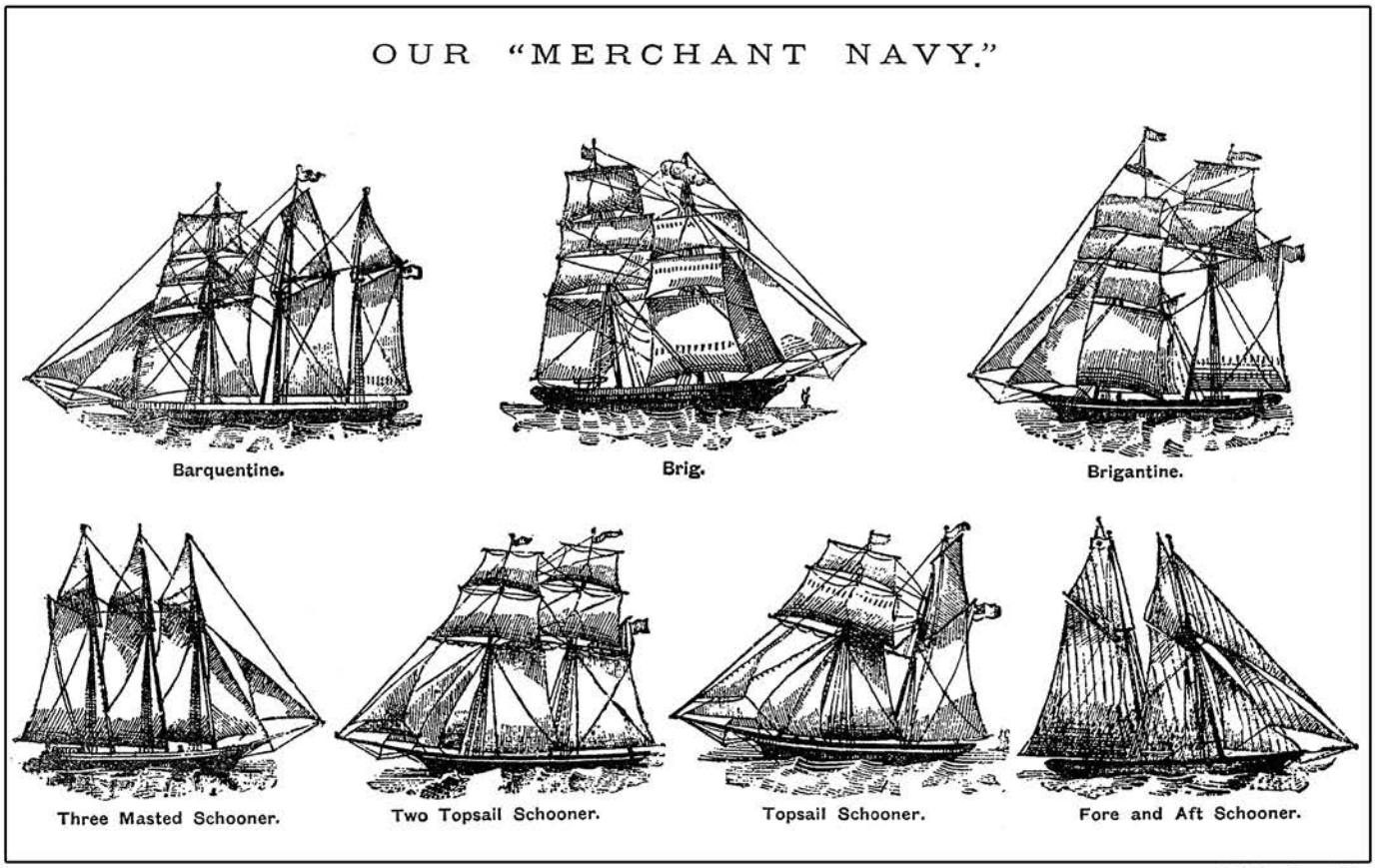
I could have written more of this, perhaps, and I still believe it would have proved effective, but when I read aloud as far as written, the Little Woman announced that she would rather do without Rosa forever than to let a thing like that go through the mails. So it was suppressed, and Rosa was lost to us, I fear, for all time.

But providence had not entirely forgotten us, though its ways as usual were inscrutable. Wilhelmine, it seems, locked herself nightly in her room, and the locks being new and noiseless in the Monte Cristo apartments she could not realize when the key turned that she was really safely barred in. Hence it seems she continued to twist at the key which, being of a slender pattern, was one night wrenched apart and Wilhelmine, alas! was only too surely fortified in her stronghold. When she realized this she, of course, became wildly vociferous. I heard the outburst and hastening back found her declaring that she was lost without a doubt. That the house would certainly catch fire before she was released and that she would be burned like a rat in a trap. I called to her reassuringly, but it did no good. Then I climbed up on a chair set on top of a table, and looked at her over the transom. She had her wardrobe tied in a bundle all ready for the fire which she assured me was certain to come, though how she hoped to get her wardrobe out when she could not get herself out, or of what use it would be to her afterwards, was not clear. It was useless to persuade her to go to bed and let me get a locksmith in the morning. I was convinced that she would carry on all night like a forgotten *dachshund*, unless she was released. It was too late to find a locksmith and I did not wish to take the janitor into the situation.

I got a screw-driver and handed it over to her telling her to unscrew the lock. But by this time she had reached a state where she did not know one end of the implement from another. She merely looked at it helplessly and continued to leap about and bewail her fate loudly and in mixed tongues.

I saw at last that I must climb over the transom. It was small, and I am a large man. I looked at the size of it and then considered my height and shoulder measure. Then I made the effort.

I could not go through feet first, and to go through a transom head first is neither dignified nor exhilarating. When I was something more than half through I pawed about in the air head down in a vain effort to reach a little chiffonier in Wilhelmine's room. She watched me with interest to see how near I could come to it, and by some mental process it dawned upon her at last that she could help matters by pushing it toward me. Having reached this conclusion the rest was easy, for she was as strong as an ox and swung the furniture toward me like a toy. Five minutes later I had unscrewed the lock and Wilhelmine was free. So were we, for when I threw the lock into a drawer with a few choice German remarks which I had been practicing for just such an emergency, Wilhelmine seized upon her bundles, already packed, and, vowing that she would abide in no place where she could not lie down in the security of strong and hard twisting keys, she disappeared, strewing the stairway with German verbs and expletives in her departure. We saw her no more, and in two weeks, by constant airing, we had our culinary memories of her reduced to such a degree that the flat on the floor above found a tenant, and carbolic acid was no longer needed in the halls.



Boy's Own Paper, 1880

CULINARY COUPLETS.

BY A RHYMING EPICURE.

ALWAYS have lobster sauce with salmon,
And put mint sauce your roasted lamb on.

Veal cutlets dip in egg and bread crum—
Fry till you see a brownish red come.

Grate Gruyere cheese on maccaroni;
Make the top crisp but not too bony.

In venison gravy, currant jelly
Mix with old port—see Francatelli.

In dressing salad, mind this law—
With two hard yelks use one that's raw.

Roast veal with rich stock gravy serve;
And pickled mushrooms, too, observe.

Roast pork, sans apple-sauce, past doubt,
Is "Hamlet" with the Prince left out.

Your mutton-chops with paper cover,
And make them amber brown all over.

Broil lightly your beefsteaks—to fry it
Argues contempt of Christian diet.

Kidneys a finer flavor gain
By stewing them in good champagne.

Buy stall-fed pigeons. When you've got them,
The way to cook them is to pot them.

Woodgrouse are dry when gumps have marred 'em—
Before you roast 'em always lard 'em.

To roast spring chickens is to spoil 'em—
Just split 'em down the back and broil 'em.

It gives true epicures the vapors
To see boiled mutton, minus capers.

Boiled turkey, gourmands know, of course,
Is exquisite with celery sauce.

The cook deserves a hearty cuffing
Who serves roast fowls with tasteless stuffing.

Smelts require egg and biscuit powder.
Don't put fat pork in your clam chowder.

Egg sauce—few make it right, alas!
Is good with blue-fish or with bass.

Nice oyster sauce gives zest to cod—
A fish, when fresh, to feast a god.

Shad, stuffed and baked, is most delicious—
'Twould have electrified Apicius.

Roasted in paste, a haunch of mutton,
Might make ascetics play the glutton.

But one might rhyme for weeks this way,
And still have lots of things to say.

And so I'll close—for, reader mine,
This is about the hour I dine.

SOCIETY.

OPEN-AIR PARTIES, PICNICS, ETC.

DURING the height of summer the most attractive indoor amusements naturally fail to induce people to assemble together in crowded rooms with good will. Balls, concerts, and dinner-parties of every kind are apt to be regarded as an infliction rather than a recreation, and a less formal meal with congenial companions in pure air, is found more enjoyable than the most elaborate entertainment planned by hospitable party-givers in a heated atmosphere

Garden-parties, as we have already observed, are at the present time the most agreeable and fashionable of all summer entertainments. To those who have not the means at command, in the very essential matter of a garden, a picnic is generally easy of accomplishment. In the vicinity of most large towns, either some gentleman's seat, "show place," or other interesting feature in natural scenery, affords the desired place of meeting. Permission to make use of such spots is generally granted by the owners of the land, and the usual mode is to apply to the steward of the proprietor's household to be allowed to picnic in the grounds. The instances are very rare when such a request is denied.

When more public sites are in question, the intending host should previously "spy out the land," choose the most suitable spot, and ascertain whether any restrictions or impediments are likely to prevent the contemplated party from taking place. As a general rule, the landlord of the principal hotel or inn of the neighbourhood will be found the best informant as to the necessary measures to be taken in carrying out the desired plan. His interest in promoting the wishes of the intending host will, of course, consist in being himself engaged to supply the commodities in which he deals. Bitter ale, stout, soda-water, and, in most instances, the use of plates, dishes, knives, forks, spoons, glasses, and similar table requisites, are best contracted for under one charge. The plan suggested saves a great amount of trouble, the packing and conveyance of such articles being an onerous and expensive one in undertakings of this kind, and one, moreover, which few persons volunteer to undertake.

In open-air parties, *by invitation*, the host is subject to the same responsibilities as though he gave a cold collation under his own roof, or in the grounds attached to his house—a garden-party, in fact. Invitations should be issued in the joint names of himself and his wife, just as invitations to dinner are sent out. The time, place, and means of conveyance to the selected spot should be specified on the card of invitation. As a general rule, arrangements may be made with the railway company whose line is adjacent to the chosen site, to convey a certain number of passengers at a reduced rate. Excursion or "saloon carriages" are usually provided by the company for parties of the kind, and every facility is afforded to prevent inconvenience to the pleasure-seekers. The guests are in such cases expected to find their own conveyance to the station whence the party starts, and the host provides conveyances from the station at the end of the journey to the site chosen for the picnic. Local jobmasters and liverymen are the right people to apply to for accommodation of this kind. Mostly, however, the hotel-keeper who supplies the table requisites includes carriages to and from the station in his list of charges.

There is also an arrangement of a provisional nature which it is desirable to effect with the landlord in question, namely, with respect to the use of his house in the event of the weather not being suitable to dining out of doors. The chief drawback to open-air parties lies in the all-pervading doubt as to the weather. On this account it is advisable to be provided with a place of resort in case of unexpected change. Next to a picnic in the open air a dinner of an impromptu kind is the most amusing, and the novelty of the guests having to assist in the arrangements is generally not the least enjoyable part of the entertainment.

In order to secure the comfort of enterprising guests, the host should make ample provision for their entertainment, let the weather be foul or fair. Having done so, the cards of invitation should specify where the party will meet in the event of unfavourable weather.

The usual plan at the outset of arrangements for parties of this kind is for three or four persons to form themselves into a committee. The first point to ascertain is the number of persons to be asked to join. Having learnt how many may be expected, the next matter of importance is to settle the locality, and, if in private grounds, to obtain permission in the foregoing manner described. The question of conveyance to and fro should also be

decided on. In all preliminary matters of the above kind the expenses incurred by the committee are borne by themselves. The guests pay only their own share of the expenses incurred for travelling, viands, wine, &c. The labour on the part of the volunteers in the service is of a purely honorary nature, and their reward is supposed to lie in the gratification obtained by their forethought and painstaking.

The mode generally adopted in dividing the expenses of the whole party is for each individual, or family, to provide sufficient provision for their own numbers. It rests, however, with the committee to state what kinds of food will be most acceptable, in order that everyone may contribute something towards a change.

The committee should draw up a list of the articles of which the dinner is intended to consist. Fowls, ham, tongue, ribs of beef, salted silver-side, fore-quarter of lamb, raised or game pies in jars, and lobsters and crabs, are amongst the dishes in most general demand at picnic parties. To these should be added fruit pastics, cheesecakes, puffs of preserved fruit, sponge, plum, and pound cakes, biscuits, dinner rolls, butter, and Stilton cheese. Fresh fruit is indispensable. Strawberries, stone fruits in season, nuts, &c., to which should be added some bonbon crackers for the amusement of the young men and maidens at dessert. Bottled ale and effervescing beverages are usually in great request, equally so is ice. Some one should be appointed to provide a huge block of Wenham Lake ice; it can be had far cheaper in large quantities than in small. It should also be the business of the committee to employ some one on the spot to supply an unlimited quantity of water during the presence of the party. Ladies and young people generally are often inconvenienced at picnic parties from the circumstance of no adequate provision having been made to gratify their need for a refreshing and unstimulating beverage. Iced water, or water in which ice has been melted, affords the most grateful beverage. Syrup of orgeat, orange flower, or raspberries, may be added if desired. Plenty of fresh lemons are a capital addition. In the absence of these a bottle of prepared lemon-juice, and some loaf sugar, will be found always welcome.

In deciding what each family, or section of the party, shall be requested to contribute, the following rules are generally observed. The maternal heads of the party are generally expected to contribute the solid fare, such as meat, poultry, lobsters, &c. The unmarried people contribute fruit, pastry, and sweetmeats, and the gentlemen find the wine, bottled ale, soda-water, and effervescing draughts. The latter items are generally procured from one wine merchant, and the cost is defrayed by the gentlemen.

When a picnic party is tolerably large, it is a good plan to have all the provisions that can be packed the evening previous sent to the residence of the chief promoter of the affair. On the morning of the day a tradesman's cart—the greengrocer that supplies the family is the best person to apply to—should be hired to take all the hampers and parcels at one time to the place chosen. Even the ice may be sent in this way, provided it be properly packed, *i.e.*, in plenty of flannel and woollen wrappers. The usual mode of sending out ice is to cover it freely with sawdust. The only drawback to this plan is, that the sawdust requires a considerable quantity of water to be effectually removed, and water is scarce, usually, in country places. Before packing the ice in the cart the block should be placed under a water tap, and it afterwards should be completely enveloped in flannel. A clean old blanket is a very useful covering for the purpose. The ice should be placed in the bottom of the cart, and articles that are of a perishable nature should be placed nearest in packing. Almost everything eatable may in this way be successfully conveyed to the scene of action.

It should be understood that whoever provides the joints and other viands, provides also the usual accompaniments: thus, the fore-quarter of lamb should be accompanied by a bottle of mint sauce; lettuces and lobsters, by mixed dressing of oil and vinegar; cucumbers, by pepper; beef, by mixed mustard and shred horse-radish; and strawberries and other fresh fruits by sifted sugar. If everyone takes salt there will be a prospect of plenty of this indispensable seasoning, but if the task is left to chance the probability is that "No salt!" will be the cry of dismay heard on all sides when appetites are let loose on the tempting fare.

The best plan of conveying butter is to cut out all the crumb of fresh rolls, and fill the vacant space with fresh butter. If the rolls be cut in half, and each portion neatly filled with butter, the rolls themselves form the best butter-dish. Butter, when removed from the rolls, does not look inviting.

The first part of the entertainment on the arrival of the party at the place of destination is generally a light refreshment in the shape of cake, biscuits, wine, or iced drinks. The party then usually disperses to visit any scene of special attraction, whilst the cloth is being spread. The hour at which everyone is expected to return should be distinctly made known before separating, and those who fail to keep time should not be waited for. In the absence of the ramblers, the servants of the families, if any be present (and it is desirable that some should be there) should lay the cloth under the superintendence of the chief promoter of the picnic. This is a task which people unused to the work seldom perform with intelligence; and besides, assisting in waiting at a picnic affords a great deal of pleasure to servants, and is looked upon by them as a reward for good service. Some utensil for washing spoons, forks, &c., is an indispensable addition to the contents of the cart which conveys the provisions. A large galvanised zinc bowl, or a new pail, is the most useful article for the purpose. Plenty of clean glass-cloths should also be provided.

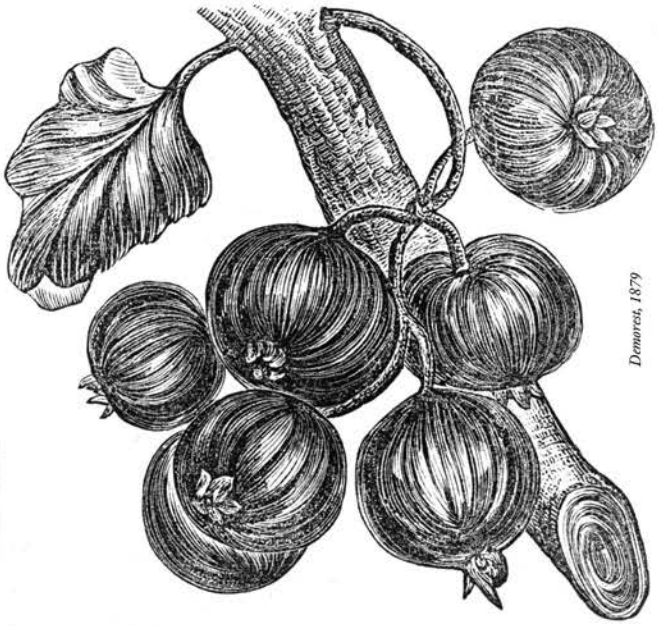
A picnic party occasionally attracts a good many loungers and lookers-on of a doubtful class. The only way to prevent these people from encroaching in dangerous proximity to the plate, &c., is to secure the attendance of a police-officer in the grounds, within easy call, if not in sight. This protection can always be had on payment of a trifle at the police-office for especial service.

At the end of the repast all the fragments and viands left from the meal should be distributed amongst the poor. The lodge-keeper, if the picnic have taken place in private grounds, will be found the best medium for this description of gift. Wine, spirits, and bottled drinks should be re-packed, and the value deducted from the amount of the bill, if any be returned to the wine merchant, or taken at valuation by those who care to buy them afterwards.

Music is always an agreeable feature at picnic parties. Wind instruments especially are suitable.

If dancing on the grass be part of the after-dinner amusement, tea is generally in request. The easiest way of obtaining this refreshment is for some one to provide a large kettle in which water can be boiled by a spirit lamp. Tea for a large party is best made in a tea-urn. The tea should previously to infusion be tied in a piece of white muslin. At most places, however, some cottager or lodge-keeper will gladly undertake to provide boiling water at a trifling cost.

The dress worn at picnics should be of the most simple and inexpensive nature. Plain white or coloured muslins are most suitable to young ladies; barége dresses to the more elderly, and the usual morning dress for gentlemen. Very thin boots are unsuitable; they do not portect the feet from damp grass, or from the hard, pointed stones which render walking in some country roads a painful exercise.



Demorest, 1879

BLACK CURRANTS.

CURRANTS AND RASPBERRIES,

With "Directions for Use."

ALL small fruits—and more especially berries—should be picked early in the morning of the day they are to be used. For those who grow their own berries this is an easy matter, but for those of that great majority who depend upon the market and green grocery for their daily supplies of fruit, the best course to pursue is to have the berries brought to their own refrigerators, or cool cellars as early as possible. Never wash the berries until just before using them, otherwise they will become soggy from the moisture which remains upon them. Pick out all the imperfect or specked berries before washing the others. Put about a pint of sound, ripe berries at a time in a colander and immerse in icy cold water for a few moments, then raise at once from the water, shaking them gently on to a clean towel to absorb the moisture. So treated they will be fresh, cool and clean. For breakfast, few dishes of fruit are finer or more healthful than ripe, red raspberries mixed with one-third the quantity of currants, and sugar to taste, the currants supplying that element of tartness which is especially gratifying to the system.

Currant Jelly.—No. 1.

To every pint of red currant juice allow three-quarters of a pound of fine sugar—loaf sugar is best for the purpose. Stir continually while it is boiling, using a silver or wooden spoon, or the color of the jelly will be spoiled. Remove all scum as soon as it rises. When it has boiled about twenty-five minutes try a small quantity on a cold plate; if it becomes firm in a short time it is quite done. Pour into glasses and cover with paraffine or oiled paper, and over this tie tissue paper wet with white of an egg.

Currant Jelly.—No. 2.

Put into a large preserving kettle six pounds of ripe red currants—the large cherry currants are the best on account of their juiciness and rich flavor—and half a cupful of cold water. Boil until all the juice is extracted. Turn into a jelly bag and steam well. Then measure the warm juice, and to each pint allow a pint of sugar which has previously been made very hot in the oven. Boil briskly for exactly seven minutes without stirring; then pour into glasses, and when quite cold and very firm cover with oiled paper, then with tissue paper dipped in the white of eggs This is a most excellent recipe, and to those housekeepers who have often had currant jelly that wouldn't "jell," I would say that the results obtained from this method of boiling the fruit will amply compensate for the extra trouble.

Raspberry and Currant Jam.

To five pounds of red raspberries—not too ripe, however—add five pounds of white sugar. Mash the berries and sugar well in a preserving kettle and stir in a quart of red currant juice. Boil gently until a little jellies upon a cold plate; then put into small jars or jelly pots. Cover with brandied paper, and set away in a cool, dark and dry place.

Currant Water Ice.

One quart of currant juice, two pounds of sugar, one quart of water. Freeze in any freezer, as it does not require to be beaten and turned like ice cream. When partly frozen stir in the whites of three eggs, beaten very stiff. The ruby mass thus obtained is the most decorative of all ices, and when served in a block or pyramid form is enhanced by a border of fresh currant leaves about its base.

Frosted Currants.

Mix four tablespoonfuls of water with the well-beaten whites of two eggs. Select very fine bunches of currants, and dip them, a bunch at a time, into the beaten egg; let them drain for a few minutes, then roll them in finely powdered sugar. Lay them to dry on paper and the sugar will crystallize round each currant, giving them the appearance of being frosted. When served on a glass dish with a border of fresh green currant leaves, the effect is exceedingly pretty.

Raspberry Shortcake.—No. 1.

To three cupfuls of flour add two spoonfuls of baking powder. Sift twice, then rub into the flour a piece of butter the size of a small egg. When well mixed stir in enough milk to make a soft dough. Bake in jelly tins, half filling each pan, and having a very hot oven. When the crust is a delicate brown, remove from the pans, and with a sharp, heated knife, cut through each cake, splitting into halves. Butter each half and spread raspberries—which have been sugared an hour earlier—between the layers. Serve warm with cream.

Raspberry Shortcake.—No. 2.

Four eggs, two cupfuls of sugar, two cupfuls of flour with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and one cupful of boiling water. This quantity will fill four jelly cake tins with fine, light sponge cake. Spread the berries in two thicknesses over each cake, and cover with whipped cream flavored with vanilla.

Raspberry Meringue Pie.

Line a pie plate with a good crust, or puff paste if preferred. Puncture with a fork in several places, as it will lie flat in baking. When baked a delicate brown set in cool place until wanted. These crusts or "shells" may be baked two or three at a time, and will keep several days. When a meringue is wanted for tea, fill one of the shells with fresh, sugared raspberries, beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth and spread thickly over the berries. Put into a moderately hot oven for four minutes, when the meringue will be set and of a deep yellow-brown color. Serve cold.

Raspberry Dumplings.

Add to two cupfuls of sour milk one teaspoonful of soda—the latter dissolved in a little hot water—half a cupful of lard and flour enough to make a dough somewhat stiffer than for biscuit. Roll out and cut with biscuit cutter or large teacup, placing a large spoonful of well sugared berries upon each round. Turn into "half-moons" with the edges firmly pinched together. Arrange on flat pan or baking sheet and bake a light brown. To be eaten hot or cold with cream or hard sauce. A good baking powder crust may be substituted for the above for the dumplings.

Raspberry Tapioca.

Soak two cupfuls of pearl tapioca in a quart of cold water for three hours. Then add half a cupful of boiling water and simmer until quite clear. Sweeten to taste, and when cool stir in a pint of raspberries and three tablespoonfuls of red currant juice. Set dish on ice until ready to use With whipped cream this is especially fine served with small cakes for luncheon or tea.

Raspberry Jelly.

A fine raspberry jelly may be made by taking half the quantity of raspberry and half of currant juice, then proceeding as for currant jelly, No. 1.

Canned Raspberries.

Pick out all imperfect berries and put as many as your preserving kettle will hold at once into a large bowl. To each pound of fruit add three-fourths of a pound of sugar and let stand two or three hours—until the juice is drawn out. Pour it into the kettle and let it just come to a boil, remove the scum and put in the berries very carefully. As soon as they come thoroughly to a boil put them in warm jars, and seal while boiling hot. A handful of currants can be added to each quart of berries in the above, as raspberries, when canned, are rather insipid in flavor, and currants are an improvement.

Raspberry Vinegar.

To four quarts of red raspberries put enough vinegar to cover, and let them stand twenty-four hours; scald and steam it. Add a pound of sugar to one pint of juice; boil twenty minutes, then bottle it. It will keep for years. Use a large spoonful to a glass of water.

Raspberry Sirup.

Take only finest berries, crush them in a piece of cheese cloth and press the juice from them. To each pint of it put a pint of simple sugar and water sirup, and boil gently for one hour. Let it become cold, then bottle and seal it. When served reduce with two-thirds water.

Raspberry Ice Cream.

Sprinkle berries with sugar and rub through a sieve. To a pint of juice add half a pint of cream. Freeze, and when still quite soft stir in lightly a handful of whole raspberries, sweetened.

—*Martha B. Tausig.*

HISTORY AND HEALTHFULNESS OF CANNED FOODS.

As early as 1810, M. Appert, a French chemist, after exhaustive experiments discovered that by excluding the air and organic gases from meats, fruits and vegetables, by subjecting them to heat and packing in hermetically sealed jars or tins, says the New York *World*, perishable articles of food could be preserved for an indefinitive period without detriment to their flavor or nourishing properties. The French government became interested in the success of his project and encouraged him to submit the theory to a trying practical test. To that end numerous articles of food were prepared by this process and placed among the stores of a French man-of-war. After a long cruise the jars were opened and the contents served at the officers' mess. They proved to be so palatable that those who partook of them refused to believe that they had not been procured fresh from the shore.

The Baltimore oyster packers first introduced the process into this country in 1836. Nathan Winslow, of Portland, Me., shortly afterwards successfully began the business of canning corn. Others followed in the wake of these enterprising pioneers, and canned goods made rapid strides into popularity. The miners of the far West, and our troops in the late civil war, largely subsisted upon them and furnishing, as they did, a much needed supply of anti-scorbutic food during the winter months, they soon became an indispensable addition to the larder of every family in the land, until to-day there are annually consumed in this country alone 600,000,000 tins of canned fruit, vegetables and meats, while the trade with England in canned lobster and salmon has reached immense proportions.

The preparation of food in this way has been an especial blessing to the poor man, enabling him and his family to enjoy at all seasons little luxuries before entirely beyond his means, while to all it affords a variety of diet impossible to obtain under any other system. The New Englander broiling at the equator enjoys his mince pie and Boston brown bread, or regales himself with plum pudding and pork and beans; the hunter at the fur posts in Alaska dines on green peas, spring chicken and apricots. Every variety of soup, fish, meat, vegetable and fruit are put up by the packers of this country, many of whom have houses in various parts of France as well, and their product goes forth to the furthest confines of the known world. The Greely Arctic expedition subsisted almost entirely upon canned goods and no cases of sickness from that cause were ever reported. The English Government purchased largely of canned meats and vegetables for use by the troops in the Soudan and no sickness seems to have been occasioned by such provisions even in that trying climate.

According to Mr. Hunt, the Chairman of the Canned Goods Committee of the New York Mercantile Exchange, and E. C. Hazard, one of the pioneers in this State, together with the various authorities whom they cited, the large majority of cases of sickness occasioned by eating canned goods are attributable either to an abuse of natural laws in over-indulgence or to the carelessness of the persons themselves in neglecting to follow the dictates of common sense and remove the contents from the can to an earthen or glass vessel immediately upon opening. If this is done the food may be eaten with impunity as long as any cooked food can, but of course any food will spoil in time, and the sooner canned goods are consumed after opening the better.

Considering the hundreds of millions of tins consumed it is not strange that frequent cases of cholera morbus should happen from over-indulgence in this as in other foods, and there are cases on record from eating canned fish and meat of such severity that they perhaps could properly be called poisoning. Such cases, however, result much more frequently from the consumption of corned beef not canned, prepared by local butchers, and from smoked and other fish, also from ice-cream, butter, cheese and custards, than they do from canned corned beef or fish. They are due to the development of what is technically known as "ptomaines," a kind of alkaloid which forms in the preliminary stages of decomposition but, as before stated, these are much more often found in meats and fish not canned than in those which are, while fruits and vegetables are almost entirely free from them.

CHILDREN are very nice observers, and they will often perceive your slightest defects.—*Fenelon.*

BOOKS.

Selection, Arrangement and Use of Them.

No one who loves books it is almost as painful to see them abused as it would be to witness the suffering of helpless living things. Torn covers, defaced pages, dog-eared leaves and pencil markings are a sufficient index of the ignorance or ill-breeding of those who use them. And yet in families where one would expect better habits, not unfrequently the mother gives a book as a plaything to her children. It is a book she cares nothing about or it has pictures, and so the little ones tumble, muss and tear the leaves to their hearts' content. The mother ignores the fact that children in this manner lose respect for books as books.

At what age will a child change abuse into regard? How shall it ever learn to handle books in a delicate and careful manner? Until a child is four years old it is expected to tumble and toss its own picture books, but long before the latter age it should be taught to discriminate between its own stout linen pages and the books of grown people. And it is not so hard to learn if the mother begins in the right way and always requires her children to treat books with a kind of reverence. It is a good plan to have them early know something about the toil of the writer who prepares the manuscript, of the type-setter, the printer and the book-binder who put it into form for the public to read. Nothing is of greater benefit to the young than the realization of the value of work. A careful explanation of the different processes of the making of paper, the casting of type and stereotype plates, the work of the compositor and printer, will sink into the youthful mind and never be erased.

Such children, when they grow to be young men and women, will hardly be guilty of book-abuse. How many times do we see valuable works tossed about like foot-balls! In hammocks, on floors, exposed to the hot sun, as rests for goblets of water, dishes of ice-cream or bottles of ink,—unhappy servitors, forced from a high position to that of menials.

Perhaps the cheap paper editions of all sorts now flooding the country with literature good, bad and indifferent, has in this regard much to answer for. A great deal of the matter inside the covers is worth all the contumely it gets from the outside. A worthy book issued in this cheap form must expect to be treated not according to its desert but its appearance. Cinderellas of every kind can hope for nothing while they are clothed in rags. My plea is for the bound book.

If a book is unfit to read, destroy it; if useless, treat it well. Cut out two leaves, leaving the third, and it is the foundation of a child's scrap-book. How much comfort a girl, especially, will take over her clippings of verse or her pictures, none can know who have not delved amidst such riches. Among my choicest treasures to-day, mementoes of golden childhood, are half a dozen such tokens of crude but incipient taste for literature. My father took the best periodicals of the time and stored them away for future reference. In rainy days he allowed the little ones to haunt the attic, store-house of so many curios, and kindly pointed out what we might clip and what we might read but must not deface. In old, yellow files of the *Tribune* I came across the letters of Margaret Fuller, written to that paper after she went abroad, as well as her criticisms on books before. There, too, were the letters of Bayard Taylor, describing that marvelous California which, to eastern comprehension, was wonderful as the tales told by Sinbad the sailor, and poems, some of which the years have proved to be immortal. These were read and re-read and transferred to the pages of old census reports to be perused until I almost knew them by heart.

In this manner was cultivated a taste for good literature. Out of these clippings I made many volumes, with the approval of my father whose judgment and taste were unerring, and to this day I am thankful that my attention was directed where that of all children should be, toward the best. With these scrap-books I could do as I pleased, and that was to take good care of them, even until now. They are hallowed with the associations of the past.

But in regard to books, he demanded the utmost respect. It was an unforgivable offense to leave printed matter in a chair or on a piazza floor, and his tenderness for books has become a part of my own life. Old, favorite volumes are sacred by association more than from inherent value. In one faded edition of blue and gold a childhood friend with me first learned to love Mrs. Browning. I never take up Aurora Leigh without a vision of the sweet, blue eyes and golden hair of my companion, though the body has long since crumbled into dust.

All books have an atmosphere of their own. They suggest much more than they contain. The love of good books and the care of them are indices of refinement of feeling as well as mental culture.

The best book-cases are those made half high, not those cumbrous, glass-doored edifices which indicate that the contents are made to look at, not to read. The wood may be either hard like cherry, ash, mahogany or black walnut, or merely pine stained to represent either, according to the finish of the room.

The simplest book-case is best of all. End pieces about five feet high, with grooves on the inside to hold the shelves, the fronts of which are either rounded or finished with strips of pinked leather, and the shelves themselves can be made by an ordinary carpenter. Let it fill in the space between the chimney and end of the room or the entrance door-way and the side, varnish it or stain and varnish and then proceed to arrange the treasures of many a life-time. Do we realize that these best works of good men and women are the epitomes of vast labor, research and thought? Then let us house them with genuine tenderness.

It is a good plan to have the bottom shelf broad enough to hold atlases and books of reference like heavy cyclopedias when laid on their sides, unless we have for them special rests or tables. Large, heavy leaves are inclined to break away and drag down from the back, and then a book soon goes to ruin. That is the reason why children should be taught never to pick up a book by one cover only. It tears the cover loose from the back. For no reason ought a child to be taken by the ear except to show it how a book feels,—or to a book lover seems to feel,—when dragged about by a single cover.

After the books are arranged in the case there is left the upper shelf for a couple of pictures on easels, with a central flower vase or bronze. But to dedicate the space to an indiscriminate lot of bric-à-brac is a desecration. Nor should it be used for an old-paper shelf; let papers be relegated to their proper receptacles. It is, though, a place for current magazines and a book or two subject to daily perusal.

But the book-case is not yet finished. In front, depending from a brass rod let us hang a curtain of India silk, the color of which shall harmonize with the prevailing tint of the room. This curtain should be drawn only when the room is dusted. On sweeping day a muslin cover, kept for this purpose, is

thrown over the top and reaches to the floor. For our book-lovers do not tolerate dust on their volumes.

Nor do they permit a reader to mark his page by turning down a leaf. That, like other marks in life, is easily made but can never be erased. Every volume ought to have bound with it a narrow, colored ribbon for a mark. If it has not, a bit of paper will answer the purpose.

Again, a lover of books will never lay an open book face downward, nor face upward with a weight upon it. To do so injures the appearance of the volume even if it does not start the leaves from the back. When by any means they are loosened a little, prepared glue should be applied or the volume taken to a book-binder. The copy we have first read, if we care for it at all, is the copy we wish to keep. None other would quite take its place.

Only a fiend will scribble in a borrowed book. In one's own one can make notes and emendations which, to its owner, are invaluable. I know a certain half-dozen volumes of Emerson, now more than twenty years old, which are full of marginal reference and explanations, that gold could hardly buy. They are old and faded and on their blistered covers bear the marks of a great city fire, but they have been household gods in different states and under varying conditions. Now, as these lines are written in a rustic cottage overlooking a magnificent expanse of summer sea, the volumes of the Concord seer are close at hand. It is a delight and inspiration to lay down the pen or the needle from time to time and read a snatch from "Compensation," "Self-Reliance," the "Oversoul" or "Wood-Notes Wild," and then go on with work again. Ah! could a new copy of Emerson be ever quite the same?

A book defaced can never be restored to its pristine purity, but stale bread-crumbs will partially remove the imprint of soiled finger marks and stains. Tears may be mended either by deftly working a trifle of starch or mucilage into the ragged edges and drawing them together, or by pasting on one side a narrow strip of white tissue paper. Through it the printing can easily be deciphered.

Of course each member of the family will have his or her own book-shelves or book-case in the seclusion of the chamber. There the taste will have full play. To look at their titles will be enough for a stranger to judge of the mental and moral development of their owner, as the care which is bestowed upon them will give evidence of neatness and order or the want of them.

When books are piled upon each other helter-skelter, small ones underneath with uneven ends and edges, covered with dust and perhaps with toilet articles, it is logical to argue that in that person would be found want of real refinement, literary taste and sense of fitness. If, on the contrary, there is seen represented a wide range of subjects treated by well-kept books, we may know that the possessor has catholicity of judgment, grasp of thought and mental order.

Borrowed books should be treasured as carefully as gold and returned unharmed as soon as it is possible to read them. Nothing is more exasperating than to be obliged to ask for the return of a favorite work and then find it injured. It indicates a lack of delicate feeling on the part of the borrower. Some owners of libraries stamp inside the covers, "Please return to ———," which may be a good reminder but it is certainly anything but an ornament to a handsome book; it might do well enough for an umbrella.

One thing more. Let us be as select in our reading as in our society. Books are, indeed, the companions of our solitude. Not only instruction and amusement but incentives to noble action, to heroic duty, to religious consecration unto the highest and best, live in the pages of the great and good. Amidst the multiplicity of trash which the printing-press forces upon the world, parents have need of discrimination in regard to the kind of literature admitted into the home. There ought to be no room for the indifferent. Whatever else we may possess of the second-class, let us have none but first-class books.

—Hester M. Poole.

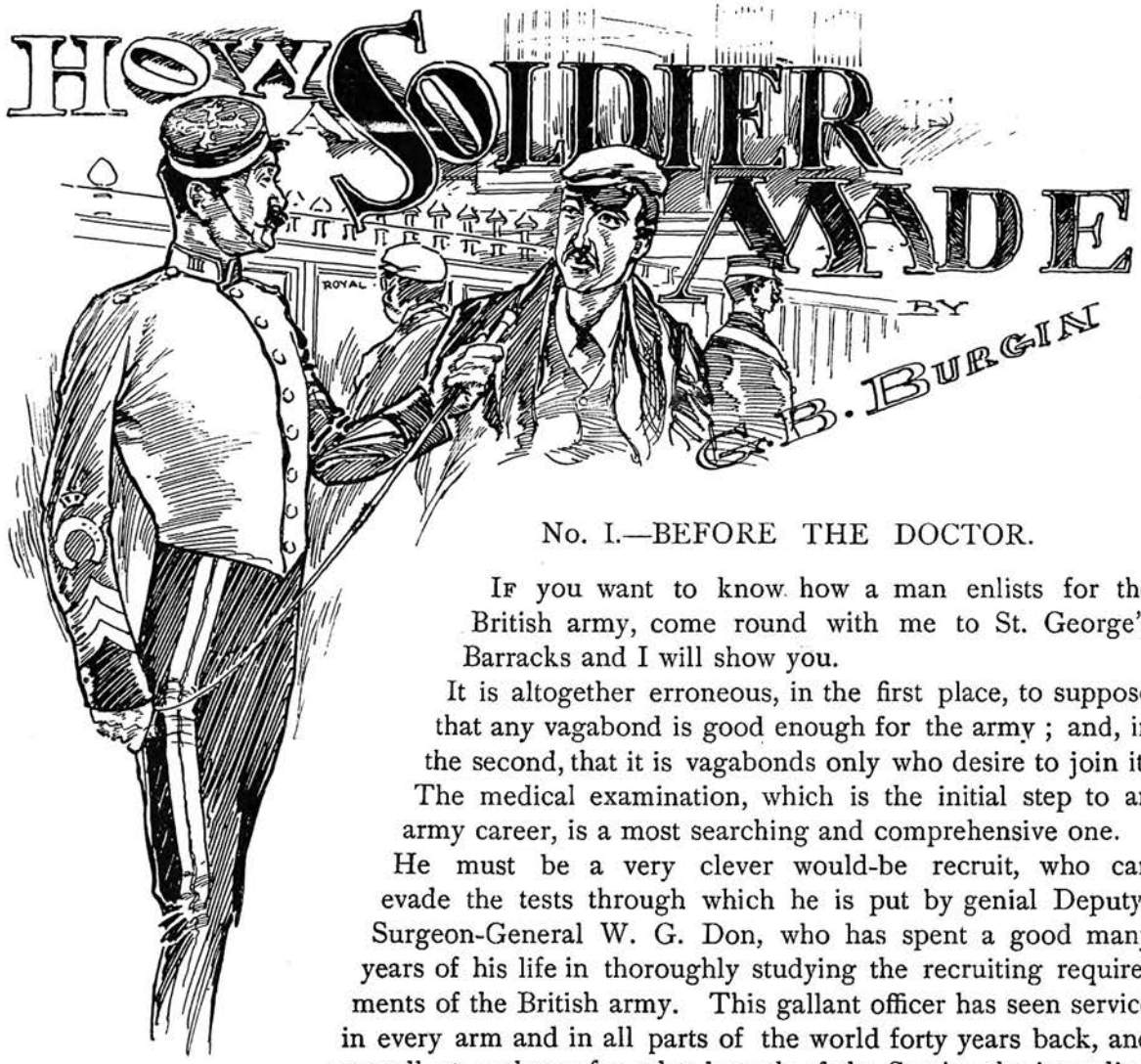
CHOCOLATE.

Pure and wholly genuine chocolate is a rare thing in the market, and, in fact may be said not to be found there at all. It is made from the kernel or bean of the *Theobroma Cacao*, a brown seed which is known in commerce as the "cocoa bean." These beans contain, as their principal constituent, an oil called cocoa butter, which is so valuable as a medicine that it is expressed from the beans and sold by itself and a cheaper and poorer oil is substituted for it in making the chocolate. "Cocoa nibs" are the cocoa beans crushed without being ground, and these are more likely than any other form to furnish a genuine chocolate to the purchaser, as the ground chocolate is adulterated with various ground nuts and other cheaper material. In making good chocolate, the fruit containing the beans is first buried in the ground till the pulp is decayed. The beans are then roasted, the shells removed, and the kernels are ground between stones, the heat caused by the friction melting the mass, so that it is poured into molds. Where the oil is wanted it is expressed from the melted chocolate, and the residuum, carefully dried and reground, is either sold as "cocoa" or treated with a cheap oil and passed as chocolate. An excellent chocolate is made by hand by the natives of the West Indies, who pound it in mortars without melting, and put it up in round bars. It is probably impossible to reform the popular habit of speaking of the products of the cacao plant as "cocoa," especially as the mistaken term is also used in trade, but it should be borne in mind that it bears no relation to the cocoa-nut tree.

ARTICLES FOUND IN A KITCHEN DRAWER.

A small box of matches, a packet of mint,
An inch of wax taper, a small piece of lint,
An empty thread paper, and blue in a bag,
Some cloves and a nutmeg tied up in a rag;
The core of an apple, a cap and a frill;
A needle, two buttons, a mousetrap, and quill;
A card to tell fortunes, a sponge, and a can;
A pen without handle, a small patty pan;
An old rusty penknife, a whetstone, and string;
The rind of a lemon, a new curtain ring;
An apron, two dusters, a large piece of mace;
A dirty jack towel, an old cigar case;
A comb and a thimble, the key of the jack;
A number of pieces of ribbon quite black;
A grater, a skewer, and two ounces or more
Of mix't spice in a paper; the lock of a door;
An onion, a ladle, a crimp for the paste,
An old pair of slippers, a belt for the waist;
Four teaspoons of metal, a large piece of rosin,
A ball of white cotton, and corks by the dozen;
An old pair of scissors, a pill-box, a crust,
A save-all, a pepper-box eated with rust;
A fork, and a teacup without any handle,
A print for the butter, the wick of a candle;
A rolling-pin pasted; besides many more
Things of infinite value were found in the draw'r.

—Notes and Queries.



No. I.—BEFORE THE DOCTOR.

If you want to know how a man enlists for the British army, come round with me to St. George's Barracks and I will show you.

It is altogether erroneous, in the first place, to suppose that any vagabond is good enough for the army; and, in the second, that it is vagabonds only who desire to join it. The medical examination, which is the initial step to an army career, is a most searching and comprehensive one.

He must be a very clever would-be recruit, who can evade the tests through which he is put by genial Deputy-Surgeon-General W. G. Don, who has spent a good many years of his life in thoroughly studying the recruiting requirements of the British army. This gallant officer has seen service in every arm and in all parts of the world forty years back, and can tell at a glance for what branch of the Service the intending recruit is best fitted. Now for the recruit.

The recruit may have come up from the country to enlist, or he may be a Cockney—the son of a duke, or the offspring of a chimney sweep; his callings range from a costermonger's to that of a boy waiter at the National Liberal Club. Indeed, a young gentleman from that stately edifice was recently rejected on account of his deficiency in chest measurement, and tearfully declared his intention of going back to the club and eating his way through it until he came up to the proper size.

Outside the somewhat dingy entrance to St. George's Barracks, and "contagious thereto," you will find a number of very smartly set-up recruiting sergeants, some pensioners, and some belonging to the representative branches of the Service. For every recruit who passes the doctor, and is sworn in, the sergeant gets a fee. The smallest fee is for a militiaman, who, in most cases, on account of his extreme youth, represents about two-thirds of a man. A recruit for a line regiment comes next in value, then a cavalry or artilleryman; and if a sergeant succeeds in landing a man who can pass the examination for the Life Guards, that sergeant is very well satisfied with his day's work.

When the would-be recruit has made overtures to the sergeant, he is taken inside the barracks and fills up the short service "notice" form for seven years with the colours and five years in the reserve, or, if the man completes his seven years' service while beyond the seas, then for a further period not exceeding one year with the colours, and the remainder of the twelve years in the reserve.

Before the recruit is brought to the doctor, the sergeant measures him, weighs him, and

Preparing for the doctor.

takes his height. If these apparently come up to the standard, John Smith (the recruit) is provided with a bath at Her Majesty's expense. After the bath, he puts on his shirt and is taken behind a screen in the medical officer's room.

This barrack room is very curiously furnished. As you enter, the screen is on the right-hand. Half-way along the wall to the left, is another screen, behind which sits Deputy-Surgeon-General Don at a table covered with "notice" papers and the Recruits' Register before him. In the same position on the other side is a beautifully scrubbed deal form running out into the room. A little beyond this form is a table, at which sits a man who takes down the measurements of the recruit, in a register, very much in the same way that a tailor's assistant records the measurements for a suit of clothes. The walls of the room are whitewashed, and the frosted window-panes look out on to the barrack square. The floor is covered with linoleum.

Close to the medical officer's desk is a thick, padded carpet about a yard square. A machine for measuring the height stands in the left-hand window, and a weighing machine is about a couple of yards from this. When the soldier in charge of the door sees that the nicely-scrubbed form is empty, he orders John Smith to strip. John Smith coyly sidles into the room and gingerly sits down on the form, followed by several other recruits in the same primeval costume, who perch beside him like shivering fowls.

As soon as the recruit is comfortably seated, the medical officer takes up the printed "notice" paper and calls out "John Smith." The sergeant in charge of the height machine shouts with military brevity: "On to the mat, John Smith," and John Smith, trying to look as big as possible, and blushing at this ruthless inquiry into his physical peculiarities, walks to the mat and tickles the calf of his left leg with the toe of his right foot in a hangdog way.

"Stand up," says the sergeant, as the medical officer approaches the recruit with a tape. "Don't be trying to spread yourself out like a goose, but put your shoulders down."

"Draw a long breath—up, up," says the medical officer; and John Smith nearly bursts a blood-vessel in his desire to meet the doctor's wish.

"Thirty-four-six round the chest," says the doctor, marking the figures in a register and going back to the table.

"Come here," says the sergeant, putting his victim on the height machine, and jamming what looks like a small board down on his

head. "Put your heels together and keep your head straight." "Sixty-eight" (5ft. 8in.), he calls to the man at the table.

When this is recorded, the sergeant takes the passive recruit by the arm and leads him to the weighing machine with an overwhelming courtesy from which there is no escape. "Stand on there," he says; and John Smith, looking more than ever like a bedraggled fowl that has just finished moulting, stands on the machine, a heap of abject misery, and apparently wishes that he had stopped quietly at home. "One hundred and twenty-five pounds," says the sergeant, and the weight is duly recorded. Then his vision is tested.

"Stand up straight and put your hands to your sides," says the sergeant, suddenly clapping a huge hand over John Smith's right eye, as the medical officer walks back to the table.

The medical officer holds up a small card on which are some black spots. With a perfectly plain card he covers over some of the spots. "How many?" he asks briefly.

"Three, sir."

"How many?" again asks the doctor, shifting the card.

"Five, sir."

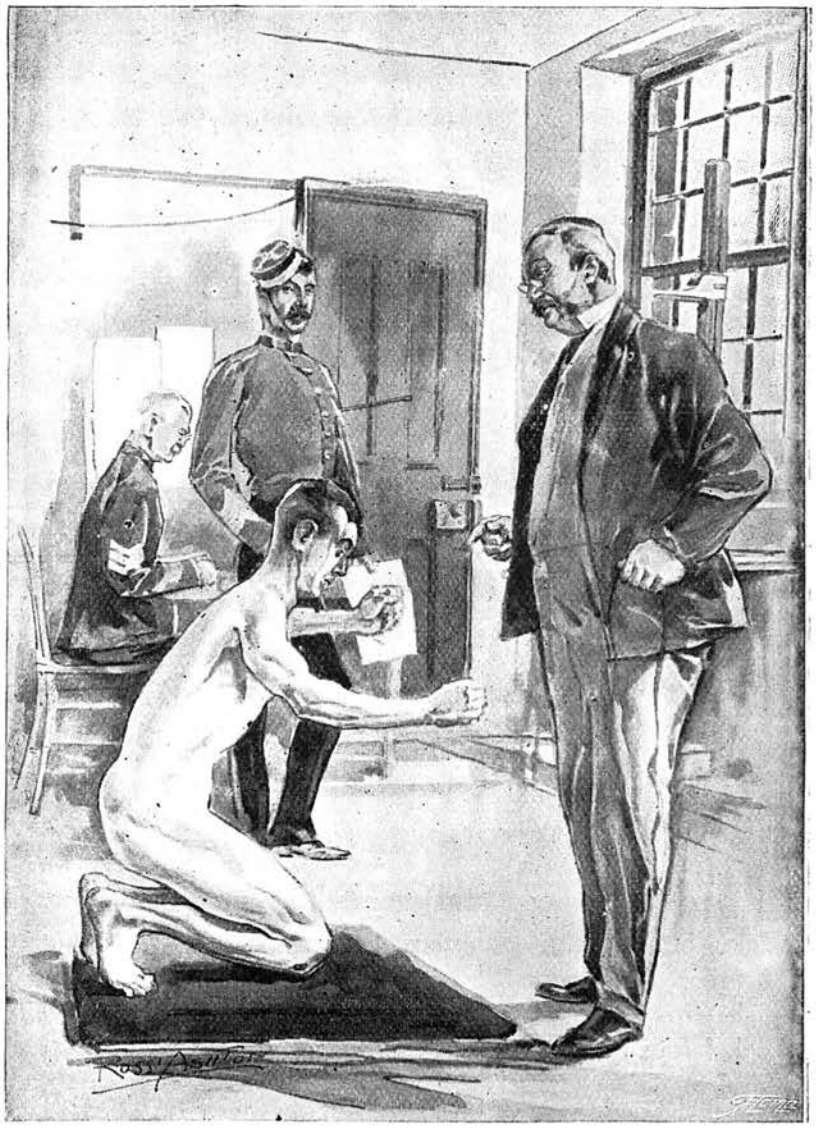
The sergeant moves his hand to John Smith's left eye, and the same process is repeated.

But his troubles are not yet over. The sergeant takes him back close to the height machine. "Hop on one foot to the window at the end of the room, then hop back on the other foot to the mat. Hop on your toes—I didn't tell you to be taking a walk," he says, as his victim shambles along the ground.

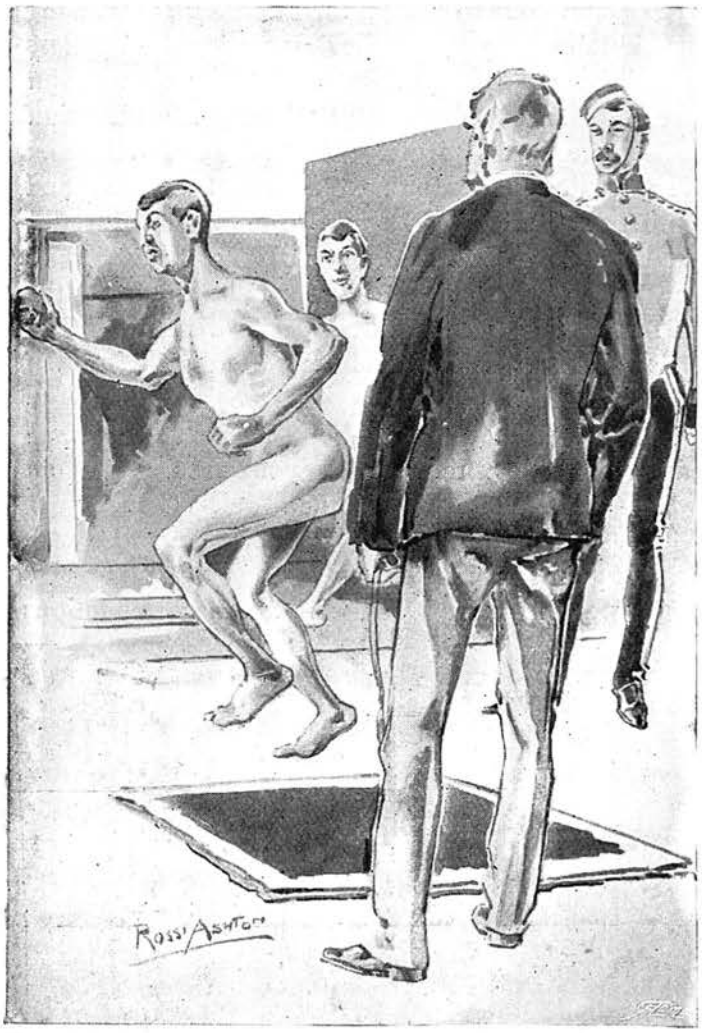
John Smith hops ponderously to the end of the room and comes back on the same foot, apparently labouring under the impression that unless he makes the floor shake it is all up with his chances of ever becoming a member of the British army. The sergeant tells him to remember that he has two feet, and starts him off again. Breathless with this unusual exercise, the recruit hops on to the mat, which is the only thing in the room that he does not distrust. The medical officer suddenly stands in front of him and says:

"Kneel down—both knees at the same time. Spring up on your toes. Put out your hands. Open them out. Clench your fist. Turn round. Touch your toes with your fingers. Get up."

The recruit performs all these evolutions



"Now, stand up!"



"Now, hop!"

with the exception of springing up on his toes. "That's the result of bad boots," the doctor whispers to me. He sounds John Smith's heart and lungs, opens his mouth to see what kind of teeth he has, and suddenly asks him whether he has ever had fits.

"Not till that cove give 'em to 'im just now," whispers one naked recruit to another. "Ain't 'e gittin' a gruellin'? Crule, I calls it. Crule!"

Then the sergeant turns John Smith round and back again and looks at him carefully. "Dark blue—brown complexion; scar over left eye; dots left forearm, etc." That finishes his description and marks. He turns the lad round until he faces the door. "Go and dress," he says severely, as if pained by John Smith's lack of costume.

"If you please, sir, they made me come in this way, sir," says John Smith blushingly. "It wasn't me, sir."

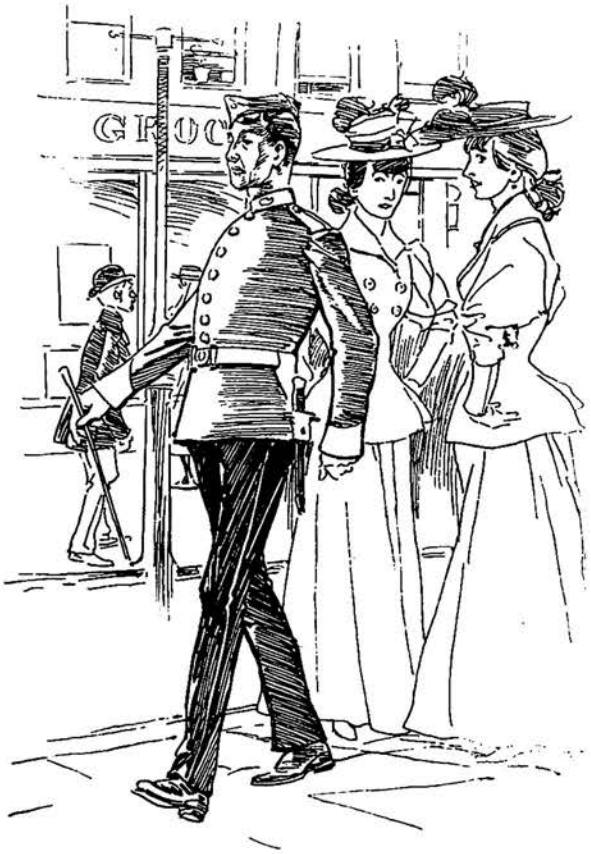
"Go and dress," says the sergeant, still more severely, and the victim departs.

Presently someone comes in for the medical officer's report, written on a "medical history sheet," and the "attestation" document, and, if it is satisfactory, John Smith is taken upstairs to undergo a further ordeal by the approving staff officer as to his character and antecedents. If the report is not satisfactory, nobody takes any further interest in him except the recruiting sergeant who has brought him in, and he surveys John Smith with an air which plainly implies that a good deal of valuable time has been wasted by somebody.

After the recruit has stated to what branch of the Service he wishes to belong, and is "sworn in," he is sent off to one of the great depôts in order to acquire the rudiments of his military training. Of course, there are large recruiting centres in England, Scotland, and Ireland, but fully two-fifths of the recruits for the British army come from London and the adjacent counties. During the last twelve years, over a hundred thousand recruits have been examined for the army by indefatigable Deputy-Surgeon-General Don. Of these about sixty per cent. passed.

It is perfectly marvellous to watch the manner in which the intending recruits are tested. Everything moves like clockwork, and the greatest care is taken to have the documents of those who pass absolutely correct in every particular. The last resource of all for growing lads who are not quite up to the standard required is to join the Militia. In the course of a few months, the steady drill, the regular life, and good food develop a growing lad and bring him up to the standard, and so smarten him that his own mother would hardly know him.

The medical officer frequently examines a



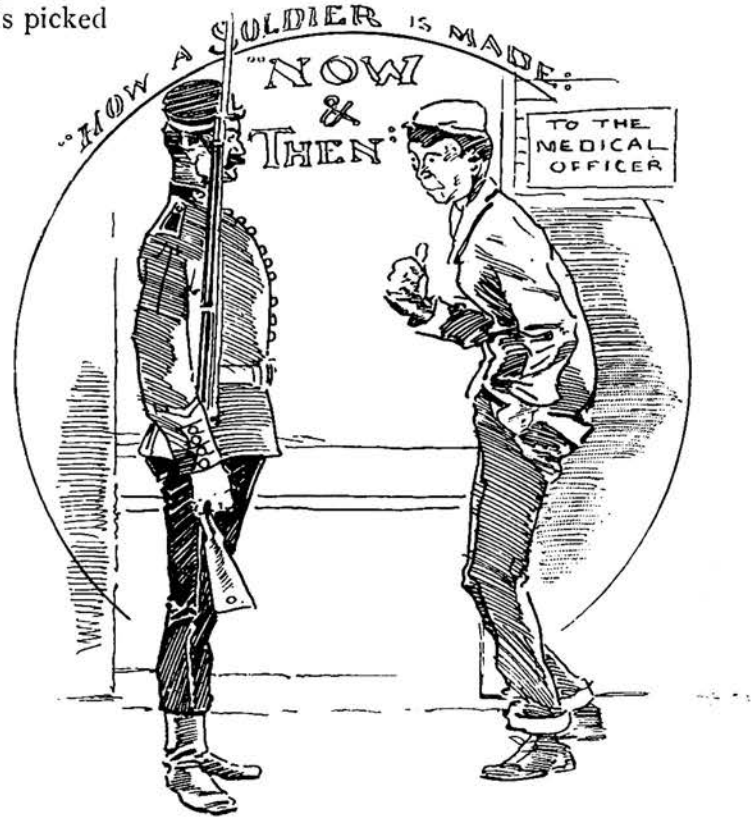
The finished article.

hundred men a day. This in itself is a feat of great endurance. In fact, every officer and man connected with recruiting is picked out owing to some special qualification which he possesses. It is utterly impossible to tell the secret of success in recruiting, but a sergeant who apparently possesses every qualification for the post is often a failure at this special work, and has to be sent back to his regiment.

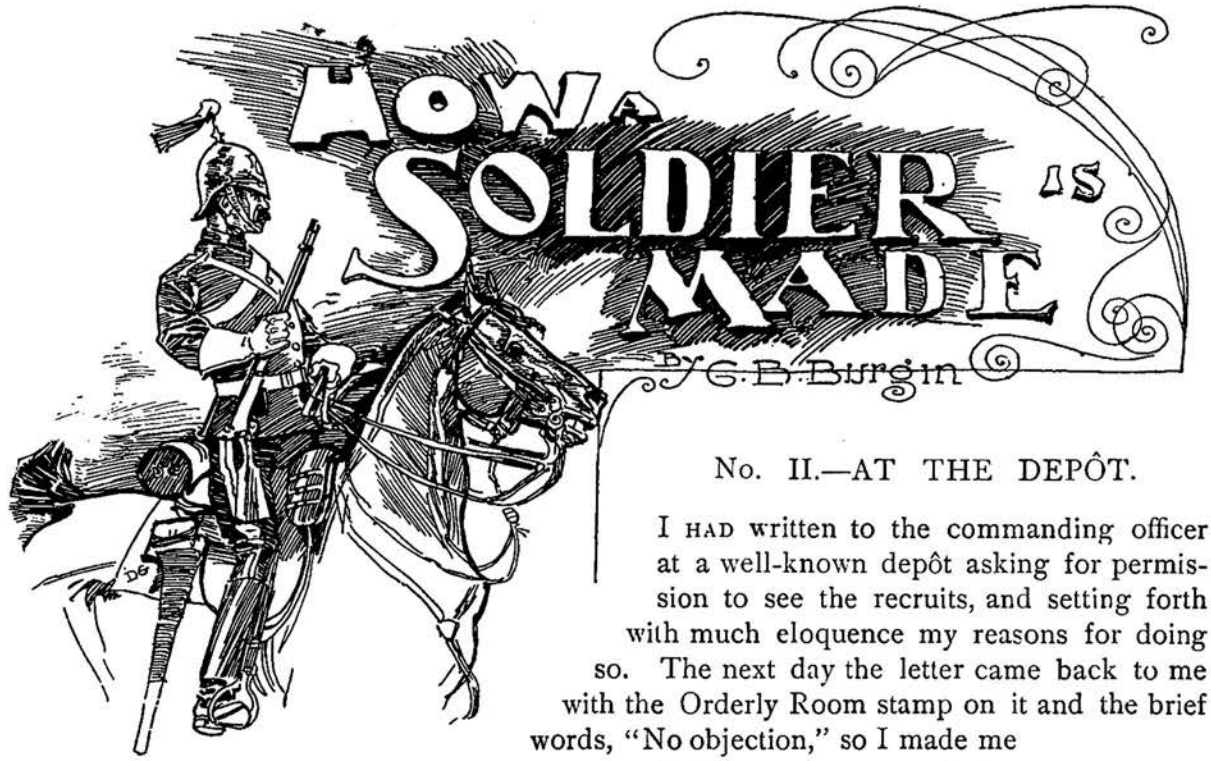
The medical officer's experiences with regard to frauds are many and various. A great hulking fellow, six feet in height and broad in proportion, finally changed his mind after he had been formally sworn in. His parents made a declaration that he was only fifteen, although he had a beard, and was really over twenty. Anxious mothers, too, who wish to get their sons home again, will stick at nothing in order to attain their purpose.

It is satisfactory to note the enormous improvement during the last twenty years in the raw material for the British army. The reasons for enlisting are very various, and may be summed up under three heads: Liking for a soldier's life; necessity from want of work; desire to escape from scrapes at home. Many lads with a keen desire for military life enlist as soon as possible. Now and then a man who has "gone under" also enlists, but the proportion of these cases is very slight.

For instance, the intending recruits who were examined on the occasion of my visit to St. George's Barracks were clerks, grooms, indoor servants (these generally make very good servants for officers), one coster, one labourer, a shopman, a carman, and an ex-Sunday school teacher. The officers assured me that the recruits were exceedingly well behaved, and it is rarely necessary to check one for impudence or misconduct. They are very kindly treated at the recruiting office, and everything possible is done to lessen the severity of the ordeal of the "Recruit before the Doctor."



Now,— and then.



No. II.—AT THE DEPÔT.

I HAD written to the commanding officer at a well-known depôt asking for permission to see the recruits, and setting forth with much eloquence my reasons for doing so. The next day the letter came back to me with the Orderly Room stamp on it and the brief words, "No objection," so I made me

Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage.

When I drove up to the Orderly Room and asked for the writer of my "permit," some one in uniform proudly informed me that he had written it himself, and that I had better see the Adjutant. The Adjutant kindly handed me over to the care of one of the tallest and handsomest men I have ever seen, stalwart S. S. M. Jones, of the 4th Dragoon Guards, who was on the eve of departure with a "draft" for Rawul Pindi.

The transport season begins in September and goes on until March. Before the "draft" starts, the men are exempt from drills for a few days, and are given a holiday in which to see their friends and show off their smart uniforms. They generally join the "trooper" in very good spirits, despite the lugubrious picture drawn by our most picturesque living writer on military matters:

Stuck in 'eavy marchin'-order, sopped an' wringin'—
Sick, before our hour to watch 'er 'eave an' fall,
'Ere's your 'appy 'ome at last, an' stop your singin'.
'Alt. Fall in along the troop-deck. Silence all!"

"We'd better take a Tommy from the time he gets up until he goes to bed again," my guide suggested. "Tommy" seems to be the favourite military abbreviation for "Thomas Atkins"; and so, after a preliminary look-round at various recruits in all stages of dress and undress, and a romp with half-a-dozen unmuzzled terriers, who seemed to be off duty for the day, we started round the depôt to inspect our future heroes, whom I once heard described by an enthusiastic old lady as "the defendiours and preserviours of our country."

When Tommy Atkins reaches the cavalry depôt, he feels that he has made his first step towards winning the Victoria Cross. It is to be his home for at least nine months; for it takes about that time to "handle" alike the horse and his rider, who start level—one has never before pointed a rifle, and the other has never been mounted.

For the whole of the first nine months the new recruit seldom has an idle moment. Directly he has finished one exercise he begins another. If he possesses a good physique, the unremitting work he has to do makes a man of him in every sense of the word; but it is as well in the beginning of this article to disabuse the intending recruit of the idea that he will have an easy time of it. If he does not mean to work hard he had better not enlist; for the British army exacts the utmost proficiency from its soldiers, and the intending

loafer will soon find that he has made a mistake.

"Tommy" generally arrives at the depôt about ten o'clock, feeling a little dispirited after his arduous interview with the Medical Officer in the earlier part of the day. Naturally, he is very hungry and is given some supper. The supper-room (it is just inside the barrack gates) is self supporting, and most of the food is sold at cost price; the profits are made on the flour and the pastry. After a hearty meal Tommy goes to bed, and, tired out by the novelty of his experiences, sleeps the sleep of one determined to economise his strength for his country's sake.

The next morning he is awakened by what is technically known as "The revelly" (*Reveillé*), and, probably for the first time in his life, rises at five-thirty (5.30 in summer only, 6.30 in winter). As a preliminary step, he is made to take a bath and is given some breakfast. Then he has to be clothed. If he is a "time-expired man," anxious to serve again, but who is forbidden to do so by the regulations, he is quite at home and orders things to his liking. The craving to get back to the army is very often great among men who have once served. Mr. Kipling describes the sensations of an old hand, who has managed to persuade the doctor that he has never enlisted before, and gets back to barracks as a recruit:—

I took my bath, an' I waller'd—for, Gawd, I needed it so!
I smelt the smell of the barricks, I 'eard the bugles go.
I 'eard the feet on the gravel—the feet of the men wot drill—
An' I sez to my flutterin' 'eart-strings, I sez to 'em—Peace, be still!

I carried my slops to the tailor. I sez to 'im, "None o' your lip;
You tight 'em over the shoulders, an' loose 'em over the 'ip,
For the set o' the tunic's 'orrid." An' 'e sez to me, "Strike me dead!
But I thought you was used to the business." An' so 'e done wot I said.

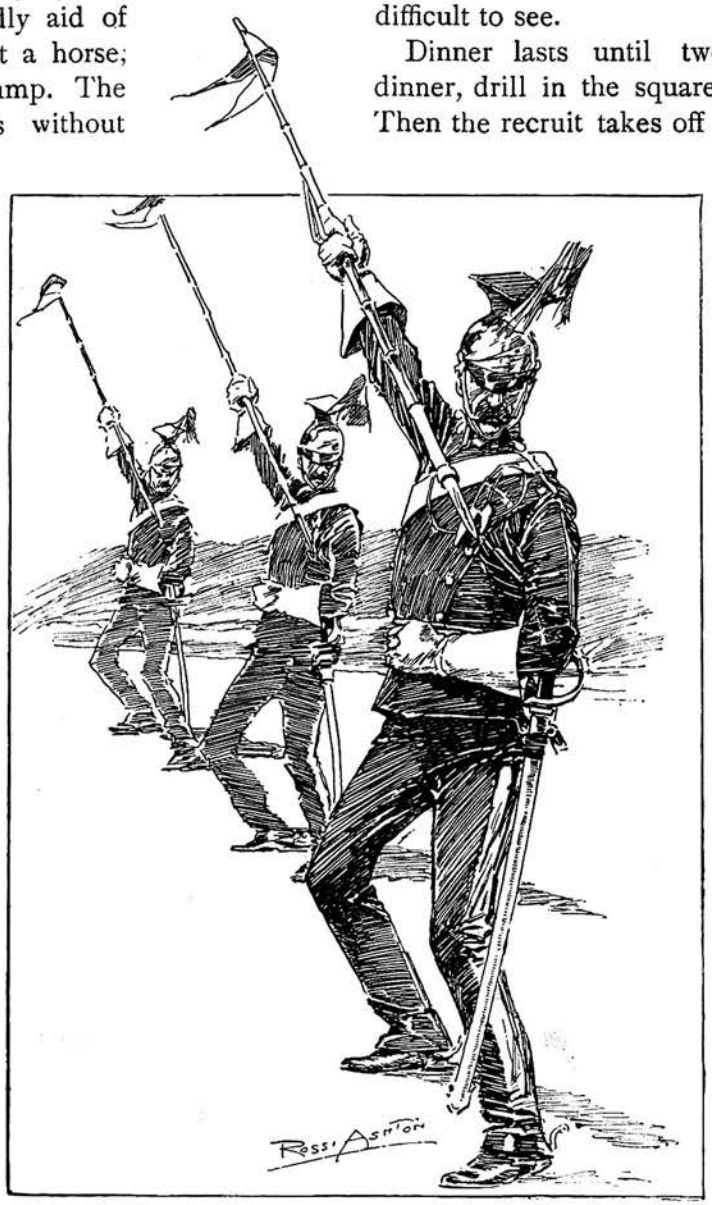
The new rig-out.

Vast quantities of clothing are sent down from Pimlico, and kept in readiness at the quartermaster's store. When the Quartermaster receives the customary "requisition" for the recruit's clothing and kit, Tommy has his measure taken, and is fitted. The clothing is kept in store of all sizes, even to quarter inches. After the recruit has been measured for his clothes, he is given his "small kit" of brushes, sheets, and socks. In about a day his clothes have been altered to fit him; they are stamped with his regimental number, and he bids a long farewell to his former civilian garb.

The next day Tommy Atkins begins to feel a little more at home, and to be conscious of the importance attaching to a "rooky." His work, after *reveillé*, is to spend an hour and a half on stable duty. He is taught how to groom a horse and to clean his saddle. At eight he is quite ready for breakfast, which occupies about half an hour. At 8.30 he has to attend riding-school.

The Colonel of the regiment takes up his position, and the different officers march their troops past him.

The riding-school (open *manège*) is a kind of long shed, where about twenty recruits at a time are taught to mount (did you ever try to raise yourself up on a bare-backed horse, simply by the hands and arms, without the friendly aid of the stirrup?), to sit a horse; to walk, trot, and jump. The recruit first rides without arms. The sword, carbine, and lance are gradually introduced as he becomes accustomed to the horse, and he is also taught the sword and lance exercises, and foot-drill with sword and lance. He is also taught to jump, first the brushwood jump (if he falls, the ground is so soft that it does not hurt him), then the table jump (this is a great bank of earth on which the horse lands with his forelegs, scrambles up, and jumps off from the top), next the timber jump, and, lastly, the water jump. After riding-school, he changes into fatigue dress, and grooms his horse until dinner time.



Lancers at drill.

Most of the horses come from Ireland, where they are purchased as three-year-olds. They must all be up to between fifteen and sixteen hands in height, and are gradually trained very much in the same way as the recruit. They average fifteen years of age before they are unfit for service, and are then sold for what they will fetch at the nearest auction yard. A soldier when leaving the service receives a small pension. Why his faithful charger should not be turned into a paddock to pass the remainder of an honourable old age in peace and quietness, it is difficult to see.

Dinner lasts until two o'clock. After dinner, drill in the square until three-thirty. Then the recruit takes off his belts and arms and goes to the gymnasium until four-thirty. He rests after the gymnasium until five, when evening Stable Call sounds. Stables last until six, grooming, feeding, sweeping up, and bedding down.

After stables the recruit's time is his own, with the exception that he has to clean his arms for next day's parade. This takes him about an hour. He can obtain permission to go anywhere he likes out of barracks until ten. He must be in by that hour. At ten-fifteen, "lights out," and the day ends. If the recruit "breaks his leave," he is first admonished. On the second occasion, he probably gets three days' confinement to barracks, *i.e.* he may not pass beyond the gates, and is liable to be taken for pack drill or fatigue parties, one hour a day.

At the canteen, when Tommy Atkins is

thirsty, he can obtain extremely good beer at very moderate prices. As a rule, he does not abuse this privilege. Among many other reasons is the fact that the canteen room is so well supplied with games of all sorts that he is too much interested in them to drink away the hours which should be spent in improving himself. In this room there is also a fair-sized stage, with a good piano. Any recruit can get up on the stage and play or sing until his companions tell him to leave off. For a "temperance man" there is a building provided by the Church of England Temperance Society, where he can indulge to his heart's content in what are commonly termed "minerals"—*i.e.*, ginger beer and soda water. The building was not thronged.

The gymnasium course usually lasts six weeks or two months, and has been greatly modified of late years, owing to the introduction of the Swedish system of developing each particular muscle. I was much interested in watching the recruits go through their hour's drilling lesson in the gymnasium. Sandow's system of light weights has apparently been adopted. When the recruits did dumb-bell exercise, their dumb-bells weighed four pounds only. When their arms were tired, they went round the gymnasium with a curious stamp of each foot, sometimes walking on their toes, at others bringing the foot down with a resounding smack.

Here are the figures of the improvement in the physique of one recruit after forty attendances of an hour each: he gained 7lb. in weight, $3\frac{7}{8}$in. round the chest, $\frac{3}{8}$in. round the forearm, and $\frac{3}{4}$in. round the upper arm. These figures speak for themselves as to the efficiency of the system.

There is also a musketry range at the depôt where Tommy Atkins can practise. The ranges are from 100 to 500 yards, and Tommy fires 150 rounds of ammunition during his course of instruction. There is also a judicious system of prizes to encourage the men to take an interest in their work. A good shot can make nice little sums in competitions at different places. These small amounts come in very handily; for a cavalryman's earnings are only 1*s.* 2*d.* per day: the infantryman gets 1*s.* Out of this amount 3*d.* per day is stopped for the Mess, etc. Every day Tommy receives (in bulk, that is) 1lb. of meat and $\frac{3}{4}$lb. of bread. Tea, sugar, milk, and other luxuries come out of the 3*d.* stopped from his pay. At the supper room, should he want any more food, he can always get it at cost price.

"Sit down, sir."

Should a recruit become unfit for service, he is "sat upon" by a medical board, and returned to his home with a gratuity of 30*s.*

If he is too stupid to learn, he is reported upon as "Not likely to become an efficient soldier," and his fare is paid to the place where he was enlisted.

When a recruit feels a desire for the "higher education," he can go to school again. He probably wants promotion, and has to pass a certain standard before his officer will recommend him for lance corporal stripes. Before he can become a full corporal, he must have a second-class certificate, and be able to do compound fractions. In order to obtain a first-class certificate, he has to pass what practically amounts to a Civil Service examination in geography, copying MSS., etc.

Should Tommy Atkins also experience those yearnings for matrimony which afflict even the wisest of mankind, he must put in six years' service, have £5 (it does not seem an exorbitant amount) in the Regimental Savings Bank, and also one Good Conduct badge. This Good Conduct badge carries with it an extra penny a day. When he is put on the married list of the regiment he obtains free quarters, coals, and lights.

In the gymnasium.

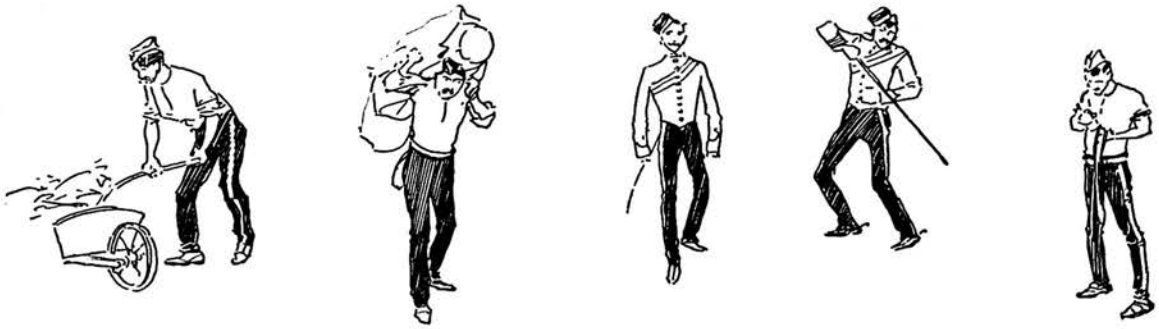
Thus far, the labours of the recruit. In the graphic language of Mr. Kipling:—

The young recruit is silly—'e thinks o' suicide;
'E's lost 'is gutter-devil, 'e 'asn't got 'is pride.
But day by day they kicks 'im, which 'elps 'im on a bit,
Till 'e finds 'isself one mornin' with a full an' proper kit.
Gettin' clear o' dirtiness, gettin' done with mess,
Gettin' shut o' doin' things rather more-or-less.

And so, in the fulness of time, the recruit blossoms out as a colour-sergeant, and teaches others the lessons he has so hardly learned. At last he comes into action with his men, and tests the result of his training:

'E's just as sick as they are, 'is 'eart is like to split,
But 'e works 'em, works 'em, works 'em, till 'e feels 'em take the bit;
The rest is 'oldin' steady till the watchful bugles play,
An' 'e lifts 'em, lifts 'em, lifts 'em, through the charge that wins the day.

I am inclined to think, in so far as a peaceful civilian may express an opinion on the subject, that our system of military training, barring one or two blemishes, is the best in the world.



MY WIFE'S LEGACY.

CHICKENS COUNTED THAT NEVER HATCHED.

"I DON'T like to calculate upon such things," observed my wife; "but if Aunt Jane were to die, I should not be a bit surprised if she left us that old-fashioned set of silver, that belonged to my great-grandparents."

Out of consideration for the printer, I will omit indications of the emphasis with which she usually spoke. If the reader will kindly consider every second word printed in small caps or italics, he will have some faint idea of her manner of expressing herself.

"It is a very handsome set," I returned, glancing about our modest dining-room; "and will hardly accord with our furniture."

"It wouldn't look at all well with that sideboard," returned my wife, promptly, "it is so dreadfully shabby—oh, of course I mean the sideboard, not the silver; don't be so smart."

"I suppose, then, if such a thing were to happen, you'd have to have a new sideboard."

She nodded complacently.

"I saw such a lovely one down-town to-day—antique oak, beautifully carved. I do admire oak so much."

"But the rest of the furniture is walnut," I objected.

"Walnut is altogether out of style, especially for dining-rooms," she replied, with a disdainful glance at the chairs which we had once found very good to look at; "and, after all, the sideboard is by so much the most expensive piece of furniture in a dining-room, that it doesn't cost much more to get a whole set than just that one piece. And even a walnut sideboard, new, would not look well with these chairs and this table."

I said nothing, and the tacit surrender was accepted by my wife. Thenceforth it was understood that if Aunt Jane should bequeath us that silver, we were to purchase a new set of dining-room furniture.

The next evening, as we were again at dinner, my wife remarked:

"I have been looking at carpets to-day, and saw one that just suits me—rich and subdued, you know, but not dingy."

"Carpets?" I repeated, in some surprise; "I didn't know that there was one needed this season."

"Why, stupid," rejoined my wife, petulantly, (and the emphasis was all upon the pet name) "did we not agree that the dining-room must be refurnished? And this carpet is so old and worn, of course it would not do at all with new furniture."

Again I acquiesced silently, and she proceeded to make plans for meeting me the next day, to examine and choose the carpet and furniture to be purchased later on. Well, if my wife's relations left her handsome silver, I must of course provide things in keeping with it.

She met me according to appointment, and having inspected the articles, gave me to understand that my taste was so execrable as not to merit a moment's consideration, and announcing her own choice, suggested, coolly:

"And now let's go look at the wall-paper."

"Wall-paper?" I echoed, blankly.

"Of course, the room must be re-papered if it is re-furnished. As for the woodwork, I suppose there is no help for that—it will just have to be re-grained. Can they make that natural wood finish on wood that has been painted?"

I stared aghast; that silver was going to cost me a pretty sum. But I was helpless—entirely so; my wife had made up her mind.

That evening, she was much elated at the prospect of being surrounded by such things as she had that day selected. There was but one cloud on her horizon.

"The dining-room will be nicer than the parlors," she remarked, plaintively; "I am afraid that they will really look shabby."

I said nothing, hoping that if she were not contradicted she would not pursue the subject farther.

Vain hope! She had fixed it in her own mind that silence gave consent, and when I came home the next evening, had assumed that the parlors were to be newly fitted up.

"Don't you think," she said, coaxingly, "that as long as the parlors and dining-room are to be torn up, and we are to have the painters and paper-hangers here, we might as well have the whole house done? It would be very little more trouble, and then it would all look nice together."

"It would be considerably more expensive," I remonstrated, faintly.

"You might draw the money out of the building association," she suggested; and then I knew that our savings in that institution were doomed.

Aunt Jane lingered a long time. In justice to my wife, I must admit that she had become oblivious of the fact that all these improvements depended upon a legacy, which could only be possessed after the death of her venerable relative.

A day or so after she had decided that the house was to be thoroughly renovated, my wife said to me:

"I have been examining the parlor carpets, and I find that by using the best parts of both, and buying a wide border, I can get quite a new carpet for our bed-room—absolutely unworn."

"Indeed!" I remarked, with pleased surprise; there was one thing that she would not want, anyhow.

"Yes, and the carpet that is now on it has enough good to cover the children's room, if I put the worn part under the bed. Or maybe I'd better put that on the spare-room," she added, reflectively, "and give that one to the children. Theirs gets such hard wear that an old one will not last any time, hardly."

I said nothing, but felt greatly relieved.

"As long as we don't have to buy a bed-room carpet," she remarked, insinuatingly, "don't you think we could afford a new set of furniture?"

"No, I don't," I returned, savagely; whereupon she burst into tears and called me a heartless monster. To pacify her, I had to promise the furniture, together with a new silk and a sealskin, that the mistress of the house might be as fine as her dwelling.

"It does seem a shame," she said, a few days afterward, "to spend so much money on this house. That's very handsome and expensive paper that we looked at, and to substitute an archway for the folding doors will cost something"—this was the first that I had heard of the archway—"and then those lovely carpets cut up to fit these small rooms too!"

"Yes, it is a shame," I replied, hardly crediting my senses. Not all had been lost, although much had been in danger.

"I am so glad that you think so," returned my wife, briskly; "I was sure that you would agree with me that it would be wiser for us to find a house that suits us better, and buy right away. Real estate is cheap, now, they say—there's so much in the market."

She tried to put on a knowing look; if she had known half as much about that subject as about managing me, I should have felt impressed. As it was, I weakly objected:

"My dear, I don't know where in the world I could get the money to buy a larger and better house—any house at all, in fact."

"You could sell this," she replied, nothing daunted.

"But if real estate is a drug on the market, I do not want to sell," I retorted, thinking cunningly to turn her own weapon upon herself.

"There are those shares of stock, then."

"But that stock is going up daily; if I wait six months, I

can get double what it would bring now; or hold it, and draw big interest on my investment."

"Well, what else are you going to do? You said yourself that we must have a larger and better house."

Thereupon I mentally bade a regretful farewell to the stock and the money which I had expected to make by holding it. My wife occupied her leisure time for the next three weeks in looking for a residence which should be in all respects suitable for the furniture we were going to buy. What she would desire next, I could not guess, unless she should become thoroughly dissatisfied with me.

At the end of the period mentioned, I came home one evening to find her in tears.

"Aunt Jane's dead," she sobbed; "the poor old lady died this morning. I have just come from her house."

As Aunt Jane had been at the point of death for the past six months, I was hardly surprised to hear this bit of news. I did my best to comfort my wife, however, and comported myself like a dutiful nephew-in-law at the mournful ceremonies following the death.

When I returned home the day after the funeral, my wife met me at the door, her face flushed, her eyes blazing.

"What do you suppose that old crank has done?" she demanded.

"What old crank?" I inquired, wonderingly.

"Why, Aunt Jane, of course."

"I'm sure I don't know," I returned, mildly; "but you should remember, my dear, that——"

"Oh, I know she's dead. She wouldn't give her things away under any other circumstances. She's left me a hundred dollars in cash, and that dear old silver to my second cousin, John Scott. He'll sell it, and spend every cent on liquor and cigars and horses, I know he will."

Then the blaze in her eyes was quenched by a flood of tears. I did my best to soothe her, but my efforts were useless. I assured her that if her cousin sold the silver, we would buy it.

"I don't want it," she declared; "I won't have it"—very vehemently—"and I won't get a single new thing in the house, or a new dress, or that sealskin, or anything. I'll just stay here with things as they are, and John Scott can keep his silver, and you can keep your building association money and stock, too. So there, now."

After that, I did not try to assuage her grief; I was afraid that consolation might be costly.

—Miriam K. Davis.

SAYINGS, WISE AND OTHERWISE.

A lazy sheep thinks its wool heavy.

A hungry man smells meat afar off.

A jest driven too far brings home hate.

A lie has no legs, but a scandal has wings.

A hare may draw a lion with a golden cord.

A kiss of the mouth often touches not the heart.

A handsaw is a good thing, but not to shave with.

A life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things.

A house filled with guests is eaten up and ill spoken of.

A liar is not believed when he speaks the truth.—Italian.

A handful of common sense is worth a bushel of learning.—Spanish.

REPLIES AND RECIPES.

Editor of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING:

Enclosed please find some answers to inquiries in your Cozy Corner of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, which I hope may prove useful to your subscribers.

CHOCOLATE ECLAIRS.—To one-half pint of boiling water stir four ounces of butter and six ounces of flour; let it boil five minutes when take it from the fire and let it get nearly cold. Add to the mixture five beaten eggs, whipping them in slowly, together with one-half scant teaspoonful of saleratus dissolved in boiling water. Beat all up well. Put them on white paper in the shape of a large lady finger and bake in a very hot oven. Take two squares of Baker's chocolate and put it to melt in a cup placed in a vessel of boiling water, when soft add to it a little boiling water, beat the yolks of two eggs and stir in it, and sugar sufficient to make it sweet, also vanilla flavoring.

LADY FINGERS.—Take six eggs, separate them and beat the yolks up with two cupfuls of sugar until they are so light that no hair stripes settle on the foam. Sift in the flour one small teaspoonful of soda and one-half teaspoonful of cream tartar and stir lightly but thoroughly into the sugar and eggs. Make a funnel of stiff brown paper and put the dough through it pressing it out in strips about a finger long and the thickness of a lead pencil. Put them on unbuttered paper and sprinkle with granulated sugar, bake in a quick oven, and when cool wet the under side of the paper with a brush, and stick the fingers together back to back.

LOBSTER CROQUETTES.—Take a can of lobster and put it in a sieve to drain. When quite dry chop fine, taking one tablespoonful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of cream or milk, half a tablespoonful of flour and salt and pepper to taste. Cook the butter and flour together till they bubble, add the cream, then the lobster and when hot an egg well beaten. Set away to cool. Shape them in rolls, dip them in egg and cracker crumbs and fry in very hot fat.

COOKIES.—(Very nice). Two cupfuls of sugar, one of butter, four of flour, four eggs, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and a little salt. Flavor with orange, vanilla, or any other flavoring, sprinkle granulated sugar over top of them before baking. You may mix grated chocolate or cocoanut in them for variety.

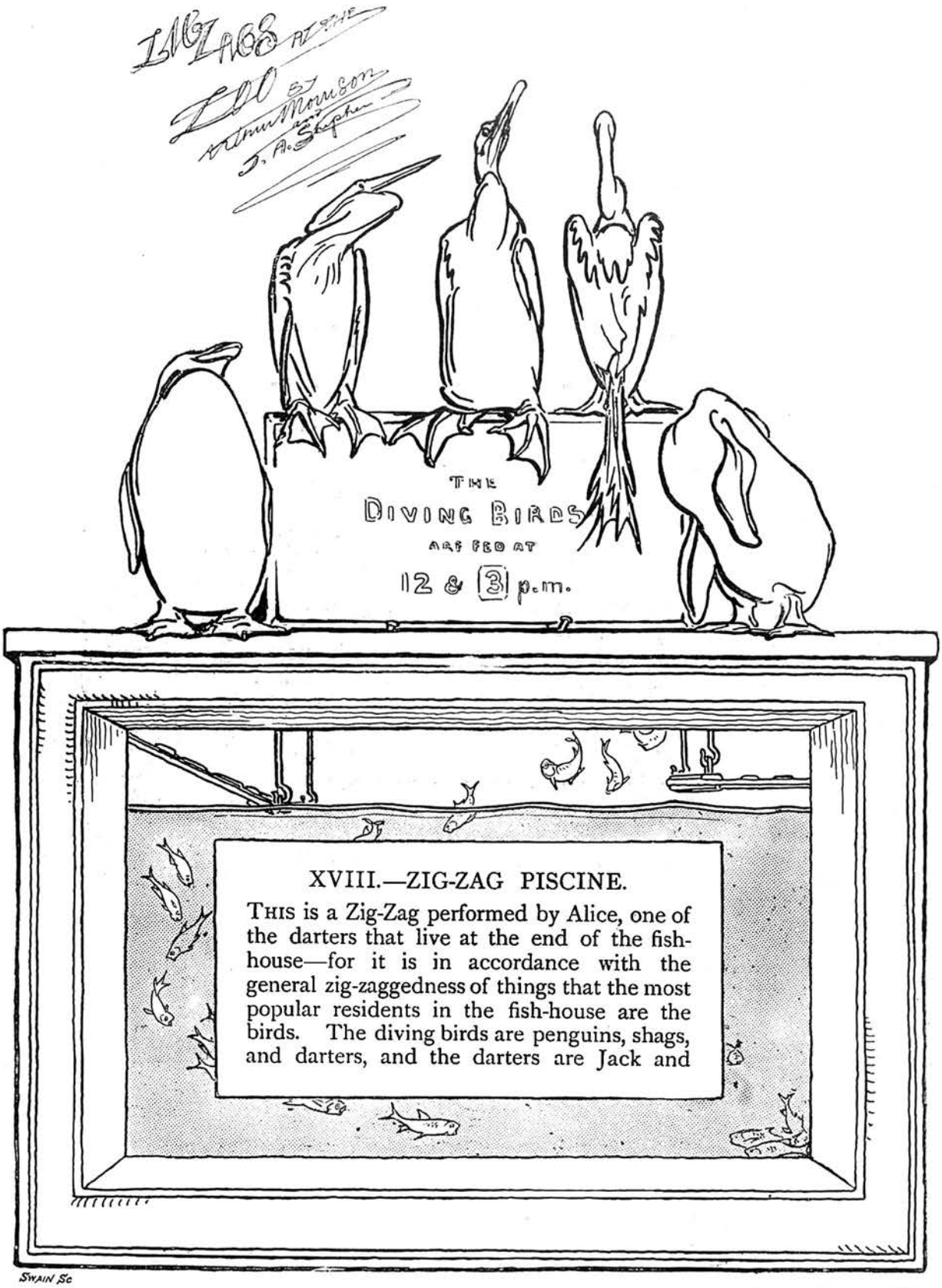
GINGER COOKIES.—Take two cupfuls of New Orleans molasses, one cupful of lard, one-half cupful of sugar, one heaping teaspoonful of soda dissolved in three-quarters of a cupful of warm water, one teaspoonful of ginger, one large teaspoonful of cinnamon and one-half teaspoonful of cloves. Mix with enough flour to keep them from sticking to the molding board and bake a nice brown.

A soapstone griddle must be greased a little the first time on being used, after you are done using it do not wash, but rub it with a piece of paper. If you find the cakes still stick use a turnip cut in half. This is all I ever use on my soapstone griddle.

SOFT MOLASSES CAKE.—This recipe will make two good sized cakes. Take two cupfuls of molasses, one of shortening, four of flour, one of sour milk, coffee or water, two well beaten eggs, two even teaspoonfuls of saleratus, one-half spoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of ginger, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of cloves, a little grated nutmeg, and orange or lemon peel grated if liked. Add the eggs last as by so doing your cakes will have the glossy appearance which is generally liked.

POP CORN BALLS.—Put a pound of white sugar in a suitable kettle with a very little water added, let it boil until when dropped in cold water it appears quite waxy. Take off the fire and add to it seven tablespoonfuls of gum arabic in solution as thick as molasses, add the popped corn and stir it well until it is all saturated, when form into balls. The more popular way just now is to form it into sticks about two inches wide and four long. Have your hands slightly floured before beginning the manipulation.

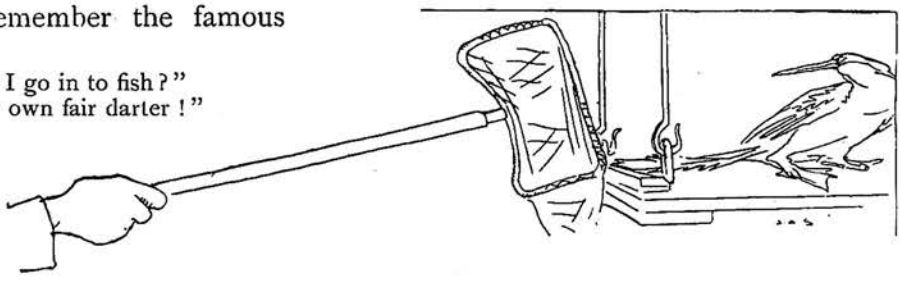
BROOKLYN, N. Y. MRS. A. B. ACKERMAN.


THE
DIVING BIRDS
ARE FED AT
12 & 3 p.m.
XVIII.—ZIG-ZAG PISCINE.
THIS is a Zig-Zag performed by Alice, one of the darters that live at the end of the fish-house—for it is in accordance with the general zig-zaggedness of things that the most popular residents in the fish-house are the birds. The diving birds are penguins, shags, and darters, and the darters are Jack and
SWAIN Sc
J. A. Shepherd

Alice. Many may remember the famous ballad beginning—

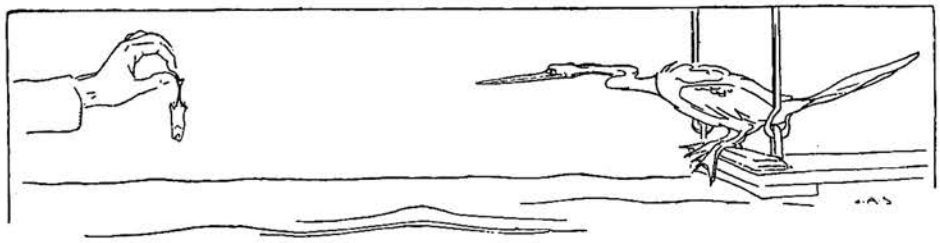
"Keeper may I go in to fish?"
"Oh, yes, my own fair darter!"

although probably they won't. The darter therein referred to is popularly supposed to have been Alice.



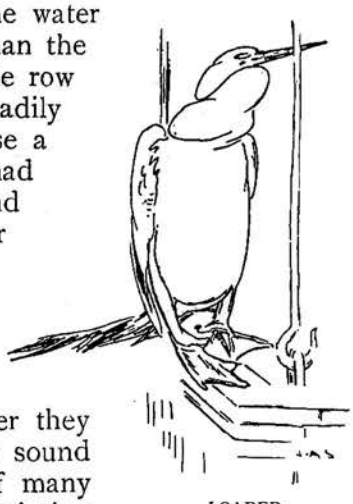
COERCION.

It is probably because of her name that Alice had this remarkable dream, although Waterman (which is the name of the keeper—a man evidently born for the fish-house) thinks it was because of swallowing Jack's dinner as well as her own. Alice certainly had done very well—she always does—and was well disposed for sleep. Jack went quietly and respectably home to his cage, but Alice stayed on the diving-board, dozing. Waterman reached for her with the net, and for a moment aroused her senses by the display of a roach, but Alice remembered that she was loaded to the sinking-line already, and forbore. Waterman was called away, and Alice slept.



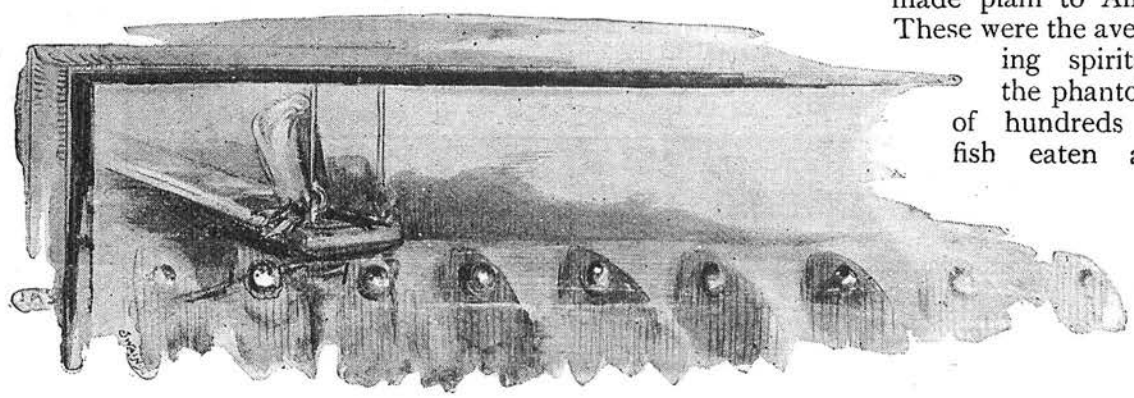
CONCILIATION.

Now as Alice slept she dreamed. And it was this. In the water below her (where she knew she had left nothing living larger than the natural animalcula) there appeared, moving towards her, a double row of great phosphorescent fishy eyes. Then between each pair of steadily upturned eyes she saw, as is usual, a nose. Then below the nose a pale, ghastly, half-open mouth. It was shuddersome. Alice had never before seen any fish that she did not welcome gladly and take inside with promptitude. But these fish, all with their noses pointing upward and their unnaturally large eyes fixed upon her—these she knew at once, by instinct, were not to be eaten. There is no record, even in the transactions of the Psychical Research Society, of an edible ghost. These awful-eyed fish passed beneath the diving-board on which she stood, and, strangely enough, Alice could see their eyes as plainly after they had passed out of sight as before. Then a weird, mysterious sound gathered about her, intensifying into a loud wail—the wail of many hundreds of fishy spirits repeating the words of the mystic inscription over the tank: "The diving birds are fed at twelve and three p.m."

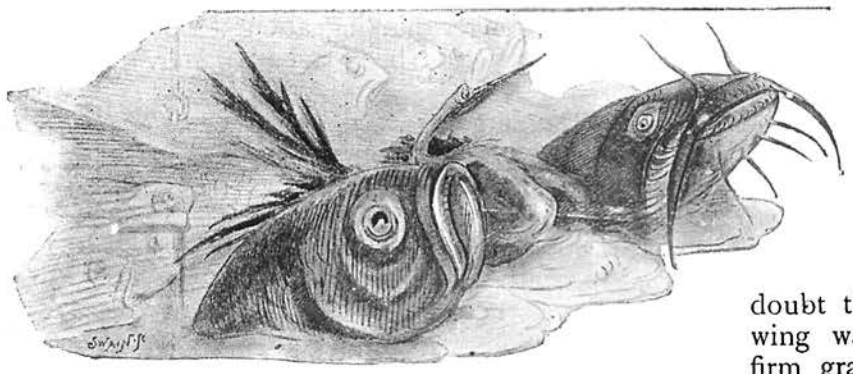


LOADED.

Thus was the case made plain to Alice. These were the avenging spirits—the phantoms of hundreds of fish eaten and

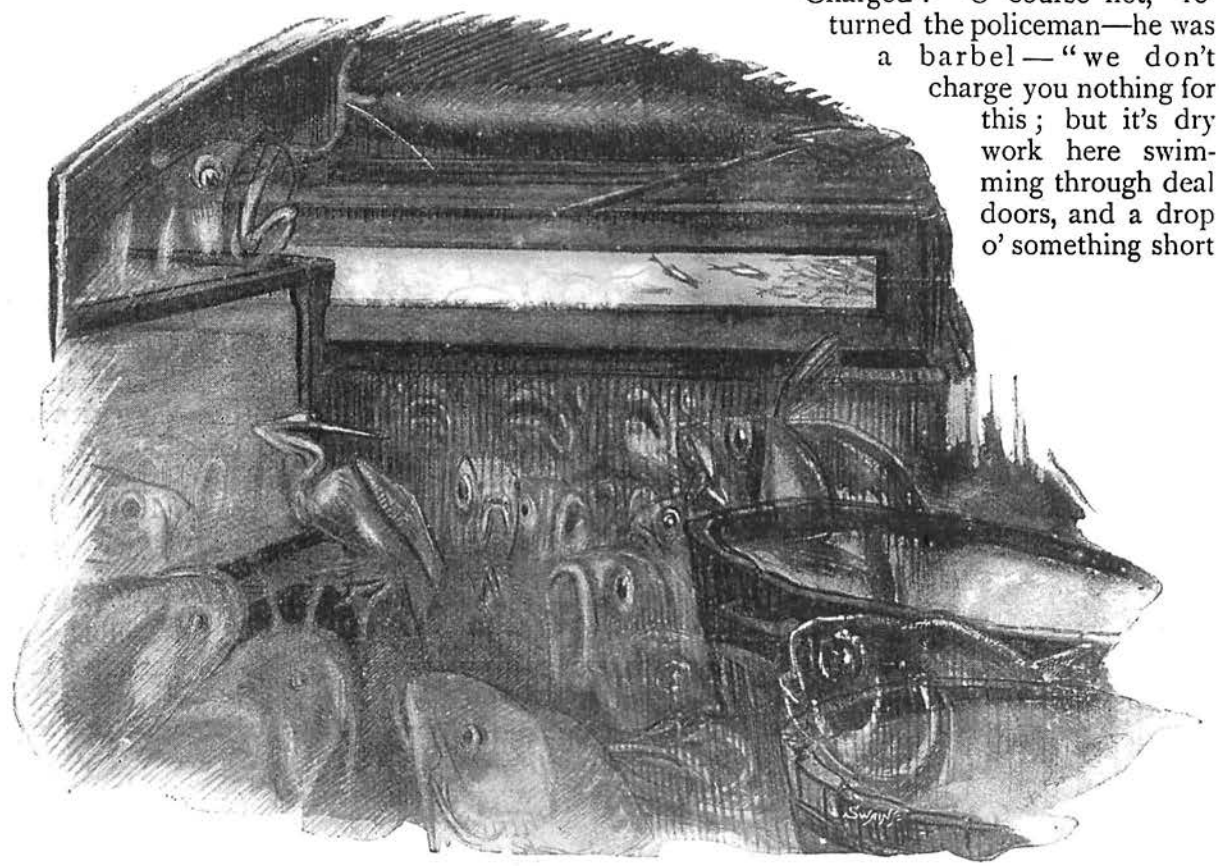


THE VISION.



IN CUSTODY.

forgotten; reproachful roach and minatory minnows. Alice could not speak—it would have been impossible to deny the charge if she could, for the words were painted on a board in such large letters that nobody could doubt their truth. Suddenly each wing was taken in a clammy but firm grasp, and a pair of greater eyes than ever appeared at each side of her. "You're wanted, young person," said a gruff voice at one side, and "Better come quietly!" said another, on the opposite side. "Never you mind wot for," pursued the first voice, as though Alice had asked, which she hadn't; "*you'll* find that out soon enough at the station." And "It's our dooty to warn you," added the second voice, "that anything you say'll be took down as evidence ag'in you." "All right," Alice replied, with a conciliatory flutter, "I won't say anything." "Says she won't say anything," remarked the second voice, "take that down; it's important." All this time they were moving serenely along through the glass, the frames of the cases and the walls of the house, into the black shed of doom at the back where none but keepers go and the fated fish that feed the diving birds. "You're remanded here," Alice's left-hand captor informed her, "till the sessions." "But I haven't been charged yet," protested Alice. "Charged? O' course not," returned the policeman—he was a barbel—"we don't charge you nothing for this; but it's dry work here swimming through deal doors, and a drop o' something short

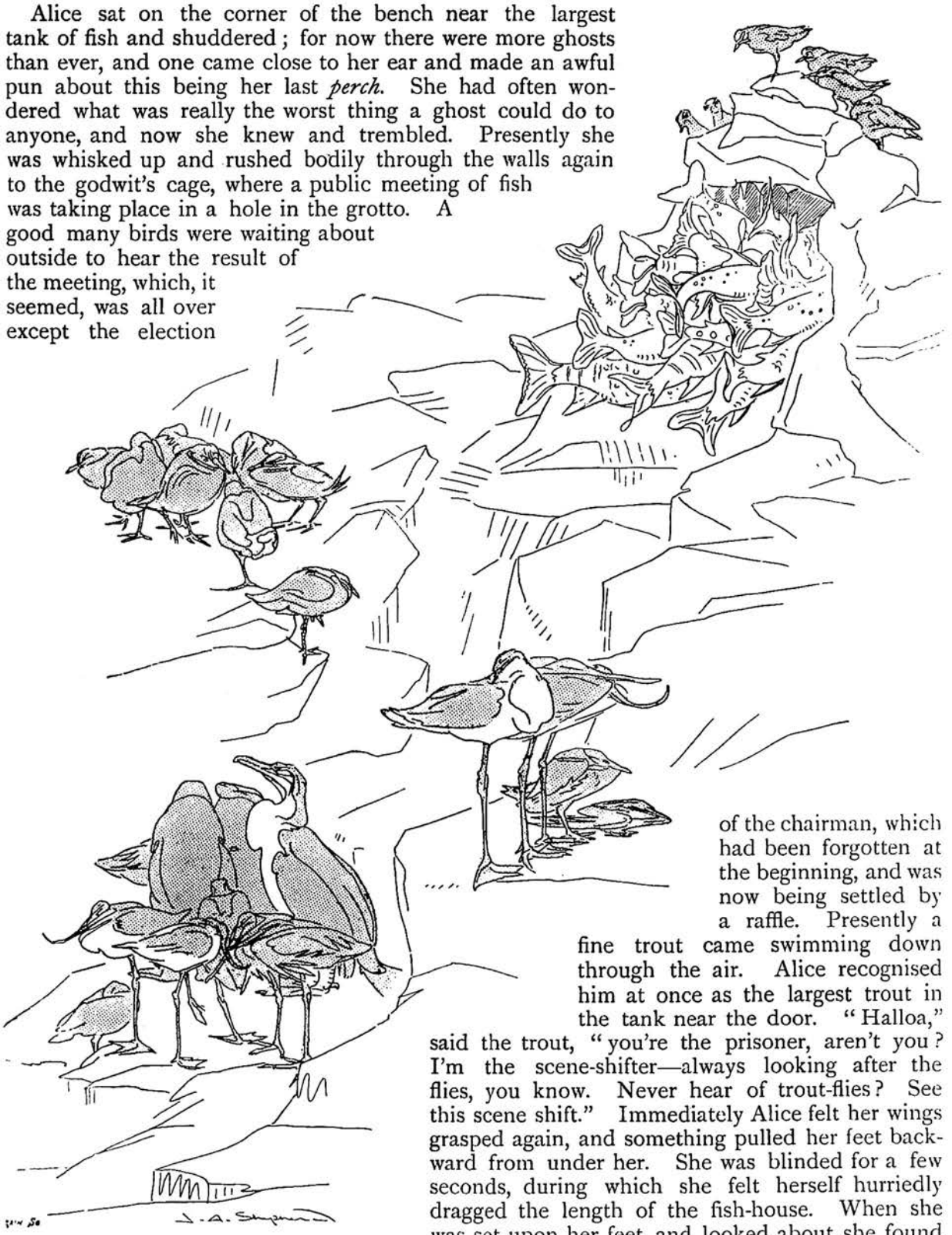


THE SHED OF DOOM.

now——" "Look here," said Alice, as an idea struck her, "can't this be squared?" "No," answered the barbel, gloomily, "you can't square a ghost, you know; everything drops through his pockets. That's the worst of being a ghost. Take down that she tried to square us," he added to his mate; "it's scandalous." Nothing was taken down, however, and Alice wondered whether either had been to one of the schools of fish she had heard

of. "Look here," said the barbel, "I know what you're thinking about—schools; board schools, because you used to board on them. Ah, you've been a bad darter. But you mustn't think. It isn't allowed."

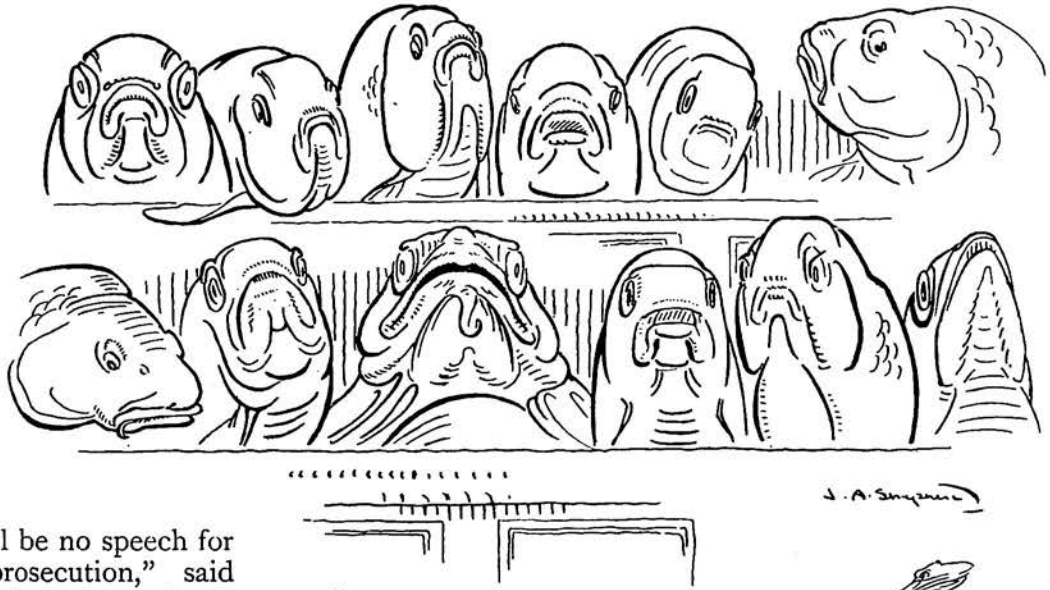
Alice sat on the corner of the bench near the largest tank of fish and shuddered; for now there were more ghosts than ever, and one came close to her ear and made an awful pun about this being her last *perch*. She had often wondered what was really the worst thing a ghost could do to anyone, and now she knew and trembled. Presently she was whisked up and rushed bodily through the walls again to the godwit's cage, where a public meeting of fish was taking place in a hole in the grotto. A good many birds were waiting about outside to hear the result of the meeting, which, it seemed, was all over except the election of the chairman, which had been forgotten at the beginning, and was now being settled by a raffle. Presently a fine trout came swimming down through the air. Alice recognised him at once as the largest trout in the tank near the door. "Halloa," said the trout, "you're the prisoner, aren't you? I'm the scene-shifter—always looking after the flies, you know. Never hear of trout-flies? See this scene shift." Immediately Alice felt her wings grasped again, and something pulled her feet backward from under her. She was blinded for a few seconds, during which she felt herself hurriedly dragged the length of the fish-house. When she was set upon her feet and looked about she found that the place was fitted as a court of justice. "Ah!" said the trout in her ear, "that's something like a system of scene-shifting; a little invention of my own. You shift the spectator—saves lots of trouble. System extensively adopted by the police." Alice was standing in the dock. One of the pike was judge—the big pike from the end tank. The jury were



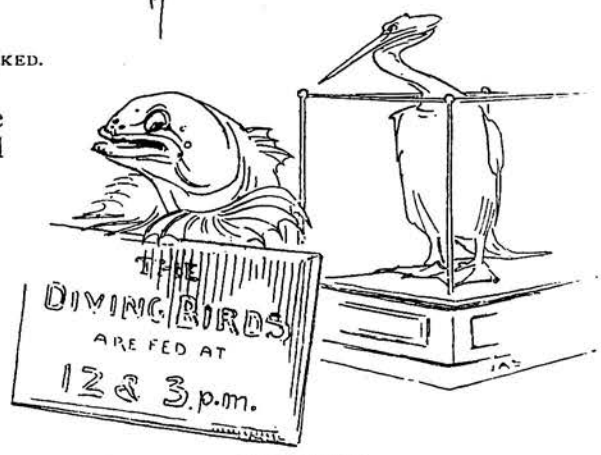
IN THE GROTTO.

HIS LUDSHIP.

packed—very tightly—in a box on the left. Alice wondered whether it might put the Court in a *good* humour to refer to it casually as the sardine-box, but decided to save the idea for an emergency. The judge looked severely about him, and from time to time snapped his jaws sharply, at which all the jury jumped nervously. Presently the judge snapped very loudly and asked, "What's the charge?" At this the bullhead appeared dragging a board, which he displayed. It was the board from above the tank. On it were inscribed the words—"The Diving Birds are fed at twelve and three p.m." "Oh, that's the charge, is it?" said the judge in a loud voice. "And pray, sir, who are you?" "I'm the bullhead, me lud," replied that unfortunate, very frightened. "I am for the prosecution." "Then what do you mean, sir, by coming into court with no horns?" "Beg your pardon, me lud," quavered the bullhead, "but I've got none—none of us have." "What, no horns?" said the judge. "I humbly apologize," replied the bullhead, trembling all over. "Don't argue, sir," roared the judge, savagely; "come to lunch with me!" At which invitation the unlucky bullhead fainted away, and all the other fish tried to look as if they thought it served him right. "Now there'll be no speech for the prosecution," said the judge, "and that'll save time. And there'll be nobody to call witnesses for the prosecution, and that'll save time too. There's too much of this dilatory legal formality, delaying meals. Where's the evidence of arrest?" At this a carp stepped into the witness-box. "Well, constable," asked the judge, "did you arrest the prisoner?" "No, yer ludship," said the carp. "Is that what you've come to prove?" "Yus, yer ludship," responded the carp. "Oh, I see," said the pike, "the plan will be to call everybody who *didn't* arrest her, so as to make quite sure of that first?"

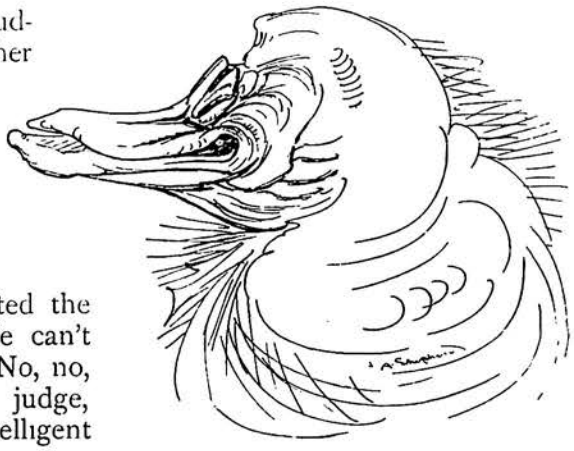


PACKED.

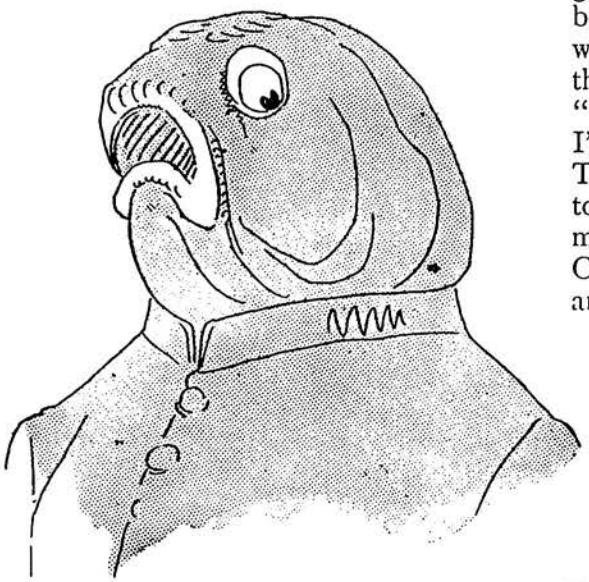


THE CHARGE.

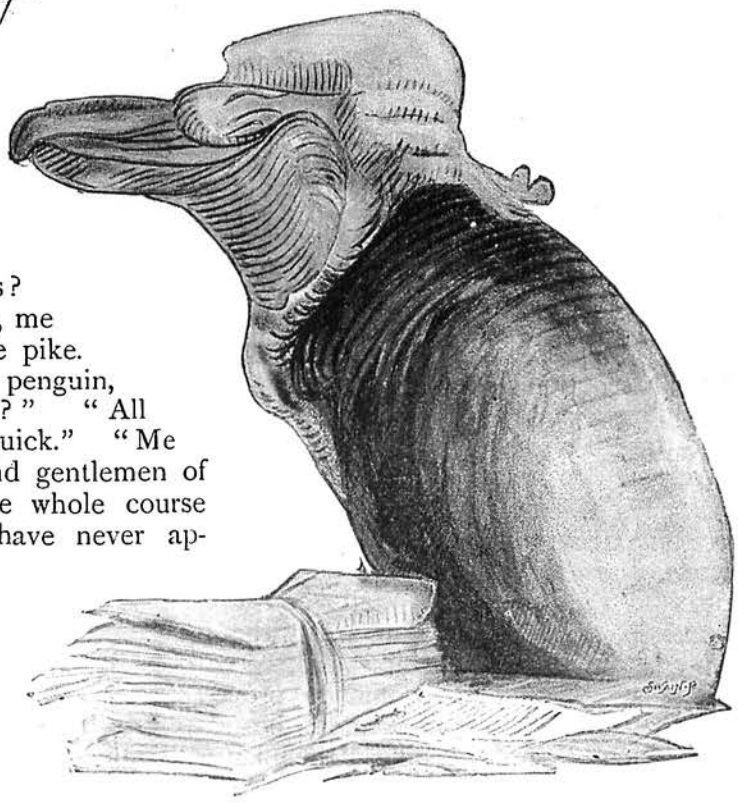
His lordship seemed amused. "Jest so, yer lud-ship," answered the carp. "That'll be rather slow," said the judge, "and I want my lunch soon. Would *you* like to come to lunch with me?" His lordship looked more amused than ever, but the carp turned pale and gasped. "Because, you know," the judge pursued, "if you *wouldn't*, you'd better say who *did* arrest the prisoner, and save time." "Ghosts, me lud, ghosts!" ejaculated the carp; "we can't call 'em—they're ghosts. We can't call ghostes from the nasty deep, me lud." "No, no, of course not, my poor fellow," replied the judge, soothingly; "of course not. You're a most intelligent carp, and I'm delighted to have met you. Just come to lunch with me to-day, will you?" At this the carp gave a despairing cry and fell out of the witness-box. "I wonder why they don't like lunching with the judge!" Alice thought. "Somebody's thinking in court," shouted the pike, excitedly. "I won't have it. The next person who thinks, I'll commit to my lunch for contempt of Court." Then Alice thought she knew why nobody liked to be present at the judge's lunch. At this moment Mike, the penguin, came waddling into Court as fast as he could in a wig and gown and wiping his beak on his sleeve. "Hope I haven't kept the Court waiting, me lud," said Mike, "but I've only just been called to the bar. The barmaid said ——" "Stop!" said the judge, "is the barmaid here?" "No, me lud, in the next pond—Spiers and Pond." The judge looked disappointed. "Ah! hum!" he said, "um—not here; well, who said she was? Proceed." "I appear in this case, me lud." "Well, who for?" asked the pike. "*I* don't care, me lud," said the penguin, "suppose we say the prisoner?" "All right," replied the pike, "be quick." "Me lud," began Mike, with a bow, "and gentlemen of the jury" (with another), "in the whole course of my professional experience I have never approached any case whatever, having, unfortunately, been too frequently called to the bar. The barmaid always — but that is another story. Unaccustomed as I am to public-hou—I beg pardon—public speaking, I feel, me lud, that on this occasion if I failed to plead the cause of my



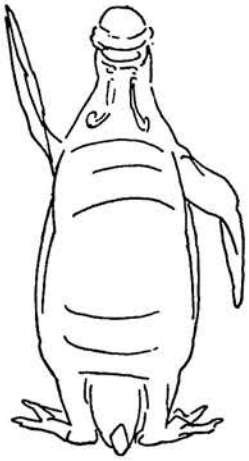
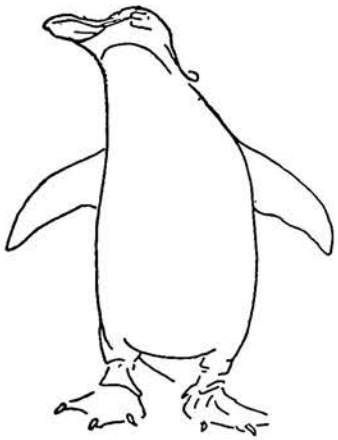
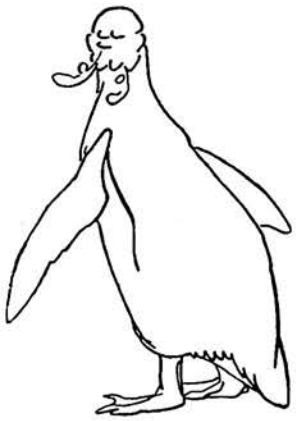
HIS LUDSHIP IS AMUSED.

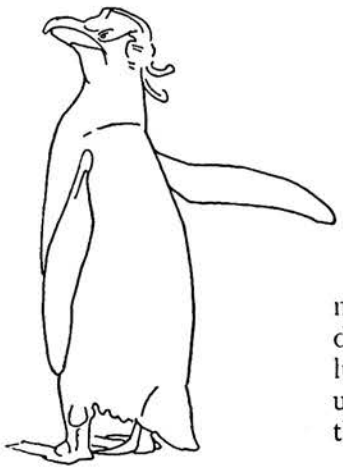


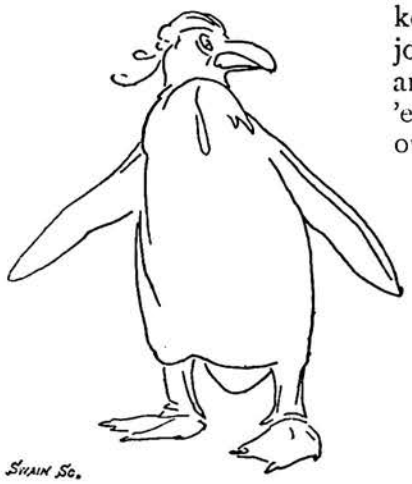
P.C. CARP.



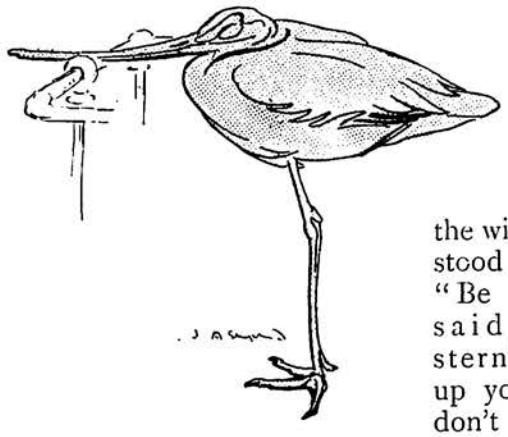
"ME LUD!"






unfortunate client with all my force and all my strength and all my power, that I—in fact, that I should not succeed in bringing these various qualities into requisition in this particular case. Me lud, my client is charged with being fed at twelve and three. I fail, me lud, to see the gravity of this charge. I am authorized to say that my client will gladly consent to be fed on as many more occasions as the Court may consider proper. As to the few trifling murders involved, that, my lud, I contend is a matter too small for the consideration of this Court. Murder, as we all know, is a small failing practised by the most honourable birds and fish every day. Even your ludship yourself has lunch. The same hand that ministers unto my unfortunate client at twelve and three provides lunch, me lud and gentlemen of the jury, for all of us. What! did you never see the keeper? Did you never hear of a jolly young Waterman? Me lud and gentlemen, you with darters—'erring darters, I may say—of your own, I—I throw myself upon—upon the nearest chair, and implore you to remember the temptation to which my client has been subjected, and how pleasant you would be fried yourselves." The penguin, pulling out an immense handkerchief, flung himself on a chair where the grey mullet had placed a bent pin.

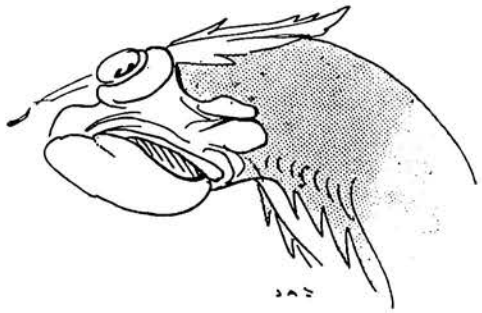


THE GODWIT.

Rising again immediately, and dropping his handkerchief, the penguin put the grey mullet into his pocket and said: "Call the godwit."

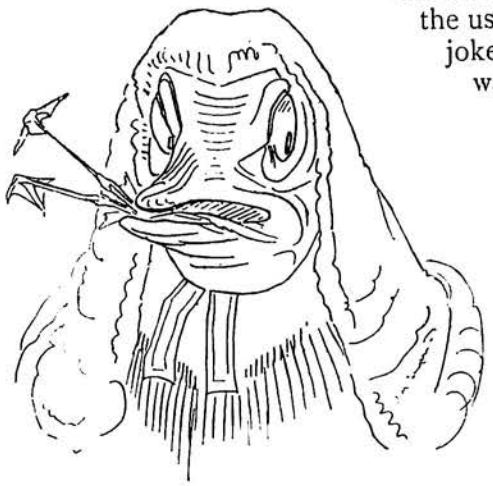
"BE CAREFUL, SIR!"

The godwit hopped into the witness-box and stood on one leg. "Be careful, sir," said the pike, sternly. "Hold up your head, and don't stand on one leg. It's insolent!" The godwit immediately put down his other foot and straightened up. "I have heard," said the penguin, "of people coming into court without a leg to stand on." At this a gudgeon laughed, and was immediately taken into custody for the judge's lunch. "Now then, sir," said the judge to the godwit, "tell us what you know." "I don't know anything," said the godwit; "it saves so much trouble." "Did you ever see the prisoner committing murders at twelve and three?" asked the penguin. "No, never!" "Why was that?" "Because the centre tanks were in the way," answered the godwit, "and I couldn't see her at all." "There, me lud," cried the penguin, triumphantly; "here is an irreproachable witness who didn't see the crime; what do you ask more than that? Further, there is proof that he couldn't have seen it. I have any number of witnesses to testify the same thing. Call the avocet." "Call the *what?*" said the usher, very loudly. He was deaf, and a flounder. "Call the *what?*" "Never mind," said the penguin. "That ain't what you said before," roared the usher; "don't you go playin' jokes on me." The avocet was already in the witness-box behind the usher, and while the penguin and the flounder shouted at one another the judge suddenly leaned over and snapped the witness up. He sank back in his chair placidly munching the avocet, while the jury, who had been attempting to unlock their box and sneak away before the pike's lunch-time, all stared with such hushed astonishment that the cod-sounds (the foreman was a cod) could be heard distinctly all over the court. When at last the avocet's legs had finally vanished, the judge, leaning back complacently, said, "I don't think we'll wait for that witness; he seems to have disappeared. Hope nothing's

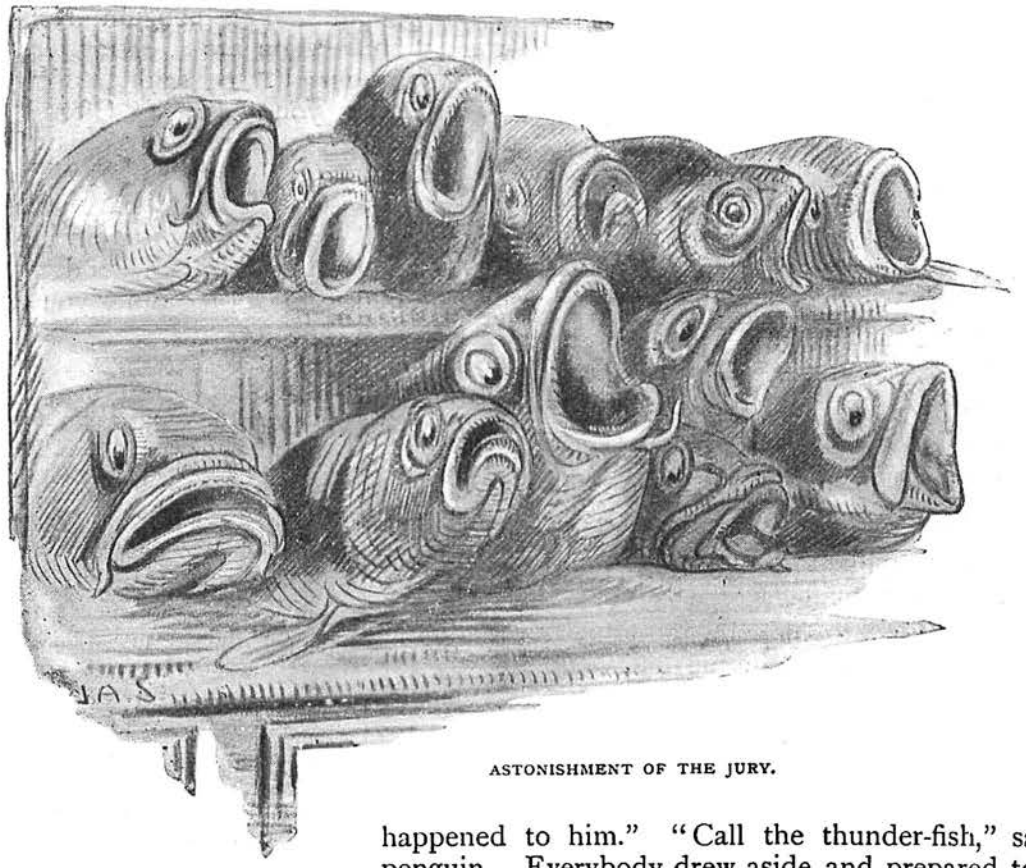


"CALL THE WHAT?"

ATTENTION.



DISAPPEARANCE OF THE WITNESS.



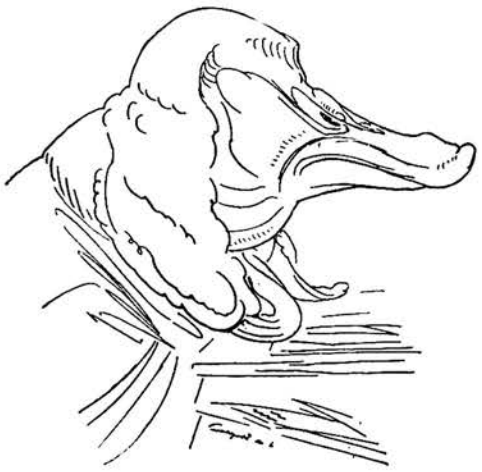
ASTONISHMENT OF THE JURY.

happened to him." "Call the thunder-fish," said the penguin. Everybody drew aside and prepared to make way for something tremendous. "Here I am," said a very small voice in court, and a fish about four inches long wriggled shyly into the box. "Tell the jury what you know of the case," said the penguin. "The case? Oh, yes—the case," the thunder-fish replied, nervously; "it's a very good case, I'm sure. Glass sides and an iron frame; I've nothing to complain of in the case, except that sometimes one runs his nose against the glass without thinking. I *have* heard it called an aquarium. But, then——"

"What do they call you a thunder-fish for, you wretched tittlebat?" demanded the judge. "I don't know, I'm sure," answered the thunder-fish, meekly, "unless it's because it's easy to spell on the label; some ain't." "Oh!" said the pike, and swallowed the thunder-fish. "I was going to invite that witness to lunch with me," he went on, after a pause, "but I shan't now."

BILL.

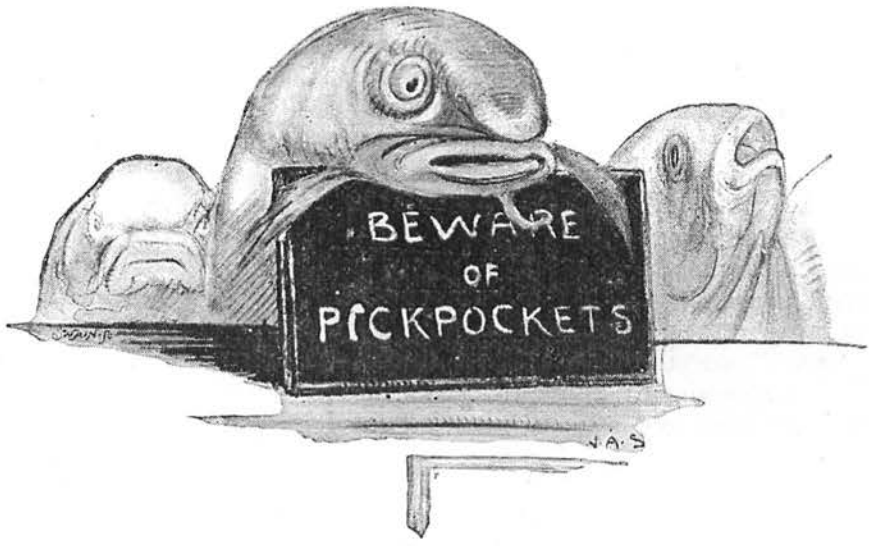
Bill, the shag, was called, and examined by the penguin. "How are you?" "Pretty bobbish." Here a voice from the gallery cried "Bobbish!" why, you ain't got a bob in the world; you're only threepence an ounce." "Who is that person?" asked the judge, angrily. "That's the tittlebat," said the usher; "if I hadn't got both eyes on one side of my head, I shouldn't have seen him." "Here, come," protested the tittlebat, "*you're* not a whale, you know. I may be a tittlebat now, but I have been whitebait—shall be again soon." "Ah!" mumbled the flounder to himself, "sometimes I'm a sole!" "If it hadn't been the tittlebat," said the pike, "I'd invite him to lunch for his disrespect. But it's no use asking tittlebats to lunch—you're as hungry as ever afterwards. That's why



"I WON'T HAVE IT!"

he's impudent." The penguin resumed the examination. "You are a diving bird of some experience yourself," he said. "Now tell me how often are you fed?" "Often?" replied the shag, with contempt; "it ain't often; it's only twice a day. Call that often?" Here the judge interposed. "Let's have the verdict now," he said, "and then there will be more time for lunch. If this is a good witness you can call him some other time, you know—in another case." Then, turning to the jury, he snapped, "What's your verdict?" The jury trembled and tried to hide behind each other. "We—we'll think about it, me lud," said the foreman. "What!" cried the judge, excitedly; "think in this court? I won't have it—it's disrespectful. Anybody caught thinking will be committed to my lunch for contempt of Court. I won't have it." Whereupon he immediately fell asleep. "Well, your ludship," said the foreman, "as we mustn't think, and there's only two notice-boards in the house, and one was used for the charge, we shall have to use the other for the verdict. 'Beware of Pickpockets,' me lud." But the pike snored on, and so did Alice.

SLUMBER.



THE VERDICT.

SANDWICHES.

Making Them, Keeping Them, and Eating Them.

THERE are sandwiches, and sandwiches. Some of them might well be classed as stones given in response to a call for bread. The real article owes its name to an English lord, who may be said to have invented it on an occasion when necessity or haste became the mother of invention. The leathery compound which sometimes appears under the name, is associated with the uncourteous remark of another English lord (A—— T——), who, in his cynical old age, having partaken of the lunch at a garden party, said to his hostess: "Madam, are your sandwiches usually made of old boots?"

A convenient form of preparing bread and meat.

The true sandwich is ever the most popular thing at picnics, since, whetted by fresh air and unusual exercise, the average appetite calls for something more substantial than the usual picnic assortment of cake. If sufficient food of the right sort was provided, less evil would follow in the train of picnics, and doctors would find such gatherings less profitable, even with all the picnic results inevitably attending the customary celebration of the glorious Fourth.

Good bread is the first essential for a good sandwich, either loaves of raised bread carefully sliced, or crisp, little biscuits made with baking-powder or cream of tartar and soda, the loaf-bread being more satisfactory. As there is usually twice as much bread as meat in a sandwich, it is extremely important that it should be of the best quality. Even if the inside is tasteless, one can bear it if it is supported by good bread and butter; but the nicest of meats inside will not atone for sour, soggy, or dry bread. This is true, in spite of the remark of a witty woman, making the best of a peculiar situation in which she was placed: "The best part of a sandwich is always in the middle."

Having secured a loaf of the right kind of bread, cut off the crust slice on the end; then butter the end of the loaf. This is far easier than it is to butter a cut slice, for thin slices are often torn in pieces while attempting to butter them; but by putting the butter on the end of the loaf, very thin slices can be cut without any trouble. By all means let the butter stand for a time in a warm place, that it may be spread evenly; for nothing is more disagreeable than to find here and there a lump of butter and the rest of the bread bare.

Bread one day old is better for sandwiches than that just baked. The crusts may or may not be cut off; at any rate, do not do it until the sandwich is put together; then trim off the edges evenly. To many tastes, however, the sweet, tender crust is an improvement rather than the reverse. Sandwiches may be cut in the square, diamond, or triangular shapes; fancy cutters may also be used to give a greater variety of shapes. Whether for picnics, afternoon teas, or evening companies, don't make them too large—never over two or three inches square.

Meat for sandwiches, whether beef, ham, or tongue, unless very tender, is best prepared by chopping and mixing the right proportion of seasoning with it, rather than hiding between the slices of bread tough meat, with here and there a lump of fat, and almost covering it with dabs of mustard. A certain proportion of fat is an improvement in chopped meat; but no one cares to find a sandwich half fat, or to bite unexpectedly into a mustard plaster. Oftentimes several kinds of meat may be chopped together for this purpose. Scraps may be utilized in this way, and a plentiful supply of sandwiches prepared for a suddenly arranged excursion, when other meats could not be cooked and canned goods were out of the question. When slices of meat are used, they should always be cut across the grain, and be quite thin.

Hard-boiled eggs have long been constant attendants on picnics, but may well be superseded by

Egg Sandwiches.

These are not to be made by a recipe which once appeared for them: "Boil fresh eggs five minutes; peel; take a little white off from each end; cut the rest in four slices, and put between bread and butter." That compound would be but little better than the egg in its natural state. Hard-boiled eggs, for any purpose, should be cooked in water just below the boiling-point not less than twenty minutes; then the yolk, instead of being tough, will be soft and mealy. To make sandwiches, use eggs thus boiled; chop fine; add a teaspoonful of butter for each egg, and salt and pepper to season; mix well together. The butter in the mixture holds it together when cold. Spread on slices of buttered bread, and put them together. A little chopped ham may be mixed with the egg for a variety.

Chicken Sandwiches.

Boil the chicken, remove all bones, etc., and chop the meat; season with salt and pepper, and celery or celery salt, if liked. Boil the broth down to a small quantity; mix with the meat. Press, so it can be cut in slices, and put between slices of bread; or the chicken may be chopped with celery and mixed with a salad dressing, and thus make chicken-salad sandwiches.

Cheese Sandwiches.

Grate the cheese and make into a paste, with a little cream or melted butter. If liked, season with salt, cayenne pepper, and mustard. Spread this paste on thin slices of bread, and put together.

Like hard-boiled eggs, sardines are regular picnic-goers, and are even more troublesome than the former; for, though the yolk and white are always falling apart, and the bits of shells sure to appear when least expected, the oil from the sardines is sure to ruin somebody's dress, while somebody else cuts their fingers in trying to get the box open.

Sardine Sandwiches

May be made with bread or crackers. Drain off the oil; lay the sardines on soft paper to absorb all the oil possible. Pick over with silver knife and fork, removing the bones, etc., and mincing fine. For a box of sardines, use the juice of a small lemon, and one or two teaspoonfuls of melted butter, a speck of cayenne pepper, and salt. Sometimes the mixture is rubbed through a sieve, but that is not necessary in every case. Spread the bread or crackers with this paste. Oil would be preferred to melted butter by many, and sometimes a slice of ripe tomato is put in each sandwich.

Salmon Sandwiches.

Canned or fresh salmon may be prepared very much like the sardines, and makes very acceptable sandwiches. Slices of cucumber make an agreeable addition to these.

Lobster Mayonnaise Sandwich

Is merely a convenient way of carrying lobster salad to a picnic, and is prepared like the chicken salad.

Lettuce, watercresses, or nasturtium leaves, are often combined with sardines in sandwiches. A recent English cook-book gives elegant directions for sandwiches of *paté de foie gras*, *caviare*, anchovy paste, mushrooms, etc.; but these articles are not always at hand, and always are expensive. Calves' or beeves' liver can be prepared so as to nearly resemble *paté de foie gras* by boiling, chopping, rubbing through a strainer, and highly seasoning.

Though perhaps the name does not rightfully belong to such compounds, slices of bread and butter, with a layer of jelly or jam or preserved fruit between, form an excellent substitute for a sandwich.

—*Anna Barrows.*

JULY.

1	S	**5th Sunday after Trinity.**
2	M	Sir Robert Peel died, 1850.
3	Tu	*Dog Days begin.*
4	W	Independence Day, U.S.A., 1776.
5	Th	Sun rises, 3h. 52m. ; sets, 8h. 16m.
6	F	Samuel Lover died, 1868. [1810.
7	S	Robert Schumann, musician, b.,
8	S	**6th Sunday after Trinity.**
9	M	Edmund Burke, statesman, d., 1797
10	Tu	John Calvin, reformer, born, 1509.
11	W	Alexandria bombarded, 1882.
12	Th	Sun rises, 3h. 59m. ; sets, 8h. 11m.
13	F	Voting by ballot became law, 1872.
14	S	Bastille stormed, 1789.
15	S	**7th Sunday after Trinity.**
16	M	(15) *St. Swithin's Day.*
17	Tu	Sun rises, 4h. 5m. ; sets, 8h. 6m.
18	W	Decl. of Papal Infallibility, 1870.
19	Th	Bishop Wilberforce died, 1873.
20	F	Army Purchase abolished, 1871.
21	S	Robert Burns died, 1796.
22	S	**8th Sunday after Trinity**
23	M	Marquis of Hartington born, 1833.
24	Tu	Sun rises, 4h. 14m. ; sets, 7h. 58m.
25	W	*St. James.*
26	Th	Henry VII. of England born, 1456.
27	F	Battle of Talavera, 1809.
28	S	The Armada dispersed. 1588.
29	S	**9th Sunday after Trinity.**
30	M	Relief of Derry, 1689.
31	Tu	Sun rises, 4h. 24m. ; sets, 7h. 47m.

THE MOON'S CHANGES

Last Quarter, 1st, 3h. 53m. morn.
New Moon, 9th, 6h. 17m. morn.
First Quarter, 16th, 0h. 13m. aft.
Full Moon, 23rd, 5h. 45m. morn.
Last Quarter, 30th, 8h. 30m. aft.

FIXED AND MOVABLE FEASTS, ANNIVERSARIES, &c.

First Sunday in Advent .. .. Dec. 2. | St. Thomas .. .. Dec. 21. | Christmas Day .. .. .. Dec. 25.

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