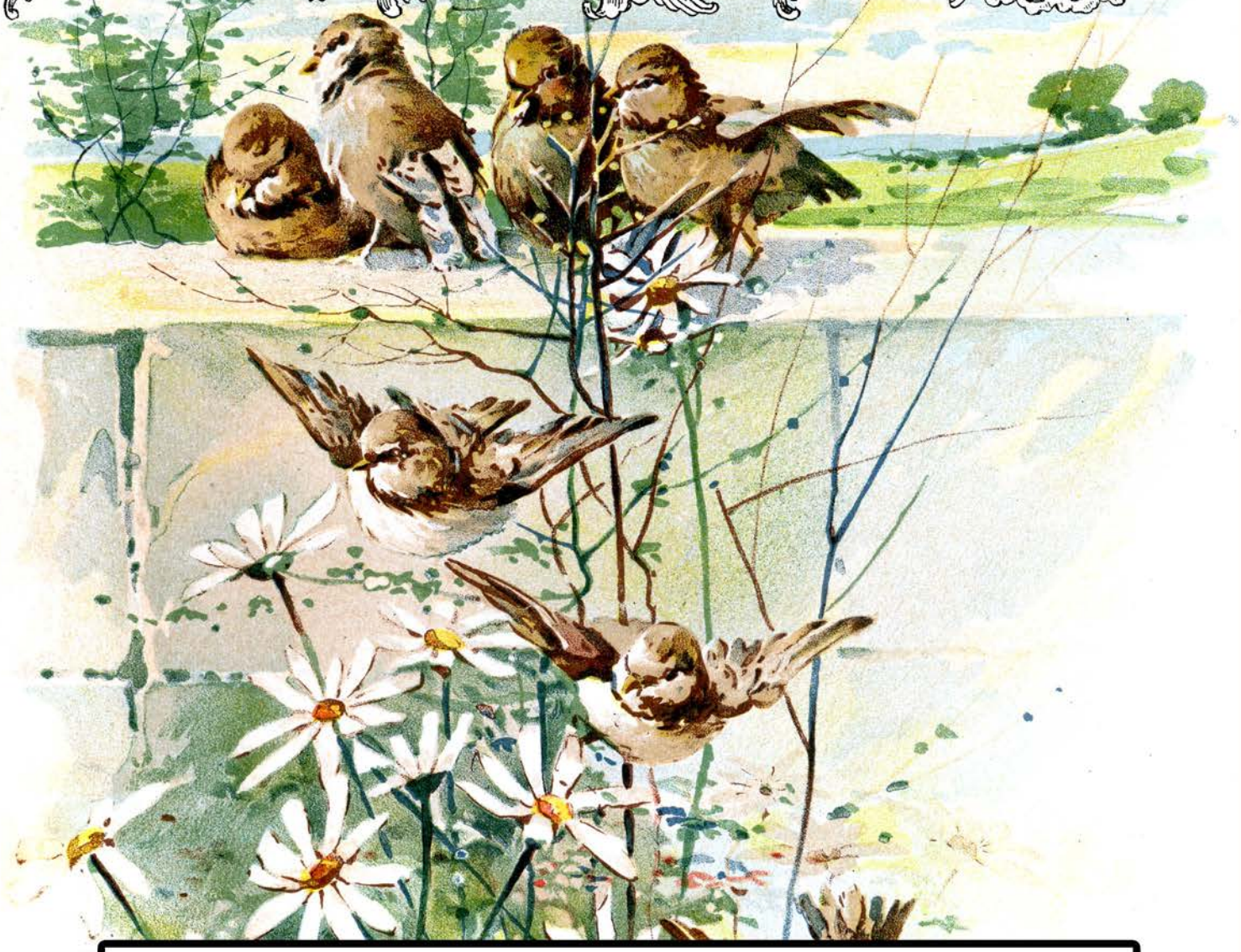
Victorian Times

A Monthly Exploration of Victorian Life



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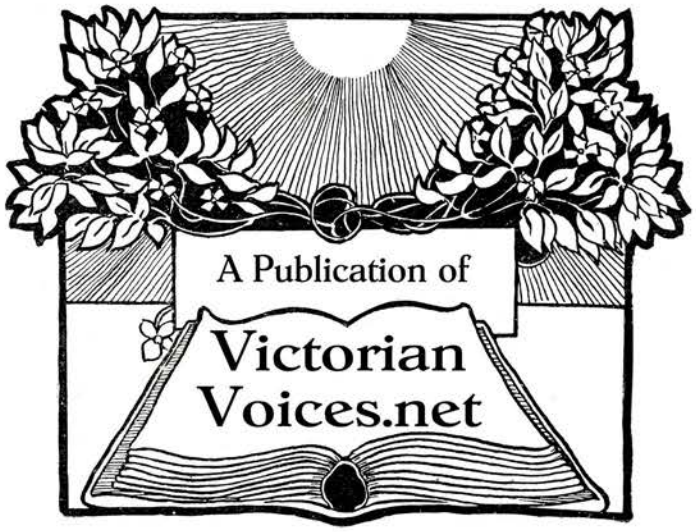
edited by Moira Allen



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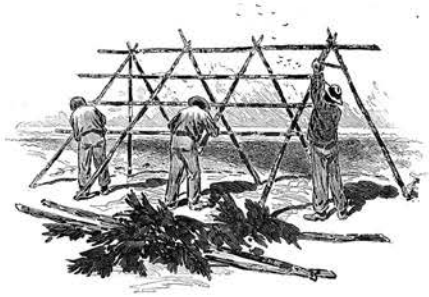

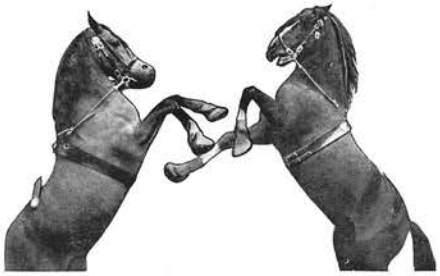

Linking Past and Present

Last month, a rare vacation provided another example of how intertwined the Victorian age is with, not only our own, but with ages past. The incentive for our travel was the fact that the St. Louis Science Center was hosting an exhibit on Pompeii. I'd love to go to Pompeii, but St. Louis is a lot closer…

Now, I hear some of you thinking… um… the destruction of Pompeii took place in 79 AD, which can hardly be considered the Victorian era! True. But let's walk through what was billed as very much a modern, cutting-edge, "immersive" exhibit. (It was, by the way, quite a good one; if you happen to be nearby, it runs through September.) The first chambers feature a number of original artifacts; then one enters the "immersive" theater (which consists of the floor shaking a bit and some dry ice mist). Then you enter the cast room.*

Unless one totally slept through high school, one has surely seen images of the famous casts of Pompeii. The casts are what set this city apart from other archaeological sites. In most other sites, one finds skeletons, but let's face it, one skull looks pretty much like another. The casts of Pompeii remind us that this event happened to *people*—people with families, with faces, with expressions. You don't look at those casts and think "oh, look, an ancient body," or "oh, an ancient Roman." You see someone who might be a neighbor. These casts are not gross or creepy or horrifying. They are deeply moving. They are also, originally, Victorian.

The first casts of the victims of Pompeii were made in 1863 by archaeologist Giuseppe Fiorelli, who was perhaps the first to establish a professional approach to excavating the city. Fiorelli's predecessor had made casts of spaces left by wooden artifacts, but Fiorelli was the first to attempt filling cavities that had been created by human remains. Fiorelli's team made about 100 casts of bodies (many of which, unfortunately, were destroyed in WWII).

This same casting system is still used today; now, often, the casts are left where they were found, rather than moved to a museum. While some casts today are made with transparent resin, plaster is still preferred.

So now we have that link that ties an event that occurred in 79 AD with a "modern" museum exhibit nearly 2000 years later. If not for a 19th-century archaeologist, much of this record might have been lost. But the story doesn't end in 1863.

Today, the remains preserved in Fiorelli's casts are being subjected to a very modern form of analysis: CT scans. Today, we can see what is *inside* the casts, including skeletal remains, clothing and personal items. These scans offer insights not only into how the victims of Pompeii died, but how they lived (apparently they had surprisingly good teeth). The scans also lend weight to the theory that Pompeii was destroyed in November 79, not August as was originally believed (Pliny the Younger gave both dates in his eyewitness account).

Someone might have come up with the casting idea later, but if Fiorelli hadn't started the process, most of the remains he "casted" would have been lost forever. Today, those casts speak to us visually, and still have things to teach us. Fiorelli's work speaks to us as profoundly today as it did 160 years ago—and provides a remarkable Victorian-era link between the ancient past and the modern present.

Here are two excellent videos on the topic: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zWXnTsTnGYM, https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qvECjyOtGwU. The first is a simple explanation of the casting process; the second (ignore the sensational title about "monstrous deaths") describes the CT scans.

—Moira Allen, Editor
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*The casts in the Pompeii exhibit are copies of the originals, which remained in Italy.

HAIR-DRESSING IN THE LAST CENTURY.
From a Drawing by HUGH THOMSON.

FASHIONS IN HAIR.

FEW of us are blessed with a mouth that pleases us, a satisfactory nose, eyes we would not wish to change; discontent avails us little, for we must live our lives through with the features Nature has given us.

But let our hair be never so straight and colourless, it is in our power to twist it into what shape we will, to alter its very hue; we can even bodily exchange our locks for those of another. And in all times, the control which we have over this, our one natural ornament, has been duly appreciated; we have curled it, crimped it, dyed it, stuffed it, larded it, and built it up in all manner of shapes: the inventive genius of the hairdresser having at times equalled, if not surpassed, that of the pastrycook, both in ingenuity of form, and in the complete disguise of ingredients.

Prized, and tenderly cared for, there have been times when the hair was almost held sacred; when to neglect it was a sign of self-abnegation or of terrible sorrow; when to cut it off was a mark of servitude. Thus, among the ancient Egyptians, a head of hair placed at the shrine of some deity was considered no slight offering; and the shaving of the head formed part of certain religious rites among both Egyptians and Phœnicians.

Later, among the Franks, when long hair was a mark of royalty and men swore by their locks as they now swear by their honour, to cut a man's hair was to degrade him. Debtors unable to discharge their debts declared themselves the slaves of their creditors by presenting to them a pair of shears, for all bondmen wore their heads shaved; and indeed, the tonsure of priests is merely a sign that they are the serfs of Heaven. The custom of accounting equal to a godfather the person who first cut a child's hair is a curious instance of the exaggerated regard for hair which prevailed among the early Franks; still more curious, perhaps, was a certain form of salutation which consisted of plucking out a hair and presenting it to the

person one wished to honour. Still, such an important and significant position has not always been held by the covering of our heads; the attention paid to it in most times has been the mere outcome of vanity—a legitimate desire to cultivate it, beautify it, show it to advantage, and generally improve upon nature: hence hair-dyes, abnormal erections, and wigs.

It is colour and not form that first strikes the uncultivated eye; and man appears to have dyed his hair before he dressed it in any way. That the Britons did so, we know from Propertius, who, writing to Cynthia, blames her for flaunting forth a head bright with unnatural splendour, in imitation of the dyed Britons. We also know that the Gauls dyed their hair a brilliant red, with a

EXAMPLE OF "BOSS" HEAD-DRESS. LATE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.
From Harleian MS.

compound of beech-cinders and goat's fat. The secret of this preparation they left to the Franks, who established a factory at Mattium (now Wiesbaden), whence they exported large quantities of the dye to Rome; for the Roman ladies, after the German wars had become very partial to what they chose to call honey-coloured and amber hair.

At one time black hair was all the rage. Pliny has handed down to us some curious receipts for hair dyes. One, particularly loathsome, consists of a quantity of leeches and vinegar allowed to ferment for sixty days in a leaden vessel; this preparation had to be applied to the head in the full sunshine, and so great was its strength, that the person using it had to hold oil in her mouth during the operation, lest her teeth also should turn black!

These injurious compounds, together with the crisping and curling then so much in vogue, ruined many a fine head of hair. Ovid gives us a sad picture of a young lady who finally became bald, and then had to send to Germany for "the hair of slaves." The fair hair of the Franks had indeed become a most lucrative article of trade; and it is easy to understand that false hair must have been very extensively used by the Roman ladies under the Empire, when we examine, in contemporary sculptures, the monuments of curls, tier above tier, and the countless plaits, with which they were pleased to adorn their heads.

So many and so various were the fashions, that Ovid says it would have been easier to count the acorns on a wide-spread oak, the wild beasts of the Alps, or the bees of Hybla, than the infinite number of head-dresses that came out every day. Indeed, sculptors sometimes provided the busts of their fair sitters with movable head-dresses, that the very representations of these worldly ladies might keep pace with the fashions. Two such busts are in existence; the one, of Julia Semiamara, mother of Heliogabalus, is at Berlin; the other, of Lucilla, at the Capitol. The fall of the Roman Empire put an end to these excesses; but Roman luxury lingered some while among the Gallo-Romans, and we are told that false hair, dyeing, and gold-powder, greatly excited the indignation of the clergy, who at one time actually threatened with excommunication all such as curled their hair by artificial means.

The head-dresses of the Franks were excessively simple, but somewhat eccentric. Sidonius Apollinaris, who lived among them in the fifth century, says that it was fashionable for the men of his day to tie their long hair together above the forehead, and to let the ends flow down their backs like a horse's tail. They were also accustomed sometimes to cut short the hair at the back of their heads, and to tie the remainder into a knob on the forehead. This fashion reappeared among the Normans in the eleventh century; but with them the front hair was only a few inches long, and stuck up like the crest of a bird. Illustrations of this are to be seen in the Bayeux tapestry.

All superstitious regard for long tresses appears to have died out with the Merovingians in the seventh century, after which hair was for some while kept short, the length varying, at different periods by two or three inches, until in the eleventh century long hair, very much curled, was once more sported by the French nobles. The Normans, who,

before the conquest, had worn short hair, appear to have been so much struck by the flowing ringlets of the Saxons, that

EXAMPLE OF "BOSS" HEAD-DRESS. FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

they at once adopted the fashion of the conquered race, and kept to it for many years : effectually resisting the anger of the

BEATRICE, COUNTESS OF ARUNDEL. D. 1439.

clergy, who in vain anathematised curling-tongs, added locks, and womanish fillets.

Up to this time, the hair of women, both in England and France, had but seldom been allowed to show itself, being usually hidden under a *couvre-chef*. When uncovered, it was worn very long, in two tails reaching down to the knees, sometimes plaited, sometimes twisted and enveloped in cases of silk. This fashion lasted until the end of the twelfth century, when the tails were untwisted, and the hair let loose on the shoulders. It was not even then allowed complete liberty, however, being either covered by a transparent veil, or confined in a net ; and the veil thickened, shrouding the head more and more, until it assumed the shape of the wimple and gorget ; while the simple

ALIANOR, LADY STAFFORD. EARLY FIFTEENTH CENTURY.
From a Monument in Bromsgrove Church, Worcestershire.

open-work net became, in the course of time, a thick, padded caul. And then, farewell simplicity !

It is true that unmarried women, and queens at their coronation, still wore their hair loose ; that in France, at the close of the thirteenth century, there are several instances of a simple and becoming head-dress of plaits of flowing hair surmounted by a chaplet of flowers ; that no fault is to be found with the coils over the ears, as worn in the days of Edward III. But these instances are entirely lost to sight, beside such enormities as the bosses, and the many

varieties of the *hennin* which characterize the costume of the Middle Ages.

It is a noteworthy fact that Englishwomen appear to have been the most extravagant in these outrageous fashions; in France, the *hennin* never outgrew the limits of reason as it did here; and while in Germany it was but little worn, it does not appear at all in Italy or Spain.

The bosses first came into fashion at the close of the thirteenth century. These protuberances were caused by the wimple being tightly drawn over a thick coil of hair placed on either ear. Contemporary writers delighted in satirising these excrescences, which they likened to horns; sometimes, they even drew comparisons between the wearers of the bosses and a certain personage to whom horns are peculiar. Of course, ladies of fashion made these bosses as large as possible, by means either of padding or of false hair, which strikes one as unnecessary luxury, since this head-dress allowed no hair whatever to appear, save one casual small mesh on the forehead.

False hair was, anyway, much used in the Middle Ages. The share allotted to each by nature was not considered sufficient, even for the comparatively simple head-dress (already referred to) of plaits coiled over the ears and laid against the cheeks. A contemporary writer, Giles d'Orléans, complains bitterly of the amount of false hair worn by the women of his day. He recoils with disgust from the thought of wearing the hair of dead people, "who are now perhaps groaning in hell!"

And they dyed their hair too, these mediæval ladies, sometimes black, but most often yellow. They adored yellow hair. The heroes of their romances were nearly all provided with crisp curls of gold, while the heads of villains and traitors were usually of a fiery red. They somehow connected red hair with wickedness, and such unfortunate creatures as were afflicted with locks of that hue took great pains to hide their deformity.

The bosses must not be confounded with the horned head-dress proper, the *hennin*, which came into fashion towards the end of the fourteenth century, and which was ungainly and absurd beyond description. There seems to have been no limit to its size, nor to the extravagance of its ornamentation. It assumed many different forms, the most notable being a pair of horns, a heart, a crescent, or a steeple. It is perhaps with the last variety that the name of the *hennin* is principally associated.

One cannot help admiring to a certain extent the architects who devised these monuments, but still more does one wonder at the martyrs to fashion who balanced them on their heads. To carry, with becoming

ELIZABETH OF YORK. D. 1503.
From a Picture in the National Portrait Gallery.

ANNE BOLEYN. D. 1536.
From a Picture in the National Portrait Gallery.

grace, a mass of padding and heavy ornament run up to the height of a foot and more, and weighed down by long streamers, or stretching out like branches on either side of the head, can have been no easy matter. Besides, these erections were either made so high that the wearer had to stoop on entering a doorway, or so broad that she had to edge in

QUEEN ELIZABETH. D. 1603.
From a Print in the British Museum.

sideways like a crab. This outrageous headdress flourished in its different forms for nearly a century, the subject of endless satire and condemnation. Some zealous churchmen, we are told, preached a crusade against it, promising ten days' indulgence to any little dirty boy who chose to hoot the wearers of the *hennin*, and pull down the abomination in the open street. But it survived this and many other attacks, and finally died a natural death late in the fifteenth century. It is a marvel that it lived so long. Not only was it ugly and uncomfortable in itself, but it gave rise to another ugly and uncomfortable fashion—the cultivation of a high, broad, and smooth forehead. If a lady had the misfortune to possess a wrinkled forehead, she caused the skin to be tightly stretched over her head, and secured under the stiff band of her head-dress. If she possessed a low or narrow forehead, she enlarged it by plucking out her hair with tweezers. Never indeed was hair so ignominiously treated as in the days of the *hennin*. The wearers of those stiff jewelled head-cases might as well have been bald!

It was left for the men to do justice to their head-covering. From the middle of the twelfth century to the end of the fourteenth, they generally wore curls reaching to the shoulder. This was fashionable both in England and France. The curls twisted away from the face, and the hair on the forehead was either cut short or rolled back.

For some while, at the end of the fourteenth century, it was fashionable for young men to wear the hair rolled all round the head, and bound by a jewelled circlet. But there came a time of war; long hair was in the way under a helmet, and therefore during the greater part of the fifteenth century it was almost universally cropped short. The well-known bushes of hair hanging on either side of the face, and almost hiding the eyes, come next in order, when the Wars of the Roses were at an end, and lasted until

QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA. D. 1669.

Henry VIII. arbitrarily ordered his courtiers to poll their heads. This fashion of close-cropping, which lasted through the two following reigns, originated at the French court. It was occasioned by a slight wound on the head, which obliged Francis I. to cut off all his hair, and of course every one else followed suit.

The women had already taken to dressing their hair in the plainest way. They parted

it in the middle, brushed it smooth to the head, and plaited it somehow behind. But the various hoods and caps then generally worn hid the back of the head entirely.

These sober head-gear suited the taste of Mary well enough, but they did not satisfy her successor. The vanity of Queen Elizabeth, her love of finery, brought about a conspicuous increase of luxury in dress. That the head should have been rigged out in proportion to the body is only natural, and it is not surprising that a queen, whose wardrobe at the time of her death contained three thousand dresses, should also have left behind her a few hundred tufts of false hair.

Far from being neglected, hair was indeed made much of in the days of Good Queen Bess. The erections which then graced the ladies' heads were not made of cardboard and gold-cloth and embroidery, but of hair underpropped with wires and padding. Sometimes the wearer's own hair was used, eked out by a certain number of sprays of curls and beautiful "inventions" in the form of leaves, etc.; but sometimes the whole head-dress was artificial, and ready to be fixed on at a moment's notice. Jewellery, feathers, trinkets of gold and silver, and even trumpery glass ornaments were used in great profusion to adorn the Elizabethan heads. One can imagine how these "childish gewgaws" must have caught in the ruffs!

But there were more simple head-dresses than the above. Every one is familiar with the heart-shaped cap of Mary, Queen of Scots, which showed the hair on either side of the forehead in a puff of curls, or tightly crimped. A contemporary writer tells us that the young Englishwomen went mostly bareheaded, "the hair pleasantly plaited and brought back from the head;" but that many "*because of the cold* wear head-dresses of foreign hair."

This seems rather a strange motive for wearing a wig, or periwig, as it was then called. It is doubtful whether the Elizabethan periwig was an entire head of artificial hair, or merely a single lock. The term was probably applied to either. Anyway, both were largely used, and the demand for artificial locks became so great that, towards the close of the century, it was considered unsafe for children to wander about unprotected, as they were frequently stolen for the sake of their hair. Queen Elizabeth's extravagant use of false hair has already been referred to; her rival, Mary, Queen of Scots, also paid great attention to head-dress. One of her waiting-gentlewomen was reputed as "the best busker of a woman's head to be seen in any country;" and we know that the unfortunate queen actually wore a periwig on the scaffold, and that "her borrowed auburn locks" fell off when her head was held aloft by the executioner.

Men had but little cause to use false hair, so great was the variety and freedom of their fashions. They might wear their hair as

JOHN LOCKE. D. 1704.
From a Picture in the National Portrait Gallery.

HENRIETTA BOYLE, COUNTESS OF ROCHESTER. *Circa* 1682.
From a Print.

they chose; in French, Dutch, Italian, or Spanish style; cropped short, flowing like a woman's locks, or reaching to the ears; curled or waved or hanging "like flax upon a distaff"—all ways were accepted.

In the history of seventeenth century head-dress it is the men that figure most conspicuously. Little need be said of the women's hair; the pictures of Vandyke have made us all familiar with the principal female head-dress of the period: a row of thin little curls on the forehead, a tight coil of plaits at the back of the head, and large puffs of frizzy hair on either side of the face. Later, these puffs were superseded by long curls, which increased in profusion, until at last the entire head-dress was often merely composed of ringlets, ornamented by strings of beads or bows of narrow ribbon.

It was a glorious time for curls, the seventeenth century; men and women alike wore them in masses, the cropped heads of the Puritans contrasting strangely with such a wealth of ringlets.

Not until the introduction of the great flowing periwig, however, did men's heads rise to supreme importance; the scanty and but slightly twisted locks worn in the days of Charles I. had been comparatively insignificant.

Many stories are told respecting the origin of the periwig; there is no doubt that it owed its being to the court of Louis XIV.; according to some it was adopted by the courtiers in imitation of the young king's luxuriant locks, but, according to others, it was devised by the Duke of Anjou to hide a deformity. If the former story be the true one, it would appear that Louis returned the compliment paid him by his courtiers, for he finally wore a periwig himself. Yet that was not until he had attained his thirty-fifth year; he was long unwilling to hide his beautiful hair, and it is said that when he at last consented to wear a peruke, he had one made full of holes through which his precious curls might be drawn.

Our Charles II. had conformed to the fashion some ten years before, and the popularity of the periwig in England was very great. They must have been a strange sight, the top-heavy beaux of that day, the Sir Fopling Flutters, with their "Chedreux" periwigs "more exactly curled than a lady's head newly dressed for a ball," lolling in groups on the Mall, in the Mulberry Garden, or in the play-house, while, "stirring the pocket tortoise," they combed their perfumed ringlets with conscious ease.

Those were halcyon days for the wig-makers, who never failed to remind their patrons, at every opportunity, of the unmistakable superiority of false hair. Several instances are on record of "The Death of Absalom" having been adopted as a wig-maker's sign, accompanied by such

SPECIMEN OF HEAD-GEAR ABOUT 1780.
From an old Print.

appropriate verses as the following, found at Troyes:

> "Passans, contemplez la douleur
> D'Absalom pendu par la nuque;
> Il eut évité ce malheur
> S'il avait porté perruque."

or the English equivalent:

> "O Absalom, O Absalom,
> O Absalom my son!
> If thou hadst worn a periwig,
> Thou hadst not been undone!"

The importation into France of dead and living female hair from all parts of the world was enormous. Colbert at one time threatened to forbid it, alarmed at the unnecessary expenditure, until it was proved that the profit arising from the exportation of manufactured perukes into other countries more than covered the cost of the hair.

Indeed all the varieties of the periwig originated in France; the names of some of the "artists" who created them have even been handed down to posterity. The hideous "Front à la Fontange," a mass of curls standing to a height of four inches above the forehead, was the work of a M. Binette; and many stories are told respecting a certain

man of genius, M. Champagne, who was at one time run after by all the Parisian ladies. He would accept no payment for his services, but had no objection to receiving presents of enormous value from the ladies whose hair he dressed, and whom he treated with the utmost insolence, knowing that they dared not expostulate lest he should revenge himself on their heads.

The use of false hair among women had increased as years went by; already, in the reign of Charles I., it had been considered as mean for ladies to wear their own hair as to don a gown of their own spinning. They did their best to keep pace with the men; sometimes, on horseback at least, wearing the periwig themselves.

MRS. YATES AS "LADY TOWNLEY." D. 1787.

Late in the century they took to wearing bunches of curls set upon wires, which stuck out several inches on either side of the head; these they called "heart-breakers." Another innovation was the Taure, a shapeless mass of tangled curls on the forehead which was supposed to resemble the brow of a bull.

But the most striking head-dress of the period was the Fontange. It has a curious history. One day, when Mlle. de Fontange was riding out with Louis XIV., her curls being blown about by the wind, she tied a garter round her head; the king admired this impromptu head-dress, and next morning, the head of every court beauty was encircled by a ribbon tied in a bow on the forehead. But the Fontange did not stop there; another bow was added, lace, a cap, a streamer, and finally an erection of pleats on a framework of wire. This was the Commode; it grew higher and higher; and when, finally, no woman of fashion could enter a door without stooping, Louis would fain have recalled his admiration of Mlle. de Fontange's garter head-dress. In vain he tried to prohibit the thing; it would be withdrawn for a while, but only to shoot out higher than ever. At last, early in the eighteenth century, two Englishwomen appeared at court one day, wearing the modest lace cap, which, with us, had already superseded the Fontange. The king went into ecstasies over this simple head-gear: "All women of sense," said he, "should dress their heads thus." It is said that the ladies of the court sat up all night cutting down their Commodes; any way, the eyesore had disappeared next morning, and was seen no more.

Like the often-quoted candle that burns brighter when its end draws near, the periwig grew larger than ever early in the eighteenth century, often reaching to the waist. But the reign of curls was over, and the reign of powder had begun. Hair powder had indeed been used before, but not profusely; the powder of the seventeenth century was, moreover, not white, and principally used, perhaps, for its perfume. But about the year 1703 a plain white powder came into fashion, which was used unsparingly for nearly a hundred years.

The periwig did not long enjoy the privilege of being floured; it scarcely outlived the Great Monarch at whose court its glory had arisen. For some while the heavy curls had been tied back in summer because of the heat; then came a time when they were tied back for ever. The periwig was a periwig no longer, but a pig-tail.

The first half of the eighteenth century is conspicuous for the neatness and modesty of its head-dresses; the ladies wore their hair low and simply dressed, adorned in moderation with lace and ribbon; and there was nothing outrageous in the various pig-tails which hung down the gentlemen's backs. But soon after the half century was completed a change took place. Exaggeration, extravagance, discomfort, all that was most unnatural and most unhealthy, returned once more to deck the ladies' heads. The pictures of Reynolds and Gainsborough have proved to us that there existed head-dresses both

becoming and graceful, and probably clean; but the stiff monumental "heads" which tortured our more fashionable great-grandmothers, were neither becoming nor graceful; —nor clean.

FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESS. *Circa* 1830.
From "The World of Fashion."

No mediæval beauty, with her skin drawn under a forehead-band, and her plucked brow smarting and sore, ever endured more in the cause of fashion than did the women of a hundred years ago. Unpleasant as the actual dressing of a head must have been, that was the least of its discomforts.

What though the hair, both natural and artificial, had to be worked up by the barber with meal and grease into such a state that one would imagine it was intended for the stuffing of a chair-bottom; and then, when in a good stiff paste, moulded in various shapes and rolled into curls, which were fastened all over a horsehair cushion with hundreds of long pins? What of that? Even when brought up to a height of three feet by the addition of gigantic bows and towering feathers, the thing would have been endurable, for one day. But barbers were expensive; such a head took hours to arrange, and, moreover, none but the barber could demolish the edifice, so firmly was it built. Therefore, a head once dressed, was dressed for three months in the winter; but in summer we are told that after nine weeks "it began to be a little hasardé!" It is not surprising that elegant scratchers of ivory or metal came largely into fashion.

At night the erection had to be well greased, wooden rollers were passed through the curls, the head was tied up in a large bag, and then the wearer was at liberty to sleep—if she could!

Fortunately, no fashion lasts for ever. The French Revolution brought horsehair cushions, wigs, and powder, to a speedy end. Men dared once more to appear unadorned, save by their own locks. Shaven heads, "*à la victime*," short curls, "*à la Titus*," abruptly followed those masses of greasy, tow-stuffed, and floured tangle, which had so long disfigured women's heads; in short, both sexes alike once more showed their individual colouring, and left off "starving the poor to beautify their hair."

FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESS FOR JUNE, 1830.
From "The World of Fashion."

Slaves to the wig for nearly a century and a half, the men would seem to have learned a lesson, for, as far as the outside of their heads is concerned, they have not outraged nature since.

The women have not done quite so well.

It is true that for the first fifteen years of the present century they dressed their hair reasonably enough. But look at their heads ten years later, and ten years after that! What is to be said in defence of those elaborate top-knots, those bows and trellisses of wired hair, those heavy turbans, those feathers and flower-gardens? The comparatively simple bunches of ringlets which followed cannot well be called beautiful either; and now that the cumbersome chignon is a thing of the past, no one finds it necessary to say a word in its favour.

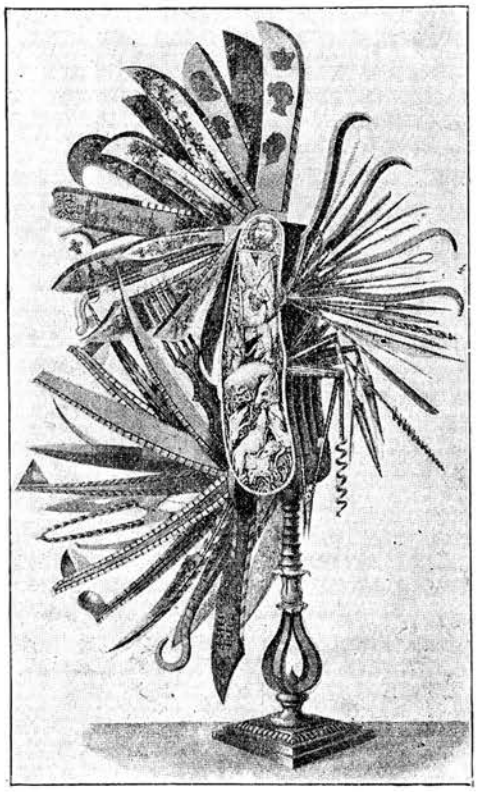
We seem at present to be living in days when beauty and simplicity are courted in head-dress as well as in other things; but how long will this last? A glance at the history of fashions in hair would seem to prove that women love to be uncomfortable. They may be at their ease now, but doubtless the time is not far off when they will invent another of those masterpieces of discomfort, in the construction of which they have hitherto shown themselves so skilful.

LAURENCE ALMA-TADEMA.

THE CUNNING OF THE CUTLER.

QUEER THINGS "MADE IN SHEFFIELD."

CUTLERY and Sheffield are synonymous terms; think of one, and your thoughts immediately travel towards the other. Some of the specimens of cutlery to be seen in Sheffield astonish those unacquainted with the cunning of the cutler. On entering



A KNIFE WORTH £920.

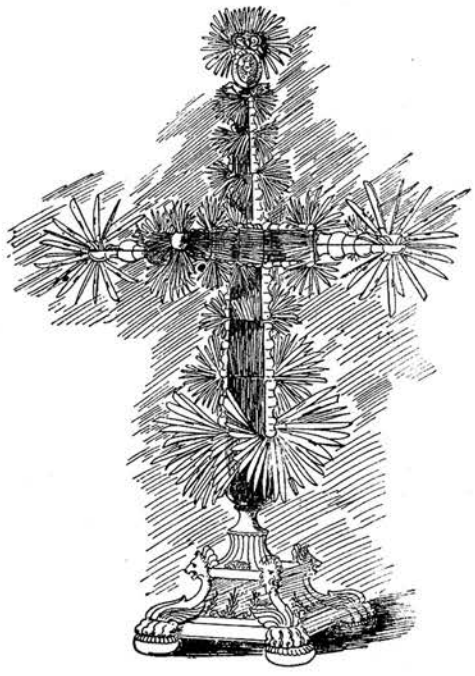
Messrs. Rodgers' premises the visitor is attracted towards five magnificent tusks of elephants, from which the handles of knives are made; the value of the five is £721. One, which is the largest Messrs. Rodgers have ever purchased, is worth £156. It weighs 166 lbs., and is in length 9 ft. 4½ ins., its girth being 22½ ins. It was estimated at one period that Sheffield, in some years used the tusks of 20,000 elephants in the manufacture of cutlery.

In one department visitors see ivory valued at thousands of pounds, waiting to be cut up for knives and forks. The cutlers employed here, use on an average annually the tusks of 1,280 elephants, calculating each tusk to weigh 23 lbs.

Passing from elephants' tusks to the showroom, one observes in a corner a pair of carvers which would make an ordinary joint of meat look very small; they are nearly five feet in length. Lying on the counter in a glass case is another pair of carvers half an inch long, and also twelve pairs of scissors "warranted to cut," each weighing half a grain. On all sides are wonderful examples of the cutler's art, but the most beautiful, and one of the finest specimens of cutlery in the world is the "Norfolk Sportsman's Knife," of which an illustration is here given. It occupied nearly two years in making, and is valued at £920. There are seventy-five steel blades contained in one handle. On a large number of the blades are etchings of the Queen, the late Prince Consort, a former President of the United States, views of Windsor Castle, Osborne House, and other Royal residences, White House, America, Chatsworth House, Derbyshire, Haddon Hall, and other places of interest. The handle is a splendid work of art, being of carved pearl. A boar hunt is represented on one side, and a stag hunt on the other.

As a curiosity the knife with 1,895 blades is equally attractive. It is usually referred to as a knife, but to be accurate it should be described as a piece of cutlery. The illustration affords a good idea of what it is like. It is in the shape of a Maltese cross, and resembles in appearance a tree yielding blades in all directions. It was made in the year 1822, a blade being inserted for every year of the Christian era. At the end of the present century five additional blades will be added, bringing the total number up to 1,900.

Art has not been closely associated with the manufacture of cutlery in Sheffield. Artistic work has been done in the city, as the specimens already referred to tend to show, and even now a cutler may be seen occasionally filing the handle of a pocket knife with scales of gold. But the demand to-day is not for artistic works of cutlery. The Sheffield cutler has made his reputation by turning out useful articles of the best quality. Every year competition in the industry becomes keener, and foreign rivals flood the market with



A KNIFE WITH 1895 BLADES.

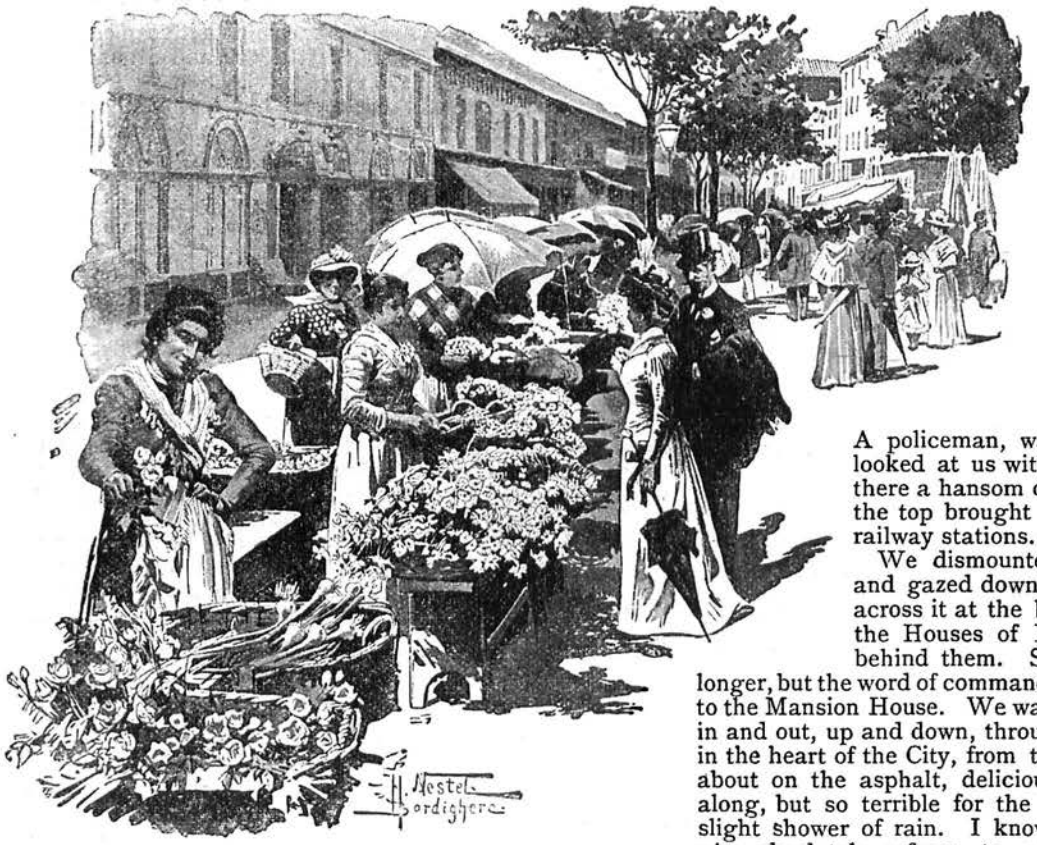
inferior wares at lower prices. But so long as quality is the first consideration in connection with the manufacture of cutlery, the Sheffield workman will be in the foremost rank of cutlers.

J. H. V.

THE LONDON FLOWER MARKET.

"WHAT strikes me most in London," said a country cousin, who had come to pay me a few days' visit, "is the beautiful flowers. In the country now"—it was December—"we can't get flowers, but here even along the pavement are ranged baskets full of the most lovely blossoms." The street baskets were full of chrysanthemums and white narcissi and violets, and the flower-shops already had bunches of small daffodils and white lilac, and pots of cyclamen in all varieties of colour, and that small but loveliest of begonias, with its little pink blossoms.

One morning in the early summer someone suggested a visit to Covent Garden. Six of us said we would go, and we agreed to meet at a house in Porchester Square at five o'clock the next morning. I went home and told my maid to set her alarm-clock at four, and to be sure not to be late, to come down at once and wake me, and if possible get me



A FLOWER-MARKET IN FRANCE.

a cup of tea before I started, which I thought would be comforting and grateful at that early hour. Do not think me cruel to bid my maid to wake me thus early. I never keep her up at night, and to get up once or twice at sunrise in summer is looked upon in the light of a treat! She called me punctually and brought in hot bath-water. If the kitchen fire is well stoked at night, there is plenty of hot water to be drawn from the boiler at any hour in the morning, so I had not to resort to the bachelor's resource, his hot-water bottle!

I looked out of the window—it was a lovely, pure, pearly grey summer morning, with yellow and pink effects in the east, where the sun was beginning to rise in his summer splendour. The roads were as dry as bones; that was a comfort, because, of course, we were going to bicycle. There is no other way of reaching Covent Garden in the early morning except on your feet or on a bicycle, unless you hire cabs, and we, being poor, could not run to that!

My maid brought me a lovely breakfastcupful of tea, with some bread and butter, then she kindly pumped up the back tyre of my bicycle, which had gone down. Jumping on to my iron steed, I started for the trysting-place. Two bicycles were already resting against the railings—I was not the first. One of the girls of the house opened the door to me, very soon another man rode up and our party was complete—three men and three girls.

"Let us go to the river first," said Dr. MacNeil, a young man from the north, who had lately come into our neighbourhood as an assistant.

"Right you are!"—and the rest of the party nodded its acquiescence.

"Only one caution," said an older man, "beware of the milk carts. They are so unused to other traffic at this early hour that they generally cut sharp corners."

It was delicious racing through the almost deserted streets, and the fresh morning breeze felt as if it came straight in all its purity from the country fields and flowers. We soon found ourselves across the Park at Hyde Park Corner, and by Grosvenor Place and Victoria Street at Westminster. Here and there a poor man or woman examined a dust-bin left on the edge of the pavement for the early dust cart, and he or she, having found some hidden treasure, took it out, and wrapping it in a dirty piece of paper, placed it in a still more dirty pocket or shawl. A policeman, waiting to be taken off duty, looked at us with sleepy eyes, and here and there a hansom or four-wheeler with boxes on the top brought some early arrival from the railway stations.

We dismounted on Westminster Bridge, and gazed down at the silver grey river, and across it at the beautiful lace-like tracery of the Houses of Parliament, with the Abbey behind them. Some of us wanted to linger longer, but the word of command was given to mount and ride to the Mansion House. We wasted some of our time racing in and out, up and down, through the narrow side turnings in the heart of the City, from the sheer delight of tearing about on the asphalt, delicious for our bicycles to glide along, but so terrible for the horses when damped by a slight shower of rain. I know one very sagacious horse who absolutely refuses to go on asphalt. This horse belongs to a doctor friend of mine; if his coachman tries to take him on even one street which is asphalted the horse pulls up at a dead stop directly his hoofs touch it, and the coachman has no other choice but to go round and find another road.

But we must hurry on and get down to Covent Garden to buy our flowers and fruit. Outside we meet some people in evening dress, evidently coming from some very belated evening party, and attempting to do their marketing on their way home. By the way, it is rather a fallacy to expect to get things very cheap at Covent Garden. You certainly get them very fresh, but it is a wholesale market, and the men look upon retail customers as rather a nuisance. They recognise you as no ordinary buyer in a moment. You want to buy one bunch of flowers or one pound of fruit; the usual buyer asks the price by the dozen bunches or by the dozen pounds. They put up their prices directly they see you, and in the long run you do not get your purchases much cheaper than at an ordinary shop. You will also discover that this sudden retail price to which they have raised their goods is not uniform all over the market, and at some stalls you will get your goods cheaper

than at others. At one of the fruit stalls they absolutely refused to sell the fruit retail. One of our party wanted to buy a pound of apricots; the man informed her in rather a rough way that he only sold them by the dozen boxes.

We had to take it turn about to go out and look after the bicycles; everyone was so busy there was no one in whose charge we could leave them. As we walked up and down the narrow passages between the stalls there was every now and again a shout of "Take care of the paint!"—a witticism to make us move out of the way and let a man with a large basket on his head pass.

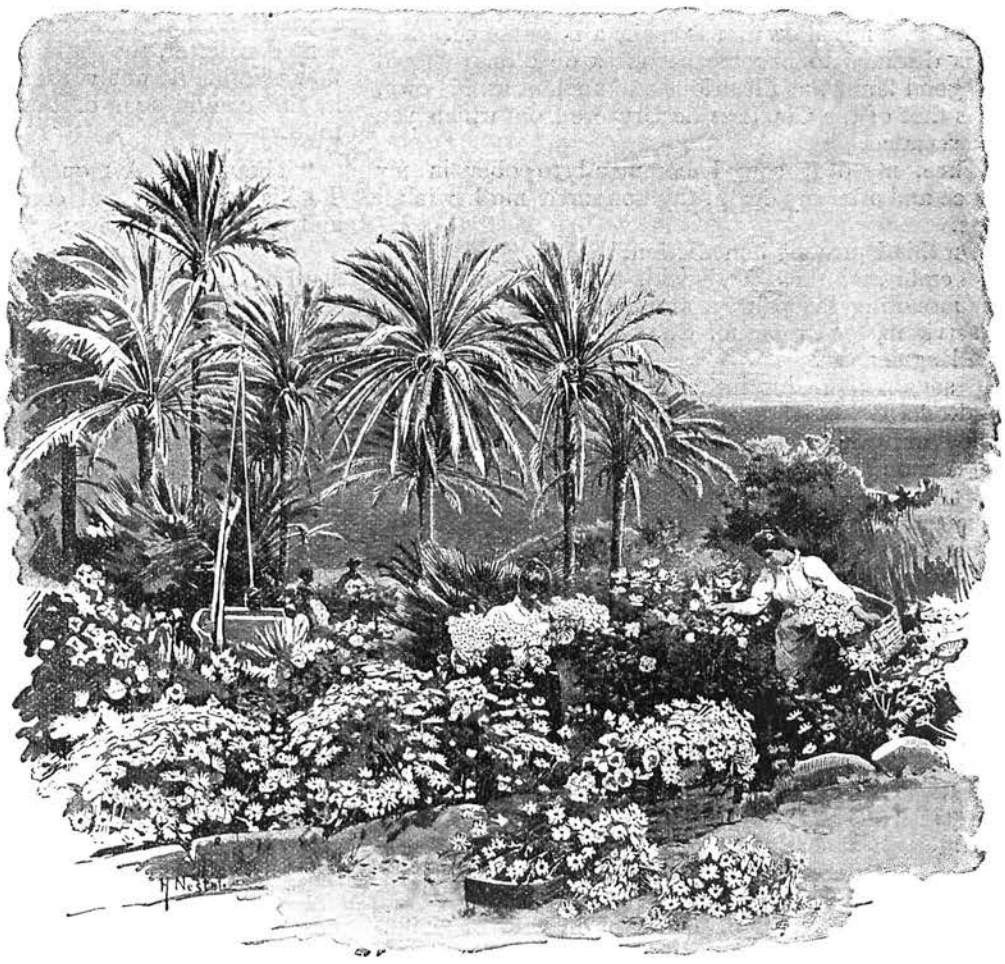
"Good morning, dear, what can I oblige you with?" said an older man. "You don't mind me calling you 'dear'? I have a daughter at home as old as you! Yes, my dear, I have!"

I smilingly acquiesced and professed myself delighted at being thus addressed. The best way to get on with these market people is to answer them with the same good humour with which they speak to you. When you are at Rome you must do as Rome does, says the old proverb, and if you want to get on at Covent Garden you must not bring your high and haughty manners with you.

If ever you have had occasion to drive home late at night by either of the main roads leading from the country to Covent Garden, I daresay you will have noticed the number of carts you meet slowly winding their way in long lines to the market, constantly with the driver fast asleep on the top, the horse being so used to the daily journey that he finds his way unguided. If you often meet these carts you will be struck with the variety of the flowers they bring. Shortly before Christmas the carts are piled up with holly, not with mistletoe, for mistletoe mostly comes straight into the market from Normandy, where the farmers grow it on the elms and apple-trees; other carts will be full of Christmas roses, the white flowers glistening in the light of the lamps from out of their dark foliage. In early summer you will meet cart after cart full of the lovely Madonna lily, which sheds its fragrance all over the road through which it passes. Or later on into the summer you will meet carts piled with every colour and variety of geranium, lobelia and marguerite.

A great many of the cut flowers at the market arrive in large white wooden boxes straight from abroad or from the Scilly Isles. Quantities of flowers now come from the Scillies. The story goes that when smuggling was suppressed, the inhabitants of these islands became very poor, when someone told them that there was money to be made out of flower-growing. Before this these people had never thought or dreamt of the commercial value of the flowers which covered their islands. One day a man asked leave from his neighbour to dig up some of the bulbs out of his orchard. He planted them in his own garden, they brought forth lovely flowers; cutting some of them he packed them into a box and despatched them to Covent Garden; in the course of time a letter came back containing a postal order for half-a-crown. In this small way a large industry was started, and now every spring the islands are covered with daffodils and scarlet anemones and narcissi, which are sent in tons by steamer and railway to the London market.

But we must hurry away from Covent Garden, otherwise the omnibuses will have started, and our ride home will not be nearly as enjoyable. We managed to buy a few bunches of flowers as a memento, and attached them to our bicycle handles.



AN EASTERN GARDEN.

THE EMPTY GRATE, AND WHAT TO PUT IN IT.

IN these times of change and novelty most housekeepers like to make some little difference each year beyond the lawful and expedient transition from smoke and grime involved in spring cleaning. Some are content with a new disposition of the furniture, a fashionable way of holding back the curtains, or a novel arrangement of those little wonders of modern ingenuity, the muslin half-blinds in the bedroom windows. Perhaps, however, I shall express the feeling of many housewives if I say that the greatest puzzle of all is *what to put in the empty fireplace.* Here, if we are artistic and original, is our grand opportunity for exhibiting individual taste; but alas! what if we are not?

For my part, a prettily-arranged summer grate makes a wonderful impression on my mind; and it always seems to me that those housewives who can produce a cool and airy effect in the very spot where all look throughout the winter for their best inanimate friend, may pride themselves on having done more for the comfort of their callers than when they have filled their drawing-rooms with any number of plush knick-knacks, and any amount of the handsomest furniture.

Long, long ago, in the ages before æstheticism, this point gave little trouble to housekeepers. In those days, too, the grates were nearly all of the same shape, and the orthodox arrangement for all alike was a wonderful set of frills and flounces in coloured tissue paper, with perhaps a few paper flowers as a centre-piece. This marvellous "ornament" being suspended just within the open register produced a general effect as if the chimney had turned into a cataract of tinted paper. Well, it was very hideous, certainly; and times are now so far improved that few of us object to a little trouble spent on making our "ain fire-side" look pretty and pleasing throughout the year.

Perhaps we all agree in thinking that the most beautiful and unexceptionable summer substitute for the friendly red embers of winter is the large plate-glass mirror placed behind the drawn-back fire curtains, with a long box at its foot filled with lovely plants of fern and moss. But we do not all possess the "wherewithal" to procure a plate-glass mirror, or even to keep up the supply of plants. My object in this paper is rather to make a few simple suggestions which may aid those who must not spend much on their grate ornaments, but who are properly anxious to have their fireplaces as pretty, tasteful, and, above all, as fresh-looking as the rest of their charming little drawing-room.

This point of *freshness* is very important, for in the case of fireplaces we must remember that we have to counteract the impression of warmth so strongly associated with them. Indeed, there was once a young damsel entrusted by accident with the care of mamma's drawing-room for the summer, who resorted, in her desire for "freshness," to the old-fashioned "beau-pot," which she placed behind the bars and daily filled with flowers and ferns, wreathing the bars themselves with small-leafed trailing ivy. This effort, however, did not win the approval of the housemaid, who traced to the dampness of the ivy-leaves sundry spots of rust on her brightly polished steel bars. Moreover, in order to keep up an unfailing supply of flowers for so large a bouquet, one need live in the very heart of the country, which is not everybody's lot. Akin to the "beau-pot" in its best points, but not so quaintly antique, and much more easy of attainment, is the following simple device. A bundle of willow shavings, or similar light material, is to be bought for a few pence, well picked asunder, and arranged so as to cover completely the bars and the back of the grate; in the centre, standing on the tiles, place a good-sized vase or pot—a common gallipot will do, as it must be quite hidden by the shavings—and fill the same with water. Then gather a large bundle of grasses, flag-leaves, bullrushes, wild corn, barley, oats, or cotton-grass—in fact, anything that is light and airy-looking, and dispose their stems in the gallipot in such a manner that the bunch shall fall in a careless fan-shaped bouquet, its slight green outlines thrown into relief by the creamy white of the shavings. As a finish to the bouquet, a few small fern fronds, or, failing these, the fern-like leaves which may be gathered in every hedge-row, placed to droop over the edge of the gallipot and rest upon the shavings, will look wonderfully well. Of course this bouquet, as well as the water in the vase, needs frequent renewal; but such grasses as I have mentioned keep fresh a long time, and the exertion of cutting them during one of our summer evening strolls is not a serious one. The beautiful white marguerites, the dull red meadow-sorrel, the wild clematis and honeysuckle, together with other variations, will suggest themselves, but it will be found best at all times to keep to such slender forms and low-toned colours as are found *par excellence* in river and meadow grasses. This arrangement would probably take the prize in any competition for simplicity and economy! But if my readers are not deterred from trying it by these two attributes, they will find that it also attains in a very high degree that cool and airy effect we so much desire to produce.

The lack of this latter is perhaps the weak point in the pictured cardboard screens now sold to stand in front of the grate. They are apt to look stiff and hard, which is almost as uncomfortable in summer as anything that looks hot. It is, however, a convenient fashion, and some of the water scenes are very appropriate and pleasing. One charming idea could be easily imitated by clever fingers. In the centre of a three-fold screen was depicted a rushing Devonshire stream, while each of the smaller folds at the sides represented respectively the left and right banks. As the river was the Lynn itself, just where it foams down to the sea between banks of picturesque old houses, the whole effect was particularly good.

Fern leaves dried and preserved, and grouped between layers of glass, or behind glass with a background of cardboard of some cool neutral tint, might tastefully replace these cardboard screens. They would stand on the tiles, their edges kept in place and softened by a little bed of willow shavings or dried moss, or a frame of Virginia bark, bamboo, or pine cones would look very suitable, and would not be extremely difficult of construction. Fretwork screens in light wood would also look very pretty.

Very useful in all kinds of house decoration are the pretty and inexpensive palm-leaf fans, and now that we see them folded so daintily into hanging brackets they may be admirably used to hold ferns or bulrushes, or the dried foreign grasses now sold everywhere, and then placed, three together, in front of our empty grates. They are also very effective left unfolded and placed among the shavings or other soft background, which is almost essential in all these grate arrangements, the fans being adorned with trailing blossoms of purple clematis or other flowers boldly painted in oils over the roughnesses of the leaf, or trimmed with lines of wool and tinsel, and edged with lace. In fact, there is something happily suggestive of coolness in the use of fans of all kinds, though I must except the stiff red fan thrust in front of the fire by means of wire. Nor can the open Japanese umbrella be greatly admired, though it doubtless suits a certain style of apartment.

Fans of peacocks' feathers, or the feathers used singly, almost always look well, and of course have one advantage over flowers and grasses in their greater durability.

One friend of mine has made her fireplace look very handsome by placing on the tiles in front three or four art pots containing beautiful plants of a hardy kind, such as the indiarubber plant.

Some of my readers will be glad to be told how they may bend the palm-leaf fans into any shape they like. Soak the leaf in water for four-and-twenty hours or longer, then take something hard and smooth of the form you wish the fan to be, and bend the leaf round it—an old ink-bottle of a good size is the very thing—keeping it in place by a broad bandage giving an even and equal pressure. When the fan is dry, you will find it smoothly bent, not crushed, into the required shape.

M. A. WHITBY.

Janitors I Have Met, and Some Others

VII.—THE LAST MOVE

By Albert Bigelow Paine

IT was the Monte Christo apartment that drove me to rugs, and it was rugs at last, strangely enough, that drove us from the Monte Christo apartment, and, in fact, from flat life altogether. It was in this wise.

The floors of the Monte Christo were hard finished and shellacked. Such rugs as we had were rare only as to numbers, and costly only when you reckoned the number of times we had paid for moving them. I said that, now we were finally in a good house and intended to stay there, I would get one really good rug. I did. I drifted into an Armenian place on Broadway into which the looms of the Orient had poured a lavish store. Small black-haired men issued from among the heaped-up wares like mice in a granary. I was surrounded—I was beseeched and entreated—I was made to sit down while piece after piece of antiquity and art were unrolled at my feet. At each unrolling the tallest of the black men would spread his hands and look at me.

"A painting, a painting, a masterpiece. I never have such fine piece since I begin business;" and each of the other small black men would spread their hands and look at me and murmur low, reverent exclamations.

I did not buy the first time. You must know that there is something about the prices of oriental rugs that is discouraging to one who had never given the matter much previous thought. But the memory of those unrolled masterpieces haunted me. There was something fascinating and Eastern and fine about sitting in state as it were, and having the treasures of the Orient spread before you by those little dark men. So I went again, and this time I made the first downward step. It was a Cashmere—a thick, mellow antique piece with a purple bloom pervading it, and a narrow faded strip at one end that betokened exposure and age. The little Woman gasped when she saw it, and the Precious Ones approved it in chorus. It took me more than a week to confess the full price. It had to be done by stages; for of course the Little Woman had not sat as I had sat and had the "paintings of the East" unrolled at her feet and thus grown accustomed to magnificence. To tell her all at once that our new possession had cost about as much as all the rest of our furniture put together would have been an unnecessary rashness on my part. As it was, she came to it by degrees, and by degrees also she realized that our other floor coverings were poor, base, and spurious.

Still I was prudent in my next selections. I bought two smaller pieces, a Kazak strip, and a Beloochistan mat. This was all we really needed, but a few days later a small piece of antique Bokhara overpowered me, and I fell. I said it would be nice on the wall, and the Little Woman confessed that it was, but insisted that we would better stop now. She little realized my condition. The small dark men in their dim-lit Broadway cave had woven a spell about me. I had bought a book on rug collecting,

and I could not pass their treasure house without turning in. They had learned to know me from afar, and the sound of my step was the signal for a horde of them to come tumbling out from among the rugs. It was the old story of Eastern magic. The spell of the Orient was upon me, and in the language of my friends I went plunging down the *rug*ged path to ruin. I added an Anatolian to my collections — a small one that I could slip into the house without the Little Woman seeing it until it was placed and in position to help me in my defense. It was the same with a Bergama and a Coula, but by this time the Precious Ones would come tearing out into the hall when I came home and then rush back, calling as they ran: "Oh, mamma, he's got one and he's holding it behind him! He's got another rug, mamma!"

So when I got the big Khiva I felt that some new tactics must be adopted. In the first place, it would take two strong men to carry it, and in the next place it would cover the parlor floor completely, and meant the transferring to the walls of several former purchases. Then, too, its possession meant a period of bankruptcy, and this condition is justifiable during but one season of the year — the week following Christmas. Luckily, Christmas was not far distant. The dark men agreed to hold the big Khiva until the day before, and then deliver it to the janitor. With the janitor's help I could get it up and into the apartment after the Little Woman had gone to bed. I could spread it down at my leisure and decorate the walls with some of those now on the floor. When on the glad Christmas morning this would burst upon the Little Woman in sudden splendor, I felt that she would not be too severe in her judgment.

It was a good plan, and it worked as well as most plans do. There were some hitches, of course. The Little Woman, for instance, was not yet in bed when the janitor was ready to help me, and I was in mortal terror lest she should hear us getting the big roll into the hallway, or coming out later should stumble over it in the dark. But she did not seem to hear, and she did not venture out into the hall. Neither did she seem to notice anything unusual when by and by I stumbled over it myself and plunged through a large pasteboard box in which there was something else for the Little Woman — something likely to make her still more lenient in the matter of the rug. I made enough noise to arouse the people in the next flat, but the Little Woman can be very discreet on Christmas eve.

She slept well the next morning, too, — a morning I shall long remember. If you have never attempted to lay a ten by twelve Khiva rug in a small flat-parlor, under couches and tables and things and with an extra supply of steam going, you will not understand what one can undergo for the sake of art. It's a fairly interesting job for three people — two to lift the furniture and one to spread the rug, and even then it isn't easy to find a place to stand on. It was about four o'clock I think when I began, and the memory of the next three hours is weird, and lacking in Christmas spirit. I know now just how every piece of furniture we possess looks from the under side. I suppose this isn't a bad sort of knowledge to have, but I would rather not acquire it while I am pulling the wrinkles out of a two-hundred-pound rug. But when the Little Woman looked at the result and at me she was even more kind than I had expected. She did not denounce

me. She couldn't. Looking me over carefully she realized dimly what the effort had cost, and pitied me. It was a happy Christmas, altogether, and in the afternoon, looking at our possessions, the Little Woman remarked that we needed a house now to display them properly. It was a chance remark but it bore fruit.

With the first breath of spring we began as usual to think of country walks and ways. The Little Woman's suggestion had been growing in my mind and I began to hint now and then that a little suburban home of our own would be charming, now that we had things to put in it — meaning, by things, for the most part, our rugs and the Precious Ones. Strange to say, the Little Woman, at first, objected. In spite of some serious defects the Monte Christo had been a fairly good place, and we had made some congenial friends there. Anyway she said that we moved too often, an unusual statement considering the fact that we had been there for nearly a year. I told her that she reminded me of my mother, who daily rated my father for keeping them poor, moving, they having moved twice in thirty-eight years. I added that I had seen my mother publicly denounce my father for having left out a broken stew pot when they moved the last time, some twenty years before.

The Little Woman yielded presently, and we began reading advertisements. Then we took an occasional jaunt here and there to "see property." The various investment companies supplied free transportation on these occasions. It was a pleasant variation from the old days of flat hunting. The Precious Ones appreciated it, and raced shouting through rows of new "installment houses" with nice yards, all within the commutation limits. We settled on one at last through an agency which the trolley-man referred to as the "Reality Trust." The cash payment was small, and the installments, if long continued, were at least not discouraging as to size. We had a nice wide yard with green grass, a big, dry cellar with a furnace, a high, light garret, and eight beautiful light rooms, all our own. At the back there were clothes poles and room for a garden. In front there was a long porch with a place for a hammock. There was room in the yard for the Precious Ones to romp, as well as space to spread out our rugs. We closed the bargain at once, and engaged a moving man. Our Flat days were over.

And now fortune seemed all at once to smile. The day of our last move was perfect. The moving man came exactly on time and delivered our possessions at the new home on the moment of our arrival there. The Little Woman superintended matters inside, while I spread out my rugs on the grass in the sun and shook them and swept them and scolded the Precious Ones, who were inclined to sit on the one I was handling, to my heart's content. Within an hour the butcher, the baker, and the merry milk maker had called and established relations. By night-fall we were fairly settled — our furniture, so crowded in our little apartment, airily scattered through our eight big, beautiful rooms, and our rugs, all fresh and clean, reaching as far as they would go, suggesting new additions to our collection whenever the spell of the dark-faced Armenians in their dim oriental Broadway recess should assert itself during the years to come.

Sweet spring days followed. Our garden flourished. Our neighbors, instead of borrowing our loose property,

as we had been led to expect by the comic papers, literally overwhelmed us with garden tools and good advice. We needed both, certainly, and were duly thankful. As for the Precious Ones, they grew fat and brown, refused to wear hats and shoes when summer came, and it required some argument to convince them that even a fragmentary amount of clothes was necessary. All day now they run, and shout, and fall down and cry, and get up again and laugh, sit in the hammock and swing their disreputable dolls, and eat and quarrel and make up and have a beautiful time. At night they sleep in a big airy room where screens let the breeze in and keep out the few friendly mosquitoes that are a part of all suburban life. We are commuters, and we are glad of it, let the comic papers say what they will. The fellows who write those things are bitten with something worse than mosquitoes, *i. e.*, envy — I know because I have written some of them myself in the old days. Perhaps it *is* hard to get to and from the train sometimes — perhaps the snow *may* blow into the garret and the lawn be hard to mow on a hot day. But the joy of the healthy Precious Ones and of coming out of the smelly, clattering city at the end of a hot summer day to a cool, sweet quiet more than makes up for all the rest ; while as one falls asleep, in a restful room that lets the breeze in from three different directions, the memories of flat life, flat-hunting, and janitors — of sweltering, disordered nights, of crashing cobble and clanging trolleys, of evil smelling halls and stairways, of these and of every other phase of the yardless, constricted apartment-existence, blend into a sigh of relief that is lost in dreamless, refreshing suburban sleep.

CLOSING REMARKS

To those who of necessity are still living in city apartments, and especially to those who are contemplating flat life I would in all seriousness say a few closing words.

It requires education to get the best out of flat life. Not such education as is acquired at Harvard or Vassar or even at the Industrial or Cooking schools, but education in the greater school of Humanity. In fact, flat living may be said to amount almost to a profession. The choice of an apartment is an art in itself, and, as no apartment is without drawbacks, the most vital should be considered as all-important, and an agreeable willingness to put up with the minor shortcomings of equal value. Sunlight, rental, locality, accessibility, janitor-service, size, and convenience are all important, and about in the order named. A dark apartment means doctor's bills, and by dark I mean any apartment into which the broad sun does not shine at least a portion of the day. Sunlight is the great microbe-killer, and as moss grows on the north side of a tree, so do minute poison fungi grow in the dim apartment. As to locality, a clean street, as far as possible from the business center, is to be preferred, and away from the crash of the elevated railway. People are killed, morally and physically, by noise. For this reason an apartment several flights up is desirable, though the top floor is said by physicians to be somewhat less healthy than the one just below.

It is hard to instruct the novice in these matters. He must learn by experience. But there is one word that contains so much of the secret of successful apartment life that I must not omit it here — that word is Charity. I do not mean by this the giving of

money or old clothes to those who slip in whenever the hall door is left unlocked; I mean that *larger* Charity which comes of a wider understanding of the natures and conditions of men.

You cannot expect, for instance, that a man or a woman, who serves for rent only, and wretched basement rent at that, or for a few dollars monthly additional at most, can be a very intelligent, capable person, of serene temper and with qualities that one would most desire in the ideal janitor. In the ordinary New York flat house janitors are engaged on terms that attract only people who can find no other means of obtaining shelter and support. Those who would fulfill your idea of what a janitor should be have been engaged for the more expensive apartments, or they have gone into other professions. The flat-house janitor's work is laborious, unclean, and never ending. It is not conducive to a neat appearance or genial disposition. If your janitor is only fairly prompt in the matter of garbage and ashes, and even approximately liberal as to heat and hot water, be glad and say a kind word to him now and then without expecting that he will be humble or even obliging. If you hear him knocking things about and condemning childhood in a general way, remember that *your* children are *only* children, like all the rest, and that a great many children under one roof can stretch even a strong, wise person's endurance to the snapping point.

Then there are the neighbors. Because the woman across the hall is boiling onions and cabbage to-day, do not forget that your cabbage and onion day will come on Wednesday, and she will probably enjoy it just as little as you are appreciating her efforts now. And because the children overhead run up and down and sound like a herd of buffaloes, don't imagine that your own Precious Ones are any more fairy-footed to the people who live just below. It's all in the day's endurance, and the wider your understanding and the greater your charity, the more patiently you will live and let live. It was an old saying that no two families could live under one roof; but in flat life ten and sometimes twenty families must live under one roof, and while you do not need to know them all, or perhaps any of them, you will find that they do, in some measure, become a part of your lives, and that your own part of the whole is just about what you make it.

Also there are the servant girls. We cannot hope that a highly efficient, intelligent young girl will perform menial labor some sixteen hours a day for a few dollars a week and board, with the privilege of eating off the tubs and sleeping in a five-by-seven closet off the kitchen, when she can obtain a clerkship in one of the department stores where she has light, clean employment, shorter hours, and sees something of the passing show; or when, by attending night school for a short time, she can learn stenography and command even better salary for still shorter hours. It requires quite as much intelligence to be a capable house servant as to be a good clerk; and as for education, there is no lack of that in these days, whatever the rank of life. Even when a girl prefers household service, if she be bright and capable it is but a question of time when she will find employment with those to whom the question of wages is considered as secondary to that of the quality of service obtained in return.

So you see we must not expect too much of our "girl for general house-

work," unless we are prepared to pay her for her longer hours and harder work something approximating the sum we pay to the other girl who comes down in a sailor hat and pretty shirt waist at nine or ten to take a few letters and typewrite them, and read a nice new novel between times until say five o'clock, and who gets four weeks' vacation in hot weather, and five if she asks for it prettily, with no discontinuance of salary. All this may be different, some day, but while we are waiting, let us not forget that there are many things in the world that it would be well to remember, and that "*the greatest of these*," and the one that embraces all the rest, "*is Charity!*"

We have boiled the hydrant water,
We have sterilized the milk;
We have strained the prowling microbe
Through the finest kind of silk;
We have bought and we have borrowed
Every patent health device,
And at last the doctor tells us
That we've got to boil the ice.

—Buffalo Medical Journal.

By Kemper Bocock.

To sail from New York to a tropical port in the middle of March, and to be still wearing fur caps and wraps on the second day out, while icicles a foot long hang from the deck railing, was a suitable beginning for a voyage that was destined to include a shipwreck. It was oddly unlike what was expected and intended. The party of twenty that occupied the cabin of the little steamer *Aguan*, of the Honduras and Central American Steamship Line, which left New York on March 14th, 1891, was mostly made up of Americans, and was therefore good-natured. It began to enjoy itself the first day out, even to the extent of enjoying its own chilly misery when the thermometer played a joke on it. The *Aguan* was a slow boat; in fact, it was her slowness that caused the shipwreck. The bottom of the vessel had not been cleaned for nine months, and the barnacles and seaweed that had stuck there were called by the passengers "the farm."

The regular route of the Honduras and Central America steamers is almost due south from New York to the West Indies, passing through the Windward Passage between Cuba and Hayti, around the eastern end of the island of Jamaica, to call at Kingston, the capital. From Kingston the ships proceed to Greytown, or San Juan del Norte, Nicaragua. The party in the cabin of the *Aguan* was bound for the last-named point. In it were the president of the Nicaragua Canal Construction Company, a State Senator, an army major, an army lieutenant, three New York capitalists, one of them accompanied by his daughter; a lawyer, a young Spanish-American who was to act as the president's interpreter, and six newspaper correspondents, one of whom was also a civil engineer.

As soon as the cold wave had passed off and the Gulf Stream was reached the party began to get acquainted with itself on deck. Silvery-skinned flying fish, looking in the distance like white butterflies chasing each other about the surface of a big tub of soapsuds in which a great deal of indigo has been dissolved, vied with waterspouts in entertaining the passengers. The first land seen after getting out of sight of the Jersey coast was Watling's Island, the famous shore first sighted by Columbus; not long after the mountains of Cuba seemed to rise faintly out of the waters, and as the *Aguan* passed near Cuba's northeastern shores in the moonlight a breeze from that direction brought to the decks the scent of tropical flowers. The ship was a day or two late in getting into Kingston, and one more day was lost in getting away, her anchor having "fouled" and tangled itself in the cable of another vessel at a near-by wharf. A brawny Jamaica negro, a perfect ebony Hercules, dived and released the anchor, while a young woman with a black skin and a broad smile came on deck to sell the passengers oranges. When a passenger invited her to be photographed her smile expanded some more.

The mishap to the anchor delayed the ship at Kingston till Tuesday morning, the 24th of March, and she was expected at Greytown on the following day. Not to be too much behind time the captain decided to make a short cut. Greytown is about 750 miles south-southwest of Kingston as the crow flies—only there is no crow to fly in that tropical latitude. That part of the Caribbean Sea is dangerous on account of coral reefs and currents. One of these reefs is known as El Roncador, and became noted last winter when the famous wooden man-of-war *Kearsarge,* of the United States Navy, was stranded there. In the investigation held by the court of inquiry at the Brooklyn Navy Yard it was testified by experts that the currents about Roncador were very irregular and not to be depended upon. They are liable to sudden changes, and it is supposed that even circumstances so remote as a change of atmospheric pressure in the Gulf of Mexico may bring about currents contrary to those expected at any given time of day. On account of this uncertainty, careful navigators go about forty miles south of Roncador in sailing from Jamaica to Greytown. The captain of the *Aguan,* in his eagerness to make up for lost time, counted on passing twenty-five miles from this coral island. He steered by what mariners call "dead reckoning," that is, with the map or chart, the compass and the "log," and taking no account of the sun or stars. If there were no currents or winds it would be safe to use "dead reckoning." All you would have to do would be to make out, by the chart, the direction in which you wished to go; steer in that direction with the aid of the compass; and figure out how far you had gone, and where you were, from the "taffrail log." This is a tiny machine thrown out into the water from the stern of the vessel, and dragged or towed after it by a line attached to the stern rail or "taffrail." The little machine registers the speed of the ship through the waves. So if you can be perfectly sure what direction you are taking, and how fast you are taking it, you can know where you are by this kind of reckoning. But if currents bear down on your ship in such a way that while she is headed in nearly the same direction all the time, and while she is going in that direction at a regular rate of speed, she is also drifting sideways, her captain may not know where she is; and the *Kearsarge* court of inquiry developed the fact that the charts of currents in the Caribbean Sea before December, 1893, were very imperfect. That is how it happened that the *Aguan* was carried directly upon Roncador Reef. The current did its work, if the captain did not do his.

It was a few minutes after three o'clock on the morning of Thursday, March 26th, when the *Aguan* struck the reef known as El Roncador. Its name is the Spanish word for "snorer," and was given because the noise made by the breakers, as heard from the island within the reef, is something like the sound of snoring. The passengers had plenty of time afterward to study the likeness, but they did not think of it that morning. The shock to the vessel was such as to give the writer a vivid dream of being asleep in a sleeping-car berth, and being awakened by the car's leaving the rails and bumping along from tie to tie. But the dream within a dream, and the dream that had

the other dream in it, were alike dispelled by the sudden stoppage of all motion, and by the steward's opening the stateroom door and saying in hurried tones, "We've run aground, sir!" Then he disappeared to tell somebody else that we had run aground.

"Say, you'd better get up!" said my roommate.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"We've had a collision, or struck a wreck, or something. Anyhow, we have stopped still in the middle of the sea. We'd better go on deck just as soon as we can."

I had great respect for my chum's opinion as a nautical expert. He had been to Greenland in a sailing vessel the year before, and had passed through a terrific storm which had half filled the hold of the ship with water. All hands had been ordered to the pumps, and after two hours of the most desperate pumping they had measured the water in the hold and had found that it had gained on them eleven inches. They almost gave themselves up for lost, but on looking over the deck they found two auger holes, bored at the time of building and forgotten ever since. When they stopped up the auger holes no more water got in. There were no holes in the bottom of the Greenland sailing vessel. That was one respect in which she differed from the *Aguan* just at present. For the dream of the sleeping car's jolting over the ties was caused by the bottom of the *Aguan* striking some jagged pieces of coral. One of these pieces had torn a hole in her, and the water was already in the hold, not many inches below our bare feet as we lighted on the stateroom floor.

We were hardly out of our berths when we heard the engine's signal gong ring, and the engine began to pant again. But the ship did not move. A glance out of the porthole showed us nothing but the moonlight flashing across our bow in a line of brilliant waves. The air was clear and the wind was hushed. But we could hear feet hurrying hither and thither on the deck above us, and as soon as we could get into our day clothes we went up to the deck ourselves. From the bow we could see a white line across our path, extending to the right and left till lost in the dimness of the moonlit night. It was Roncador Reef.

The captain was not trying to get any nearer to the reef. He was trying to back off, not knowing till an hour later, when the keel settled down upon the rocks, that there was a large hole in the bottom of the ship. Had he succeeded in backing her off into deep water she would have sunk in a few minutes with all on board. But when she struck she had been running at full speed, and was just above the most gradual ascent of the side of the submarine coral mountain. She was firmly grounded, and a sharp edge of stone that had torn through the iron plates of the bottom was driven up into her as the hull sunk to the smoother stones on all sides of it, making it impossible to move her in any direction. She was impaled on this point of rock.

The moonlit faces on deck were anxious. Where were we? Nobody knew, but the captain thought we were on the Quita Sueno Bank, which was in fact many miles distant. A consultation was held with the leading passengers, and it was decided to let down the best one of the lifeboats at once, and to send off the first mate and four able seamen in search of aid. As soon as it was known where we were the four other lifeboats were to be let down also, and the passengers sent to the nearest land. It was thought wise to make use of the clear weather, the calm sea and the moonlit nights to get to a safer place than a stranded ship which was already rocking on the edge of the reef, and which was supposed to be in danger of being broken into pieces in that way before long; while, if a violent tropical storm came up, those on board of her would have to take to the boats anyhow, with less chance for their lives than now.

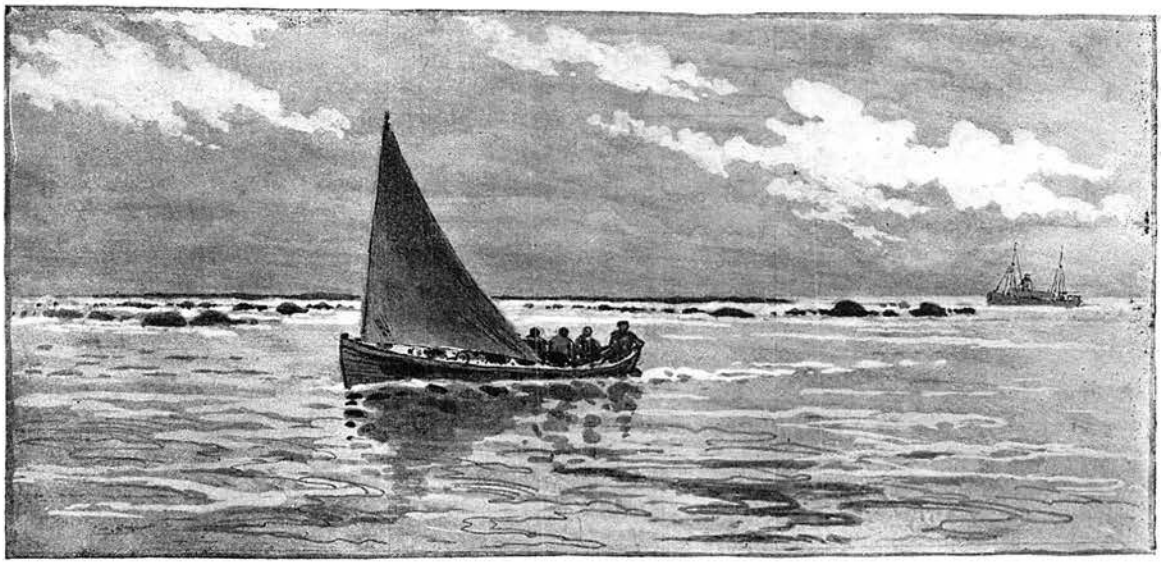
As Mr. Rudyard Kipling puts it, "the dawn comes up like thunder"—or as quickly as a thundercloud—in the tropics, and it was broad daylight before we had more than told each other how we felt the shock to the vessel when she struck. Then the whole horizon was carefully studied with spyglasses and opera glasses. The reef in front of us could be traced for about a mile and a half to our "port" or left side, and there it curved around to the south and was lost to view in the pearly gray mist. On the "starboard," or right, there was much more to be seen, and very soon everybody was looking to that quarter. The reef was visible almost as far as the eye could follow the surface of the sea. Here and there we saw ragged black interruptions to the line of breakers, and at its further end what seemed to be a considerable rock, with two or three trees or clumps of bushes on it.

"Rocks?" asked the civil engineer.

"Wrecks!" replied the purser.

"Land, ho!" sung out the second mate from the bridge. He was looking to the northwest, on our right, at the low-lying object on the horizon where the things were that seemed to the naked eye to be shrubs or low trees.

"I say, boys, that's an island!" exclaimed a newspaper correspondent, as he followed the eyes



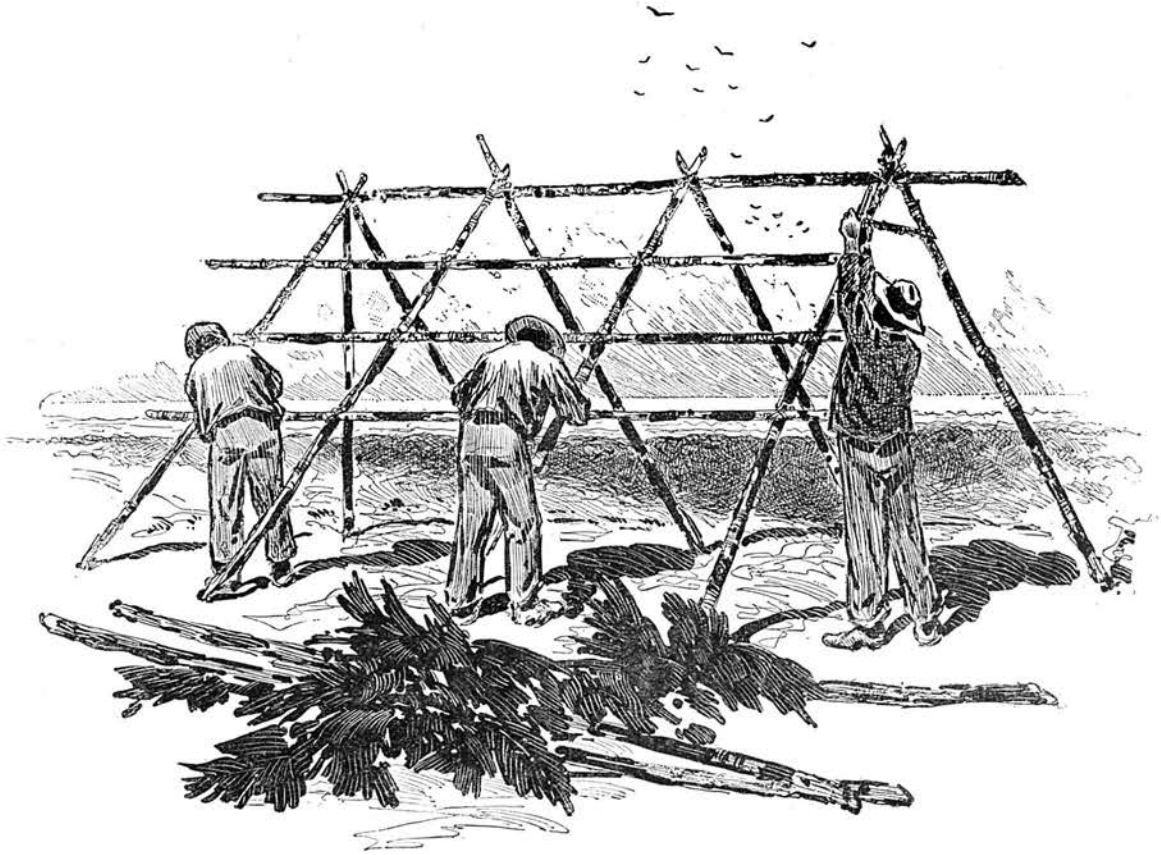
CUTTER PROCEEDING TO OLD PROVIDENCE FOR RELIEF.

of the second mate with an opera glass, "and those things on it look like dark tents or huts."

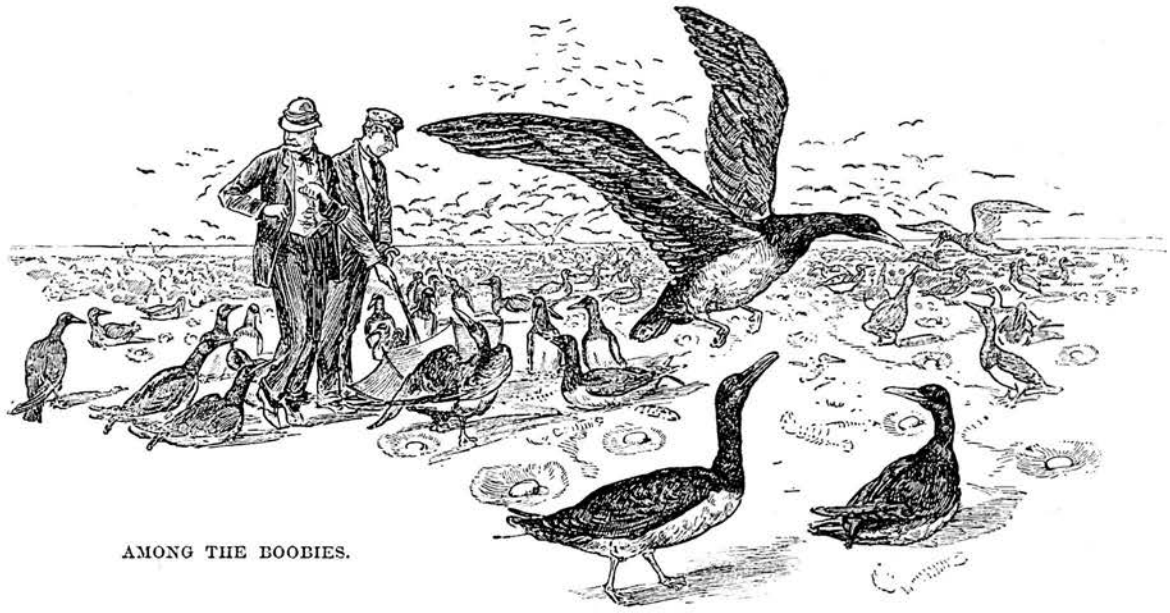
"If that's an island it's a pretty small one," replied the hero of the Greenland adventure.

"Any island that's large enough to hold us all will do for me just at present," chimed in the reporter, who, if he hadn't been to Greenland, had crossed North America in a canoe, except a few miles in which he hauled it overland from Lake Erie to Lake Chautauqua, and from the headwaters of the Missouri to those of the Columbia.

An observation of the latitude and longitude soon convinced the ship's officers that we were not on the Quita Sueno Bank, but on Roncador. The reef is down in all the charts, and the captain knew that it inclosed an oval space, with an

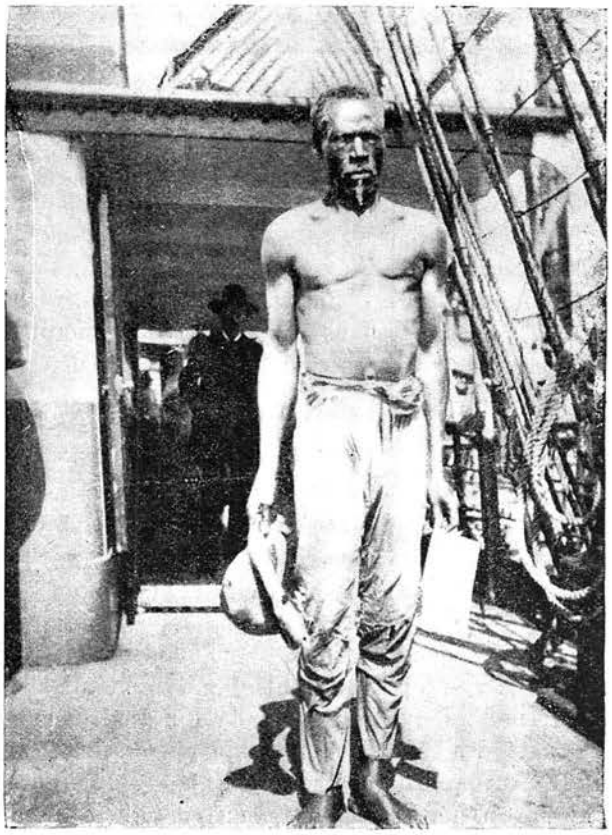


BUILDING A PALM-TREE HUT.



AMONG THE BOOBIES.

island at one end, touching the reef on the inside. But how were we to reach the island? Was it likely that there was a break in the reef wide enough to admit lifeboats? It would be a dangerous as well as a very tiresome process to wade or walk along the line of the reef to the island, which was seven miles distant, cutting one's shoes on the sharp edges of rock, lying down to hold on when a heavy breaker came along, and possibly getting snapped at by a shark. The sailors were already lowering the best lifeboat for the first mate and his party of four picked seamen, who were to set sail in search of rescuers. The second best boat was to be lowered as soon as they had started off, and the ladies and elderly gentlemen of the cabin party put into it. It was to sail toward the island, and explore the reef, as it went along, in search of an entrance which would permit the passengers to land. Should it not be possible to make a landing it was to follow the first mate in the direction of the Central American coast. Roncador Reef and Island are in Lat. 12° 30′ N. and Long. 80° 5′ W. of Greenwich; about 170 miles from the nearest point of the Mosquito coast of Central America, and 75 miles from the nearest inhabited land, which is Old Providence Island, the seat of a lighthouse and a small village. The first mate and his little party, with several days' provisions and water on board, were ordered to make for Old Providence Island and to tell the lighthouse keeper about the shipwreck. Thence they were to sail to Greytown, in order to notify the office of the Nicaragua Canal Construction Company that the inspection party was stranded on a reef. In going from Old Providence to Greytown the boat would pass by Great Corn Island and Little Corn Island, on which there are several hundred people living. The first mate carried a letter to the "Governor" of Great Corn Island, asking him to send to the mainland, to the town of Bluefields, the northern terminus of a coastwise line of small steamers, and give notice to the



THE DIVER.

company's office there of the shipwreck. The title "Governor of Great Corn Island" is not as large as it sounds. Central American villages call their one justice of the peace and policeman "governor." The dignity of the name is a large part of the salary. "Mayor," even "lord mayor," would not pay for the services of the official in question.

It happened that this little line of steamers was owned by one of the *Aguan's* passengers, an Italian settler in Nicaragua, who had in the hold of the shipwrecked vessel about 10,000 "solés," or Peruvian silver dollars. If the *Aguan's* boats could reach one of the Italian's ships rescue was certain.

The passengers were now told to go below to the dining saloon and get some breakfast before starting out on what might prove a tedious and dangerous voyage in small boats, crowded to the limit of safety. After breakfast they were to return to the deck, with "only such light hand baggage as would hold needed toilet articles," with a decided accent on the word "needed," for no needless weight was wanted in the lifeboats. The boats had not been wet for some time. As a result the timbers had shrunk so that when they were lowered the water poured in rapidly, and the timid were reassured only by setting one of the crew of each boat to bailing her out. The more they were weighted down the more water came through the cracks, and as it took the wood some time to swell enough to keep the water out the voyage in the boats seemed much more dangerous than it really was.

As a tall, fresh-complexioned young lady stepped up on deck with a light bag in her hand one of the men said: "Miss S——, we are wrecked on a desert island."

"I believe we are," answered Miss S——, with a smile as composed as if she were on a mountain picnic; "and I'm afraid I shall have to do the cooking."

The passengers who went off in the first boat included Miss S——, and the wife and children of a missionary bishop of the Church of England, who had come abroad with his family at Kingston. The boat had not gone 500 yards from the ship before the bishop's wife looked around to speak to him, and discovered that he was not on board. The good old man had staid behind on the ship in order to give his family and all the ladies the best possible chance for their lives. She uttered a cry of surprise and alarm, and the children began to cry too. Miss S—— took one of them on her knee and began to talk to them both: "Oh, but we're having a nice boat ride! Just look at the pretty green rocks down there! And look over here, where it isn't so deep, how blue they are! And oh, see the porpoises!—or are they dolphins? Look at the sunshine sparkling on the water!"

In ten minutes the bishop's children were crowing with delight at the beauties of a salt-water trip which they began to think must have been arranged for their benefit. The bishop left the ship in one of the other boats later in the day, amid a crowd of Jamaica negroes from the steerage.

There had been ninety-three souls on board the *Aguan*, and as soon as the ladies were started for the island the question of food supplies came up. Some cargo, as well as passengers, was in each boat that left the ship after that. The steward came on deck about noon, looked black, and said: "Thunder!"

"What is the matter now?" asked the purser.

"The big tank of water is spoiled. Salt water is all around it, and in it by this time."

This was bad news. There was not much fresh water on board outside of the big tank. There was another tank, but smaller, with several small casks and a few bottles of mineral water—not more than 900 gallons altogether. The tank was too heavy to move. Near it stood a barrel of whisky. One of the passengers quietly opened the spigot, and the whisky flowed out and mingled with the salt water.

"Who let that whisky out?" asked one of the officers.

"I did," answered the passenger—the man who had been to Greenland.

"Well, that whisky was for the crew, and you may get a pistol ball in you if you meddle with any more casks like that."

"Well, we passengers need water more than the crew need whisky. I emptied that cask so that fresh water could be turned into it from this tank."

And that cask, with several other casks, was used to carry fresh water to the island. But no heavy freight was taken off in the boats till nearly all the passengers had left the ship. The boats were so leaky that it was feared that they would sink if loaded down. Most of them—there were five—carried eighteen or twenty people; but one boat had so large a hole in the bottom that when thirteen people had boarded her the fourteenth passenger to go down the stairway over the ship's side said he would not add his weight to that of the passengers already seated, for fear of weighting the boat down too much.

It was a beautifully clear morning, with the "trade wind" from the northeast blowing softly and steadily, so that the sails were the most use-

ful parts of the boats. One of the level-headed men among the passengers was placed in command of each boat if no officer of the ship was aboard of her, and this boat captain kept the crew busy with what was to be done, and the passengers quiet. Lieutenant H——, of the United States Army, who was in command of one of the boats, managed to get the scared darkies quiet and hopeful by convincing them that the boat was running a race with one of the other boats, and might lose it if they did not behave themselves. Several large porpoises followed for some distance, and a shark lay off the bow of the ship all the afternoon, as if, like the Fa-fe-fi-fo-fum Giant in the fairy story, he smelt fresh human blood.

The captain of the ship commanded the second boat which left the wreck. This was the first boat to go straight toward the little island of Roncador, seven miles away. It took about an hour and a half to reach that part of the reef which touched the island, and it was found impossible to bring the boat directly to land. The trade wind was blowing so strongly toward the rocks that the boat might have been broken to pieces had it been tried. But there was a little gap in the reef about twelve feet wide, which allowed the boats to enter the great egg-shaped, coral-bound inclosure by a channel several feet deep. Once inside, the boat was protected by the reef as a natural breakwater, and was easily brought to shore, so that the passengers could get out without even wetting their feet. The captain then took his stand on the shore and told the other boats, as they came within shouting distance, how to find the channel.

Roncador Island is shaped like a picture of a heart or a pear, and the channel and landing place are on your right as you stand facing the island from the point, or stem, which is at the northwest end. A hundred feet from this point is a rambling inclosure of rude stone walls, with a flagstaff on top. The rough pieces of stone which were used to build it were coral, and the whole surface of the island consisted of guano and coral fragments, including a few smaller bits of delicate white branches of coral and many little shells in which the hermit crabs live. The hermit crab is a sort of seashore tramp. He lives in any old shell that suits him till he gets tired; then he crawls out and hunts up another one. He will crawl all over you as you lie in the sand asleep, to see if you are a big shell.

As soon as the passengers set foot on the island they found that it was wise to look before they leaped, unless they were willing to step on a stone half concealed in the sand and to be laid up in camp with a turned ankle. But the mineral kingdom was not so warlike as the animal kingdom. Thousands of "booby ducks" swarmed about, squawking to each other as if asking the reason of this strange visit of men. These birds look like a cross between the duck and the goose. They are related to the gannet, or Florida ibis, and are called "boobies" because they are very stupid. When full grown they are black on the back, but streaked with white on the neck and breast. They lay their eggs in the guano which covers the interior of the island, and the young when hatched out are perfectly white.

"Hello!" said the civil engineer; "if we get out of meat we can kill these booby ducks."

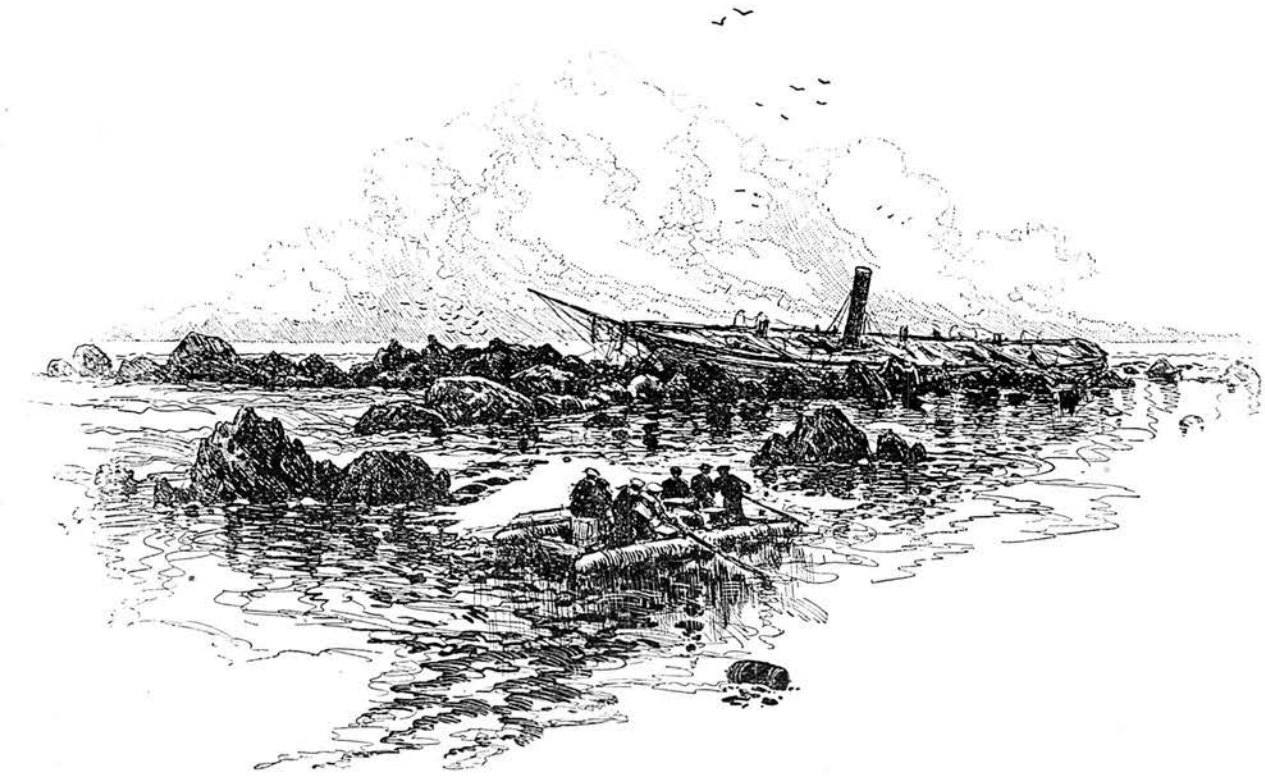
"The flesh of the old ones is very rank and fishy," answered the learned Major D——, of the United States Geological Survey, "but the young ones might taste better. Ouch!"

The major's Southern remark of surprise was made when one of the boobies pecked at his ankle with her sharp bill, as if to punish him for his threat against her white young one, which stood behind her. After that event we looked at the ground all the time, when walking in the middle of the island, in order to avoid stepping on one of these lazy fowls, or being pecked by one. Some of them flew a few feet when a human being came near, but most of them simply moved out of the way with an angry croak. Throughout the day thousands of boobies flew about in the air crying out to each other, and even at night an occasional note from the dark-blue sky announced that the birds had a kind of picket guard on duty.

If the animal kingdom was represented only by ourselves and by boobies and hermit crabs, the vegetable kingdom was even less honored. The only growing thing to be seen anywhere in the island was a few patches of a creeping green herb, much like the variety of purslane known on American farms as "pusley," and fed to the pigs. There was perhaps an acre or two of this, growing near the centre of the island.

At the round end of this pear-shaped bit of coral land stood two small huts built of palm branches. Nobody lived in them but small and hungry insects. These huts were built in the shape of tents. A pair of upright poles of equal length were planted in the sand at a distance of ten or twelve feet apart, and the ridgepole of the hut was laid from top to top, each end resting on a fork if possible; if not, it was simply tied to the split top of the upright with very heavy string or twine, and lashed at the same time to two slanting poles which formed part of the framework of the sides of the hut. Oftenest these

sloping poles, looking like the sides of the letter A, form a crotch where they meet at the ridge of the roof, and when they are tied firmly together the ridgepole rests in this crotch, while the upright pole, being tied also, holds up the ridgepole almost as well as if it had had a fork of its own. There are three or four pairs of A-poles in the slanting sides of each hut, and several light poles, laid horizontally, are bound to them at various heights. Against this skeleton of framework palm branches full of leaves are laid, points downward. This simple sloping roof, though so thin and light that you could easily stick a cane through it, is a perfect protection against rain,



THE LAST OF THE OLD "KEARSARGE," ON RONCADOR REEF—CONVEYING SUPPLIES FROM THE WRECK.

the water running off the palm leaves to the ground.

The two palm-leaf huts were given to the ladies; one to the wife and children of the bishop, the other to the single ladies of the party. The gentlemen at once organized a sort of camp government for the island, electing Mr. M——, the president of the Nicaragua Canal Construction Company, president. That gentleman promptly appointed Lieutenant H——, of the United States Army, his adjutant, with executive command. Lieutenant H—— had commanded an excursion of recruits in a march across some dry and desert plains of the West, and he knew a good deal about how a camp should be managed in order to make everything go as far as possible, and everybody take good care of himself and others. He at once set the male first-class passengers to work erecting a large pavilion, or tent, for their own shelter. Driftwood and string were plentiful, and the ship's awnings had been loaded into one of the boats early in the day. In an hour or so we had a grateful shade, with the trade wind blowing under it and much refreshing the weary castaways. One or two smaller tents were made for the president and other distinguished members of the party, and to house the provisions.

Meanwhile, on finding that access to the island was easy and that the weather continued fine, the crew and steerage passengers manned the boats, returned to the ship and brought over the baggage, bedding and provisions by degrees. This freight, as fast as it arrived, was dumped in the stone inclosure near the boat landing. Toward night military discipline became necessary, as the laborers demanded a wholesale division of the food spoils. The male cabin passengers took turns at armed guard duty, in the midst of the two or three score steerage passengers who were sleeping in, around and on the masses of baggage and provisions in the old stone inclosure. Fires of driftwood lit up the sky and startled the birds into strange shrieks, while candles, stuck into the

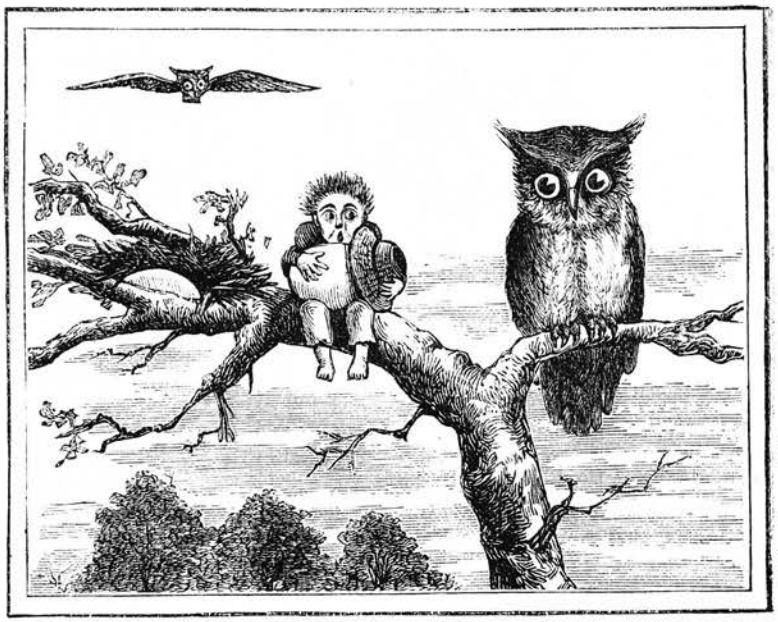
THE RESCUE.

mouths of bottles, moved about restlessly in the hands of curious searchers of the piles of baggage.

As soon as the passengers and crew could count noses and take account of stock it was seen that the gravest danger was that the water supply would give out. There was an ample supply for ninety-three people if the boat containing the first mate and four sailors succeeded in finding and bringing relief; but it is not a source of joy to know that you have just so much fresh water and no more, on a dry island in the midst of a great salt sea, with no way of being sure that your little lifeboats can get away from there without being capsized in a sudden storm.

"I wonder," said the civil engineer, "if this little green herb that looks like 'pusley' taps fresh water or salt water with its roots!"

"Let us dig and see," said the missionary bishop. And the two, armed with spades and holding whity-green umbrellas over their heads—whoever saw a spade under an umbrella in the United States?—went to where the "pusley" was thickest, and dug. It was hot enough, even under umbrellas, to make the labor very tiresome; but after an hour's work each digger saw a milky fluid in the bottom of the little pit which he had



Boy's Own Paper, 1880

Convicted!

(*The Rev. J. G. Wood says he would very much like to know where to find such an owl's nest as this!*)

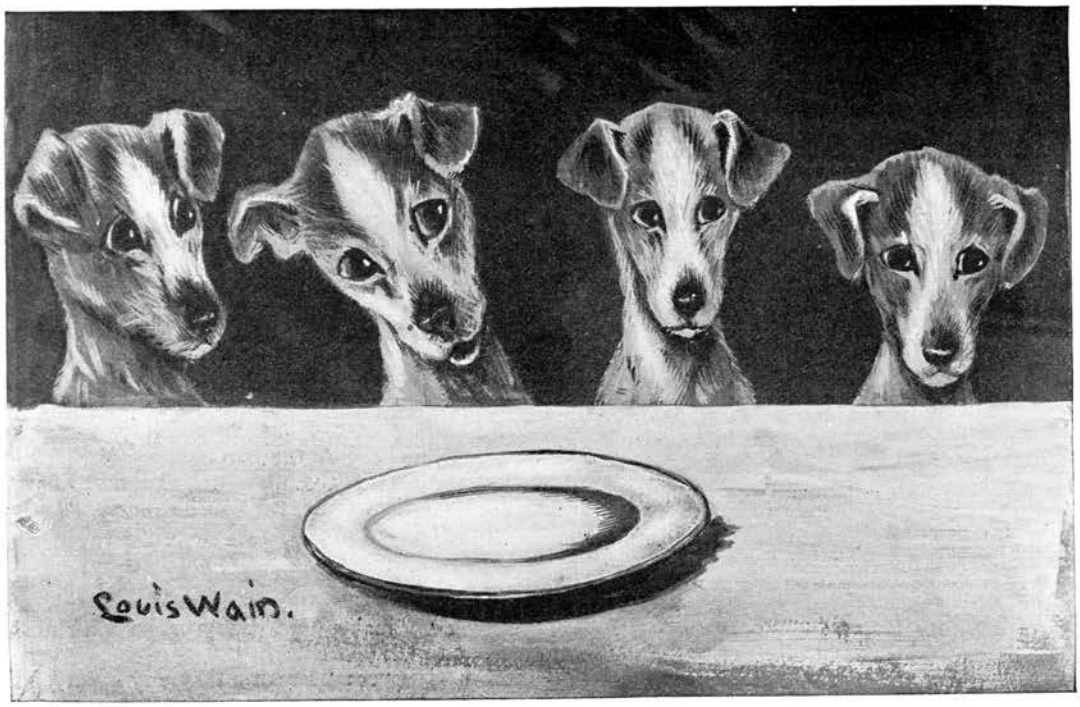
made. The carbonate of lime in the great coral rock through which the water had come had filtered all the sea salt out of it, so that it was not brackish to the taste; and after standing for an hour or two more the lime itself settled and left the water clear enough to show the bottom. Such water, after boiling, could be used for cooking, and its taste called to mind the limestone spring water of the Alleghanies.

From that day, which was Easter Sunday, the haunting fear of death by thirst left the camp. The bishop invited the party to attend an evening service of thanksgiving, according to the "Book of Common Prayer," in front of his tent. He put up his missionary flag early in the evening—a blue cross on a field of brown—and his spare form, as his long gray beard streamed down over a black cassock, was the centre of an impressive picture as he stood on the sand and preached gratitude to the Giver of all good, while the flickering lamps lit up the faces of his hearers, and the hoarse birds screamed overhead.

On the next afternoon a sail was noticed on the southwest horizon. Every flag that had been brought from the *Aguan* was put up as high as possible, in the hope of its being seen by the distant vessel. After dark the motions of the green light on her "starboard" and the red light on her "port" side showed that she was not sailing steadily by, but was tacking about and coming nearer. About ten o'clock the camp heard the rippling noise of oars, and never was there sweeter music. A few minutes later half a dozen tall and good-natured young Carib Indians came ashore in a long, narrow steel canoe. From them it was learned that our first mate and his little crew had reached the land in safety, and that the Central American coastwise steamer *Presidente Carazo* had been told of our plight and would arrive in a day or two to carry us on our way. The very next morning a black curl of smoke showed itself on the horizon. It came from the *Carazo's* smokestack. By two o'clock on the afternoon of that day we were aboard, and the Caribbeans were turning an honest penny by bringing our baggage to the ship from the island. They loaded it on their canoes, and walked along in the water, pushing their canoes forward, as freely as if they were born in the sea and "rocked in the cradle of the deep" for their first baby nap. When they had pushed the canoes through a narrow passway in the reef they transferred the baggage to the ship's lifeboats, by which it was carried a quarter of a mile further to the ship itself. Then they went back to the island and sat down to lunch on sugar canes—apparently the only provisions they had brought with them—after which they built some more palm-leaf tents. They came there for the turtle fishing, and they had built the huts which we found there.

As the *Carazo* turned her bow to the southwest and left Roncador behind the Nicaragua party shot a whole broadside of kodak glances at her.

Then they sat down and talked it all over, as people who have been to the play discuss the plot and the actors on their way home.



Windsor Magazine, 1898

THE EVOLUTION OF THE LAMP.

From the Pine Knot to the Modern Luminary.

PROBABLY few readers of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING ever saw a "pitch-pine knot," while others may have but an indistinct idea of what is meant by the term. Yet the time was not so long ago—well within the memory of those now living—when to a great portion of the people of this country the use of these same knots was very familiar. No matter from what source these resinous, fatty knots might come; whether from the decay of the fallen tree which had borne them, leaving these portions intact through the preservation afforded by their pitchy nature, or from the refuse of timber employed in the manufacture of shingles or similar work; they served many a useful purpose. If the unseasoned firewood with which the early settler (and indeed many a "later" settler as well) was obliged to build his fire persistently refused to ignite from the primitive methods of combustion then available, the pine knot never failed to set a good example.

But it was as a substitute for torch, lantern or lamp that the resinous knot found its greatest field of usefulness. Once ignited, it could be depended upon, with a little care, to keep aflame till practically burned out. It was at once the readiest method of conveying fire from house to house or to other distant points; while for the neighbor who had tarried late with a friend, it not only furnished illumination sufficient to reveal the uncertain path through the wilderness, but ofttimes proved a weapon of defense from the curious or hostile approaches of wild beasts. If the pine knot was unfortunately missing, its place could be partially taken by the "hard wood brand," but the latter was much less satisfactory, and required a more vigorous swinging through the air to evoke a blaze; though it could be relied upon to give a glow sufficient to reveal the more prominent objects in the immediate vicinity—unless it should unfortunately decide to go out, just when its services might most be needed.

The home illumination of those days was furnished by the tallow candles made upon the premises, and of all degrees of positive and comparative merit. They comprised two general classes—run or dipped. The moulds for the former were metallic tubes, open at the upper end, and at the other terminating in a conical section, with an aperture just large enough to allow the passage of the wick, which was wound about the orifice to prevent the molten tallow from running through. At the other end the doubled wick was supported on a bar, resting upon a ledge surrounding the set of moulds, so that it could be easily adjusted to the center of the tubes. For family use, the moulds were made in sets of from two or three to a dozen or more. The wicks having been adjusted, it was a very simple matter to fill the tubes with molten tallow, and set them away to harden, the process being hastened if necessary by immersion in cold water.

In this manner the summer supply was generally provided, but when the demands of winter came on, with the long evenings, and as well the greater abundance of material, owing to the autumnal "butchering" for the farm, the candles were more generally prepared by dipping; an evening's labor furnishing from a few dozen to as many hundred, according to circumstances. For this purpose a half-dozen or more wicks would be arranged upon a rod, at convenient distances apart, as many rods being employed as would furnish the number of candles desired. The tallow, having been melted, was poured into a kettle of water, well up toward the boiling point, and as only the clear oil would float, while all impurities sank to the bottom, the resulting candles were free from all sediment or foreign substance. Into the molten fat the wicks were carefully lowered, and on being withdrawn brought out a coating of tallow, which was allowed to harden by suspension over some vessel capable of catching any falling drops of congealed fat. The process was repeated till the candles had reached the proper size, when they were slipped from the rods and packed away for use.

The ordinary lantern of those days was a tin case, pierced with numerous holes of varying shapes; but none of which could be made very large, owing to the danger that the candle might be extinguished by a sudden gust of wind—which indeed was quite apt to happen in an unguarded moment, despite careful precautions. As the light was furnished by a piece of candle, the illumination secured in the general use of the lantern was far from dazzling; but where there was no danger from wind, the door of the tin case could be thrown open, giving considerable improvement.

These candles burned very modestly at the best, and in order to read even plain print, it was necessary to bring the flame within a few inches of the matter. The wick required to be frequently "snuffed" in order to maintain even the normal amount of light—an operation in which snuffers or shears were frequently employed, but which was more commonly performed by tipping the candle a little to one side, catching the burned wick between the thumb and finger and dexterously pulling off as much as had been consumed. A tyro in making this attempt usually received a blistered finger; but after a little practice the operation could be performed with impunity — partially on account of the experience gained, and partially through the searing and toughening of the cuticle.

Such was the lighting apparatus of the common people, though its field bordered and mingled with

that of the dimly-burning, malodorous whale-oil lamp. This apparatus, which had no burner, as the term is now understood, consisted simply of an oil cup, fixed upon a more or less pretentious pedestal with one or two wick-tubes, as short as practicable, not to take the flame too far away from the oil. There was no device for conducting a current of air against the flame, save as it might be brought by the heated air in its ascent, and any attempt to raise the flame above a certain very moderate point simply resulted in an outpouring of stifling smoke. In the course of time, however, these lamps were adapted for use in lanterns, the sides of which were made of sheets of glass, noting a very marked advance in the amount of illumination secured. Then came the globular glass lantern, with its framework of metal, capable of giving about an equal amount of light in all directions, and thus the record stood at the time coal oil, kerosene or mineral oil, as it is indifferently called, came into public notice.

The genius of other lands, in previous ages, had made little better progress in the matter of turning darkness into light. Lamps of some sort had existed for ages, but in the matter of scientific principles they had been sadly wanting. While the bowls for hold ing the oil supply had been elaborately made and ornamented, and of a capacity to maintain a steady burning for a year, they were quite incapable of giving a bright, clear blaze. In some country and in some manner, nearly every fatty substance or oil known to the people had been employed for feeding the flame, though a few oils, by their unquestioned superiority, had held the principal places in the popular estimation.

It was in 1783 that one Leger of Paris adopted the plan of using a flat wick, like a ribbon, thus doing away with the round mass of combustion, to the center of which no air could come. The result was a bright flame, free from smoke, though it had the disadvantage of throwing its rays strongly toward but two of the four sides of the apartment. To obviate this difficulty, a curved form was given to the wick, and this being extended resulted in the round or Argand burner, named from its inventor, a Frenchman, by whom it was patented in 1784, both in France and in England.

This burner, while it gave the advantage of a thin sheet of flame, was also so constructed around a hollow tube as to permit a strong current of air to reach the center of the flame, supplying oxygen to both sides of the sheeted blaze. It was found in practice that the inner draft was naturally much stronger than the outer, and the latter was made more effective by applying a chimney provided with a neck just above the top of the flame, which by drawing the air inward gave a much more efficient supply of oxygen to the exterior of the blaze. This form of burner is still the standard, though it is not necessary to say that during more than a century of progress it has been the subject of innumerable alterations and modifications. A good illustration of the Argand burner is found in the still popular Student lamp, which in addition has a device for furnishing the oil from a more or less distant reservoir directly against the wick, and near the point of combustion.

The latter was an important factor when heavy and slow-burning oils were employed; but with the advent of kerosene this embarrassment was removed. And providential was the discovery of the vast stores of this illuminant, waiting in the bosom of the earth to be drawn forth for the needs of man. The whale, which had been the principal dependence for centuries, was disappearing from the deep, while at best the oil which he yielded was unsatisfactory in quality, expensive and disgusting in smell. Experiments had been made during the decade or two preceding the civil war in the use of such substitutes as camphene and burning fluid; but these were inflammable and dangerous, and their brief popularity cost many lives.

The new oil was likewise more easily ignited than that yielded by the animal or the vegetable worlds; but it was soon found that with reasonable precautions it did not cross the barrier of safety, while it burned with sufficient freedom to open the way for wide and radical improvements in the principles and construction of lamps. The forty years which have passed since that demonstration was fully made have been years of the greatest possible advancement in the field of the household lamp, though due credit should also be given to the low cost of the natural oil, which has enabled the free consumption of such quantity as might be necessary to give brightness and cheer, at an expense which could be readily borne by families in humble circumstances.

The kerosene lamp of the present day is an object of artistic beauty, as well as of utility; while it possesses a power for illuminating purposes which gives it a high place in the popular esteem. No other light has yet been produced which is soft, steady, and grateful to the eyes, as that of a modern kerosene lamp, properly shaded and directed. This is in a measure due to the duplex burner invented in England in 1865, and since modified and improved, by which the power of several flames may be secured from a single lamp, giving an effect far superior to that afforded by the best gas jet. American manufacturers have given great attention to the perfecting of this class of household goods, and several styles of lamps have been put forth within the past few years which have already attained an enviable popularity on account of their excellent qualities. The styles of the best makers, while endless in variety, are without exception handsome, and often superbly elegant; while their cost is so moderate as to bring something really desirable and ornamental, as well as highly useful, within the reach of the modest purse. When one considers the progress which has been made within the past few years, and the evolution from the dim candle, whose feeble flame served only "to make the darkness visible," there is indeed cause for thankfulness.

—Newton Norton.

MEN WHO FACE DEATH.

THE BARGEMAN.

"A-HOY-EE! A-hoy-ee-o!"

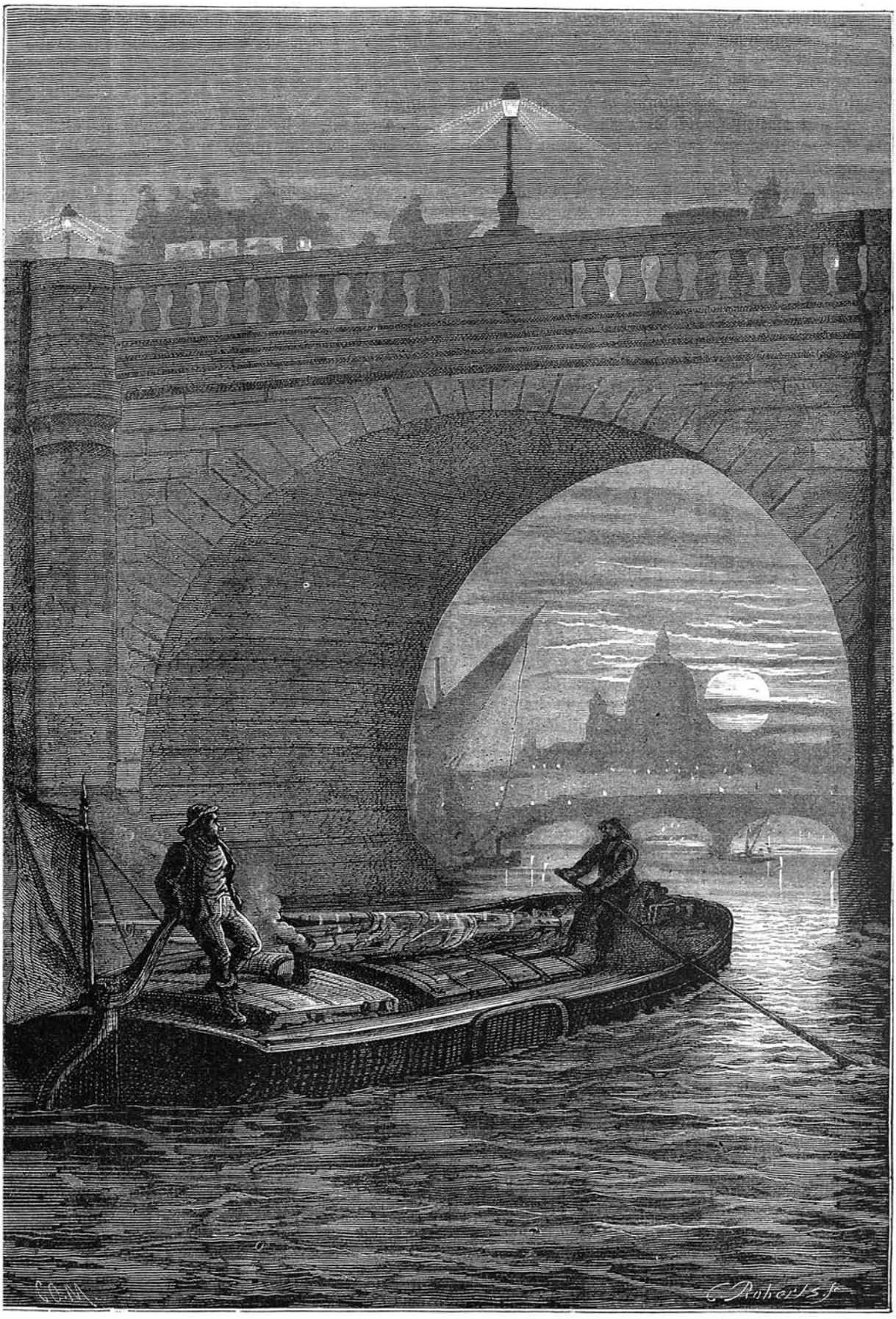
Lor', I shouldn't wonder if a good many people—ladies and gents, maybe — as have heard one of us a-hollerin' out this of a fine summer's night, just as we was coming along in sight of the lock, has thought—being at the time sentimental, like what they calls the serious songs in the "Little Warbler," as my pardner, Joe, sings a stave out of at odd times—I shouldn't wonder, I say, if they thinks to themselves, how pleasant it must be for to live on a barge, and go voyagin' up and down this 'ere sunlighted and moon-lighted river, with the trees a-rustlin' on the banks, and the water a-shining and rippling all round.

There's no partick'ler harm in thinking of it so, except that it ain't the whole truth, and nothink but the truth, as the coroner's clerk says when he's puttin' you to your oath respectin' a "dead body found," or else a sooicide as you prevents, maybe, through bein' a-layin'-to ashore amongst the mud, and watchin' against high-tide for to float you off, when perhaps you hears a scream right up by the parrypit of the bridge, and then a kind of a awful splash and a flutter, and a shriek as makes your blood run back from your fingers' ends, and all up to the roots of your hair; and then you goes out on the timbers, and looks as hard as you can down to the dark deep shadow as lays under the arch; and then you, and perhaps a wharf watchman, or a waterman as may be about, shoves off a boat, or lays out on the timber; and just as you sees a sort of a shape come drifting towards you in the light that's always to be seen on the surface, you make a clutch at it, and there's a gurgling and a struggling, and you haul it in, and it's a tangle of ribbon and clothes and long wet hair; and then there's a white *livin'* face, and tremblin' live flesh and blood; and then all the blood goes down from your head agin, and sets your heart a-thumpin', perhaps, and you feel ready to give the wretched creetur a shakin' for to bring her to her senses, and to wake her up to what she's nearly done by drawin' her feller-man into what's often lookin' death in the face for him as well as for her, if he's tempted, as well he might be, for to go into the river and let her get hold of him out of shoal-water.

But I'm a-rambling on right away from the subject, as is the way, I think, with men that lives on the water. They can keep a steady hand on the tiller, or get a regular heavy pull on the long sweeps when they're in the stream, but their thoughts goes a-wanderin' all the same while their eyes is wide open, while, of course, such summer days as I've mentioned, when the tow-ropes is on, and they're going quite smooth down between the regular locks, and smokin' a afternoon's pipe, listening drowsy-like to the soft thud of the horse's feet ahead, and the ripple of the water astarn, they must be poor chaps if they don't go off into all sorts o' dreams. I don't say as I ever tried to make po'try myself, but it wouldn't be a wonder but what some of our chaps had tried it afore now; not as there's much of readin' and writin' among us at present, any more maybe than making a kind of list of cargo with a bit o' chalk, or signing a delivery-sheet; but then there's much to be done even with a bit o' chalk and a memory, if you've got the knack of makin' up things, as my pardner has more than once added a verse or so to the "Little Warbler" when he's been sociable inclined, and we've been settin' comfortable at our tea, with maybe a bloater as a sort of extray inducement for him to come out strong.

It's at such times that the ladies and gents afore-said, when they sits in their own boats and sings, "Flow on, thou shining river," and such like, or when they're on one of the banks of the Thames, a-fishing or courting in a punt—or perhaps on the Lea river, down there by the white bridge at Horse-shoe Point, forgets for a moment all about the many that's faced death in the water by the way of the bridges, or a sudden leap in the dark—forgets all about the inquest, and the workus shell, and the funeral—forgets even about the reskies of them that is pulled out by such as us, and has to go up before the magistrate, and be sent to prison till they come to their senses. I don't wonder at it, for one, not when I'm a-settin' in the sun, and going easy with the tow-rope; for the barge that me and Joe works is pretty enough, and all clean painted, and the cargo, whether it's gunpowder, or new-mown hay, or general things, as we may call merchandise, is no detriment to the look of the *Pretty Jane.*

I mention gunpowder, don't I, because I'm going to talk about the dangers we undergo when we carry such, as was proved only the other day when, as the newspapers said, half of London might ha' been blowed to ruins but for the three barges and the steam-tug being just where they was? But I don't mean to say a word about that. Men have been facing death that way for years and years, and nobody the wiser; and when the fright's blowed over, and the houses down by Regent's Park is rebuilt, they'll most likely have to face it the same way again, except perhaps that they'll be cut off their bacca for a time, and no cookin'-stoves will be allowed aboard if known



THE BARGEMAN.

of. But, bless you, there's more facing of death than that every day among us, through cold and hunger, and the night fogs, and the morning mists, and falling overboard in the pitch dark, and—what the sentimental ladies and gents thinks of less than all—through dirt and filth, and fever and ague, and the state that many barges and boats get into when they ain't like the *Pretty Jane.*

Summer days and autumn nights, when the barge, all painted gay, goes rippling on between green wooded banks, where the fields beyond is all fresh and beautiful, and the cattle stands and looks at us out of their sleepy eyes, and the corn-fields lays mellerin' in the sun, and the lark sings overhead, till the grey of the evening comes down, and the light gets more of gold and less of burning heat in it—all these is one thing; and the *Pretty Jane*, and her neat brass-bound cabin, and the shiny stove, and our best tea-things, and the painted tray, and my pardner Joe's wiolin, and the parrot, is one thing; but coal barges out on the tide of a winter's night, and guano barges, and loads of manure that might be smelt a mile off; and cargo boats with cabins that's like pigsties, and human beings stowed away in such a fashion as no farmer now-a-days would think of doing by pigs, let alone horses as is so much more counted of than human beings—these is quite another thing; just as a pretty run down in fair weather, and the boy at the horse's head on the towing-path, and Joe or me at the tiller, or else one of us a-dreaming in the sun on a tarpaulin—and me and Joe alongside of the wharf a-taking in or a-delivering of cargo of a bitter cold night, and such a fog that you can't hardly see the gangway, and the lanterns like will-o'-the-wisps, so that you're likely every hand's turn to slip over the side between the barge and the iron-bound piles, where you'd be jammed to a mummy—is quite another thing. I don't take the missis with us now. Joe, which is the missis's brother, and my pardner, he and me go together; but the missis has a home ashore, and a bit of a shop that we'd saved up for—I might a'most say we starved and pinched ourselves for, but that we did it by giving up the drink. We never took the children aboard after little Benjy died—never!

Talking about fair weather, and the silver ripple on the river, and the song-birds, and the golden evening time, makes me think how my poor missis—her name being Jenny, but not named after the barge, though you might think so—how she laid out little Benjy on a clean white pillow, with a holland sheet, on the poop, and how we stopped to go ashore on the lock and get some green boughs, and a few flowers that the lock-keeper pulled from his garden, to put round him, and made a sort of a tent with a square of sail-cloth; and how Jenny sat down by it with her face in her hands, and I went to the tiller, and Joe stayed ashore by the horse's head, and we went through the country as still as if it was a funeral, which indeed it was, because we meant to bury him next day in the little churchyard on the hill, where Jenny goes still once a year to see the grave, as is green and pretty even yet, though this was ten year ago, and the other children's growing up, and two of 'em old enough to be put to something. You'll excuse me, this ain't what I rightly meant to say; but concerning of them that faces death daily and nightly, of other men and women as might be us, and of children perhaps as dear and as well-favoured and pretty as little Benjy. Why, there's over ten thousand men, women, and children actually living on board of boats and barges day and night!—on board of barges where the cabins, many of 'em, aren't so big as ours in the *Pretty Jane*, and where whole families has to eat and drink, and wash, and sleep, and live, in a way that a stable's a palace to, and a pigsty in a dairy-farm a parlour in comparison. Children are born in these places; need I go fur to say that they die there? Over ten thousand, when last the Government took the senses of the people——census, is it? Well, never mind, let's say when they was last counted—which, mind you, was more notice than might have been expected of the Government, and hasn't been followed up by anything that I ever heard on. Over ten thousand living on board as stated, out of pretty nigh thirty thousand as gets a living by barges and boats in the carrying trade. There's them that knows as well as the Government that this don't nigh come up to the true number now. More children have been born and reared since then in the stifling cabins; more women have toiled at men's work as well as their own, and took their share of danger and of drink in a hard life; more men have faced death, along with them that's maybe as dear to 'em in their way as some of the sentimental ones aforesaid is to them, though perhaps a queer and a rough way of showing of it. The calkilation now is that taking not fur off five thousand miles of waterway of rivers and canals in England, and taking of an average which I hold, with my pardner Joe, is four boats to a mile (such is the growth of the business), and reckoning only a man and wife and two children to each barge—as is below what anybody can prove for themselves by visiting the cabins, where oftentimes there is three or four, and even five, and sometimes two families—we comes to this point, namely, that something like forty thousand at least, and nearer ninety thousand in my opinion, is to be totalled up before you can say, "All told."

I've heard from seafarin' men, and them that has been to China, that there's what's called floatin' villages of junks—as is the name they give their boats out there—and that the people there live on a very little, and their morals ain't up to much. We might as well perhaps look at home; not as to morals we won't say, but as to the ways of living where common decency ain't very easy, and health ain't hardly possible, let alone what might be called manners; and especially as there hasn't been as yet a schoolmaster sent by Government as would even go so far as to teach writing with a bit of chalk on the back of a tea-tray, such as I might execute myself, or to read with a proper sentiment out of the "Little Warbler," which Joe has learnt how to come uncommon.

NOT ADAPTED TO KITCHEN USE.

The most valuable egg in the world is that of the extinct great auk, a specimen of which was sold the other day for $1,500. Of all known eggs the biggest is that of the extinct giant ostrich of Madagascar, supposed to be the original of the mythical roe. Semi-fossil specimens of it were recently used by the natives of that country as vessels for holding or carrying water. One of them will hold more than two gallons, its bulk being equal to 148 hens' eggs, or six ostrich eggs. There is a cast of a giant ostrich egg in a certain collection, alongside of another taken from the next biggest egg ever known, which was laid by the giant moa of New Zealand, a bird which weighed 1,000 pounds. The original of the latter was found in digging a well. *--Good Housekeeping, 1891*

NETTING MADE EASY.

HERE, boys, is a simple way to make a "scap-net," or crab-net, without using a mesh-needle; and now would not be a bad time to set about it, in anticipation of the summer holidays. For the general subject of netting, hammock-making, etc., we would refer the reader to the exhaustive articles which have already appeared in our pages.

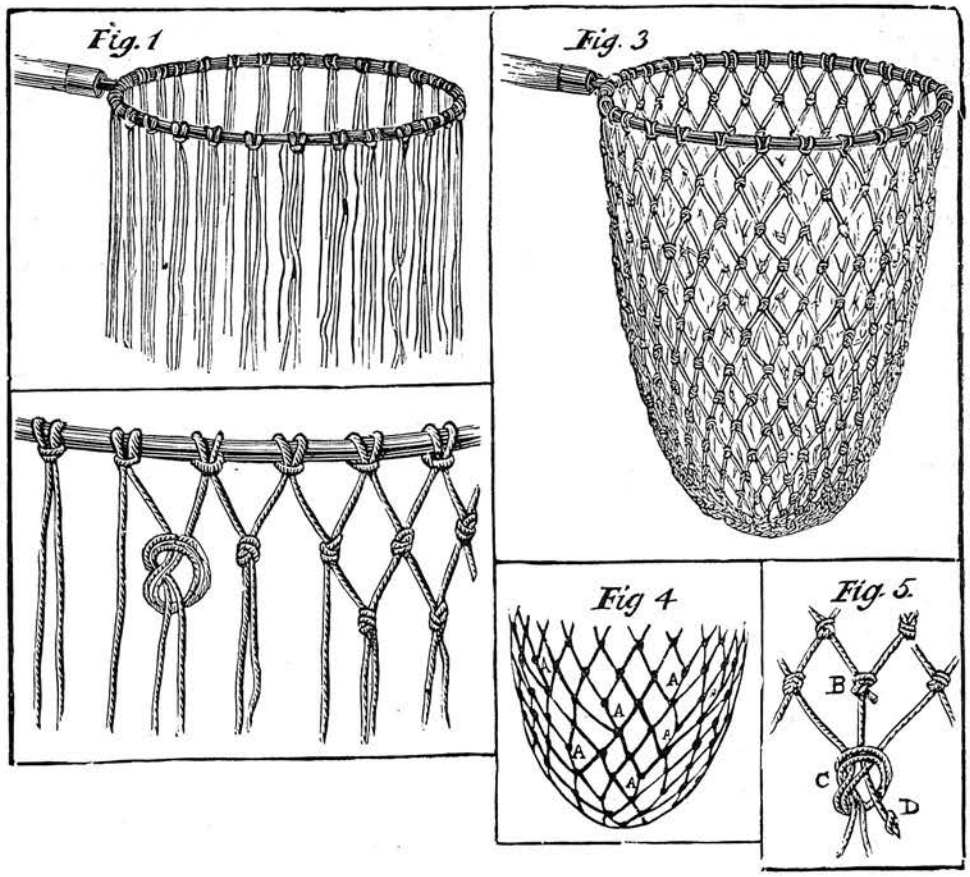
If there are no shops which keep such things, any blacksmith can make the ring, and a pole is easily provided. The ring must have a spike to drive into the end of the pole, around which should be a ferrule to prevent splitting. Having all ready, fasten the pole at some convenient height, so that the ring will be out towards you, and on a level with your eyes. Take a ball of twine and cut it in pieces three or four times as long as you wish your net to be deep. Double these and loop them, about one inch and a half apart, around the ring, as in Fig. 1. Of course they will be much longer than here represented.

Then, beginning anywhere, take two strings, one from each adjoining pair, and make one knot of them, as in Fig. 2. And so go once around the whole ring before beginning the next row. Very little care and judgment will keep them even and regular. After five or six rows, you can begin making the meshes smaller by knotting closer. Continue making them smaller until the knots become too crowded, when the opening at the bottom will be small enough to be tied across by the exercise of some home-made ingenuity. This will give a handsome-looking net, such as Fig. 3, which has the advantage of being strongest where the most wear-and-tear comes, and where other nets are weak.

But if you prefer to make the net lighter, and to narrow it like the regularly made nets, a method is suggested in Figs. 4 and 5.

When you have made the requisite number of even rows, as before, begin narrowing by clipping off one string of a pair (see B, Fig. 5) at four places equidistant on the same row. Then proceed to knot as before, excepting at these places, where you must take a string from the pair on each side of the single one, and knot them, allowing the single string to pass through the knot (C) before closing it. Be careful to make the tie long enough for the knot to come even with the others in the same row. Then pull down the single string, and tie a simple knot (D) in it, close up to the double knot. Then cut the string off close. Proceed in the same manner with the next row, avoiding as much as possible having the dropped meshes come under one another. As you get down you will have to increase the number of them in each succeeding row, in order to bring the net together at the bottom.

In this mode of finishing, the meshes towards the bottom need be made only a little smaller than those above.



IMPRESSIONS OF A NOTICING EYE.

CHARACTERS IN HAIR.

THE MILITARY.

IF we might judge from the Penny Awful, and even from the Shilling Shocker, there is a moral fatality in hair. The dark-eyed woman with the "wealth of raven locks" is a fiend of deep plots and machinations, bent upon the destruction of the heroine with the golden hair—or we believe the approved form is now the "gold head"—and the violet eyes. About one thing the world has made up its mind, or, at least, the world of superficial observers, who have a sheep-like tendency to keep together; and that one thing is, that a strong-minded woman in fiction ought to be a brunette, and that a sensitive, tender, gentle creature is to be depicted as a blonde. This is on a par with the old melodramas, where the heroine always wore white, and came on the stage to slow music. The heroines of our hearts did not appear crossing our life's scene to slow music—did they? Nor were they gifted with sympathy, tenderness, and sweetness according to the colour of their hair. The world of melodrama and of nine-tenths of our fiction is not the world we live in. As a matter of fact, the real golden hair is a gift as rare as the voice of a *prima-donna;* and the "wealth of raven locks" goes often with the softest of natures —those sensitive, and yet unselfish, beings of whom we might say that wonderful word of praise that it took Madame de Staël's genius to invent:—"She was more a woman than all the rest of women."

If the colour is not to be taken as an index, the habitual appearance is a safe guide to at least a few points of character. Our faces carry with them the story of our lives, though it be written in hieroglyphs unread; to some extent we ourselves have made them what they are; not the features, but the expression, is our making, formed unconsciously all our life. In just the same way, it is not the hair itself, but, so to say, the expression we have given to it, that tells the tale. White, black, or grey, brown, ruddy, yellow, ashen, or flaxen—what matters it?—our hearts and our ways are not coloured to match. Curly or straight—how could we help it? But our care and our carelessness, our work and our troubles, have given it an appearance of its own, which is part of our individuality; and therein are the secrets of character.

For examples, let us take a few types of men and a few types of women—*Place aux dames!* of course. The most easily recognisable classes are: the self-loving, whose thirst for admiration shows itself in an affected arrangement, and sometimes an artificial transformation of self into a golden-haired heroine; the tasteful, whose delicate sense of fitness and beauty is unwearied in making the natural coronal look its best, without any affectation or falseness of colour, but who, once having arranged it, carry their beauty unconsciously, clearly forgetting it; the artistic, whose hair is always a studied setting for the face, and no disguise to the shape of the head; the strong-willed self-assertive type, who adorn their heads in some manner audaciously original, fearless of ridicule and ignorant of humour; the impulsive and generous, whose tresses are often astray, and whose elf-locks are apt to stand up or slip loose like truants. These are not to be confounded with the disorderly, whose nature shows infallibly in their hair; for the wild heads of generous and impulsive folk may be of the order "tasteful" too. Or they may belong to the commonplace multitude who make life-long efforts only to keep their hair out of the way. This commonplace multitude has exceptionally precise members, to whom flatness and smoothness mean perfection—law-abiding and orderly in all things, from the paying of the bills to the exact smoothing of a hair, and with precise notions of all duties in their own (and all their neighbours') lives, down to the pinning of the said hair extremely tight. They are unemotional, primly-set pieces of human machinery, excellent in many ways; but poor human nature fears their criticism, and they are of a style of beauty that makes the blood of an artist creep. One more type closes our notes on what the antiquary called Womankind. Who has not noticed the vulgar devoted to

THE VULGAR.

'UMBLE.

cheap display? They are a legion whose curl-papers are public, and whose locks are like the Eastern flower that only unfolds when the day is late.

There is less of artificial style about a man's hair, and habit fixes its form more; it is a better index. We cannot mistake the stern order, or, so to say, the sense of discipline in the hair of the military man.

Nor could it be possible to mistake the coarseness of the vulgar nature, even if one caught only a glimpse of the back of that cropped and thick-necked head, boastful of gloss made out of oil enough to trim a lamp.

A different kind of sleekness lies upon the "'umble 'ead," that is held low, with a shrewd purpose of getting on more easily in the world than less hypocritical folks.

A certain amount of energy is inseparable from hair on end—not on end through carelessness, but through a quality of its own by which it refuses to be put down.

Probably there is some heat of temper indicated by these irrepressible, fly-away, half-curling locks; but in another type good-humour is predominant. It is shorter on end, and it gives the bluff and surprised look inseparable from Tommy Traddles and kindred spirits.

The commercial man, if he have time for such small ambitions, during his early years may try to emulate Apollo; but his waves and curls are too precise; their very precision betrays him.

Far different is the artistic or poetic effect of a sense of beauty and an inclination to negligence. The man who is always buying and selling is too exact if he studies appearance at all; the artist-nature shows more careless curves; he is always thinking how things look—not what he and the rest of the world are worth. The bushy artist, well known in comic illustration, is being supplanted by a younger generation, less luxuriant-haired, less given to velveteen and Bohemianism. His bushy tastes partly indicate his opinion that hair is the natural ornament of the human head, and partly his habit of not bothering himself about prosaic conventionalities. Indolence and ardour alternate in his soul; the lazy times are the fallow seasons of that rich

COMMERCIAL.

ground. "I shall never do anything good again!" the artist has sighed, and presently he does better than ever; but his hair and beard have thickened during the fallow season, and really he reflects, he looks the better for it, and keeps his bushy aspect in his after-glow of energy. At this point a question meets us, which we must leave unanswered. What is the connection between harmony and hair? and why must a musician have long weedy locks, if he means to draw from his audience "tears such as angels weep"?

There is a time when most men let their hair grow long: it is when age is coming. If they are not of the bald and clipped section of humanity, they enrol themselves then among the luxuriant-haired. Why? For no other reason than that white hair is the glory of age. A French proverb says that the head of the fool never whitens. To some extent, it is true; but the converse is more often the case. The fool will not let his head whiten. He dreads the appearance of his silver glory, and does all he can never to get it. But the whiteness of a noble head—how doubly it ennobles it! Many songs have been sung to raven tresses and

ENERGETIC.

BENEVOLENT.

to golden locks ; many painters from Titian downward have tried to persuade the world of the beauty of the shades of ruddy brown ; but let us give praise to the pure whiteness that comes at the end of life. Strangely enough, it seldom belongs to a woman ; it belongs to manhood, to wisdom, and it comes earliest to those self-denying men who have striven with an earnestness that doubled the hours of life, and who have entered with intense zeal into the struggles and sorrows of other lives. The fine face, with its deep lines marked by years of striving and of sympathy, could have from nature no covering more perfectly in harmony than that white glory of old age, even if it has come (as it often does to them) twenty years too early. We have been noting a type that has worn itself out in personal energy for his fellow-man ; but a vast amount of easier-going benevolence is crowned with the grey shades. Mark the easy curves of these quiet locks, and perhaps, if we relied on phrenology, we might add, mark the shape of the head that moulds their course.

In some rare cases, silver hairs come early, enhancing youthful looks, and showing under dark eyebrows the brilliance of bright eyes. However it happens, the possessors are no common-place mortals ; and nature's freak teaches us why the eighteenth-century ensconced itself in a wig, and why my lord pays a tax to dignify his flunkeys by powdering their heads.

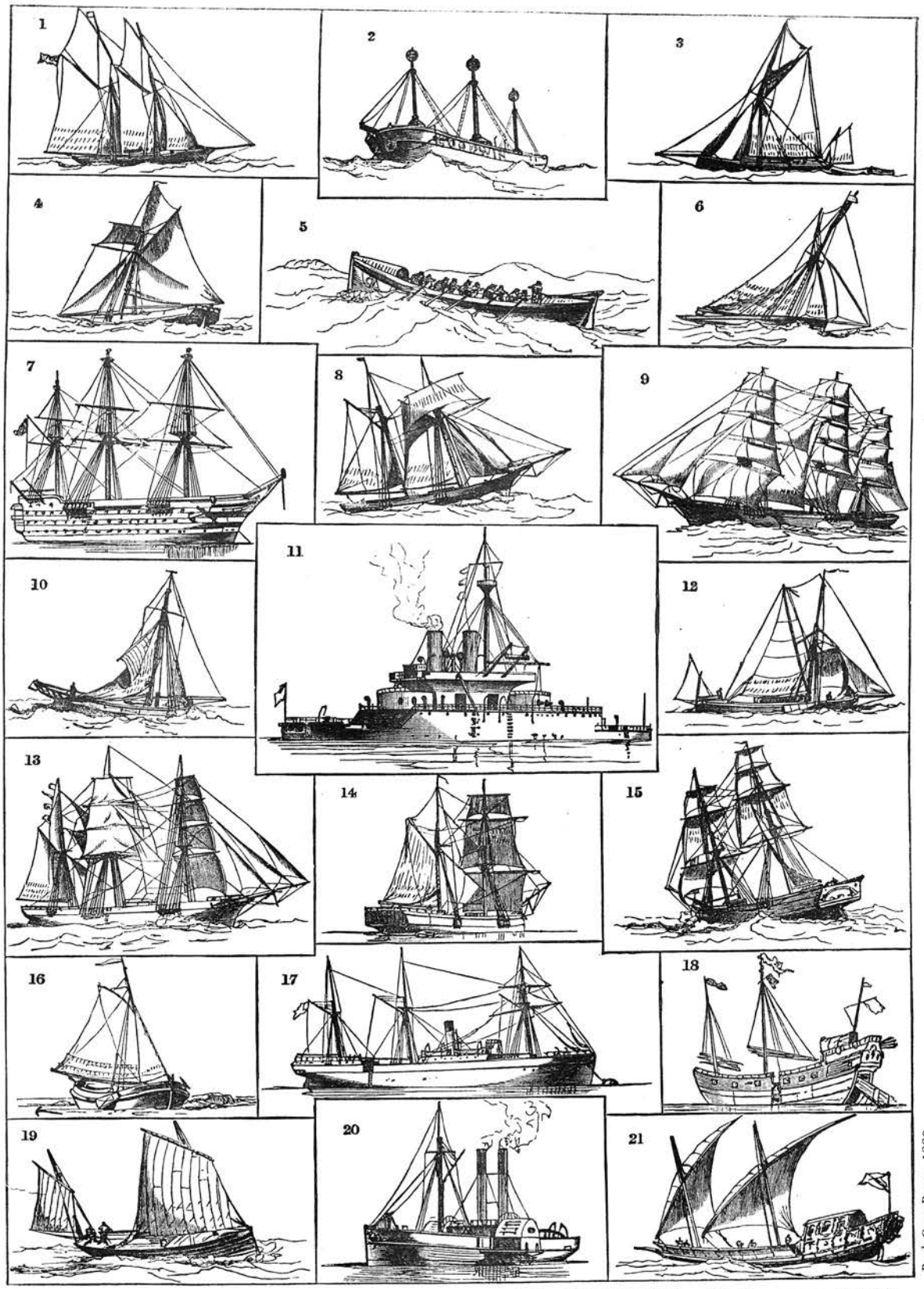
But one thing is common all the world over concerning hair. It is the one part of ourselves that can be given away : the treasure of the lover, the only thing the mourner can keep as a positive portion of what was once his living love. Ah ! what intense meaning these little shorn locks possess, whether they remind us of the absent or of the dead ! They tell their tales—love-stories, life-stories. Nothing else could speak as they speak to our heart. There is character for us in our treasures, even if we can read no such token in the every-day world around us.

SOME COMICAL BUTTONS.

By A. Chasemore.

Here are a set of six comical buttons, the exact size of the originals, in the possession of a friend of mine. Each one is set in a copper rim which does not appear to have been gilt, and is protected by a thick convex glass like that of a watch. The heads which you see are double—the chin of one making the nose of the other—and are painted very carefully and delicately in black and white on vellum, on a black ground. The date when they were originally worn would be, according to the hats and wigs, about the middle of the last century.

Number one, or, more properly speaking, the top button, represents the head of a serious-looking philosopher, and his double a jovial sailor ; the next that of a grenadier, the same that we see in Hogarth's "March to Finchley," and an individual who may be taken for a wild man of the woods ; the next, a gentleman wearing his own hair, and another with a peculiar headdress—half tortoise, half bellows ; the upper head, for all we know, might be a portrait of the wearer of the buttons, joined to that of an officer in the army. The last but one depicts, I fancy, a peasant and a peer ; and the bottom button of all that of another officer, and, say, the wearer again without his wig, who I should imagine to have been a bit of a wag in his way, hardly a sober citizen, and who wore these said buttons to give a jovial tone to the staid square-cut coat of George II.'s time.



Boy's Own Paper, 1880

THE "BOY'S OWN PAPER."] THE VESSELS OF ALL NATIONS. [56, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

(Specially drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by J. WELLS, *and presented with No. 56.)*

1. Schooner Yacht. 2. Light Ship. 3. Yawl. 4. Sloop. 5. Lifeboat. 6. Cutter. 7. Three-decked Ship. 8. Topsail Schooner. 9. Ship. 10. Smack. 11. Ironclad Turret Ship. 12. Barge. 13. Barque. 14. Brigantine. 15. Brig. 16. Dutch Boat, 17. Screw Steamer. 18. Junk. 19. Lugger. 20. Tug. 21. Felucca.

THE ETIQUETTE OF INVITATIONS.

WHAT IS GOOD FORM AND WHAT IS NOT IN GOOD SOCIETY.

THE manners and customs of our country have changed very much in many respects during the last fifteen years. Whether they have improved or the contrary is a question on which there is a division of opinion, but in the matter of invitations, I think it cannot be denied that we have made a decided improvement, and one in keeping with the spirit of our times. It is true that the engraved cards now so fashionable, seem to convey their message in a less courteous form than did the old-fashioned written invitations with their "requests the pleasure of Mrs. ——'s company." But they convey it with a brevity which is to the point, and which suits this busy era, and if they seem to breathe less of the spirit of compliment, we must remember that that spirit is a relic of a more artificial and formal state of society, and does not accord well with true republican simplicity.

Twenty years ago, old-fashioned people still occasionally "presented their compliments" when answering an invitation, though even at that time, this phrase was condemned as out of date—and now the expression "requests the pleasure" shows signs of vanishing from the world polite, although it is still used for formal dinner invitations, and sometimes for others.

I think that we should also rejoice that we have got rid of the monogram, which had grown rather barbaric in its pride and splendor. The colored letter-heads, with the address of the writer, are still used for written invitations, and are pretty and convenient. Some of the note paper now in use is so rough as to make it very disagreeable to write on, and is therefore disliked by most sensible people. Thus a young lady whom I happened to see buying stationery at Newport during the past summer, was extremely skeptical in regard to the paper and pens which were shown her, and asked "Can one write on it—will the pens write?" before she spent her money on any corrugated iron variety of paper.

Plain white or cream tints are now preferred by most persons, especially as so many invitations are written or engraved upon cards which are, of course, always white. Invitations are now engraved on thick white paper with envelopes to correspond, neither rough nor absolutely smooth, and free from stamp and ornamentation of every sort, save the maker's name on the envelope.

For afternoon teas, receptions and musical parties, many ladies use their own visiting cards, writing in the day and hour—as:

Mrs. James Thompson.
At Home
Thursday, December seventh.
Music at five o'clock.
132 *Beacon Street.*

or

Mrs. Thomas Gifford Brooks.
Friday, February sixth.
Tea at five o'clock.
46 *Quincy Street.*

The above two formulas are from invitations written on visiting cards. Some ladies prefer to have the entire card engraved, especially for large and handsome receptions, but it is not necessary to do so.

For evening receptions, it is convenient to have large "At Home" cards, printed, with a space left for the date and hour. These are also used for dancing parties and balls at private houses.

Mrs. Grenville
At Home
Wednesday, December fifth,
At nine o'clock.
Cotillon. 137 *Fifth Avenue.*

The above form was used for a large ball which took place at Newport during the past summer, but I have substituted a fictitious name and residence for the true ones.

I need perhaps hardly say that it is now fashionable to spread one's entire name upon one's visiting and invitation cards, but it is also customary for those ladies who are fortunate enough to possess an uncommon name, or who consider themselves as the most distinguished women, or the wives of the most distinguished men bearing a certain name, to use it alone without prefixing any Christian name, as in the preceding formula. But unless a lady has a decided claim to such pre-eminence, or unless she is the wife of the oldest gentleman belonging to the oldest branch of a family, I should not advise her to write her name in this way, lest other Mrs. Smiths or Mrs. Browns resent her assumption of superiority.

The "at home" is now sometimes omitted, even in the case of evening receptions, where the occasion is not a very ceremonious one. Thus:

Mrs. Thomas Walter Dodd.
Friday evening, January fifteenth.
Music at nine o'clock.
147 *Newbury Street.*

But the "at home" form, is preferable. It will be observed that in the foregoing examples, the hour and date are written in full, in accordance with the present fashion. Indeed, the year is engraved in full on some wedding cards, which, perhaps, savors a little of affectation. In matters of etiquette, a safe rule is to avoid extremes, since a truly well-bred woman has a horror of rendering herself conspicuous, as she would be apt to do if she followed out every foolish caprice of fashion.

The abbreviations P. M. and A. M. must never be used in notes of invitation; one should write instead Friday morning, Saturday evening. It is not necessary to write afternoon, since the hours of an afternoon entertainment (which should always be given) could not well be mistaken for the morning hours.

Those who prefer to do so, may substitute "Dancing" for "Cotillon" in the invitation to a dancing party, and for a small informal dance, "Informal" may be engraved in one corner. "R. S. V. P." should be engraved in the right-hand corner, where an answer is desired.

I have spoken principally of the "at home" cards, because they are so much used, so easily written, and adapt themselves so readily to a great variety of occasions. Thus: "Theatricals," "Lawn-tennis," or "Readings and Recitations" could be easily added, indicating in a few words, the precise nature of the entertainment.

Some persons still prefer to write their invitations, and it is allowable to do so, except for very large and stately occasions. I have even seen invitations written on note paper, for afternoon tea, but this is unusual, a visiting or other card being almost always used for afternoon entertainments. Written invitations need to be carefully spaced and correctly phrased, as well as written in a neat, or better still, an elegant handwriting.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Jones
request the pleasure of
Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair Green's
company at dinner
on
Thursday, January eighth,
at eight o'clock.

132 *Beacon Street.*

The above is a correct form for a dinner invitation, but most ladies prefer to write a note in the first person, when inviting their friends to dinner, unless the occasion is to be a very ceremonious one. It will be observed that the name of the host is included in this form, as is also the case with wedding invitations. Dinner invitations are sometimes engraved for formal and stately occasions: they are usually sent by a private hand, and should always be answered promptly and without equivocation, that is to say, they must be definitely accepted or refused.

Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair Green
regret extremely that a previous engagement
must prevent their accepting
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Jones'
polite invitation for
Thursday, January eighth.

178 *Surrey Place.*

In case of an acceptance, the day and hour should be repeated, in order to avoid all possibility of mistake.

Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair Green request the pleasure of your company.

The above is incorrect in two particulars. In the first place, *and* should never be written in this slanting fashion, in the second, the note begins in the third person, and then changes to the second. This is ungrammatical, and while custom sanctions such a formula for engraved invitations, because it is convenient and time-saving, it is not allowable to word written invitations in this way. Foreigners, persons who write a very poor hand, or who feel uncertain as to their spelling, should either have their notes of invitation engraved, or written by some competent amanuensis.

As has been said above, most ladies prefer to write their dinner invitations in the shape of an informal note, a note, that is to say, written in the first person. It is entirely proper to invite in this way, any friend or acquaintance, but for inviting a stranger, it would be better to use the third person. Invitations to ladies' lunches are usually informal notes; they should be answered promptly, since these affairs have grown to be very much like dinner-parties, although in theory at least, luncheon is supposed to be a simple and informal meal. Engraved invitations are sometimes sent out for luncheons, but not often.

Wedding invitations are now engraved on note paper.

Mr. and Mrs. James Taylor
request the honor of your presence
at the marriage of their daughter
Elinor Louise
To
Mr. Claypole Thompson
on Tuesday morning, December eighth,
at half-past eleven o'clock.
St. Paul's Church.
Salem, New York.

The above is the usual form for a church wedding—the name of the city and State would be omitted, where the marriage was to take place in a large city like New York or Boston, as it is used in the case of a small town or city merely to prevent confusion.

Mr. and Mrs. James Taylor.
At Home.
on
Tuesday, December eighth, from twelve until two o'clock.
187 *Maple Avenue.*

The above would be a proper form for the invitation to the reception after the wedding ceremony. For a house wedding, the first form would be used, substituting the number of the house and name of the street, for the name of the church. Wedding invitations do not ordinarily require any answer, unless one is specially requested. Those who are unable to attend the wedding leave or send their cards on the day that it takes place, or as soon after as possible. Persons living at a distance send their visiting cards, timing them so as to arrive on the wedding day.

Some persons imagine that because invitations are written or engraved on visiting cards it is proper to answer by writing on their own cards. This is a mistake; it is not thought "good form" to accept or decline an invitation in this way. Many persons do not answer "at home" invitations, on the ground that they are worded in such a manner as to make a response unnecessary. An answer should be written on note paper if at all, and written out in full, as thus:

Mrs. Thomas Jones accepts with pleasure Mrs. Thomas Dunn's polite invitation for Thursday evening next.

Invitations to afternoon teas and receptions, do not require any answer. Guests leave their cards, as they enter the house, or send (their cards) if they are unable to be present on the occasion.

In answering any invitation, great care should be taken to do so in a polite and painstaking manner, and one corresponding in form with the original note or card. Thus a written invitation must never receive a verbal answer, and a note written in the third person, must not be answered in the first, or vice versa.

—*Florence Howe Hall.*

HOLE IN THE STOCKING.

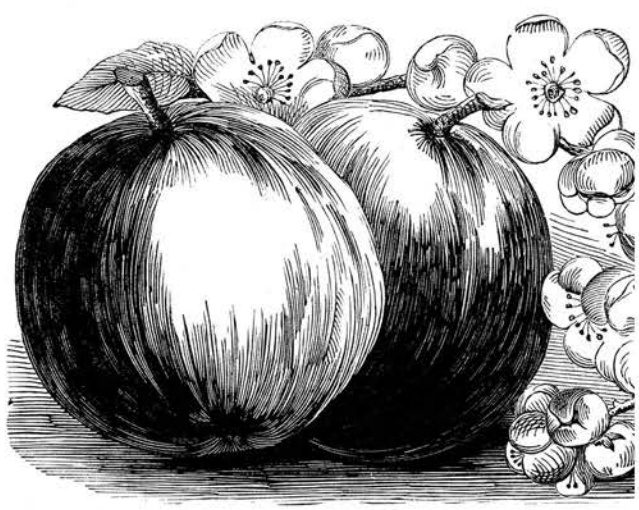
How queerly does a fellow feel
A walking in the street,
When he's aware his stocking heel
Makes visible his feet.

He knows the females, as they walk
Before him and behind,
Of his deficiency will talk—
For they are never blind.

He fancies he can hear them say,
"That is a curious chap,
To curl his hair and dress so gay,
With such a stocking gap."

He lifts his foot up awkwardly,
And puts it down again,
And tries to pass, that none may see,
But labors all in vain.

He fancies too a thousand giris
To see his heel are flocking;
O, who can tell the horrors of
A single holy stocking!



COOKERY.

PICKLES

Pickled Gherkins.—One of the few pickles in esteem in France, where a peculiar sort—the *cornichon*, short and thick—is grown exclusively for pickling ; cucumbers being rarely eaten sliced, as with us. The smaller the gherkins (from an inch to an inch and a half long), the more they are esteemed: to insure which smallness, they are daily gathered from the beds, and thrown immediately into strong salt and water. When you have enough to fill your jar or jars, take them out of the brine, and drain them. Peel shalots (or small onions), in the proportion of about one in ten to the number of gherkins. Have a few sprigs of fresh tarragon. Pack the gherkins in the jar, interspersing with them the shalots and a few tarragon *leaves*. When the jar is nearly full, lay on the top some *sprigs* of tarragon. Pour boiling vinegar over all. Spice may be boiled with it, but is not needful. If the gherkins are not *green* enough, you may pour off the vinegar after awhile, and return it to them boiling hot. Our neighbours themselves care little about the *colour;* though, to please their customers, they sell gherkins in bottles made of green-tinted glass.

Pickled Cucumbers, Tomatoes, and Beet-root.—We put these three articles together, on account of the difficulty of keeping them (especially the two last) pickled, without moulding. The remedy is, to extract the natural juices by the application of salt, which also robs them of their flavour. Cucumbers are cut, without peeling them, either into lengths across, and the seeds removed with an apple-scoop ; or lengthwise, also removing the seeds. After several saltings, they are put into a jar, and covered with hot vinegar, seasoned with spice. Green tomatoes, left whole, are treated similarly. The addition of either of the three to other pickles, is apt to mould them. They require attention, for the moment mould appears, they must be taken out of the jar, wiped, put into a fresh jar, and their vinegar poured over them, after boiling up. Garden beet alone hardly makes a pickle. The best way of using it is to bake it in a very slow oven, and then to slice it as wanted for incorporating with salads, &c. Green potato berries have been pickled to pass for tomatoes, which is a very dangerous practice.

Pickled Samphire.—The true samphire (Shakespeare's *Crithmum maritimum*) is now a rare plant. When you are so fortunate as to come into possession of it, divide it into small sprigs, rinse them well, lay them to drain in the sun, and leave them there till the leaves begin to flag a little ; which, being succulent, they are in no very great hurry to do. Place them in their jar, and cover them with hot vinegar containing a little salt but no spice, so as not to overpower their natural aromatic flavour. This plant is an umbellifer—*i.e.*, bears flowers arranged like those in celery, parsley, &c. What ordinarily passes for samphire is a glasswort (*Salicornia herbacea*) common enough in salt marshes and on low muddy shores not often covered with the tide. It is not aromatic, but is full of soda; whence its English name, derived from its having at one time been employed in the manufacture of glass. It has even assumed the true samphire's name of *passe-pierre*, from the belief prevalent amongst some people that the latter relieved patients troubled with gravel and stone. Pull glasswort into sprigs ; wash and drain them, and pour over them hot vinegar well charged with salt and spice. We have known glasswort to be boiled and eaten as a vegetable, from faith in its healing virtues.

Pickled Nasturtium Buds and Seeds.—The first make the more delicate pickle, the latter are the more highly flavoured. Both must be gathered daily ; the buds before the petals protrude beyond the calyx, the seeds while they are still as soft as green peas. It suffices to throw either into good strong cold vinegar, and when the harvest is over, to cork them down tightly. To say that nasturtium (properly, *tropæolum*) sauce makes a good *substitute* for caper sauce, is scarcely fair, because it is so good in itself, and the flavour so different to that of capers, that it may be left to stand upon its own merits. Other pretended substitutes for capers are the flower-buds of the marsh marigold (*Caltha palustris*), a ranunculus, and the unripe seeds of a garden species of spurge (*Euphorbia*), falsely called by country folks the caper plant. We mention them only to warn the reader against both.

PRESERVES, ETC.

Baked Apples for Children.—Take a large earthen pot, and fill it to within three inches of the top with well-wiped apples of any sort you may have, but it is best they should be all of the same sort, in order to cook equally. Neither peel them nor remove the stalks. Pour over them, so as to cover them completely, a mixture of treacle or brown sugar and water. If the apples are windfalls, you may allow a little extra sweetening. It will be an improvement if you can put here and there amongst them some pieces of orange or lemon-peel, and a few cloves. Cover the pot with a lid, or with doubled brown paper tied over it with string. Set it to pass the night in a spent baker's oven. If the oven is too hot, the liquid in the pot will boil over or evaporate, and the apples be dried up or burnt.

Baked Apples.—Take a flat, earthen dish, on this place, so close as just not to touch each other, a layer of apples which have received no other preparation than careful wiping. Set them in a *gentle* oven, in which they must be watched from first to last in order to cook them as slowly as possible, and prevent their bursting more than can be avoided. Much will depend upon the oven, something on the kind of apple. Serve, after cooling, on the same dish on which they were baked.

Baked Apples.—Proceed as above, using a silver or a plated dish instead of an earthen one. When cold, sprinkle over them, for show, a slight dusting of finely-powdered lump sugar.

Stewed Apples.—Take a large shallow stew-pan that will hold six or eight apples, enough, in short, to make a dish. Peel the apples and take out the cores with a scoop, leaving the fruit whole. Pour a film of water over the bottom of the stew-pan to prevent sticking and burning, then place the apples in it side by side in a single layer as closely as they will pack, drop in lump sugar to give the degree of sweetness liked, a few cloves, the rind of a lemon, and the juice of the same. Pour in enough water to cover them.

stew till tender on a gentle fire, but not one minute longer. Take them out one by one, with a large spoon, without breaking them, and arrange them in the dish in which they are to appear. Let the juice boil a few minutes longer, to reduce it, remove the lemon-peel and cloves; when almost cold pour it over the apples. Added *hot* it might crack the dish if of glass or china. Invalids find apples so stewed much more tempting than if mashed to a jam.

Dried Normandy Pippins.—A convenient resource in invalid cookery, because they store well, and are to be had when apples with their skins whole are not. These, to turn out good, should be previously steeped in tepid water—if all night so much the better, if not, several hours. The time they take to stew will much depend on the length of their steeping. For stewing use the water in which they have been steeped, with the addition of more if necessary. Season, flavour, and serve as in the preceding recipe for stewed apples, applying the fire heat with even greater gentleness.

Dried Apples (*not Normandy Pippins*).—The kind most in use for this preparation (for which Norwich has long been celebrated) is the Norfolk biffin (*beau fin*), a very late, hard-fleshed apple. Drying apples in this way is a work of patience, and is a specialty with certain confectioners. The apples, by pressure between weighted boards and the slow but long-continued application of heat, become perfectly circular cakes of dark brown flesh, enclosed in an unbroken skin.

Apple Jam.—Peel, core, and quarter apples; flavour as above; put them into a stew-pan with enough water to keep them from burning, continue stirring and mashing with a fork until the whole mass is reduced to a smooth pulp. You may then either stop and put the jam into pots for present use—indeed, this is never intended for keeping—or, by slow evaporation, you may bring it to such a thickness that, put into shapes, it will stiffen when cold and so turn out an apple cheese.

Apple Jelly.—Peel, quarter, and cut up into small pieces a quantity of pippin apples. Put them in a stew-pan with a teacupful of water. When cooked to a mash put them in a jelly-bag, and let them drain all night; they must not be squeezed. Next morning put the juice in a saucepan, taking care not to put the sediment into it, in order that the apple juice may remain clear; put in sufficient sugar to bring it to the sweetness of currant jelly. Boil until it will jelly when cold, and put away in pots or glasses.

Orange Apple Jelly (*Excellent*).—When the apple juice, as above, is put into the saucepan to be boiled down with the sugar, throw in slices of orange with the peel on, and the pips removed; let all cook together. On potting it off let each pot of jelly contain a slice or two of orange. Both of the above are delicate sweet relishes to eat with bread.

Blackberry Jam.—For people living in the country in the neighbourhood of woods, although the fruit varies in abundance with the year, blackberry jam will be one of the cheapest. Its flatness and insipidity may be relieved by the mixture with it of a portion of apples, which will raise it to the rank of a second-rate jam. Any brisk-flavoured apple will do, but the Wellington or Dumelow's seedling is particularly recommended for the purpose. Several jams and preserves are the better for being mixed, and the mixture often assumes quite a character of its own. Thus apple and orange jelly (just given) is an excellent compound; rhubarb and strawberry jam also combine advantageously.

Strawberry Jam.—With jams and other fruit preserves, exactly as with wines, there are good, indifferent, and bad years. In a cold, wet, and sunless summer, it is difficult to make jams with the real perfume, although they may be made to keep by longer boiling, and an extra allowance of sugar. On the other hand, in fine summers, although it is false economy to diminish the prescribed allowance of sugar, the high flavour and firmness of the jam will testify to the influence of the genial season. In all cases the fruit should be gathered after one, two, or three dry days; never after a spell of rain. Over-ripe fruit is as much to be avoided as under-ripe. The former is vapid, has lost its flavour, and is often tainted with bitterness and the elements of decay. Gather your strawberries on a sunshiny afternoon, handle them gently, pick only handsome, well-ripened specimens, and do not commit the mistake of supposing that "any fruit is good enough for jam." Pick them from the stalks with equal care, the object being that the preserved strawberries shall remain *whole*. In this state they will be much more sightly in sweet omelettes, lay tarts, with creams, &c. Weigh your strawberries, and for every pound of fruit allow three-quarters of a pound of lump sugar, well broken up into small pieces or coarse powder. Put a layer of strawberries at the bottom of your stew-pan, then a thin layer of sugar, then more strawberries; and so on till all are in the pan. Set it on a gentle fire. Shake and stir with a spoon to prevent burning, taking care not to break the fruit. As scum rises, remove it till there is no more. Let the jam *boil*, with all due precaution, from thirty to forty minutes, or even a little longer, according to the proportion of moisture contained in the fruit, and requiring to be driven off by evaporation. When you judge the proper consistency to be attained, remove the stew-pan from the fire, and let its contents stand to cool a little; then distribute them into your jam-pots or glasses. Carry these on a tray into a cool, dry store-room, and let them stand all night. Next day you will be able to decide whether the jam is in a fit state to be tied down. Sometimes in wet, inclement seasons, you will find it desirable to give the jam a second boiling to insure its keeping. If all is right, cut circles of white paper which will exactly cover the surface of the jam in the pots. Steep them in brandy, and apply them to it. Then tie down with doubled or trebled paper and string, and write on the top the name of the jam and the date of the year. Store the pots in a dry closet, to avoid mouldiness, and in a cool one to prevent fermentation.

Raspberry Jam.—Take the same proportions of fruit and sugar, and observe the same precautions as in gathering, except that, as the fruit cannot be kept whole, this jam being really *a jam*, small and imperfectly-shaped fruit, if good in every other respect, may be employed. Then proceed, finish off, and store exactly as with strawberry jam.

Ripe Gooseberry Jam may be made either with the red, yellow, or white varieties of the fruit, but separately, unless a medley is wished for. Thick-skinned varieties are good, for the same reason that citrons are preferable to lemons for supplying candied peel. Wet weather is, if possible, even more unpropitious for gooseberry jam than for the preceding. Reject all cracked fruits, they are insipid and worthless. Remove the withered flower at the top of each, and the stalk at the bottom with a small, sharp pair of scissors. If you attempt to do it with your thumb and finger nails, you will in many cases tear the skin of the fruit. Weigh the fruit, and for each pound allow an equal weight (a pound) of broken lump sugar. Then proceed as with strawberry jam. You cannot keep the fruit *whole*—*i.e.*, you cannot prevent the skins from bursting; nor is it desirable that you should, because too large a proportion of water enters into their contents, and a great part of this must be evaporated. But break the skins as little as may be, then finish off as before. Gooseberry jam, properly prepared, keeps well. We have found some four years old as good as on the day when it was made.

Black Currant Jam.—Exactly as above. If you have the patience, cut off the withered flowers and stalks, which

is a great improvement. Black currant jam eats well in a rolled pudding; it is also useful to mix with water, as a cooling drink for invalids. Red and white currants are not often made into jam, but are rather reserved for jelly-making. Some people, however, have a preference for red currant jam, as there is a pleasant acid in the flavour of it; others, again, mix equal quantities of red currants and raspberries.

Apricot Jam.—The apricots should be ripe enough to halve with your fingers. Crack the stones and blanch the kernels in boiling water. Allow equal weights of sugar and fruit. In the stew-pan add the blanched kernels to the fruit, and proceed as before.

Greengage and Plum Jam.—Wipe the fruit, weigh it, set it on the fire in a stew-pan covered with a lid, taking the usual precautions to avoid burning. When soft enough, crush the fruit with a spoon, and remove the kernels. Then add the sugar; three-quarters of a pound to each pound of fruit *will do*, but a pound is better. Let it boil slowly for forty minutes. If sufficient moisture is not driven off, all plum jams are apt to ferment. You may blanch the kernels of the plums, and incorporate them with some of the jam, on whose paper covers it will be found advisable to note the addition.

Quince Marmalade.—The strong odour emitted by quinces is a sign of their being fit for use. Peel, quarter, and core them, but save the pips. Put the quinces and their pips into a stew-pan, with a little less lump sugar than is directed for the preceding preserves, and just enough water to keep them from burning. As the sugar dissolves and the liquor boils, continue stirring the whole mass. When the fruit becomes tender break and mash it with a spoon. In about an hour it will be done enough. It may then be turned out into preserve-jars. The next morning it ought to be perfectly stiff, from the strong mucilage of the pips being thoroughly incorporated with it. Tied down in the usual way, it will keep good for a long time.

Damson or Bullace Cheese.—Let the fruit be quite ripe and sound, and any that is at all damaged must be carefully picked out. For every pound of fruit set aside a quarter of a pound of sugar. Put the fruit, without water, into a deep stone jar. Set the jar, nearly up to the neck, in a vessel of boiling water, after tying double paper over the top to keep out the steam. Or you may set it in a *very* slow oven. When the fruit is tender pour it into a bowl; remove the stones with a fork, but leave the skins. Then pour all into a stew-pan. Add the sugar, and boil, with care not to burn, until the whole is reduced to a thick pulp. The time required depends on circumstances. A dessert-spoonful set out of doors to cool, will tell you if your cheese is stiff enough; if not, it must be boiled a little longer. When done put it into small shapes or moulds, in which it may be kept until wanted to be turned out, to appear at luncheon or dessert.

Currant Jelly.—Jellies from currants (red, black, or white) are all prepared in the same way. Strip the currants from the stalks, and for every pound of fruit set aside three-quarters of a pound of sugar. Some cooks allow as much as a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit or a pint of juice. Or, after the juice is extracted, you may allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar to every pint of juice. Put the stripped currants into a stew-pan, and let them boil for twenty minutes. The juice from red and black currants can then be squeezed through a cloth; that from white currants had better only drain, with very gentle pressure, to keep it clear. Return the juice to the stew-pan, add the sugar, boil up and skim. After cooling a little, your jelly will be ready to pour off into jars or glasses. The sugar is added *to the juice*, because it is clear that by boiling it *with the fruit* you lose all which remains adhering to the skins and pips of the currants when the juice is strained away.

SERVANTS OF THE HOUSE.

THE HOUSEMAID.

In many English households two servants only are kept—cook and housemaid—a small domestic staff, but one capable, under able supervision, of getting through a considerable amount of work. In order to effect this, it is necessary that each servant should be efficient in her duties, and that a regular plan of household labour be laid down, by which, instead of impeding each other's progress, mutual help may be rendered to facilitate a thorough dispatch of work. As a general rule, however, the less a cook has to do out of her kitchen the better will she be enabled to cook, and the more time a housemaid bestows on house cleaning, the greater will be the comfort of the family. Dusty furniture and a close atmosphere are evils which are apt to generate ailments in establishments where sufficient domestic labour cannot be afforded. Ailments of the kind should have no existence where sufficient servants are employed to keep every part of a house clean and wholesome.

One of the chief obstacles to the better discharge of housemaids' work than generally obtains is, not only the notion on the part of the servant herself, that her duties are of a semi-laborious nature, but the too ready acquiescence in this view by employers. Many ladies, when engaging a housemaid, hold out the "lightness of the work" as an inducement to get the place filled. Consequently, no sphere of domestic service is so crowded with young women in delicate health as that of the housemaid. Good health is, nevertheless, indispensable to the fit discharge of all kinds of labour.

A housemaid's place is no sinecure if properly filled. Early rising is indispensable; much physical strength is required for scrubbing, carrying trays, and answering bells, and if, as it often happens, there are children and invalids in the family, her powers of patience are considerably tried.

A good constitution and a willing disposition are amongst the principal qualities to seek in a housemaid, to which may be added a quiet, pleasing manner and cleanly appearance.

A housemaid's dress is of some importance. When engaged in her morning work, washable materials are the best; a wide holland apron should always be worn over one of white material whenever house-cleaning is going on. If the servant be required to appear at the front door, or wait upon the family whilst at dirty work, by casting aside the outer apron she is able to appear at a moment's notice in a presentable manner. For afternoon wear in the winter, very dark or black French twill dresses are suitable, inexpensive, and easily washed. In the summer light cotton materials look best. At all seasons a neat white crochet cap is the best head-gear. Thick boots, especially with nails, are destructive to stair carpets, and should on no account be worn in the house. Housemaid's gloves should be found by the mistress of the house.

As the duties of a housemaid are very numerous, and liable to vary in different households, it is advisable in this place to explain only those which are of general application.

A good housemaid will rise at six, and have her grates cleaned and rooms swept by seven. She will then go up-stairs, wash her hands, and make herself tidy for taking to the bedroom hot water if required to do so. In the meanwhile the dust will have settled, and the rooms will be ready on her return to be finished by eight. By nine o'clock breakfast ought to be cleared away and the housemaid ready to strip the beds, empty slops, and set the bedrooms in order. By eleven o'clock the up-stairs work ought to be done, unless extra cleaning is in question. Washing up china and glass, dusting the drawing-room,

and other light labour of the kind may take till twelve or one o'clock, by which time a housemaid ought to be dressed for the day, fit to answer the door, wait on the family, and do needlework. Any work required of the servant after mid-day should be of a nature not to soil her garments. At dusk, it is a housemaid's place to close all the windows at the upper part of the house. Before going to bed she has to turn down all the beds of the family, replenish ewers and water bottles, empty slops, and put everything in its place. If she has the charge of the plate-basket she carries it to the master's room, together with hot water. Considerate employers will dispense with a housemaid's attendance by ten o'clock, bearing in mind her morning duties.

The usual plan of housemaid's work, when no washing is done at home, is to clean the drawing-room thoroughly on Mondays, and one or two other rooms, according to their size, on each successive day during the week. Saturday should be a tolerably clear day from house-cleaning, beyond general dusting and setting in order for Sunday, cleaning plate, airing clean linen from the wash, &c. Any spare time left beyond these duties is generally allowed the housemaid for repairing or making her own clothes. If washing is done at home, the household work must necessarily be delayed in its course.

THE ROYAL FAMILY.

THE details respecting the reigning Sovereign of this country are naturally followed by some account of the Royal Family, and here the children of the monarch occupy the first place. Foremost among these is

The Prince of Wales.—The eldest son and heir of the Sovereign is at his birth Duke of Cornwall, and is forthwith entitled to all the revenues and rights of his Duchy. He is also born Duke of Rothsay, and Seneschal of Scotland, but other titles, such as Earl of Chester, Prince of Wales, &c., are afterwards conferred upon him by royal patent. That the title may be granted to one who is not the son of a king, but who is, nevertheless, heir to the crown, is shown by the example of George III., whose father, Frederick, Prince of Wales, died in 1751, whereupon George was created Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester. Since the time of James I. the proper title of the eldest son and heir-apparent has been Prince of Great Britain, though he is usually styled Prince of Wales, a title derived by transfer from the Princes of Wales.

The Prince of Wales is, next to the Sovereign, chief in this realm, although still a subject. His safety, and that of his wife, are guarded by special enactments, and he enjoys peculiar privileges; for instance, he sits at the right hand of the Sovereign in all solemn assemblies of state and honour, and he may retain and qualify as many chaplains as he will. At a coronation he wears a mantle doubled below the elbow with ermine, spotted diamond-wise; and in Parliament his robe is adorned with five bars of ermine, a gold lace above each bar. He has a coronet of gold, consisting of *crosses-patée* and *fleur-de-lys*, one arch, and a ball and cross. He also has a plume of three ostrich-feathers with a coronet, beneath which is a scroll with the words "ICH DIEN" (I serve). This mark of honour is traced back to the time of Edward the Black Prince, who killed the King of Bohemia at the Battle of Crecy, and took from him a similar plume and motto. The Prince of Wales has a place in the House of Peers, and, on his first introduction, is received with much ceremony; he also takes the oaths and subscribes the declaration. His wife is styled Princess of Wales; their children are princes and princesses.

The Princess Royal.—This title is borne by the eldest daughter of the Sovereign. She is the only one of the princesses who is heir to the crown in default of male issue, and she is, therefore, more regarded by our laws than her younger sisters.

The Royal Family in General.—The younger sons and daughters of the Sovereign, and other branches of the royal family, have precedence of peers and public officers, ecclesiastical and civil. Their order among themselves is determined by their relationships to one another. The members of the royal family are princes or princesses, and are all called Royal Highness. The sons, brothers, and uncles of the Sovereign are Princes of the Blood Royal; and the daughters, sisters, and aunts are Princesses of the Blood Royal; all these have their distinctive coronets. The nephews, nieces, and cousins of the Sovereign are called Princes and Princesses of the Blood (not Blood Royal). A letter to a prince or princess of the Blood Royal is addressed "To His (or Her) Royal Highness ——;" but a letter to a Prince or Princess of the Blood is superscribed "To His (or Her) Highness ——." In the first case the letter commences "Sir" (or "Madam") and concludes,

"I remain,
With the greatest respect,
Sir,
Your Royal Highness' most dutiful and most obedient, humble servant."

In the other case the conclusion is,

"I have the honour to be,
With great respect,
Sir,
Your Highness' most obedient and very humble servant."

The forms for the wives of princes are similar.

The marriages of the Royal Family are regulated by Act of Parliament, 12 Geo. II. c. ii.; but no act interferes with the free choice of the Sovereign. The chief provisions of the law are, that none of the Royal Family under the age of twenty-five may marry without the consent of the Sovereign, but that after that age they may, under certain conditions, do so.

It may be observed that no one who is not a Protestant can succeed to the throne of these realms. By the Articles of Union the Protestant succession of the House of Hanover is a fundamental part of our constitution.

THE PEERAGE.

Under this name are included several degrees of rank, some of them very ancient, and all of them very honourable. The word is used as a general designation for the titled nobility of Great Britain and Ireland, and properly denotes their equality. There are, however, several degrees of rank, viz., duke, marquis, earl, viscount, and baron; and, not unfrequently, one man possesses several of these titles. The House of Lords consists of peers, and includes the peers of England, of Great Britain, and of the United Kingdom, the representative peers of Ireland and Scotland, and certain bishops and archbishops —the latter being the lords spiritual, and the former the lords temporal. The titles of the lords temporal are usually hereditary, but not always; and some of the titles which belong to peers are titles of courtesy only, and give no right to a seat with the peers in the House of Lords. Ladies may be peeresses in their own right, and the wives of peers bear titles corresponding with those of their husbands, and as such are called peeresses.

GAMES AND AMUSEMENTS

As Benefits and Blessings in the Home.

By Milton Bradley.

Author of the celebrated "Checkered Game of Life," "Authors," "Reading Games," Etc., Etc.

THE amusements of mankind have always been a fascinating study, and whoever has the leisure to trace their development from age to age will find the story grows more interesting with every new chapter. In this connection it may be interesting to notice a unique and valuable book just published in a limited library edition, entitled "Korean Games," by Mr. Stewart Culin, who is in charge of the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania. In a recent correspondence with the writer Mr. Culin has briefly and quite clearly set forth his theory of the origin of games which is elaborately presented in this novel book. By his permission the following quotation from his letter is made as expressing in condensed form the theory of the origin of games and their great antiquity and universal use in all ages and all countries, and thereby indicating that instead of being in advance of the older nations the present American generation is far behind in all that pertains to the educational use of games and amusements.

MR. CULIN'S THEORY.

"That games originated in the craving for pastime and amusement which seems to be common to humanity has heretofore hardly been questioned. It has recently been asserted, however, that this so called 'festal' theory is intenable, and that practically all games and especially those like dominoes and cards, and board games like backgammon and chess were derived from the customs of divination practiced by primitive man. It has also been shown that the rudiments of practically all our popular games exist among barbarous and even savage people.

"It is further asserted that the implements used in games, which may be classified in three general divisions, are descended to us from primitive times. First among these divisions are what were originally instruments of magic, usually employed to determine number. These comprise dice and the teetotum, and among savages a variety of objects such as staves, cowrie shells, etc. Secondly: Game boards. These may be interpreted as having represented originally the world and its divisions. Third: The men or pieces which stood for the players and performed the circuit of the board according to the throws.

"Cards may be looked upon as having been originally magical. Their ancestry may be traced to the marked arrow of primitive culture, the shaftments of which were used like cards in America. Korean cards, from which the Chinese cards appear to be descended, still bear the mark of an arrow feather on their backs. Games intended for the purposes of instruction appear to have existed in Eastern Asia from remote antiquity. Such games are permitted in schools in China, Korea and Japan, and while all other amusements are forbidden to school children, they are actually encouraged within the school itself. Prominent among their school games is one resembling the 'Mansion of Happiness' played on a large board with divisions in which are printed the names of all the titles and ranks of government officials. The moves are made according to the throws with dice or similar objects and the players advance according to their throws, through the successive ranks to the highest positions, thus learning the steps of elevation and the rules of promotion. In Japan a similar game serves to instruct children in geography. Letter games, not altogether unlike those invented in New England, are also permitted to school children, while both in China and Japan games of cards, also for children, exist, intended for moral instruction and mental exercise. After the revolution of 1868 in Japan, cards were made bearing pictures of foreign objects, with the popular motto, 'opening and improving,' referring to the introduction of foreign ideas. In general it may be said that the games of children are not true games, but rather imitations or dramatizations of true games."

In the preface of his book Mr. Culin says: "The incentive to the preparation and publication of this work was primarily the inspiration drawn from suggestions based upon his studies of the institutions and games of primitive American peoples, made to me by my friend and collaborator, Mr. Frank Hamilton Cushing of the Bureau of American Ethnology of Washington. In his suggestions as to the object and origin of American games, I recognized a means of removing the study of games and allied customs from the uncertain domain of so called Folklore into the realm of true scientific investigation. I have left the direct comparison of the games of the two continents to Mr. Cushing, while I have carried forward the investigation of the Asiatic games upon the intrinsic evidence they themselves have afforded." Mr. Culin says also in his introduction: "Impressed with the

difficulties that beset the direct application of the explanations found in primitive life to our own customs, I have turned to Eastern Asia for evidence to connect the remote past with the present, and especially to Korea, a land most prolific in survivals, for confirmation of my theory. Games, I hold, must be regarded not as conscious inventions, but as survivals from primitive conditions, under which they originated in magical rites and chiefly as a means of divination. Based upon certain fundamental conceptions of the universe, they are characterized by a certain sameness if not identity, throughout the world. Without the confirmation of linguistic evidence they are insufficient to establish the connection of races or the transference of culture. They furnish, however, the most perfect existing evidence of the underlying foundation of mystic concepts upon which so much of the fabric of our culture is built, and are of the highest value from the wide application which may be made of the principles which they illustrate." We learn from Mr. Culin's book, as well as from other sources, that the genuine games of the ancients were exhibitions of feats of strength and skill as are our athletic games of foot racing, vaulting, baseball, football, etc.

It is claimed that these exercises of the adults were imitated by the children in many rude ways and thus the originations of chess, checkers and other quiet games of the present time were derived from mimic contests of the tribes with each other in their friendly games of strength or from the actual wars for which their athletic games prepared them. It is interesting to note that the same imitating of outdoor sports has been going on in recent years by manufacturers who have put on the market various board games representing contests at baseball, football, bicycle racing, horse trotting, etc.

THE GENESIS OF AMERICAN GAMES.

About the year 1843, a firm in Salem, Mass., published a game of cards called "Dr. Busby," prepared by the daughter of a clergyman in a neighboring town, and about the same time they also issued an improved edition of a board game called the "Mansion of Happiness," which had been published nearly fifty years earlier in England, and was almost unknown in America. This was practically the beginning of the publication of a class of healthful fireside games in this country. From the game of "Dr. Busby" a valuable line of instructive card games has resulted of which perhaps the earliest was "Authors;" and following the general plan of "Mansion of Happiness," the "Checkered Game of Life" was published in the year 1863.

From the publication of these two games has grown in this country a large line of social home games, some original and many more imitations, under a new name. Croquet when first introduced into this country, about 1865, was crude both in its material and rules. From this dooryard game has been developed the modern American professional game of croquet, which, with its perfect level dirt floor and cushioned walls may be called the queen of outdoor games to-day. This class of morally clean and healthful games has increased until their number is legion, and wherever properly used their influence has been not only innocent but morally and physically healthful.

THE DEGENERACY OF MODERN TIMES.

But in later years certain commercial conditions have so influenced the American market that at present the conscientious parent must exercise much care and patience in the judicious selection of games for the home circle.

Twenty-five years ago every city of moderate size and every large village had one or more book, stationery and toy stores, usually conducted personally by the proprietor, who was necessarily a man of intelligence and education. Games formed a part of these stocks, and parents and others could secure reliable suggestions and directions in the purchasing of their holiday presents, as well as such goods as were required from time to time at other seasons. But in the more modern methods of trade in which large department houses have so generally superseded the smaller stores all this, except possibly in the larger cities, is relegated to clerks who are inexperienced in the goods, and frequently have been secured for the holiday trade only, and at the close of the season will disappear from public notice, along with the entire stock of goods, until the approach of the holidays again. In the meantime, those who may desire to make selections of these goods must wait ten months, or at best make their selections from the left over stock of the past season.

The "book counter" is now a department of a huge establishment in which the proprietors have no direct contact with the goods or the purchaser, and while the buyer may purchase at a small profit to the dealer and save a percentage in the price paid, the judgment of the clerk cannot be relied upon for a proper selection, because the goods are often as unfamiliar to the seller as to the buyer. If, in addition to these conditions, the purchasers of this class of goods act on the principle of securing the largest box and most gaudy label possible for the money, regardless of the literary or other valuable characteristics of the contents, who shall be blamed if after a time the dealers place only such goods as these on their counters? Certainly under these conditions manufactures and publishers must be more than human if they do not adapt their goods to the demand of the trade, offering the public those which are most salable.

These conditions have so influenced the buying of children's games and amusements that, with the careless treatment of the articles by the parent after they have been bought and bestowed on the children, the result has been the accumulation of quantities of practically useless rubbish in many houses, even though originally some of the articles might have been the source of pleasure and profit to the home circle if they had only been properly presented to the children. An honest and well-meaning parent

said, in speaking of the use of games in her home: "Well, somehow our children don't seem to care for games. We have bought them every Christmas, and they are just looked at and soon piled away on the closet shelves." It may not be easy to determine whether the unfortunate condition of the game question in this particular family was caused by the inferior quality of the games published and methods of selling them, or primarily by the indifference of parents in general to the intellectual quality in making their purchases, whereby the dealers become accustomed to offering a line of cheap and showy boxes without regard to their contents. However, in either case the difficulty can be remedied very largely by the parents if they will buy only such publications as seem to have merit and then join in the games with the children, and thus contribute their part to the home life, instead of first buying a box because of its size and striking colors and then tossing it to the children without further care, to be broken up or thrown aside in a day or a week.

THE CLASSIFICATION OF GAMES.

All games may be grouped in three general classes:

First, games of pure chance, as the simple throwing of dice, rotating of a teetotum or top, in fact any device in which the result cannot be influenced by the act of the player.

Second, games of pure skill, as in chess, checkers and other like games, in which each move is governed entirely by the judgment of the player. Also those games of cards in which success depends on the ability of the player to answer questions in history, science, etc., may be considered as practically games of skill.

Third, combined chance and skill, as backgammon, in which each move is governed by the throw of the dice and the judgment of the player, or card games in which the dealing of the cards introduces the element of chance.

In games of pure chance there is practically no educational value nor intellectual interest. Games of skill in whatever form are educational in the highest degree in cultivating quickness of perceptions as to the motive of a move made by one's opponent or the effect which will result from a proposed move of his own. Also reasonable quickness of decision is necessary in moving, and this is a very desirable faculty to cultivate. Games of chance and skill combined are educational whether any really valuable facts are contained in the material of the game or not, because the training of the mind to reason intelligently and to act quickly in accordance with unexpected conditions is secured in practically the same way as in games of pure skill and the added element of chance affords aid and encouragement to the less skilled players.

DOES THE PLAYING OF GAMES EDUCATE?

While the question of the antiquity of the origin of the love of games in the human mind may be involved in doubt, it most certainly is an element which should be taken advantage of by every parent and educator. In the kindergarten Friedrich Frœbel, half a century ago, laid hold on this fact, and by his adoption of simple playthings, arranged in a scientific way, founded a system of infant instruction which has already revolutionized the methods of the primary schools and very materially modified those of the higher grades, and is destined to revolutionize the school instruction of the world, although it is still carried on against great odds, because of the conservatism of many of our prominent educators. The large number of apparently new games which have appeared in this country in the last twenty-five years or more have produced the impression that this is peculiarly an age of popular amusements, and many seem fearful that the condition forebodes a demoralizing influence on the coming generations of young people. But the danger lies not so much in the large number as in the poor quality of the games which are purchased and the manner in which they are used. We are all aware that each child has natural and special likes and dislikes for various subjects, and hence in buying and using games parents may take advantage of these impressions. Because of the attraction for games that exists in the mind of every young child, the playing of games under proper influences and right management can be made decidedly helpful in the direction of those studies which the child regards as least attractive. For this purpose let the game be selected that will treat mildly of the subject, but still with enough interest in the method to sugar coat the instruction imparted, until after a little while the dislike or indifference of the child to that line of investigation may be overcome or modified. This whole matter seems to be merely a question of making the knowledge of words and things interesting rather than a task, and applies as well to adults as infants, and to the home as to the kindergarten.

PARENTS SHOULD PLAY WITH THE CHILDREN.

If our educators are acting on these general principles why may not parents also take part in the good work, and oftentimes improve and refresh their own minds by joining with the children in the simple but interesting and instructive games which are published in large quantities, but too frequently overlooked by the uncles and aunts when making purchases at the holidays and other times? In some homes social games and amusements in the family circle are prominent during winter evenings, but the number of these homes is probably so small that they form the exceptions rather than the rule even in this country, where, perhaps, more attention is given to the social home life than in many others. In the large majority of our homes the parents seem to have no time to give to the amusement or instruction of the children, because the father is absorbed in his business, his daily paper, his club or church work, and the mother is busy with her daily cares and other interests literary, charitable and social. If this subject, which is already attracting a great deal of attention and exciting discussion

in many quarters, is worthy the consideration of parents, then the character of the games and amusements to be selected becomes of prime importance if the object aimed at is to amuse and improve at the same time. Should we accept these propositions, it follows that the selection of their recreations and amusements, as well as the books they read, ought not to be left to the children, but must be carefully chosen and superintended by the parents. If a child has an undue love for games, much of the glamour and fascination may be worn off by contests in the home where it may be held within proper limits, while if forbidden, as it was in many a New England family a few generations ago, the subject assumes a wonderful fascination in the eyes of the boy which may later lead him astray.

NO STAKES TO BE ALLOWED.

The playing of games of any kind for gain in any form is unwise and should not be encouraged. If one has not interest enough in a game to enjoy it in a friendly contest without the inspiration of stakes, he may well seek some other recreation. The line is narrow between prizes and stakes, and yet there is a line which may be called the danger line and avoided accordingly. The one fact that in playing for a prize nothing is forfeited by the loser counts in its favor and removes the actual element of gambling, so that it is not likely to be carried to excess, and still it does not seem that any one who enjoys a social game for itself, need have the added incentive of a prize to give interest to the contest.

In considering this subject in relation to the amusements of the home, it may seem unnecessary to refer to the practice of cheating in playing games, but still experience has proved that some otherwise conscientious people seem to think it very funny to cheat in various ways in playing games in which nothing of value is at stake. It is argued that because no one loses anything there is no harm, but no logic can demonstrate that even among adults such practices are justifiable, and much less should they be tolerated in the company of children. It is not unfair to judge that a man who will cheat in a game of cards will overreach you dishonestly in trade if he feels quite confident the irregularity will pass unnoticed. It is but a step from cheating in games to falsifying account books in counting room or banking house.

The most popular class of games are those in which there is a fair proportion of both chance and skill, and which do not require too much technical knowledge on any literary or scientific subject. In historical games, for example, if considerable knowledge of history is necessary in order to succeed, those who are not well informed will hesitate to take part. Such are adapted only to family circles, where all the players are well acquainted, and for school use.

In many social games played with cards, the rules are such that a constant association with the cards affords much instruction, as for example, the game of Authors and others, which are arranged on the same principle. The objection which formerly existed to the ordinary "playing cards," in New England especially, has largely died out and intelligent people have learned that the good or evil effect of a game is in the use made of it and not in the devices printed on the cards. The writer well remembers that when he was a small boy, a companion became possessed of a game of "Dr. Busby," and both were quite fascinated with the cards, but for some time the playing was done very secretly, because they were quite sure that there must be something wicked in playing "cards," and hence discovery would bring a reprimand and possibly punishment. Also in later years, when the game of Authors was first published, there were good people who, while they could not exactly explain the logic of their assumption, were quite sure that the publishing of card games was verging closely on the domain of that evil gentleman, of whom we are warned to be constantly on our guard.

THE OUTLOOK FOR THE FUTURE.

In conclusion, whatever else may be truthfully said and written of the degeneracy of the time, one thing seems true, that much of the nonsense which used to be entertained regarding cards has been lived down, and intelligent people judge the acts of others by their intentions and the practical results rather than by some old-time dogma. While as yet it may be a question whether the introduction of games into school exercises is legitimate, it is certainly a matter worthy of consideration in view of the reported action of the Eastern nations, as mentioned by Mr. Culin, and still further because already some of the best private school-teachers in this country, who are free to follow their own judgment regardless of the dictation of educational boards, are already adopting this method. But whatever may be our individual opinions regarding the various details, let us remember that there is great educational value in games, and that when played in the family circle at suitable times they may afford greater benefits, educationally, socially and morally, than can be secured in any other way.

Did the limits of this article permit, it would be a pleasure to speak of those social amusements which lie outside of the "real" games and which in a greater or less degree embody the dramatic art. The acting of charades must necessarily be given a prominent place in this list of amusements. When a pastime of such a character is entered into without the labor of elaborate preparation in advance, it can be made exceedingly interesting, and will develop quickness of thought both in originating the acts and in guessing the meaning which those acts are intended to convey. A good charade party requires more actors than are commonly found in one family, but much enjoyment can often be secured by a very limited number of actors and a small audience, which can easily be made up in any neighborhood at short notice.

—Milton Bradley.

HE WHO KNOWS A BOOK

By R. R. KIRK

With staff in hand and dusty shoon,
I walked from morning till high noon;
Then rested for a little while
Upon the green grass by a brook,
And with a morsel and a book
Forgot me many a mile.

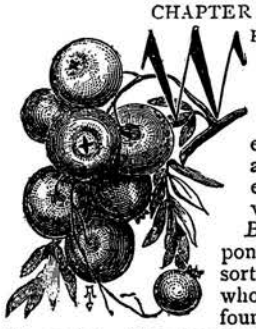
And then upon my way I strode
With bending back beneath the load,
Until the night beset my way
With cheerful thought on song and tale.
And so I fare by hill and vale,
Contented, day by day.

For he who knows a book to read
May travel lightly without steed
And find sweet comfort on the road.
He shall forget the rugged way,
Nor sigh for kindly company,
Nor faint beneath his load.

THE BROOK AND ITS BANKS.

By the Rev. J. G. WOOD, M.A., Author of "The Handy Natural History."

CHAPTER IX.



HAT Brook is complete without its WAGTAILS, those graceful, lively, and prettily coloured little birds which are to be seen wherever a few inches of water exist?

Brook, river, lake, or pond are all the resorts of the Wagtails, whose food is mostly found at the edge of the water. Five species are known to inhabit England. The commonest of them is the PIED WAGTAIL, sometimes known as the DISHWASHER (*Motacilla Yarrélli*). In France the Wagtails go by the popular name of "Lavandieres," or Washerwomen, in allusion to the Continental custom of washing linen at the bank of a stream. In general shape, though not in colour, the Wagtail looks very much like a magpie seen through the wrong end of an opera glass, its long tail being very conspicuous.

The bird seems absolutely incapable of keeping its tail quiet, and immediately on alighting from the wing, or when tripping over the ground in pursuit of insects, flirts its long tail up and down with a peculiar jerking movement that can be recognised at a considerable distance. Why this bird should wag its tail up and down, while the duck wags its tail sideways, no one can conjecture.

Its flight is as peculiar as its walk, the wings being so short that at every stroke it sinks down towards the ground, so as to describe a series of deep curves as it flies.

It seems to be a most restless little bird, running here and there, picking right and left, and flitting about with ceaseless activity. Roads that happen to run near water are favourite resorts of the Wagtail, as there the bird can find plenty of the little insects on which it lives. Now and then it seems to borrow some of the habits of the flycatcher, perching on a stone and leaping into the air after the insects as they fly past it.

If you look closely among the banks of the brook, you will probably come upon the nest of the Wagtail. It is carefully hidden, and you may have some trouble in finding it. The bird is not very particular as to the exact locality in which it places the nest, sometimes making it among the long grass, sometimes putting it among stones, and often placing it in a hole of an old wall. It is made of withered grass, fibrous roots and leaves, and is lined with various kinds of hair. Altogether it is a careless sort of nest, and displays none of the trim neatness which distinguishes that of the dipper. Indeed, it is hardly superior to that of the campagnol.

In one respect, however, it is more interesting than the dipper's nest. The eggs of the Wagtail are greyish white, speckled with brown. But among them may sometimes be seen an egg of much the same size, but of a dark grey, thickly mottled with reddish brown. This is the egg of the CUCKOO (*Cuculus canórus*), that very remarkable bird which, instead of building her own nest and rearing her own young, lays her eggs here and there in the nests of other birds, leaving to them the task of rearing them.

The oddest point in the life-history of the Cuckoo is the great discrepancy between the size of the Cuckoo and that of its egg. The Cuckoo is about as large as the kestrel, and, indeed, has often been mistaken for a hawk; yet its egg is no larger than that of a sparrow, the object of the very small size being to enable the Cuckoo to place its eggs in the nests of the various little birds which are chosen for this purpose. Birds seem to have but little sense of colour; for one of the birds whose nest is most frequently chosen by the Cuckoo is the hedge sparrow, whose eggs are blue and quite unlike those of the Cuckoo.

How the Cuckoo contrives to place her eggs in so small a nest was not known until lately. Now it kas been ascertained that the Cuckoo first lays her egg on the ground, and then takes it in her mouth and lays it gently in the nest of the foster-parent.

The egg being so small, the young Cuckoo when first hatched is no larger than the young wagtail, redbreast, or hedge-sparrow; but, like the crocodile, which grows to a length of sixteen feet or so, and is hatched from an egg scarcely larger than that of a Muscovy duck, the Cuckoo grows with wonderful rapidity, so that there is not room in the nest for itself and the rest of the young.

Finding itself crowded, the Cuckoo deliberately pushes its foster-brethren out of the nest, and soon grows so large that there is scarcely room enough in the nest even for itself. That it should be able to perform such a feat at so tender an age seems so unlikely that for a long time no one would believe it to be possible. However, it has often been watched, and the fact has repeatedly been proved. In the *Field* newspaper of July 28, 1883, the following communication appeared:—

"A Water-wagtail has lately built her nest in a flower-box at my window. She began to build about June 17, and on the 25th I saw a Cuckoo fly in and lay an egg in the newly-finished nest. On each of the four following mornings the Water-wagtail laid an egg, and two I took out of the nest. She began at once to sit on the three remaining eggs, and on the 11th and 12th of July they were all hatched.

"When two days old the Cuckoo turned one of the Water-wagtails out of the nest, and on our replacing it he turned them both out. The Water-wagtail continued to feed the young Cuckoo with great care, and one day she brought him a yellow butterfly. She chopped it up with her beak, but the Cuckoo would not swallow it until he had the whole of the butterfly in his mouth.—F. H., Haffield Ledbury."

It is a remarkable fact that this habit of laying eggs in the nests of other birds belongs only to the Cuckoos of the Old World, those of America making their own nests and looking after their own eggs as respectable birds might be expected to do.

Mr. H. Bowdler Sharpe, the well-known ornithologist, explains our Cuckoo's habits in a very simple and interesting manner. Some little time before these lines were written he delivered a lecture at the Midland Institute, Birmingham. He stated that "from his own experience he bclieved that there were at least five males to every female Cuckoo that visited this country. The audience would therefore see that there were four unfortunate male Cuckoos who could not find a wife, and the consequence was that the female bird was continually chased by every one of the males, each requesting her to marry him and build a nest.

"In America there were not so many male birds in excess of the female, and the consequence was that the Cuckoos in that country built their own nests. The American Cuckoos did not lay their eggs and hatch them all at

once, as most English birds did, but would lay them at intervals, leaving the young birds first hatched to hatch the remainder."

Cuckoos' eggs, although they are rather prized by collectors, are much more common than is generally supposed, as may be imagined from the fact that they have been found in the nests of at least ninety species of birds. My eldest son once took two Cuckoos' eggs out of the nest of the same hedge-sparrow, the second having been laid two days after the first. I have also heard of two Cuckoos' eggs having been placed simultaneously in one nest. These were probably laid by two separate birds. I believe that many of the Cuckoos' eggs which are found are mistaken for those of the sparrow, and are, therefore, destroyed.

Again, I have noticed that in some years these eggs are tolerably plentiful, while in others scarcely an egg is to be found.

Watching the proceedings of the young Cuckoo and its foster-parents is a most interesting task, but one which is very difficult of accomplishment. The nest must, as has already been mentioned with regard to the kingfisher, be in your own domains, where mischievous boys will not be allowed to meddle with it. Even when we are fortunate enough to possess a spot where the birds can be protected and where a Cuckoo has laid its egg, there is still another enemy which is nearly as formidable as a boy, and that is the cat. Pussy is a charming animal, and I am very fond of her; but she is a determined bird-hunter, and nothing delights her more than getting hold of a nest of young birds.

Whenever the egg of the Cuckoo is found, it should be carefully protected, as the bird does inestimable service to agriculture.

Coming to this country in the spring, when the leaves are green and tender, it feeds almost wholly on caterpillars, especially the great hairy larvæ of the tiger-moth, which are so familiar under the title of "woolly bears." It also eats the larvæ of the vapourer-moth, which does such damage to fruit-trees, and whose clothing of stiff, bristly hairs, arranged in bundles, is an effectual protection against any bird except the Cuckoo. So if you should be fortunate enough to have a brook running through your own grounds and to find the nest of a Wagtail, or, indeed, of any small bird, you should keep a careful watch, in hopes that a Cuckoo may deposit an egg in the nest.

The mention of watching the nest brings me to another point. Ever observe Captain Cuttle's golden rule—

"WHEN FOUND, MAKE A NOTE ON."

Never be without your note-book and pencil, and never omit to note down even the most trivial incident. The day is tolerably sure to come when that little incident will prove to be of inestimable value, and may, perhaps, be the means of settling some disputed point in Natural History.

The value of your note-book will be doubled if you can draw, however rudely, the object which you are describing. You may probably be ignorant of its name, so that the incident will have no scientific value; but the sketch, together with the description, will enable an expert to identify the object, and so to make your notes a valuable contribution to science.

The habit of invariably sketching everything which you notice will be of the greatest personal service to you. It is comparatively easy to make a sketch of a tree or a flower, about which you can take as much time as you like; but when you have to sketch a living creature, and especially when you wish to represent it in action, you must acquire the art of seizing the salient points and transferring them at once to paper, leaving details to be filled in afterwards.

If you happen to have seen the rough sketches which were taken by the artists of the illustrated journals upon the field of battle, you will understand the value of this art, which can only be acquired by constant practice.

SHOULD the brook be one of those which are favourable to the sedge and reed, there is another bird whose nest may mostly be found, and who is often obliged to play the part of foster-parent to the Cuckoo. This is the pretty though soberly-coloured bird known by the name of SEDGE WARBLER (*Sylvia phragmitis*). It is quite a little bird, only measuring five inches in total length. Its colour is simply brown of one or two shades above, buff on the breast and abdomen, and white on the throat. These sombre colours, together with its retiring and shy habits, render it invisible to the casual passenger, while those who are familiar with its ways have no difficulty in observing it.

While I was at Oxford, and in the habit of spending much of my "Long Vacation" on or in the river, I became quite familiar with the Sedge Warbler. In many places the reeds and sedges grew so luxuriantly that I often used to drive the boat among them until it was nearly hidden by the dense foliage, and there, myself hidden, was able to watch many a denizen of the water and the bank.

Among this herbage the Sedge Warbler was usually to be found, though less seen than heard. It mostly kept itself within shelter of

the reeds, seldom even showing itself above their tips. When there was a blank space, the Sedge Warbler would occasionally flit across it for a moment in its peculiarly restless manner, and immediately disappear among the sedge-blades. It is very liberal of its little twittering, guttural song, especially towards evening.

Although the Cuckoo manages to find the nest of this bird, human eyes have some difficulty in detecting it, as it is always well sheltered, and often placed in situations where it can only be approached by wading. A favourite position for this nest is a spot on the bank where it is overshadowed by a bush above and sheltered by reeds or sedges below. The eggs are pale brownish-yellow, mottled with dark brown, and are sufficiently like those of the Cuckoo to excuse the bird for failing to detect them.

ANOTHER most interesting bird may be found in similar localities. This is the REED WARBLER (*Salicária arundinácea*), sometimes called the Reed Wren. In colour this bird somewhat resembles the sedge warbler, but may be distinguished by the redder hue of its back and the white streak over the eye.

Like the preceding bird, the Reed Warbler is by no means uncommon, though seldom seen except by those who know where and how to look for it. Following the same tactics as the coot, it makes its nest at some distance from the land, and places it in the thickest clusters of reeds, where it can with difficulty be seen, and where, even when detected, it can scarcely be approached, even in a boat.

The bird gathers together three or four of the strongest and tallest reeds, and weaves its beautiful nest upon them, always placing it at a considerable height above the water. Now the reed is proverbially flexible, and bows unharmed before the storm which tears the branches off the elm and uproots the oak. What then is to become of the eggs and young of the Reed Warbler?

If you walk by the brookside on a stormy day, you may see the reeds all bending before the wind until their tips nearly touch the surface of the water. Among them will probably be several nests of the Reed Warbler, and yet not an egg or a young bird will be flung into the water. This object is attained by the peculiar structure of the nest, which, instead of being cup-shaped, as is the case with most of the warblers' nests, is exceedingly deep in proportion to its width, so that even in the severest gale, when the reeds are flung about like so many whips by the force of the tempest, the contents of the nest are retained within it.

(*To be continued.*)

FINNISH EMBROIDERY.

THE example whence I took the idea for the design here given was a most delightful panel in the Finland pavilion at the Paris Exhibition, and I wish I had better succeeded in giving my readers an impression of the work that so charmed me; but as I have frequently had occasion to remark, the actual look of work wrought with the needle cannot be rendered by a drawing. It was a new application of *appliqué*, inasmuch as the background was produced by joining together pieces of variously coloured silks to suggest a landscape effect. There were suggestions of islands in the sea, the sort of landscape one sees in Japanese silk paintings. In fact that might be the source from whence the reader could get a scheme for the background, as the Japs are very clever in this work. The forms of the rocks must be kept very simple, and I am inclined to think that in the sketch I have not kept this part of the design simple enough. There is a tendency, when making a design on a small scale, to put too much in it, so that any reader thinking of carrying out the design should by no means keep rigidly to the sketch, but treat it rather as raw material to be used as occasion requires. If the background is to be a sort of patchwork, it must necessarily be completed before the rest of the design is commenced. The foliage portion is suggested by the mountain ash, the bright red of the berries contrasting very pleasantly with the rich green of the foliage. The berries might be of plush or velvet as a contrast to the silk or wool of the leaves. These latter, it will be noticed, are wrought in each case on one piece, the background between each leaflet being filled out with stitches of some dark colour. If the leaves are of silk, then the stems might be of serge or other woollen material, for in *appliqué* much of the effect should be obtained by the texture of the various materials used as *appliqués*. I have given details of a berry and a leaf so that the reader may see clearly how to shape and work them. Get as much of the effect with the outline and put no more stitches on the forms than are absolutely necessary. Don't do much in the way of veining to the leaves. It is harder to restrain oneself from doing too much than most of us are aware. That extremely simple look that work we admire has is the result of great watchfulness on the part of the worker. Forgive me quoting in this connection that old truism that there is as much done by leaving out as by putting in. Let all the connecting work be bold in stitch, so that it holds its own against the *appliqué*. The stalks, for instance, of the berries must tell well or the design will look weak.

Instead of making up the background of various coloured materials—the colours by the way must not be in strong opposition—it might be produced by colouring a piece of white silk in water-colours or with dyes. I saw at the Paris Exhibition some panels in which much of the work was produced by painting, and the work of the needle was added to strengthen and bring out certain portions. This combination of painting, and needlework yields very charming results, and those who have never tried it should do so.

Liquid dyes were to be purchased of some artists' colourmen some years ago and may still be obtainable; in any case transparent water-colours give an excellent result.

The reader is advised to look at some Japanese designs, or better still some of their silk paintings, as the simplicity of their work may teach any art-worker a lesson: they never attempt too much, but always keep well within their means.

A FEMALE CRUSOE.

THOSE of our readers who are following the lonely career of "Robina Crusoe," will be interested in knowing that one of our earliest travellers on the overland route, in search of the north-west passage, was Mr. Hearne, who, during the years from 1769 to 1771, made three several journeys towards the Copper Mine river, in full expectation of finding a northern ocean, the existence of which, it was inferred, would establish the fact of a sea route north of the great American continent. In those journeys he encountered the most frightful perils and underwent astonishing hardships, not a whit less cruel than the worst of those endured by modern travellers, and he manifested unparalleled fortitude in contending against them. The third journey to some extent established the fact, the verification of which was the chief object of his expeditions, and moreover corrected some important errors in the reports of preceding explorers. But we have nothing to say on that subject here. Mr. Hearne's expeditions have long been a dead letter; and we refer to them only for the purpose of introducing an episode in his adventures which strikes us as affording, perhaps, the most remarkable instance of female resources and self-reliance ever recorded.

When Mr. Hearne, with a company of Indian guides, was travelling in the arctic circle, not far from the Lake Athapuscow, one of the guides came suddenly upon the track of a strange snow-shoe. Astonished at the sight, in a region supposed to be hundreds of miles from any human habitation, the Indians followed up the track, and after pursuing it for some distance, arrived at a small hut or cabin, formed of snow and driftwood, where they discovered a young woman sitting alone. She understood their language, and did not need much persuasion to induce her to return with them to the traveller's tent. Here on being interrogated, she told her story; when it came out that she was a native of the tribe of Dog-ribbed Indians, who were, or had been, at feud with the Athapuscans, and that at an inroad of the latter, during the summer of 1770, she had been taken prisoner and carried off to slavery. In the following summer, when the Athapuscan Indians were travelling the country, she watched her opportunity, and, on arriving near the place where she was found, managed one night to give them the slip, intending to find her way back to her own people. In this, however, she was disappointed. She had been carried away in a canoe, and the twistings and windings of the river were so many and intricate, and so often intersected each other, and there were so many lakes and marshes, that she found it impossible to pursue her route. In this dilemma, instead of resigning herself to despair, she set about building a dwelling for a shelter during the winter, and having completed it, she calmly took up her abode and commenced her solitary housekeeping.

She had kept an account of all the moons that had passed; and from this it appeared that for seven months she had not seen a human face, and had subsisted in this desolate region entirely by her own unaided exertions. How had she contrived to sustain life? When asked that question, she said that when she ran away from her captors she took with her a few deer sinews. With these she made snares, and caught partridges, rabbits, and squirrels; she had also killed a few beavers and porcupines, and was not only not in want of food at the period when she was discovered, but had a tolerably good stock of provisions laid up for future use. When the snares made of the deer sinews were all worn out, she was ready with another stock manufactured with sinews drawn from the legs of the rabbits and squirrels which had fallen victims to her cunning. But this "exemplary female" had not only well stocked her larder by the exercise of industry and forethought, but had also taken equal care of her wardrobe. From the skins of the various animals she had caught she had made up an excellent winter suit, which was not only warm and comfortable, but, according to Mr. Hearne, was put together with great taste and exhibited no small variety of ornament. "The materials, though rude, were curiously wrought, and so judiciously arranged as to make the whole garb have a pleasing though somewhat romantic appearance." Her working implements consisted of the broken shank of an iron arrow-head, and a few inches of iron hoop roughly sharpened into a knife; and with these she had constructed not only her dress, but a pair of substantial snow shoes, and several other useful articles.

The keeping up the fire had given her most trouble. With two sulphureous stones she could, by dint of violent friction and continuous pounding, raise a few sparks so as to kindle a handful of loose fibres of wood carefully picked small; but the labour was wearisome and long; and to avoid the necessity of it, she had not suffered her fire to be extinguished for many months. She was never idle. When fatigued with the toils of the chase, or when she was not under the necessity of hunting, she occupied herself in peeling off the thin inner bark of the willow trees with which the spot abounded, and twisting it into a species of twine. Of this sort of line she had already accumulated several hundreds of fathoms in length; and it was her intention to make of them a capacious net for fishing, as soon as the frost should break up and the streams become practicable.

Of this remarkable female, Mr. Hearne, in his journal, says: "She was one of the finest women I have ever seen in any part of North America." It would seem that his Indian guides were of the same opinion; and that, while they admired her for the comeliness of her person, they were by no means insensible of the value of her multifarious accomplishments. There was not a man among them who did not desire to have her for his wife; so, according to the custom of their tribe, they put her up to competition, and wrestled in the ring for her—the strongest of the party, after he had overthrown all the rest, having her duly assigned to him.

We might add a whole volume of reflections upon the cheerful, active, womanful spirit of this female Crusoe, uncivilized as she was, as contrasted with the desponding helplessness which we too often witness among women, and men too, who, with every motive to industry and activity, and every encouragement to exert both, lose all self-reliance under the first shock of adversity, and pass their days in useless indolence and repining. We forbear, however; such a history as this, or that of "Robina Crusoe," is better without a set moral, and carries its own comment.

ANOTHER FEMALE CRUSOE.

THE San Francisco *Call* contains an interesting account of an Indian woman who was accidently abandoned on San Nicholas Island, off the coast of Southern California, and spent 18 years alone there before she was rescued. The fact of her existence was discovered by a man who went from the mainland to hunt for otters, and who found footprints sunk deeply in the ground. He was unable to follow up these indications for nearly three years, when one of the party who accompanied him came suddenly upon the object of their search. She was in a small circular enclosure made of brushwood, about 5 ft. high and 6 ft. in diameter, with a small opening on one side. She was clothed with a garment made of skins of the shag, a species of duck that can neither walk nor fly. This garment reached almost to her ankles when she stood erect. She was sitting cross-legged, skinning seal blubber with a rude knife made of a piece of hoop iron driven into a piece of wood. There was no covering on her head, except a thick matted mass of hair of yellowish brown colour, probably owing to exposure to the sun and the weather; it was short, as if the ends had rotted off. There were some wild dogs on the island, a few of which kept near her, and seem to regard her as a mistress. She had lived on a plant resembling cabbage, called by Californians *palo santo*, and a root known by the name of *coreomite*, also blubber of the various kinds of seals, etc. She had a rude apparatus for catching shell-fish, and strong fishing lines made of seal sinews, which seemed to indicate that she fished in the ocean. The expression of her face was pleasing, her features were regular, her complexion much fairer and her form more symmetrical than that of the Indian women on the adjoining mainland. Some suspect that she belonged to a tribe much farther north. She could not understand anything that was said to her in any of the Indian dialects of South California, but she had a wonderful capacity for conversing by signs. She retained all her teeth, but they were worn low, supposed to be due to her chewing tough and hard articles of food. Her age appeared to be about 50 years. She bowed to all who came near her, greeting them with a smile. She freely accompanied her discoverers to their vessel, but her conduct at once convinced them that she retained the virtue of female modesty. She showed singular dexterity for making water vessels from grass and asphaltum, a substance which is plentiful both on the island and the mainland. She seemed to recognise several of the appliances of civilisation. She died about seven weeks after reaching the mainland, partly from the effects of a fall, partly from dysentery, brought on by eating fruits and vegetables. Padre Gonzalez, the superior of the mission of Santa Barbara, has sent her dress of shag-skins, her baskets and implements, to Rome, to the Museum of the Propaganda.*

*Editor's Note: Alert readers may recognize the second account as the basis for Scott O'Dell's wonderful novel, *The Island of the Blue Dolphins.*

"Imps"

The Effect of Modern Inventions Upon Human Happiness

By Mary Brooks

IN these progressive times it is well-nigh impossible to take up a magazine or newspaper which does not describe in glowing language the blessings of modern inventions. Breathless we read of the triumphs of science, pityingly we recall the inconvenient days of our grandsires, and then — all athrill with visions of the future — send for the plumber or the electrician to find out what ails our own household "imps."

It is said that the noblest poem on early rising was written by a man lying in bed. Doubtless the minds of the very men who write these inspiring scientific articles are distracted with thoughts of leaky gas pipes or crossed electric wires ; unless, indeed, the anxiety which these "imps" occasion makes them dear to the hearts of the scientists — just as parents love wayward children best.

These writers maintain that modern improvements lessen labor. We are all willing to admit that occasionally this is true. An incubator saves twenty-one days' work to each one of an indefinite number of hens, but the owner of the hatching machine is compelled to make a complete slave of himself, tending the lamp and turning the eggs, while his sacrifice is not appreciated by the poor, clucking biddies who were endowed by nature with a propensity for sitting. The Koran would have been written in much shorter time had it been clicked out upon a typewriter in an office instead of patiently scratched upon the shoulder blades of mutton in the desert ; but what would have become of Mohammed's inspiration? The metallic tones of the phonograph might supply the places of the thirty relays of priests who daily read the whole Koran aloud in the mosques ; but where would then be the act of worship?

Romance also disappears before the march of invention. If Paul Revere could have shouted, "Hello, Central! Give me 3-4-2 Lexington," there would have been no "fate of the nation riding that night," unless, finding the telephone wires cut by the enemy, our hero had whizzed over the road on his bicycle. But how easily might a British tack have punctured his tire and changed the whole course of events!

These inventions, which we so often call a "boon," would have proved a positive bane to the ancients. What havoc the inquisitive trunks of the elephants or the mischievous fingers of the monkeys would have played with the wires and buttons of an electric lighting system in Noah's ark! How cold and uncomfortable Diogenes would have been in a modern porcelain tub! And how surely he would have become a confirmed dyspeptic if, instead of taking the necessary amount of exercise with a lantern, he had staid at home and used a search light to look for an honest man! Xantippe would have been twice as cross to Socrates if she had had the tension of a sewing machine to regulate or a meat chopper to wash and put together again. And

fancy the poor man's plight when his wife turned the hose on him instead of the contents of one small water pitcher!

How well chosen is the word "perfected," which occurs so frequently in scientific prophecies! If inventions were perfected, and we infallible, then life might be bliss, despite the "modern imps"; but we are not considering what we should like or what ought to be, but what *is*. It is a hard, plain truth that unthawable water pipes destroy our winter's peace and occasion bitter words; that defective traps and drains poison the summer air and occasion diphtheria and typhoid fever; that electric lights leave us in darkness or burn down our houses; that furnace fires go out and abandon the household to pneumonia; that gas pipes leak and asphyxiate entire families. Even the much-talked-of automobile becomes unmanageable, and when, in the Utopia which is now being pictured in such vivid colors, all work is done with liquid air, who can tell what damage may be wrought by the misdirected energy of that tremendous force?

The dwellers in the land of Shinar regarded the Tower of Babel as the greatest work of the age, but its erection brought unspeakable confusion upon the children of men, though they merely tried to pile up bricks as high as the heavens. How much sadder a fate may be in store for the sacrilegious mortals who, not content with filling the palpitating ether with their selfish messages, even dare to freeze the "illimitable air"!

HISTORY OF THE FORK.

From an interesting article which appeared in Cosmos, published in Paris, France, the Literary Digest translates the following paragraphs embodying an account of the introduction into Europe of the fork as a table utensil, which took place at a comparatively recent date, our ancestors of two centuries ago mostly using their fingers instead:

"Luxury is a very relative thing. Progress consists largely in multiplying the needs of the greatest number. We can with difficulty imagine to-day a household so poor that it could not afford plates at a table, and yet at one time these were great luxuries.

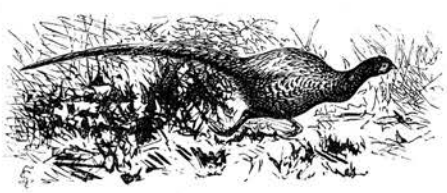
"The spoon seems to have been known from the most remote antiquity; wooden specimens have been found among prehistoric relics. The excavations of Schliemann have shown them in the ruins of Troy. They were made of wood, earthenware, and later of metal. We have Egyptian spoons of bronze, ivory and wood. But if its use was general, as well among the Romans as among the mediæval nations, it was not costly. According to the story of Baronius, Pierre Damien, made a present of several wooden spoons to Pope Gregory VII.

"The introduction of metal spoons seems to have been subsequent to the fourteenth century.

"As to the use of the fork, it is far more recent. All the ancient peoples, and the majority of the moderns, till the end of the seventeenth century, used exclusively the fork of our father Adam.

"The Greek and Roman authors make no allusion to this simple instrument, and it was almost unknown in the Middle Ages. Probably it was of Byzantine origin.

"Pierre Damien and St. Bonaventure narrate that at the close of the tenth century the sister of Romanus Argulus, Emperor of the East, having espoused a son of the Doge Pierre Orseolo, scandalized all Venice by an odd and unnatural form of luxury, which consisted in using, instead of the fingers, small gold two-pronged forks. The old chronicler Dandolo, full of horror at such depravity, adds that the unhappy woman was, by a chastisement sent from Heaven, attacked by a frightful disease that changed her body to powder and caused it to exhale, even before death, the odor of corruption. In spite of this terrible example, the use of forks, becoming regarded as convenient and proper, established itself at Venice. A traveler, Jacques Lesaige, speaks thus of it not without astonishment, in describing a feast given by the Doge: 'These lords, when they desire to eat, take the food with a silver fork.' A little later, Sabba da Castiglione mentions the use of forks '*a la Vénitienne*' to avoid seizing the food with the fingers."



Do you wish a receipt for preventing all worry,
For giving composure and freedom from flurry?
Just think of one fact which is true you will find
When anything happens to flurry your mind.
First something or nothing there is to be done,
First nothing or something, that's clear as the sun;
If something, then do it and make no delay;
If nothing, all thought of it cast far away.
This simplest of rules if you will obey,
Will free you from wrinkles for many a day.

--Good Housekeeping, 1888

EMPLOYMENT AT HOME.

How Mrs. Benson Tried it, and With What Result.

IT was the same old story—my friend, Mrs. Benson, had enough of her own work to do, and more than enough, but she wanted to find some light work that she could do at home, and bring in a little ready cash. There are thousands of women similarly situated, and doubtless thousands have tried and been victimized, as she was. The papers abound in suggestions to this class of women. They are advised to go into fine cooking and make bread, cake, and all sorts of good things for their neighbors who have more money to pay for those things than ability to make them for themselves. They can advertise for mending to do, and earn a pretty penny, as well as the gratitude of lone old bachelors and overburdened housewives. They can cultivate plants, and sell seeds, flowers, herbs, and who knows what?

All these schemes, though they might be profitable for some women, were unavailable in Mrs. Benson's case. Though a born cook, and equal to anything in the shape of goodies, none of her neighbors needed to avail themselves of her services in that line. She could mend as well as make, but so could all the women about her, and she did not know of a single old bachelor who had not some one to look after his mending. As to cultivating plants, the only land she had was the soil in a few flower pots, while most of her neighbors had soil whereon to raise their own stuff.

Had she possessed sufficient muscle, she could no doubt have taken in plenty of fine washing and ironing from those of her neighbors who did not like to trust their finery to the tender mercies of the average laundress, and she had no false pride that would have deterred her from doing any honorable work. But unfortunately her ambition was in inverse ratio to her strength, and she only struggled through her own laundry work, because she felt pecuniarily unable to hire it done. If she could only find something easier to do and earn enough so she could afford to hire her hard work done, it would be very desirable.

There are frequent advertisements for women to do light, easy, pleasant, unobjectionable, remunerative work at home, and Mrs. Benson investigated some of these. She wrote a clear, round hand, and would have been glad of legitimate copying to do, so answered some of the advertisements asking for women to do writing at home. These enterprises, sifted down, were mostly in the interest of some cosmetic whose proprietor wanted to sell her certain territory, assuring her that by sending out plenty of circulars, her fortune would positively be made. Being a level-headed woman she did not invest in any of these schemes.

But an advertisement for ladies to do crochet work at home, from Black & Co. of Chicago, appealed to her as being just the thing. She was skilled at such work, having always crocheted hoods, scarfs, slippers and other things for her little folks, could do it rapidly and was fond of it. As a change from her usual work it would be pleasant, and perhaps she could make it profitable.

She wrote for terms. The firm responded with a printed circular saying that they would give her all the crochet work she wanted, on these terms. When she first sent for work she must send two dollars and fifty cents as a guarantee for the return of the work, and also to pay them for time, trouble and expense in sending material, samples and instructions. Their work was mostly sent out in dozens, and they sent always material enough for thirteen articles, one of which was to be her's, and the dozen to be returned. In this way, if she worked right along, she would get her money's worth back.

This all seemed honorable enough, and she decided to risk sending the money. In a few days the material came with a circular of directions. The material was five balls crochet cotton, No. 60, which they priced to her at twenty-five cents per ball. (In the store over which she lived, they sold exactly the same article at ten cents!) This amount they estimated would make about thirteen yards of crochet lace, like a small sample enclosed. The material had been weighed, and the goods, when returned, must weigh the same, else the deficiency would be deducted from the price of her work. The goods must be well made and kept clean; if soiled or badly made, they would be refused, and in that case, if she desired more work, she would have to pay for material spoiled. The deposit she had already made was forfeited unless she did the work, and within three months, when they would close her account and have no more to do with her on any terms.

The sample sent as a pattern was some two or two and one-half inches wide, not intricate, but a good deal of work. When she had thoroughly learned it she might perhaps do a scallop (about an inch and a half in length) in a half-hour—perhaps do three in an hour. And the price they would pay her for doing the thirteen yards, one of which she might cut off and

keep, was eighty-seven cents! Eighty-seven cents a yard one might have made starvation wages on, but this was eighty-seven cents for thirteen yards!

Perhaps some one whose early education in mathematics was not neglected, can tell how often she could afford to hire in a stout-armed woman to wash, scrub and clean at ten cents an hour, while she sat and made this lace!

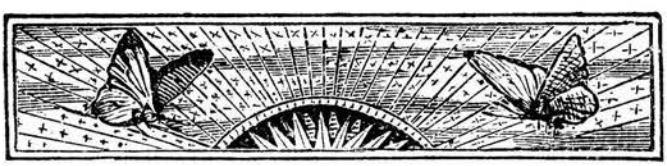
In slang phrase, it "made her tired" to think of it. She wrote them at once that she could not think of working for them on such terms, and asked for her money to be refunded, over and above the price of material, postage, etc.

In due time came their reply. It would seem that her presumption in declining to do their work at such munificent prices had as startling an effect upon the firm as had poor little Oliver Twist's asking for more soup on the burly master of the workhouse. They were surprised entirely out of punctuation marks, and the various sentences of their letter seemed to come tumbling headlong over one another, in their hurry to be written. They begged to say that "the postage is not the only matter of expense attached to sending you work there is time and trouble much in excess of the matter of postage all this comes in sending out the 1st lot of work your name has to be entered & an account opened with you we sent you our tearms which we are oblige to carry out in all cases we do not send out work to be accepted or declined at your pleasure." After a sharp tirade against her foolishness in not taking advantage of such paying work, because "10 out of 11 ladies are satisfied with work and prices," they seemed to relent a little, perhaps in pity for her mistaken blindness, and told her she could have the balance of her deposit, after taking out pay for the cotton, in material, not in cash.

The cotton, at their price, would amount to just half the deposit, and she would have preferred the rest in cash; but something was better than nothing, and she wrote them they might send her the balance in black Germantown worsted.

Next came a letter saying, "you gave us no color of yarn to send you what collor do you want." Then a tirade against her unreasonableness in complaining of their low rates of payment. She wrote again, "*black* Germantown." That was the last of her communication with them, over two years ago. The yarn never came. The balls of cotton she managed to sell to the merchant down stairs at ten cents each, thus saving to herself fifty cents out of her investment. The remaining two dollars is her unwilling contribution to the welfare of the firm of Black & Co., who still advertise in the papers for "Ladies to do crochet work at home."

—Mattie W. Baker.



ADVANTAGES OF A DUMPING PLACE.

"Let all things be done decently and in order."—*Holy Writ.*

The writer has recently returned from a visit on Long Island. The village was near the water. It was proposed to take a walk to the landing. There were two ways to go; one by the village streets, the other which was shorter by the water side. The objection to the latter was, that it would bring us to mosquitoes and the *dumping place.* This route was chosen. It led a little on one side of the village and brought us to those undesirable objects mentioned, but it suggested the thought that has given rise to this article. Why should not every village have its dumping place? There, in that unsightly spot, we beheld without much inspection what seemed to be the rubbish and litter of the village households. Pieces of rusty stove pipes, broken crockery, and dilapidated shoes had come there to rest. But what better disposition could be made of such articles? Why is not a common dumping place of more importance to a community than a playground or a park? If the common saying is one to follow—"a place for every thing and every thing in its place," then there must be a place for rubbish. And does not such a place have the advantage over the village that suffers all its litter to be scattered through the streets? The writer knows of an inland village where the dumping place is one of the greatest conveniences that exist there. A wash out by a factory had made an unsightly hole, and by common consent and by natural attraction, every kind of cast off thing found its way to that vacancy. The general aspect is not pleasing, but the current will hardly tear its way again through that interlacing of paint kegs, broken crockery, stove pipes and shoe leather. Besides think how much such a place contributes to the general tidiness and beauty of a village! Village Improvement societies ought to recognize the importance of a dumping place, and have one appointed, if natural causes do not produce one. People are not so likely to throw their litter into the streets if they can know what else to do with it. Extreme tidiness is sometimes embarrassing. In a Massachusetts village where the first, or almost the first village Improvement Society had its origin, a gentleman threw down a card or torn envelope on the green in front of his boarding place. But seeing how unseemly it looked he picked it up, started for the street, and threw it down again; but still his troubled breast would not let him leave it there. He must keep it till he could find a fire! A city family moved into one of the parks that skirt the Hudson river. The grandmother remarked to a friend, "Really, we have become so nice, that we have no place for anything, and when I have a dust pan of sweepings, I must stand and hold it, or go down to the river to discharge my burden."

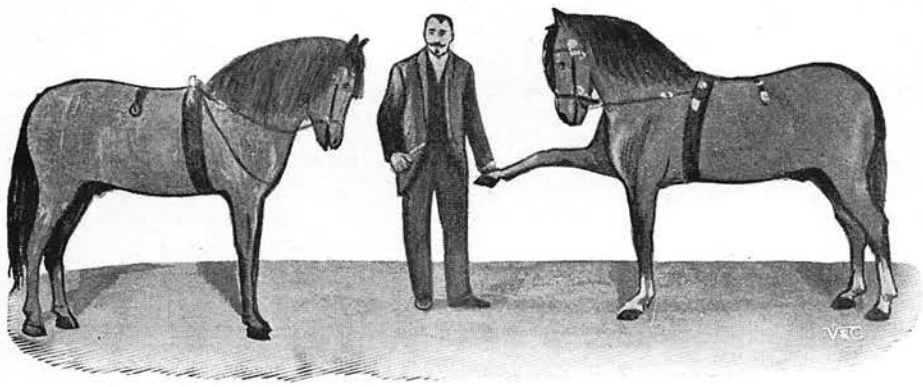
What is more, this matter has to do with the healthfulness of a place. Convenience and sightliness are important, but life is more. The writer knows of a borough that has outgrown its original plat and organization, and that has no public methods for the disposition of garbage. The families have to burn every thing combustible: but vegetable cuttings and watermelon rinds will not burn! There seems to be no remedy but to go to keeping pigs! Why do not the authorities attend to these matters, and if tidiness, attractiveness and healthfulness can be secured and promoted by some common understanding and arrangement, let each community have such regulations as shall require and enable every family to make satisfactory disposition of its household debris. The writer keeps a barrel in the back yard always ready for broken lamps, window lights, and crockery, and for other refuse; and when the barrel is well filled the contents are transported to the village dumping ground.

—Order and Cleanliness.

BOXING HORSES.

By H. J. Holmes.

THE high school of equestrian training has achieved many triumphs during the past decade or two, but it is questionable whether anything more remarkable has happened than the success which attended the recent efforts of Mr. A. B. Powell, the well-known veteran tutor of the noblest of our four-footed friends. This gentleman has actually taught a pair of beautiful horses the noble art of self-defence, an art in which the intelligent animals appear to take the greatest pleasure. With gloved fore-feet, the two accomplished creatures now give a couple of performances daily in the circus which for so many years has borne the name of their trainer.



ENTERING THE RING, THE PAIR OF EQUINE PUGILISTS SHAKE "HANDS."

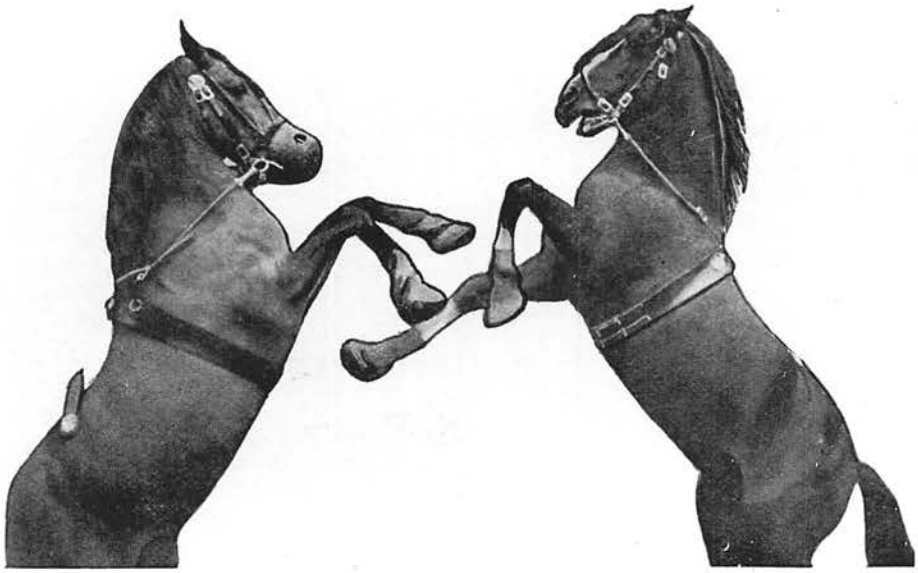
What Mr. Powell does not know about horses is not worth knowing. He was born amidst circus life, and has been brought up amongst the animals to the training and education of which his life has been devoted almost as long as he can remember. As a daring circus-rider he became famous years ago, and as such he has bitten the sawdust many times; bare-back riding of ultra-sensational character is not exactly the kind of life conducive to soundness of limb and smoothness of feature. Mr. Powell bears the hall-marks, in the shape of healed injuries to head and limbs, of a long career in the ring. Now he devotes his time to the management of the huge organisation known all over the United Kingdom and the Continent as Powell's Travelling Circus; and in the intervals, when a little leisure comes his way, he is always to be found carefully and masterfully coaching some beautiful, glossy-hided creature into the arts and mysteries of public performances of various descriptions which delight the lover of the horse—and where does not such a lover exist?

With such a lengthy experience of training horses, there was no man more likely to succeed in what he tells me was the most difficult task he has ever attempted—that is, the proper tuition of a pair of young and spirited horses in the art of boxing. With a patience such as only a trainer of animals possesses, he kept on at the work, never once fearing defeat. He knew it was possible to succeed—and in the end he succeeded. Every day for two years he regularly tutored the two animals. Many and many a time he was almost in despair, but his faith in the efficacy of training held him steadfast in his purpose.

"CIGARETTE" GETS HIS GLOVES ON.

The two pugilistic horses are both of foreign breed. One is a dun, the other a jet black. They are perfect pictures to look at. The dun hails from Malta. Mr. Powell bought the black in Tunis some

years ago. Although a magnificent animal, the latter had a fiery temper, and for a whole year, during which time he accompanied the circus in its travels over the Continent, nothing could be done with him. "Cigarette," as he was christened, is a thoroughbred Arab, whilst his fighting friend "Charley," the dun, is of Turkish breed. The Arab is now as gentle and docile as a little child, and follows Mr. Powell about as a lamb follows its ewe. Master "Charley," on the contrary, is sly and not to be trusted. It appears that before he was selected by his owner as an exponent of the manly art, he was used for ring tricks; his character in consequence degenerated: he became roguish and disposed towards flippancy in the presence of the public. Mr. Powell finds it is necessary to keep a sharp eye on him.



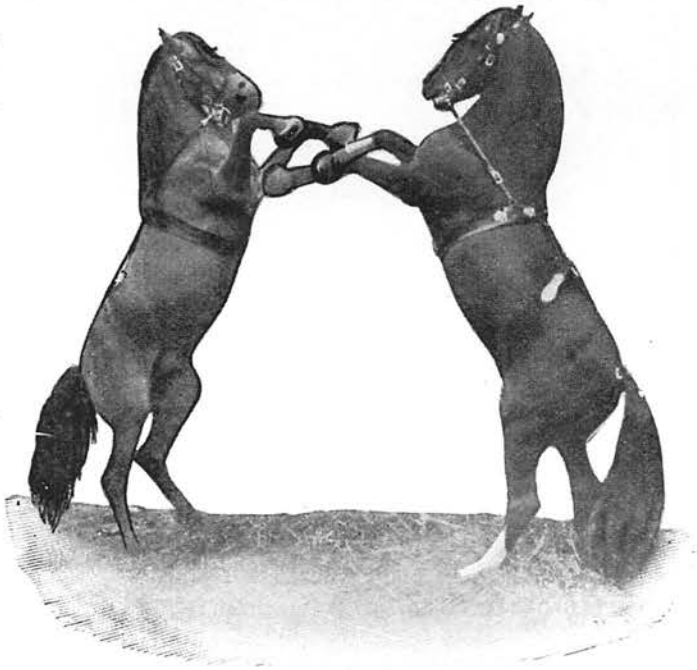
"CHARLEY" AND "CIGARETTE" INDULGE IN A LITLLE PRELIMINARY SPARRING.

Are horses jealous? This would prove a nice subject for discussion at a friendly meeting of trainers. In the case of "Charley" and "Cigarette," Mr. Powell assures me there almost seems to be an instance of a display, on both sides, of the feelings which the green-eyed monster is reputed to inspire in the bosom of the higher animal. The incident illustrative of this view is worth describing, because it was the outcome of it that led Mr. Powell to believe that he had found at last his long-looked-for boxing horses.

In the earlier days of "Charley's" connection with circus life, he was presented with a very handsome saddle for use in a certain act. Now, it happened on one occasion that it was found necessary to remove this saddle from the back of the Turkish-bred animal and place it upon the jet black "Cigarette." This was done in the view of the outraged dun, which at the time displayed a specimen of his bad temper.

Later on in the evening a tremendous row was heard in the neighbourhood of the stalls where the two animals had been stabled side by side. Some of the attendants ran to see what was up. They found that "Cigarette" and "Charley" had broken loose and were practically "in grips"—kicking, plunging, and stamping upon each other!

When Mr. Powell arrived on the scene, the two animals were standing on their hind-legs in the regular pugilistic attitude, and endeavouring to exchange terrific blows on head and body. They were quickly separated,



SETTING TO IN REAL EARNEST.

but the astute trainer had taken his cue, and next day he began to give the horses their first real lessons in boxing. Since then

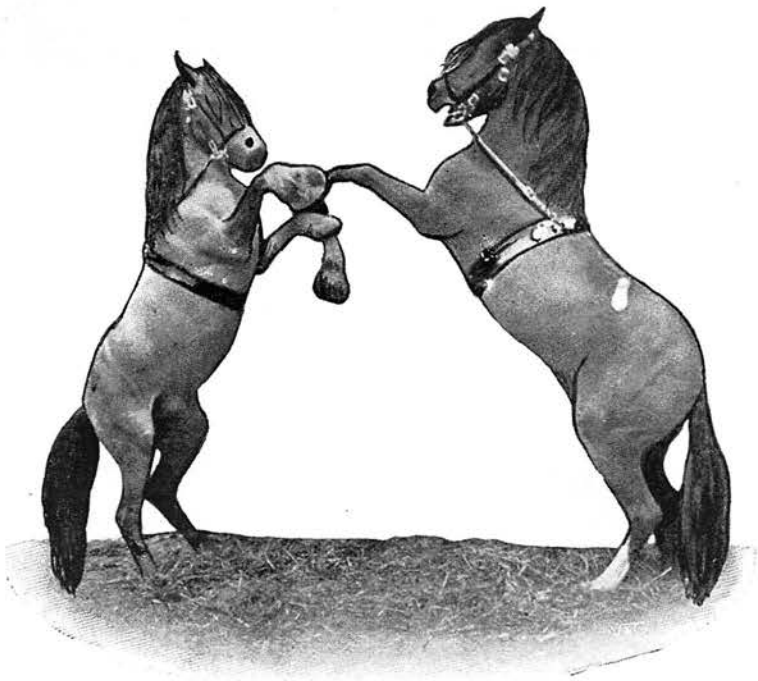
"Cigarette" and "Charley" have become very good friends, in spite of the fact that they have a couple of friendly bouts every day "with the gloves on."

In teaching the two horses to box, Mr. Powell adhered to the principles on which he trains every animal that passes through his hands—*viz.*, much patience, mingled with kindness and gentle persuasion. He is proud of the fact that in all his experience he has never found it necessary to be cruel.

In this particular instance, although the course of training was long and laborious, he was not called upon to use the whip as a stimulating influence or as a corrector of faults. When it did happen that the whip had to be used, the lash was laid on but lightly; for so sensitive are highly bred animals, that the slightest touch is sufficient to prevent any refractory conduct.

The first difficulty was to make the horses accustomed to wearing, and the use of, the gloves. This was eventually overcome, and now the creatures actually hold out their "hands" for the gloves to be put on. Yet it was not until two years from the date of the first lesson that Mr. Powell felt justified in making his boxing horses part of the afternoon or evening performance.

The clever trainer considers himself for-

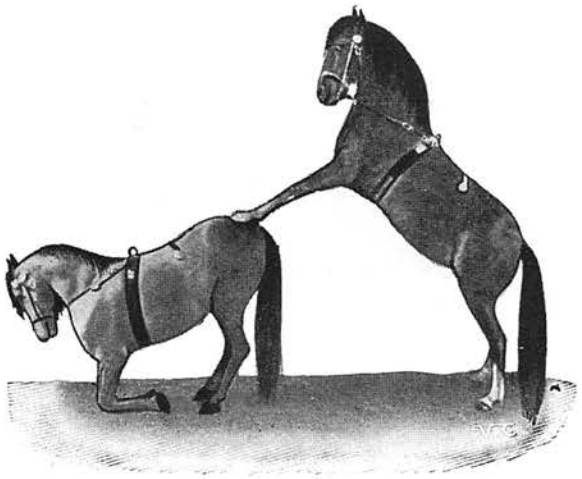


A WELL-PARRIED LEFT-"HANDER."

tunate in succeeding even after so long and tedious a tuition.

"A man might have two hundred horses, try them all, and fail to find two out of that number capable of being trained for such a performance," he said to me.

One of the trials of a trainer is that some days a horse will do anything that is required



A FOUL!

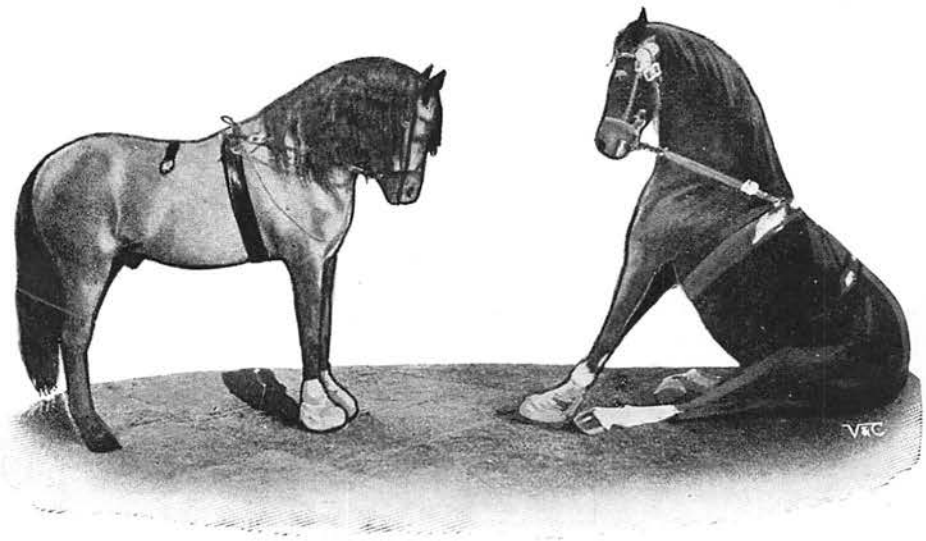
of him; on other days he will do nothing, and upsets every calculation regarding his progress.

"Cigarette" and "Charley" made their *début* as equine pugilists before a London audience at the Royal Aquarium a little while since, and were a great success—in fact, they were the "star" item on the programme; and that, too, although the whole strength of Powell's Circus was augmenting the Westminster house of popular entertainment.

Only those who saw the boxing horses during the engagement there know how well Mr. Powell has done his work. From entrance to exit the conduct of "Cigarette" and "Charley" was pugilistically correct; they never strove to hit below the belt or indulge in any of those fancy but unsportsmanlike tricks that so many of the professional fighting fraternity indulge in when they get a chance of doing so.

Entering the ring accompanied by their seconds, the two opponents shake "hands" heartily and immediately proceed to business, umpired by their trainer. Assuming the recognised attitude of pugilists, they spar scientifically, getting a blow home now and then with telling effect. It may be said at once that the gloves are so well padded that a really hard knock is never administered to either of the combatants; the animals

seem quite to enjoy their bouts. The "rounds" are arranged in such a way that the horses are not fatigued by maintaining an upright pose for a too prolonged period.

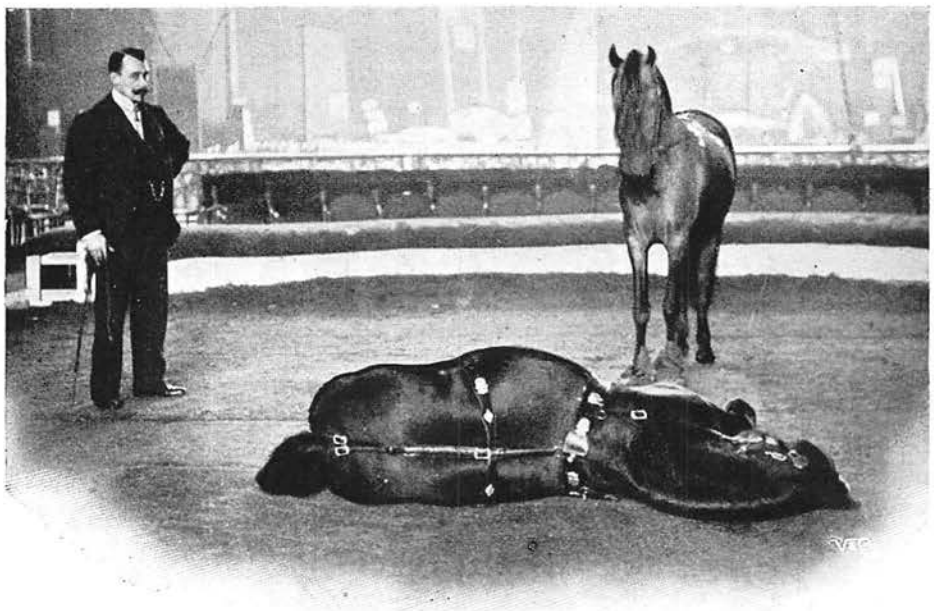


"CIGARETTE" FEELS TIRED.

An amusing part of the performance is that at the end of every "round" the principals retire *pro tem.* to their respective corners, where the seconds, prepared for every emergency, are ready to help the combatants to a speedy recovery of breath. "Cigarette's" muzzle is duly sponged, or the towel is flapped in "Charley's" face by the energetic seconds. At the referee's signal, the boxers spring once more to their "feet" and, advancing to the centre of the ring, another "round" is set merrily going.

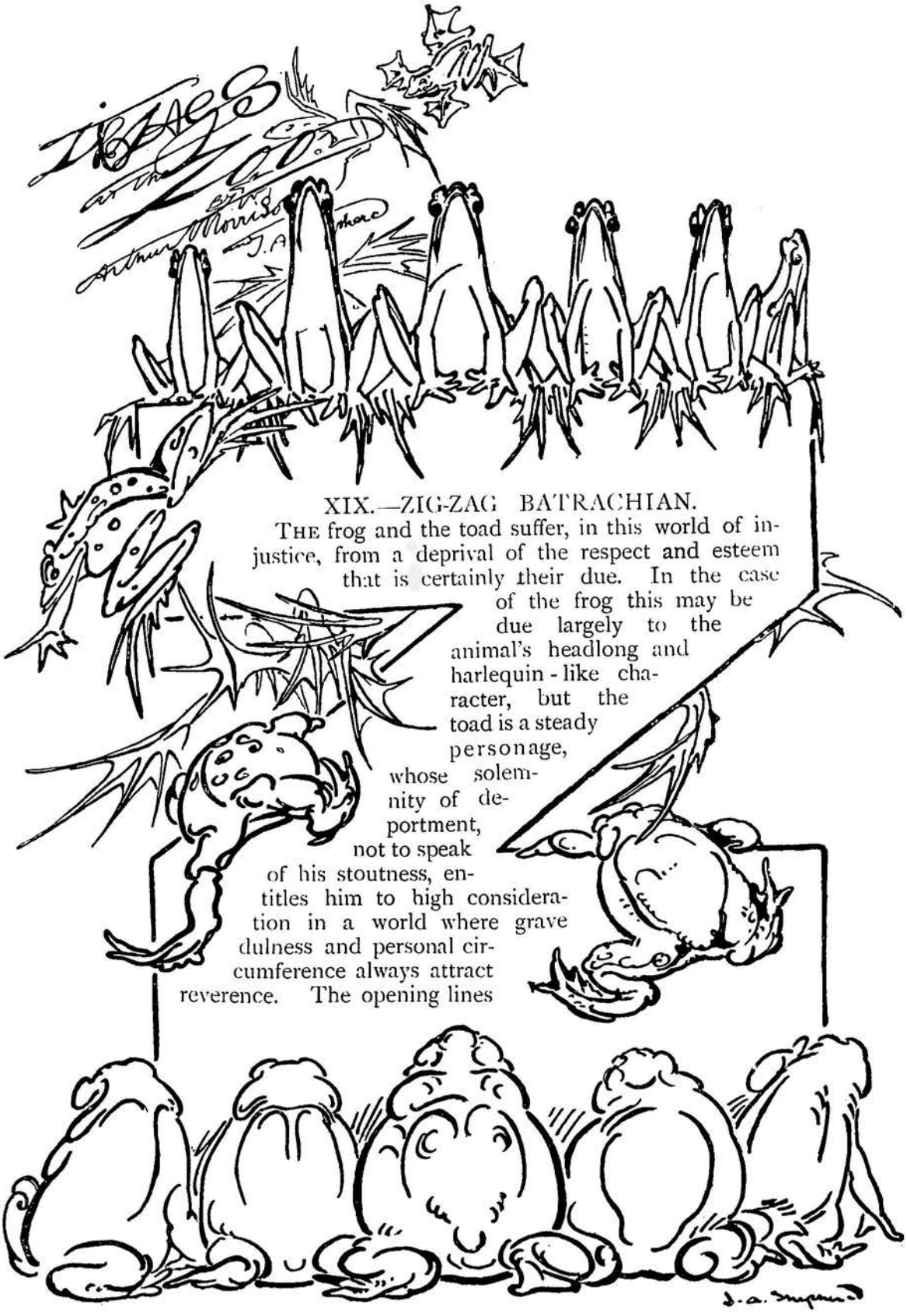
The completeness of Mr. Powell's training is observable towards the close of the contest, when the pair of pugilists pretend to be rather "groggy on their pins" and wobble a good bit, striking with lessened fury and generally behaving like rather exhausted heroes indeed.

Finally, "a knock-out blow" is administered by "Charley," and "Cigarette" falls flat in the sawdust, only to rise again after the referee has pronounced that "Charley" is the victor. The winner, of course, receives the plaudits of the assembled multitude, bowing gracefully in acknowledgment as he retires; whilst the poor vanquished "Cigarette" limps slowly away, assisted out of the ring by his indefatigable second, who has "thrown up the sponge."



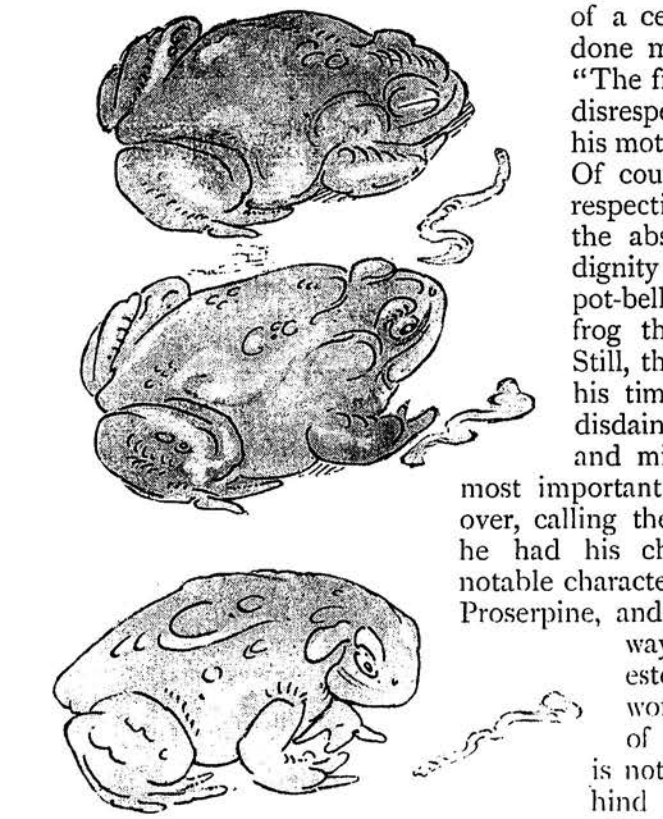
"KNOCKED OUT."

The foregoing illustrations are reproduced from photographs by Messrs. Clarke and Hyde.



XIX.—ZIG-ZAG BATRACHIAN.

THE frog and the toad suffer, in this world of injustice, from a deprival of the respect and esteem that is certainly their due. In the case of the frog this may be due largely to the animal's headlong and harlequin-like character, but the toad is a steady personage, whose solemnity of deportment, not to speak of his stoutness, entitles him to high consideration in a world where grave dulness and personal circumference always attract reverence. The opening lines

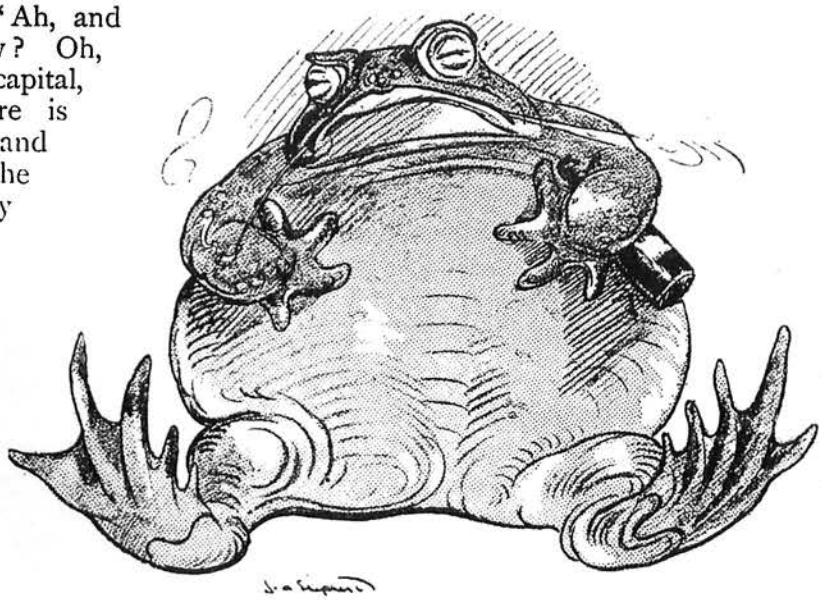


A SMALL LUNCH.

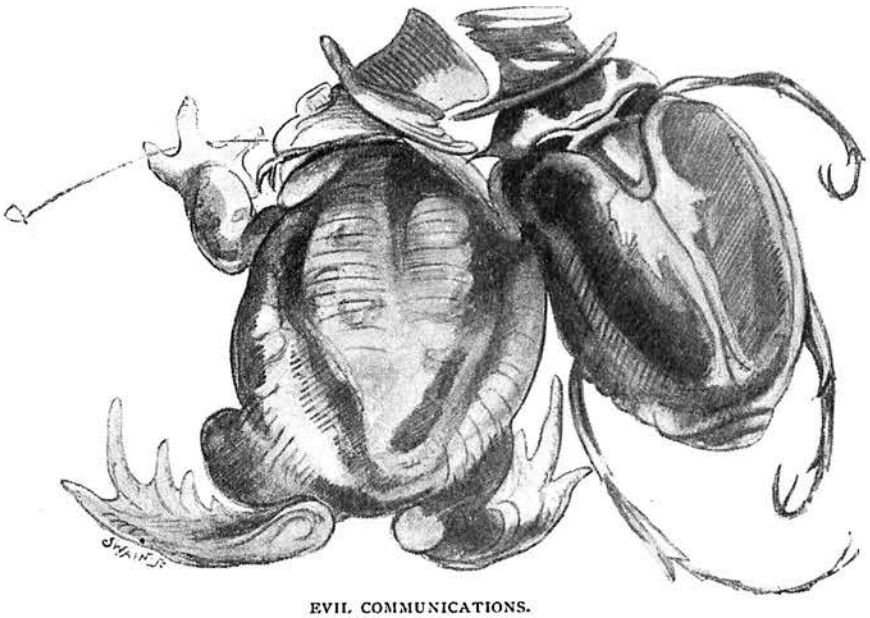
of a certain famous poem have without a doubt done much to damage the dignity of the frog. "The frog he would a-wooing go" is not, perhaps, disrespectful, although flippant; but "whether his mother would let him or no" is a gross insult. Of course, it is a matter upon which no self-respecting frog ever consults his mother; but the absurd jingle is immortal, and the frog's dignity suffers by it. Then there is a certain pot-bellied smugness of appearance about the frog that provokes a smile in the irreverent. Still, the frog has received some consideration in his time. The great Homer himself did not disdain to sing the mighty battle of the frogs and mice; and Aristophanes gave the frogs a most important chorus in one of his comedies; moreover, calling the whole comedy "The Frogs," although he had his choice of title-names among many very notable characters—Æschylus, Euripides, Bacchus, Pluto, Proserpine, and other leaders of society. Still, in every way the frog and the toad are underesteemed—as though such a thing as a worthy family frog or an honourable toad of business were in Nature impossible. It is not as though they were useless. The frog's hind legs make an excellent dish for those who like it, as well as a joke for those who don't. Powdered toad held in the palm is a fine thing to stop the nose bleeding—or, at any rate, it was a couple of hundred years ago, according to a dear old almanac I have. On the same unimpeachable authority I may fearlessly affirm a smashed frog—smashed on the proper saint's day—in conjunction with hair taken from a ram's forehead and a nail stolen from a piebald mare's shoe, to be a certain remedy for ague, worn in a little leather bag. If it fails it will be because the moon was in the wrong quarter, or the mare was not sufficiently piebald, or the nail was not stolen with sufficient dishonesty, or some mistake of that sort.

Personally, I am rather fond of frogs and toads. This, of course, in a strictly platonic sense, and entirely apart from dinner. A toad I admire even more than a frog, because of his gentlemanly calm. He never rushes at his food ravenously, as do so many other creatures. Place a worm near him and you will see. He inspects the worm casually, first with one eye and then with the other, as who would say: "Luncheon? Certainly. Delighted, I'm sure." Then he sits

placidly awhile, as though thinking of something else altogether. Presently he rises slightly on his feet and looks a little—very little—more attentively at the worm. "Oh, yes," he is saying—"luncheon, of course. Whenever you like, you know." And he becomes placid again, as though interested in the general conversation. After a little he suddenly straightens his hind legs and bends down over the worm, like a man saying, "Ah, and what have we got here now? Oh, worm—*ver au naturel* — capital, capital!" After this there is nothing to do but to eat, and this the toad does without the smallest delay. For leisurely indifference, followed by a business-like grab, nothing can beat a toad. Almost before the cover is lifted, figuratively speaking, the worm's head and tail are wriggling, like a lively moustache, out of the sides of the toad's mouth. The head and tail he gently pats in with his hands, and there is no longer any worm; after which the toad smiles affably and comfortably, possibly meditating a liqueur. I have an especial regard for the giant toad in one of the cases against the inner wall of the reptile-house lobby. There is a pimpliness of countenance and a comfortable capaciousness of waistcoat about him that always make me wonder what he has done with his churchwarden and pewter. He has a serene, confidential, well-old-pal-how-are-you way of regarding Tyrrell, his keeper. Of late (for some few months, that is) the giant toad has been turning something over in his mind, as one may perceive from his cogitative demeanour. He is thinking, I am convinced, of the new Goliath Beetle. The Goliath Beetle, he is thinking, would make rather a fit supper for the Giant Toad. This because he has never seen the beetle. His mind might be set at rest by an introduction to Goliath, but the acquaintanceship would do no good to the beetle's morals. At present Goliath is a most exemplary vegetarian and tea-drinker, but evil communications with that pimply, dissipated toad would wreck his principles.



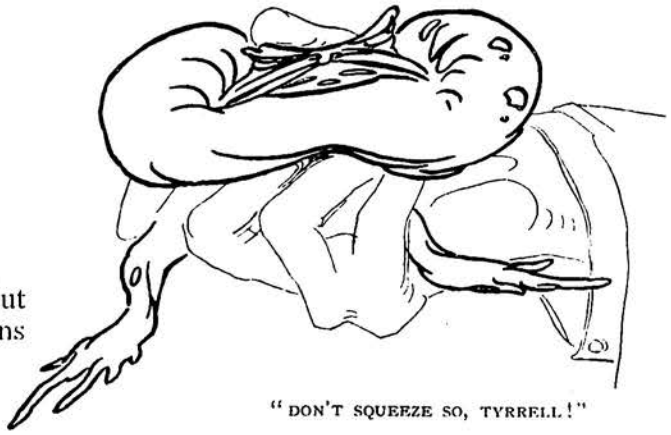
"THINK I COULD MANAGE THAT BEETLE, TYRRELL?"



EVIL COMMUNICATIONS.

Why one should speak of the Adorned Ceratophrys when the thing might just as well be called the Barking Frog, I don't know. Let us compromise and call him the Adorned C., in the manner of Mr. Wemmick. I respect the Adorned C. almost as much as if he were a toad instead of a frog, but chiefly I admire his mouth. A crocodile has a very respectable mouth—when it

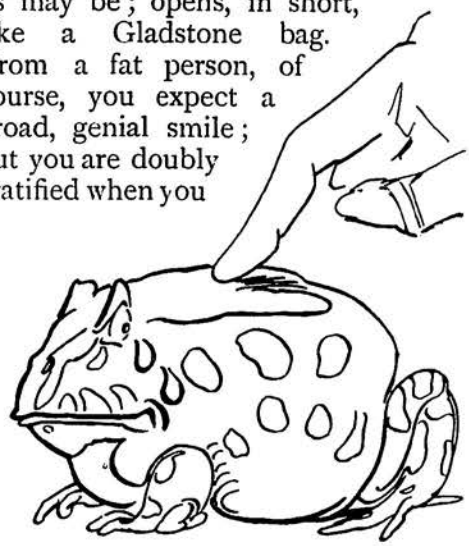
separates its jaws it opens its head. But when the Adorned C. smiles he opens



"DON'T SQUEEZE SO, TYRRELL!"

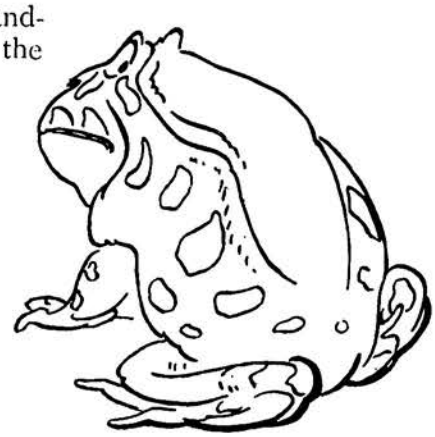
"WANT ME TO BARK?"

out his entire anatomical bag of tricks—comes as near bisecting himself indeed as may be; opens, in short, like a Gladstone bag. From a fat person, of course, you expect a broad, genial smile; but you are doubly gratified when you find it extending all round him. That, you feel, is indeed no end of a smile—and that is the smile of the Adorned C.



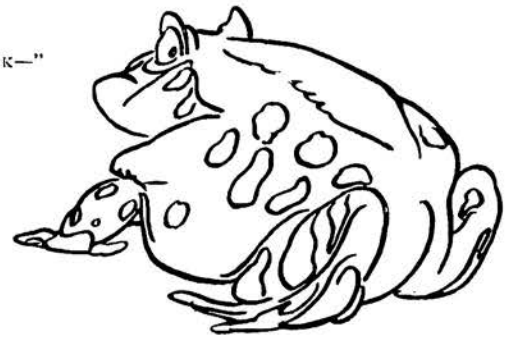
"HE CALLS THIS WINDING ME UP!"

But, notwithstanding this smile, the Adorned C. is short of temper. Indeed, you may only make him bark by practising upon this fact. Tyrrell's private performance with the Adorned C. is one that irresistibly reminds the spectator of Lieutenant Cole's with his figures, and would scarcely be improved by ventriloquism itself. The Adorned C. prefers biting to barking, and his bite is worse than his bark—bites always are, except in the proverb. This is why Tyrrell holds the Adorned C. pretty tight whenever he touches him. The one aspira-



"SHAN'T BARK—"

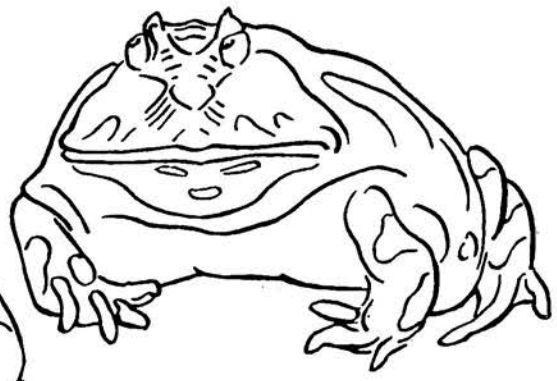
"SO THERE!"



"STOW THAT, TYRRELL!"

tion of the Adorned C. is for a quiet life, and he defends his aspiration with bites and barks. Tyrrell touches him gently, cautiously, and repeatedly on the back until the annoyance is no longer to be tolerated, and then the Adorned C. duly barks like a

"HE'S ALWAYS DOING THAT."



"I'LL GET SO WILD IN A MINUTE!"

"GUR--R—R—R—."

terrier. Now, the most interesting thing about the Adorned C., after his mouth, is his bark, and why he should be reluctant to exhibit it except under pressure of irrita-

"WOW, WOW!"

"SNAP! WOW-WOW!"

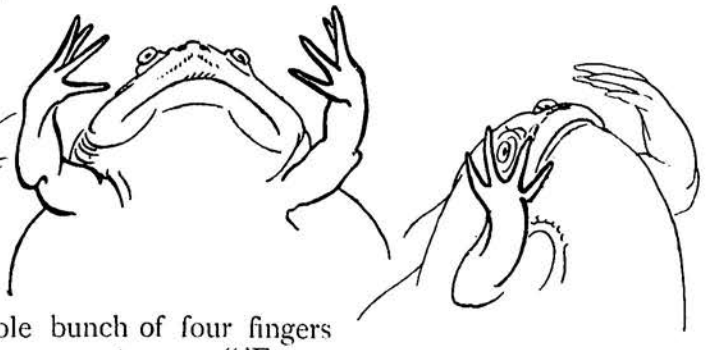
tion—why he should hide his light under a bushel of ill-temper—I can't conceive. It is as though Patti wouldn't sing till her manager threw an egg at her, or as though Sir Frederick Leighton would only paint a picture after Mr. Whistler had broken his studio windows with a brick. Even the whistling oyster of London tradition would perform without requiring a preliminary insult or personal assault. But let us account everything good if possible; perhaps the Adorned C. only suffers from a modest dislike for vain display; although this is scarcely consistent with the internal exhibition afforded by his smile.

With the distinction of residence in the main court of the reptile-house itself, as also with the knowledge of its rarity, the

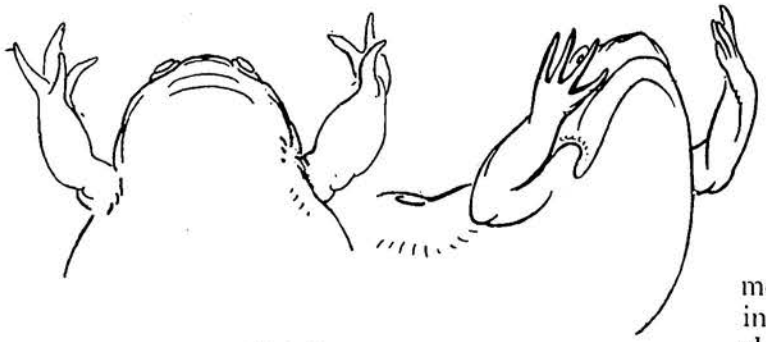
"WHAT, GOT TO GO BACK?"

"GOOD NIGHT, TYRRELL!"

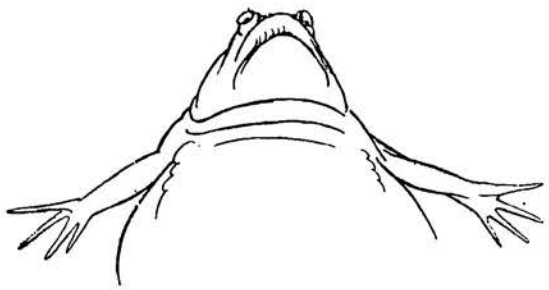
Smooth-clawed Frog sets no small value on himself. He lives in water perpetually, and is always bobbing mysteriously about in it with his four-fingered hands spread out before him. This seems to me to be nothing but a vulgar manifestation of the Smooth-clawed Frog's

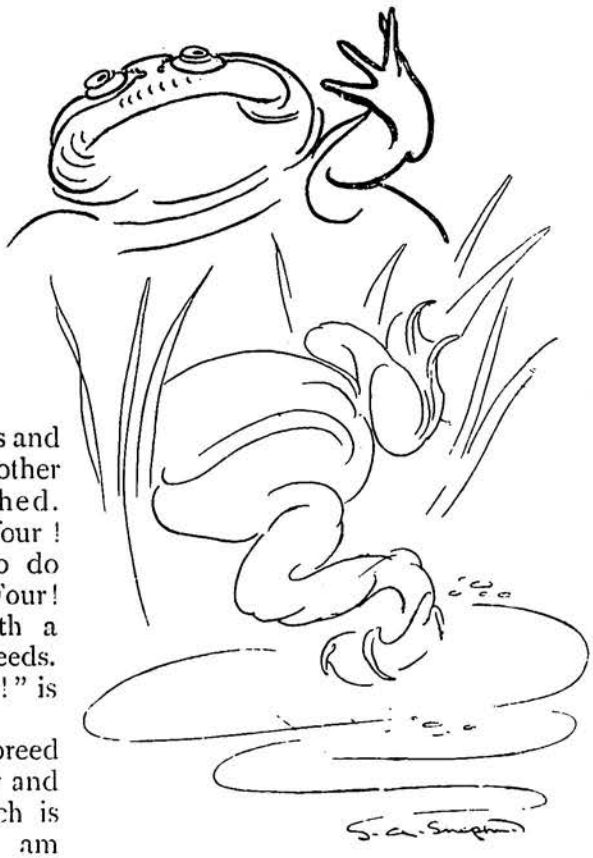


self-appreciation. He is like a coster conducting a Dutch auction, except that it is himself that he puts up for the bids of admiring visitors. With his double bunch of four fingers held eagerly before him he says—or means to say—"'Ere—eight! Ain't that cheap enough? Eight! Going at eight. Who says eight? Now then—eight; for a noble frog like



me!" Presently, he wriggles a little in the water, as though vexed at the slackness of offers: then he drops one



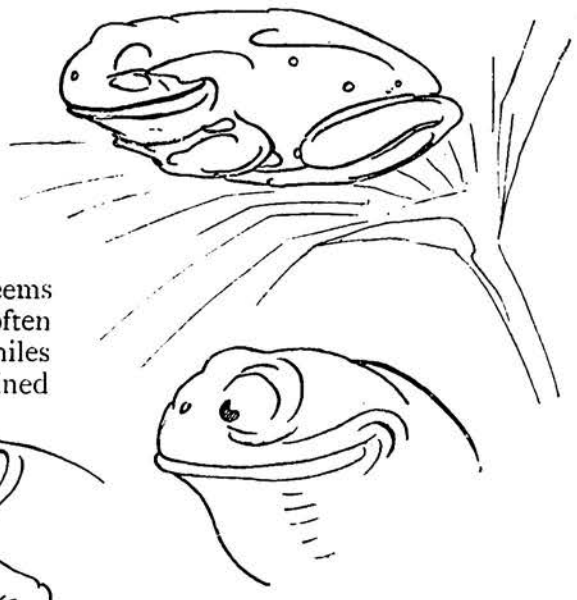


of the hands and leaves the other outstretched. "'Ere — four! Anythink to do business. Four! Nobody say four? Oh, blow this!" and with a jerk of one long paddle he dives among the weeds. "Them shiny-lookin' swells ain't got no money!" is what I am convinced he reports to his friends.

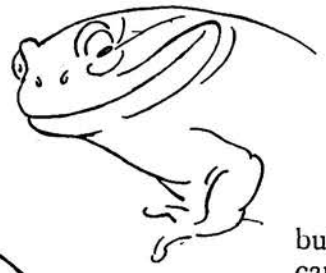
The Smooth-clawed Frog has lately begun to breed here, a thing before unknown; so that his rarity and value are in danger of depreciation. But such is his inordinate conceit of himself that I am

convinced he will always begin the bidding with eight.

If you rejoice in the sight of a really happy, contented frog, you should stand long before White's Green Frog, and study his smile. No other frog has a smile like this; some are wider, perhaps, but that is nothing. A frog is ordained by Nature to smile much, but the smile seems commonly one of hunger merely, though often one of stomach-ache. White's Green Frog smiles broad content and placid felicity. Maintained in comfort, with no necessity to earn his living, this is probably natural; still, the bison enjoys the same advantages, although nobody ever saw him smile;



"HAPPY?"



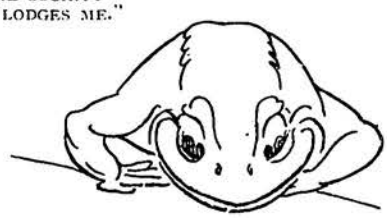
"I AM HAPPY."

but, then, an animal soon to become extinct can scarcely be expected to smile. In the smile of White's Green Frog, however, I fear, a certain smug, Peck-sniffian quality is visible. "I am a Numble individual, my Christian friends,"

"WHY SHOULDN'T I BE HAPPY?"

he seems to say, "and my wants, which are few and simple, are providentially supplied. Therefore, I am Truly Happy. It is no great merit in my merely batrachian nature that I am Truly

'THE SOCIETY LODGES ME."

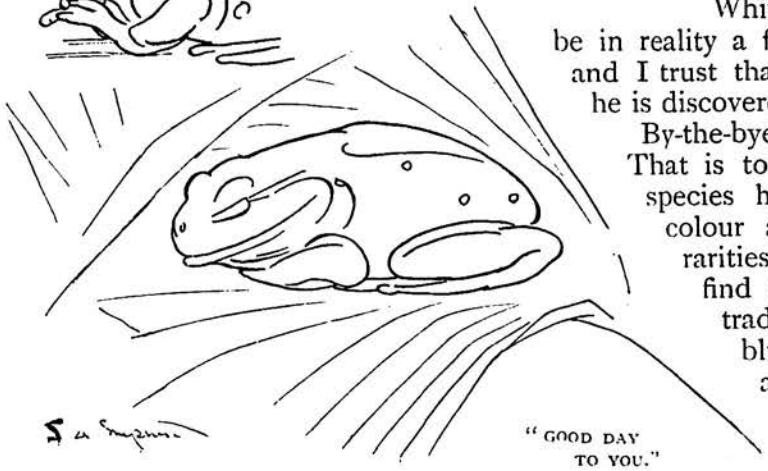


"TYRRELL FEEDS ME."

"NO EXPENSE TO ME, YOU KNOW."

Happy; a cheerful countenance, my friends, is a duty imposed on me by an indulgent Providence." White's Green Frog may, however, be in reality a frog of excellent moral worth; and I trust that Green's White Frog, if ever he is discovered, will be a moral frog too.

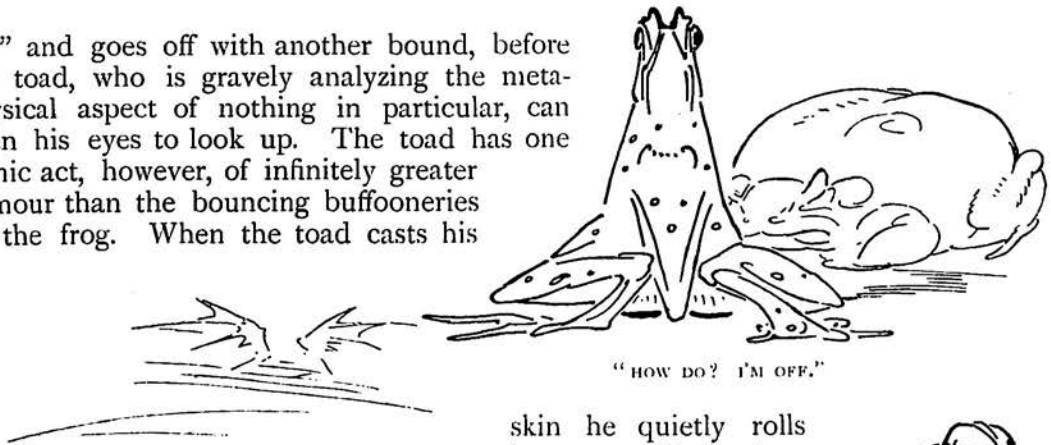
By-the-bye, some green frogs are blue. That is to say, individuals of the green species have been found of the skyey colour and sold at a good price as rarities. When it was not easy to find one already blue, the prudent tradesman kept a green frog in a blue glass vase for a few weeks, and brought it out as blue as you might wish. The colour stayed long enough, as a



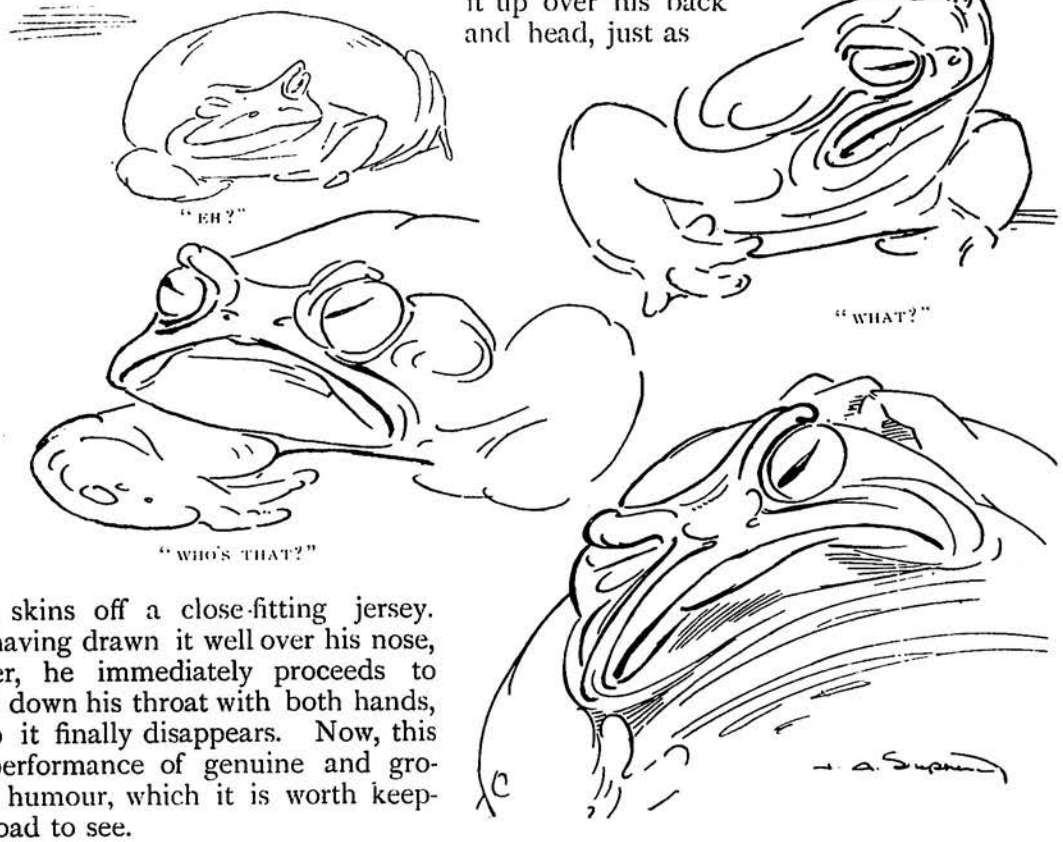
"GOOD DAY TO YOU."

rule, to admit of sale at a decent price, but was liable to fade after. As I think I have said, the toad is distinguished by a placid calm denied to the frog; therefore it is singular that the ordinary toad's Latin name should be *Bufo vulgaris*—a name suggestive of nothing so much as a low—disgracefully low — comedian. *Bufo vulgaris* should be the name of a very inferior, rowdy clown. The frog is a much nearer approximation to this character than the toad. The frog comes headlong with a bound, a bunch of legs and arms, with his "Here we are again! Fine day to-morrow, wasn't it?" and goes off with another bound, before the toad, who is gravely analyzing the metaphysical aspect of nothing in particular, can open his eyes to look up. The toad has one comic act, however, of infinitely greater humour than the bouncing buffooneries of the frog. When the toad casts his skin he quietly rolls it up over his back and head, just as a man skins off a close-fitting jersey. Once having drawn it well over his nose, however, he immediately proceeds to cram it down his throat with both hands, and so it finally disappears. Now, this is a performance of genuine and grotesque humour, which it is worth keeping a toad to see.

"HERE WE ARE!"



"HOW DO? I'M OFF."



"EH?"

"WHAT?"

"WHO'S THAT?"

BLACKBERRIES.

Wholesome berries that thrive and ripen best
Neighbored by fruit of baser quality.—*Henry V.*

THE delivery at our back door of sundry bushels of blackberries, suggests to me that some of the housekeeping confraternity may not know quite as much about the usefulness of this berry as I have had to learn, and that some recipes may be useful at this season. They are good for both eating and drinking; puddings, pies, dumplings, wine, cordial and vinegar can be made of them with equal success and applause. Indeed, no house mother should fail to make a supply of blackberry cordial for the sake of the children during the sickly summer and early fall days, when the system is so easily disordered. I give the cordial recipe first, therefore, as of prime importance:

Blackberry Cordial.

Pound and strain a gallon of blackberries, and to every pint of juice add three-fourths of a pound of loaf sugar, and to every two quarts of juice add one-fourth of an ounce of mace, allspice, cinnamon and cloves, either whole or slightly pounded. Boil these ingredients to a thick, rich syrup, and when done add as much French brandy as there is syrup by actual measurement, pint for pint, bottle and keep well corked.

This is an almost certain cure for diarrhœa and dysentery. A wine glassful for an adult two or three times a day, and half as much for a child, or less in proportion to its age.

Blackberry Wine.

Have the berries all gathered in one day, or delivered at the rate of one bushel a day, so as to leave no chance to ferment before they are squeezed, or to keep you squeezing continuously day after day. One bushel well squeezed yields three gallons and one quart of juice, so you can make your estimate of the number of gallons of wine you want and engage your berries by the bushel in proportion. Mash the berries to a pulp and, if you have not a wooden press, have them squeezed by a strong hand through (one yard is plenty) a piece of new unbleached cotton cloth. Measure the juice and to each gallon add one quart of boiling water and three pounds of light brown sugar. Any good sugar will do, but the best white sugar will not make the wine any better than light brown. We have tried all. Mix the sugar well with the juice. This is very important. Also see to it that the sugar is put into the juice just as soon as it is squeezed, else the fermentation will have begun and you run the risk of making vinegar instead of wine. If you get the berries by the bushel, each squeezing of juice must be put into a separate jar to ferment. You cannot put it in the same vessel with the first. Put the wine in large jars and cover with a cloth tied over the mouth and keep in the cellar or other cool, dark place until the fermentation is done, then, if each jar of wine is of equal quality they can all be emptied into a wine or brandy cask and set aside until December, when it will be fit for table use. All the juice squeezed the same day can be put together, but not if twelve hours elapse between the squeezings. Made thus, our wine never fails, and has been mistaken for port. Beware of the plan of some housekeepers who buy the prepared juice! We have tried it, and made vinegar every time instead of wine. Get your berries by the quantity, have them squeezed at once, and immediately add the sugar and stir it thoroughly into the juice; put the juice into clean stone jars (or casks, according to quantity), cover with clean cloths and set in a cool, dark place, and, my word for it, you will have as good wine as was ever made.

Blackberry Dumpling.

Make a rich, smooth paste of a pint of flour, a half teacupful of lard (butter is nicer, but more expensive), salt to taste, and half a teaspoonful of soda and one teaspoonful of cream tartar, and milk or water enough to make a manageable dough; roll it out thin in a long sheet; spread the paste thickly with ripe blackberries, roll it up in a neat roll, pinch the ends and side edge closely together; dip a cloth in hot water, wring it out, sprinkle one side with flour, and roll the roll of dumpling loosely in it, pin it securely to keep the water out, or tie, or sew it as you like. Drop it in a pot of boiling water and keep it boiling steadily for two or three hours, turn it over every half hour so that all sides will be cooked alike. Roll it out of the cloth on a flat dish when you serve it, and cut it in slices, put on plenty of sauce made of sugar, butter and nutmeg rubbed to a cream, or any other that you like. Another way is to make a batter of one quart of flour, four well beaten eggs, a pint of milk, salt to taste, a teacupful of fresh butter or half as much lard; beat it until light; add a quart of ripe blackberries and pour the whole into a pudding bag or basin and boil for three hours. Serve with rub sauce.

Baked Blackberry Pudding.

Cream together half a pound of butter and a pound of good brown sugar; add half a pound of flour and four eggs beaten very light. When well mixed pour the batter into a well buttered baking dish and lay a quart of perfectly ripe blackberries lightly on the top of the batter; don't stir them in. Bake this pudding as you would a pound cake, and serve with wine cream sauce, which is made this way: Cream half a pound of butter with three-fourths of a pound of sugar, add a tumblerful of rich sweet cream, a glassful of good wine, a tablespoonful of French brandy, and nutmeg or lemon flavoring, as you like; or whip a pint of sweet, rich cream, a tumblerful of Maderia wine, a tumblerful of white sugar and the juice of an orange or lemon until it becomes thick and rich.

—*Rebecca Cameron.*

The annexed recipes, which we find in a recent issue of *Medical Classics*, are timely and valuable additions to the above original paper of our contributor:

Blackberry Cordial.

Blackberry cordial is usually made from the berries, not from the root. The following gives a good preparation: Crushed blackberries, one gallon; Imperial Crown brandy, one gallon; sugar, two pounds. Macerate the berries with the brandy for five or six days, express the liquor, add the sugar, and, after two weeks, decant or filter. A good and efficient diarrhœa cordial can also be made from the blackberry root or its fluid extract, but it would not be the article expected by the public when they ask for blackberry cordial. The foregoing makes a preparation pleasant to the taste, and at the same time of great value in diarrhœa, summer complaint of children, and similar affections.

Elixir of Blackberry Root.

Blackberry root, two ounces; cloves, one drachm; cinnamon, one drachm; simple elixir, sufficient. Exhaust the drugs by maceration or percolation, with enough of the elixir to obtain one pint of preparation. In place of blackberry root, two fluid ounces of its fluid extract may be substituted. The dose of the elixir would be from one to four fluid drachms. A remarkable property of blackberry root is that, although to the taste it displays but little astringency, it is more efficacious than other drugs, richer in tannin, such as oak bark, alum root, etc., and in its after effects seldom causes the costiveness which is so often experienced with the more powerful astringent medicines.

AUGUST.

1	W	*Lammas Day.*
2	Th	Sun rises, 4h. 27m. ; sets, 7h. 44m.
3	F	Mr. Speaker Peel born, 1829.
4	S	Siege of Saragossa raised, 1808.
5	S	**10th Sunday after Trinity.**
6	M	*Bank Holiday.*
7	Tu	Sun rises, 4h. 35m. ; sets, 7h. 35m.
8	W	Geo. Canning, statesman, d., 1827.
9	Th	Escape of Marshal Bazaine, 1874.
10	F	Rt. Hon. G. J. Goschen born, 1831.
11	S	*Trin. Law Sit. end. Dog Days end.*
12	S	**11th Sunday after Trinity.**
13	M	*Grouse Shooting begins.*
14	Tu	Sun rises, 4h. 46m. ; sets, 7h. 22m.
15	W	Sir Walter Scott born, 1771.
16	Th	Ben Jonson died, 1637.
17	F	Frederick the Great died, 1786.
18	S	Battle of Gravelotte, 1870.
19	S	**12th Sunday after Trinity.**
20	M	*Blackcock Shooting begins.*
21	Tu	Battle of Vimiera, 1808.
22	W	Sun rises, 4h. 58m. ; sets, 7h. 6m.
23	Th	Sir William Wallace hanged, 1305.
24	F	*St. Bartholomew.* [1867.
25	S	Michael Faraday, chemist, died,
26	S	**13th Sunday after Trinity.**
27	M	Landing of Julius Cæsar, B.C. 55.
28	Tu	Leigh Hunt died, 1859 ; born, 1764.
29	W	*Royal George* foundered, 1782.
30	Th	Sun rises, 5h. 11m. ; sets, 6h. 49m.
31	F	John Bunyan died, 1688.

THE MOON'S CHANGES.

New Moon, 7th, 6h. 21m. aft.
First Quarter, 14th, 4h. 44m. aft.
Full Moon, 21st, 4h. 20m. aft.
Last Quarter, 29th, 2h. 18m. aft.

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The year 5649 of the Jewish Era commences on September 6, 1888.

Ramadân (month of abstinence observed by the Turks) commences on May 12, 1888.

The year 1306 of the Mohammedan Era commences on September 7, 1888.

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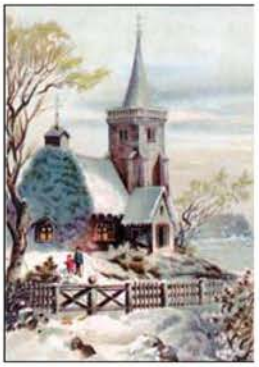

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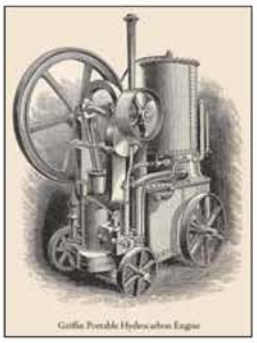

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