

Victorian Times

A Monthly Exploration of Victorian Life

Vol. B-2, No. 9 - September 2025

*Smuggling in America • Dogs of Celebrities • Moving Day • Autumn Leaves
The English Postman • How to Manage a Dairy • Life in a French Chateau
"Fossiking" in Australia • Characters in Feet • Zoo Stories • Some English Customs
Useful Embroidery Stitches • A History of Utensils • Odd Churches • Fall Canning*

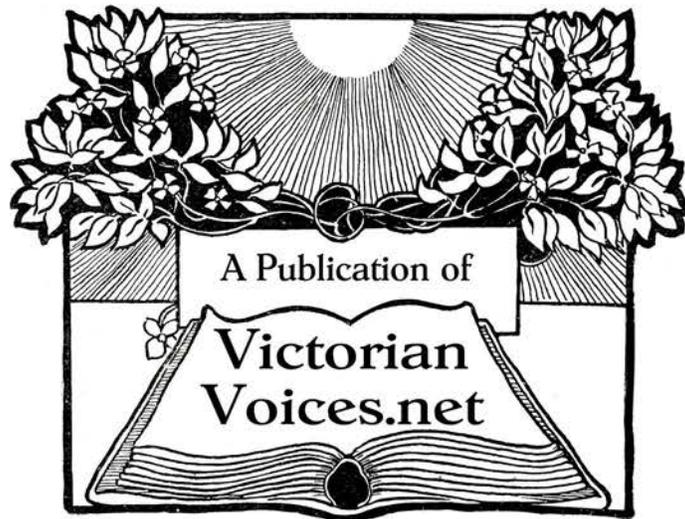
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edited by Moira Allen



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Cover Image: "The Little Woman," by J. Morgan, from *The Illustrated London Almanack*, 1878.

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The Perils of Leisure

Here's an interesting quote in the 1884 edition of *Cassell's Household Guide*: "The advantages of making patchwork, besides the useful purposes it is put to... are its moral effects. Leisure must either be filled up by expensive amusements, 'mischief,' or by listless idleness, unless some harmless useful occupation is substituted... So patchwork often plays a noble part... and idle time is advantageously occupied."

As this quote suggests, Victorians took a dim view of "leisure" and "recreation," particularly on the part of women. For example, many were deeply concerned about the moral effects of fiction, particularly on young, foolish, impressionable women. However, I suspect that the real issue was, again, the fact that if one had time to read fiction, one was clearly not doing anything "useful" or "advantageous."

While this may seem like just another "typical" Victorian attempt to suppress women, it's really just another desperate attempt to shut the barn door after the horse has reached the next county. By this time, women had been able to obtain a higher education for at least forty years, and by the 1880s, they were becoming involved in a variety of sports and entering the non-domestic workforce in droves. Many writers still hoped to stem the tide of independence, struggling to convince young women who, perhaps, hadn't made up their minds about education or careers, that their place was in the home, selflessly helping others.

Selflessness was the key word. It could be supported by scripture, it sounded lofty, and it was difficult (at least back then) to argue that being self-*ish* was a good thing. The ideal woman, ladies were told, was one who cared nothing for personal achievements, attainments, or entertainments, but who lived for the needs of others.

From there, it's easy to see how leisure time can be painted as idleness and laziness. After all, if you have *time* for personal recreation, obviously you're *not* using that time on behalf of others. You're using it to please yourself. Instead of being a force for good in the world, you're lolling about in "listless idleness."

While the message to women is obvious, I suspect there is another concern underlying the issue of leisure time and laziness, and that is one of class. Victorians liked to believe that the poorer classes, especially those without work or homeless, were in that situation due to their own laziness. It wasn't simply an issue of funds—even the most genteel gentlewoman could, through circumstance (such as widowhood) become impoverished—but of *breeding*. It's difficult, however, to rationalize consigning a human being to the poorhouse unless you can convince yourself that, somehow, it is no better than they deserve.

If, however, laziness is an inbred characteristic that sets apart the lower classes, it is the last thing one wishes to find in one's *own* class. A true "lady" should have *nothing* in common with the poorer classes. How can you be recognized as of a higher class if you exhibit low-class behaviors? Such is the dilemma of the leisure-seeking Victorian! Men, of course, were defined by the hours of the workday, and there was nothing intrinsically lazy about seeking leisure at the end of it. Women, however, had no such definition of when their workday ended (if it ever did)—and so any time that they took for themselves was suspect.

I do wonder, however, how Victorian women—even those dedicated to getting a college education, pursuing a career, and spending their leisure time reading (gasp) detective stories—would regard our own seemingly endless quest to find more leisure time and more ways to fill it. Perhaps, on occasion, we ourselves might genuinely benefit from putting down that electronic device and doing something "useful" and "advantageous"—such as making a quilt!

—Moirra Allen, Editor
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SMUGGLING IN THE UNITED STATES.

ITS EXTENT, ITS PERILS, AND ITS PENALTIES.

SMUGGLING is the clandestine introduction of prohibited goods, or the illicit introduction of goods by the evasion of the legal duties. Excessive duties present a temptation to men to evade them; and the law loses a great part of its moral influence when it first tempts to violation of it, and then punishes the offense.

The crimes and moral evils which are the offspring of smuggling can only be prevented by a wise tariff. It annihilates a traffic which no ingenuity can put down; for all experience proves that, so long as a profit can be made by smuggling sufficient to counterbalance the risk, it will flourish.

From the earliest days of the institution of import and export duties by governments, unprincipled men and women have been prompted, by greed of inordinate gain, to devise means of evading the payment of Custom House duties. Cunning, ingenuity, lying, deception—schemes so wily as to outwit the sharpest of sharp experts, culminating not unfrequently in murder—have been resorted to.

The record of the dodges and subterfuges brought into requisition by smugglers would fill volumes. The catalogue of offenders would include all classes of society, from the aristocratic lady who endeavors to “run” her diamonds, gloves, and laces, from the superb state-room of an ocean steamer, to the desperado who haunts the lonely bay and unfrequented inlet, seeking his prey by sea and land, like some amphibious and uncanny animal.

The history of smuggling would abound with humorous and ludicrous incidents, and present many thrilling scenes of daring, many ghastly records of blood and shame.

The great centres of smuggling in the United States are New Orleans, Savannah, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston and New York. Considerable “running” is also made by the “underground railway,” as the system adopted by the smugglers on the Canadian frontier is termed; the operators of this system being largely in the confidence of a certain class of mercantile men, while it is alleged that an extensive capital stands behind it.

The great inducement to smuggling is the tariff. If the tariff of a country is high, the gain to be derived by going behind it will be great; if low, the profit will not be worth the risk.

On passing the Straits of Gibraltar, it was formerly the practice of vessels to stop at the Spanish town of Tarifa, and to pay certain tolls or duties on their cargoes; hence the word *Tariff*, which term, as understood in the ordinary commercial intercourse in this country, means the rate of custom duties imposed by our Government on articles of foreign merchandise imported into any port in the United States.

These rates are fixed by Congress; and it has heretofore been the policy of the Government to change these, from time to time, according as the revenues of the country demanded, or the interests of certain branches of American manufactures or industries required, the fostering aid and protection of the Government. The numerous changes which have been made in these laws, and which are still being made—repealing portions of former laws by implication, and by implication leaving other portions unrepealed—render them frequently obscure, and their application, especially to undefined and non-enumerated articles, often very difficult.

Importing merchants, as a class, are in favor of free trade, or a tariff of duties which shall be uniformly imposed,

without discriminating in favor of any home manufactures or products, and the aggregate amount of which shall afford no more revenue than is requisite for the actual current wants of the Government. The manufacturers, as a class, are in favor of a tariff which, while it will give adequate revenue, shall also discriminate by imposing higher rates of duties on such kinds of foreign goods as enter into competition with American manufactures or products. The advocates of a “low revenue” or “non-discriminating” tariff, contend that the adoption of their system is in accordance with the spirit of the age, is essential to the success of American commerce, and is due to the community at large, as furnishing them articles of necessity and of luxury at the more natural, therefore at the cheaper, prices.

There is great peril connected with the smuggling life, and the men engaged in it are a daring and reckless class. The dangers and risks they run seem to possess a strange fascination for them. Not only on the soft Summer seas do they ply their hazardous calling, but amid the marrow-chilling blasts of Winter. A smuggler goes forth with his life in his hand, and he flings it down as his stake in the terrible game he elects to play. He will part with it in a desperate effort to retain his ill-gotten prey; nor will he hesitate to spill the blood of his opponents, should the exigencies of the occasion demand it. One of our illustrations represents the tragic end of a revenue officer, who, having captured a smuggler, was conveying him to the revenue cutter, when the ruffian suddenly seized the officer by the neck, and plunged overboard with him. The smuggler, an expert swimmer, regained the boat and escaped, but the officer sank beneath the water, and was lost.

The extent of smuggling, and the consequent loss to the revenue of the United States, cannot, from the very nature, and, doubtless, from the magnitude of such operations, be enumerated in figures. The facilities for smuggling on our extended and varied frontier are so great as to make it a physical impossibility to exterminate the smugglers. The Government does much, but all that it can do is threaten, and when a good case is “dropped upon,” to make such an example of the delinquent as to deter others from following in his or her footsteps.

“No one,” said a high official, alluding to the facilities for smuggling on our coast, “can fully realize them, who has never traveled along our northern boundary, from Eastport, Me., to Port Angeles, W. T., a distance of from 3,000 to 4,000 miles, or who has never attempted to stop blockade-running along our southern coast. But, perhaps, after all,” he adds, “the port of New York—a labyrinthine world of itself—affords as great, if not greater, facilities for defrauding the revenue, by evading special payments of duties, as any other locality; and I have reason to believe that the most of what is done there is done on a large scale.”

With a view to prevent smuggling, the Government maintains a fleet of steamers called the “Revenue Marine,” three of which are attached to the port of New York. One of them, the *Grant*, is used in taking the inspectors along the coast, at stated intervals, on tours of inspection. The *modus operandi* of Revenue Marine at the port of New York is thus described:

“The inspectors and special agents and detectives are required to assemble daily for duty at the Revenue Barge office, a small building located at the Battery, at the southern extreme end of New York City. There one of the two tugs kept for boarding purposes is always in waiting. When a steamer is telegraphed from Sandy Hook as entering the harbor, the tug steams up, and, with its detail of inspectors, varied in number according to the size and character of the steamer arriving, puts off to meet the

spoken vessel. When the two meet, the steamer, recognizing the revenue flag, with its vertical stripes, at once comes to. The tug runs up alongside, and the inspectors march boldly on board—that is, most of them; but one, at least, of the more experienced detectives *smuggles* himself on board unobserved, and at once mingles amongst the passengers. He observes the actions of each, and picks out, with educated eyes, every smuggler on board. The old ones he knows; the amateurs betray themselves by manner, if not by word.

“In the meantime, the chief of the inspectors has examined the passenger-list, and is prepared to begin an examination of the baggage. On reaching the dock, communication with the shore is prohibited; the passengers become prisoners, and baggage, for once, takes precedence of owner. When all the baggage is on the wharf, the examination begins. Owners are called upon to point out their trunks. The keys are demanded, and the contents examined.

“When the passenger is suspected by the special detective, who conveys his suspicion to the inspector by signs, or by the inspector himself, in consequence of nervous manner and uneasy movements, the trunks are searched a second time, more thoroughly; or, perhaps, the person of the passenger is also examined, or ‘gone through.’ Where nothing contraband is found, the trunks are passed through the gates of the dock, and the passengers are at liberty.”

The number of Custom House inspectors on the docks at New York, for the purpose of protecting the revenue interests, is 269.

Many persons returning to our shores bring contraband articles with them which they declare in due form, and for which they pay duty. The amount thus collected by the officers on the dock in this port amounts annually to \$150,000; whilst the sum paid on goods sent to the stores, the parties being unprepared to pay the duty on the dock, amounts to \$50,000.

The annual number of cases of smuggling detected at the port of New York is on the decrease. In one year to July, 1873, there were 511; in '74, 608; '75, 416; '76, 333; '77, 361, and '78, to May 24th, 365. The sudden falling off in detection is attributed to the operation of the Anti-Moiety Act, of June, 1874. Prior to the passage of this act, the person making the seizure became entitled to one-fourth of the gross receipts, if less than \$500 in value, and if over that sum, to one-fourth net.

When a seizure is made, the articles seized are at once conveyed to the seizure-room in the Custom House. Suit is then commenced by the District Attorney against the goods; the United States Marshal advertises the fact, and fifty days from date of advertisement, the goods are sold to the highest bidder. Under the provisions of the Anti-Moiety Act, the Secretary of the Treasury has power to recommend the outsider or officer who physically effects a seizure to be paid one-fourth of the *net* proceeds of sale; but this sum, after the deduction of all expenses, in addition to the full duties, simply means *nil*; and the inducement to immediate personal exertion having been removed, the especial feature in the service is more or less emasculated.

The law prohibits the importation of less than 14 gallons of liquors, or of 12 quart bottles, or 24 pints, and less than 3,000 cigars. When the law is violated in these cases, by the attempted introduction of a quantity of liquor or tobacco less than prescribed by the statute, the goods are seized, and, if the smuggle is done in ignorance, subsequently released on a payment of a fine equivalent to the duty.

The information as to a proposed “run,” usually comes

to the Custom House authorities anonymously; but, as many dark hints are thrown out as mere blinds, or to fling the officers off the right scent, all such communications are received under reserve, and acted upon according to the reasonings of the experts.

The Seizure Room at the Custom House at New York is a large circular apartment supported on groined arches, known as “The Crypt.” It is jealously guarded by iron gates and iron railings, and in order to enter its sacred inclosure, the visitor must pass the lynx eyes of the Superintendent, who sits Cerberus-like at a desk close to the entrance.

Around in luxurious profusion lie boxes of cigars, and *such* cigars! cases of brandy, barrels of gin, baskets of wine, boxes of gloves, immense cases of linens, packages of cigarettes, and other commodities, against the introduction of which *minus* the payment of duty, the stern tariff bars the passage.

With a duty on cigars of \$2½ per pound, with an *ad valorem* duty of 25 per cent., on silk of 60 per cent., on gloves of 50 per cent., the inducements to “trust to luck” are particularly inviting.

Upon the occasion of our visit to the Custom House, Captain Brackett, through his “reserve men,” had just made a seizure of 14,000 cigars. These genuine Havanas had been flung overboard from a vessel trading between Cuba and New York, in india-rubber bags, each bag containing 2,000 cigars. Some few boxes were slightly damaged by salt sea wave; but as the bags were constructed so as to float with the opening about three inches above water, except in a boisterous sea, they may be considered water-proof.

Cigars costing \$60 in Havana, will fetch \$120 in New York; and Captain Brackett assured the writer that from 7½ to 10 per cent. of the entire importations are smuggled. About 70,000 cigars are “caught” each year, the average value being \$150 per 1,000. The best quality of cigars alone is smuggled, as the specific duty is the same on good and inferior.

An old cigar smoker, a man who has placed more contraband tobacco upon the market than any half-dozen of the experts engaged in the illicit traffic, thus relates the *modus operandi*:

“To make the thing safe, I had to square captains, officers, and deck hands sailing between this here port and Havana, and make individual arrangements with them to buy a certain brand of cigars. I have invariably found the captains the most difficult to approach; but when I succeeded in getting a captain to ‘see ‘em in,’ I felt secure; for the captains are least liable to suspicion. The captain once secured, I then felt safe in dealing with the officers and men; allowing a percentage of from \$1 to \$2 per hundred cigars, according to circumstances; but always, of course, making the best terms I could for ourselves. I found on many occasions that the firemen on board the steamers were safe accomplices. They have better facilities for stowing away the cigars than many of the officers have, and they are, besides, generally satisfied with a percentage of \$1 a hundred. For instance, a fireman can readily hide from 500 to 1,000 cigars in the coal alone, not to speak of the several nooks and corners at his disposal. The next act in the programme was to start down the Bay a few days before the vessels we were in trade with were expected to arrive at quarantine. This had to be done under all sorts of pretenses, and every imaginable disguise in order to deceive the revenue authorities. Fishing was a favorite amusement with our boys while looking out for the incoming Havana vessels, and spotting the revenue cutter.

During the daytime we used often to land, and have a



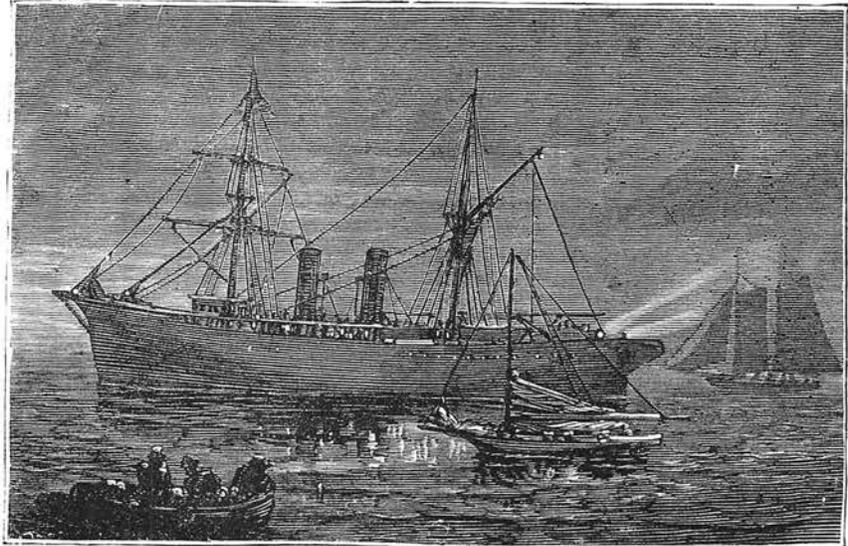
SMUGGLING IN WINTER.

good time at various places along Bay Ridge and Staten Island, and in that way throw the the revenue officers off their guard. But we never landed in the night-time, unless compelled to do so by a storm, and then we hugged the shore, or took shelter under some of the rocks that overhang it. Then comes the work of taking the cigars from the incoming vessels without being detected by the revenue officers. Sometimes this is easy enough when the revenue officers board the particular vessel that we are expecting, and having searched her, they leave. Then our friends on board throw out signal lights indicating that the coast is clear. If the officers hang on to a vessel, the signals tell us so, and we

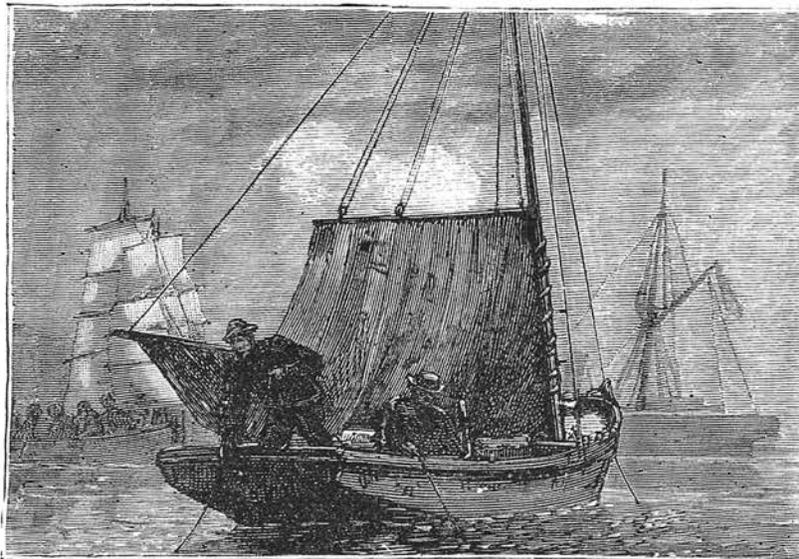
let the vessel slide, taking our chances that our colleagues on the wharf will be able to land the goods.

"I should have said before now that there are three classes of cigar-smugglers, namely: the run smugglers, the wharf smugglers, and the chance smugglers. They are all in league with each other, but each class has its own particular line of business. The run smugglers have always friends on the wharf, and at certain places on the North and East Rivers.

"Well, if the signals tell us that the coast is clear, we put for the vessel by a route suggested by the circumstances of the moment, as the most judicious and least likely to attract the suspicion of the revenue men. When we get alongside the vessel, provided there be no apprehension of danger, our friends on board drop the cigars—which are generally made up in packages of five boxes each—into our boats, and we make for the shore as fast as we can; but when the revenue men are near at hand, the packages are tied in



SIGNAL TO SMUGGLERS FROM AN HAVANA STEAMER.



SMUGGLERS DISGUISED AS FISHERMEN.

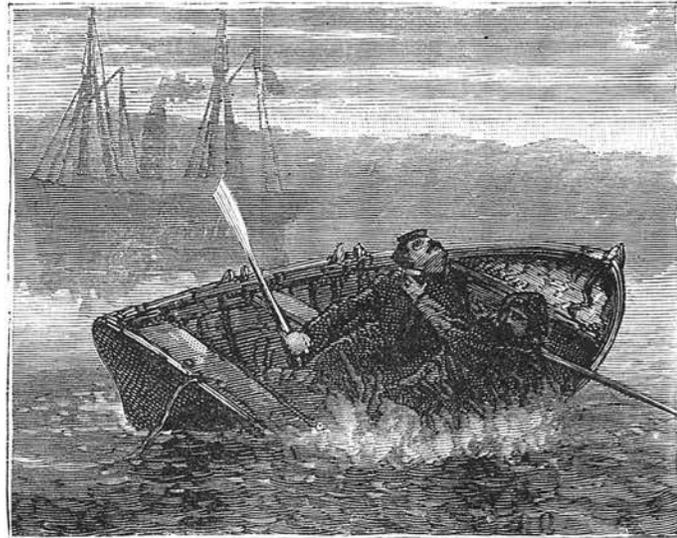
oil cloth or india-rubber bags, and quietly dropped into the water, when our boats come along and pick them up."

Several countries of Europe contribute special articles to the "consideration" of the Customs authorities. France sends us brandy; Germany, snuff, cigars and gold-leaf; England, cutlery, silk and brandy; Spain, wine; Belgium, diamonds; Scotland, woolen stuffs. Thousands of bottles of brandy are brought in by sailors on French ships. One of the crew comes ashore with a couple of bottles for his personal use. He is carefully shadowed to a liquor store, and in due time the two bottles increase and multiply, till the revenue officer arrives upon the scene.

The German snuff is that dark, rich, pungent article, which causes a man to sneeze his head off. It is



A NOTED SMUGGLER'S RETREAT.



A REVENUE OFFICER KILLED BY SMUGGLERS.

conveyed in packages to the lager beer saloons in Hoboken, and distributed from thence through the vast German population of the country. A seizure of 100 dozen packages was made a few days ago. The writer was induced to take one tiny pinch of the aromatic mixture, and his subsequent sensations were of a nature scarcely to be imagined and impossible to describe.

Belgium being a centre for the delicate operation of diamond-cutting, much of the contraband diamond trade is done from that country. To-day, diamond-smuggling is virtually defunct, owing to the reduction of the duty to 10 per cent. The "dodges" being so varied and extensive, the opportunities for concealing the precious stones so exceptionally favorable, and the detections so few in proportion to the amount of business done, the revenue authorities resolved to emasculate the "trade" by reducing the tariff; and now the operations are so insignificant as scarcely to call the attention of the authorities to their existence.

The ingenuity practiced in introducing diamonds duty free forms the theme of many an interesting and amusing story. Captain Brackett narrates the following:



A WOMAN SMUGGLING KNIVES.

"A letter reached the Customs authorities, stating that a man, a well-known smuggler, would leave Liverpool by a certain steamer on a certain date, carrying with him diamonds to the value of seventy or eighty thousand dollars. A telegram announced his departure, and in due time the steamer

was boarded by the revenue officers. The man was found in his stateroom, suffering from a bad cough, a plaster on his chest; but, despite his indignant repudiation, not only were his effects searched, but his immediate person came beneath the hands and eyes of the vigilant detectives. Their search was repaid; for in the lining of his coat were the precious stones discovered.

"When the diamonds were brought to the seizure-room at the Custom House, a lapidary, to the intense disgust and mortification of the officers, pronounced them paste. The experts had met a little more than their match. The man was traced to his hotel, and again subjected to a microscopic search. When his chest was bared, lo! the plaster had disappeared; but the white indentions showed where the diamonds had lain concealed, whilst the officers sought them elsewhere."

On another occasion, through a letter forwarded by Minister Washburne, a large quantity of diamonds were discovered in the back of a hair-brush, the property of a passenger on a Cunard steamer, whom nobody would have dared to suspect.

Woman as a smuggler is met by woman as a detective;

but it was not until since 1861, and after considerable deliberation between the Department at Washington and the Collector of the Port, that four lady examiners were appointed, and designated as "special aids to revenue service." In 1867 the number was increased, with the title Inspectors appended, and the service at



EXAMINING A SUSPECTED SKIRT.

this port now requires the services of no less than eight competent persons for this delicate position.

As soon as the steamer is telegraphed from Sandy Hook, the inspectresses are notified, and officers detailed to examine the baggage. The steamer, after having passed quarantine, comes alongside the dock, to which the baggage is rapidly transferred and placed in rows. The passengers arrive by steam-tug, and, forming in line, present their declarations. These declarations are filled up by the passengers, and detail the contents of the valises, trunks, etc. Appended to this printed "passenger baggage declaration," is a notice specifying what is and what is not dutiable, with the condition on which baggage will be detained or confiscated. The declaration is prepared in the form of an oath, anent the administration of which, discretion is left to the revenue officer.

It is upon the opening of the baggage that so much depends, and it is a common sight to behold a "howling swell," or a fashionably attired lady, drawn mysteriously aside for the purpose of being searched, while their baggage is quietly "discussed" by the calm and intelligent officials whose duty it is to see that the revenue does not suffer by the "little ventures" of enterprising speculators.

The bold confidence exhibited by some of the lady smugglers very often betrays them; for it is a well-attested fact in the mental history of woman, that "she who carries a dangerous secret steps with the greatest consciousness."

The office of Inspectress is not an enviable one. It is a position that will lead a person lacking great intuitive knowledge of human nature into dangerous pitfalls, while it is also one that demands a calm intelligence and dauntless courage, and a never-failing politeness. Mistakes will be made at times, and, while it is easy enough to make a *faux pas*, in the receding lies the difficulty.

If every woman is at heart a rake, so is every lady at heart a smuggler. Silk! lace! diamonds! Surely there can be no harm in bringing home from Europe the materials for a couple of handsome silk dresses, or a few yards of lace, or those diamonds which were bought so cheaply in Brussels! The silk is adroitly run into the semblance of a skirt, the underwear is trimmed with costly Valenciennes or priceless Point, and the diamonds are occasionally hidden away in the recesses of false plaits or some unsuspected portion of the clothing.

To professional female smugglers there is but scant courtesy shown, inasmuch as their ingenuity would seem to be born of that crafty serpent which beguiled their mother Eve; and the eight women searchers whom the Customs department employ at our docks, are ever on the lookout for the daring speculators of their own sweet, fair sex.

A considerable source of anxiety to the executive is the "swell" milliner. This lady is an adept in the art of packing, and can force a room full of silk into a Saratoga trunk. The oldest expert cannot imagine how it is done, and as fold after fold comes forth from its limited receptacle, both wonder and admiration are excited, that so very much can go into so very little. She is artless, is the "swell" milliner, and gentle as a sucking dove. She would not defraud the revenue of the tenth part of a cent—not she. Any goods coming to her from the other side shall be exposed to public gaze, and if duty is to be paid, it shall be paid.

Upon the arrival of the vessel, she is on hand. Of course she expects a dear friend from Paris, and hastens to the stateroom to give her joyous and welcome greeting. The dear friend is exquisitely and newly attired. For a lean face, she possesses a very plump, not to say ungainly, body, and moves down the gangway in a somewhat elephantine manner. She is asked for her keys, which she surrenders

with a facetious willingness. There may be one or two things to pay duty upon, and she playfully asks the Custom House officer to let her down easy—she has been very candid. Some yards of silk and velvet and lace are pronounced contraband, and the duty is instantly paid—but not without some pouting.

Her baggage passed, she is about to move away, when the female searcher solicits a private interview. This raises her indignation to a white heat. How *dare* this person presume to offer her such an indignity! She will appeal to the President. She will have the perpetrator summarily dismissed. She will *not* submit to such an outrage!

She is led, fiercely gesticulating, to the official den. Here she cools off a little, and prepares to break her fall by declaring that perhaps there are a few pairs of gloves, a few yards of lace, and a few ditto of silk upon her person. The inflexible officer proceeds to do her duty. A whisper of a fifty-dollar bill—seventy-five—a hundred! The officer divests her of her garments, and lo! lace, silk, velvet, gloves and other contraband articles reveal themselves, and the "fat woman of Brentford" suddenly becomes one of Pharaoh's lean kine.

One of the "swell" milliner's pet dodges is this: She writes to her correspondent in Paris, "Send me a sharp, clever girl, who can assume the air, manner and language of an actress—she must pass for one. She has come to the United States on speculation, and has been promised a lucrative Western engagement. Let her theatrical wardrobe be very extensive. Have the articles, as enumerated, amounting to several thousand dollars; and advise me of her name, and the steamer she comes by."

In due time the aspirant to histrionic fame trusts herself to the mercy of the waters, and arrives in New York. Her immense wardrobe, consisting of the very newest fashions and of the costliest materials, cannot be pronounced contraband, inasmuch as it is all her own, and for the purposes of her profession; and the Customs officer has to grin and bear it, while mademoiselle gayly departs, having dramatically evaded the law.

One of our judges having pronounced a seizure on the dock as illegal, the mere landing of the goods on the dock not being a clearance, the officers have now, in the case of the "swell" milliner, to operate outside the precincts of the dock; and upon a recent occasion, a well-known *modiste* was considerably astonished upon finding herself arrested, just as she was joyously chuckling at having outwitted the authorities.

Not long since, from off one of the Inman steamers, there came a magnificent, gray-haired Cuban lady. Her patrician air was of Society spelt with a big S; her dress, *à ravir*; and if she had been, possibly, a little less *prononcé*, she might not have aroused suspicion. Reluctantly obeying an invitation into the office of the inspectors, an official diagnosis was made of her condition; when she was found to be suffering from four *point de l'Aguile* shawls, two *point appliqué* sacques, and a *rotonde*, or round mantle, of Chantilly lace of considerable value. Her smuggle did not end here; for attached to her skirts were seven hundred yards of narrow lace, and in the plaits of her dress were collars of a "supreme" point lace, which, from the exquisite fineness of their quality, rolled as closely together as gold-leaf.

It is stated that German women are the most constant smugglers, and act in a singularly stolid manner when detected; while Frenchwomen are "abyssed" in shame and mortification if caught red-handed. The Swede can not see why her confiscated treasures should not be delivered up to her, and the Irishwoman considers confiscation akin to robbery, fighting out the question to the bitter end. The officials find it easy enough to deal with smugglers of



EXAMINING PASSENGERS' TRUNKS AT THE CUSTOM HOUSE, VANCEBORO, MAINE.



OFFICERS WATCHING SMUGGLING-BOATS NEAR CALAIS, MAINE.

these nationalities, having their peculiar habits well in hand; but it is the English and American lady upon whom the inspectress is compelled to exercise her uttermost skill and detective sense. These talented personages are experts at counterfeiting ill health, obesity, haughtiness, and even insanity.

Some instances of female smuggling denote an amazing spirit of enterprise. On one lady was found a double quilted petticoat lined with Shetland shawls, caps and stockings. On another, a quantity of the finest silk bindings, ten valuable watches, two silk dress patterns, two dozen silver spoons, a dozen silver forks, and eight pieces of silk galloon. On a third, seventy-three bundles of sewing-silk and twenty-nine pairs of kid gloves. One lady had in the facings of her dress, cigars; and in her petticoat, meerschaum pipes. A German woman endeavored to evade duty by hanging nine watchchains around her neck, a valuable watch at the end of each chain. A little French-woman who was invited into the office of the inspectress, was found to have on her husband's red flannel drawers, which were here and there tied in puffs. These puffs contained "a Bohemian toilet glass set, two dozen salt cellars, three dozen silver spoons, three dozen silver forks, several little articles of *bijouterie* in bronze and crystal, and some fine Swiss wood-carvings; all of which were put up in the softest tissue-paper, that they might not strike against each other."

Another amusing instance of enterprise may be quoted: "Not long since, a lady, arriving on one of the French steamers, was observed to bring a small box from the steamer to the dock. From this she took a velvet sacque, putting in its place an ordinary-looking Paisley shawl, which was evidently warm, and which she had at first thrown about her shoulders. Her trunks were examined, but nothing dutiable was discovered. After the officers had finished their duties, the lady traveler returned her sacque to the box, and again put on her shawl. She was then requested to show the sacque, which proved to be a costly and elegant Paris-made garment, having the "ticket" still appended to the lining. The lady was then invited into the office of the inspectress, and on her person were found laces of great value, sewed into the artificial rotundities of her figure, not to mention a silk dress pattern as drapery *en panier*. Inside of the very ordinary Paisley shawl, so carelessly thrown about her shoulders, was found an India shawl of a quality so uncommonly fine that it would have escaped the vigilance of any but a woman put upon the track of another."

Our illustration represents a lady whose crinoline was adorned with Cremona violins. This dame became very angry upon being asked if she happened to have any dutiable articles concealed about her person, and perfectly panted when ordered to be searched.

Within the past year, some work of importance has been done toward breaking up the systematic smuggling of silk goods at this port. The attention of Captain Charles N. Brackett, U. S. Treasury Special Agent, was drawn to the fact that certain dress silks were sold at public auction, at prices far below the market value. An endeavor to obtain the names of the parties concerned was unsuccessful, the auctioneers positively refusing to give names of either owners or buyers; but a small piece of the silks in question was obtained about the middle of June, 1877, and was submitted to the inspection of a leading dealer in such goods. He stated that the silk was of a width not usually sent here, and made, probably, for the London market. This directed suspicion toward vessels of the National Line of steamships, which came direct from that port. A close watch was thereupon kept on the deliveries from the steamer

Denmark on the 23d of June. Five barrels, which had the appearance of containing cement, were traced to an express office, and thence to a stable, where, upon being opened by the Treasury officers, the contents were found to be 3,500 yards of dress silk goods, wrapped in enameled paper.

The clue was followed further, till the rendezvous of the smugglers was found over a drug store in South Fifth Avenue. There more than 10,300 yards of guipure laces were found in boxes under a bed. A set of books was also discovered, in which were the accounts of transactions in smuggling silks from 1869 to 1875. The names of the purchasers were given in these books, and include some of our most respectable merchants. The goods were in general consigned to certain jobbers, among whom John Scott was prominent, who effected the sales.

So long as the business was confined to these channels, its secrecy appears to have been secure. But in order to obtain quick sales, after the amounts of smuggled goods increased, they were sent to the auction-houses. The exposure was thus brought about, since goods worth \$1.80 to import, were sold at \$1.80.

An examination of the accounts by the Treasury officers, showed that from two to five barrels of silk goods had for years been smuggled at each trip of certain steamships. The barrels were landed as containing cement, and left, along with others actually containing that substance, upon the wharf; the ones containing silk were afterward picked out and sent by express to the rendezvous. Another method was adopted in smuggling silks in cases, which need not be detailed here.

There seems to be reason for believing that the officers of the Custom House knew nothing of these frauds, as the deliveries from the vessel were always made to square with the manifest. This was carried out by collusion between the storekeeper and purser of the vessel, the dock superintendent and the coopers employed.

It is estimated that the smugglers' records which were obtained, cover about 50 per cent. of their entire transactions. About eight pieces of dress silk, of 100 yards each, worth, in all, probably \$2,000, were usually packed in a cement barrel. The estimated total value of fraudulently imported goods is about \$1,200,000, the evidence secured covering half that amount.

Too much credit can scarcely be awarded to Captain Brackett and his assistant officers, Cutter and Jackson, for the skill and energy with which these discoveries were accomplished, the arrests of the smugglers effected, and the evidence against them presented in the courts.

In the course of the prosecutions the steamships *Denmark* and *England* were libeled, and it was proved that the profits of the smugglers were divided with some of the minor officers upon those vessels.

The trials lasted several months, and resulted in the conviction of Thomas C. Owen, purser of the *England*, and Alvin Graff, dock superintendent of the National Line of steamships. Each of these offenders was sentenced, on January 25th, 1878, to two years' imprisonment and \$1,000 fine. There is no evidence that any other systems of smuggling silk goods are at present carried on upon an extended scale.

The results, so far as restitution is concerned, are strikingly insignificant. The loss to the Government may be estimated at \$500,000; the sum recovered at two-fifths of one per cent.—not enough, probably, to pay the counsel fees. The condemnation of the steamers *Denmark* and *England*, if the present suits for that purpose are successful, may, however, largely increase the amount recovered, as the vessels are subject to forfeiture, and are under bonds for \$545,000.



A LADY DETECTED SMUGGLING DIAMONDS IN HER SHOES AND STOCKINGS.

The case of a well-known importer in Philadelphia, was somewhat remarkable, attracting considerable attention at the time. This firm was extensively engaged in the importation of diamonds and other precious stones, jewelry, clocks, bronzes, fans and other articles of ornament and *vertu*; and the purchasing and shipping of its clocks and bronzes in Europe were habitually intrusted to the house of Meyer Ifflaenger & Versepuy, Jr., of Paris.

In the entry of goods so purchased at any port of entry in the United States, the law requires that the invoice of the goods, as sent from the consignees, with all its charges for commission,



DETECTION OF A VIOLIN-SMUGGLER.

packing, boxes, and similar incidental expenses, shall be produced and sworn to at the Custom House, by a member of the importing firm, and that the entry shall be made out in exact conformity, as to amount, with the invoice. The law requires also, or, rather, as part of the requirement just stated, that the member of the firm who takes the oath upon the invoice, shall swear or affirm therein that it contains "a just and faithful account of the actual cost of the goods, of all charges thereon, including charges of purchasing. . . putting up and packing . . . that I do not know nor believe in the existence of any other

or different invoice or bill of lading than these now produced by me . . . that I have not in the said invoice concealed or suppressed anything whereby the United States may be defrauded of any part of the duty lawfully due on the said goods, wares and merchandise; and that if at any other time hereafter I . . . receive any other invoice of the same, I will immediately make the same known to the collector of the district."

It is perfectly obvious, from the language of this oath or affirmation, and these requirements of the law, that if an importing firm is found to be regularly in receipt of two invoices with each importation of goods, one of which is smaller in its aggregate than the other, as is used at the Custom House, while the other is suppressed, the duty estimated upon the smaller invoice will be below the true amount of duty; and that the firm must know that such will be the effect of such a device.

This is precisely what this Philadelphia concern did in forty-six importations made by them in three years. And this is the little game which is being played all over the country, under the very nasal organs of the authorities at the present moment. For example, take an invoice by the Cunard Steamship *Russia*:

Date.	Vessel.	Goods.	Custom House Entered Value.	Private Invoice.	Difference.
1878.	Russia.	Silks.	\$9,000.	\$10,000.	\$1,000.

During the present year another committee, composed of General Appraisers Meredith and Bingham, and Special Agent Hines, has been appointed by Secretary Sherman to investigate the subject of frauds upon the revenue by undervaluation in invoices. This committee has visited Chicago, Portland, Boston, Baltimore and Philadelphia, and is about about to begin its sessions in this city.

An ingenious artifice of a New York house is also worthy of mention. The principal article of importation by this firm was tin in sheets, which paid a duty of 25 per cent. ad valorem. They were also, previous to the passage of the Tariff Act of 1865, extensive importers of cheap statuary. They had molds in England, in which pig lead was converted into counterfeit presentments of the Father of his country, the author of the Declaration of Independence, and of him who drew the lightning from the skies and tamed it for the use of man. These statues soon found their way to the smelting-house, and George Washington came out in bars of pig lead, and—duty free!

Notwithstanding that the Niagara frontier affords marked facilities for carrying on contraband operations, from the close proximity of the American to the Canadian shore, that portion of the coast of Maine which is shown by our engraving has, from its nearness to the province of New Brunswick, become an important rendezvous in this relation. Iron-bound as it is, and embarrassed with dangerous reefs and cliffs honeycombed into gloomy caverns, it offers almost an impenetrable retreat to the contrabandists who may select any point of it as their headquarters. Of this fact our Custom House authorities seem perfectly aware, and they consequently station their agents and officers at places where they are most likely to intercept smugglers with effect before they get in among the rocks and caves, where pursuit becomes fruitless or impossible.

Our illustration represents those officers lying in wait for an approaching boat. In this case the smugglers were too much for those "revenue cruisers," as the boat contains nothing but some "empties" and worthless packages that are not contraband, the real cargo having been landed some miles from this point by another wily party. This is one

of the pet "dodges" of the smugglers in this particular portion of our continent.

The question of glove duties is at present engaging the attention of both the authorities and the trade. The General Appraiser Ketchum has presented a very able and valuable report to the Collector of the Port upon the subject, and as he quotes the prices at which gloves are put upon the American market, it might not be out of place to give them in this article, since the smuggling of gloves has assumed such formidable dimensions:

The firm of Lord & Taylor buy 1,000 dozens a year; ordering as much as 40 dozens at a time, and pay \$18 for the two-button glove, with a cash discount of 6 per cent. in ten days, or 5 per cent. in thirty, and an additional or trade discount of 7½ per cent. E. S. Jaffray & Co. pay for the same glove \$18, with same discount for cash, and a trade discount of 10 per cent. E. F. Hovey & Co., of Boston, pay the same price, with same cash discount, but a trade discount of only 5 per cent., with certain conditions at the end of the year, depending on the year's business. R. H. Macy & Co., of New York, pay the same price, with the same cash discount, and get what they call a drawback of 10 per cent. Jordan, Marsh & Co., of Boston, pay the same price, with the same cash discount, and a trade discount of 5 per cent. H. B. Clafin & Co., of New York, pay the same price, with the same cash discount, and a trade discount of 10 per cent. The same is true of J. B. Farwell & Co., of Chicago. Berling, Moore & Emery, of Kansas City, have a trade discount of only 5 per cent. John Schlichter, of Cincinnati, who purchases 4,000 dozens a year, obtains, in addition to the usual cash discount, a trade discount of 10 per cent.

In consequence of the operations of the Anti-moiety Act, the writer has been assured by "those who ought to know," that smuggling is on the increase. If this statement be borne out by facts, the attention of the legislature should be drawn to the question, with a view to repealing an act that works the wrong way. So long as high duties continue, so long will there be an inducement to smuggling; and this brings us back to where we started—to the supreme question of a wholesome tariff.

The writer cannot conclude without thanking Captain Brackett and Mr. Phelps of the New York Customs, for the courtesy with which those gentlemen received him, and the information which they so cheerfully accorded.

QUICK METHOD OF PREPARING SKELETON LEAVES.

PROCURE *perfect* leaves. Let there be no flaw or sign of decay. Then get six ounces of washing-soda, and pour it into two quarts of boiling water. Slack three ounces of quick-lime, and then pour this also into the boiling water. Let all boil together for fifteen minutes. Then remove it from the fire. Let it settle, and pour off the clear fluid. Pour this into a second clean vessel, and set it on the fire again. When it boils, put in the leaves; let them boil for one hour; then take up one and throw it into a basin of cold water—rain water is best. If the epidermis comes off freely by rubbing the leaf between the finger and thumb, *under the water*, then all the leaves may be removed from the solution. When they have all been carefully freed from the epidermis, put them in a mixture of chloride of lime and water; about a wineglass of chloride to a quart of water. Some leaves will take only ten minutes to bleach, others an hour, or more. Let them be watched, therefore, for they may burn into shreds if steeped too long. When pure white, throw them (carefully) into a basin of cold water, and from that float them out on slips of paper. When almost dry, put them in a book, to become *quite* dry and stiff. Then they are complete. The best for a beginner to try on at this season is the smooth holly, or the golden-edged holly, or large-leaved ivy, or common poplar, if they can be had *perfect*, especially the aspen variety. KATE SEYMOUR.

Floral World and Garden Guide, 1873

PANTRIES.

"Don't hit that jar of cucumbers,
Standing on the broad stair!
They have not waked from their slumbers
Since they stood there!

• • • •
Sixteen barrels of cider
Ripening all in a row!
Open the vent channels wider!
See the froth drifted like snow,
Blown by the tempest below!

• • • •
Those are the Rhode Island greenings,
Excellent apples for pies."

—J. G. Holland's "Bitter-Sweet."



HERE are a few departments of house-keeping in which women should take a special pride, and over which they should exercise strict personal supervision. That one of these is the linen closet goes without saying; for who likes to see mussed, unmended, badly-washed linen in a house? There is nothing that will stamp a house with such an ill-kept look, as poor bed and table linen. But it is not of the linen closet that I am thinking; it is the pantry, around which

centre the household revolves. No matter what domestic service a woman employs, she ought always to attend to the pantry herself; or if she is fortunate enough to have daughters, she should bring them up, not only to see that the store-room is kept in a cleanly condition, that disarms criticism, but also to see that it is filled with delicacies of every kind, prepared as only the deft fingers of an intelligent lady can prepare such things.

The first point to be considered is the immaculate whiteness of walls and shelves. Brown paper coverings on the shelves always detract somewhat from the general effect. The first item in almost every American pantry is pickles—sweet, sour, hot, mild, mixed and plain pickles. After a long experience in making such things, I have found that the most toothsome pickles are made of small gherkins laid in salt over night, and taken out and wiped with a dry cloth, without washing, the next morning. Large stone crocks are the best receptacle for the gherkins. Place a layer of gherkins in the bottom of the crock, and sprinkle over them a handful of cloves, the same of celery seed, the same of whole black peppers, the same of mustard seed, some sprays of anise, some round red peppers, or else the long chilli peppers, and a few cloves of garlic. Then add another layer of pickles and another layer of seasoning until the jar is full. Over the whole pour cold, pure wine or cider vinegar in which a cupful of brown sugar has been dissolved, and the pickles will make the eater dream of fields elysian. The vinegar will have to be changed once or twice during the year, but that is a very simple matter, if large crocks are used.

If the men folk in the family are fond of high-seasoned food, special attention should be paid to meat sauces of various kinds. Chilli sauce is both cheap and toothsome, and enough should be made at a time so that it may be served at least once a day during the year. The best way to make this is to take one dozen large, ripe tomatoes and peel them, two large onions and three bell-peppers, and chop them all fine. Then add two cupfuls of pure wine vinegar, one cupful of light brown sugar, one tablespoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of cloves, and simmer the whole for at least four hours. If ale or porter is used, it is a good plan to save the bottles for meat sauces, as a family can use up a bottle before there is

danger of its spoiling. Besides chilli sauce, it is always well to have on hand a little soy, chutney, Indian pickle, spiced currants, and stuffed bell-peppers.

For the women of the household, and for the friends who are in the habit of dropping in unexpectedly to tea, one must prepare plenty of preserved fruits, selecting a different variety each year, in order not to have a surfeit of any one thing. One season take small fruits, made into jams, jellies, and preserves with but little sugar. The following season take fruits with pits—like peaches, plums, apricots, nectarines, and cherries. Still another season use orange marmalade, quince jelly, spiced figs, and Duchesse pears cut in half, and put up in glass.

Enough mince-meat should be made in November to last all winter; put up in glass, air-tight, it will last for several years.

In one corner of the pantry it is quite safe to keep on hand a dozen boxes of sardines, a good piece of smoked beef, a sweet, sound ham, a small firkin of thick, white salt pork, and a side of bacon.

If living in a cider country, one ought to have a row of cider receptacles along one side of the pantry; but if living in the West, where apples are not tart enough nor winters cold enough to make cider, root-beer is an excellent substitute.

Did you ever read "Bitter-Sweet," by Dr. J. G. Holland? The description of a cellar that he gives is vivid enough to inspire every housekeeper with a desire to have one as good, if not a little better. It is not a luxury that belongs only to the rich and the well-to-do; quite the contrary. In buying provisions in bulk, one saves enough to purchase many luxuries she would otherwise have to go without. Preserved fruit takes the place of meat to a great extent, and in this country, where fruit and sugar are both cheap, preserves of all kinds are easy to get. Heaven help the people who have to send out for "steak" if a guest comes in just at lunch time! Some staples ought always to be bought in bulk, viz., sugar, flour, potatoes, syrup, baking-powder, candles, soap, vinegar, olive oil, starch, canned goods, and apples in season.

It is the housekeeper's duty to see that everything is kept spotless in this pantry; that the shelves be free from dust; the glass jars ranged in neat rows; the pickle and butter crocks covered tight; mice, ants and other pests kept at bay; and, above all things, that everything is in its proper place. What can be worse than to step into an ill-ventilated pantry, and find more butter on the outside of the firkin than on the inside; the sugar barrel with a ring of dirty, ant-infested sugar around it; the pickles covered with mould; the fruit-jars sticky and fermenting; the cider barrel leaking; and the flour barrel a sight to behold! What is there in such a spectacle to stimulate the appetite of a tired, nervous, city-bred man? or to tempt the palate of an overworked mother?

Nine out of ten women who employ servants never go near the store-room at all; and those who do their own work are very apt to be too tired to do more than care for the actual living rooms. It is a great pity, because the waste involved by inattention to these details is something enormous. No woman ever looks so well as when she is preparing and caring for the substantials and the delicacies that are to be the fuel to the engines of the living human beings that are gathered beneath her roof. Manufacturers burn the best quality of coal in their fine machines—they know it to be cheaper in the end; so, fine human organisms need the best quality of food. Then shame be to those who consider it beneath them to include the supervision of the store-rooms in their round of daily duties.

—Emelie Tracy Y. Swett.

The Dogs of Celebrities.

PORTRAITS of dogs have been made from the earliest times ; but just now dog portraiture is passing into a craze. To display in the drawing-room an elegant oil painting, crayon drawing, or photograph, in many instances life size, of the favourite canine pet of the family, is a proceeding so entirely in vogue as to be almost commonplace. There are several ladies and gentlemen of talent who have turned their attention to this speciality in portraiture—one or two have even exquisitely appointed studios in fashionable localities—and the only sitters who cross their portals are dogs, accompanied by their indulgent masters and mistresses.

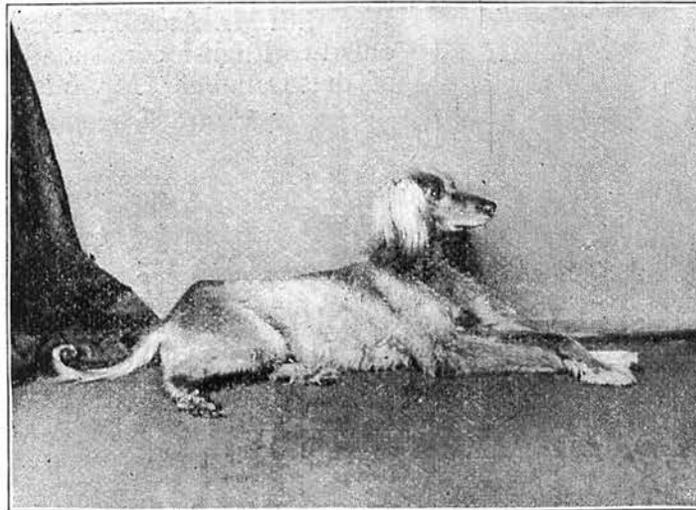
Of the photographers of dogs, Mr. Thomas Fall is perhaps the most successful, although Mr. Lawrence Lowe, of St. John's Wood, has had even a longer experience, not entirely devoid of very excellent results.

"It is no slight degree of art," said Mr. Fall, "to obtain a satisfactory portrait of a dog. To many people, all dogs of a particular breed look alike. Anybody—theveriest amateur—may secure the anatomical proportions of a dog; but that individuality without which the likeness of one fox-terrier is like that of any other fox-terrier, is only obtainable after long and patient canine study. Every dog has a strong facial characteristic well known to his master, but apt to be overlooked by strangers, and it is this detail of his identity which must be transmitted to the portrait, or its value is lost."

Not all dogs, happily, so exact the art and patience of the photographer. There are some whose identity is so pronounced that it can be seen at a glance. Such a dog is "Mustapha," who enjoys the distinction of having sat for his portrait nearly a hundred

times. Few of the readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE could fail to be interested in "Mustapha," for besides his almost human intelligence and his remarkable appearance, in his veins flows bluer blood than in any other dog in the whole world. His pedigree runs back centuries before the Christian era. Portraits of his direct ancestors appear engraved upon cuneiform tablets and pillars—rudely, indeed, as may be seen from numerous *facsimile* examples at the British Museum—so that it is not wonderful that "Mustapha" should inherit a taste and facility for undergoing the operation. This singular dog was, until lately, the property of the Shah of Persia, as his sire is at this moment, and in the sumptuous palace of Nasr-ed-Din at Teheran hangs a life-size portrait of "Mustapha's" great-great-grand sire, painted by a French artist, M. Delormel, who remained nearly a year at the Persian capital about the middle of the present century. In the accompanying portrait, it is the eye

which will enchain attention. Rarely has a dog been known to possess a more strikingly human expression. It seems to embody all the wisdom of the thousands of "Mustapha's" ancestors, and even to denote the possession of as many thousand State secrets which his ear alone was privileged to overhear.



From a Photo. by] THE SHAH'S "MUSTAPHA." [T. Fall, Baker Street.

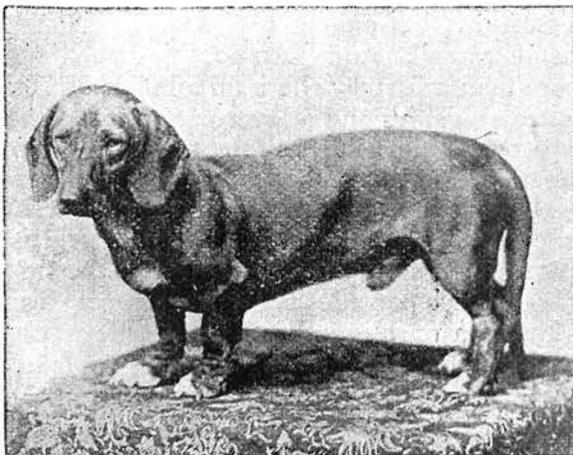
And a very singular ear it is, too. It is like that of no other dog—resembling rather a shock of long grey hair on either side of his face.

We have given "Mustapha" precedence, but there is another dog—a dog, indeed, of a totally different kind—whose portrait deserves to be quite as eagerly scanned by our readers, even though his blood is not a fraction so blue, even though his immediate ancestors were in humble circumstances in the region of the Black Forest. The name of this dog



THE DUCHESS OF YORK'S "CAVILL."
From a Photograph.

is "Cavill," and his Royal mistress is the Duchess of York ; but "Cavill" has already sworn even greater allegiance to a Royal master, too—the tiny Prince whose birth not long ago was heralded with acclaim throughout the length and breadth of these dominions. "Cavill" is not absolute ruler of the White Lodge kennels, but he reigns very firmly indeed in the affections of the Princess, who has several times been photographed with him as well as taken him out herself to the photographers. "Cavill" is well known in Richmond as a favourite dog of Royalty. On the occasion of the recent visit of Her Majesty to White Lodge the pet dachshund dashed straight up to the Queen the moment she descended from her carriage before any of the servants could interfere. He is only three years old, and as he doubtless has a long career before him, will become as

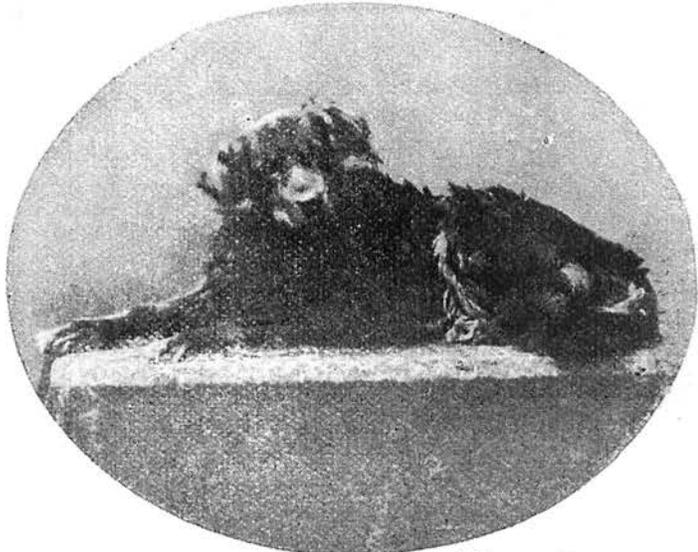


THE CROWN PRINCESS OF SERVIA'S DACHSHUND.
From a Photo. by T. Fall, Baker Street.

faithful a companion to the little future monarch as he was to the latter's Royal mamma.

Another dachshund, and a relative of "Cavill," has for mistress the Crown Princess of Servia, who was an English Princess until quite recently. This favoured animal enjoys the honour of being personally introduced to more reigning potentates and scions of Royal and Imperial houses than perhaps any other dog in Europe. He has been patted on the head by every member of the group at the recent Hessian festivities, and although he evinced a decided disinclination to be photographed, thinking less, perchance, of the opinions of mankind upon his æsthetic proportions than might be expected, he was at last induced by his mistress to remain quiet while the lens was being adjusted.

"Cæsar," the favourite retriever of H.R.H.



THE DUCHESS OF SAXE-COBURG'S "CÆSAR."
From a Photograph.

the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg, is her Grace's inseparable companion. The Duchess has always been passionately attached to dogs, as was her Imperial father, the late lamented Czar, at one time owning six, but showing an especial preference for a certain Skye terrier—which, alas, died long before dog-photography came into fashion. "Cæsar" is a fine animal, unequalled in intelligence and vivacity, and has often been photographed by the ladies-in-waiting at Clarence House or their daughters, to one of whom is due the accompanying likeness.

Prince Alexander of Teck owns a fine wire-haired terrier named "Boxer," which experiences no novelty in having his portrait taken,



PRINCE ALEXANDER OF TECK'S "BOXER."
From a Photo. by Gunn and Stuart.

In the present instance "Boxer" has been photographed by the side of his master, to whom he is gratefully attached and accompanies everywhere he can, without violating Court ceremony. All of the family are fond of "Boxer," particularly His Highness the Duke of Teck.

The collie of the Princess Louise and



PRINCESS LOUISE'S COLLIE.
From a Photo. by T. Fall, Baker Street.

the sleuth-hound of the Duchess of Newcastle make excellent sitters, and always endeavour to aid the artist by maintaining as sagacious an expression as well as the most graceful attitude during the operation.



THE DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE'S SLEUTH-HOUND.
From a Photo. by Elliott and Fry.

Some years ago, when the famous diva, Adelina Patti, was travelling in Mexico, she was made the recipient of a gift from the President of the Republic, which she still counts not only among her most valued possessions, but among her closest personal friends as well. And "Araboe" is something more than a friend—she is an admirer of her mistress's genius and a lover of music. Perhaps by this time she has forgotten the mystic dances and measures of her native land, or the boleros and cachucas which the Spanish brought over to the Mexico of the Incas, and has learnt to distinguish the simple fragrance which pervades such English melodies as the diva warbles in her Welsh castle as no living singer can warble; or, perhaps, "Araboe" still continues to have a warm spot in her heart for the cadences of her childhood. At all events, it is certain that this yellow-coated, bright-eyed animal never sings, whatever she

might do if she chose, or if her vocal chords were capable of greater relaxation. It was only the other day that an eccentric French surgeon succeeded in enabling a cat to bark like a terrier, and promises to do the same for pigs and other fauna. If this sort of progress continues, and is sufficiently advanced in our subject's life-time, there seems some ground for hope that "Araboe's" vast musical ad-



MADAME PATTI'S "ARABOE."
From a Photo. by Elliott and Fry.

vantages will not be wholly thrown away. She has a sister, now in possession of Madame Nordica, another world-celebrated cantatrice.

Among the Eastern potentates—or, rather, should we not speak of them as our Imperial fellow-countrymen?—Prince Dhuleep Singh holds a high place. The same is likewise true of "Froggy," his Highness's poodle, without whom his master rarely moved abroad, unless, indeed, it was to attend some levée or reception, when "Froggy" was really disconsolate. "Froggy" had, not long since, to spend some weeks in hospital, where at the expiration of his illness he was photographed in several different attitudes, copies of which were distributed by his Royal master.

As is well known, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts is extremely fond of animals, but to none does she evince a more decided par-



PRINCE DHULEEP SINGH'S "FROGGY."
From a Photo. by T. Fall, Baker Street.

tiality than to "Pet," the terrier whose likeness is presented in the appended picture.

"Pet" is a familiar figure to the inhabitants of Highgate, as, seated in the carriage by her ladyship's side, they both take the air of an afternoon.

It is a great pity that none of the great



BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS'S "PET."
From a Photograph.

dramas which have been staged at the popular Lyceum Theatre have called for the introduction and public appearance of a fox-terrier. Should such a contingency ever arrive, our readers would then have a more favourable opportunity of becoming better acquainted with the merits of "Fussy," who is already almost as celebrated in stage circles as his celebrated owner, and who attends all the rehearsals in Wellington Street with a punctuality and assiduity which could easily serve as a model to the dramatic profession at large. "Fussy," it need scarcely be remarked, is profoundly attached to his master, but can, on the authority of the latter, scarcely conceal his sorrow that his master should have bequeathed his entire services to mimetic art, when the pursuit of the minor rodents offers so many attractions and so many opportunities for enviable distinction. Upon all other points "Fussy" and his friend and associate, rather than master, Mr. Henry Irving, agree; and the painful theme is rarely discussed between



MR. IRVING'S "FUSSY."
From a Photo. by Miss Ellen Terry.

them. But "Fussy" evidently feels that the line must be drawn somewhere. In spite of his evident contempt for so paltry a thing as the drama, he yet tolerates it, and to some extent has been known to indulgently participate in it. But "Fussy" has no thirst for fame which extends beyond the borders of his native land, and when his master informed him of his projected American visit a couple of years ago, he argued strongly against the step. Being overwhelmed, he determined to perish rather than accompany the expedition; and so made his escape just as the steamer was on the point of departure at Southampton Pier, travelling back on foot

all the way to London, which he fortunately reached the next day, hungry, dirty, and footsore.

"Colley Cibber," the accomplished collie of Mr. Arthur Wing Pinero, the dramatist,



MR. PINERO'S "COLLEY CIBBER."
From a Photo. by T. Fall, Baker Street.

is an animal remarkable for gentleness and beauty. Mr. Pinero relates many anecdotes of its sagacity—especially when it accompanies him on his journeys throughout England, and even on the Continent. "Colley Cibber" has not yet had a part written for him in any of his master's plays, but when the part comes to be written it is sure to be a sympathetic one. It is only a couple of seasons ago that Mr. Jones introduced "Bully Boy" into his successful Haymarket drama, "The Dancing Girl," as he had



MR. PENLEY'S "CHOW-CHOW."
From a Photo. by Emberson, Strand.

previously made "Spider" one of the *dramatis personæ* in "The Silver King." "Colley Cibber" might have had a splendid chance in "The Amazons."

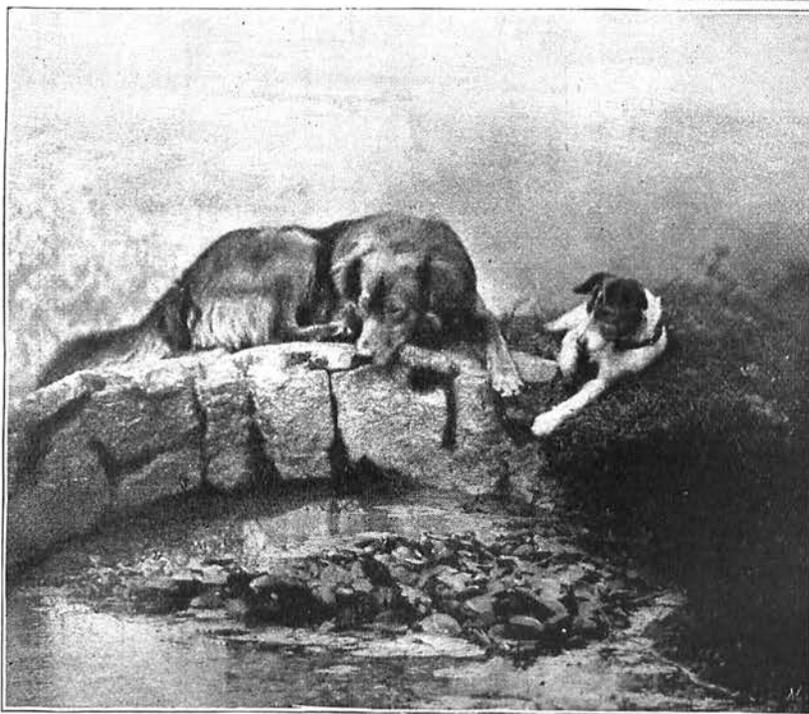
Another dog owned by a celebrated actor is "Chow-Chow," of "Charley's Aunt" fame. As will be seen from his portrait, Mr. Penley's pet is of a breed quite out of the common, being imported from China, some years ago, by a friend of the comedian. His shaggy coat is of a peculiar reddish-black colour, and he is said to be the only dog living who has succeeded in cultivating a laugh. To see "Chow-Chow" laugh at one of his master's jests, and to see the latter's affected look of reproach, is an experience of itself.

"Ben," a collie, and "Jack," a terrier,



LORD DUCIE'S "LEOPOLD" AND
"VARENNES."

From a Photo. by T. Fall, Baker Street.



"BEN." "JACK."

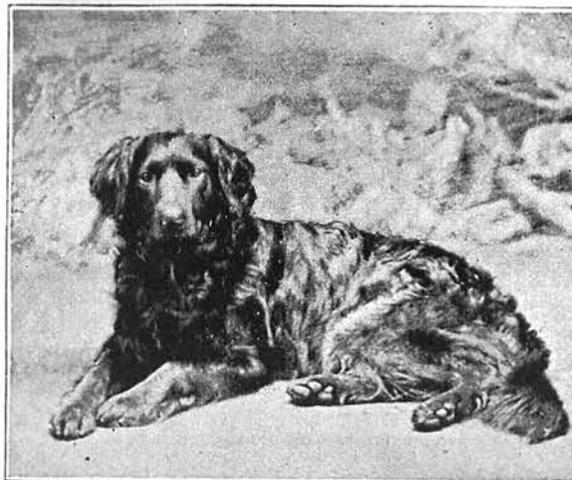
From a Photograph.

enjoy a distinction not accorded to most dogs. They earn a place in this article of photographed dogs by reason of their having been photographed oftener than any other dogs, as well as because they belong to perhaps the most celebrated dog-photographer in the world. Both are themselves amateur photographers, as well as ideal sitters, and "Jack" is quite capable of holding the bulb in his mouth and pressing it at the critical moment, as his bosom friend "Ben" can testify. Many photographic groups and art-studies of dogs familiar to readers of this Magazine owe their picturesque origin to one or the other of these intelligent animals, many

artists in oil and black-and-white preferring to work from studies rather than from the life.

Two very valuable pets, "Leopold" and "Varennés," belong to Lord Ducie, who is so proud of them that he has had their portraits painted quaintly in oils and hung in the family collection.

Lord Braybrooke's setter, "Jamie," is an excellent sitter to amateur photographers, and so is the retriever which is the companion of Sir John Gladstone, and which came very



LORD BRAYBROOKE'S "JAMIE."

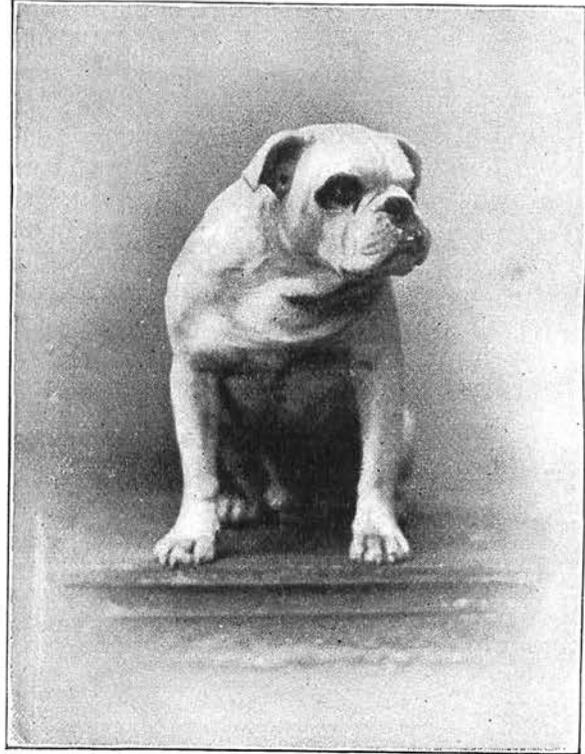
From a Photo. by Lawrence Lowe.



SIR JOHN GLADSTONE'S RETRIEVER.
From a Photo. by Lawrence Lowe.

near being accorded a place in the picture of the baronet which hangs this year on the walls of Burlington House.

Then there is the Dandie Dinmont which is the favourite of the Countess Cowper, as well as the bulldog which is owned by Lord Colchester.



LORD COLCHESTER'S BULLDOG.
From a Photo. by T. Fall, Baker Street.

doubt apocryphal—which are related in legal chambers and Temple common-rooms of “Jack,” whose portrait conjointly with that of his learned master is here given—would fill a whole issue of this Magazine. “Jack” ac-



COUNTESS COWPER'S DANDIE DINMONT.
From a Photo. by T. Fall, Baker Street.

But before we proceed further it would be idle to neglect the dog whose legal wisdom is supposed to surpass that of many a junior barrister—“Jack,” the inseparable associate, both at home and on the Bench, of Mr. Justice Hawkins. The anecdotes—many of them no



MR. JUSTICE HAWKINS'S “JACK.”
From a Photo. by Elliott and Fry.

companies his master everywhere—except to church. Evidently his taste does not extend in that direction.

Mr. Justice Hawkins in a letter to the writer says: "I can say that a more intelligent, faithful, and affectionate creature never had existence, and to him I have been indebted for very many of the happiest hours of my life."

A fox-terrier almost equal in vivacity and good fellowship has for mistress Miss Minnie Terry, whose likeness, together with that of her dog, adjoins.



MISS MINNIE TERRY'S FOX-TERRIER.
From a Photo. by Elliott and Fry.

Patients visiting Sir William Broadbent will, doubtless, not be wholly unfamiliar with "Major," the spaniel who occasionally, be-

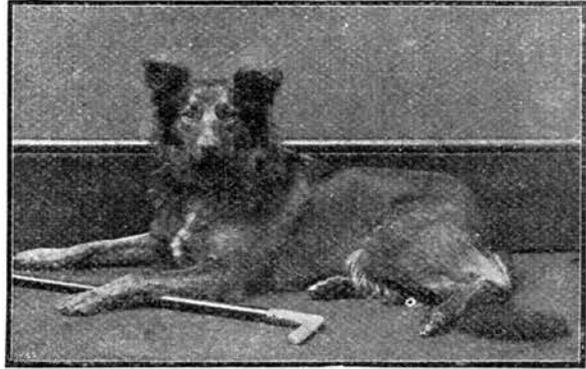


SIR WILLIAM BROADBENT'S "MINOR" AND "MAJOR."
From a Photo. by Elliott and Fry.

fore she became the mother recently of another little spaniel, "Minor," very much

like herself, condescended to hold confabulation with her master's distinguished clients.

The return of Mr. Willard from America, recently, gave "Quilt's" friends and admirers an opportunity to renew their acquaintanceship with no ordinary collie. His trans-



MR. WILLARD'S "QUILT."
From a Photo. by Lawrence Lowe.

atlantic sojourn has not, seemingly, made much difference to "Quilt," who barks the same deep, full, English bark as heretofore, and has a proper contempt, fostered by age—for "Quilt" is, indeed, no puppy—for all small dogs.

A prettier animal than Lady Henry Somerset's favourite pet would be hard to find. One who knows "Veto" and his mistress well writes:—

"While some dogs are taught to spend



LADY HENRY SOMERSET'S "VETO."
From a Photo. by T. Fall, Baker Street.

money on tobacco and intoxicants, this dog, true to the example before it, is a thorough teetotaler, and exemplifies its teaching and training by taking a genuine interest in all temperance movements. It will beat accurate time with its white foot to all temperance tunes when they are being sung, showing partiality for certain stirring and popular hymns, as 'Sailing, sailing,' etc. It is of a



THE MARQUIS OF ORMOND'S FOX-TERRIER.
From a Photo. by Lawrence Lowe.

small Pomeranian breed, and you will see by its name it wishes to be identified with the great cause of temperance."



"THE GENERAL."
From a Photo. by Spink, Brighton.

Other dogs which we give are those of the Marquis of Ormond, a lively fox-terrier : and



SIR WILLIAM MCCORMICK'S "BRUNO."
From a Photo. by T. Fall, Baker Street.

the black Spitz, "General," owned by Mr. Justice Vaughan's daughter, and which is a great favourite of the Prince of Wales, whom "General" counts among his warm personal friends.

"Bruno," the collie of Sir William McCormick, the well-known physician of Harley Street, is also included in this collection of



MR. STUART WORTLEY'S DACHSHUND.
From a Photo. by Lawrence Lowe.

dogs, together with the intelligent dachshund owned by Mr. Stuart Wortley. M.P.

BUTTON-HOLE AND SATIN STITCH.



Most of you girls have some knowledge of crewel work, the mania of the day, both from the instructions you have received and from your own practice, but I daresay that very few amongst you have ever tried your skill in the white embroidery, or white work, as it was once called. This

style, however, should be quite familiar to young ladies who have any ambition to wear tidy and dainty linen, and more so now when there is such a return of worked muslin gowns, fichus, and collarettes of all kinds.

I will therefore give you a few hints on this branch of stitchery of modern introduction, specially when compared with the long stitch of almost unknown origin. To confine my remarks to the two fundamental varieties, button-hole and satin-stitch, I must first make you observe the great contrast between the formal regularity of their direction and the broken, dove-tailed surface offered by the embroidery stitch. This very uniformity of stitch prevents any shading, and to be set off at its best requires the richness of relief. The swelling or undulating appearance is obtained by padding or stuffing. Taking coarser cotton and needle than those intended for embroidery, you commence by running the outline of the flower, leaf, &c. Do not make the stitches too long, for the nicety of curves and angles—indeed of the entire shape—rests on this careful outlining. Proceed to fill in the vacant space by row after row of long loose running stitches, piercing the needle through the merest trifle of the ground in order to leave nearly all the cotton above the surface. Guided by the shape you increase or decrease the rows at will, in such a way that they merge into one another (fig. 1), and form

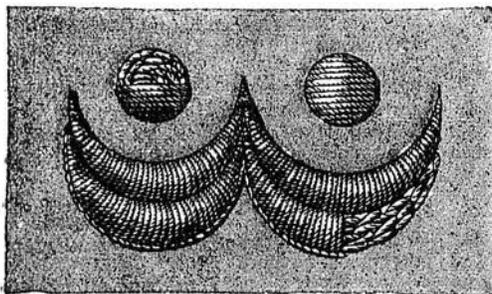


FIG. 1. DOUBLE SCALLOP WITH DOTS.

a soft compact underlay. Quicker modes of padding are resorted to when special rapidity is imperative, but these, like all other makeshifts, require the skill of an adept to manage them satisfactorily. Hence I will simply mention them: stuffing by chain-stitch, herringbone, tacked braid, and loose strands of cotton, guided by the hand whilst working. The chief object of the padding is to give the embroidery a slight convexity or gentle rise to the centre, and as a general rule the stuffing runs in a contrary direction to the

overlying stitches, as will be proved by a glance at our illustrations. So, in fig. 1, the running stitches are horizontal and the *feston* vertical in the spots, the filling is circular, whilst the sewing over crosses it. Again, in the leaf (fig. 7) the padding runs lengthways, and the covering widthways. In the case of delicate scallops the tracing and stuffing reduce themselves to three, two, and even a single line, as seen in fig. 2.

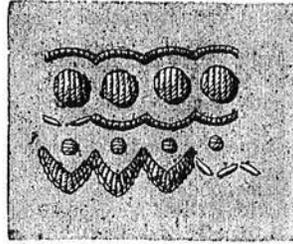


FIG. 2.—VANDYKED BORDER.

These preliminaries well understood and followed, you will have mastered the greatest difficulty and can proceed to the concealment of the underlay either by button-hole or satin stitch. The former is sometimes wrought in a straight line either for ornament or flat seaming so invaluable in patching, in hiding two overlapping edges, or in bringing two edges face to face, thus avoiding ridges or

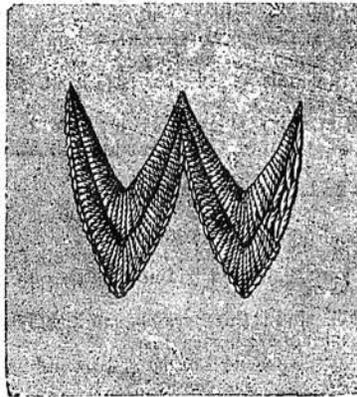


FIG. 3.—WOLF'S TEETH VANDYKE.

imparting a width of a few extra threads. It also shapes entire letters, leaves, and flowers; in the latter case padding is dispensed with. Edging, however, constitutes the real use of the button-hole stitch purposely called in France *feston*, i.e., festoon. The word at once explains itself and brings to your mind scallops, loops, semicircles, &c. The first three illustrations afford good specimens of the diversity in single festoons. Fig. 3, the "wolf's teeth," is decidedly the most difficult of execution on account of its sharp vandyke, which has so much resemblance to the teeth of a wolf.

The crescent-shaped scallop of fig. 1 can easily be drawn out, either with the help of compasses or a coin of the desired size. To make the stitch itself, begin on the left hand at the extreme point, and secure the thread by passing it through the few stitches of the stuffing, for remember no knot is ever allowed in any kind of embroidery, still less in delicate white work. Pass the thread downward and hold it firmly under your left thumb, while you pierce the needle just above the upper outline to slip it underneath, and bring it out just beyond the lower outline, opposite the

thumb, and in the centre of the loop formed by the cotton. With the thumb and forefinger pull the needle straight towards you, gently raise the left-hand thumb and draw the thread to tighten the knot, at the same time inclining it to the left by the little finger. Practice alone will teach you how to turn your work and to regulate the stitches with the perfect evenness indispensable to the task; they must lie against each other, neither too closely nor too far apart, in order not to disclose a single under thread. The outline should be as bold and undeviating as if pencilled by an expert hand. Keep the work well stretched on the fingers of the left hand in such a manner that the embroidery itself rests on the forefinger. When the border is finished, with sharp embroidery scissors shave off the superfluous material, cutting into every crevice yet without snipping any of the stitches. If the work has to go to the wash before being worn I should advise you to leave this cutting out until it has returned from the laundress.

Often very large scallops are prettily pinked out into festoons of all shapes and sizes, some resembling the notches of a cock's comb, others peaked or gradually rounded, like the petals of a rose, &c. In olden times, when *feston* was very much used for the muslin embroidery applied on net, the worker had the trouble of making the picot or purl whilst button-holing; this she did by working round a long horsehair, which served as a mesh. Now industry spares us the most fidgety details, and ready-made purls are sold by the yard.

I believe these few particulars on the button-hole stitch are all you require, so we will pass at once to the satin stitch, so called from its smooth sheeny surface. The previous remarks on tracing and padding apply equally to this stitch, but here only the darned stuffing, or occasionally the chain-stitched, is admissible. The satin stitch, in its origin, was invariably worked in horizontal lines; later on an exception was made for the petals of the rose, wrought perpendicularly, as shown in fig. 4.

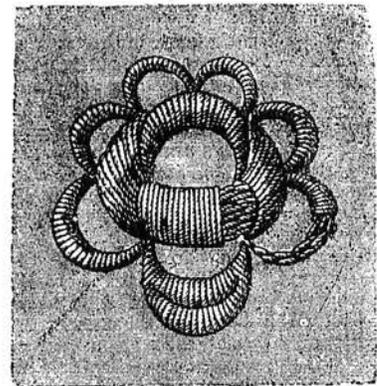


FIG. 4.—VERTICAL SATIN STITCH.

In many cases the two directions are combined, as in fig. 5.

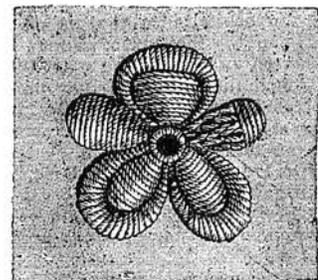


FIG. 5.—STRAIGHT AND HORIZONTAL SATIN STITCH COMBINED.

To execute this flower, pierce the eyelet-hole with a stiletto, and closely overcast it; then darn straight rows of padding and cover them by sewing over, commencing at the widest part and carrying the cotton right round

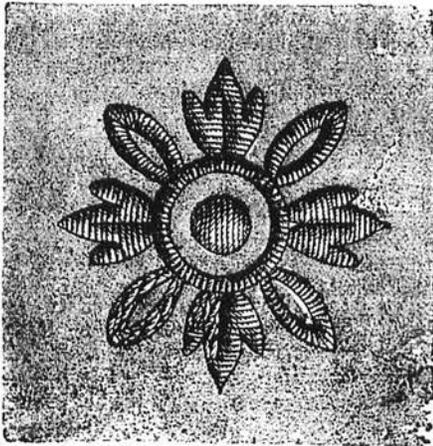


FIG. 6.—EMBROIDERED STAR.

at the back to bring it up again in front. By this means the wrong side will be like the top one, except that the stitches will lie flat. Next shape the oval frames, previously stuffing them in the same way as in fig. 6.

On the underlay I cannot put too much stress, and for this very reason I have taken care that you should have plenty of examples,



FIG. 7.—VEINED LEAF.

which convey more than any descriptions of mine. If nicely done, your embroidery will be softly rounded off, and the leaves, &c., will bear being bent without the stitches showing the least tendency to separate.

The veining of a leaf is generally traced first, but is only marked out by the twist stitch as the finishing touch. See figs. 7 and 8.

In delicate foliage you will find the lightest plan is to merely suggest the midrib by a furrow, produced by working



FIG. 8.—LAUREL LEAF.

the two sides of the leaf separately. Outline the veining, pad on each side, and start with the sharp point for a few stitches until you meet the midrib; then cover one side, only working from edge to centre, turn the work and proceed to the opposite side (fig. 9).

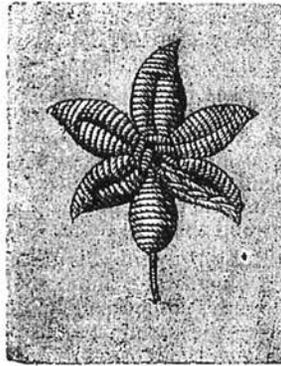


FIG. 9.—SATIN STITCH FLOWER.

It requires some knack to define the centre hollow, which is of frequent occurrence in satin stitch embroidery, not only for veining, but also for vandykes such as figs. 1, 3, 4, and 10.



FIG. 10.—SATIN STITCH TREFOIL.

The stitches must just meet without interfering or encroaching in any way with the opposite one, else the beauty of the line will be spoiled. When scallops are in this way fitted into one another, the outside one is properly padded, while the others, necessarily, are much less so or not at all. Another difficulty of this straight stitch lies in the



FIG. 11.—SATIN STITCH LEAF.

proper shaping of the spikes of the leaves; some jut out in triple leaflets as in fig. 6, or

in a series of teeth, as exemplified by fig. 11. This jagged edge you have all had the opportunity of noticing in the petals of the blue-bottle and the foliage of the vine, the daisy, and the rose, &c. There is really no rule to give you as to the clear defining of the various dents; your eye will be the best guide for the gradual increase and decrease of the stitch as well as its correct tightness. Here, too, I find the supporting touch of the little finger a great help when drawing out the thread.

To lighten the general effect leaves are often satin-stitched on one side, whilst the other is filled up with straight rows of back-stitch, the notches and midribs having beforehand been outlined by twist stitch (fig. 12).



FIG. 12.—SATIN AND BACK STITCH.

But a still lighter and truly artistic ornament would be to cut out this part and fill it up with lace-stitches, a variation which would charmingly enhance the centres of figs. 4, 6, 10, and 13.

Long ago, in my schooldays, crewel stitch was little known, and all the attention was directed to satin stitch, or *plumetis*. My needlework teacher, a dear old maid, would have everything learned systematically, and never swerved from her established rules, which obliged the pupils to conquer each stitch in its own rotation. We first learned the twist or stem-stitch in all its meanderings, then we passed to the straight plain leaves, after this to the spots, next roses and all blossoms, &c., wrought with the perpendicular stitch, and at last the efficient ones were privileged to venture upon the jagged foliage and a few elect pupils on the lace frilling. This routine was not completed in one year, I can assure you.

I just perceive that I have spoken very little of the spots. Their direction varies to harmonise with the annexed design.

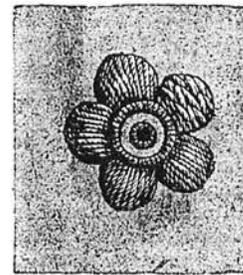


FIG. 13.—EMBOSSED PRIMROSE.

When very small they are termed "beads," or "dots," and need no filling; if very close together you had better not break your cotton at each, but pass from one to the other, not drawing the connecting thread too tight

for fear of puckering the fabric.

Open spots are called eyelets, some being quite round, as I have already mentioned in figs. 5 and 13, and others rather berry-shaped (fig. 14).

These eyelets are button-holed all round, but the wide part alone has any padding, the narrow edge merely being worked over a double outline. To form the hole you slit the material with scissors, four times describing a cross, and with the needle you turn back the

four underpieces, which will eventually disappear beneath the over-sewing. The ribs of the leaves are wrought in satin-stitch, but I will recommend you a much quicker mode, fitly named *point de poste* or railway stitch. For this bring your needle out at the base of the stem, carry it across to the extremity of the rib, slip it underneath, to emerge again at

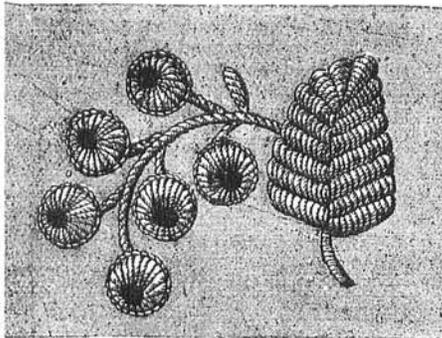


FIG. 14.—EYELETS AND RAILWAY STITCH.

the starting-point, and before you draw it out coil the cotton ten or twelve times round; press the thumb on this, coiling sufficiently to keep it in place, yet not so tightly as to prevent the needle from sliding through; then with thumb and forefinger carefully bring the thread and coil up, along the place of the rib; again prick the needle into the point of this rib, and pull it out a thread above the first starting-point. This time draw needle and thread gently together, and your coil, if well made, will be a very good imitation of the real stitch. The needle is now ready for the second ascending rib.

I hope you will thoroughly practise my instructions, because I intend to give you soon a nice collection of such pretty letters that will at once tempt you to immediately set to work and lavish your elegant stitchery on all your surroundings.

Family Records.

"THE family Bibles of past generations," Mr. Francis Galton has said in an English review, "served as registers of family events. Births, illness, marriages, and deaths were chronicled on their fly leaves, and those ponderous tomes fulfilled an important function in this incidental way. But they are now becoming generally replaced by more handy volumes, and the family register is disappearing with the old family Bible." Mr. Galton goes on to make a plea for an improved substitute for the fly-leaves usually found between the Old and New Testaments. As a special student of sociology, he knows the high importance to science of exact family records. The substitute which he wishes to see adopted generally is at once too costly and too complicated to be attempted by many. He notes that the disappearance of the family Bible almost exactly coincides with the invention of photography, and with the recognition of "the hereditary value of what are called life histories"; and he then suggests that the present seems to be a good time to urge the opening of a new form of family register. He advises the use of a thin quarto volume, solidly bound, and having leaves of tough paper. A pair of pages should be given to every member of the family. Down one side of each page may be placed a line of photographs, showing both the full

face and the profile, and taken at regular intervals from birth to death. In the opposite spaces the happenings of his life may be recorded. Thus every pair of facing pages would reveal the changes of countenance and the events in the life of one member of the family.

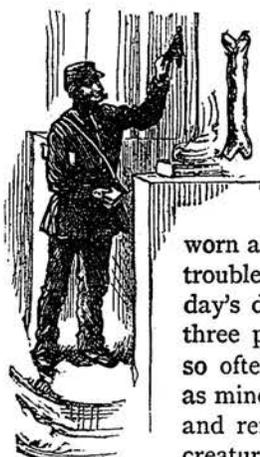
Surely this suggestion, or some modification of it, is worthy of adoption in American families, for in this country the young are constantly breaking away from the old homestead and striking out for themselves, and even whole families not infrequently make a complete transfer from the East to the West. Nowhere is there so much difficulty and confusion in gathering up the threads of family history as there is here. It would be well if some sort of family record were kept in every household. Mr. Galton's plan requires, at the beginning, nothing more than the purchase of a stout blank-book and the ruling of a few lines; or if even this is too much trouble, recourse may be had to the more elaborate "Family Record Album," containing a comprehensive system of blanks classified on a new plan. It has family pages for the names of the members of the family. It has genealogical pages for the descent of the family as far as it can be traced in a direct line. It has tabular pages, one for each person, for the setting down of all the leading particulars of his or her birth—parentage, time and place of birth, weight and height at birth and at various times, dates of vaccination, naming, walking, talking, learning to read, write, swim, etc., going to school or college, entering on trade, business or profession, marriage, residences, diseases, accidents, travels, and death. It has biographical pages for other special and personal details. It has heirloom pages, on which to keep the record of the interesting things about the house, and of their history, in so far as they have any. It has domestic economy pages for the record of the manner of living, house-rent, expenditure, and income, etc., from year to year. It has travel pages to record the incidents and dates of any sojourn away from home, of any member of the family, and it has miscellaneous pages for all the other manifold things to be thought of.

A convenient substitute for the formal family record is a family scrap-book. This would agreeably supplement the record, if there were one. By a family scrap-book is meant a book devoted solely to the collection of those printed paragraphs in which the name of the family appears. First of all in importance are the marriages and deaths; and if there is an English branch, there may also be birth notices to insert. Then there may be the chance newspaper paragraph announcing the taking of a prize at the county fair; or the description of the fire which burned half the house; or the report of the decision of the Supreme Court in that everlasting lawsuit. These may go in, side by side, with the inaccurate paragraph on your neat after-dinner speech, and that other on your wife's table at the church fair. A place may also be found for the few lines which remark on your son's departure for the village to enter college, and also for the straggling verses he sent home shortly after for insertion in the "poet's corner" of the local newspaper. If you travel by water, some newspaper is likely to print a list of the passengers, and even this deserves its place on the pages of the family scrap-book.

Arthur Penn.

MEN WHO FACE DEATH.

THE POSTMAN.



SOMETIMES almost wish that I had never married Kitty.

That's a strange thing to say ; and I can't get beyond "almost," which is, after all, a long way from "quite;" but when I look at her thin face, and mark how worn and old it begins to look when she's troubled to know how we shall get a Sunday's dinner, and yet pay for the two or three pairs of little new boots that are so often being wanted—almost as often as mine want mending—when I note this and remember what a fresh, bright, rosy creature she was when we were married,

and what I meant to do to keep her from fearing that wolf that's been at the door ever since—and how I've never been able to do it—I get low-spirited, and she has to cheer me up, instead of my cheering her up as I ought to do, and—there, somehow it all seems wrong, and men are a pack of lop-sided idiots, always knocking at the wrong doors, and reading the directions upside-down and backwards ; and women have to bear in patience, and without complaining, with all this as well as their share of the trouble at home.

The fact is, people said long ago that I'd no business to marry ; that no man has or ever had any business to take a wife while he was only a postman, even though the lass might be able to turn a trifle by shoe-binding, or needlework, or some light business. Perhaps this is right enough, and if I hadn't been a selfish young fool I should have known better than to look forward to rising from a supernumerary to a regular letter-carrier, that I might get some sort of a home together.

It wasn't much of one, though we contrived to have a few little bits of furniture, and Kitty's friends started us with fifteen pound, which, added to twenty that I'd saved by little and little, was enough to see us well through the first year, even though my earnings hadn't mounted to five-and-twenty shillings a week, and the coat and cap that made the uniform on duty.

It was the second year, when the first baby had to be nursed, and I was down with a cold that nearly turned to something worse, and couldn't even so much as get to the hospital or the dispensary for medicine, that I began to feel how the government of the Post Office makes no calculation about men like us having wives and children. We've no more right to them than sailors or soldiers have—not so much right as policemen, who may perhaps look forward to superannuation if they live long enough. When I first met Kitty I had given up a light porter's place, because my friends thought that a letter-carrier's berth was "such a certainty"—as good as a pension almost—and there

was a chance for me to take a district where the work was too much for one man, and a supernumerary without the uniform was appointed at fourteen shillings a week. I got the appointment, and tried to live on it—tried precious hard, because it was such a certainty. At last, when I got regularly installed as a full-fledged postman, at five-and-twenty shillings and the uniform aforesaid, my family began to think my fortune was made ; and perhaps I might have begun to try to think it was, only I knew from experience what I had to do for my money—how I was out in all weathers, in wet and cold and darkness, and driving wind and sleet, with not too much food, and a long weary way to walk when my work was done. I couldn't help calculating, too, that twenty-five wasn't twice fourteen, and that even twenty-eight shillings would only be four shillings a day for two people the week round, and rent and firing and clothes to pay for, before there was a loaf or a bit of food of any sort to be reckoned. As to a poor woman's earnings, we most of us know what sort of pay women's work fetches, even when it's the work that men couldn't do if they tried, and especially when women have to pay women. There's very few married women of the poorer class who can do more than enough to buy bare victuals for two or three children, and keep home tidy as well.

Goodness knows if I and a good many of my mates could get anything like such wages as we hear of among trades-unions of working men in other callings, we'd manage to do without setting our wives to work at all, except they were so minded, and had no young children to attend to, and the family washing and mending and cooking.

Now, this sounds like grumbling, and I won't deny that I've been looking at the dark side of things, for I'm on the sick list ; and thinking of men that face death, I don't see but what we might be added to the list. We have to face temptation, a good many of us, and it's bitter to think that some men brought up to be honest have yielded to it, and had nothing to plead against the sentence of the law, except that they had wives and children, and perhaps sickness and want, at home, and so disgraced themselves, and brought discredit upon a great department of the State.

I think of a good many things as I sit here, waiting for Kitty to come back with the lotion ; for I sprained my ankle through slipping in the wet on the worn step of that old house where they always shut the rusty gate of the front garden, and won't put a letter-box in the street-door—the house where the servants won't answer the knocker till the old gentleman comes and takes in his own letters, and asks me if I want to bang the place about his ears. How one's thoughts run on when one has nothing else to carry ! I was going to say, as I sit here I can call to mind a good many examples that we do in a way face death in more senses than one. It isn't only the soldier and the

sailor, the miner and the engine-driver, that go about with their lives in their hands. We've just come to learn, for instance, that the bargeman, with a cargo of gunpowder and benzoline, may be in as great danger as any of them, without thinking much about it; and maybe, if we care to think of it, there are others that are in hourly peril, not of sudden death perhaps, but of setting out on the dark road, and going pretty quickly to the end of it.

I remember poor old James used to say we postmen ran greater dangers from exposure to cold and wet, and accidents on dark nights, and over-fatigue, and, as the poor old fellow used to add, with a sigh, from anxiety and poverty, than most of them who lead what are called heroic lives. "Duty, my boy, duty—dull, plodding duty—to stick to that as long as you don't know of any call to something heroic, is the true heroism after all."

Poor old James. He was a vegetarian and a teetotaler, and had six children. The Post Office hadn't become quite a State department in his time, and the letter-carriers could take it a little easier; but the pay was calculated on the basis of celibacy, as he used to remark, with a rather sickly smile, as he sorted the pieces of string, and clean bits of waste-paper, that he contrived to collect on his rounds in the quiet neighbourhood where he had a beat. He made a few halfpence a week that way; and I think he tried to sell packets of tea or baking-powder, or something, on commission; but he looked so white and thin, and so much like a weak bird that had been lost out of a cage and couldn't find its way home, that nobody could be got to believe in his having to do with anything good to eat or drink.

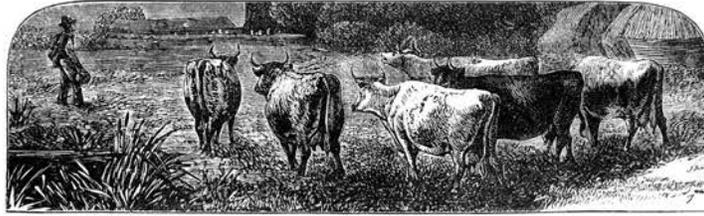
He faced death in his own way—faced death at the bedside of his eldest girl, who was my Kitty's class-mate at the Sunday school; but death was a radiant angel to her; and her father turned away from looking on the still, smiling face, with his poor weak white hands clasped, and a strange waiting look in his eyes. He didn't wait very long; and his wife had gone before the year was out. One or other of the poor little children went to friends here and there; for there was not one single charity for the sick or the destitute, or the orphans of postmen, in those days. There is an orphanage now; and if those who so gladly welcome us, as we give our rat-tat at their doors, would but think how impossible it is for us to spare many shillings out of the wages we receive to give to the fatherless little ones of our fellows, they might come to believe that there are worse pleas for charity than that of the Post Office Orphanage.

Perhaps it is through looking at my own three young rascals "waiting for mother" in the window there—or thinking of Bob, who will be in presently for his

dinner. He carries out medicines for the chemist, Bob does, and so reaches to the luxury of three meat-days a week, one of them being stew, with wonderful meaty flavours in it, considering how much there is of haricot beans and other mealy things, that make the room smell like a bran-mash, and a very nice smell too. Perhaps, I say, it's through looking at the children that I began to think of us postmen as among the men that face death. I was just picturing myself to myself when I go out on my rounds again next week, and the nights are foggy and steamy with mist, and the long row of lamps look miles off in that dreary new road, with broken gaps here and there, and uneven pathways, and bits of ragged fence, and loose bricks to stumble over, and deep quagmires of water and slush in the road, and the houses all lying in the shadow of gardens like wells—with steep flights of steps at the front doors, and the numbers all wrong, because every four houses form a different "terrace," or "villas," or "cottages," and sometimes the road leaves off to go over the way just as you think you've got to the right place.

I picture this place to myself, and all the little wilderness in the same suburb—the roads, and terraces, and streets of houses where you have to feel for the knocker, and wait till a neighbour tells you there's nobody at home, or the last tenants went away yesterday. I fancy how often I've felt the driving rain begin to find its way through my knees and down my neck, and have plucked up fresh courage by remembering that Kitty was at home waiting for me with a little bit of something, even if it was ever so humble and so little: with a bright spark of fire, and a big mug of hot coffee, and some warm, dry clothes, and what was brighter and better than all—brighter even than the bull's-eye lantern that we are now provided with by the latest regulations for night deliveries of letters—with a cheerful, loving, hopeful, contented smile, that, when I think of it, seems to be very little short of a reproach to my selfish, ungrateful thoughts. Why that smile comes back to me at this moment it's easy to guess, for the woman that owns it, and owns me, is on the stair; and here comes Bob too, with an appetite that can hardly keep itself from savaging up the big make-weight that he balances a-top of the quartern loaf he has brought in from the baker's. Never mind, my boy—come, Kitty—one may look death in the face without dying before one's time, so let us say grace and remember—what is it, Bob, my boy—"Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith." "Ah, but it ain't herbs," says Bob—"is it, mother?—it's part herbs, and part roots, and part grain, and there's part stalled ox, because we went to buy the pieces off the stall ourselves—didn't we, mother?—and stalled sheep too—and it's prime, and ain't I hungry, that's all!"





HOW TO MANAGE A SMALL DAIRY.



THE object in writing this paper is a wish to be of assistance to those who, having every convenience for keeping a cow, are deterred from doing so by want of knowledge in managing a dairy, and who do not care to pay the high wages asked by cooks professing to understand a dairy. Any lady fond of housekeeping will find the taking up of cream, &c., very clean and easy, and the making of butter in small quantities not so tiring as standing over the fire to make an *entrée*; and in these times ladies are glad to be self-dependent. Any airy store-room or pantry with a shelf wide enough to hold the milk-pans will do for a dairy. I have seen beautiful butter from very small occupiers, where the milk is kept in the smallest pantry, on shelves, one above another; yet 20 lbs. or more of first-class butter has been sent to market. If room is no object, and any shelves are put up, nothing is better than slate slabs, they are kept clean so easily with warm water, and soap and flannel.

The utensils required for a small dairy of one cow cost about 30s., viz.:—A tin milk-pail, 4s. 6d., or a zinc pail, 1s. 6d.; four milk-pans, about 3s. each; a tin milk-strainer, 3s.; a stand for it (tripod), 1s.; a cream skimmer, 10d., which is a shallow saucer of tin with small holes in it. A strong whisk, 1s. 2d. (the looped kind, fastened with a ring); cream-pot (height, 13 inches), about 3s. 6d.; a small butter-keeler, 5s.; a pair of butter-boards, 1s.; any device for pats or rolls, 1s.

The size of milk-tins should be about 18 inches in diameter at the top, and 14 inches in diameter at the bottom, depth 5 inches—standing on a small rim, and having side handles. Any good tinman can make them. Of course, many kinds are to be had as advertised, but I use good tin ones, as they can so easily be kept clean; and a tin milk-strainer, with a piece of brown strainer (like coarse canvas) tied on, is for this reason preferable to a hair sieve for straining the milk through when it comes in. The milk-tins should always be put in the same rotation, that there may be no mistake in knowing which milk should be taken up. At this time of the year and through the winter, two

panns should be taken up every morning, one having stood twenty-four and the other thirty-six hours. In summer the milk must be taken up every twenty-four hours. The cream may be thicker for standing longer, but it is inferior in quality, and the butter strong and unpleasant.

Take off the cream thus:—Have a good-sized basin which will hold the cream of two days, dip the skimmer in cold water, pass the finger round the edge of the pan of milk, and detach the cream from the pan, slip the skimmer in carefully at the side under the cream, and raise it about an inch, that the milk may run quietly away through the holes in the skimmer. Slip the cream off into the basin, and take all the cream off thus. Be sure not to hold the skimmer high up or over the other cream, as the milk would run away roughly and disturb the rest. Stir into the cream about a tea-spoonful of salt, and this do each time fresh pans are taken up. The cream keeps sweeter if stirred round twice a day. Change the cream into another basin or cream-pot after standing two days; keep it on the floor in a cool place.

The skimmed or flat milk, as it is called when the cream is off, makes excellent puddings, and can be used for tea; and if any is required for breakfast coffee the next morning, or children's evening bread-and-milk, scald a saucepanful, rinsing the saucepan out first with cold water, the milk being less likely to burn. For all purposes flat milk is as good again scalded directly it is taken up (and it will keep good in cool weather for several days). Thus, if milk is wanted for breakfast it is ready, and if a housekeeper has a little household wanting her early, she may perhaps take up the cream after breakfast.

It is best to make the cream into butter the third or fourth day; experience will teach how much cream can be beaten up at once. One of my daughters, fifteen years old, often makes from 3 lbs. to 5 lbs. of butter with no more fatigue than beating up a large sponge-cake.

To make the butter:—Take a cream-pot, rinse out with warm water in autumn, hot in winter, and cold in summer. Pour in the cream, dip the whisk in such water as is used for rinsing out the cream-pot, and beat the cream briskly as if making a sponge-cake or syllabub; if the cream is good and thick it will change from thick to thicker cream, which turns to a curdled appearance before it becomes a lump of firm butter in about half an hour.

Pour off the butter-milk and cover the butter with cold water. Fill the butter-keeler with cold water, and soak in it the butter-boards and shapes for pats (or

this may be done before churning); have ready dissolved a piece of fuller's-earth, in just as much water as will soften it (this will keep good dissolved for weeks), rub the boards and the pat shape well with it, rinse them, empty the butter-keeler, rub the bottom and sides with fuller's-earth, and rinse it well; this keeps the butter from sticking. The hands and wrists should be washed in hot water, then rubbed with fuller's-earth, and rinsed in cold water, and the butter will not adhere.

To make up the butter:—Put cold water in the butter-keeler, take the butter out of the cream-pot with the butter-boards, or with the hands, and put it in the keeler. If you have a stone sink, make the butter there, as the water is so easily got rid of; now press out the butter flat, fold it, press it out again, fold, pour off the clouded water, and continue to do this, changing the water till it ceases to be coloured with butter-milk. Now having poured away the water press out the butter flat, and sprinkle it lightly with finely rolled salt, fold it up, press out and salt again; taste—if salter butter is preferred, add more.

The butter should now be in a firm lump. Have the weights and scales ready (it is as well to have rubbed the scale with fuller's-earth), rinse the scale in water, weigh out the pounds or half-pounds (if for sale, put a penny-piece on the scale for each pound to allow for loss in waste). Lay the pounds in water as weighed till ready to make them up. Put a pound in the keeler, take it with the wet boards and dash it down, two or three times, to get out the water; press it about with one butter-board—this removes any drop of butter-milk, which makes butter streaked with white when not well worked. Now finish off the pound by rolling it with the boards or squeezing it into the size preferred. Dip the butter-boards in water from time to time. For pats I use a grooved board eight inches long, two and a half inches wide, and one inch thick, on which enough butter for a pat is spread with a little wooden flat trowel, then it is rolled up; these rolls are very pretty and easily made.

If only a few pats of fresh or unsalted butter are re-

quired, whisk a pint of cream in a large basin, and wash the butter in a basin thoroughly, and make up at once, taking care the pat shapes are prepared with fuller's-earth, as directed.

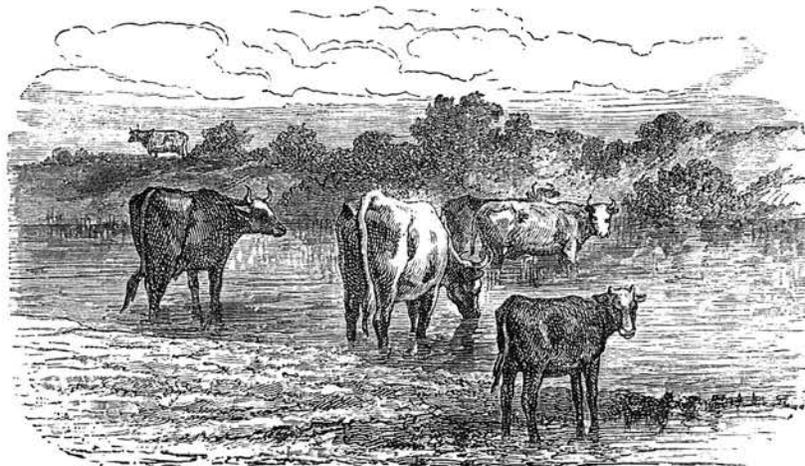
To wash up:—All dairy utensils must be washed in very hot water; keep a scrub-brush on purpose for the wooden things, use good soap, and if the water is soft, no soda. The milk-tins should be well rinsed out with cold water before being washed thoroughly inside and out in hot water, with soap and flannel; keep a piece of flannel for that purpose alone. It need scarcely be said that cleanliness in all details is necessary to success.

To colour the butter:—In the winter the butter is sometimes light-coloured; if this is objected to, the best colouring to use is two or three carrots finely scraped, enough hot water to cover the pulp, stand an hour or so, strain off the coloured water and put it with the cream before churning.

As the weather gets colder it is as well to stand the cream in a warm room a few hours before churning, and in the winter it should be brought into the kitchen over-night. When cows have turnips, dissolve a piece of saltpetre the size of a hazel-nut in about a table-spoonful of hot water, and put in the cream. If the butter tastes very much of turnips, scald the cream the day before churning, thus:—Put it in a tin in a boiler of hot water; or scald the cream daily by standing it in a basin over a saucepan of boiling water.

To have a profitable dairy, do not allow cream to be skimmed off at odd times, but put aside of a morning any cream which may be needed, and if new milk is required, have it taken out directly the milk comes in. Dipping a cup into the milk-pans spoils the rise of the cream. There are many beautiful little churns, but there is so little expense, and so much less work for a servant, when butter is made as described, and this is a great consideration in some cases. I have endeavoured to make the subject so clear, that I trust there may be no difficulty to any lady who would like to try the comfort and luxury of a small dairy.

LUCY E. BRACKENBURY.



REMOVING.



WE really cannot stop another winter in this house, Jack," said I one evening to my husband. "It is so damp below-stairs that it is most unhealthy.

During the summer it may be all very well, but I quite dread the approach of winter, knowing that it means coughs and colds for the children and rheumatism for me. You do not feel it as we do, for you are away all day, and then sit in the up-stairs rooms, but we——"

"Well, well, my dear," said Jack, "if it really is necessary to remove, of course it must be done; but you cannot wonder that I am reluctant to see the necessity, for it is an awful bore. Where are we to move to?"

"We had better employ our evenings during the next three months in looking about," I replied. "Wherever we see a notice put up outside a house in a suitable situation, we must make inquiries about the terms and the accommodation; and very likely we shall meet with something in that way."

"That is no use at all," said Jack. "It would be a good plan in some places, I don't doubt, but not in a populous neighbourhood like this. I was speaking the other day to a gentleman who has a good deal of experience in this sort of thing, and he said that in the healthy, well-drained parts of almost all large towns, houses are in such request, that notices are scarcely ever put up to the most desirable ones, which are let through agents before the old tenants leave."

"Then what must we do?" said I.

"I think the best thing will be for me to write to five or six house agents, and tell them what rooms I want, and what rent I am prepared to pay, then they will send me a list of suitable houses. You can look over these during the day, and if there are any you think likely, I can go and see them after business hours."

"Very well, I will do so," I answered. "But I had better understand clearly what we have to look for, and what we have to avoid. Of course I know the accommodation we require; and I know we don't want a damp house——"

"Can you tell when a house is damp?" interrupted Jack.

"Yes, I think our experience here has taught me that. I shall examine carefully the bottom parts of the walls, and the colour of the edges of the boards in the lower rooms, and if they are dark in colour, or feel moist, I shall know from that alone that the house is damp. But this house is built on clay. If we were to get a gravelly or chalky soil, we should be all right, should we not?"

"At any rate we should stand a better chance. Now let us see if you understand what you are looking for. After we have got the requisite number of rooms,

we want—first, a house built upon either gravel, chalk, sand, or rock; secondly, a nice piece of ground for a garden; thirdly, a house with a southerly aspect; fourthly, a house with a distinct and separate drainage properly connected with the main sewer."

"But how can I tell whether a house is properly drained or not?" said I.

"You can notice, when you enter, whether there is any unpleasant smell, and make inquiries if possible of the last tenant. But I will see after the drainage. If a house suited us in every other respect, I would have it examined by a competent person before we went into it. We must be satisfied on that point."

"That would be much the best. What else is there, Jack?"

"We want a house with well-lighted, lofty rooms—with a good water supply—with chimneys that do not smoke—situated in a respectable, healthy neighbourhood, where the access is easy and convenient, and where the taxes do not bear an undue proportion to the rent."

"And fitted with a bath-room," I added, "and with hot and cold water up-stairs—with the kitchen on the ground floor—with all the windows opening and closing properly, and——You need not laugh, Jack. If we do go through the agonies of removing, we hope to benefit by the change, and at any rate we know what we should like."

"What we should like is one thing, what we shall get for the rent that will suit us is quite another," said my husband; "but we shall see."

Jack wrote to the agents as he had proposed. In two or three days the lists arrived, and I began my work of looking over the numerous desirable residences which were presented to our notice. Some people enjoy looking over houses; I cannot say that I do, or at any rate, whatever enjoyment I might have felt at the commencement of the undertaking was quite exhausted before it was over. I must have looked over eighty or a hundred houses before we were suited. Some were too small, some too large, some too dark, some too glaring, some too expensive, some not quite good enough, some damp enough to provide rheumatism for every member of the family who lived in them, and at length I almost came to the conclusion that the house we then occupied might, considering its rent, be looked upon as the healthiest and cheapest house in the neighbourhood. At last every house on my list was crossed out excepting three. These Jack was taken to inspect, and he decided that one of them would do for us, for though it by no means possessed all the virtues we desired, it was commodious, healthily situated, well-drained, and not too expensive. As it had not been done up for some years, the landlord agreed to paint it inside and out, to whitewash the ceilings, paper the rooms, and put it into thorough repair. We took it upon a lease, and rejoiced that that work was over.

"I wonder what is the best way to set about removing," said I to Jack. "Do you remember when the Grahams moved, how quickly they seemed to be settled in their new home? It was like magic. I should like to know how they did it."

"You had better call upon Mrs. Graham and ask her," said Jack. "I am looking forward to the time with great dread, I assure you, and the more quickly it can be done the better pleased I shall be."

Accordingly I called on Mrs. Graham; when I told her we were to move, she congratulated me very heartily, and said that she felt sure we should like the change.

"And how are you going to set about moving, my dear?" she asked.

"That is just what I wanted to get your advice about," I replied. "Of course it is a great undertaking for us, with our family. When you came into this house you were so quickly settled and comfortable in it, that I felt I could not do better than adopt your plans, if you would tell them to me."

"That I will, and with pleasure. First of all we had every chimney swept in the new house, then we had done to it whatever whitewashing and paper-hanging was necessary——"

"Fortunately for us, the landlord is going to do up the house throughout," I interrupted.

"That is good, and will save you a great deal of expense and trouble. If you can arrange it, I should have the chimneys swept before the men commence operations."

"Of course I can. And when they have finished, I am going to have the house cleaned thoroughly from top to bottom."

"And after that, have all the carpets, with the exception of the stair carpets, fitted and put down."

"The carpets put down before the furniture is taken into the house?" said I.

"Certainly," answered my friend. "You asked the reason why we were so quickly settled. That was the principal cause. You see, when you are removing you have to put up with a certain amount of discomfort, and I think it is much better to go through that at the old house than at the new one. Besides which, it is much easier to plan and put down carpets in an empty room than it is when the furniture has to be moved backwards and forwards. Therefore, I had all the carpets taken up in good time, thoroughly shaken or cleaned, and afterwards taken to the new house, planned, and laid down."

"How did you manage about making the carpets and fitting them to the new rooms, then?" said I. "Did you employ an upholsterer?"

"I employed an upholsteress, who did the work, I believe, quite as well, and at about half the cost that an upholsterer would have done. I can recommend to you the one I employed, though there are plenty of these women about. They go out working at so much a day, and will make and plan carpets, hang beds, cover mattresses, make curtains, or do any of the kind of work that upholsterers usually undertake."

"And of course whilst the woman was at work you were without carpets at home?"

"Yes, but we were accustomed to the rooms, and the furniture was all in its place, so that we were not very uncomfortable; and we made up our minds to put up with what discomfort there was for the short time that was necessary. Whilst the carpets were being made, the furniture was cleaned and polished, and repaired where it was required. Then, when all was ready, we hired a large van, had the furniture put into it without any packing, taken to the new house, and put at once into its place."

"Did not the men spoil the carpets with their boots?"

"Wherever the men had to step, we covered the carpets over with dust-sheets or brown paper, and they were not at all dirtied. It is necessary to look after the men, and see that they do put each article into its right room. They are rather partial to popping things down where it is most convenient, and when this is allowed, it makes a good deal of work afterwards. A responsible person ought to be in the house when the van arrives, and as each article is brought in, ought to give directions which room it is to be carried into."

"I can see it will be very quickly arranged after that," said I.

"I have no doubt," said Mrs. Graham, "that if you do your moving like this, and are tolerably energetic about it, even with your little family, you may be so far settled at the end of the second day, that a stranger coming into the house would not know that you were new-comers. How are you going to manage about the blinds?"

"I don't quite know what will be for the best," I answered. "We have Venetian blinds to fit all the windows in our present house, but they will not do for the new ones. The out-going tenants have good blinds, which were made for the windows, and which they would sell at a reasonable price; but it seems such a shame to buy new blinds, when we have all those old ones."

"I know it does, but that is one of the expenses that *must* be. If you can buy blinds that fit at an inexpensive rate, you will find it cheaper to do so than to have the old ones altered. Indeed, you are likely to lose more money by trying to use them than by selling them even at a sacrifice. Perhaps the people who are coming into your present house would take them off your hands."

"Yes, they might. It is not pleasant, though, to try and push a number of fixtures upon any one."

"If it is an advantage to them you need not mind. At any rate, I am quite sure that things may often be bought very cheaply in that way. I bought the carpet in this room of the lady who lived here before us. The room is a good-sized one, and the carpet is Brussels, and in excellent condition; yet I only gave four guineas for it."

"Four guineas! I should think it cost fifteen or sixteen."

So it would have done if I had had to buy it at a shop, and have it fitted down. But very likely it would not have come in nicely for a new room, and it was

better for the lady to sell it, even at a loss, than to have it cut up to waste. If the tenants have not left the house into which you are going, I should certainly advise you to inquire whether there are any carpets, &c., to dispose of. You will, in all probability, be able to purchase canvas for the hall, gas-fittings, or blinds, at a much cheaper rate than you would get them at a shop. Of course I am supposing that the people are clean, and the things are good. Carpets three parts worn would be dear at a very low price."

"And you do not pack anything?"

"Nothing of the household furniture. The large vans which are at present used will take most things just as they are, and they can be carried in them from one house to the other. I think it is best to leave the packing even of the glass and china to the proper men. It is their business, and they will be more likely to avoid breakages than you will with all your care. If I were going from one part of the country to another, I should not pack the furniture."

"Should you not?"

"No. I have had a painful experience on that subject. Some years ago we removed from one town to another, a distance of about two hundred miles. We decided to bring everything with us, very foolishly as we found afterwards; for if we had sold the heavy common things, we could have bought new furniture with the money that we paid for the carriage of them."

"And I suppose you packed everything?"

"Yes. We got estimates from three or four people in that line of business. One of them advised us very strongly to have our furniture put unpacked in the ordinary way into the trucks which they used specially for the carriage of furniture by rail, and assured us that there was very little fear of its being at all spoilt. Another as strongly recommended us to have everything bound round with straw, and said that, though

a little more expensive, the plan was much safer. We, feeling very desirous to take all the care we could, adopted the latter plan, and very much we regretted it."

"Why?"

"Because, first of all, it was such a trouble to get all the straw off again. Instead of being able to carry the things to their places, they had to be put into a back yard to have the straw carefully removed. Then the surface was so much dulled that it had to be polished again and again before it was fit to be seen; and, besides, it was the more expensive plan of the two."

"But if you had employed the other people, your things might have been more spoilt."

"I think not. Some friends of ours had to move to a distance shortly afterwards. They profited by our experience, and adopted the other plan. Their removal was managed so cleverly that the only injury they sustained was the breakage of one cup. Perhaps they were particularly fortunate, but still that was the fact."

"Well," said I, rising to take my leave, "I am very glad to think we have not to move such a distance as that. For I expect, manage it as cleverly as you may, it is a very uncomfortable time. Does not the old proverb say that 'three removes are as bad as a fire?'"

"Yes, it does," said Mrs. Graham laughing. "But for all that, when it is done with forethought and care, I do not think a removal is any worse than a thorough spring cleaning. Of course, I have had my troubles and perplexities, and I remember that even the prospect of my first 'move' so distracted me that I fairly broke down and cried; but experience is a wholesome teacher, and I shall be delighted if mine will prove of a little use to you."

It proved invaluable.

PHILLIS BROWNE.



"I FAIRLY BROKE DOWN."



HOW WE MOVED FROM CAMBERWELL TO KENSINGTON.



AS my husband's business was turned into a company, who paid handsomely for it, moreover making him the working manager for some years, with a liberal salary, we began to think that our old home at Camberwell was hardly suitable to our altered circumstances. But as we came to look about us we discovered it was not quite so easy a matter to find a new home as we had anticipated. We had been accustomed to a good garden and large rooms, and though we were prepared to pay double the rent, that seemed to help us very little.

We answered the advertisements in the papers with persevering industry, and, as a rule, the more they tallied with our wishes the less the house did. The several agents supplied us with orders to view in any abundance, and with little discrimination, for it frequently happened after an expedition unusually long and tiresome, the house we had gone to see had been let a week or so. In time our circle of research narrowed, and for several reasons we decided to live at South Kensington. Brooks, considering it a rising neighbourhood, thought a house there a better investment than elsewhere, and to me it seemed the only place where you could get a really nice abode in a fashionable quarter at a tolerably moderate rent; for what was the use of leaving Camberwell for Bloomsbury or the Regent's Park? Brooks wasn't one to sink his money in a premium, and these seemed invariably to be required for any house in a good London square or street.

We didn't fix upon a house even at South Kensington in a minute; but I am sure there are plenty to choose from in every state of progress, for whole squares and streets are still in the workpeople's hands, and I expect are likely to be for some time. When we did at last decide on one it was a mere carcase, with no internal decorations whatever; but that enabled us to choose our own papers and finish it according to our individual taste, and all at the builder's expense, who undertook to do anything and everything we wished. Neither Brooks nor I knew much of modern fal-lals, but, of course, we wanted to have things like other people; and in a short time I flatter myself I knew as much about dados as any one else. Of course we had dados up the staircase as well as in the drawing-room and dining-room, and there were so many consultations and pros and cons about my boudoir that I left it at last to the decorator, who was well up in the mysteries of high art, and

as he promised to make the same arrangements for me as he had successfully carried out for an illustrious princess whose artistic taste is proverbial, what could I wish for more?

Time glided by: at first everything was forgotten in the delight of having really found a house to suit us at last, and we were very busy, what with daily visits to the new abode to see how things progressed, and the overhauling our possessions at home to decide what was to be kept and what disposed of. Everything we did keep, which had looked well enough in its old quarters, was said to require renovating. Ours is the good old-fashioned furniture people like now-a-days; but polish and gilding were wanted everywhere, though I didn't have half done they said ought to be. Elbow-grease and the following recipe did wonders with wardrobe, chairs, and tables:— $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. Castile soap, 1 oz. beeswax, $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. white wax, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of turpentine. The wax and turpentine first melted, then the soap boiled in a pint of soft water. When melted and cold the whole were mixed together and stirred till of the consistency of plain cream.

Brooks' taste was always rather artistic. We had a store of what I call rubbish, made to harbour dust and nothing else, though I don't tell him so—old arms, antlers, &c. All these we thoroughly cleaned. The old Louis XIV. marqueterie clock, of which he is not a little proud, became quite bright and beautiful when rubbed with some very diluted oxalic acid; and our iron umbrella-stands and scrapers we made as good as new by painting them over with Berlin black, which costs only a shilling or two. It is astonishing, if you will take the trouble, how much you may do in the way of successful renovation at a very little cost. From what I have seen of workmen lately, I have come to the conclusion that they have an easy time of it; if we were let into a few of their trade secrets we should spoil their market considerably. Poor women, what a hubbub there is about their employment! Most of them work twice as hard as the men, and how rich they would think themselves if they earned sixpence an hour, instead of the masculine tenpence!

What with deciding about cleaning chintzes and carpets, gilding frames and cornices, polishing furniture and parting with some, my hands seemed full. I disliked the selling part the most; it really did disgust me to let things go for a few shillings which had cost pounds, knowing if they had to be replaced they would cost as many pounds again. The system these men have! They look at all you wish to sell, state no special price for any article, and then make you an offer in a lump sum, which, when you come to look through the list of what you propose parting with, you find is about one shilling apiece for everything all round, or some equally ridiculous amount. But buying and selling are two different things, and you have, as a rule, to make the best of the bargain.

What a useful article gas-piping proved, too, painted

and cut to the room, with small brass acorn mounts at either end! It looked well, and saved us the expense of brass picture-rods, and we did without cornices by advancing the architrave on either side of the windows an inch or so, and adding a transverse piece at the top, between which we placed a piece of gas-piping for the curtain-rings to run upon.

Getting out of the old house was bad enough. What a heap of rubbish we had accumulated in the course of time, and how loth we were to part with it! As long as you are stationary it fits into its place and is forgotten; but once move, and it assumes Brogdignagian proportions. And the accumulation of dirt! I consider myself a careful housewife, and never all my life neglected spring and autumn cleaning; but when the large pieces of furniture were moved the dust clung to the wall like beeswing to old port, and I felt almost ashamed the workpeople should see it.

"Three moves are as bad as a fire," they say, and I feel quite sure it is true. Though the people who undertake the business are always at it and up to their work, it is astonishing how little information you get as to the best way of proceeding beforehand. I think we adopted the best plan for a move to a long distance such as ours. We made our selection from several estimates sent in by different firms for a lump sum for the job, which included packing, removing, and re-putting up beds, &c. If we had only moved a street or two, I should have done a great deal by hand and paid so much for each waggon. The men came days beforehand, with crates and cases, and packed the china, &c., and all they did arrived safely; but in the scramble at the last the servants put a little together themselves, most of which was broken; which taught me a lesson for another time (though I hope there will never be another time for me of that kind), viz., to make the packers do it all. One or two other things I learnt also. Whatever you may be told to the contrary, chests of drawers and wardrobes should be emptied; wardrobes are often too large to be taken up the staircase, and have to be drawn through the windows, and as likely as not are deposited bottom upwards, to say nothing of the increased weight, which makes the carrying and lifting all the more difficult. The several drawers in a chest are taken out to be carried up-stairs, and if heavily filled the bottoms are apt to come out. If the weather is wet, the contents run great risk of spoiling, the chance of which it is far better to avoid. It is as well to pack up all you can; sharp corners, carving, everything gets knocked about and chipped; and the more protected they are, the more the property is spared. Books should be tied up in bundles, back and front alternately, and wrapped in paper.

The expenses of moving into a new house are endless, and store is no sore; where every little thing has to be bought, many old and despised stores prove of value. We had made up our minds to new carpets and curtains in one or two of the principal rooms, but in the others we were able to turn what we had to account. The fashion of painting the margin of the floors is a great help where carpets are concerned.

With a background of fresh paint and paper, it is astonishing when old things are thoroughly cleaned how well they look. Not that I thought anything looked well for a long time.

We had let our old house and were obliged to leave to the day, so we could not alter our plans, even when we found that the new one was not half ready, and that we had to deposit our goods and chattels in rooms which were still being painted, the dust flying about, and the smell of the paint overwhelming. For the latter we found our best remedy was a disinfectant placed about the rooms. Pails of water, the usual plan, will spoil the paint. How I detested our possessions for a week or two! No room was thoroughly finished, and the furniture never seemed to find a quiet resting-place, but was perpetually moved about: wearisome work! We lived in the most primitive fashion, and got to be thankful to find plates and glasses to use, a bed to lie upon, or a chair to sit on. My patience was greater than Brooks', and we both of us bore the inconveniences better than the servants, who might have been brought up in a palace all their lives, to hear them talk. We smelt paint, tasted it in the food, and we got covered with it—every dress I wore was spoilt by it. Moreover, we seemed to live in public, the workmen swarming everywhere. How impatient we were to get rid of them, and how they dawdled! Whatever meals our servants were taking, there was sure to be a cluster of them in the kitchen; and they waited about, gossiping with aggravating coolness, discussing audibly enough the political questions of the day, with a knowledge and acumen which made me wonder. I come of an old-fashioned Tory lot, and could not help thinking they would have done better to attend more to their own business; but Brooks is a Liberal Conservative, whatever that may be, and didn't approve of such sentiments on my part.

All this was only the beginning of troubles. As we got our gas-fittings up leakages were discovered, the men spoiling the wall-paper in rectifying them, and poisoning us with the smell. When at last we did fairly get the water into the house, it had a trick of appearing through the ceilings, or refusing to run off comfortably through the pipes. Whatever tradespeople we had to employ invariably left their work half done. It took days to get our blinds; the rollers arrived, but not the people to put them up—who, when they did come, looked in for an hour or two and then left, and the work half done too.

In a new house there are not any fixtures to pay for, but everything has to be bought, and you learn to realise what a number of trifles are required to fulfil the requirements of modern civilisation.

Seeing how, in the late commercial difficulties, hundreds have had no homes left at all, it seems wicked to grumble at these minor worries and inconveniences; and now that our troubles are wellnigh over we can afford to laugh at them.

To those who contemplate a removal, my advice would be—lay your plans well beforehand, and tie the builder down to some agreement to be ready to time, the infringement of which would entail a fine.

"Something Humorous."

It's a terrible temptation, for of course I need the money,
But, take it altogether, can I possibly be funny?
Oh, I need not sit and meditate—he'd not have had to urge,
If he'd asked me for an epitaph, or begged me for a dirge!

The house-maid leaves next Monday, the cook week after next,
After all my frantic struggles to prevent their being vexed;
And Augustus—once he fancied that I *could* do nothing wrong—
Went sulking off, because, forsooth, the coffee was not strong!

The plumbers come to-morrow; an important pipe has burst.
Of the sum of human miseries, are plumbers not the worst?

I found two moths this morning on the largest easy-chair,
And another on the sofa—I am sure they're in the hair.

Talk of "little" cares and worries—why, there are no little things;
A wasp is not a large affair, but patience! how he stings!
Yet the world, which likes to laugh with us, or at us, gives a growl,
And hasn't time to listen if one ventures on a howl.

Yet there is a *way* of howling which the public likes to hear—
Yes, I'll seize my opportunity, the whole affair grows clear;
I will tell my tribulations as if each one were a joke,
And my welcome, like the house-maid's young affections, is "bespoke."

Margaret Vandegrift.



CHARACTERS IN FEET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IMPRESSIONS OF A NOTICING EYE."

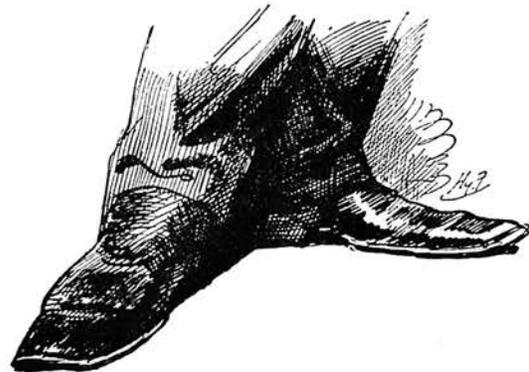


THE use of feet is more characteristic than the feet themselves. Of course there is some character even in the shape: there is the common and careless flat foot, and the neat foot, and the vain foot, and the quick foot. In Herrick's old poem the whole

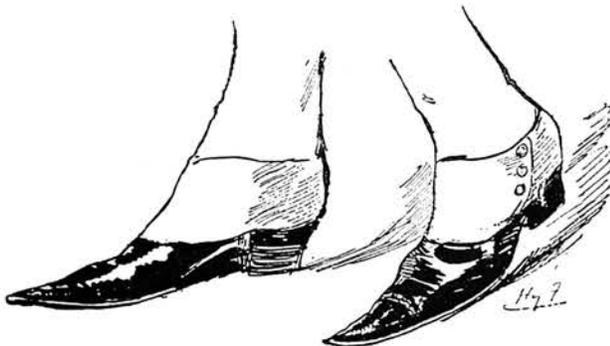
portrait of a dainty white-slippered girl is suggested by the words—

"Like mice, beneath her petticoat,
Her little feet went in and out."

But the distinctions of character are not seen, really, in the feet themselves, but in what their owner does



PHILANTHROPIC.



THE FOP.

with them. Sometimes it is significant that their owner does not know *what* to do with them. He is vulgarly, defiantly self-sufficient, and despises ceremony, so when he smokes a cigar he puts his feet on the mantel-piece, out of the way. Or he is a country bumpkin, painfully self-conscious, so he stands on one foot and then on the other, and shifts them about, perplexed what to do with them, as ill-bred folks, when they sit idle and sociable, are perplexed by possessing a pair of hands. On the contrary, the fop—whose feet are clad without spot or speck, and regardless of expense—knows very well what to do with them; they are part of the exhibition which is his constant care. In general, it is a sign of vanity to thrust forward

habitually a neat foot when one is at rest. A conceited man nurses a leg and admires a foot, which he twitches and twirls beneath his delighted eyes—quite uncon-

done; and the country could not thrive nor the community exist without the feet that wear hobnailed shoes. The firm foot is the ordinary type in men. A firm



HOBNAILED.



FIRM.

sciously, and in a different manner from the fop; for the vain man thinks of the effect produced upon other people, but the conceited man is satisfied with himself, without any regard to the world of ordinary mortals who may chance to be observing him.

Very different is the generous mind of the philanthropist, who thinks constantly of the rest of the world, and not of himself. There is nothing cramped about any of his ideas or of his possessions. He forgets such small matters as fashion and details of appearance. Except on state occasions, he considers neatness to be a hindrance; everything about him is large, from his benevolent schemes down to his well-worn shoes.

His stand is not alert, but patient, well set on the ground; he is ready and steady; he waits to give what he can, and to do what he can, and while he thinks of weighty matters, personal details are forgotten. He may walk flat-footed in old shoes; insteps and heels are infinitely beneath his consideration. So his foot is not of the type that the dancing-master believes to be the one thing necessary for a gentleman; but he has already flattened injustice under his feet, and the horror of the dancing-master shall never reach his ears.

This philanthropic man has done a great deal to widen and smooth life's roads for crowds of feet of another type. On the roads he has improved, the hobnailed boots go more contentedly.

They (the "hobnails") are strong and rather defiant: for instance, they have a defiant way of turning up. They stand straight together, just as their owners as a class stand shoulder to shoulder. Their size and weight are suggestive of possible bad kicks; but their bulk and hard-worn bend are also suggestive of work

walk is a sign of self-control as well as of power. When the shoe thickens so obstinately that the foot cannot bend it, and when the walker does not care what noise he makes, the firmness and power are developing to a degree that may inconvenience weaker or more sensitive folk.

The weak foot is very common. The stand suggests a knock-kneed body and a mind not strong enough to make the best of life—one might almost say, altogether a knock-kneed character that is always stepping crooked, and going its way with an uncertain gait.

This is not to be confounded with the weak walk of the man who is always in a hurry and absent-minded, because he is hurrying up some plans of future work. The hurrying walk is apt to be weak, but it does not betoken a weak character. On the contrary, hurrying feet, whether they walk firmly or irregularly, are always a sign of strong character. The weak-footed hurry often belongs to the

man whose work is mental; the hurrying man whose calling demands physical activity is more likely to be firm as well as brisk.

An indolent walk is frequently a sign of empty mind and weak character. A gliding, pausing, foot-bending, stealthy gait betrays finesse, or strategy, or calculation, or cunning, or—as the last degree—the sneak.

In conclusion, it is remarkable that modern habits of dress have altered the shape of the foot. The feet of savages are mostly flat; the heel of the shoe seems to have formed the instep. Of course, the arch is over-developed and the foot destroyed by the too high heel—against which the doctors have long protested. Again, in the antique the front of the foot is loose and broad, and the great toe parts from the others with a



THE WEAK.

division as decided (though of course not as broad) as the parting of the thumb from the fingers of the hand. This division was used for the strap of the sandal. If we take the antique for our type of beauty, a pointed shoe is utterly unnatural. Very rare is the fine form of a foot that has kept straight on the inner side—not bent by efforts to be cramped to a point. Perhaps this straight foot that never has been distorted ought to be taken as a sign of common sense. For if one judges rightly, the distortion caused by a craze for pointed toes is as bad in kind—though not in degree—as the malformation of the foot which Chinese ladies allow their children to suffer in infancy, so that they may grow up to have a proper Chinese deportment—supported by a maid, or a stick, or a friendly wall.



THE SNEAK.



“FOSSIKING.”

BY FREDERICK HASTINGS.



“HE WOULD ASSURE ME HE SAW PARTICLES OF GOLD”

FOSSIKER.’ Well, what is that?”

“One who goes out prospecting.”

“As an engineer?”

“No; hunting out places where gold, or silver, or tin, or talc, is likely to be found. Why, sir, I have been many and many a mile ‘fossiking’ for gold. ‘Fossiking’ is the Australian word for searching for treasure. I have walked hundreds of miles carrying my ‘swag,’ and had

very little for my pains. Once I walked fifty miles from a mine in one day. I wanted to catch the steamer from Melbourne to Adelaide. I was coming back, and had just enough to pay my passage. Ship had started. Had to walk down and get a boat, and pull off. On deck I threw myself down, utterly wearied. When I pulled off my boots they were worn through, and when I took off my stockings

the flesh came away with them. Ah! a man earns the gold he gets in prospecting or mining, I can tell you.” So said one who, after all, had made somewhat of a pile, and then married and settled down in business in one of the principal streets of the charming city of Adelaide. Vivid were the descriptions I had from him and from others of disappointing searches, of wearing trudges in Victoria, New South Wales, and Queensland. “I have been three days and nights without food or water,” said one. “I have had to carry not only my own ‘swag,’ but to carry my brother’s also. Poor fellow! he was so done up once, and I could not leave him to go for help, for he would have died. So I flung away my ‘swag,’ and carried him until we found help. I saved my brother. It is astonishing how you get used to burdens, and even to privation. I think the first day’s hunger was worse than the third.”

“The ‘swag’ itself must be heavy.”

“Yes; a man must carry a rug to sleep under, and his kettle for his tea. Sometimes he carries also his pick and shovel. You roll up your belongings in your ‘swag,’ and swing it across your back, and away you tramp.”

When talking with another “fossiker,” who had trudged about eight hundred miles, from Adelaide to a place in Victoria, he said—“I heard there was a ‘rush,’ and as I had nothing to do, I determined to follow. Had no money. Knew there were plenty of people on the road who would give a fellow a bit of ‘tucker.’ ‘Tucker’ is grub, you know, and it is cheap enough here. Why, mutton is never much more than twopence a pound in the country.”

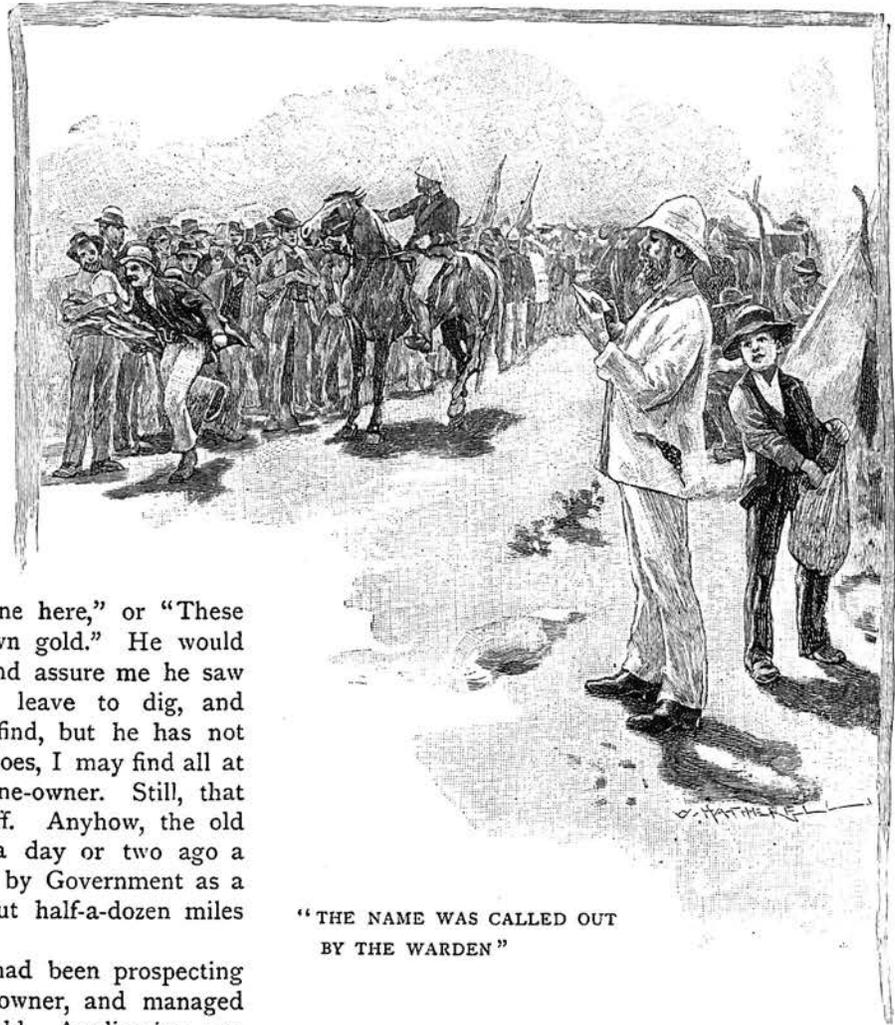
"But how did you get over the desert?"

"It is only flat scrub, not desert, like the Sahara. Anyhow, I went round about, and from 'station' to 'station,' as we call the sheep-farms, and so reached my destination. Alas! it was all a fluke. I had to get work in town, and have never done much good for myself."

The "fossiker" is generally a restless, expectant man. One of them working at blasting some rock for me was always surprising me with such remarks as "I am sure there's lots of silver here," or "There's a gold mine here," or "These creeks must have washed down gold." He would get a pail and wash the dirt, and assure me he saw particles of gold. He asked leave to dig, and promised me a share of his find, but he has not undertaken it yet. When he does, I may find all at once that I am a wealthy mine-owner. Still, that day is probably a long way off. Anyhow, the old man may be right, for only a day or two ago a district has been "proclaimed" by Government as a gold field, and it is only about half-a-dozen miles from my bit of land.

It seems that a "fossiker" had been prospecting slyly on the land of a private owner, and managed to get out several ounces of gold. Application was then made to Government, and the place was "proclaimed," in the Gazette, as a gold field. The owner might object, but an Act of Parliament empowers the Government to issue mining licences. It is to be supposed the owner is recouped for any damage done to the land.

To see the formal issue and the "rush" was an attraction. I learned that at twelve o'clock on Thursday the red flag would be hoisted. This red flag is not Republican, but the colonial official indication of the opening of the mine. My nag was what is termed here "nuggety"—a solid, broad, good trotter. I covered the eighteen miles in a little over two hours. It was a most enjoyable scamper—two thousand feet uphill. The nag did uphill best, for the descents were too steep often for anything but a walk. Numbers of vehicles came on laden with prospectors, officials, or pressmen. Over "Norton's Summit," down Deep Creek—a romantic spot with a fine stone bridge—along under the steep overshadowing gum-tree-covered hills. The pinnacles of the governor's costly summer residence on "Marble Hill" peep over that summit. How like some parts of Scotland or Switzerland! Here we pass an hotel with two fellows outside doing the "three card trick," and "scooping" in the coin from the crowd; they have a gold mine in the folly of the fellows around them. Now a sharp turn at the



"THE NAME WAS CALLED OUT BY THE WARDEN"

seventeenth "mile-post." What a road!—puddle; narrow; again uphill—vehicles sticking fast—swagmen in force. Another mile, and tents many are seen. They are small, and the fire-places at the end of each are made of long stiff strips of bark, filled in with clay from the gully, "wattle and dab" style. Two streams meet, and here the possible future township is located. I had better look out for the site for a church before land becomes too dear.

About a thousand people are on the ground. Only two hundred and fifty have taken out licences. These are patiently waiting, in front of the official tent, the hoisting of the red flag. Some delay occurs. A message has to be sent to town. The Warden announces that at two o'clock the licences will be issued. "Better go and get dinner." Cheers from other than miners follow this, but all scatter. Here women are busy round great big fires made in the hollow of a tree. There men fill the frying-pan with chops. I find a lunch, kindly offered in the Government tent, most acceptable. Back come the men, some laden with bundles of pegs—these are about three feet long. A local ventriloquist, who combines with that the trade of publican, amuses gratuitously the waiting miners. He says, "You go, peg out the claims, get the gold, and I'll take the profits." A great laugh welcomes this bit of frankness.

To avoid disorder, the miners agreed to take their licences by lot. A boy took them one by one from a bag. The name was called out by the Warden. Then away down the line of men—kept open by the “troopers”—went the pegger out. The first man called had forgotten his pegs, and came up nervous and flurried. The one who first prospected the spot and brought out a considerable amount of gold was rewarded by having first choice. He pegged out for himself and two mates two claims, of thirty feet square each. He has cradles ready for washing the soil ; so have many others.

Some poor fellows are short of capital to take out claims. They cannot raise the twenty-five shillings necessary, and guarantee the two shillings per week royalty due to Government. Others come with swell attire and silver-headed cane to peg out claims. These are young fellows tired of desk work, who wish to “try their luck.” Two minutes are given each man for selection, then another name is called. One after another they rush down from the tent, and soon the glen is filled with the sound of the volleys of blows on pegs given in all directions.

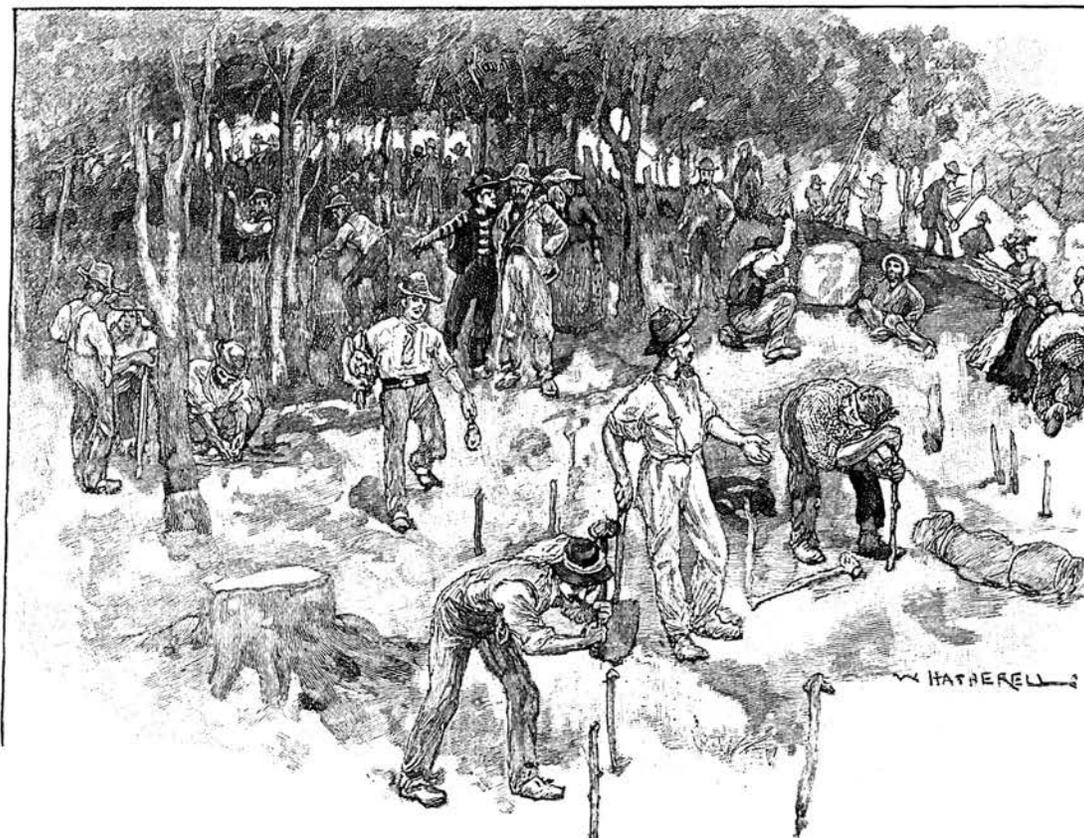
Evening is coming on. It will be cold and damp. There is no resting-place here. I peep into the various tents, and notice how comfortable they look with stretchers and rugs, but home will be better.

A fellow horseman leads me by a shorter cut through the bush. As we passed the hotel, the card trick men were still plying their game. Numbers of vehicles were round the door, so we pressed on. In the

gloaming the views along the Playford road were grand and awesome. Night came on suddenly, and we trotted on cheerfully until we saw our city lying all aglow with its numerous lights. My horse was glad of his stable, and I soon welcomed the couch.

The miners often have disputes over claims. Sometimes men will “jump” claims: that is, they remove the pegs of someone else, and insist on working where another has already toiled. At this Forest range field a dispute soon arose in consequence of several small nuggets being discovered in one spot by “Charlie the Pole” and his mates. He is an old hand, and stands his ground ; he knows human nature. Speaking of the small nuggets weighing only 4-dwt. discovered about twelve feet down, he said they will soon be magnified into something great. He said “I once found a spec weighing twelve ounces in the Northern Territory. Travelling down to Port Darwin, I met a man who assured me that he had seen that same nugget, and that it weighed sixty ounces. After that, of course, I had nothing to say.” So now the tiny nuggets are magnified into weighing several ounces, and more people will rush to the field. Old “fossickers,” however, soon “clear” to other fields if not successful in one.

Some carry countenances very gloomy ; marks of long disappointment tell. Others I have seen who have been successful “fossickers,” and they are among the jolliest of men. They are open-hearted, and many of them, though apparently hard, are most susceptible to any honest appeal.



“SOON THE GLEN IS FILLED WITH THE SOUND.”

THE BROOK AND ITS BANKS.

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

CHAPTER X.

NOW let us find some spot where the surface of the brook is smooth, where it is well sheltered from the wind by bushes or luxuriant herbage, where the sun can shine into the stream, and where we can lie on the bank so as to bring our eyes close to the surface of the water.

Now let us look steadfastly into the water, and try to penetrate its depths. For the first few minutes we shall probably see nothing, and may be inclined to think that there is nothing to be seen. This, however, is a mistake, the fact being that human eyes require some little training before they become fitted for water-gazing. So do not be disheartened, but continue to gaze.

Before long you will first see one living creature traversing the depths. Then another will come into view, and another, and another, until at last the water, which at first seemed quite empty, will be seen to be absolutely teeming with life.

Which creature shall we take first?

The answer to this question depends very much on the time of year. Let us suppose, then, that we are in the spring-time, say about the middle of April, and that the weather has been warm and auspicious to animal life.

Here I must mention that, however closely we may watch the creatures in the brook, we must mostly remove them out of it if we wish, as we ought to do, to study them minutely. For this purpose we shall want a net, and had better make it for ourselves. The flimsy affairs which are recommended in the shops are simply "made to sell," and are practically useless.

The handle of your net should be at least five feet in length, made of the best ash, and not less than five-eighths of an inch in thickness. In using the net you are sure to include a quantity of heavy weeds, mud, etc., among your captures, and a slighter net will break with the strain.

Next, get a blacksmith to make a ring of iron, nine inches in diameter, about as thick as an ordinary brass stair-rod, and weld it firmly to an iron socket about four inches in depth, and just large enough to allow the end of the handle to be forced into it. Two holes should be made in the socket, one within half an inch from the mouth of the socket, and the other about three inches from the first. These are for the reception of screws, and it will be as well not to have them in the same line, so as to avoid the danger of splitting the wood. Give the iron portions two or three coats of "Brunswick Black" to protect them from rust.

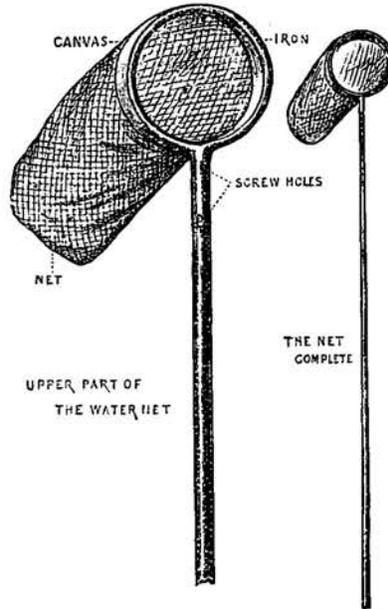
The net itself should be made of "mosquito net," and ten inches in depth. It must not be pointed, but very carefully rounded at the bottom, as otherwise you will find great difficulty in taking out the creatures which you may capture, and which, as you will find, have a persistent way of crawling into the smallest crevice that will receive them.

The net should not be sewn directly on the ring, as it would soon be worn to pieces by the friction to which it must be subjected. The best plan is to fit a strip of stout canvas upon the ring, and then sew the net to the canvas. If the brook should be at a distance from your house, you will find the net rather troublesome to carry, beside drawing upon you the rather obtrusive attentions of an unsympathetic public. Hence the recommendation to fasten the net to the handle by screws. Before you start, you can remove the net from the handle, and so can carry

both without attracting much notice. Small "thumb-screws" are the most convenient for this purpose, as they can be removed and replaced without the use of a screw-driver. A still more convenient form is the "folding-ring" net, which can be obtained from any of the dealers. It has the advantage of folding into a compass so small that it can be put in the pocket when withdrawn from the net. It is not, however, so strong as the simple ring and socket; and should one of the hinges be broken, it must be sent back to the maker for repair, whereas any village blacksmith can make or mend a ring and socket.

Of course you must take with you a vessel in which to place your captures. The tin cans which are made for the express purpose are the best; but, in any case, it is necessary that the vessel shall be quite dark, as the inhabitants of the brook are not only quarrelsome, but carnivorous, and in many cases cannibals, so that they are sure to fight if they can see, and in many cases will eat each other.

Some little art is required in the right use of the net. You may see two persons hunting the same brook, and using the same net; and



yet, while one captures specimens by the hundred, another will find nothing. If you plunge your net into the water with a splash, snatch it out with a jerk, and plunge it in again with another splash, you will frighten away all the animals instead of enclosing them in the net.

You cannot be too gentle while brook-hunting. When you have marked down a spot which you think will be tolerably promising, slip the net very gently into the water at some distance from the spot, and coax it, so to speak, towards the required locality, so as not to alarm the inhabitants. Then draw it firmly and steadily through the water, turning it, and drawing it backwards and forwards several times.

On lifting it out you will probably find it partly choked with evil-smelling mud, among which a number of indefinite living forms are seen writhing and twisting, or, as our American friends say, "squirming" like a handful of earthworms or a basketful of live eels.

You cannot examine them while they are covered with this mud, neither can you place

them in your collecting can, because they would make the rest of the inmates as dirty as themselves. You must wash them thoroughly before attempting to examine them; and for this purpose, all you have to do is to dip the net repeatedly into the water, holding it up and letting the water drain from it. When the water which runs away is quite clear you may begin to investigate the contents.

In the search, always use your fingers, which were made before forceps, and in this task are much more useful, the sense of touch often detecting creatures which had eluded the sense of sight. You must not mind getting your hands dirty. There is plenty of water about, and you can wash them as often as you like. Moreover, the mud of a brook is equal to the best soap for its cleansing properties, and costs nothing.

Another axiom.

Nothing that you can catch in a net can hurt you, so that you may handle them all impartially, without fear. Some of them, it is true, have rather a formidable aspect, and look very much as if they could sting. But set your mind at rest. No inhabitant of the fresh water can sting, and none of them can bite hard enough even to injure a young girl.

Take every creature which you do not know, "handle him as if you loved him," according to Izaak Walton's receipt, and put him—or her—or it—as the case may be, into your collecting can, to be examined hereafter. If you should already be acquainted with your captive, follow Dogberry's advice, very slightly altered, "take a note of him, and let him go." Never kill any being unless its death may be serviceable to man, and if you do not need any of your captives, make a note of that creature, and throw it back into its native stream.

At home you should be provided with a number of vessels, half filled with water, to which you can transfer your captives. You can hardly have too many of these vessels, which you may call "aquaria" or "vivaria," if you like, as many creatures must be kept alone. Place no reliance on the picturesque groups which are so often figured, and which represent dragon-flies, butterflies, water-beetles, frogs, newts, and other miscellaneous beings all gathered together into a sort of "happy family." Your policy must be of a totally different character, and must be one of isolation.

It may be said, and often is said, "I only follow Nature, and gather together in my vivarium the identical creatures which are gathered together by Nature in the brook and on its banks." This argument is plausible but not sound. The conditions are not the same. No aquarium or vivarium, or a combination of both, called learnedly by the name of "aquavivarium," can fulfil the same conditions as are found in the brook.

In the first place, space is limited, whereas that of a brook is, in comparison, illimitable. Then, the various creatures are deprived of their natural food and shelter, two very important elements in animal life. Again, the water is small in quantity, whereas in the brook the water is incessantly renewed, and is always more or less in motion.

Having washed your "catch" thoroughly, you can proceed to examine it in detail.

THERE is one creature which you are tolerably certain to find everywhere. I might almost have written the word "absolutely" instead of "tolerably," but one result of experience is to teach the danger of employing

such sweeping terms. At all events, I have been a practical brook-hunter for some fifty years, and never met a brook the waters of which did not swarm with the larva, or grub, of the WHIRLIGIG, or WHIRLWIG BEETLE (*Gyrinus*), to which a casual allusion was made in the opening chapter.

Everyone who has walked by the side of any brook must have been amused and interested by these restless little beetles. They are gregarious in their ways, and you will scarcely ever see a solitary specimen. They are wonderfully hardy, and even in the winter time, when most insects, except themselves, are either dead or hibernating, the Whirligigs are lively as ever, provided that they can find a sheltered piece of water, no matter how small it may be.

Viewing these beetles as they openly skim the water in their peculiarly conspicuous manner, one naturally feels some surprise as to the cause of their immunity from destruction. Below them, under the surface of the water, are shoals of hungry fish, ready to snap up any insect that may fall into the water. Yet no fish ever is known to allay its hunger with the whirligig beetle.

There are plenty of hungry birds which might easily snap it up from the surface of the water, or pounce on it as it flies through the air on its long and beautiful wings. Yet no bird, when dissected, has ever been known to have the remains of the whirligig beetle in its crop.

It owes its safety to two peculiarities. In the first place, the shining armour in which it is clad is so thick and so hard that there is but little room for the soft tissues which render an insect worth eating. In the next place, it is endowed with an odour which may either not be perceptible to itself, or even actually pleasing, but which, to all other beings, is singularly repulsive, so that neither fish nor bird will eat it.

As we shall be able to examine this beetle in all its stages of life, we will first take its larva as it appears in the net.

No one could even conjecture from the appearance of the larva what sort of insect it represented, and there is as much difference between the larval and perfect forms of the Whirligig as there is between the caterpillar and the butterfly.

The larva is a long-bodied grub, with six little slender legs; soft skinned, with the exception of the head and the three segments, or body-rings, which represent the future thorax; feeding on decaying substances, sluggish in its movements, and breathing by means of forked, external gills, which look like a row of white feathery forks along each side of the body. When taken out of the water it looks a most ungainly creature, the gills clinging to the sides, and entirely altering its appearance.

The best mode of making it show itself to the best advantage is to place it in a tall narrow glass jar filled with water.

In order to breathe, the creature must have its gills continually washed with fresh supplies of water. In the running brook there is no need for the larva to use any exertion when breathing, but when placed in the still water of the jar it must either exert itself or die. Its mode of supplying itself with oxygen is very simple. Its body is as flexible as that of an eel, and in swimming is used in the same manner, namely, a kind of serpentine undulation, which carries it swiftly through the water.

Having thus wriggled itself to the surface of the water, it spreads out its gills and sinks slowly, so as to bring its outstretched gills in contact with as much water as possible. While floating slowly downwards it is a singularly graceful being, the white translucent gills having a beautiful effect as the light shines through them, and presenting a wonder-

ful contrast to the mean and dragged aspect which they present when the larva is removed from the water.

After attaining its full growth, the larva ascends the stem of some aquatic plant, and comes to a halt when it has crawled a few inches above the surface of the water. Having attained a suitable spot, it spins an oval cocoon around its body, so that it loses all appearance of an insect, and looks like a lump of mud that has accidentally stuck upon the leaf. Within this cocoon it undergoes its development into the perfect state, and then issues from its cover in the form with which we are so familiar.

Here I must call the attention of the reader to two points, namely, the Growth and the Respiration, about both of which much misapprehension prevails.

When I stated that the Whirligig attained its full growth in the larval state, I did so intentionally. The whole of the growing is accomplished during the larval state, and when once the insect has passed out of the larval condition it grows no more. Most people think that a little fly is a young one, and that, if it should live long enough, it will become a large fly. In point of fact, the fly will grow no more. It did all its growing when it was larva, or maggot, and when it had attained its full growth it weighed much more than it weighs as a fly.

INSECTS NEVER GROW.

It is just thirty years since I made this statement in similar type, so as to attract attention, and yet I am in the continual receipt of letters calling my attention to the statement, and doubting whether it can be true. Sometimes I receive a box containing four or five humble bees, together with a letter couched in such terms as these—

“Sir,

“You say in your ‘Common Objects of the Country’ that insects never grow. *It is not true!* I took these humble bees out of one nest, showing them in different stages of growth.”

Or, I receive a box containing a number of cockroaches, all of different sizes, together with a letter—

“Sir,

“You say in your ‘Common Objects of the Country’ (page 70) that insects never grow. You do not understand what you are writing about. Sir, did you never see black beetles in your life. As you seem not to have seen them I send you a lot which I caught myself in my kitchen, and they are all of different sizes. Insects do grow, and you are quite wrong. I hope that you will publish this when you write again about insects.

“Yours indignantly, A. B.”

I can assure the reader that these are genuine letters, and that they are fair samples of my usual correspondence on this subject. I have no doubt that other entomologists are persecuted after a similar fashion. The mistakes of both these correspondents were due to their ignorance of the insects of which they wrote.

As to the humble-bees, they, like the hive bees, ants, and wasps belong to the social hymenoptera, in which the females are so modified that there appear almost to be three sexes. First come the males, which are known in the hive bee as “drones.” Then come the fully-developed females, which are called “queens,” and lastly come the partly developed females, which are called “workers.” Now, the queens are always the largest of the three; then come the males, and the workers, who constitute the bulk of the community, are the smallest of all. The ants have a further subdivision among the workers, the largest being the soldiers, and the smallest the labourers.

But, when once they have passed out of their larval state, no matter whether they be

males, females, or workers, they grow no more. One of the most striking examples of this fact is to be found in the Termites, which belong to another order of insects, and in which the queen is many hundred times larger than the worker. Although she does not really grow, she appears to do so on account of the great elasticity of the skin of the abdomen, which stretches as if it were made of india-rubber, so as to accommodate the vast quantities of eggs which she daily supplies for the purpose of keeping up the population of the nest.

As to the cockroaches, the mistake was of a different character.

They belong to the same order as the crickets and grasshoppers, namely, the Orthoptera, or straight-winged insects, which retain very much the same shape throughout their different stages of existence. The Lepidoptera, *i.e.*, the butterflies and moths, present a totally different appearance in their three stages, so that no one can doubt whether the creature be a caterpillar (or larva); a chrysalis (or pupa), or a butterfly. But, when the Orthoptera are first hatched from the egg, they look much like the perfect insects, the chief distinction being that they have no wings. The same mode of growth belongs to the locusts, the wingless larvæ of which are called at the Cape by the expressive name of “voet-gangers,” or foot-goers, and are even more destructive than in the winged state.

Now we will revert to our Whirligig beetle, and give a few lines to the Respiration of insects. This is a most interesting portion of their life history. I have mentioned that the larva of the Whirligig beetle breathes in water by means of gills, as is the case with the larvæ of many insects. But all insects breathe atmospheric air, doing so, not by lungs as we do, but by means of a most complicated network of air-tubes, which divide, and subdivide, and ramify throughout the entire body, even extending through the antennæ, the legs, and the wings. The wings, indeed, are not modified limbs, as in the bats and birds, but are prolongations and extensions of the air-tubes, so that the insect is, in fact, a living lung endowed with limbs.

The mode by which these tubes are used is most remarkable.

When the vertebrated animals breathe they produce a vacuum in the chest by expanding the ribs (or, as is the case with the frogs, toads and newts, by expanding the hyoid bones of the base of the tongue). But the insects have no bones, and, therefore, must have some other mode of producing the needful vacuum. This is the way in which the insects breathe.

The body is composed of a number of half-rings, set in this \cup fashion, and having the space between them filled in with a very elastic membrane, so that the upper and lower halves of the body can be separated from each other. In this membrane are certain oblong holes, called “spiracles,” which admit air to the tubes. When the insect expands its body, by separating the upper and lower halves, it causes a vacuum, so that the air rushes into the tubes through the spiracles. Then it is expelled by means of the muscles which contract the body, and thus the act of respiration is accomplished.

The popular ideas on this subject were well expressed by an advertisement of a certain fly-ponion which appeared a few years ago.

According to the advertisement, no sooner did a fly put its nose near the poison than it fell down dead from merely smelling it. Now, insects have no noses, nor does air enter the system through any part of the head.

See, then, what a wonderful change has taken place in the insect, which, while a larva, breathed water by means of gills, and, when a perfect insect, breathes atmospheric air by

means of a system of tubes. We shall frequently have to refer to the respiration of the inhabitants of the brook.

Now, take a Whirligig out of the water, and examine it closely.

Here I may mention that no student of nature is complete without a magnifying glass, the ordinary pocket lens being amply sufficient for field purposes. Of course, if you have a microscope at home, so much the better, but this treatise deals exclusively with field work, and, so, all that the wanderer by the brook will require is the little lens with two or three glasses, which can be carried in the pocket.

With this lens examine the Whirligig, and first look at its legs.

The first pair are long and slender, while the second and third pairs are very short and flattened, so as to convert them into paddles. Here I must observe that however the legs of insects seem to differ from each other, they all possess the same joints, though those joints may be modified in accordance with the task which they have to perform. Few persons would think, when viewing these legs of the Whirligig, that the long front legs and the short, flattened intermediate and third pairs are formed of exactly the same joints.

Insects are divided into three distinct portions. First comes the Head, which carries the organs of sense; next comes the Thorax, which carries the organs of locomotion; and lastly comes the Abdomen, which contains the vital organs.

First, taking the Head, we see that it comprises the external jaws, or "mandibles," the inner jaws, or "maxillæ," together with the antennæ, "horns," or "feelers," as they are sometimes called, and the peculiar appendages which are called "palpi," or lesser feelers.

The eyes are "compound," *i.e.*, composed of many lenses, varying in number from eight or ten on each side to as many thousands. The well-known Scarlet Admiral butterfly has about fifteen thousand lenses on each side, every lens having its own branch of the optic nerve.

Next comes the Thorax, which is subdivided into three parts, namely, the "prothorax," the "mesothorax," and the "metathorax." Each has its peculiar office. The prothorax (or front of the thorax) has nothing to do except carry the first pair of legs. The mesothorax (or middle of the thorax) has a more complicated duty. The upper portion carries the first pair of wings (which in the beetles are never used for flight, but are thickened into "elytra," or wing-cases, under which the flying wings are packed when not in use). The lower portion contains the middle or intermediate pair of

legs, and half of the sockets for the last pair. The metathorax (or last portion of the thorax) contains in its upper part the second pair of wings, and in its lower part the other half of the sockets of the intermediate legs, and the third or last pair of legs. No matter how much they may be modified, these structures are the same in all insects. Lastly we come to the abdomen, in which the rings, of which every insect's body is composed, are seen more clearly than on any other portion of the body. On each side of the abdomen may be seen the oval spiracles or breathing-holes, which have already been mentioned. In order to prevent dust or other foreign substances from getting into the spiracles, their openings are guarded by stiff bristles, which cross each other and allow the air to pass, although they exclude dust. Now we will examine the structure of the leg, taking one of the hind legs as our type. Next the body of the insect is the "coxa," usually quite a little joint. Then comes the "trochanter," a small and exceedingly variable joint. Then comes the "femur," or thigh, which is usually, though not always, the largest joint of the limb. Next comes the "tibia," or shank; and last of all is a row of five small joints, called the "tarsus," or foot, the last joint being furnished with two claws.

In order to impress these details more firmly on your mind, take the legs of several different insects, and work out the joints in each. Now look again at the legs of the Whirligig, and ask yourself why the legs should be so different in character. The answer is simple enough. The beetles do not keep up their incessant scurry over the water for mere play; they are engaged in very earnest work, *i.e.*, searching for food. They feed on small insects, especially those which fall into the water or are blown into it by the wind. They also feed on the smaller aquatic insects, the two hinder pairs of legs acting as paddles, by which they are driven through the water, and the front pair of legs helping them to seize their tiny prey. It is rather amusing to watch a group of these beetles, and to trace the course of any one of them. It is a most bewildering task, any one of them on whom you happen to fix dodging in and out among its comrades, and reminding the observer of the Irishman's pig, which ran about so fast that no one could count it. Moreover, the insects have a habit of diving as suddenly as the dabchick itself; so that to keep count only of a dozen or so is next to impossible.

Now turn your attention to the head, and look at the eyes. You may be surprised to see that to all appearances it has four sets of compound eyes, instead of two. If, however, you

were to dissect the beetle, you would find that there are really only two eyes, but that each of them is divided into two sets by a thick horny partition, one set being always submerged as the beetle swims on the surface of the water, and the other set being above the water. The reason for this remarkable variation in structure is that the insect requires to see objects which are either above or below the water. Now, as we all must know, if there should be the slightest ripple on the surface of the water, every object beneath the surface is rendered invisible. Fishermen who are obliged to look out for fish, such as the cod, which live at some depth, have invented a simple instrument, called a "water telescope," by which the effect of the wind upon the surface of the water is neutralised. It is nothing but a metal or wooden tube, at one end of which a piece of plate glass is fixed, so as to prevent water from entering the tube. When the day is windy, so that the men can see nothing below the surface, they push the glazed end of the tube under water, and then, by applying the eye to the other end, they can distinguish objects as plainly as if the weather were perfectly calm. If you like, you can have a water telescope made at the cost of a few shillings. If the tube be of wood, it may be about three feet in length, and shaped like a hollow obelisk, with one end much larger than the other. The glass is inserted into the large end, and it will be as well to have a heavy band of lead fastened round the large end, as otherwise you will find that to keep the instrument immersed will cause so much exertion that it will be impossible to obtain a steady view of the creatures below the surface. Should you prefer a metal tube, it should be made in the form of a cone, so as to give a wide range of vision. It is a delightful and fascinating instrument; but it has one drawback. It is necessarily heavy, and its conveyance is not easy. However, those who study nature must make up their minds to expect inconveniences, and to put up with them without grumbling.

I hope that the reader will not fail to have observed that the Whirligig beetle shows how man might have learned the use of the paddle and the water telescope, the insect employing them both for the same object—namely, the capture of prey in the water. I do not say that man did borrow either of these implements from the insect. It is not likely that he did anything of the kind; but it is evident that he might have done so, and that the Whirligig had used the paddle and the water telescope for ages before man discovered them.



SEPTEMBER.

Rich the gifts September brings us,
Flowers and fruit and ripened sheaves,
Ere the early frosts come painting
Gold and crimson all the leaves.
Cardinal flower in meadow flaming,
Asters white and purple tinged,
Golden rod along the roadside,
Gentian, closed or fairy fringed.

See the branches, heavy laden!
Downy peach and juicy pear,
Grapes that hang in purple clusters,
Red-cheeked apples everywhere.
Golden pumpkins in the cornfields
Lie among the yellow sheaves,
Light and shade the fleecy cloudlet
With the amber sunshine weaves.

—Eva J. Beede.

FALL CANNING, PRESERVING AND PICKLING.

FRUIT AND VEGETABLES.



DOUTLESS many a housekeeper will be glad to avail herself of the cool, delightful weather of Autumn, and prepare for future use the fruits of this season. The apple may be prepared in such a variety of ways that it is indeed invaluable. First in order comes canning. Peel and core well flavored apples. Cut in quarters if small, if large in eighths. Place in a steamer over a kettle of water, and steam until the apples can be pierced with a straw. Have syrup prepared after this proportion: One teacupful of sugar to

three teacupfuls of water. Into this syrup gently drop pieces of apple. Stew ten minutes, using care that the apples do not break. Wrap cans in a wet towel; fill with boiling fruit and syrup rapidly as possible. Fasten cover tightly as you can; when cold tighten again, if possible. Wrap cans in paper and keep in a cool cellar. The syrup must cover apples while stewing. Apples prepared in this manner are delicious.

Crab Apples.

Cut in small pieces without peeling; remove cores carefully, then stew until soft. Add two teacupfuls sugar for each quart can, and can same as first. The deep crimson crab apples are much nicer for canning or making jelly than any other.

Apple Jelly.

For this purpose any variety of sour apple may be used, but crab apples make much finer jelly than other kinds. Cut apples in small pieces, without peeling or coring. Cover with cold water and stew until soft, then drain through jelly bag, flannel bag is best. Press gently but do not squeeze. Place juice on the stove and boil half an hour, then to four teacupfuls juice add one teacupful granulated sugar and boil ten minutes longer, or until it jellies when dropped upon a cold plate. The juice must be measured before boiling. Jelly made with this amount of sugar is far more palatable than with the old rule of a pound of sugar to a pint of juice.

Pickled Apples.

Make a syrup after this rule: Two pounds of sugar to one quart of vinegar, one teaspoonful cloves, two teaspoonfuls cinnamon, one grated nutmeg. Drop in large apples peeled, cored and cut in quarters, or whole crab apples, taking care that the sirup cover fruit. Boil until tender but not broken, then place in cans or jars; boil vinegar twenty minutes longer and pour over fruit. Peaches, pears, grapes, and other fruit may be pickled after this recipe.

Crab Apple Marmalade.

Cover apples with cold water and stew until very soft, then press through a sieve. To four teacupfuls apple pulp add one teacupful sugar, and stew one hour, stirring often to prevent burning. Put in cans while hot, or fill jelly glasses. This marmalade is very nice to put between layer cake, and is also a delicious, relishable sauce to serve with roast meat or a "boiled dinner."

Apple Jam.

Peel sour apples, chop quite fine; to each pound of apple use three-fourths of a pound of sugar, and the juice, and finely cut rind of one lemon, and for three pounds of apple, one heaping teaspoonful of ginger. Stew apples, sugar, lemon and ginger one hour, then put in cans or glasses and cover well. Keep in a cool, dry place.

Late Pears.

Peel pears and cut in quarters. Prepare a syrup in this proportion: One teacupful sugar to two teacupfuls of water. If pears are very hard, stew the same as directed for canned apples, but if soft and ripe put directly into the syrup; stew until well flavored and tender but not broken, then fill cans after wrapping in a wet towel. Fasten covers well when cold, tighten again if possible; wrap in paper and keep in a cool, dry place.

Quinces should be peeled, the parings boiled in water then

strained through a sieve, and this used instead of water in making a syrup for fruit. Use one teacupful sugar to two teacupfuls of this liquid. Steam quinces until a straw will easily pierce them, then drop into syrup and stew fifteen minutes. Can the same as apples.

Quince Preserves

Are prepared the same as for canning, with this exception, they require three-fourths pounds of sugar to each pound of fruit, and must be boiled until rich and thick.

Quince Jelly.

Cut quinces in small pieces without paring; cover with cold water, stew until soft, then drain through a jelly bag. Boil juice fifteen minutes, then for four teacupfuls juice add one teacupful sugar, and boil fifteen minutes longer or until it jellies when dropped on a plate. It is impossible to give exact time for boiling jellies, as much depends upon the weather and the quality of the fruit.

The quince pulp left in the jelly bag may be utilized by pressing through a sieve, and adding to it an equal quantity of apple pulp, stewing the whole together ten minutes, then adding one teacupful sugar for every three teacupfuls pulp, and stewing one hour, stirring often.

A very nice sauce may be made by peeling and coring sweet apples; to one peck of apples adding two dozen quinces cut in slices without peeling, and three pounds of sugar, with water enough to dissolve sugar into a syrup. Stew until tender, then place in cans or jars.

Barberry Jelly.

Cover berries with cold water, stew fifteen minutes then press through jelly bag. Boil twenty minutes then add two teacupfuls of sugar for every four teacupfuls of juice, measured before boiling, and boil ten or fifteen minutes longer, or until it jellies when dropped upon a cold plate.

We will close this article by giving a tried, reliable recipe for shirly sauce, and, as a little girl of three years once remarked of the same, "the *bestest* pickles."

Shirly Sauce.

Chop very fine twenty-four large tomatoes, two large onions, two peppers; add one tablespoonful of salt, two of sugar, one teaspoonful each of ginger, cloves, allspice, cinnamon, one nutmeg, one pint vinegar. Stew one hour and bottle while hot.

Green Tomato Pickles.

Peel tomatoes; when large, cut in three slices. Put in weak salt water over night. Peel at the same time some onions, putting them also in salt and water. Look carefully over whatever quantity of cauliflower you may wish to pickle, break into neat branches, place in salt and water over night. In the morning scald tomatoes, onions and cauliflowers in ginger water ten minutes, or until tender. Use a teaspoonful of ginger to one quart of water. Scald each vegetable in separate ginger water. Drain well from ginger water, and pack in a jar; first a layer of onions, sprinkle with sugar, cloves, black pepper, cinnamon, and mustard; next a layer of tomatoes, next cauliflower, sprinkling over each layer sugar and spices same as the first. For a three gallon jar use one teacupful of sugar, one tablespoonful each of cinnamon, cloves, allspice, mustard, and one heaping teaspoonful of black pepper. When the jar is packed, pour enough cold vinegar over to cover well, place in a cool cellar. In one week, pour off vinegar without disturbing pickles. Scald and add two teacupfuls sugar and one teaspoonful each of all kinds of spice except pepper. Pour boiling hot over the pickles; place weight on, and keep in a cool, dry cellar. These pickles keep well and are delicious. Tomatoes may be made alone after this recipe, and are very nice.

The last of October and first of November some kinds of preserves and pickles may be made, such as citron, water-melon, etc., also sweet pickles, for which we will give recipes in next number.

—Mary Currier Parsons.



FALL CANNING, PRESERVING AND PICKLING.

FRUIT AND VEGETABLES.



OREMOST among sweet meats, stand the old fashioned citron preserves. Clear, fragrant and delicious, they form a delightful addition to the table, for those who are fond of sweets, and the following recipe, if used will produce delightful

Citron Preserves.

Peel the citron, cut in convenient pieces, and scald in weak ginger water, one teaspoonful of ginger to a quart of water is the right proportion; when the citron can be pierced with a straw, remove from the ginger water, and drain well. Make a syrup in this proportion: to each pound of citron, allow three-fourths of a pound of sugar, and one lemon sliced, without peeling. Dissolve the sugar in a little water, only enough to dissolve it well, place the citron in the syrup and boil slowly, until tender, but not broken. Remove the citron, place in cans, or jars, boil the syrup a little longer, or until quite thick, then pour over the fruit. Seal or cover tightly while hot, and place in a cool, dark cellar. If cans are wrapped in paper, they will keep much better.

Citron may be dried in sugar, and used for the same purposes as the imported citron, or fruit of the citron tree, and if properly prepared, forms by no means a poor substitute.

Peel the citron, remove the seeds, and cut in convenient pieces. Scald in ginger water, same as for preserves, drain and place in a syrup made by allowing the same quantity of sugar and lemon as for fruit preserves. Boil slowly until the syrup has penetrated the fruit well, then drain, and place on plates in a cool pantry. Cover syrup and place carefully away.

Next day place the syrup again on the fire, drop in the pieces of citron, which by this time are slightly dry. Boil slowly until tender, then drain from the syrup, and place on plates to dry. Boil the syrup, until very thick, then pour over the citron, turn the fruit every day, and when the syrup has nearly evaporated, sprinkle over the citron a little granulated sugar.

Watermelon rinds may be preserved, and dried the same as citron. They also make a delicious sweet pickle.

Watermelon Rind Sweet Pickles.

Peel rinds, and cut in convenient strips for pickles, and soak in weak salted water over night. In the morning scald through ginger water, of the same strength as for preserves. Drain from the ginger water, and place in a syrup, made by adding to each quart of pure cider vinegar, no other will answer, two pounds of sugar, and a teaspoon even full, of each of the following spices: cinnamon, cloves, allspice, and one-half grated nutmeg. Boil pickles, until a fork will enter them easily, but not until too soft, then place in jars, boil vinegar, half an hour longer than pour over pickles. The vinegar should be boiled, until sufficiently reduced to cover pickles well. They will be fit for use in one month. Ripe cucumbers may be prepared in the same way, but are hardly so nice for the purpose as watermelon rinds.

Green Tomato Preserves.

Green tomatoes make very nice preserves. Choose small green tomatoes. To each pound of tomatoes, allow three-fourths of a pound of sugar, and two sliced lemons. Dissolve sugar in enough water, to just melt it, add tomatoes and lemon, and boil until tender, twenty minutes is usually required for this, then drain, and place in cans, or jars. Boil syrup half an hour longer, then pour over the fruit. Small yellow tomatoes may be preserved after the same recipe.

Red Tomato Preserves.

Red tomatoes make a delightful preserve as follows: Peel red tomatoes, if large, slice, if small leave them whole; add for each pound of tomatoes, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful of raisins, and three-fourths of a pound of sugar. Make a syrup of the sugar by dissolving in a little water, then add tomatoes raisins and cinnamon. Boil tomatoes one-half hour, then take

from syrup, boil syrup one-half hour longer or until thick, then pour over the fruit.

Ground Cherry Preserves.

Ground cherries or golden husk tomatoes, as they are sometimes called, make a very fine preserve. Select ripe fruit, make a syrup by dissolving in a little water one-half pound of sugar for each pound of fruit; when the cherries are cooked, remove with a perforated skimmer, boil syrup one-half hour, then pour over the fruit.

This fruit is very nice dried, as a substitute for raisins, in pies, puddings, and cake. Boil fruit in syrup, then place on plates to dry. Next day, place again in syrup. Repeat this three days, then boil the remaining syrup, very thick, and pour over the fruit. For drying, use three-fourths of a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit.

Pumpkin Preserves.

Pumpkin preserves, are much liked by some people. Peel pumpkins, and cut same as citron. Peel also, and cut in slices an equal quantity of sweet apples. Stew both until a straw will easily penetrate, then drop into a syrup made after this proportion: one-half pound of sugar and one sliced lemon, one even teaspoonful of ginger, to each pound of fruit. Boil till tender, then remove to jars, boil syrup until thick, and pour over the fruit.

Grape Catsup.

Wild grapes, make delicious catsup, and jelly. Boil grapes until soft, then press through a coarse sieve. To five pounds of grape pulp, add three pounds of sugar, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one teaspoonful each of cloves, pepper, and allspice, one grated nutmeg, one quart of vinegar. Boil slowly until thick as tomato catsup, then bottle.

Wild Grape Jelly.

Stew wild grapes until soft, then press through a flannel jelly bag. Boil juice twenty-five minutes, if a bright, clear day, if rainy, or cloudy it will take fifteen minutes longer, then add sugar at the rate of one teacupful of sugar to four teacupfuls of juice, and boil until it jellies, when dropped on a cold plate. Place in jelly glasses, and keep in a dry cool cellar.

Grape jelly, or catsup, is a very fine accompaniment to roast mutton, or venison, as well as with other roast meat.

—Mary Currier Parsons.

AUTUMN INTERROGATED.

What can keep the leaves from falling?
What can keep dull Care from calling?
What can keep the wind from blowing!
What can keep the cocks from crowing?
What can keep off wintry weather?
What can keep old friends together?
Autumn's here with evenings chilly;
I must meet him willy, nilly,
With a heart of griefs a shoal full,
And a face exceeding doleful.

Autumn! Thou appear'dst of old
Robed in russet, crowned with gold:
Now thy woods are drear and dim,
Dank thy paths, thy prospects grim.
Autumn, it is plain to see,
There is change in thee, or me,
Whose it is I cannot tell;
Thine belike, and mine as well.
Subject one, and object t'other,
Eh, my zodiacal brother?

San Francisco News Letter.

FALL CANNING, PRESERVING AND PICKLING.

RELISHES, PRESERVES AND PICKLES.



Closing these articles on making relishes, preserves, etc., we will mention first, that olden favorite,

Pumpkin Sweet Pickles.

Peel pumpkin and cut in convenient strips for pickle. As pumpkin shrinks considerably in cooking, allowance must be made for this when cutting into strips. Steam until a fork will penetrate, then scald in the following syrup: To one quart of vinegar allow two pounds of sugar and one teacupful molasses, one teaspoonful cinnamon, one teaspoonful cloves, one teaspoonful ginger. Let pumpkin remain in this half an hour, or until it reaches the boiling point, then remove with perforated skimmer and place in jars. Boil syrup until reduced enough to cover the pickles; pour over while hot. Keep in a cool cellar.

Pumpkin Marmalade

Is much relished by some people. Peel and stew pumpkin, then rub through a sieve. Add to pumpkin an equal quantity of apple pulp—sour apples are best—and to six teacupfuls of this mixture three teacupfuls of sugar, two lemons and one large orange cut very fine, also grated rind of same. Stew until rich and thick, stirring constantly, then put away in covered jelly glasses.

Apple-Lemon Preserves

Are very nice. Peel and cut in quarters sound sweet apples. Add to each quart of cut apples two sliced lemons and three teacupfuls of sugar, dissolved in hot water enough to melt it. Add apple and lemon to this syrup and stew until tender, then place in small jars or cans.

Apple Catsup

Is a very fine accompaniment to roast or stewed meats. Stew apples in as little water as possible until very tender, then press through a sieve. To seven teacupfuls apple pulp add one and one half teacupfuls sugar, one teaspoonful mustard, one teaspoonful pepper, one teaspoonful cloves, one teaspoonful cinnamon, one teaspoonful ginger, and two medium sized onions chopped very fine. Beat well together, then add one tablespoonful salt and four teacupfuls vinegar. Stir until well blended together, then boil one hour and bottle while hot. After filling nearly full of catsup, add vinegar enough to bottle to fill it, then cover or seal. The vinegar over catsup excludes air and prevents mold. This is a very fine catsup.

Tomato chowchow is much nicer made late in the fall as possible. Tomatoes may easily be kept until November if pulled by the roots when a severe frost threatens them and hung in a cool cellar.

Tomato Chowchow.

Chop very fine one peck of green tomatoes, ten large onions, one large or two small heads of firm white cabbage; add to this three teacupfuls sugar, three green peppers chopped very fine, one teaspoonful cloves, two teaspoonfuls cinnamon, one teaspoonful ginger, one teaspoonful mustard, two tablespoonfuls salt, and vinegar enough to saturate the mass well. Place on the fire and scald until tender, but not too soft. Keep in jars in a cool cellar, but do not place a weight on, as this causes the chowchow to mold.

Cabbage Chowchow.

To two heads of finely chopped cabbage add one dozen onions chopped fine, two green peppers, one teaspoonful cinnamon, one teaspoonful cloves, one teaspoonful mustard, one teaspoonful ginger two teacupfuls sugar. Mix all well together, then pour boiling hot vinegar over, to saturate the mass well.

Pickled Onions.

Choose for this purpose rather small onions; peel, and scald in weak salted water, one teaspoonful salt to a quart of water; when tender, remove and drain well; then pack in a jar, and pour over the vinegar prepared and spiced as follows: To each quart of vinegar add two teacupfuls sugar, one teaspoonful each of cloves, cinnamon, allspice, mustard and ginger; heat to boiling point and pour over onions while hot. The pickles will be fit for use in two weeks,

the same as other pickles, and if made according to directions will keep well. Celery seed is a nice addition to onion pickles or to chowchow.

When material for chowchow or pickle making is scarce, a very palatable relish for the table may be made as follows:

Chop one large beet, one large carrot, and one large onion very fine, after boiling until tender. Add to mixture one teacupful chopped raw cabbage, one teaspoonful pepper (scant), one teaspoonful (full) of cinnamon, one even teaspoonful each of cloves, allspice and mustard, one tablespoonful of celery seed, or two stalks of finely chopped celery. Heat enough vinegar to saturate the mass well, add to it one teacupful of sugar, and pour over the vegetables while boiling hot.

This chowchow is fit for use immediately, and may be made at any time of year, in winter time especially, as may also onion pickles, apple catsup, and pumpkin sweet pickles.

We cannot forbear giving a recipe for canning squash or pumpkin before concluding this article.

Peel squash or pumpkin and cut in small pieces; stew until tender; mash very fine with potato masher; add no seasoning. Prepare cans by wrapping a wet towel around each, fill with the hot squash and seal.

It will keep perfectly, and is always ready to heat and season for the table, or to make into pies or puddings. It is so far superior to the "canned squash" sold, that no one will regret the time spent in preparing it.

It is well for every housekeeper to thoroughly acquaint herself with the art of canning. Home-canned chicken, meat, and mince meat, as well as fruit and vegetables, will well repay by their superiority. A good supply of canned meats, fruit and vegetables will enable those at a distance from market to avoid a monotonous bill of fare.

—*Mary Currier Parsons.*

ONE CENT.

A cent is but a trifling part

Of the almighty dollar,

Yet holds a place in money-mart,

At bargaining an apt scholar.

What was once marked a dollar, plain,

Is now nine and ninety cents,

In "bargain" stores, and raises "Cain,"

Because of its pretense.

Once twenty cents, now marked "nineteen,"

Once fifty, forty-nine,

Then fourteen dollars, now thirteen,

So reads the modern sign.

Ben Franklin said the pennies keep,

That they may grow to pounds,

From fields with harvests rich to reap,

As we go our earthly rounds.

"A penny saved is twopence clear,"

So runs the proverb old,

But one cent of cheapness oft is dear,

When the story full is told.

Prices must now be marked down "odd,"

As to the public given,

With a modest wink or bolder nod,

Will make the "odd" just "even."

This cent for cent in modern trade,

In "reductions," is a sham,

But the "one cent's" worth is boldly played,

And the players don't care a —

(Beg pardon—wear the pain.)

—*Clark W. Bryan.*

A FEW AMUSING ENGLISH CUSTOMS.

BY ONE WHO FOLLOWS THEM.

"Come, all ye Anglo-maniacs, and listen to my tale."



HAD very nearly headed my article "English Superstitions," for the things I propose speaking of seem almost like that to me. One is often struck by the ludicrous side of the immutability of these exceedingly petty details. I believe in a properly regulated household they are like the "laws of the Medes and Persians." I will refer to matters that have come under my personal observation. There are, no doubt, many other similar customs which I have omitted; some that are identical with those of good society in America, or are very familiar to you. My remarks are chiefly applicable to country life, in which I have had much experience. Some of these hints may serve to guide those who, like myself, may be lucky enough to have an English home, as well as those who may come to England on a visit.

At a luncheon party you must not have soup; but fish is allowable. The proper "*pieces des resistances*" are chicken and mutton, the former boiled, the latter roasted. Both are not to be roasted, as the oven is not supposed to admit of that. The old adage, "A turkey boiled is a turkey spoiled," is, in my opinion, equally applicable to a chicken; but such is not the idea here. A saddle of mutton is the "best form." A relaxation is permitted in the proper season, when lamb may be substituted for mutton. Also, in the right season, chicken may make way for game pie. If you have lamb, you must have mint sauce. If you have mutton, you may have currant jelly, though if you prefer *lever* it is permissible. *Lever* is a kind of seaweed, which is boiled into a purée. It is almost black when cooked and looks like a very dark spinach. It should be served in a sauceboat or a silver porringer. Two different vegetables are usually provided, but three may be served. A dish with three divisions, resembling a "butter, cheese and biscuit dish," is sometimes used for dishing up vegetables. The only other things at most luncheons are puddings, jellies, trifles or tarts. These are usually cold, and are placed on the table as ornaments, much taste being displayed in arranging them. A dessert (fruits) is often added. In some houses the gardener arranges the flowers on the table, or this may be the duty of the butler. If the carving is not done at a side table by the butler, the lady of the house carves one dish, and the gentleman the other. If the latter is not present, a daughter attends to it; a son seldom does. The lady usually has the more difficult one to carve, and is apt to be the best carver.

At a lunch party you may arrive a short time before the hour fixed. At a dinner party you must not be *more* than five minutes early. Gentlemen are invited to lunch, but it is not necessary, as at dinner, to have

an equal number of ladies and gentlemen. You are not taken down on a gentleman's arm, as at dinner, but the hostess, after the butler has informed her that lunch is ready, usually says to the lady of highest rank, "Will you come in to lunch?" and then leads the way with her, the other guests following like a flock of sheep. But it is not unusual for the host to offer his arm to the honored lady and take her to lunch.

If your footman goes with you, he may be requested to assist in serving dinner, but seldom helps at lunch. He should offer to wash up or help the maids to carry the dishes to the dining-room door, and such aid is rather expected, but is seldom asked of him.

When you arrive at a house to lunch or dine—perhaps after a ten-mile drive—you are not invited upstairs; you are expected to take off your wraps in the hall, where no glass is handy to enable you to re-arrange your hair. (Perhaps this is why curly bangs are at a discount in England.) At some houses, if the hall is narrow and draughty, you may be taken into the library, or a small reception-room, to throw off your cloaks.

After lunch the ladies have not long to wait for the return of the gentlemen. After dinner, when the gentlemen sit over their wine and cigars, the host takes the seat at the head of the table that the hostess has occupied; this brings the honored guest at his right hand.

At a dinner party the host is always provided with a list of the couples who are to go in together. This he usually holds in the hollow of his hand, and refers to it as the guests arrive. He informs each gentleman who he is to take in, and if he is not acquainted with the lady he is introduced to her—but no other introductions are made. It is expected that you will speak to any other guest without an introduction—and this also holds good at lunch parties. You ought to devote part of the time to the entertainment of the guest who sits on the other side of you.

When arriving as a visitor at an English house, you are not shown at once to your room. You are ushered into the drawing-room, which may be full of guests, no matter if you are travel-stained and weary. Here you may be kept an hour or so. If it is tea-time, or nearly that hour, you are expected to drink a cup of tea before going upstairs. It is unusual to be met at the railway station by any member of the family; the footman is expected to recognize you and show you the way to the carriage.

You must reverse the American custom of the guest being the one to make the move at night to retire. Here the hostess makes the first move. A very amusing story is told of an English lady who was the guest of an American lady. She waited in vain for Mrs. Fifth-Avenue to make the move, and Mrs. Fifth-Avenue waited for her to do so, neither wishing to commit a breach of etiquette. At last the host cut the Gordian knot by suggesting that they should retire. Oddly enough, both ladies consulted a mutual friend as to the customs of the different

countries, and detailed their experiences of the night before.

If you are invited to luncheon at two o'clock, you should leave about 4 p. m.; if you dine at eight o'clock, you should leave about 10.30 p. m.; but you must be careful not to go until the guest of highest rank has made the move. After that you should ask to have your carriage ordered. At a dinner party a bride takes precedence; she is the honored guest and should make the move.

The precedence of Americans is undefined. *Sometimes* an American lady receives the place of honor. She may know her position by the fact that the host takes her out, or if she is given a companion of title. Let her not presume on temporary promotion. I believe many English ladies consider the American lady's position such a moot point that they use their own judgment as to the place they assign to her. They may rank her according to her age; that is, an elderly lady might have a precedence not granted to her daughter. Thus it may happen that at one dinner an American lady may precede a titled guest, while at another she may be the last before the hostess. If she takes my advice and accepts the position allowed her, without a sign of discontent, she will be more popular than those "pushing Americans" who are so much talked about.

If a gentleman is invited for a day's shooting at a country house, he is expected to fee the gamekeeper who accompanies them. He should not expect to have anything he has shot presented to him, though sometimes a host is kind enough to send a brace of birds to the guest's wife. In many large houses the game not required is sold, but it must not be presumed that all the game in the bag is consumed by members of the household or else sold, for a great deal has to be given away. The farmers expect to receive most of the rabbits and rooks that are shot, these being their enemies. The tenant farmers have a right to the ground game, and they receive the greater part of these that are shot by the owner. The game laws are considered wrong and oppressive to poor people by Americans, yet when you are acquainted with the great expense entailed in preserving birds, the wages of keepers, the cost of eggs, the rearing of the young, the feeding of the birds, and many incidental matters, you will perceive that preserving game is like keeping poultry, and poaching is as morally wicked as chicken stealing.

Pardon the diversion and let us return to the subject of etiquette. If you are invited to spend the day at a country-house and have ridden over or have driven by yourself in a dog-cart (that is, without a groom), you are expected to fee the groom who brings around your horse.

When making calls, if the lady is at home, you are asked your name by the servant, and if the lady is in the drawing-room you are announced. You are offered a cup of tea before leaving, as you must call between the hours of four and six, when tea is always served. I missed nothing so much as this customary

cup of tea when I was recently in America. When your call is ended, if you have come in a carriage, you should ask your hostess to order it to be brought to the door. Very likely your coachman is having tea in the servants' hall. If your husband has not accompanied you, yet owes a call, you should leave his card on the hall table. Two cards of his should be left if there are both a lady and gentleman to be called on. If the person you call upon is out, you leave your card, and if as above, also, your husband's.

Such are the English customs that I have noticed. It may be that my account of them may serve only to amuse you, yet if chance should lead you to reside in England, or should favor you with English guests, my hints may be of service to you and help you to avoid some of the breaches of etiquette that arise, even in little matters, that too often cause you and your hostesses temporary annoyance or mortification.

—*Frances B. James*



HISTORY OF TABLE UTENSILS.

When Cloths, Napkins, and Plates were First Used—About Spoons, Forks, Saltcellars, Etc.

EVERY one knows that the Romans took their meals in lying upon very low couches that somewhat resembled what we call a lounge.

When we say that they lay down, our statement is not exactly accurate, since cushions permitted them to change position frequently, for it would have been very difficult for them to abandon themselves to the pleasures of the table in constantly occupying a horizontal position.

When Gaul was conquered by the Romans, the latter introduced their habits into the provinces subdued by them, and it was not till about the time of Charlemagne that the guests at a repast seated themselves upon cushions around a stand in order to take their meals. At the homes of the great these cushions and stands were relatively elegant as regards decoration. The table made its appearance later on, in the middle ages, accompanied with benches provided with backs, which were placed all around the board. At first, the table was not covered with a cloth, and napkins, likewise, were unknown. The first that mention is made of were manufactured at Reims, and offered to Charles VII at the time that he was crowned there, thanks to Joan of Arc. They became quite common under Charles V and Francis I.

The Greeks and Romans were acquainted with plates, or rather with a sort of porringer, and yet, during a portion of the middle ages, people made use of slices of bread cut round, which took the place of plates. This practice is again spoken of in the coronation ceremonies of Louis XII at the beginning of the sixteenth century. After the repast this bread was given to the poor.

The spoon must date back to a very ancient epoch, for, although it is always possible to eat solid food with the fingers—a very ancient and very natural practice—the same is not the case with a liquid or semi-solid aliment, and it is not possible that the famous Lacedemonian black broth was consumed otherwise than with a sort of spoon. Moreover, spoons have been found at Pompeii and in several excavations, and notably in the famous treasury of Hildesheim. In a much remoter antiquity the Egyptians, in the seventeenth century, before the Christian era, used spoons for mixing certain powders with beverages. These spoons, of which quite a large number are in existence, were remarkable for their generally fine and very rich ornamentation. The Museum of the Louvre possesses several of them.

The use of spoons in France was not generally adopted until toward the end of the fourteenth century, but there is a question of this in the will of Saint Remi, who baptized Clovis in 496. The use of the knife is very ancient, and the first that we know of were of hard stone. Herodotus tells us that the knives used by the Egyptian surgeons were likewise of stone. Yet the use of the knife among us as a table utensil does not date back to a very ancient epoch. Although there was a famous cutlery works at Beauvais in the tenth century, it does not appear that the knife was much used upon the table. At this epoch, and for a very long time, the blade was fixed and inclosed in a sheath. It is not two centuries since the use of clasp knives became common. The tables were not provided with them, and each person carried his own. This custom has been preserved even in our day in some distant provinces by old men, who, when they go to dine out, take their knife from their pocket and use it skillfully during the whole course of the meal. Such are evidently exceptions, which are daily tending to disappear, yet they serve to show the rarity of the knife, to within a short period, upon the tables of persons belonging to the lower classes. The fork was absolutely unknown to the Greeks and Romans, who, for taking their solid food, used their fingers, which they washed in basins. The meats were served cut in pieces of varying size, and each one divided the piece that he had before him as best he could with his fingers.

In the middle ages, the fork appeared only as a curiosity, and the use of it was not as yet the same as that to which it is now put. It was employed for eating fruit or slices of bread and cheese.

We find a few forks figuring in the treasury of John II, duke of Burgundy; and Galveston, a favorite of Edward II of England, owned, says a his-

torian of the time, sixty-nine silver spoons and three forks for eating pears with. Again, we find numerous traces of the existence of forks in the middle ages, but they were never used for eating meat. At this epoch they had but two tines, and it is from that circumstance that is derived their name of fork.

Henry III was the first to use forks upon the table. He had a certain number of silver ones made, and the use of the article spread very quickly at court. It must be added that such use was regarded as quite ridiculous by the public, as may be seen from the following passage from a satire upon the court of Henry III: "Firstly, they never touched meat with their hands, but with forks, and they carried it to their mouth in bending forward the neck and body upon their seat. They took salad with forks, for it is forbidden in that country to touch meat with the hands, however difficult it may be to take, and they prefer that this little forked instrument, rather than their fingers, shall touch their mouth."

Despite the morose criticism that we have just cited, the use of the fork rapidly extended, and the fact must be recognized that it was not without good reason.

Since the remotest antiquity, cups have been employed at banquets for the beverages drunk thereat. They were of metal, more or less precious, according to the wealth of the amphitryon.

In the middle ages, drinking glasses and cups were very rare. They were generally mounted upon a foot or stem of gold or silver, enriched with precious stones. It was not till the fifteenth century, the epoch at which Venice began to spread abroad her products, that the use of glasses became more general; yet in ordinary life, people continued for a long time to use tin drinking vessels, which were often of beautiful workmanship, and which figured with other utensils, likewise of tin, upon the dressers and buffets of the lords.

The custom of setting several glasses before each person, for the different wines that are to be served, belongs to the nineteenth century. In the eighteenth century the glass was dipped, at each new wine, into small earthenware vessels filled with water, which were placed upon the table within reach of the guests.

The saltcellar dates back to remote times, and that is natural, since the use of salt is lost in the night of time. Homer qualifies it as divine. Among the Greeks and Romans it occupied the place of honor at banquets. Among the wealthy it was of silver or gold, and was handed down from father to son. Benvenuto Cellini chased some for Francis I that were of the most exquisite workmanship. There are likewise some beautiful specimens in faience, and at the Louvre may be seen those made at Orion for the celebrated set called the service of Diana of Poitiers or of Henry II.

Although saltcellars were likewise made of very common earthenware, Olivier de la Marche tells us that, at ordinary repasts, the saltcellar was often

a piece of bread hollowed out to receive the salt, and which was placed near each guest.

As for the caster or cruet stand, which was unknown to the ancients, it has been impossible for us to find out to what epoch it dates back. It is probable, however, that it is not older than the sixteenth century.

Such is the origin of the utensils that are now to be found upon the humblest tables, and it will be acknowledged that a notable progress has been made in the manner of taking one's daily food.—*La Science en Famille*.



Grasses and Ferns Gathered in Summer for Winter Use.

Anybody who is lucky enough to summer in the country, or even to go there for a little space, with a very little trouble may lay up treasures against winter weather. Nearly everybody has plucked handfuls of grain and marsh and meadow grasses, but very few know that the beauty of their winter bouquets depends largely upon when they are gathered and how they are cured. Choose a bright day—the warmer the better. Pull stalks of all sizes, taking those that have the grain still in the milk. Leave stems of generous length, and be careful not to get your hands too full. The temptation of abundance is one to be strongly guarded against. Put the stalks loosely in a wide-mouthed jar, letting them hang over in graceful curves. If you wish to keep them green, set the jar in a dark, airy place, and leave it undisturbed for a week. To make them bright golden yellow, let them wilt for twelve hours, then set them where they will get the full sun-blaze and the dew. If you want wreaths and garlands of them, braid the flexible stems together, taking care to choose the featheriest sorts, and hang them inside the glass of a south window to dry.

When you go after ferns to mix with them, take a book made by folding newspapers in four, and tacked and cut. Have a loose cover of stout cardboard, with tapes for tying at the outer edge. Choose only the most graceful stalks, and get as much variety as possible. As they are gathered, pin them flat against a leaf of your book. Do not lap one fern on another, and let two thicknesses of paper come betwixt each layer of leaves. When the book is full, take it out of the cover and let it dry under weight. If you have not time for that, lay thick paper over each fern-filled leaf, and press dry with very hot irons. Thus treated they keep color wonderfully. A wreath of them, half on, half off, a mirror whose frame you have enameled,

silvered or gilded, makes a thing of beauty out of something that was commonplace.

Grasses and ferns, though, are but a trifle of the possible salvage from summer's sea of beauty. Not to mention golden-rod and cat-tails, pine cones and acorns, there are pads of silkweed ready to burst into foam of floss, everlasting flowers—the pale-yellow upland sort, and the big dull-pink one that haunts rich lowland—feathery sprays of aster, and a hundred small, nameless things whose seed vessels star the hedgerows. None of them can outdo the wild clematis, variously known as “virgin's bower,” “bride's wreath,” “traveler's joy,” etc. In August it hangs rampant trails of greenish-white flowers along every lane and brookside. They fade quickly and are followed by starry clusters of fluffy seed. Cut long lengths of the vine just as the seed are fully formed, and tack them in place as quickly as possible. Let them run up and around your pictures, or all along your wall, above door or windows, or else mass them in a corner all their own. The leaves will wither into nothingness, but in three days each seed spray will be a mass of tufts, lighter than thistle down and a soft gray-white in color. If you cannot bring it home green, make loose wreaths of it, lay them in the shade to dry, and put them lightly in a box to themselves when your homeward journey begins. By careful handling you may arrange them to look very well indeed—though nothing like so well as if put in place while green.—*New York Tribune*.



Bouquet of Dried Grasses.

Household Elegancies, 1875



By MARY MATHER.

With Illustrations by W. J. HENNESSY.

ON a certain April day—an old-world blue and golden April day—a party of sentimental travellers were so happy as to find themselves peregrinating at leisure along the *route départementale*, in a seaboard commune of Calvados. They occupied a hired *voiture de luxe*, very much out at elbow, and drawn by a heavy-footed Norman horse whose phlegmatic calm did not ruffle for one instant under his conductor's impatient temper and hasty whip. All in good time, then, our travellers turned aside from the high road and climbed a hill where sheets of wild purple hyacinths lay outspread, like royal mantles the king's sons might have let slip in their hasty flight from France. Presently a narrow lane branching away between tall hedgerows caught the driver's eye. "Behold!" he exclaimed, pointing out a faded sign-board nailed against one of the trees: "Au Breuil" ran the inscription. Another mile of toilsome ascent followed, over a track which grew momentarily more vague and grass-grown until it vanished altogether in a scattered patch of heather. Stout Dobbin Whitefoot breasted the impediment; Jehu's circling whip-lash cracked like a rifle competition; small birds flew hither and thither, leaving their nests half-built, their love-songs broken in the middle; the carriage plunged and tilted, and then, in one terrible triumphant moment, drew up before an ancient stone gateway which had remained concealed under its roof of moss-grown thatch: "We tread enchanted ground!" cried a youthful member of the party. "Yonder, behind those dim and motionless trees, sleeps in her spell-bound palace *la belle au bois dormant*."

But as the carriage rolled noiselessly over thick matted turf, a sudden brisk clatter shattered the silence, and immediately there came in sight a stone-rimmed washing-fountain, where three old crones plied their resounding *battoirs* to an accompaniment of shrill gossip. This passed, a solid, tower-like dovecot, rose among the trees, and on its steep roof half a dozen pigeons plumed their white and purple wings, descendants, very likely, of the once sacred brood who cooed and mated here in ante-revolutionary

times, and pillaged the peasants' grain fields, and helped to swell that tide of vengeance which was to sweep away *les droits seigneuriaux* like hay-cocks in a spring flood. After the *colombier* some malarious-looking fishponds glanced, in passing, through thickets of delicate young leafage. But these were scarcely noticed, for already an opening in the woods had brought to view a wide *pelouse* run riot in grass and wild flowers, and set in their midst a Louis XIII. chateau—that is to say, walls of mellow old brick with towers at the angles, a high slate roof, somewhat like an extinguisher in shape, surmounted by clustering weather vanes. The whole shone out against a dark background of pine-trees which stretched away in avenues south and west across the heath, straight as arrows, and opening blue glimpses of the sea.

Meanwhile the sagacious Norman horse came to a halt, and one and all alighted on this enchanted ground, with its anomalous placard, "To let, furnished," stuck up in a tangle of mock-orange bushes. "I'll run fetch the keys for madame," volunteered the coachman, alive with sympathetic interest. Again an interval of melodious silence prevailed, a blending of bird-song, and whispering pine-tops, and rustling of last year's withered leaves. The new-comers walked slowly along, breathing little sighs of rapture, and treading on hosts of silvery-white daisies which studded the greensward like stars in the milky way. All too soon a terrific outbreak of French expletives rent the air, and Jehu reappeared, gesticulating, shrieking, dancing wildly on one leg about a white-capped old peasant. Here evidently was a face to face encounter of shallow town wit and solid country obstinacy. "Make haste, make haste, old snail!" cried *esprit vif*, "dost expect to cut next winter's cabbages for dinner?"

"Coming, coming, all in due season—the green fruit as the ripe," quoth *esprit sage*, with tranquil dignity.

And now, at last, the key is rattling in the lock. Reluctantly the stately door yields place to the intruders, who, for their part, pocket sentimental scruples on the spot and troop gaily into occupation of Esau's birth-right. An hour or more later they came together in a certain lofty and much tarnished *salon* on the ground-floor. Several long, narrow windows gave light to the place, and revealed a meagre assortment of furniture, consisting of one pier-table and glass, one ormolu clock, and a double row of white painted armchairs facing each other down the centre of the floor. The company seated themselves *tête-à-tête* and began conversation at once. They described the view from the towers as something beyond description; the heath was gold-dusted with furze and historic *genet*, or broom-flower, tossing its yellow plumes to the wind, on the very spot, may be, where Geoffrey leaned from his saddle-bow to snatch an iron gloveful, and give the gypsy flower's name to a race of kings. There was a grass-grown moat, flanked deep with apple-trees at present, a ruinous terrace, and fig and peach trees blossoming against the south wall. Already some one had unearthed a carved oaken *armoire*. High and low scraps of ancient splendour met the eye—scantly robed goddesses and cupids lolling amidst the mildewed plaster of their Olympian heights, bits of fine wrought-iron work, "precious" mantel-pieces, tile floors, and exquisite parquetry. These magnificent apartments opening one into the other, wide, sunny, barely furnished, were contrasted with our confined and overcrowded modern tenements; one breathed another atmosphere, it was declared, one expanded deliciously as after a stuffy and cramped railway journey. All this said, and much besides, an uncomfortable pause took place, while anxious eyes were turned upon a quiet little person who occupied one of the sprawling armchairs. "A penny for your thoughts, dearest Madame Sphinx," some one ventured.

Madame roused herself and replied in a voice of much sweetness but absolute authority, "Yes, I agree with you, this is an ideal old chateau—the chateau of one's dreams—and I think we had better drive home by the valley road and look again at that Chalet de la Plage."

"Chalet de la Plage!" was echoed in various notes of astonishment, disdain, supplication, but in conspicuous oblivion of the morning's enthusiasm over this same pretty, *bijou* chalet, with its flag-staff and flowered chintzes, and sea-washed garden wall. Since then, indeed, ambition had plumed itself for higher flights, and madame would greatly oblige by an instant explanation of her perverse suggestion.

"Willingly," she responded. "You must know that I also have found my time fully occupied in a research less agreeable apparently than yours. I have been taking notes of battered chimneys, gapping tiles and bricks, ruinous stairways and damaged

walls. I find that many of these heavy wooden shutters are nailed down, and so conceal apertures absolutely void of window glass or casement. Not a room in the place may be called weather proof, and but for its solid, old fashioned workmanship, the whole fabric might crumble before your eyes like some fantastic *château en Espagne*. The domestic offices, which lie at the other end of the building, include a kitchen big enough to swallow up an ordinary suburban residence. It looks and smells like some subterranean cavern. To be sure there are five or six odd shaped windows set deep in the wall, and glazed with green bull's-eye glass, just visible through the years' accumulation of dust and cobwebs. Every drop of sweet water must be fetched by



THE WASHING FOUNTAIN.

hand from the washing fountain at the gate; and no sign of stove or cooking range of any description could I discover, save a kind of raised platform lined with cracked tiles, and holding little grates for the use of charcoal, together with an immense fireplace which extends half the length of the room, and might serve as a roasting-place for an ogre's dinner. In short, to make such a place barely habitable would require the

“Twenty old fellows in blue coats and badges,
And half-dozen old cooks, and coachmen, footmen and pages,
Of the old courtier of the Queen and the Queen's old courtier.”

But seriously, how is it possible for our modest household to warm even a corner of this barrack? We should lose ourselves some day, and take to insane wanderings after the echo of our own voices. And then when winter comes, and Atlantic gales go howling about the great empty shell—ah! my children, I feel confident we should deeply deplore our temerity in usurping the place of all this bygone splendour!” cried madame, waxing eloquent.

Her audience listened aghast. They had not a word to say in reply, but took their seats meekly enough in the ramshackle vehicle, and jogged back again past fish-pond, and pigeon-tower, and fountain at the gate. Probably the old washerwomen had some derisive jokes to crack among themselves at the expense of these discomfited *parvenus*; the high-born pigeons cooed complacently, swelling with still more inflated pride, while a polite gurgle rippled round the fish-ponds, where some old family carp preserved intact their select and exclusive circle under the *fleurs-de-lis*.



THE BIG UMBRELLAS, RED, BLUE, YELLOW.

But our adventurers were not so easily routed as might appear. That same night, behind closed blinds of the Hotel Couronne d'Or, an animated discussion took place, which madame herself wound up in the following memorable words: "Very well then; it is agreed that two maid-servants shall suffice for our needs, and half-a-dozen rooms, and no repairs are expected, nor any 'home comforts.' For my part I will do my best under every disaster not to remind you that 'I told you so.'"

Two or three days after this decision a thin cloud of wood smoke was observed hovering over the tall chimneys of the Chateau du Breuil. The news was noised abroad in cider *cour* and *cabaret*, at the blacksmith's forge, by the washing fountains, and under the big umbrellas, red, blue, yellow, which spring like a mushroom growth every Saturday morning on the Place of the nearest market town. Such a stir had not been felt since Von Goben's Uhlans came riding by—event long to be remembered,

when every honest peasant-farmer hastened to plant cabbages over the family treasures, and shut up his daughters, and insanely vociferous live fowl, after the traditional usage of a much harrowed land.

Hardly had the new-comers built their first fire than kind fortune sent to their door a comfortable, middle-aged peasant woman in search of a position as cook. She proved to be an excellent creature, a fine, old-fashioned cook, and one of the most inveterate talkers on earth. Her *patois* of the broadest was garnished with oaths strange and outlandish. *Mais, parbleu!* as the good soul herself would say, why dwell on these trifling defects, more than balanced as they were by many sterling virtues. She was a gourmand, yet never failed to serve the best on her employer's



A SUBSTANTIAL HEBE.

table; she had a passion for strong black coffee and brandy, yet never strengthened the one at expense of the family coffee-pot, or imbibed the other to undue excess, excepting occasionally on Sunday afternoon. Her skill in browning, bruising, and brewing the fragrant berry approached almost to a black art, and was always performed in secret *séance*. Her coffee-pot was her fetish, and no hand save her own was permitted to dispense this mysteriously delicious decoction. Each day, after *déjeuner*, she dawned on the view of her cheerfully expectant little world, her cap-strings flying, her broad face glowing through good cheer and fire warmth, a burnished salver borne aloft in both hands like another delightfully substantial Hebe to the gods.

La Victoire did not fail among her multifarious duties to keep a strict eye on the newly installed *femme-de-chambre*. This erratic little maid had been chosen from a bevy of less picturesque competitors for love of her bright, brown face, and high-flying Bretonne cap. She rejoiced also in a pair of sabots, patched and quaintly pointed at the toes after the good old model now going into disuse. These *la petite* wore in season and out, persistently neglecting to leave them behind when entering the family apartments where their clatter down stone stairways, scurry through tiled passages, and



LA BELLE MARIE.

thunder over wooden parquetry, at four or five o'clock of a morning, was something to arouse the most somnolent attention.

Those were halcyon days in the old chateau while summer lasted, and nectarines and peaches ripened on the south wall, and Marie and the magpies ate them. The season was exceptionally fine, a succession of still sunny days and golden sunsets, which lingered on the sea until early birds began piping in another sunrise. From

time to time a few favoured mortals, astray in the outer world, were so lucky as to find the road to this enchanted chateau, and there lose consciousness, for a while, of life's stern reality in potions of La Victoire's Martinique. Even Madame la Chatelaine smoothed her anxious brow, and smiled indulgently to the oft-repeated taunt of "I told you so!"

It is impossible to tell how long this ideal existence might have lasted but for two disastrous events. Equinoctial storms set in early and pertinaciously, and La Victoire gave warning. She had now, it appeared, saved up money sufficient to begin legal proceedings against her *belle mère*, who was a rich mill-owner, she explained, with lands and rents at her back. Figure to yourself this opulent woman driving her snug donkey into the Bourg every market day, its panniers bursting with fat pullets, ducks, rabbits, pigeons, eggs—everything, in short, and of the best, while at the same time her only son's wife slaved among strangers, wearing the collar of misery! Such a condition of things was no longer possible, and La Victoire departed on her retributive mission, in a downpour of rain, bathed in tears, and only lingering one short half-hour, or so, outside the salon windows, to demonstrate for the last time, the superlative merits of Martinique over all other coffee grains whatever.

Many new and strange serving women came and went in the *bonne femme's* footsteps. There was a delicate, small voiced old lady, who cooked exquisitely, but was presently laid by the heels with rheumatic aches in every brittle old joint. A young person bringing credentials from the *maître d'hôtel* of a neighbouring chateau, sailed in one day and took the family by storm. She belonged to the fishing community, and her gaily dyed petticoats, orange silk scarf, and head-kerchief tied butterfly fashion, formed a striking contrast to the quaint, almost monastic costume of the little Bretonne Marie. Fully conscious of her advantages *la belle* stepped erect and lightly, smiling now and then to a flash of pearl-white teeth, and coquettishly biting her red lips to a deeper carnation still. Alas! the proof of the pudding is in the eating. Her culinary performances were nothing short of execrable. Then followed an apple-cheeked young girl out of one of the blackest and most picturesque of old houses near the market place. She in turn took panio at sight of so much open sky and breezy space, like a hand-raised bird too suddenly set at large.

About this time St. Martin's summer came in to soften the asperities of fortune, and cast its unreal glamour over autumn's wizard of old. But soon fresh storm legions swooped down from the Atlantic, heather and forest were cleared for action, and winter began in earnest. Now musty odours of cider making were wafted from every farmyard, fagots littered the bypaths, axe and pruning-hook made havoc among the tall wayside trees. In all the country no Christian woman could be found willing to inter herself alive, even for one week, in the lonely chateau. Better a dry crust, cheered by neighbourly faces, than fabulous wages, meat three times a day, *cœur de cidre* for the drinking, but withal savage woods, waters, and houseless wastes in winter time. Occasionally the family indulged a wistful retrospect of its epicurean summer life. But only for a breathing space. It was necessary to brace every nerve in the teeth of an imperative present; to fight against draughts and leaky places; to feed gusty chimneys with wormeaten appletree wood; to scrutinize treacherous copper cooking utensils, and supervise family dinners.

La petite Marie endeared herself in more ways than one at this critical period. She was always cheerful, always alert; the lively clatter of her sabots and sound of her untutored young voice carolling loud and shrill some childish doggerel, bade defiance to the blustering elements outside. One dull December morning however she was discovered seated, silent and dejected, on the lower step of a narrow stone flight which ascended from a corner of the great kitchen into half ruinous chambers overhead. Beside her stood bucket and scrubbing-brush, but the little maid neither splashed nor bustled after her cheerful wont.

"Why spend your energies on this out-of-the-way corner?" her mistress expostulated; "surely your own kitchen presents scrubbing ground wide enough for any reasonable ambition."

"Madame is right; but I was anxious to see if I could get those marks out," Marie explained, pointing to some black spots on the steps above: "I might have spared myself the pains," she added gloomily, "blood stains never come out. Madame," Marie continued, dropping her voice to a husky whisper, "this is a wicked, blood-stained old place, this old manor house. The Mère Follet told me she would not pass

an evening alone in my kitchen—no, not for gold! She is a wise old woman—la Mère Follet—she washes every day down by the fountain; she has washed in that same place for many years, and she knows strange things of this great chateau. She it was who asked me if I had yet been able to scour off these stains. Madame may believe me, I hear the strangest sounds at night. I tremble in my bed—it is as though some one was flying for dear life down this stairway, and others chasing after, fast and faster. La Mère Follet has seen strange things here herself. Once she had been doing a great wash for the miller's wife, the old goodwife who is no longer of this world, and it was late before she came to an end, and so to save time she took a short cut home through the *tilleuls*, for no one was then living at Le Breuil. As she hurried along it grew dark, with a thick sea-fog besides, and all the trees seemed running up against her. Just then she heard a bell strike, not our blessed vesper bell, but a bell harsh and cracked, and she knew it must be the old broken bell of the chateau. At that same moment, between the trees, she saw red lights flashing in the chateau windows, and then, right behind her, quicker than I can speak—clatter, clatter, rumble, rumble—a great painted coach and six white horses flashed past at full gallop. Yet La Mère Follet was able to see by the lanterns three



“AXE AND PRUNING-HOOK MADE HAVOC AMONG THE TALL WAYSIDE TREES.”

grand seigneurs sitting inside; madame, believe me! not one of them had a head on his shoulders.”

“That was indeed very remarkable,” madame admitted. “But perhaps the miller’s goodwife had been treating our poor little washerwoman to an extra taste of brandy in her coffee after the hard day’s work, and she may have felt a little confused in her poor head, you know.”

Marie was offended. “Madame is an unbeliever,” she said, “but La Mère Follet



“‘MADAME,’ MARIE CONTINUED, DROPPING HER VOICE TO A HUSKY WHISPER, ‘THIS IS A BLOOD-STAINED OLD PLACE.’”

declares that had she mustered courage that night to follow after the coach she would have discovered where those old aristocrats buried their treasure when they were obliged to run out of the country with hardly a stitch to their backs; for now every dark foggy night some say, and others, every time another member of the family dies, they come back again from the four corners of the earth where their bones lie buried, and hold grand reunions in their old manor-house. They bring out treasures untold from some underground hiding-place, which no man living knows. Strings and strings

of precious stones, shining like dew-drops on dusty cobwebs, and piles of gold and silver vessels, though one could hardly tell them from old copper and ironware at present, so thick is the rust and mildew, and slimy tracks of snails and earth-worms. But little heed they take of that, those villain ghosts. They drink, and laugh, and jeer, and play over again their wicked deeds. Did madame never hear tell of the Sieur de Sade? Any old woman at the fountain could tell madame. They say there never were eyes so blue and soft as his; his hands, too, were white and long like a lady's, and he carried himself with an air! The girls would turn to look after him, in spite of his ugly skin, which was as fiery as a burning coal. Once when he had gone away on a visit to Paris the hungry peasants ventured to fish a little in the ponds, though they well knew it was at risk of dear life; and let madame imagine what they fished up! First, a long silken ribbon, and tied together at one end of that a young man and maiden, who were both pricked all over, like pullets larded for the roast, with bits of coloured favours such as we peasants wear at our wedding festivals."

"Horrible!" cried madame, turning pale. "You must not speak or think of such dreadful things, my little girl."

"How can I keep from thinking?" whispered Marie. "Madame, my part is taken; nothing will induce me to pass another night under this roof. I take my leave to-day, even at the sacrifice of my month's wages."

True to her word little Marie bundled together her small possessions in a stout blue handkerchief, and departed, shaking the dust of the doomed house from off her sabots. Meanwhile a storm, which had been brewing all day, displayed at sunset lurid danger signals over a pale and troubled sea. Another hour and the shades closed in black as Erebus, swallowing up earth and sky, even to the twinkling red and white gleam of the St. Sauveur's lighthouse. The family passed the greater part of that memorable night in hand to hand struggles with refractory casements and shutters, which sprang from their fastenings and went slamming to an accompaniment of shivered glass. Under every door and window snake-like coils of yellow water crept stealthily in; over every bedstead trickled slow drops as pertinaciously as those which have been known to wear away granite rocks; discomfited chimney-flues sent down volumes of smoke, and in some distant chamber a ceiling fell with resounding crash. But stranger noises still filled the great hollow building—shrieks, wild laughter, long drawn sobs, and sighs ineffably soft and complaining—high and low, through corridor and empty room, down echoing stairway and past close bolted door, swept a phantom crew, pursued and pursuers.

Morning light disclosed our adventurers gathered about their forlorn breakfast-table, wan and silent, stripped at last of every fond and sentimental illusion. Outside the window a slender poplar, which had served all summer to mark the warm, slow-gliding hours on terrace flagging, now lay prone amid a *débris* of cracked tiles, slates, mortar, glass, and scattered branches. Overhead ominous looking clouds still lowered, though here and there streaks of crystal-green sky shone through, like glacial streams in a region of perpetual snow. At intervals stray sunbeams stole hurriedly over sea, and heath, and pine-wood avenues (revealing more than one rude breach in their serried ranks), but lingered tenderly about this desolate old chateau, whose summer days were numbered—days of youth, of laughter, of splendid life and luxury, now closed for ever in chill and colourless resignation.

Madame held a railway time-table in one hand, which she studied assiduously, stirring her coffee the while to its last vaporous breath. "Our train," she observed presently, breaking silence, "our train leaves F—— at half-past two—that will take us into Paris, comfortably, by dinner-time. And now, my poor children," smiling with sad complacency, "you cannot deny—at this moment you must admit, that 'I told you so!'"



DECORATIVE FANCIES FOR LINEN.

NOVEL, ARTISTIC AND DURABLE.

FOR a material to serve as a background for needlework, there is nothing which possesses so many desirable qualities as linen of the various kinds. It is inexpensive, durable, can be successfully laundered, and, unlike most other fabrics, is free from the ravages of insects. Its texture renders it pleasant to work on, and the easy yet very effective stitches now in vogue for its decoration make the work by no means the sight-destroying art it formerly was.

There is hardly a room in the house where decorated linen is not appropriate. In the dining-room and bedroom it holds supreme sway the year around ;



FIG. 1—DESIGN FOR SIDEBOARD SCARF.

and the designs for the various pieces were never so beautiful as at present. One of the newest and most attractive designs for a sideboard scarf is shown in Figure 1. It is made of a fine quality of firm white linen, and has a border of natural-size grape leaves, worked in three shades of green Roman floss. The greens are fast colors, and will wash perfectly. The edge of each leaf is buttonholed over a heavy cord, for the rim, using the dark shade of the floss. The veins are outlined with the second shade, and the filling is done in honeycomb or scale stitch, in shaded effect. The pattern is remarkably novel and pretty.

Figure 2 shows another elaborate design for a sideboard scarf. The material is heavy white drilling, and the border is one of the popular cut-work designs, worked entirely in buttonhole stitch with white linen floss. This is not at all difficult to work, and when finished makes a very showy piece of needlework. If preferred, yellow floss may be used, with equally good effect.

Art cloth, a heavy material with a honeycomb surface, is something new for many kinds of fancy work. It comes in white and *écru*, two yards wide, and sells at \$1.50 a yard. Figure 3 shows a bureau scarf made of this material. Clover leaves are stamped irregularly over the surface, and are outlined with a heavy white cord, couched upon the cloth, with fine stitches which do not show. The veining is done with white rope silk. The entire surface, which is not covered by the design, is darned with Bargarren art thread, in some color, and a fringe, six inches deep, made of white Bargarren thread, finishes the two ends. The leaves stand out in strong relief from the darned background, and the effect is very rich and elegant.

A novel table scarf recently seen had for the center a square of red plush, with ends, one-half yard deep, of *écru* art cloth. A design of conventionalized tulips was scattered over the surface, worked with red Bargarren thread. They were outlined with a deep shade of red, and darned with art thread one shade lighter.

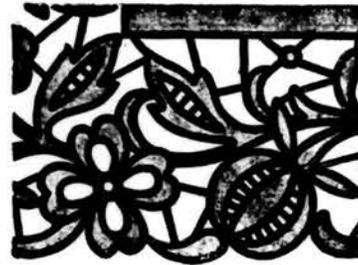


FIG. 2—CUT-WORK DESIGN FOR SIDEBOARD SCARF.

The ends were finished with a heavy *écru* fringe. At a distance the flowers seemed to be appliquéd upon the background, which was left plain. The treatment of this cloth is precisely the same as for huckaback, the darning being done with a blunt-pointed needle, which does not pierce the material.

A very dainty bureau scarf, made of fine white damask, has a border of large pansies, five inches in diameter, around three sides. The design is worked solidly, in the beautiful satin stitch, with cream and white linen floss ; and the linen is cut away on the outer edge, following the outline of the pattern. The back is left plain, the only finish being a two-inch hem.

Figure 4 shows a center-piece made of fine white linen, with a border of wild roses, six inches in diameter, worked in satin stitch with pale *écru* silk, giving a lovely silvery effect. The design is new, and its effect is very rich.

Many of the newest designs for lunch and tea cloths are extremely pretty. Some of them have a quaint motto for the principal feature of the decoration. For instance, a cloth of white satin damask has a large scroll pattern in one corner, outlined with white rope silk ; and at the right of this are the words :

" The queen of hearts,
She made some tarts,
All on a Summer's day."

The motto is worked in three shades of yellow silk.

" Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow ?"

might be worked on a tea cloth, having pinks, sweet peas, marigolds or any old-fashioned flowers in one corner. A pretty fashion is to make a tea cloth of a

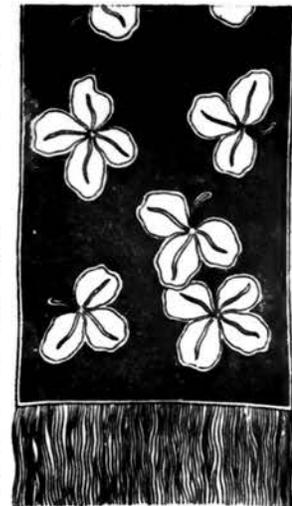


FIG. 3—DESIGN FOR BUREAU SCARF.

large napkin of damask linen, working the design on the border in Oriental style, in bright-colored silks, with an outline thread of gilt, which will not tarnish when washed. Trim with Russian lace four inches wide. Yellow linens are much liked for tea and lunch

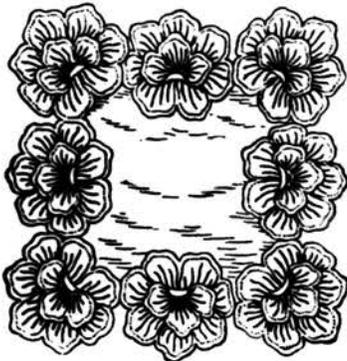


FIG. 4—DESIGN OF WILD ROSES FOR CENTER PIECE.

cloths. One having an all-over pattern, worked partly in outline stitch and partly filled in with white rope silk, is remarkably rich.

Among the smaller pieces of decorated linen, none are prettier than the little table mats and doylies of various kinds. They may be made of the sheerest linen, with a border of fine drawn-work, or a heavy quality may be used, ornamented with some form of

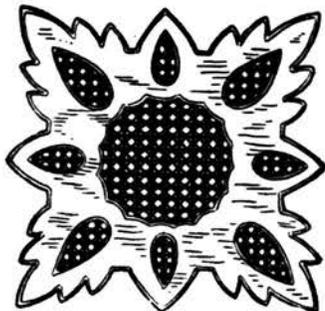


FIG. 5—SMALL MAT FOR GLASS OF WATER.

cut-work. Figure 5 shows a design for a mat six inches square, to be placed at each plate, beneath the glass of water. White fish-net is fastened beneath the square of damask linen, and the pattern is embroidered in half-solid style with white Roman floss. The stitches are taken through the two materials, and when the linen is cut out, the fish-net shows prettily beneath. These little mats are new and very dainty.

—Anna M. Bradford.

A SIMPLE MOTH REMEDY.

It is reported that the nuns in one of the European hospital convents, where large quantities of clothing are stored, were greatly annoyed by the depredations of moths in a room full of feathers, which were intended for pillow-making, but which the little pests were ruining. They were finally advised to try salt, which they sprinkled liberally around, and in a short time found that the moths had disappeared. It is also recommended for use in sweeping carpets, especially in rooms that are little used.

SKULL CAP (*Scutellaria*).

OLD-TIME DOCTRINES AND METHODS.



THE medicinal properties of this herb are not appreciated. For sleeplessness, restlessness, and nervous affections in general, physicians now-a-days prescribe bromide of potassium, morphine, or laudanum, as the case may be, or whichever drug they happen to specially favor. But years ago, when one of a household fell sick and became wakeful and nervous, our grand-dames would steep a generous handful of skull cap herb and the patient was made

to drink freely of the infusion, which often quieted the tortured brain and nerves. The old ways are safe, good ways, after all. Let us go back to them when it is advisable. Catnip is safer than paregoric, and for restless sleep quite as efficacious in its desired action. Skull cap tea is safer than bromide or opium, bringing to the sufferer none of the ill effects that are sure to result from the continued use of either of these drugs, and often a more powerful quietus of diseased nerves and an over-active brain.

One of our neighbors makes it a point to gather a big basketful of this herb each August to distribute among sufferers, as well as for her own use. This year I accompanied her, and learned to find and recognize the little herbacious plant, hidden among clumps of water weeds and thickets of rushes in an alder swamp.

Skull cap has a tiny blue flower, the calyx of which, when inverted, resembles a helmet with the vizor raised. It also has curious seed vessels, by which one can easily learn to recognize the plant. It seldom grows more than eighteen inches in height; oftener eight or twelve inches. I have never found it growing elsewhere than in swamps or on wet, marshy land. In picking the stems, care is necessary not to uproot the plant, for by so doing it is easily exterminated in a locality. Hold the root stalk firm with one hand, while with the other you strip it of leaves. If you are not familiar with the plant, and fail to discover it through my necessarily imperfect description, consult some old person in a country neighborhood, and doubtless he can direct you to some swamp where it grows in abundance. In my own neighborhood I find but two persons who know skull cap when they see it, so obsolete has it become in use.

In an old pamphlet, "The Two Systems," compiled in 1844 by Dr. Samuel Emmons, I read: "Skull cap herb, made into tea, allays nervousness and excitement."

And it does. Dear old Dr. Emmons, you were right! I have given this tea to little nervous, restless babies, who twitched and started in their sleep as though convulsions threatened, and it soon quieted the little patients. I have seen skull cap tea prescribed for a diseased old person, who often declares he is nothing but a bundle of nerves, and this safe, simple herb tea quiets, soothes, and induces sleep when bromide and morphine have for him failed to do so.

It does my heart good to see these safe, good, old ways revived; to see our physicians advocating the use of onions for congestion, sumac buds for sore throat, and nettle leaves for palsy. A few years ago they were all stigmatized as an old woman's whims, but now their virtue is acknowledged, and old-time doctrines, herbs, and methods are in the ascendency.

—Clarissa Potter.

CHURCH CURIOSITIES.

THEIR STRANGE STORIES.

IT is but natural that, during the long ages that have passed since the building of our oldest churches, many strange tales, founded sometimes on actual events, and often ingeniously woven out of happenings which could only have occurred in the minds of a people so superstitious as were our forefathers, should have been handed down to account for the peculiarities connected with a number of sacred edifices in this country.

One of the most remarkable of these stories deals with a curiosity of the old church at Winwick, near Warrington. On the outside of one of the church walls is carved what purports to be a pig, placed so as to be easily noticeable from the ground. The legend tells us that when the erection of the church was first commenced, a site some little distance away was chosen. One morning, however, the workmen found that their building had been pulled down and the materials deposited where the church now stands. They hauled them back and again commenced to build. Next morning they discovered that the results of their labour had once more been demolished and taken away; and so, after the game had gone on for a short time longer, a watch was set. Then the solution of the mystery was quickly arrived at. The watcher solemnly declared that in the night he saw a supernatural being, in the shape of a monstrous pig, remove the building materials from the old site to where they were seen in the morning. This, thought everyone, was a divine interposition of Providence, and the church was therefore built where it now stands, the pig being carved to perpetuate the memory of the most wonderful miracle just related.

A somewhat similar story comes from East Bergholt, in Essex. Here, the church, rather a fine building in itself, possesses no steeple, and, in the absence of a proper resting place, the bells are hung in a cage in the churchyard. It seems that when the builders began to erect the steeple, they found that the Prince of Evil ob-

jected; he more than objected, for he pulled down at night the work that the builders had accomplished during the day, doing this three times, until at last the tower was left in ruins. Therefore a cage was erected, and in it the bells are now to be seen.

At Purton, in Wiltshire, is a church possessing a tower and a spire, a peculiarity which, curiously enough, is shared by two other churches in this country. In this case there is an amusing legend to account for the eccentricity of building. It is to the effect that the edifice was built by two sisters, who disagreed as to whether it should have a tower or a spire. Woman-like, each decided to please herself, and did so, with the result that the tower marks the west end of the building,

and the spire rises from the junction of the nave and chancel.

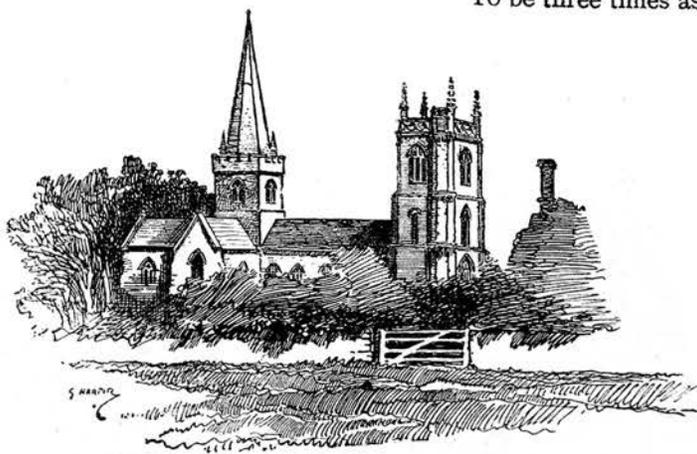
The "lonely church" of Pennant Meangel, North Wales, contains some huge bones which, the legend hath it, are those of the patron Saint, Monacella; while some carvings also exist in connection with the same personage, and an incident in her life. The story runs that a hare, being pressed by the hounds, turned for protection to Monacella, who, of course, preserved its life. Then the huntsman, who proved to be a prince, on finding the hare protected by a saint, gave Monacella a piece of land whereon to build an abbey. Southey wrote some lines anent the story, saying in regard to one of the Saint's bones that—

It was no use to wrangle
And tell the simple people,
That if this had been her bone
She certainly must have grown
To be three times as tall as the steeple.

The curious part of the church at Over-Whitacre, one of the smallest churches in Warwickshire, is its spire, which immediately attracts attention by reason of its disproportionate size. It would indeed require a much larger church to match the tower referred to. From the story it appears that the curiosity

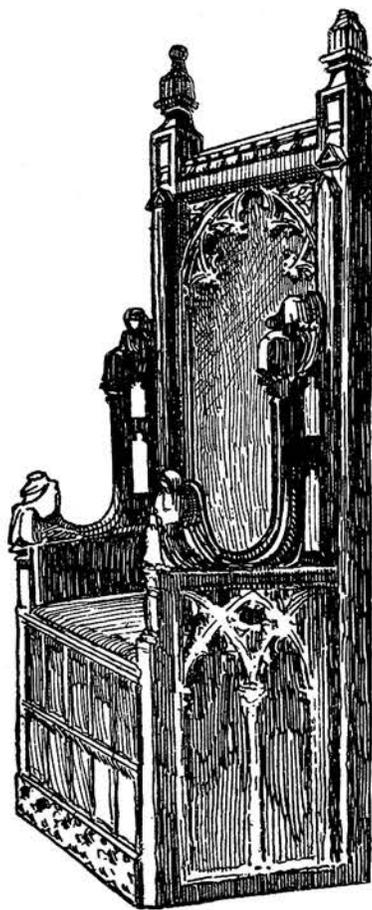


A CAGE BELFRY AT EAST BERGHOLT.



CHURCH WITH TOWER AND STEEPLE.

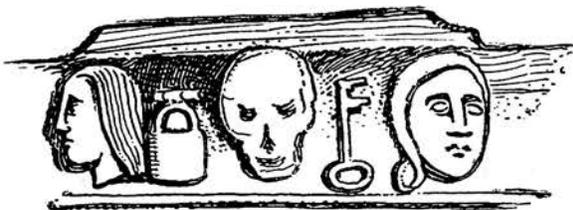
was the outcome of jealousy. In the neighbouring village of Shustoke had just been erected a church, the spire of which was of such a high, tapering, and generally fine description as to



CHAIR IN WHICH MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, SAT.

make the church on the opposite hill at Over-Whitacre appear almost insignificant. The inhabitants of Over-Whitacre, whose pride had hitherto been in the peal of four sound bells and a cracked one, were now wildly envious, and determined to retain their superiority in regard to their church. They sold their fine set of bells, and with the proceeds erected the spire now so noticeable. The cracked bell was kept.

Suicide is not by any means a nice subject to associate with a church curiosity; yet local tradition says that a tragedy of the kind referred



THE MILKMAID AND THE BUTLER, SOBERTON.

to happened in the churchyard at Conington, a village in Hunts, not far from St. Ives. Conington Church resembles the famous Tower of Pisa, in that it, although to a much smaller extent,

deviates from the perpendicular. In the churchyard is a tombstone embellished with cross, ladder, hammer, and nails, and erected to the memory of one Thomas Sawyer, who died some hundred and eighty years ago. Now, according to ancient folk-lore, Sawyer met his death by indulging in that process known as cutting off one's nose to spite one's face. He was engaged to repair the said steeple, and his boast was that if he could not build it perfectly straight, he would jump from the top of it. When it was finished it was seen that the steeple leaned. Sawyer forthwith climbed up to the weathercock, and jumped to the ground. He was buried a day or two later.

But Conington owns another curiosity belonging to its church. This is the chair in which Mary, Queen of Scots, is said to have sat just before her execution. It originally came from Peterborough Cathedral, and was the abbot's chair. Thence it was removed to Fotheringay Castle, where Mary was imprisoned and subsequently executed; and finally it has found a resting-place in Conington Church.

Soberton Church, in Hampshire, possesses a curiosity beyond the common run. You may seek the little village of Soberton in the district between Winchester and Southampton, on a bye-road leading over the Downs near Wickham. The church has a particularly fine tower for a county whose churches are especially poor in this respect. This tower, according to tradition, was built in the sixteenth century from the money given for that purpose by the butler and the dairymaid of the neighbouring manor house. The legend is perpetuated by an inscription on a modern brass plate fixed to the inner wall of the tower upon the completion of the restoration some ten years ago. Funds for this restoration were largely subscribed by Hampshire butlers, whose names are duly recorded. The building of the tower is alluded to by an ancient carving on its western face, under the battlements, representing a female and a male head, with a milk-pail beside one and the butler's key beside the other, and a gruesome-looking skull between.

DO IT.

If you've any task to do
Let me whisper, friend, to you,
Do it.

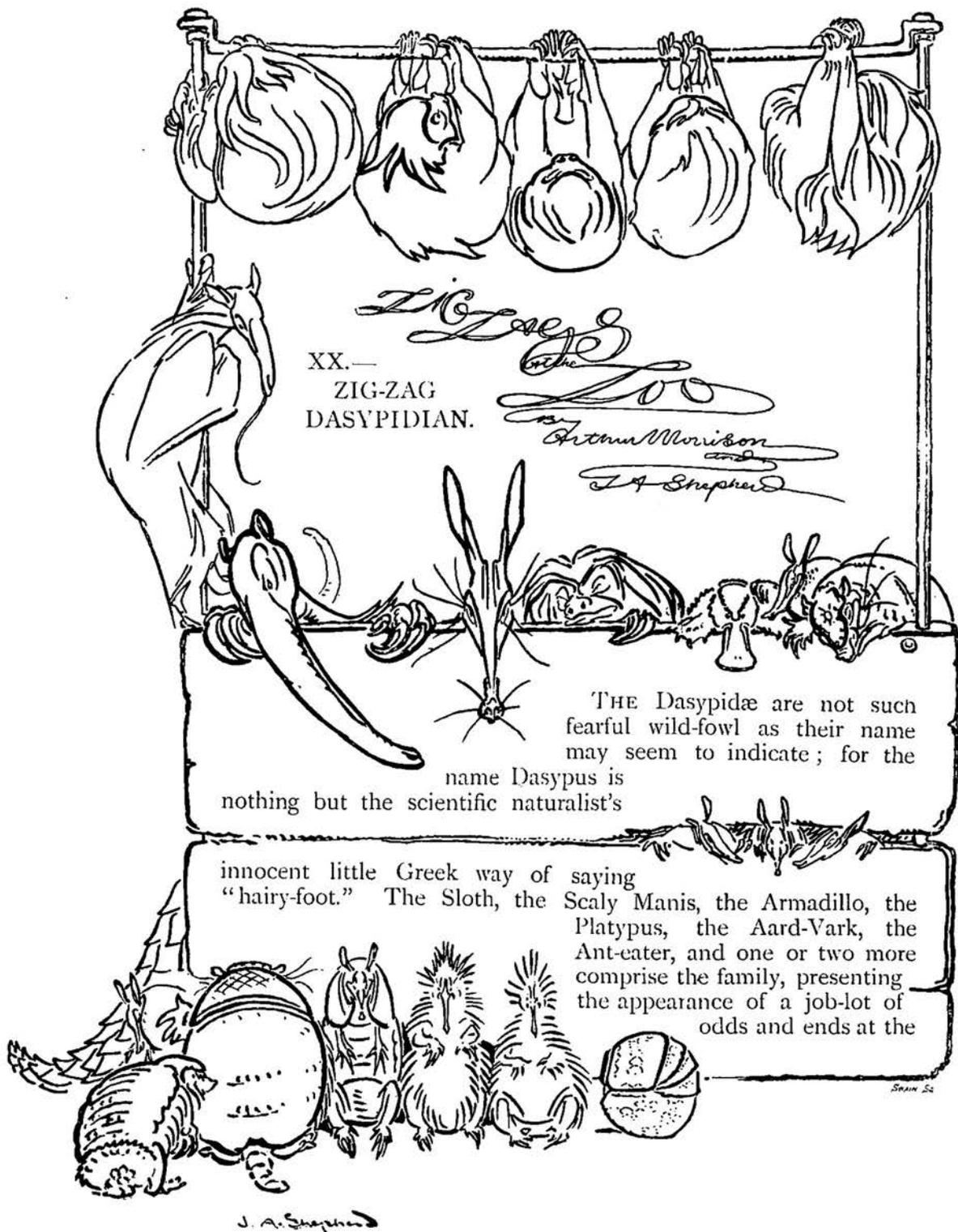
If you've anything to say,
True and needed, yea or nay,
Say it.

If you've anything to love,
As a blessing from above,
Love it.

If you've any debt to pay,
Rest you neither night nor day,
Pay it.

If you've anything to give,
That another's joy may live,
Give it.

If you know what torch to light,
Guiding others through the night,
Light it.



XX.—
ZIG-ZAG
DASYPIDIAN.

Zigzag
by Arthur Morrison
and J. A. Shepherd

THE Dasypidæ are not such fearful wild-fowl as their name may seem to indicate; for the name Dasypus is nothing but the scientific naturalist's

innocent little Greek way of saying "hairy-foot." The Sloth, the Scaly Manis, the Armadillo, the Platypus, the Aard-Vark, the Ant-eater, and one or two more comprise the family, presenting the appearance of a job-lot of odds and ends at the

J. A. Shepherd

tail of an auctioneer's catalogue. Not only is the family of a job-lot nature, but each individual seems a sort of haphazard assemblage of odd parts made up together to save wasting the pieces; for some have tremendous tails, and some have almost none; some have armour and some have



A MERE MO'—

hair; one has an odd beak, apparently discarded by a duck as awkwardly shaped; some have two toes only on a foot, some three, some four, and some five—just as luck might have it in the scramble, so to speak; they only agree in being all very hard up for teeth.



WHICH—



REVEAL—



ITSELF—

The sloth is an admirable creature in many respects. Chiefly, he has a glorious gift of inaction—a thing too little esteemed and insufficiently cultivated in these times. If it is sweet to do nothing, as we have it on the unimpeachable authority of a proverb, therefore it must be actually noble to do nothing on scientific principles, as does the sloth. The objectionably moral and energetic class of philosopher is always ready to enlist the ant, the bee, and similarly absurdly busy creatures as practical sermons on his side; and that the indolent philosopher has never retaliated with the sloth is due merely to the fact that he



GRADUALLY.

is indolent, practically as well as theoretically. Yet the sloth has well-esteemed relations. Consider other proverbs. "Sloth," says one, "is the mother of necessity." Then another. "Necessity," says this second, "is the mother of invention." Whence it plainly follows that sloth is invention's grandmother—although nobody would think it to look at the sloth here, in house number forty-seven.

Now there are persons who attempt to deprive the sloth of the credit due to his laziness by explaining that his limbs are not adapted for use on the ground. This is a fact, although it is mean to use it to discredit so fine



"WOT? NOT A COPPER?"

a reputation. The sloth is indeed a deal more active when he is hanging upside down by his toes—but then that is all a part of his system, since it is plain that his greatest state of activity is merely one of suspended animation. It is only when he is in a state of suspense that the sloth is really happy, and this is only one aspect of the topsy-turviness of his entire nature. Hanging horizontally, head and tail downward, is his normal position in society, and this is apt to lead to a belief among the unthinking that he must have lived long in Australia and there become thoroughly used to holding on to the world in his usual attitude; but his actual home is Central and South America — not altogether "down under," but merely on the slope.



"GURN! I'LL—"

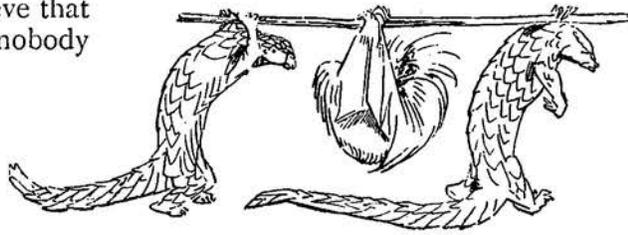
The sloth in this place is, in the eyes of most visitors, a mere mop in a heap of straw. Let but the keeper stir him up and he reveals himself gradually, the picture of a ragged, rascally mendicant—a dirty ruffian whose vocation can be nothing more laborious than extorting coppers on pretence of sweeping a crossing. A little more stirring, and he will reach for his perch and invert himself, to think things over. To him the floor is inconvenient, for it is his ceiling; anybody's ceiling is inconvenient to crawl about on.

When one knows that the



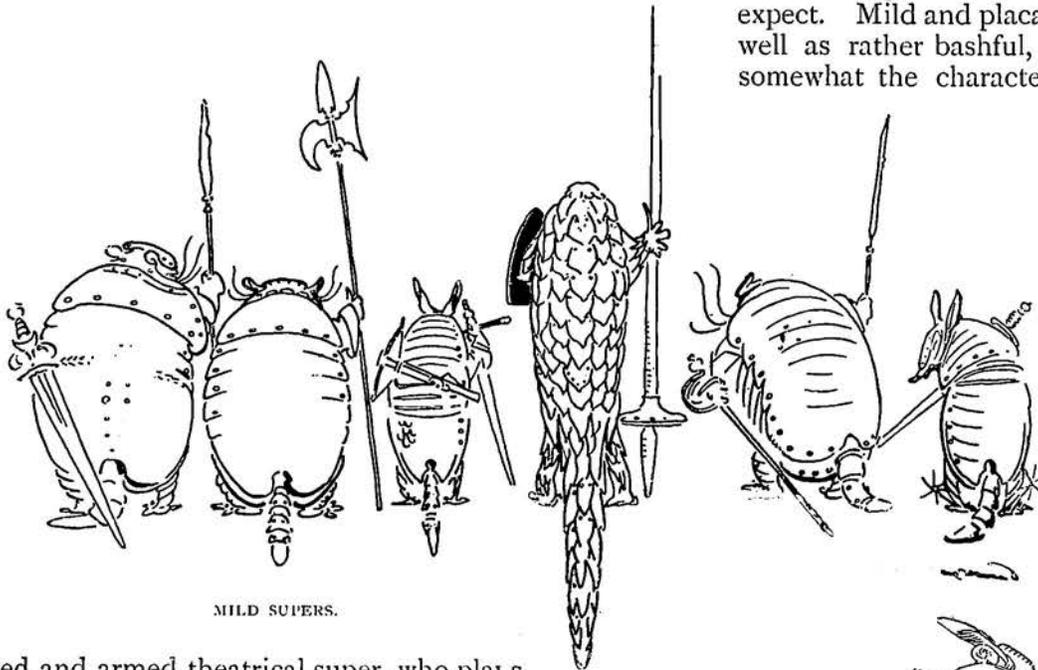
A DIRTY RUFFIAN.

sloth never drinks, one is prepared to believe that he persistently refuses to stand ; but then nobody can stand anything, even drinks, on a ceiling. If by any chance he finds himself on the ceiling (which, as I have said, is his word for floor), he can only hook his claws wherever he sees a hole, and drag himself. He is the poorest of all the Dasypidæ in the matter of tail, and was also unfortunate in the allotment of toes, only wearing two on each fore-foot. Which disposes of the sloth.



DISPOSED OF.

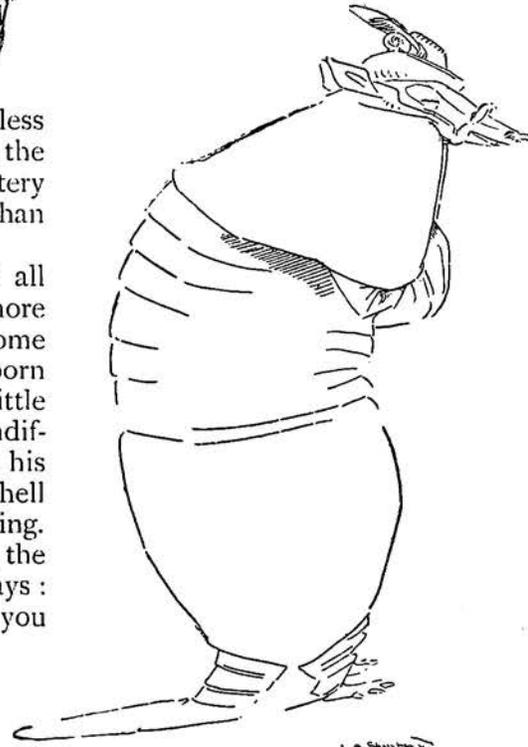
Of the Dasypidæ there are only, beside the sloth, various armadillos and an ant-eater in this place. The armadillo is a placid creature, with none of the warlike disposition that its armour might lead some to expect. Mild and placable, as well as rather bashful, it has somewhat the character of a



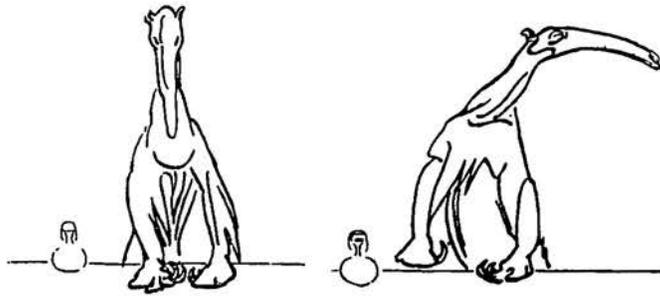
MILD SUPERS.

beplated and armed theatrical super, who plays the flute and teaches in a Sunday-school when off duty. It is susceptible to cold, too, and regardless of any heroism of appearance in face of a chill in the air. Withal the armadillo is indifferent alike to flattery and abuse : you can no more hurt his feelings than his back.

There are several sorts of armadillo here, but all are equally indifferent to criticism. Nothing is more impervious to criticism (or anything else, if you come to that) than an armadillo. He should have been born a minor poet. An oyster appears to care very little for what is said of him, but a good deal of his indifference is assumed ; you often catch him opening his shell to listen. The armadillo won't open his shell for anything—figuratively as well as literally speaking. If a raging mad jaguar prances up to an armadillo, the armadillo curls up quietly with an expression that says : " Really, you excite yourself overmuch ; I suppose you want to gnaw me. If you expect to *eat* me, after your length of experience, you must be—well, rather a fool, if I may say so. I shall go to sleep," which he does, while the jaguar ruins his teeth. Naturalists have marvelled at the fact that



A CHILLY PERSON.



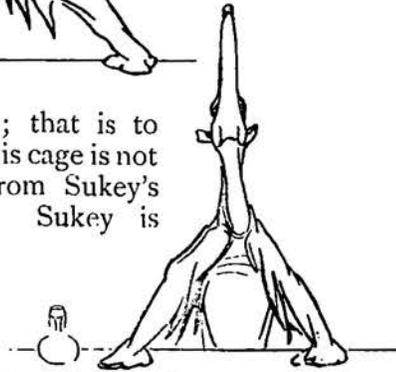
native Paraguayans find whether an armadillo is at home by poking a stick into his burrow, when (if he is) out comes a swarm of mosquitoes. "What," they ask, wondering, "can mosquitoes want with an armadillo, when other things not quite so hopeless are near at hand for biting?"

But it is probably a mosquito championship meeting.

The sloth, sluggish as he is, has not gone to the ant, but to the ant-



eater ; that is to say, his cage is not far from Sukey's here. Sukey is



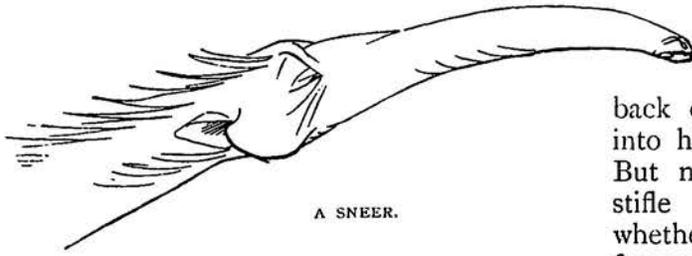
not a wise person. ... Nobody anxious to be an orator with so little talent for it can be wise. When first you enter the room you observe that Sukey is anxious to ad-



dress a large meeting. She has a ledge before her, on which she rests her fore-knuckles in a manner so extremely suggestive of a lecture that you instinctively look for the customary carafe and glass,



and feel perplexed at their absence. Regardless of this disadvantage, Sukey will turn this way and that, and thump alternately with one fist and the other, and even, in the excitement of her eloquence, bounce bodily upon the ledge before her, as one has heard of a gymnastic American divine doing in his pulpit. This will



A SNEER.

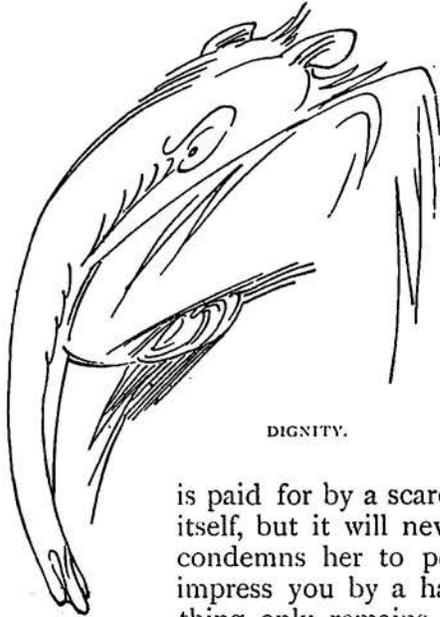
the voiceless Sukey do till public indifference disgusts her, and she flops heavily back on her knuckles into hinder retirement. But no failure can stifle her ambition, whether it be actually for oratorical distinction

tion, as appearances indicate, or only for such cockroaches as you may choose to offer her, as the keeper believes.

Sukey is not an impressive person—her features are against it. She is not equal to assuming a presence. With all her wealth of nose, she can't turn it up at anybody. Her sneer is a wretched failure. Any attempt at an imposing attitude is worse ; a



AN IMPOSING PRESENCE.

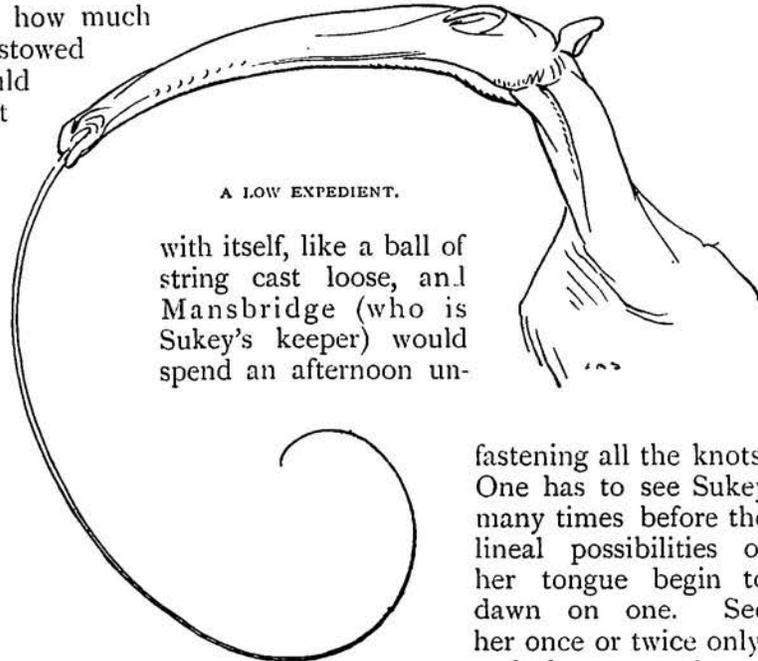


DIGNITY.

large nose of a sort is often a noble feature of itself ; but a nose like this ! . . . Sukey's extravagance in nose is paid for by a scarcity of mouth. Her small mouth may be a loveliness in itself, but it will never allow Sukey a sneer or a smile—let alone a laugh ; it condemns her to perpetual prunes and prism. So that Sukey may neither impress you by a haughty presence, nor sneer at you, nor laugh at you ; one thing only remains—and it is a low expedient—she *can* put out her tongue at

you—by the yard.

I have often speculated as to how much of this tongue Sukey really has stowed away inside her, and what would happen if she let it all out at once. It would probably get entangled with everything and



A LOW EXPEDIENT.

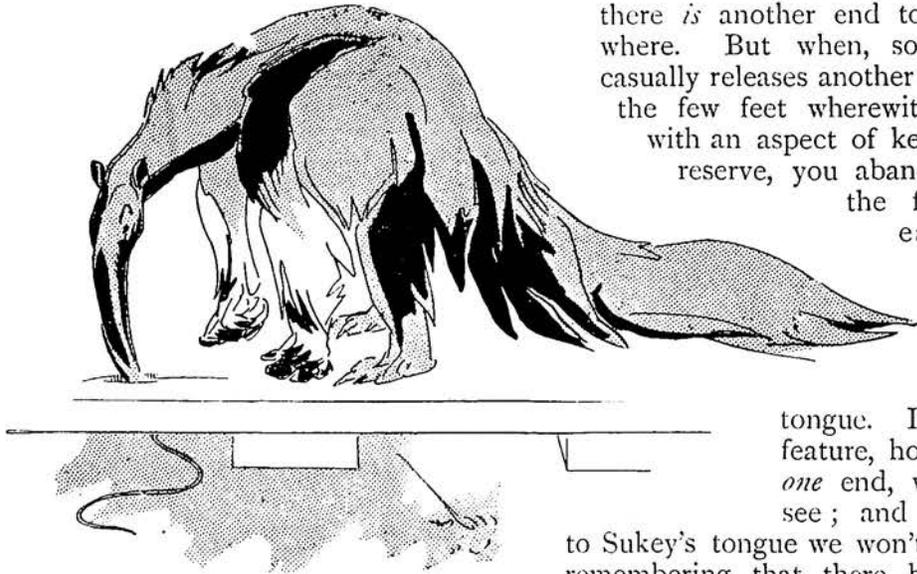
with itself, like a ball of string cast loose, and Mansbridge (who is Sukey's keeper) would spend an afternoon un-

fastening all the knots. One has to see Sukey many times before the lineal possibilities of her tongue begin to dawn on one. See her once or twice only, and she may only exhibit a mere foot or so of it—possibly only eight or ten inches.



A LAUGH.

Another time she will let out a foot or eighteen inches more, and you are rather surprised ; still, your belief is unshaken that



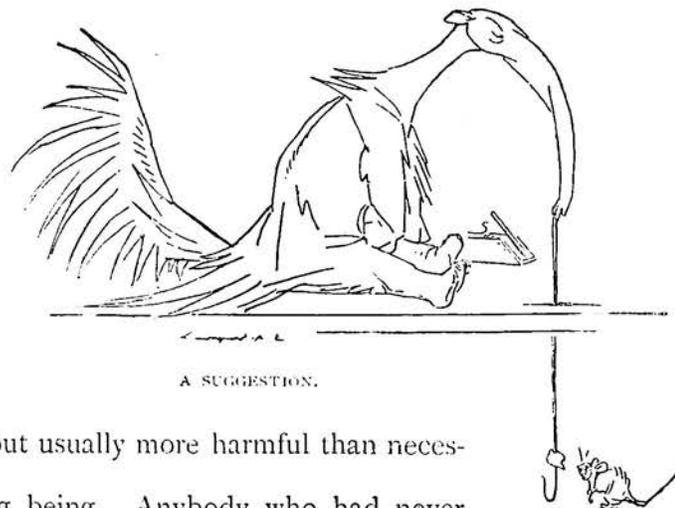
PERSEVERANCE.

there *is* another end to that tongue somewhere. But when, some time later, she casually releases another yard or two, beyond the few feet wherewith you are familiar, with an aspect of keeping miles more in reserve, you abandon the doctrine of the finiteness of things earthly as mere scientific superstition. Plainly, I don't believe there is any other end to Sukey's

tongue. It has the redeeming feature, however, of possessing *one* end, which anybody may see; and as there is an end

to Sukey's tongue we won't be too hard on her, remembering that there have been Sukeys—well, differently provided for.

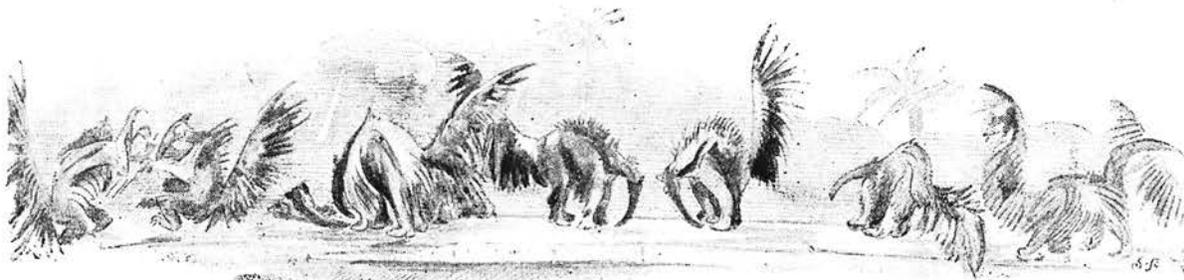
Sukey's tongue is a sticky thing, and she waves it about with a view of eating any unfortunate insect that may adhere to it, on the catch-'em-alive-oh principle. Her chiefest tit-bit is a cockroach, and, as you will perceive from her manner as you make her acquaintance, it is a firm article of Sukey's belief that visitors carry these interesting insects about with them, in large quantities. When one remembers how comparatively unfashionable this practice is, one can understand that Sukey largely lives the life of a disappointed creature. By way of a great feast, she will sometimes be given a mouse; and she fishes perseveringly through such odd cracks and holes as she may find, in hopes of providing such a feast for herself. I respectfully suggest baiting the end of her tongue with a piece of cheese. As it is, I fear her catch of mice is scarcely sufficient to warrant the importation of the ant-eater as a substitute for the harmless necessary (but usually more harmful than necessary) Tom-cat of the garden-wall.



A SUGGESTION.

The ant-eater is not a prepossessing being. Anybody who had never before seen or heard of him would readily believe him to be an inhabitant of the moon. He looks the sort of animal one would invent in a nightmare; his comparatively sober colours and his bushy tail save him from being an absolute unearthly horror. Conceive, if you can, a pink ant-eater with blue spots and a forked tail!

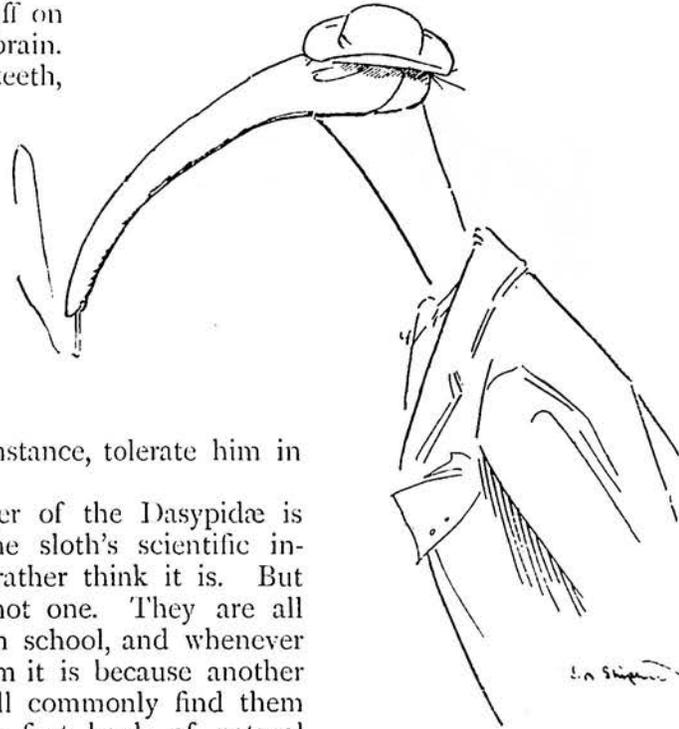
Neither is the ant-eater very wise; nothing with so much tongue is very wise; and the ant-



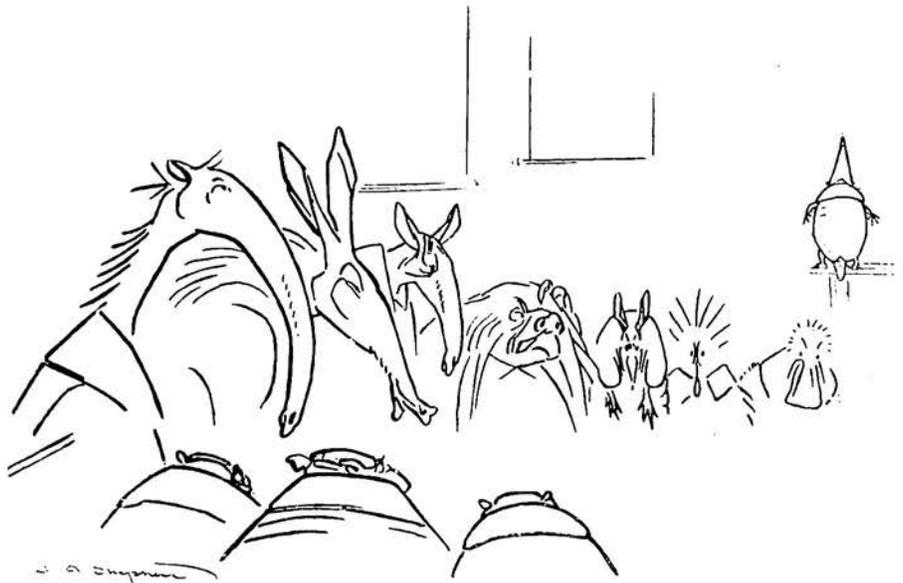
ON THE GARDEN WALL.

eater uses up so much of its head-stuff on its nose that nothing is left for the brain. The ant-eater never cuts his wisdom teeth, because he never has any teeth at all. Really the ant-eater scarcely seems a respectable character considered altogether. An animal with more than a foot of slender nose, expressly used for poking into other people's concerns (the ants'), an immeasurable tongue, no use for a tooth-brush, and an irregular longing for cockroaches for lunch—well, *is* such an animal quite respectable? Would you, for instance, tolerate him in your club?

The only fairly respectable member of the Dasypidæ is the armadillo—unless you count the sloth's scientific indolence a claim to respectability; I rather think it is. But none of the Dasypidæ are clever—not one. They are all in the lowest form of the mammalian school, and whenever one is not at the bottom of the form it is because another already occupies the place. You will commonly find them placed last of the mammalia in the first book of natural history you look at.



NOT VERY WISE.



THE LOWEST FORM.

SOME AUTUMN PICKLES.

SOUR AND SWEET.

FALL is the time for pickling, and this year, thanks to the long continuance of the warm weather, there was an abundant and cheap supply of tomatoes, cucumbers, and all other minor vegetables. In preparing pickles, the chief rule to be observed is to avoid using metal as much as possible. Acids dissolve the lead that is in the tinning of saucepans, and corrode copper and brass; consequently, if kept in such for any length of time, they become highly poisonous. When it is necessary to boil vinegar, do it in a stone jar on a stove. Use also wooden spoons and forks.

Home pickles are not required to keep so long as those for sale, consequently the vinegar need not be so often boiled; it should, however, be almost invariably poured through a sieve upon the articles to be pickled. The jar should be covered for a time, say, with a plate or board, but not tied over, so as to confine the steam.

German housekeepers are particularly skilful in their method of pickling fruit and vegetables. These they do by a simple and well-known process; and, as anybody with a little care can do it for themselves we have selected a few recipes as suitable to English tastes.

Saure Salzgurken (Sour Cucumbers).

Cucumbers half-grown are best. Choose them smooth and without seeds. Lay them twelve hours in water, then wipe dry. Have ready a perfectly clean small barrel or unglazed crock, at the bottom of which put a layer of vine leaves, sour cherry leaves, and two or three walnut leaves. Then lay in the cucumbers close together, with a leaf or two between them, and cover with wild cherry leaves; then again cucumbers as before, with here and there a sprig of green dill and half a walnut leaf. Over each layer of cucumbers put vine and cherry leaves to cover them, and so on till the vessel is full. Make a weak brine of a handful of salt to the gallon of water. Pour this over the cucumbers, which must be quite covered with it. Put a cover and weight on the top, stand them in a warm place for a few days till bubbles begin to appear on the brine, then remove to a cold and shady place. Many add a cupful of vinegar to the brine, or a few spoonfuls of tartaric acid, a few cloves or allspice sprinkled here and there, with a bay leaf, and some sliced horseradish. In three or four weeks they are ready for eating.

Susse Gurken (Sweet Cucumber).

Peel full grown cucumbers—yellow ones will do. Halve them down the middle, scoop out the seeds, cut them into any fanciful pieces, cover with good vinegar, and let them stand twenty-four hours; then pour off the vinegar, and to three pints of this put half a pound of sugar, a quarter of an ounce of stick cinnamon, a drachm of cloves, half a drachm of grated nutmeg, and an ounce of whole ginger. Boil the pickle ten minutes. Lay in the cucumbers, give them one boil up, and take them out before they soften in the least. Lay them in jars, and pour the pickle hot over them. In a week or two boil the vinegar over again, and pour it, when cold, over the cucumbers.

Steinpilze (Mushrooms).

Select small button mushrooms cut from the roots. Have water boiling, just enough to cover them; add a glass of white vinegar to it, and salt it well. Throw in the mushrooms, and let them simmer a few minutes, two or three at longest; strain and leave them in the sieve to cool. Boil white wine vinegar with cloves, pepper, shallots, a little tarragon, bay leaves, and mace. Keep the vinegar covered, and let the spices infuse in it until quite cold. Bottle the mushrooms, strain the vinegar, and pour it over them. Should there be any signs of mildew forming on the top of the vinegar after a week or two, boil it over again, add more spice to strengthen it, and, when cold, fill up the bottles.

Tomatoes Pickled.

Wash the tomatoes, puncture them slightly with a pointed stick about the size of a straw; then fill a jar with alternate layers of tomatoes and salt; let them stand for eight or ten days. Then to each gallon of tomatoes add a pound of powdered mustard, four ounces of ground ginger, four ounces of pepper slightly bruised, one ounce of cloves, and twelve onions sliced. Put these ingredients in layers through the tomatoes, and cover the whole with strong vinegar.

Melonen in Essig (Pickled Melon for Mangoes Pickle).

Musk melons should be gathered for pickling when they are green and hard. They should be cut open after they have been in salt water ten days, the inside scraped out clean, filled with mustard seed, allspice, horseradish, small onions, etc., and sewed up again. Scalding vinegar must then be poured upon them.

Birnen in Essig (Pickled Pears).

Take twelve large stewing pears, five onions, three pints of good vinegar, a dessertspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of white pepper or whole black ditto, fifteen cloves, twenty allspice, four blades of mace, an ounce of ginger, a teaspoonful of cayenne, a teaspoonful of coriander seed, a teaspoonful of mustard seed, three teaspoonfuls of turmeric, and three cloves of garlic; pull off the stems, and rub the pears with a dry cloth. Peel the onions, put them into a tin stewpan with the vinegar and salt, and simmer gently till the pears are tender through, but not broken (about an hour and a half.) Take out the pears, and when they are cold, peel them, and divide each into eight equal sized pieces; cut out the core. Put the spice and garlic into the vinegar, and boil for ten or twelve minutes; rub the onions through a fine sieve; stir them into the vinegar. Boil and skim for ten minutes more, place the pears neatly in a pickle jar, and strain the vinegar over. Put the garlic and ginger on top, and when cold, tie down with bladder.

Excellent Chutney.

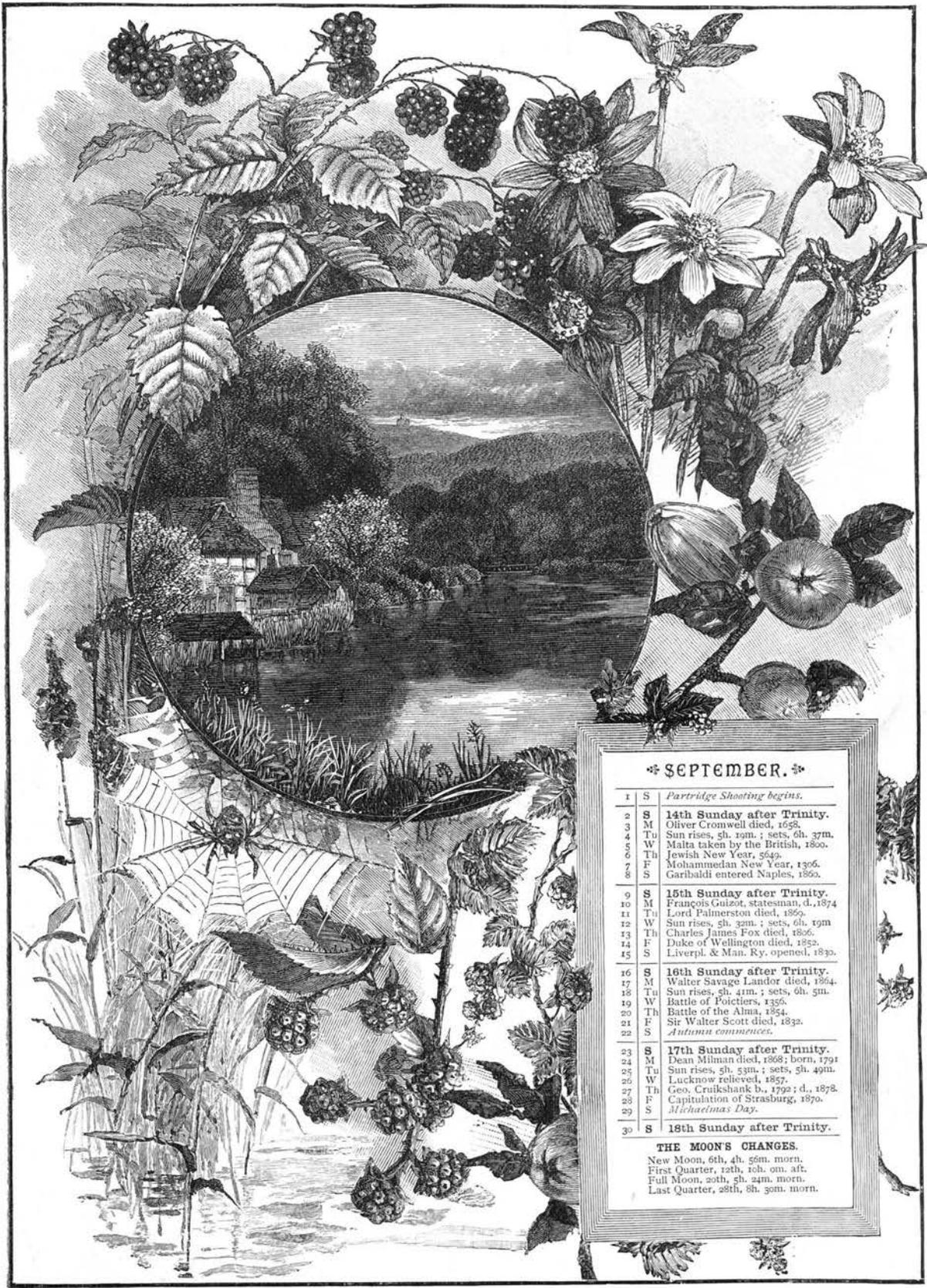
Boil in three pints of common vinegar eight pounds of good boiling apples cut in small lumps till quite soft and tender; put by till cold. Boil in two pints of vinegar eight pounds of moist sugar, with a quarter of a pound of salt, till a thick syrup. Boil four ounces of garlic and one pound of ginger in one pint of vinegar till reduced one-half, and strain; mix all together in a large stone jar, with one ounce of chillies pounded very fine, eight ounces of mustard-seed, and six pounds of Sultana raisins chopped small. These must be well mixed in with the other ingredients, and all must remain covered close in a warm place for a month, when it is ready for use. Lemon-juice and six onions may be added, but it is good without, and a little chutney added to a curry is a great improvement.

Blackberry and Elderberry Wine.

Few people know how delicious is the wine made from black berries and elderberries combined. If you do not happen to live in the country surrounded by them, I assure you that you will be fully repaid for your trouble and expense if you can find some one to send you a hamperful. Of course the berries should be packed and sent off immediately after gathering. Choose a fine day, when the fruit will be quite dry, and gather about three times more blackberries than elderberries and, be careful they are fully ripe. Press out the juice and let it ferment, and cover it over for two days; then skim it, and add half the quantity of water and two or three pounds of sugar for every gallon of juice you have in your pan. After this is done, let it remain in the open air for about twenty-four hours in an open vessel; then skim and strain it and pour the whole into a clean cask and bung it up, after adding a bottle of brandy. This is very little trouble and very simple. Let it remain in the cask twelve months then bottle it.—*The Lady.*

TO BLACK A STOVE EASILY IN COLD WEATHER.

A correspondent of the *American Artisan* says: "No doubt there are some of your readers who have been obliged to actually black a stove, and in cold weather at that. Not long ago it became my duty to prescribe for a sick stove, and I decided it needed blacking—but it was cold. All who have tried gasoline in the ordinary way remember the smoke, smell, rapid heat of some parts—and it's out. I took one and one-half pints common sand (any fine dirt will do), and filled it with gasoline. This I turned into the base of the stove and set it on fire. The sand prevented any explosion, and, as soon as it got hot, gave me a gas instead of a gasoline flame. This can be regulated by dampers or by putting a board on the pipe collar. The fire will last more than a half hour and will cause but little smell, giving a uniform heat. If you fail to get sufficient gasoline to give you the required heat, never add any to the heated sand as it will readily be converted into gas and when lighted will explode. Your scribe did that way and mourns the loss of eyebrows and winkers, mustache and much other of his rare beauty.



❖ SEPTEMBER. ❖

1	S	Partridge Shooting begins.
2	S	14th Sunday after Trinity.
3	M	Oliver Cromwell died, 1658.
4	Tu	Sun rises, 5h. 19m.; sets, 6h. 37m.
5	W	Malta taken by the British, 1800.
6	Th	Jewish New Year, 5649.
7	F	Mohammedan New Year, 1306.
8	S	Garibaldi entered Naples, 1860.
9	S	15th Sunday after Trinity.
10	M	François Guizot, statesman, d., 1874.
11	Tu	Lord Palmerston died, 1865.
12	W	Sun rises, 5h. 32m.; sets, 6h. 19m.
13	Th	Charles James Fox died, 1806.
14	F	Duke of Wellington died, 1852.
15	S	Liverpl. & Man. Ry. opened, 1830.
16	S	16th Sunday after Trinity.
17	M	Walter Savage Landor died, 1854.
18	Tu	Sun rises, 5h. 41m.; sets, 6h. 5m.
19	W	Battle of Poitiers, 1356.
20	Th	Battle of the Alma, 1854.
21	F	Sir Walter Scott died, 1832.
22	S	Autumn commences.
23	S	17th Sunday after Trinity.
24	M	Dean Milman died, 1868; born, 1791.
25	Tu	Sun rises, 5h. 53m.; sets, 5h. 49m.
26	W	Lucknow relieved, 1857.
27	Th	Geo. Cruikshank b., 1792; d., 1878.
28	F	Capitulation of Strasburg, 1870.
29	S	Michaelmas Day.
30	S	18th Sunday after Trinity.

THE MOON'S CHANGES.

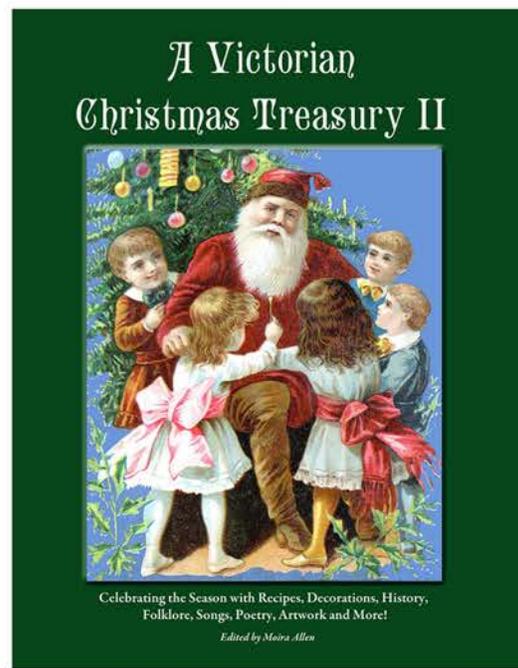
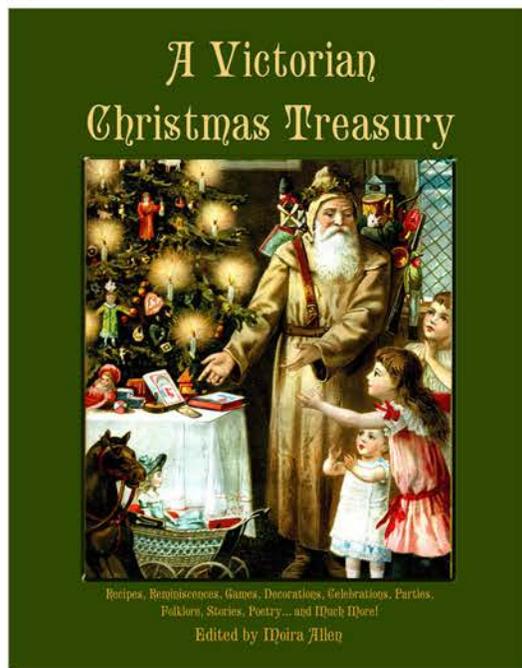
New Moon, 6th, 4h. 56m. morn.
 First Quarter, 12th, 10h. 0m. aft.
 Full Moon, 20th, 5h. 24m. morn.
 Last Quarter, 28th, 8h. 30m. morn.

ECLIPSES IN 1888.

In the year 1888 there will be three Eclipses of the Sun and two of the Moon:—
 January 28-29. A Total Eclipse of the Moon, visible at Greenwich.
 February 11-12. A Partial Eclipse of the Sun, invisible at Greenwich.

July 9. A Partial Eclipse of the Sun, invisible at Greenwich.
 July 23. A Total Eclipse of the Moon, partly visible at Greenwich.
 August 7. A Partial Eclipse of the Sun, visible at Greenwich.

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