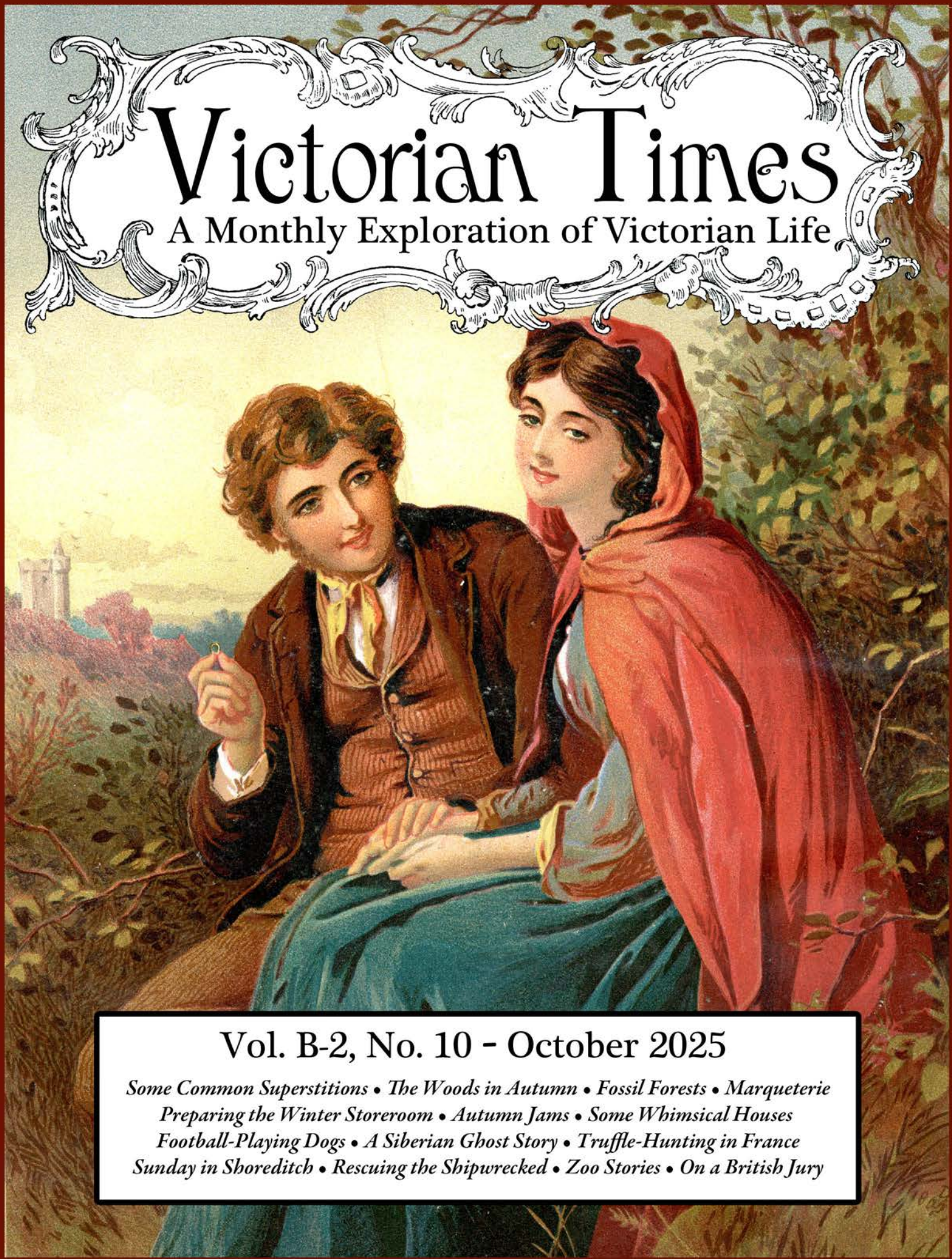
Victorian Times

A Monthly Exploration of Victorian Life



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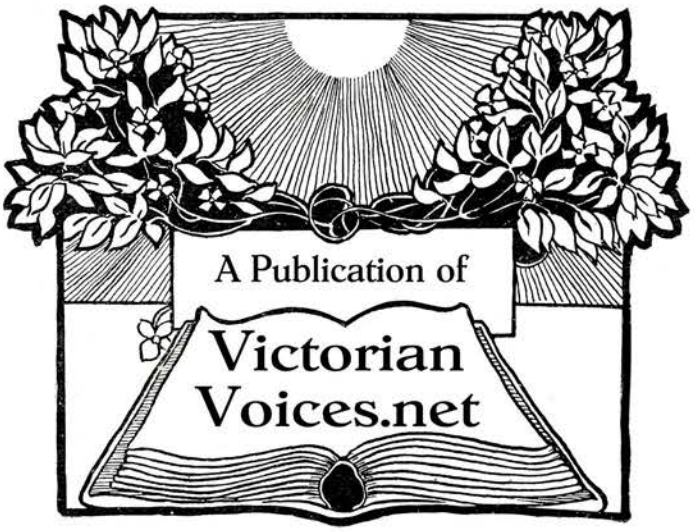
edited by Moira Allen



Print Edition Independently Published
Print Edition ISBN 9798263567859

Cover Image: Print from a Victorian scrap book of the 1870's.

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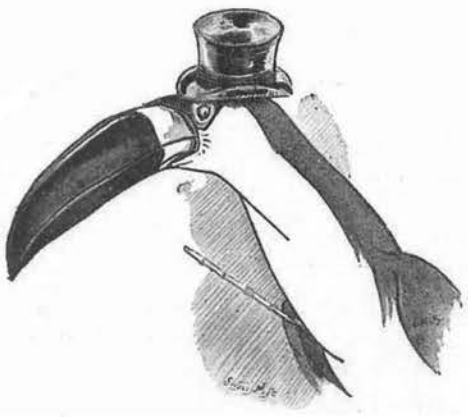

Preparing for Winter

As autumn comes around, I love finding Victorian articles on how to fill one's pantry for the winter. Victorian magazines abound with recipes for every type of jam, jelly, pickle and preserve you can imagine, and perhaps some you can't. (Someday, I'm going to have to find out just what "mushroom catsup" is like!)

For many of us, fall is still the time to gather the harvest and prepare for the cold months ahead. The culture of food preservation is still alive and well. And there is simply nothing like watching your garden or your apple tree or your berry bushes for that moment when the fruit of your labor is finally ready to harvest.

When I was young, we had apple trees. We had apple trees that produced apples literally by the bucketful; we had trouble giving them away. And so our autumn included a great deal of "putting up" all things apple. We made gallons of applesauce. Once in a while we attempted apple butter, with varying degrees of success. We made apple jelly, or used apples to make other kinds of jelly (apples provide pectin, so they're perfect for adding to fruits that don't have any). We made apple pickles and apply chutney. Back in the day when one didn't worry about what was in food coloring agents, we made pickled apple rings in Christmas red and green.

Today, my canning is limited pretty much to making cranberry sauce every November (though I've also discovered the joys of making refrigerator pickles), but I still identify with the Victorian housewife who spends these cooler months filling the larder. But there is more to the season than just filling the pantry. It's also a time to *appreciate* the bounty of the season—something that it's easy to lose sight of in today's supermarket.

In our world today, few items are purely "seasonal" anymore. Sure, you won't see cherries until June, or cranberries before November. But you can always find apples, oranges, tomatoes, lettuce, zucchini, and almost any other "standard" fruit or vegetable. They always taste exactly the same, too, no matter what the season.

Victorian cooking was very much driven by what was "in season" and what was not. This applied not only to fruits and vegetables, but to every type of meat, poultry, and fish. Seasonality, however, didn't limit the Victorian diet; it expanded it. For instance you might find a dozen different kinds of bird in the poultry market. Today, we have chickens; Victorians had chickens, turkeys, geese, ducks, grouse, woodcocks, and a host of game birds that we wouldn't even recognize the names of—let alone imagine finding in our market. We have beef, lamb, and pork, and only a few cuts of each. Victorians had venison, hares, rabbits, and more—and used every portion. Market guides show how to select cuts of meat we could never imagine on our tables today (heads being the most obvious).

Being "in season" could mean many things. Some foods were less expensive "in season" because they were more common; some were more expensive because they were in demand. Some were unavailable, others were simply better in season than out. Seasonality also applied to imports.

Mainly, though, what seasonality in food sources meant was *variety*. You couldn't cook "the same old thing" every day because you couldn't *get* the same old thing every day. That meant that when you *could* get it, you appreciated it far more than we probably do today. Seasonal foods were something to look forward to—and in the fall of the year, they were something to preserve against a time when almost *nothing* was "in season." Victorian magazines often reminded housewives that "store-bought" jams and pickles could never compare, in quality or in healthfulness, to what one made at home (and one never quite knew what might be in those store-bought items). That's one thing that I believe is as true today (including the "not knowing" bit) as it was 150 years ago!

—Moira Allen, Editor
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"ARE you superstitious?" a friend will sometimes ask me. Of course I am. With so many excellent superstitions lying about to choose from, not to be superstitious would be a wicked waste of pleasant opportunities. I conform to every superstition I can hear of, from rising to bedtime. I always spring out of bed, for instance, on the right side, for I know quite well that if I attempted to do so on the left misfortune would follow as certainly as day follows night. I *know* it, I repeat, and I can speak from experience; for on the only occasion on which, being more than half asleep, I disregarded this particular superstition misfortune ensued, swift and sore. For surely nobody will deny that it is a misfortune, and a sore one, to bruise knees and knuckles and nose all together against a solid brick wall, such as my bed stands against on the left side! Very well, then, I am superstitious, and if you think I am unreasonable, go and bounce against a wall yourself, by way of asserting your convictions.

That is the sort of thing the anti-superstitious are in the habit of doing, or were some years ago. There was a "Thirteen Club," which used to meet at dinner for the absurd purpose of outraging all the superstitions that reasonable persons cherish. Instead of sitting down quietly and decently and enjoying their dinner like sensible, superstitious people, they devoted most of their attention to spilling salt, crossing knives and forks, passing the wine round the wrong way, jumping up and walking under ladders, smashing looking-glasses, and a score more of similar tricks. Of course, such conduct brought misfortune with it, and only a wild Thirteen Clubber could fail to see it. For they must have had a most uncomfortable dinner, which is one of the greatest misfortunes I can think of. And there was pecuniary misfortune as well, for all those looking-glasses must have cost a good deal. But on consideration, perhaps, the Thirteen Clubbers were not so very different from the rest of us, after all. For to meet solemnly by appointment on Friday evening, to sit punctiliously thirteen at table, to pass the wine the wrong way and spill salt wilfully, to go jumping about the room under ladders, and conscientiously and laboriously to work through all the rest of the unnatural performance, purely in defiance of ill-luck, is—well, it *is* superstition, isn't it? Blank, dark, bigoted superstition!

If you have spilt salt by accident you avert misfortune from yourself by throwing a little over the left shoulder. This is a process I

can earnestly recommend, especially in a crowded restaurant, with people close behind you. For if anybody gets it in the eye, or even down the back, that person will have enough misfortune for the whole room, and you may consider yourself safe—if you make no delay in getting outside.

As for the ill-luck attendant on walking under a ladder, the thing is so perfectly obvious that nobody but a blind unsuperstituent (or unsuperstituator, or whatever the correct term should be) could ever fail to perceive it. Walk down the street and observe the first half-dozen ladders standing against the houses and walls. From number one an overflowing paint-pot swings gracefully in the breeze, and, standing over it, a light-hearted son of toil brandishes an equally overflowing brush in unison with the tune he is whistling. Sometimes he hits the wall, sometimes the ladder, but all the while he dispenses a refreshing shower of paint that hits everything. A little farther on ladder number two supports an ascending labourer with a hod of bricks, and holes are thoughtfully provided in the ladder for the bricklayer to spit through ; while the holes are quite big enough to let a brick or two through as well, on occasions of miscalculated equilibrium. To ladder number three clings an elevated bill-sticker, elevated beyond the capacity of any earthly ladder, and much too elevated to perceive a single hole in this one. He wields, with uncertain swoop, a vast brush dripping with thick yellow grey paste, and ever and anon he plants an unmeditated kick on the pail of similar paste that hangs below. Perhaps, after heavily pasting a very large poster, he attempts to hold it up by a corner which it doesn't possess, and while it descends with an all-embracing flop gropes feebly for it with the brush, which comes after it. On ladder number four a boy is spraying windows with an indiarubber hose. If on ladder number five somebody isn't trying to get a heavy and slippery piece of furniture into a high window or out of it, it will be on ladder number six. And now, having surveyed these ladders, I defy any Thirteen Clubster to put on a new park suit and a brilliant tall hat, walk deliberately under all these ladders, and return unconverted, if alive. I have had my own streaks of ill-luck under ladders, and I know. *Probatum est*, as they say in the old books of magic. And as for smashing a looking-glass, seven years' ill-luck is less than I have got for it. It must be more than thirty since I smashed one belonging to an aunt, with a cricket-ball that ought to have been left outside ; and I have been out of her will ever since, and she has been dead for years. So that it was bad for both of us.

A properly superstitious person (like myself) is never dull. He is always playing a complicated game of—what ? Spoof, shall I say ?—with fortune. He sees his good and bad luck coming everywhere and everywhen, and he has all sorts of expedients ready to invite the one and dodge the other. If he is absent-minded enough to put on some article of clothing inside out in the morning, and strong-minded enough to keep it so all day, he knows he is in for good fortune. Personally, I am just about absent-minded enough to have put on my socks inside out quite frequently, and then to have forgotten all about it ; at any rate, I am quite sure about the forgetting. But I have never yet been quite so absent-minded as to put on my trousers or overcoat inside out, or even my hat. But absent-mindedness is an abiding characteristic of genius, and very likely I shall do it some day. When I do I shall not neglect my luck, and I expect my reward, as I walk along the Strand, in the shape of Fame and Popular Acclamation.

I might feel some little diffidence in avowing myself a superstitious man were it not that I know most people are equally sensible. All about Bond Street and Regent Street are many ladies in expensively furnished rooms, earning noble incomes out of the sagacity of their fellow-citizens, who have the intelligence to understand that whether they are to die old or young, whether they are to come into money or stay out of it, whether they are to marry the right persons or the wrong ones, entirely depends on the shape of the wrinkles on the insides of their hands. So the ladies of the expensive rooms sit in expensive tea-gowns on large arm-chairs and tickle the palms of the wise with little ebony pointers at a guinea a tickle. There was one lady I read of who could get a guinea from each by just taking her customers by the hand and gazing ecstatically over their heads, such was the acuteness of their minds. I wish I could afford to pay a guinea for that sort of thing ; because there are such a lot of other things I should like to buy—first. I think, by the way, that the information about the guinea-gazing lady came out in a police-court, or some such vulgar place.

Most of the ladies who charge a guinea for tickling your palms and gazing at the place where your hat would be if you were ill-mannered, are also ready, on equally

"THE LADIES OF THE EXPENSIVE ROOMS SIT IN EXPENSIVE TEA-GOWNS ON LARGE ARM-CHAIRS AND TICKLE THE PALMS OF THE WISE."

trifling terms, to stare mighty hard at a glass ball; and the customers are equally ready to have them stare. The theory is that a properly-qualified person—and all these ladies are properly qualified, else they would be cheaper—can stare herself into a state in which she might see any mortal thing and tell anybody all about it: a result which any rational creature would be glad to pay for.

Even after that you may have the blessed privilege of paying another fee; but this is a higher one, because you have something on paper to keep. The fee is three guineas, and the article you get is a horoscope—surely cheap at such a price, even though it is not an optical instrument, as some might expect, but only a mysterious figure or diagram drawn on paper. It is an exact reduction, to scale, of the royal and ancient game of hopscotch, with notes of the score by a Chinese short-hand-writer who is not a teetotaler. It is based on the obvious fact that the planets must have been somewhere when you were born, and consequently were in a great state of concern about your destiny; and that you also, being now somewhere and also in a state of concern about your destiny, have so many points in common with the planets that you will easily understand their game of hopscotch, so long as you have been clever enough to give their representative her fee. I am told, however, that the astrology of these ladies is all "put out" at sweating rates to astrological "ghosts," who design the actual hopscotcheries; and, as a conscientiously superstitious person, I believe in those ghosts.

Also, of course, I believe in all sorts of other ghosts, though I have found it impossible to make any ghost believe in me, even so far as to show itself to me. But I love to hear—and believe—of the sound old, long-established ghost of the haunted mansion,

"THE POLTERGEIST."

who begins by dragging a boot-jack across the floor and ends by driving head first through a brick-and-a-half wall with agonized wailings (and no wonder). I should also dearly love the acquaintance of the ghost that the Germans so disrespectfully call the "Poltergeist," which pulls away chairs from under dignified persons, picks up thirsty people's glasses and drinks the contents—into the surrounding air—sets heavy tables dancing round the room, smashes glass, and spills salt, like some ghostly member of the Thirteen Club. There are many tales of these practical jokers among ghosts in Mrs. Crowe's "Night Side of Nature," and I read their exploits again and again, with much enjoyment. But the ghosts do not reciprocate my friendly feelings. I am tired to death of trying to keep awake in haunted houses. Even at a spiritualistic *séance* where I went once (charge one guinea — there is something weird about that universal talismanic guinea) I saw nothing more ghostly than the hostess, who was certainly thin, but rather hard and bony than otherwise. The ghosts sent me messages, however, not in their own voices, but through the lady; though, as they were the ghosts of my uncle John and my deceased sister, I didn't see why they should be either bashful or distant. But the messages interested me deeply, and certainly surprised me, chiefly because I had never heard of an uncle John before and my only sister was still alive and quite well when I returned home. But, as the lady explained, there's no accounting for the cheap adulterations introduced into guinea *séances* by irresponsible wicked spirits—an assurance which consoled me almost as much as the return of the guinea might have done. I think there was some sort of hint that a strictly high-class *séance*, warranted free from adulteration, would cost more; but I have to be economical, even with my little superstitions.

I am all the more regretful of never having met a real visible ghost because I am convinced that the ghost, as a—well, not as a body corporate, but, let us say, as a class—has been much maligned and misunderstood. There has never been a more harmless, well-intentioned sort of creature than a ghost, and I cannot remember even having heard of one injuring any living creature. That people are frightened is surely no fault of the ghost's, but of their own. An affable, well-meaning ghost tries to make friends with somebody and amuse him, and the favoured person won't have it, but goes rushing off and screaming to such an extent as to terrify the poor ghost out of sight. In just such a way you may see a nervous old lady in such fits of terror at the amiable approaches of a big dog that the affectionate quadruped presently sneaks away, scared and abashed. Nothing could be kinder or more considerate than the behaviour of the ordinary ghost. Even those who come back to the world to make complaint of murder are much too kind to go and tell the police or a magistrate, like an ordinary vindictive human being. I never heard of any ghost complaining of murder to a policeman, or even applying to a magistrate for a summons. Instead, the ghost goes to some purely neutral person who never heard of the matter in his life, but who happens to sleep in some particular room, and gives a striking little performance which leaves the human being something to tell his friends about all the rest of his life. Sometimes it even reveals the existence of buried treasure. Nothing could be more amiable. A ghost doesn't even resent actual assault, although

"THE FAVOURED PERSON GOES RUSHING OFF AND SCREAMING."

it cannot be comfortable to have an unjustly enraged human being absolutely fall through one, which is what usually happens on these occasions. But the ghost never hits back—it usually vanishes inoffensively, with a sigh of regret at the misunderstanding. It has come with the most benevolent intentions, probably to offer a little exhibition, perfectly free, of wall-penetrating and personal transparency, and although received with ungrateful assault, and perhaps a laceration of its inmost fogginess with a flying chair, it goes off exhaling meekness and forgiveness, to write humbly on a slate under a table, so as to enable some more appreciative human being to pocket the guinea the writing earns. No, a ghost is the kindliest and friendliest thing that floats. Think of the countless occasions on which ghosts have risen from — wherever they are — and come all along to this uncomfortable world to shove up a table, just because it seemed the sort of thing that would amuse the company, or, perhaps, to bang a gentleman on the head with a tambourine, at a spiritualistic *séance*. I am afraid that their experiences among human beings give the ghosts a low opinion of our intelligence, to judge by the things they think likely to amuse us. But I should like an opportunity of clearing up all these misunderstandings, and of reciprocating the friendly advances of a ghost in the proper way, and I shall be glad to meet any respectable ghost with those views. I think I should prefer the sort that comes and beckons solemnly and leads the way to a spade and a pick, and then to a place where a chest of sovereigns is buried —a large one, but not buried too deep—in the garden. It would amuse me more than seeing a table heaved up; and I should consider it far more friendly than a bang on the head with a tambourine or a fire-shovel.

The vampire superstition I am not so much attracted by. I don't like it. It is rather too horrible—and I never heard even of a member of the Thirteen Club who went about to invite a vampire to suck his blood as he slept, even from the big toe, where the vampire bat operates. And I am firmly convinced that there is nothing but the vampire superstition to account for the habits of some gentlemen — not members of the Thirteen Club—who go to bed with their boots on.

Still, I like to be catholic in my superstitions—I like to give them each their little corner. I never pass a piece of iron lying in the road without picking it up; gold I am not quite so certain about, but I should avoid neglecting it—I like being on the safe side. I hope it will never be discovered—at any rate by the butchers—how much beef I have stolen to cure warts. It must be *stolen* beef, you see, and you must keep on till the warts go; so I am still persevering. And I always touch wood to avert danger of accident. Indeed, if the danger werethedanger of drowning I think I should grab the wood with both hands — the largest piece in reach; such is the strange influence of superstition on a yielding mind.

"GHOSTS COME ALONG TO BANG A GENTLEMAN ON THE HEAD WITH A TAMBOURINE."

COCKSPUR THORN.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

THE almanac is arbitrary and precise; on a certain day autumn will begin. Nature blends and mingles it so completely with the later summer that no one can separate them.

The fields and woods and the atmosphere give subtle indications of the coming change long before the sun has reached the point where the astronomical autumn commences. The month of July has hardly past before we hear the chirping of the tree crickets, faintly and only occasionally it is true, but no sound is more suggestive of the decline of the summer. The piping of the early frogs in spring is not more characteristic of the vernal season than these insects and their voices are of autumn; as the first cry from the marshes gives notice that spring flowers and foliage are near, so the first hesitating chirp of the cricket brings before us the warm smoky evenings when the fallen leaves rustle under foot and the air is steeped in their fragrance. The bobolink doffs his gay dress of black and white and forgets his song, undistinguishable now from the females and the young of the year; he collects his scattered broods into flocks which flit restlessly about for a few days, then they disappear entirely. There is an indefinable something in the air and spread along the far horizon which hints the departure of the summer. The grass becomes old and worn, the sunshine resting upon it seems worn also. As the crickets' chorus increases in strength and volume they find the nights too brief to fully express themselves in, so they commence long before sunset and in shady nooks or in warm cloudy days they chirp more or less at all hours. They have a great liking for orchards and hedgerows; if you go into wide open fields away from copses and fruit trees you hear their voices die away in the distance, just as the clamor of the frogs in

spring diminishes as you leave the marsh behind.

The true cricket (*Æcanthus niveus*) is a long slender insect almost as white as though carved from ivory, with large transparent wings which he sets at right angles with his body when about to sing, the sound being produced by spreading them apart, thus rubbing their flat surfaces against each other. These sounds, persistent and multitudinous in warm still evenings, are much more gentle and melodious than the frogs' music, the pitch being varied by different performers (possibly by the same one at pleasure) to the extent of a third or fifth; and the effect of a large number singing in concert with widening and narrowing intervals and fresh voices joining in, and an indefinable ring from out of the distance, is a sort of harmony most soothing and agreeable to the ear. It is the fashion to call this music mournful, but as the crickets are evidently not at all unhappy the sadness if anywhere must be in the audience. Thus:

"Cricket, why wilt thou crush me with thy cry?
How can such light sound weigh so heavily?
Behold the grass is sere, the chill dews fall,
The world grows empty—yes. I know it all.
The winter's woe is near."*

But we who have seen so many summers ought to witness the revolution of the seasons with equanimity; the winter is not altogether dreary and if it were it is not yet upon us. There still intervenes a long golden period, a season abounding in fruits and not altogether devoid of flowers, in some respects the most enjoyable of the whole year. The paths are dry and smooth, the fields begin to grow green again, the temperature is mild and uniform night and day; and everything in nature speaks of rest and peace and measureless content. We might easily forecast the coming doom from the fading of the crocus's flowers in April—the "winter's woe" is not infinitely distant even then—but no one seems to think such sentiments called for, at that time, and all the season through we see numberless species of flowers bloom and die without such feelings as we experience in autumn.

*Celia Thaxter.

I suspect the pensiveness and gentle melancholy born of the autumn are only remotely connected with the failure of flowers and the flight of birds to the South; they have a deeper origin, occult influences shed upon us from the sky or rising up from the earth, which an astrological age might consider due to the ascendance of some particular star. It may be adduced in proof that the actual reproduction of the sights and sounds of spring or summer have lost their power to move us; we are like adults who remembering perfectly the games of their childhood have lost all desire to engage in them. What a lively sensation of pleasure is waked by the song of the first phœbe bird in spring, heard some bright morning when the sun gives notice that he is really going to do something to forward the season! In the early autumn the same bird singing the same song with the same action, identical in every respect, is either not noticed at all or is heard with perfect indifference. The swallow often spends the last few days of his stay with us in carrying feathers and straws, replastering and repairing his nest, perhaps occasionally building or partly building a new one. It is the same bird engaged in precisely the same way as when freshly arrived in spring; but the feelings with which we regard the two performances are as wide apart as the poles. In the one case the delight of the bird is communicated to us; we share his exultation at the discovery of a particularly fine feather, we are in full sympathy with his labors and the object of them, we look forward to the completion of his nest and the birth of his young with a pleasure similar to his own in kind if not in degree. In the other we doubt whether he really has sufficient foresight to build against the need of another summer, or whether he has merely become idiotic. I thought at one time that their mating instincts had become active again, and that they would hasten to "build and brood" as soon as they reached their southern home, but if true, as Mr. Burroughs states, that they never breed in the South, this theory falls to the ground. At all events we feel that they would do well to defer their nest building until spring;

their labors in the fall seem needless and unaccountable. Then too after a dry summer the autumn rains often bring forth some of the spring flowers, the *Violas canadensis pubescens* and *cucullata*, strawberry flowers, dandelions, daisies, buttercups and so forth. They are the same flowers as fresh and bright as in May, but the great current which bears us has set in a different direction,—they are nothing to us now. And yet the flowers proper to the season, the asters (often called "frost flowers") gentians and golden rods who, commencing early in spring, have patiently grown and waited the whole season through until the autumn at last brings them their bloom, are highly appreciated and fill a large space in poetry and general literature, which cannot be said of the October violets and dandelions.

We are in truth much better reconciled to the established order of the seasons, more willing that the summer should decline and the autumn give place to winter, than we give ourselves credit for. While the sun of June rules the sky we feel that it would be long before we should weary of summer, but in due season we too approach an autumnal equinox; the chords wont to respond to vernal bird songs and summer flowers have ceased to vibrate. We certainly cannot go back if we would; it is probably true that we would not if we could. The notion that we regret the spring or summer is a hasty conclusion derived from outside appearances; a more intimate acquaintance with ourselves would dissipate it. We are ourselves a part of the great revolution; we must pass our winter solstice and wait for the vernal equinox to attune us into harmony with another spring.

One milestone is passed when the swallows go. Of course birds of various species are leaving daily the first week in September, but few are so nearly everywhere present and form so constant a feature in every landscape as the swallows. Though you may not have been conscious of paying them any particular attention, they are at once conspicuous by their absence. When all at once we discover that they have vanished we see or think we see as we look through the swallowless atmosphere, though the leaves may be still green, that the autumn has taken possession and is already weaving a veil of dimness between us and the distant hills.

The very first examples of autumnal foliage are apt to be connected with a failure of vitality; if the squirrels in midsummer strip a young maple of its bark for the sake of the rich juice soon to harden into the new layer of wood, the dying tree will assume orange or crimson tints many days in advance of its comrades. But such foliage is only deceptive from a distance; the first general symptom of the coming change is a lightening of the deep green of the leaves which become almost yellowish in some places. When the change has advanced somewhat the different species acquire an individuality unknown to their summer guise. The white ash proclaims its identity by its slate-colored purple or violet tints; you can count all the ash trees in a broad expanse of forest, and trees standing singly in the distant landscape where you have never been are seen to belong to that species.

The sugar maple and "soft" maple are conspicuous by their crimson, scarlet and yellow tints; the poplars, oaks and basswoods retain their original green for a time. The beech varies from a dull yellow to a rich warm brown, the hickory takes on a bright clear yellow. The elms along the brookside are seen to have their trunks and the course of their main branches outlined by a broad band of red, revealing the presence of the Virginia creeper (*Ampelopsis*). No autumnal foliage is more beautiful than that of this climber. It is a relative of the grape vine; if you do not believe it taste of its berries. You will be ready to admit its relation to the grape vine or to any other family rather than essay the experiment a second time. It is at this season that one longs most earnestly for the skill of the landscape painter; one's fingers itch for the palette and brush. There is a feeling of repose in the landscape that seems most favorable for artistic purposes, and nothing but a prevision of the dismal failure certain to follow keeps one from attempting to transfer some choice bits to canvas. As you look upon

some great forest-covered hill, or over a wide landscape filled with groves, it seems at first sight that Nature is most prodigal in the use of her tints; but the color is only applied to the surface; if you enter the thick woods you lose sight of autumnal foliage, the eye loses itself amid a maze of branches whose leaves are green as they ever were, and though painted leaves may strew the ground you can hardly tell where they have come from.

A salient characteristic of autumn is the silence and quiet which, commencing with the decline of the summer, increases as the season advances, until there are days when it is most impressive. It might be thought that a calm period in mid-winter, when animal activity is subdued by a low temperature and everything is muffled by a deep snow, would obtrude far less on the ear than the most silent autumn day. But it does not seem so, either because we expect silence in the winter or the autumn's calm is more directly contrasted with the life and movement of summer. A wide field of uncut grass in summer,—what a scene of exuberant life and activity! fluttered over by bobolinks and skimmed by swallows; the breeze can hardly be so light as to leave its surface unrippled. Then the mower goes its rounds in a short time; multitudes of hay-cocks dot it over; soon it is enlivened by the presence of the teams and men who haul it away. Then immobility settles upon it, the wind goes invisibly across, the bobolink soon departs, after a while the swallows go; one by one the voices of summer have become silent, the grass and grain all over the landscape are gathered in; and after the harvest is over there come cloudy afternoons when we seem to be living in a vacuum, so intense is the stillness. Not a leaf stirs, the clouds seem stationary, you hold your breath to listen. There are none at work in the fields; the coolness of the weather has closed the doors and windows of the farm-houses, giving them a deserted look. It gives one a curious feeling at such times to see the little oven bird (*Sciurus aurocapillus*), who has been out of sight and out of mind for months, still busily working amongst the dead leaves, and to realize that it was merely the cessation of his song which made us forget that such a bird existed. If you sit down in the midst of thick brushwood you may be interviewed by a party of cat-birds, who take turns in peering at you from the nearest twig they dare approach, making no sound, coming and going as silently as shadows. The hermit thrush too, who in summer chirped and squealed when not singing in such fashion that a novice would have supposed the existence of two or three species, now flits before you in perfect silence.

What is the spell cast by the autumn which thus causes these birds to lose their voices? No one expects their love-songs at this season, but there is no apparent reason why they should be absolutely dumb. You may notice that the more unmusical birds, chickadees, phœbe birds or blue-birds, sing the same song at all seasons; the more accomplished minstrels become entirely silent or only chirp in autumn. The robin belongs to this latter class, and though under bonds not to sing until he has returned from the South his spirits are as high and his action very like what it is in spring. Here are a half-dozen, disporting themselves in the branches of a maple whose upper limbs are already bare, the lower ones being still covered with painted leaves. The sun just shows the upper edge of his disk above the horizon, shining clear and red through the thin red foliage of the grove; a warm southwest wind through the night has prevented the deposition of dew and the dry earth seems warmed and ripened to the core; the bright leaves are drifting rapidly earthward; the temperature is delightful. One of the robins mounts to the topmost twig, he looks up to the sky and inflates his throat; but instead of the song you might have expected a "pip, pip," is the only sound he utters. Now one of his comrades dashes at him and away they go through the tree-tops, the one in flight, the other in close pursuit. The others jump about from one branch to another, shaking their wings and flirting their tails as though the season of courtship had just commenced.

On some of these clear mornings when a southwest wind prevails, the distant hills become so veiled and softened with haze that they are hardly to be separated from the

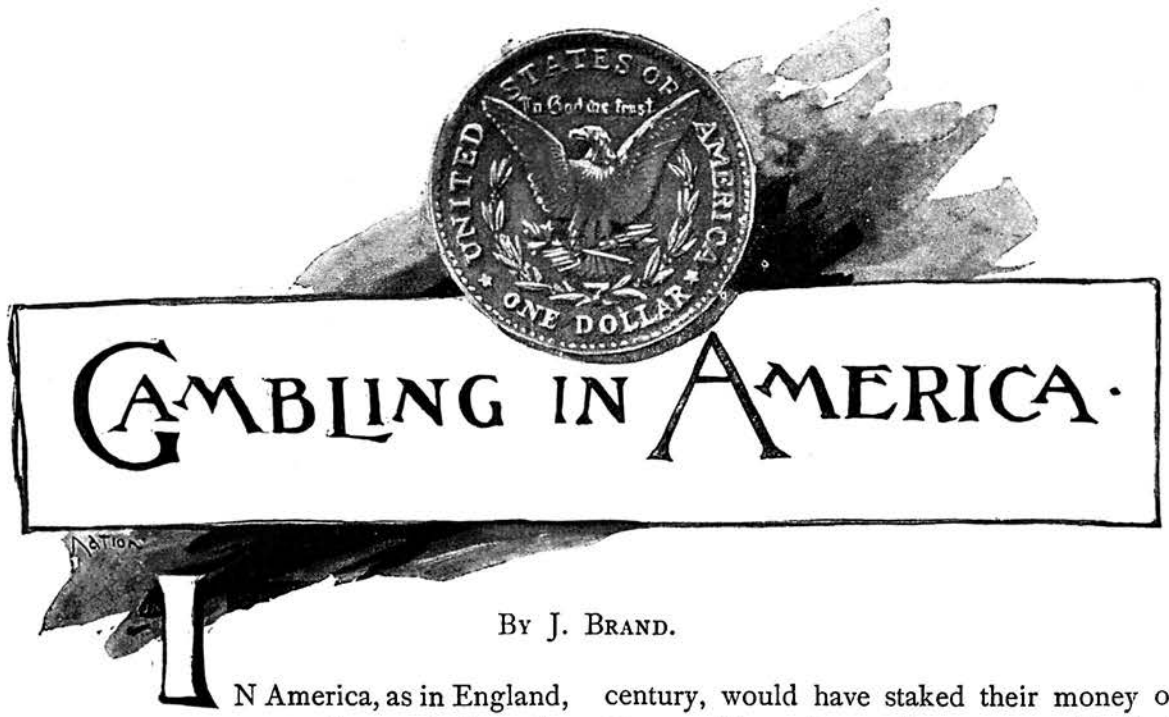
purple clouds which lie along the horizon; at another time the farthest ranges framed between the nearer hills, except for the undulations of the horizon line, might be mistaken for a glimpse of a distant sea. Such atmospheric effects however are not at all peculiar to autumn; they are characteristic of every season except the summer. The January sun often shines as redly and the hills clothe themselves with as purple a bloom as in October. In spring also when the seed is being sown and the early flowers are blooming in the woods, a persistent southwest wind will so thicken the atmosphere that the crimson sun is shorn of his radiance and often disappears entirely long before sunset. The idea seems to prevail that it is actual smoke which thus veils the landscape and dims the sun, but if this were so the shifting of the wind to the northward would not work so sudden and magical a change; the first breath clears away the mists and everything within the horizon is defined with the greatest sharpness to become again indistinct and dreamy as soon as the southwest wind resumes its sway.

A dry spell in autumn if not too severe is rather desirable; the warm bright weather is thus prolonged to a later period. If sweeping gales from the south bring long and heavy rains the succeeding northwester is apt to be correspondingly energetic, and the sodden, snow-covered earth warms up so slowly that another storm is due before the effects of the first are over. In a dry fall the ground absorbs the light rains, there are only gentle breezes from the northwest, and tranquil skies and sunshine are soon rëestablished. Thus the season declines and by gentle advances winter approaches. The lines of the wild geese stream across the sky, flocks of purple finches faring southward fill the groves with their querulous voices. The oaks and poplars now that most other trees are bare assume their autumnal tints; the rich browns and crimsons of the oaks, relieved by the bright yellow of the poplar and mingled with evergreens, make pictures along the hillsides. Even when these tints have faded there is still a quiet charm in the somber landscape perhaps as potent as any woven by the summer, difficult as its analysis may be.

The feeling of repose which pervades everything has no doubt much to do with it; for beneath all the bravery of the foliage and flowers of June we have the feeling as of a rapid tide bearing us onward, our progress being perceptible from day to day in the flushing and fading of wide fields of bloom.

As the summer wanes the current slackens, till in mid-autumn it seems to cease to flow entirely. The ceaseless striving and endeavor of summer is over. A new layer of wood has been added to all the trees, and buds and seeds have been provided for another year. It is rest and sleep, not death; life still asserts itself in a thousand ways. The smooth stems and bright shoots of the young trees seem so full of vitality beneath the November sun that we might imagine them to grow without leaves, like huge cacti. The thronging multitudes of the spring flowers are safe in their shelters. Nature has accepted the result of the season's growth, and enters her long rest as one secure in eternal duration who has no need to be careful of the sands of Time.

E. S. Gilbert.



GAMBLING IN AMERICA.

By J. Brand.

IN America, as in England, crusades against gambling are periodically started by moralists, and with very similar results; the community is for a moment shocked at the extent of the evil, and then the subject is forgotten. And the evil grows apace, running a close race with intemperance for the dishonour of being man's greatest curse.

Charles Kingsley defined gambling as "The desire to get something for nothing," and for ninety-nine men out of every hundred the definition will serve. But avarice is not always the controlling motive. There are some who gamble for mere love of excitement, while others gamble as they take up any other form of dissipation—to drown care and sorrow.

I shall not be far wrong if I say that there never was a time in the world's history when gambling was so prevalent among all classes as it is in America to-day. I do not mean to suggest that our cousins are more wicked than we are. There are gamblers who cheat, just as there are grocers who load their sugar. They should be dubbed robbers; and when I use the term gambler, I mean a person who risks his money on a fair hazard, but does not cheat or steal.

In America the very tone of business is speculative, and in some branches it is difficult to say where business ends and gambling begins. Men who, in the last century, would have staked their money on games with cards or dice, now gratify their speculative tendencies by dabbling in mining shares, cotton, wheat, or other so-called business enterprises.

Nine-tenths of Stock Exchange business is gambling pure and simple. "Puts," "calls," "options," "privileges," and purchasing and selling on margin, are what keep Wall-street alive. The legitimate business of Wall-street, *i.e.*, the actual purchase of stocks and bonds for the purpose of investment, could be transacted in a few minutes every day, and if that were the sole concern we should see the grass growing in Wall-street within a month.

On the Produce Exchanges we find the same thing. There have been weeks when the sales of certain kinds of grain and provisions on the exchanges of Chicago and New York exceeded the total amount of the commodities existing in the world.

On one day, not long ago, the sales of wheat on the New York Produce Exchange exceeded 21,000,000 bushels, while the total supply of wheat in the United States on the same day was officially reported as 19,556,682 bushels. This dealing in property, which not only is not owned by the seller, but which in fact does not exist, is simple gambling.

When dulness prevails in Wall-street, or on the produce, cotton, and other exchanges, the gamblers turn in greater numbers to the turf,

and although individuals do not lay such heavy wagers as were sometimes made by the "plungers" of a bygone day in this country, much more money is wagered in the States now than was risked fifty years ago.

Betting clubs as we know them throughout England scarcely exist in America, but their place is more than filled by the pool-rooms, which provide the same facilities for betting. The amount risked every year on American horse racing is almost incredible. New York City alone has fifty or sixty pool-rooms, in which the betting reaches a total of about £30,000 a day.

During the winter more than double that sum is wagered every day at what are known as the "winter tracks." At the great race meetings — Brooklyn, Morris Park, Coney Island, and Monmouth Park—about £50,000 is wagered daily, and on an important race the betting reaches double, and even treble that sum.

At one racecourse in one afternoon, ninety bookmakers had bets to the extent of £288,000, and if we add to this the amounts risked on the same races in the "pool-rooms," it is probable that at least £500,000 changed hands over that afternoon's racing on a single course.

These figures refer to the City of New York and its vicinity. To them must be added the "pool-rooms" in the other great cities, the important race meetings on the three courses at Chicago, those at Saratoga, Louisville, Latonia, New Orleans, Memphis, Kansas City, and elsewhere. Competent statisticians tell us that the betting in the United States on horse racing alone, reaches the astounding total of £40,000,000 a year.

A hundred thousand men are employed in this betting business, one way and another. For the privilege of having betting stalls on the thousand racecourses and trotting parks, bookmakers and "pool-sellers" pay over £500,000 a year. If we add to this, wages of clerks, with telegraph service and so on at the course, and the rent, wages, and other expenses paid by the keepers of betting rooms, we shall find that the annual expenses of betting in the United States, are over a million sterling.

It is impossible to get accurate statistics of the betting at trotting meetings; but the nimble-minded reader will be able to make a fairly accurate estimate of the figures, if he remembers that there are over a thousand such meetings every season, that their average duration is four days, with three races each day, and that it is not uncommon to hear of there being £10,000 in the pool-box on one race.

One would think that with stocks and shares, pork, cotton, corn, and other produce, with horse racing and trotting, the gambling energy of the nation would be fully occupied. Not at all. In New York City alone you will find a hundred offices for the sale of lottery tickets; faro and roulette have their votaries; many thousands of pounds change hands every week over pigeon shooting, base-ball, yacht races, bicycle races, rowing, and other athletic sports. Americans bet freely on everything that admits of a wager, and, in spite of legislation and moral lectures, the habit is growing.

POETRY AND PROSE.

POET.—

The vernal breezes gently blow,
The leaves are all uncurling,
The singing brooklets gaily flow,
'Midst banklets softly purling.

HOUSEMAID.—

Now, where's he been I'd like to know
He's always in a muddle.
Just see his boots, 'tis ever so,
He's dove right through a puddle!

POET.—

Close by to nature's heart I'd keep;
The summer rain is falling;
It makes the pulses bound and leap
To hear the song-birds calling.

HOUSEMAID.—

He's off again to find some nook,
To pore o'er Keats and Shelley;
And, sakes alive, he's gone and took
My best green umberelly!

—Mrs. J. T. Greenleaf.

"O-U-G-H"; OR, THE CROSS FARMER.

A FARMER'S boy, starting to plough,
Once harnessed an ox with a cough;
But the farmer came out,
With a furious shout,
And told him he did n't know hough.

In a manner exceedingly rough,
He proceeded to bluster and blough;
He scolded and scowled,
He raved and he howled,
And declared he 'd have none of such stough.

At length, with a growl and a cough,
He dragged the poor boy to the trough,
And ducking him in
Till wet to his chin,
Discharged him and ordered him ough.

And now my short story is through —
And I will not assert that it 's trough,
But it 's chiefly designed
To impress on your mind
What wonders our spelling can dough.

And I hope you will grant that although
It may not be the smoothest in flough,
It has answered its end
If it only shall tend
To prove what I meant it to shough.

Prof. D. S. Martin.

A SIBERIAN SCARE.

By George Kennan.

I WONDER if any one has ever heard of an arctic ghost. Is there on record any well authenticated case of supernatural apparition in Spitzbergen, for example, or Greenland, or Novaya Zemlya, or in the midst of the great polar ice-pack? Has any arctic explorer ever seen a ghost or heard of one, north of latitude 65°? Ghosts seem to be plentiful enough in the north temperate zone and in the tropics, but, so far as I know, I am the only person who has ever encountered one in the far North.

I first heard of my ghost in the winter of 1865–66, when I was exploring a route for a telegraph line through northeastern Siberia, and was living temporarily in a small Russian village called Anadyrsk (An-ad′-eersk), about four hundred miles west of Bering Strait. I had rented from one of the natives in this village a one-story log house of the usual Siberian type, with a living-room and a small bedroom in one end, a kitchen in the other, and an outside door opening into a square entry between them. Over the living-room there was a rough, unfurnished garret or attic, which could be reached by climbing a notched log set up ladder-wise in the entry, but which during my occupancy of the house was never used, and was empty. It had a floor of rough spruce boards laid loosely across the joists, and it received a little light from the door in the entry below; but it was never warmed, and in winter its floor was generally covered with snow which sifted in through chinks and cracks in the neglected roof. I was alone in this house, with the exception of a native boy sixteen or seventeen years of age, named Yegor (Yeh-gor′), who cooked and kept house for me, and who slept on the floor in the kitchen. Our outside door was never locked at night, and indeed I don't think there was such a thing as a lock in the whole settlement. Theft, burglary, and assault were crimes almost unknown to the quiet, upright people of Anadyrsk; and as they left their doors unlocked and unbolted from one year's end to another, I naturally followed their example.

One dark still night in February, between ten and eleven o'clock, as I lay in bed reading, I was startled by the quick and violent throw-

ing open of the entry door, and a swift rush of somebody into the adjacent sitting-room.

"Who 's that?" I demanded. There was no reply, but as I sprang out of bed to investigate, I was met at the sitting-room door by what looked like the wraith of Yegor. His long, dark hair was disheveled, his eyes were dilated, his face was as pale as ashes, and as he stood there, trembling violently and looking apprehensively toward the door through which he had just come, he seemed the very embodiment of horror and fear.

"Why, Yegor!" I exclaimed, "what 's the matter?"

For a moment he seemed unable to speak, but with an effort he controlled himself, and said in a low, excited tone, "There 's something walking in the kitchen."

"Nonsense!" I replied. "You 've had the nightmare, and you 're not more than half awake yet. Nobody would come into the kitchen at this time of night. What did you think you heard?"

"It was n't a nightmare, Barin,*" he protested. "I had n't been asleep at all. There was nobody in the room; but the minute I blew out the candle something walked across the floor in heavy boots.†"

The idea of a Siberian ghost pacing the floor of Yegor's kitchen at night in American boots was so ludicrous and incongruous that I burst into a fit of laughter.

"Where did the 'something' get its boots, Yegor?" I said jeeringly. "Mine are there in the bedroom, and there is n't another pair in the settlement."

But Yegor evidently thought the matter too serious for joking, and merely replied that he was "unable to know."

"Well, come along," I said finally. "Let 's go to the kitchen and take a look."

Putting on a fur "kukhlanka,‡" for the night was cold, I stepped out into the entry, threw open the kitchen door, held out a light, and listened. The only "things" that seemed to be "walking" in Yegor's department were the cockroaches, some of which were quite big enough to wear the boots of Lilliput, if not the boots of America.

"You see, Yegor," I said, "there 's nothing and nobody there. After you blew out your candle you probably dropped asleep without knowing it, and had a bad dream."

But Yegor was not to be thus reassured; and when we went back he begged so hard to be allowed to stay in my end of the house that I told him he might sleep on the floor beside the oven. After I had blown out my light he stole noiselessly into my room, and crawled under my bed, where, soon afterward, I heard him draw a long, deep breath of relief, as if for the first time he felt himself safe.

Several days passed without any further alarm. Yegor went back to the kitchen to sleep, and I had forgotten all about the ghost in boots, when, between eleven and twelve o'clock one night, after I had gone to bed, my attention was attracted by the sound of light, stealthy footsteps crossing the floor of the garret over my head in the direction of the sitting-room. My first thought was that Yegor had gone up there to get something; but when I remembered his fear of ghosts and recalled the fact that the garret was absolutely empty, I dismissed this explanation as altogether improbable, and decided that the footsteps were those of some poor wandering Korak§ from a neighboring encampment, who had been detained in the village overnight, and who had stolen up into our garret to sleep because it was a little warmer there than out of doors. I once thought of shouting to him that he might come down and sleep in the kitchen; but I was not sure that he would understand Russian. I knew that the Koraks were accustomed to sleep out on the snow in all kinds of weather, and I said to myself, "What 's the use of worrying about him? He 'll be comfortable enough up there; and if he is n't, he can knock at the kitchen door and wake Yegor." I heard

* "Master" or "Seigneur"— a title given by a Russian peasant to his superior in rank or position.

† The Russian word is "sapaghee'"— that is, boots with hard soles and heels, which are known to the Siberian natives as "American boots." Their own footgear is made of soft skins, and their footsteps are almost noiseless.

‡ A garment like a blouse or sweater, made of reindeer skin.

§ A nomadic tribe of Siberian natives.

him lie down in one corner of the garret, over the sitting-room ikon*, and then, several times afterward, I heard him turn over or move uneasily, as if he found the floor of the garret a hard bed.

When Yegor brought me my coffee on the following morning, I said to him, "Who slept up in the garret last night?"

The ghost-startled expression instantly returned to his face as he replied, "Nobody."

"But somebody certainly did," I insisted; "I heard a man walk softly on tiptoe across the garret floor about eleven o'clock, and lie down in the corner over the ikon. I thought at first it was you, but I suppose it must have been some Korak. Were any of them in the village yesterday?"

Yegor declared that there had not been a Korak in the village for a week, and that the sounds in the garret were undoubtedly made by the same evil spirit that had frightened him. "The house is haunted, Barin," he said, "and we ought to have the priest come here and drive away the spirits."

"What stuff!" I exclaimed. "There 's no such thing as an evil spirit, and you ought to be ashamed, at your age, to believe old gossips' stories about haunted houses and ghosts. The footsteps in the garret were the footsteps of a man; and if you 'll make inquiries in the village, you 'll probably find out that it was some Korak who did n't want to go back to his encampment, and had no other place in which to sleep."

"If there was a man there," said Yegor, "he must have left tracks in the snow on the floor. Shall I go and look?"

"Of course he left tracks," I assented. "Go and look, if you want to. You 'll find that the footprints are those of a Korak's tor'basses.†"

The boy went out, but before he had had time, it seemed to me, to climb the notched log to the garret, he came rushing back and declared breathlessly, "There are no tracks at all!" Inasmuch as I felt absolutely certain that some human being had slept in that garret and had walked across that garret floor, this unexpected announcement was something of a "facer"; and, not knowing exactly what to say, I went out myself, climbed the log ladder in the entry, and from the top of it peered into the recesses of the dimly lighted garret. Yegor's statement was true. The floor was covered with half an inch or more of light snow, which had evidently lain there for weeks; but as for tracks, there were none. Not even a mouse had crossed that floor since the last snow-storm. Surprised and perplexed, I returned to the sitting-room and tried to think out the puzzle. That there had been somebody or something in that garret the night before, I felt positively certain; but where were the tracks? How could footsteps that made a distinct sound fail to leave an impression on light, feathery snow?

Yegor lingered about the door to see what I would say, but as I said nothing he finally inquired timidly what I thought.

"I don't know what to think, Yegor," I replied; "but if that ghost of yours in boots walks across the garret floor again, I shall try to get a sight at him, even if I can't see his tracks."

For two or three days after this Yegor took refuge at night in the house of a neighboring friend, and left me to tackle the ghost alone; but neither in the garret nor in the kitchen did I hear the faintest sound to indicate that the mysterious somebody who walked in darkness and left no tracks was abroad. Meantime, however, the news that a ghost had appeared to Yegor in the Barin's kitchen, and that even the skeptical Barin himself had heard the "unclean spirit" pacing the floor of the garret at midnight, spread to every house in the village; and the next Sunday afternoon who should appear at my door but a Russian priest, dressed in all his robes and followed by one of the church choir-boys with a basin of water and a small bundle of long, flexible twigs. The reverend father came in swinging a smoking

* In one corner of every Siberian house there is a smoky, gilt-incrusted portrait of some old Russian saint, called an ikon (ee-kon'), before which all members of the Orthodox Greek Church are accustomed to cross themselves upon entering the room, and to say their prayers at night and in the morning.

† The wandering natives of Siberia wear boots called "tor'basses" or "torbassa'," made, somewhat after the fashion of moccasins, out of soft reindeer skin sewed with thread of dried sinews.

censer and reciting sonorously a selection from the old Slavonic psalter. He marched solemnly around the entry, the kitchen, and the sitting-room, fumigating every nook and corner where a ghost might lurk, and then took the basin and the brush of twigs and sprinkled the whole house with water after the manner of the Greek Church. Having thus performed his official duty, he greeted me courteously, apologized for the intrusion, and said that it was his custom to conduct a ceremony of that kind once a year in every house in the village. I was not, of course, a member of his church; but he had taken the liberty, he said, of coming to my house, because there were reports in circulation that mysterious noises had been heard in it, and the minds of his parishioners were disturbed.

After this visit of the Russian priest Yegor recovered his courage, and began again to sleep in the kitchen. He evidently thought that no "unclean spirit" would dare to reënter a house whose floor had just been sprinkled, and whose atmosphere was still pervaded by the odor of incense. But he underestimated the audacity of ghosts in American boots. At about eleven o'clock upon the very next night I distinctly heard again those soft, stealthy footsteps in the garret. They seemed to proceed diagonally from the top of the log ladder to the corner over the ikon, and as the night was intensely cold and very still, I could distinctly hear the faint squeaking of the frosty snow on the garret floor under the pressure of the mysterious intruder's feet.

I sprang out of bed in my night-shirt, rushed to the entry, climbed the notched log, and with the words, "What are you doing here?" on my lips, held the candle over my head and looked into the garret, expecting to see a man. But there was not a living thing there! I was so astonished and dumfounded that I could only stare into the empty room, while a chill, due partly to cold and partly to a sense of mystery, crinkled down my back. Less than thirty seconds before, somebody had certainly walked on tiptoe across that garret floor; and yet not only was the garret untenanted, but the snow on the floor was as smooth and undisturbed as it had been when Yegor and I looked at it the week before. After listening intently for two or three minutes without hearing the faintest sound, I returned to my room, dressed myself, and sat down to await further developments. I was determined to solve the mystery of those ghostly footsteps, even if I had to go up into the garret to sleep. In the course of twenty minutes I heard distinctly a noise as if some person were turning over or moving about on the floor of the garret just above the ikon. I crept to the door between the sitting-room and the entry, opened it softly, and listened. The noise had ceased. Apparently the person who made it had heard me open the door and had also stopped to listen. I climbed up into the garret, and found it dark, still, and empty as it had been before.

By this time I had begun to feel very uncomfortable and very much exasperated. That something walked and moved about in that garret was absolutely certain; but how it crossed the floor without disturbing the snow, and how it noiselessly and mysteriously escaped every time I went to look for it, were questions that baffled me. The next time I heard the stealthy, creaking footsteps overhead I put on a fur hood and a kukhlanka, and climbed up into the garret, prepared to stay there, if necessary, until morning. The place was empty and still, of course, as before; but I took my stand near the chimney, with a candle in my hand, and waited patiently to see whether the noises would begin again in my presence. For twenty minutes or more there was not a sound. Then, suddenly, I heard the footsteps again, louder than ever, but instead of being on the floor of the garret they were directly over my head. I climbed hastily down the notched log, rushed out of doors, and looked up on the roof. The night was moonless, but the stars furnished light enough to enable one to see the outline of any dark object against the white background of snow; and, so far as I could discover, there was nothing on the house or near it. I then went into the kitchen and, with some trouble, waked the boy.

"Yegor," I said, "I have just chased your ghost out of the garret, and he has gone up on the roof. I want you to come outdoors and stay on one side of the house, while I go around

the other, and perhaps we 'll be able to get a sight of him."

As soon as Yegor waked up sufficiently to realize the nature of the service required of him, he was simply paralyzed with fear. He refused absolutely at first to go out of doors at all, even with me; but when I told him that the ghost had apparently left the garret through the roof, and so might possibly come down the chimney into the kitchen as soon as I should begin the attack outside, poor Yegor decided to take his chances in the open; but incessantly he muttered low prayers for protection from spirits, at short intervals, and trembled so with cold and terror that his teeth chattered. I walked around the front of the house, with Yegor at my elbow, and examined the roof carefully on both sides. It was covered with old, hardened snow, which in places was somewhat drifted; but there was not a sign on it of any living thing, and I did not see how anybody or anything could get access to it without a ladder.

I was just about to abandon the search outside and return to the garret, when it suddenly struck me that there was something peculiar in the dark outline of the western chimney. It looked lumpy on one side, as if a man's figure were crouching close against it in the black shadow. I changed my point of view a little, and became satisfied that the queer object was a man dressed in a dark fur kukhlanka.

"PICKING UP A STICK OF FIREWOOD, I HURLED IT WITH ALL MY STRENGTH AT THE CHIMNEY." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"Who 's that?" I shouted in Russian. "I see you there in the shadow of the chimney! Come down out of that!"

There was no reply, and the figure did not move. Picking up a stick of firewood from a little pile near the entry door, I hurled it with all my strength at the chimney. Just as it struck the bricks, out leaped the "ghost"—a huge, shaggy Siberian sledge-dog, who ran swiftly along the ridge-pole of the roof to the kitchen end of the house, sprang off into the darkness, and disappeared.

"Well, Yegor," I said, "there 's your ghost at last, and it 's nothing but a dog!"

Upon making an examination, I discovered that in the shelter of the eastern or kitchen end of the house the prevailing northwesterly gales had formed a huge snowdrift, which rose to within about a foot of the eaves. This sloping drift, under the influence of wind and frost, had slowly hardened until it would support the weight of a man; and one or more of the village dogs had formed the habit of climbing up it to the roof at night, walking about on the housetop, and perhaps lying down to sleep against the warm side of the chimney. In the dead stillness of an arctic winter night their footsteps on the roof sounded to a person in the house below exactly as if they were in the garret; and I found afterward, by experiment, that if a man walked across the roof at night on tiptoe, it was almost impossible for a listener in the sitting-room to decide whether he was in the garret or on the housetop.

It is hardly necessary to say that neither Yegor nor his superstitious village friends ever accepted my common-sense explanation of the mysterious footsteps. The story which was current the next winter was that after the priest drove the "unclean spirit" out of the house with incense and holy water, it took refuge on the roof; and that when the Barin found it there, and began to pelt it with chunks of wood, the spirit suddenly took the form of an immense dog, snarled fiercely, and immediately vanished in a thick cloud.

ENGLISH FORESTS UNDER THE SEA.

BY J. E. TAYLOR, F.L.S., F.G.S., ETC.

THE well-known couplet in Tennyson's "In Memoriam"—

> "Now rolls the deep where grew the tree!"

is nowhere better illustrated than along the English coasts. A fringe of submarine forests surrounds the dry land, over whose sites, at low water, especially where the sea-bed is shallowest, you may walk for miles. I have frequently heard wondering remarks from non-geological tourists who have seen these suggestive phenomena for the first time. There was the sea-bed, and here old peaty soils, full of recumbent trees forming its floor! What inference more natural than that sea and land had changed places? The experienced geologist is well aware that every square yard of dry land suggests to him similar alternations, but these things are known only to the wise and prudent. Even as regards the "forests" visible under water, he knows they are not all of the same date. The heavily mineralised wood seen lying in the London clay at low tide, in various places in the Isle of Wight, and elsewhere, must be left out of our present article.

The "forests under the sea," which we are about to discuss, remind us of nothing of this kind. A very slight examination of the trees and plants found in them assures us that these woods, ancient though they be, are not separated from our time by any of those enormous ages with which geological speculations are apt to harass us. They have all a homely and an English appearance. In them we find abundance of oak and elm, alder and willow, hazel and fern. The horny cases of the beetles frequent in them belong to the same species as those which still people our fresh-water streams. The shells are also of the same familiar kinds. The hazel-nuts so abundant, the catkins and beech-buds, the willow-leaves and marsh-plants, all assure us of the recent event which depressed the sites of these submarine forests to their present lower level.

In one instance, perhaps, the imbedded plants found in the submerged soils might lead a careless observer astray. At Cromer, on the Norfolk coast, is a submarine forest, plainly visible after a north-west gale has stripped off its superficial covering of sand and shingle. It runs out to sea for a considerable distance, paving the bottom of the German Ocean. Southward it extends in a broken and irregular manner for forty miles. In the black clay of this ancient forest you may see the trunks of trees standing, with their roots spreading through it as when they grew. You may pick out fir-cones by hundreds, and disinter seeds of water-lily and buck-bean, rhizomes of ferns, and a host of other plants. You would have no doubt whatever, at the first glance, that this is only one of the many fringing submarine forests to which I have referred, or that it was of the same age. When you examine the tall cliffs, however, which rise almost perpendicularly above you for 200 feet, you see that this "forest-bed" strikes underneath them, and is therefore older than they are. Every slice peeled off these wasting cliffs by the north-westerly gales exhibits a new section to view, with fresh stumps and wood. How far the forest stretches inland I cannot say, but it must be some distance, for the cliffs hereabouts waste at the rate of at least three feet a year.

Then, the animal remains of the Cromer forest-bed are all of a different character to the plants, and, so far, form a wide contrast. It is as if some huge travelling menagerie had allowed its wild creatures to escape into an English forest! We meet with three species of elephant, one of tiger, the bones and teeth of rhinoceros, those of a beaver, twice as big as any living species, six or seven different kinds of deer, and many other animals less striking. This forest-bed is much older than any of those "under the sea" I am about to describe. Geologists term it *pre-glacial*—that is to say, it grew before the strange physical change took place which wrapped Great Britain—and, indeed, the whole northern hemisphere—in a winding-sheet of ice and snow, similar to that which now invests Greenland. These Arctic conditions extended, maybe, over hundreds of thousands of years, if we are to judge by what took place in the interim. It was after this rigorous northern winter had passed away, that all the other forests grew which are to be seen under the sea. The latter are therefore called *post-glacial.* When they flourished, the great Germanic plain now occupied by the waters of the German Ocean was low-lying dry land, where herds of hairy elephants (Mammoths) wandered amid a continuous scrub-forest of dwarf oak, alder, and willow. Through this level plain the Thames poured its waters—along that continuous valley marked on the Admiralty charts as the "deep-water channel." Further to the north it was joined by the Rhine, forming a stately river, which debouched into the North Sea. The latter has been a sea for ages, as its depth of 600 fathoms plainly shows. Along its floor exist marine creatures which, before the days of deep-sea dredging, were supposed to be extinct, their remains having been found only among the numerous fossils of the "crag" strata, or even in the chalk. On the other hand, an elevation of only 120 feet, if it took place under the German Ocean, would once more convert the latter into dry land. But it is evident that this upheaval, great as would be its geographical influence over the area in

question, would not affect the physical conditions of the deep North Sea bed. Mollusca and sponges would continue to live there as before.

A line of soundings shows us that the floor of the German Ocean is comparatively shallow as far as the "Dogger Bank," off the Northumberland coasts. The old valley to which we have referred hugs the outline of the English shores all the way, and here and there we have deep holes that may have been lakes when this sea-bed was low-lying plain. Over an immense area the dredging-boats are constantly bringing up peaty soil, showing that the bottom was once dry land. The remains of post-glacial animals are also frequently brought up.

A collector at Yarmouth bought all the bones and teeth which the fishermen lately dredged up, till he was tired of purchasing; and his collection now shows tusks and teeth of the elephant, grinders of the hairy rhinoceros, antlers of deer, &c., in profuse abundance. These have all come from the adjacent shallow sea-bed.

It is difficult to reach the Hunstanton forest without the assistance of a boat, so far does it lie out to sea. About a couple of miles from high water mark you come upon the submerged forest, full of trees, trunks, and branches, all of them so soft that they yield to the pressure of the finger. In this respect the Cromer trees are much harder, and more full of iron sulphite. The black peat, in which the trees lie, is composed of matted leaves, twigs, bog-moss, &c. It was once inhabited by herds of deer and wild oxen, as is evident from the abundance of their remains. Nay, savage man seems to have also been a denizen of these "wild woods," for a flint celt, or stone axe, was found imbedded in one of the submerged trees.

Nearly all our estuaries appear to be underlain by these ancient forests. Mr. Lucy, F.G.S., has recently described one under the Severn, twenty or thirty feet beneath the present level. Within the last few weeks I have had occasion to draw public attention to one beneath the river Orwell, in Suffolk. The latter extends down the old valley from Ipswich, for a distance of six or seven miles. The river-channel, at low water, is partly excavated out of it. We dug through the compact bed of peat, which now represents it, for a depth of seven feet, until we came upon the ancient soil on which the forest formerly grew. The upper part of the forest-bed was crowded with trunks of beech, scrub-oak, and hazel, and was composed chiefly of matted leaves, so perfectly preserved that every vein could be seen, and all the leaves identified.

Coming further south, we find a submerged forest, evidently of the same age as the two last mentioned, underlying the Thames. At various places between Woolwich and Erith the remains of this interesting deposit may be seen at low water. It is overlain, in the marshes, by six or eight feet of alluvium. When dug into it yields abundance of stools and trunks of trees, leaves, &c, as well as remains of the red deer, and long-fronted or native ox. At St. Leonard's, near Hastings, the remains of another submarine bed are to be seen at low tide. Further to the south at Brackles-ham, and to the south-west in Torbay, we come upon others, which seem to lie in deeper water than usual. At Lyme Regis, Porlock, Minehead, Weston-super-mare, Sharpness, Millendreth Bay, Falmouth, Barnstaple, Bideford, Holyhead, Morecambe Bay, and elsewhere, are visible many other "forests under water." The description of one, as regards the trees, leaves, and plants, and also the associated animal remains, would answer for all.

One needs little geological knowledge to perceive that when this thick fringe of submarine forests grew, the land occupied by them must have stood up higher than it does now. The question remains—did it stand high enough to convert what is now the shallow German Ocean into dry land? Geologists believe it did, and that the peat-bed and Mammoth remains lying along the floor of the latter are pretty much of the same age as the submerged forests. Of the two they are older, and these old woods may have grown when the depression was slowly going on which ultimately transformed the low-lying marshes of the Germanic plain into a sea-bed. That the geographical separation of England from the Continent, and of Ireland from England, is one of the most recent geological phenomena connected with these latitudes, all scientific men are agreed. Not only does the fringe of ancient forests surrounding the British Islands indicate this, but it is further supplemented by the animals and plants which still live among us. All our native species are identical with those found on the mainland of Europe. Our mammals, birds, insects, fresh-water fish and mollusca, land and aquatic plants, are the same as may be seen on the other side of the German Ocean. They must, therefore, have naturally spread over what is now Great Britain before the depression took place which converted the latter into a group of islands. The exact similarity of the shell-fish, trees, plants, and animals found in the "forests under the sea" to those on the dry land tells us plainly of the former connection of fauna and flora, and indicates how it was broken. Here, therefore, we catch a glimpse of primeval England, shivering in a less warm climate than the present, perhaps partly on account of the absence of the gulf-stream influence before she became an island. She is clad in woods and forests even more dense than those described by our earliest historians—a continental prolongation, with Ireland, into the unknown Atlantic. Savage man contends for the mastery with bear, and wolf, and hairy Mammoth. The flat, boggy, Germanic plain becomes marshier; the North Sea laps further and further to the south, and so gains upon the morass as the depression goes on. The Atlantic has already assumed the sovereignty of the low plains of the Channel, although it did not wash over the Irish Sea until some time after. The "strip of silver sea" gains with the centuries, until the isolation is complete, England has become an island, and Ireland has followed the example, even before the faunal migration has extended to the western verge, leaving behind species of reptiles and mollusca, abundant on the east side of the German Ocean, less so on the English, and not at all represented in the sister island.

ON SOME MINOR POINTS OF ETIQUETTE.

YES, my dear young matrons, I often see you endeavouring to appear quite at your ease while you go through all the different forms and ceremonies which attend upon you in your new position as married people; and I verily believe that you suffer much nervous trepidation, and many an inward palpitation, lest you should make some small mistake, and not behave with proper punctilio. Say, am I not a correct observer?

Naturally, it is difficult to assume the air and dignity of matronhood in a few short weeks, but a little conscious shyness is rather pretty and attractive than otherwise, and is quite distinct from that form of awkwardness which arises from a want of knowledge of the various conventionalities which crowd around our modern life. Shall we discuss some of these minor points of etiquette?

One of the first ordeals through which the young matron has to pass is that of receiving callers, and these usually come in considerable numbers when there is a bride to be called upon, which renders her task all the more difficult.

The lady of the house should occupy a seat facing the door of the room, and then she is at once seen by the in-comers, and is ready to receive them. Possibly—nay, probably—she will not be acquainted with many of the people who come to pay their *devoirs*, but this must not make any difference in her manner of reception; she should rise from her seat and shake hands with all alike, both ladies and gentlemen.

Bear this in mind, matrons, young and old, it is proper you should shake hands with every stranger who enters your house, whether as a caller or as an invited guest. I am urged to make this remark, because I see that some ladies receive strangers with a bow only, and the laws of hospitality require a warmer welcome to the house, in the shape of an outstretched hand, and not merely a formal bend of the head.

Should the Fates ever lead you to be honoured by the notice of royalty, then a curtsey accompanies the action of giving the hand. This is by no means an easy matter to perform gracefully, for etiquette demands that the obeisance be made while tending the hand. But we must turn back from possibilities to probabilities, and to the actual every-day requirements needed by us in ordinary life. I was tempted to make the foregoing observation from seeing a lady shaking hands with one of our princes the other day, and very prettily she performed her part of the ceremony.

We really must return to our visitors in the drawing-room. It is not customary to introduce people to one another. If possible, arrange for the last-comers to sit beside you, and devote a little time to them, and then turn to the other occupants of the room, for courtesy demands that no feeling of neglect should have occasion to creep into the minds of any one present.

When a visitor rises to take leave, the lady of the house also rises, and, while addressing a few parting words, she rings the bell as a signal to the servant to be ready to open the door, for it is considered very discourteous to allow a visitor to open and shut the hall-door.

After having received calls, it is time to think of returning them. This is not nearly so formidable a duty as that we have just described, because the burthen of entertaining, if we may use such an impolite phrase, now falls upon those on whom the call is made.

A first call should be returned within the space of a few days. Royal personages, you know, return the calls made by royal personages upon them within a few hours, but we humbler folk are not expected to follow this piece of court etiquette.

From three to five are the correct calling hours; in London, where the dinner-hour is usually later than elsewhere, the time is a little extended. The duration of this first call should be short—about ten or fifteen minutes. It is quite permissible to speak to any one in the room without an introduction. When paying a formal call of this description, a card-case is taken, but it is not now usual to take cards from it while in the room. For instance, if your husband does not accompany you, but sends his cards, instead of giving them to the lady of the house you leave two on the hall-table—one being for the lady and the other for the gentleman of the house.

While on the subject of calls I may as well speak of a matter which is relevant to that. When illness, or the death of a near relative, has secluded you for a time from society, it is customary to return thanks for the inquiries made or sent by friends or acquaintance. There are printed forms procurable for this purpose, which ladies fill in and send in recognition of the inquiries, and also as a sign that they are now able to see their friends. Another mode, and a less formal one, I think, is that of sending an ordinary visiting card with "Thanks for kind inquiries" written under the name.

After awhile, when the calls have been made and paid, the newly-married couple receive invitations to dinner or other festivities. Wonderful to relate, the lady has not to consider what she will wear, for the

bridal costume is invariably donned on all such occasions, the only difference being that the veil is now used as a shawl.

Remember, young matron, that you are the chief personage at all these entertainments. Even if you are still in your teens, you take precedence of older matrons. It is the bride whom the host takes in to dinner; it is she to whom the hostess looks when rising from the dinner-table; it is she with whom the host opens the ball; it is she who must take her departure before the other guests venture to bid their adieux.

I know a young bride whose ignorance of this last little detail caused much chagrin to herself and much weariness to others. At the first party at which she appeared, she, being young and modest, thought it was only showing proper deference to wait until some of the elderly matrons made the move for departure. The older ladies waited, as a matter of course, until the young bride took her leave; and so one tedious quarter of an hour after another passed on, until when the suppressed yawns were becoming unconcealable and dangerous, a kind neighbour whispered a hint to the youthful matron that the company were waiting for her departure before they felt at liberty to take theirs.

It is possible, however, to fall into the opposite error.

Well, after all, to be the chief personage in another person's house is not half so trying a position as that of being the chief personage in one's own house. Indeed, I know of no greater trial to a young hostess than that of her first dinner-party. So much responsibility rests upon her inexperienced shoulders; she is so terribly anxious that "all shall go off well" and creditably; and yet she must not let a trace of this anxiety be seen in her demeanour. To achieve this state of unruffled serenity, it is essential that she look well to the arrangement of the details beforehand; and although it hardly lies within my province at this time to discuss these details, I must just step out of it for a moment to mention one or two which are found from experience to be very essential. Briefly, then: it is a pity for a young matron to attempt any great display. When she is more accustomed to her part as housekeeper and hostess, she can then advance in grandeur, if wishful to do so. It is also a mistake to invite a great number of guests, for the number increases the responsibility. One word more: a great secret of success is to ask people who are likely to amalgamate and coalesce—people of diversities of character, grave and gay, but yet a diversity which will unite and form a harmonious chord. A wise choice in this latter respect will much lighten the labours of both host and hostess.

We will suppose that all these details have been satisfactorily arranged, and that the time has come for the guests to arrive. The hostess should be very punctual in her own drawing-room, and quite ready to receive her company at the appointed hour. In order that she may be at once approached, she should take up her position not far from the door, and facing it; and as the guests arrive in quick succession, it is more convenient to remain standing until most of them have entered the room. Meanwhile, it is the duty of the host (I am supposing the occasion to be that of a "dinner") to communicate to the several gentlemen whom they are to take in to dinner, and if they happen to be strangers, to introduce them to the ladies.

When dinner is announced, the host offers his arm to the lady who it has been previously decided has the greatest claim to precedence, and escorts her to the dinner-table, placing her on his right hand.

The guests follow in assorted couples, the hostess being the last to arrive, accompanied by the principal gentleman guest. During the dinner-hour the attention of the young matron should be concentrated on her visitors, and not allowed to wander to the movements of the servants. It requires an effort and a certain amount of courage to start subjects of conversation, especially after a pause, or during a dead silence. Sometimes people are not in a talking vein, and conversation seems to be continually falling to pieces, but it is the duty of both host and hostess to prevent this—to set the ball rolling, and to make strenuous efforts to keep it in motion.

There ought not to be any whispered directions to servants—no reproving glances. If anything goes wrong in the household department, it is far better taste to let it pass unnoticed than to make everybody present uncomfortable either by trying to remedy the error or by apologising for it. Sometimes accidents will happen—laughable ones, too—but it is a mark of good manners to appear unconscious of their occurrence.

I was dining at an old-fashioned house last Christmas where the dessert was placed on the table after the dinner had been removed. In advancing from the sideboard to the table, whilst carrying the centre dish, the servant stumbled over the hearth-rug, whereupon a big cake jumped off the dish and bowled up the whole length of that long room! Here was a trial for the risible muscles; and yet it would have been most impolite to laugh, or even to permit the faintest titter to escape.

I for one found it terribly difficult to continue the thread of my discourse, which, unluckily for me, happened to be on a grave subject.

It is the custom for the ladies to remain at table but a short time after the dessert has been handed, and so the young hostess must not allow many minutes to elapse before she directs her glance to the lady who sits on the right hand of the host, and having caught her attention, she slightly bows to her and rises, and follows her guests out of the room.

The hostess should never leave her guests at any period of the evening if she can possibly avoid it, and certainly not under any pretext if the host is not present. I was at a party not long ago when both host and hostess absented themselves—a great breach of etiquette. True, it was only for a few moments, but a feeling of awkwardness fell upon all the guests. As it happened, we were mostly strangers to one another, and we all fell to pieces then and there; and I don't think it was possible for any one, however much they possessed those valuable qualities of attraction and cohesion, to bind us together again. E. C.

Football Dogs.

By Albert H. Broadwell.

Photographs by A. J. Johnson.

AN easterly wind was blowing hard, when we were requested, by special invitation, to attend a certain football match, which, when all has been said and done, has proved to be the most extraordinary exhibition of "footer" that has ever been known in the history of the game.

This most astonishing game of football took place not a hundred miles from New Cross, and we are indebted to the proprietors of the New Cross Empire, and especially to Mr. H. Raymond, their manager, for the arrangements which have enabled us to secure the remarkable pictures which illustrate this article. The football dogs, whose spirited play we are to chronicle in detail presently, are for the most part bull-terriers of high degree. They belong to the brothers Riccobono, of Manchester, to whose wonderful knowledge of animals and their training no small amount of praise is due.

"HEADS I WIN, TAILS YOU LOSE."

The writer is willing to challenge any man of ordinary or extraordinary pluck to stand in any place of his own choosing with a football in his hand, and await the onslaught of the footballers shown in the illustrations of this article. Bull-terriers were bull-terriers ever, and Providence help the man who dare stand between them and the "leather" when once it is given over to be dealt with at their mercy. It may well be imagined, therefore, that no small amount of trouble was required to induce these fiercest of footballers to agree to anything like rules.

In the first place, it was absolutely indispensable to toss for sides — look at the result. "Heads I win, tails you lose." Could anything be more human, more expressive of anxious and heart-breaking expectancy than this? The two "captains," Bull-punch and Bull-rag, are watching the coin as it settles on the turf with a thud. Is it "heads" or "tails"? Never mind, they are off, and the fun threatens to wax fast and furious.

Again, however, restraint has to be put upon the too eager opponents, and a proper "kick-off" is arranged for, and it *is* a kick-off such as has never been photographed before. The magnificent attitude of the champion kicker of Bullshire has been secured with marvellous skill, and is a tribute to our unfortunate artist, who, not unlike the writer himself, dodged, for all he was worth, the awful rushes that over and over again became a source of awe and terror to the minds of the privileged few whose luck it was to witness this wonderful game.

"THE KICK-OFF."

We shall now endeavour to describe the match in something like professional style.

With a big wind blowing behind them, the visitors (you will spot them at once,

of course) were not long before they made their presence felt, and the game was not many minutes old ere they popped the ball into the net, the corner kick which led to it being splendidly placed by Bully. Bullrag, however, was charged ere he had a chance of getting at the ball, so that there was no hardship to the Bullpunchers in having the goal disallowed.

"THEY MADE THEIR PRESENCE FELT."

"A SHARP TUSSLE."

Though only three minutes old, there had been a good many interruptions to the game, every petty charge or spill being whistled up, but the Bullpunchers were not to be beaten.

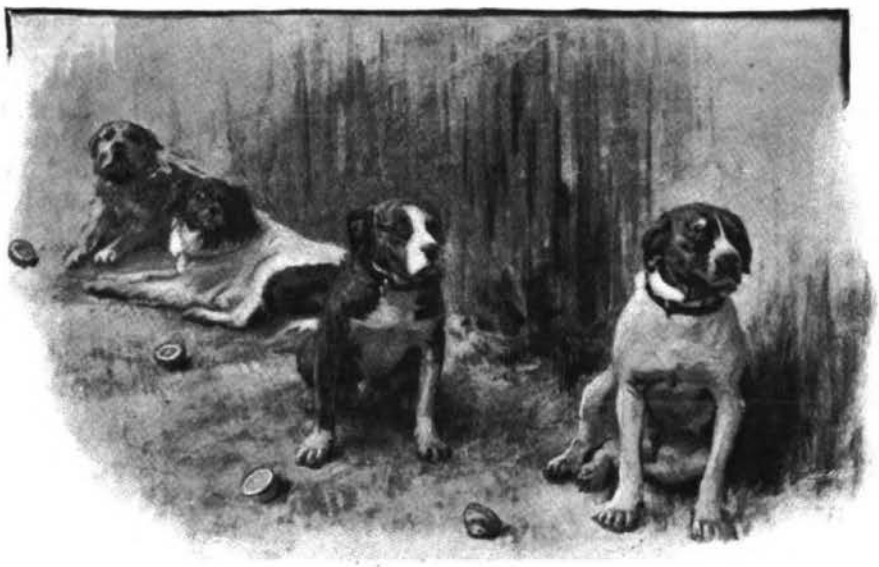
Rushes and sharp tussles from end to end became the order, Bullstick playing in much improved form, and a few seconds before the interval Bullpunch saved a goal by a hair's breadth. There was little to choose between the teams, however. The Bullpunchers were perhaps a little superior in attack, but the Bullrags' defence stood out much sounder than that of the home eleven.

At last the home team got well away, and the right wing beating all opposition, the ball came straight across to Bullfast, who would inevitably have scored had it not been for Bulldash, who saved a goal in the nick of time by a spirited onslaught on the leather almost upon goal.

Half-time, of course, came as a matter of mutual congratulation; but, alas! there was no keeping these fellows in hand. We offered the visitors lemon, duly sliced as you see, but they would have none. They were anxious to start afresh.

Not a minute elapsed ere the home side nearly scored in a scrimmage, following a corner; Bullstop having saved before the final tussle. About this

"SAVED A GOAL BY A HAIR'S BREADTH."



"HALF-TIME."

period Bullstuff got in a rather long ground shot, and Bullstop, who had been partially covered by his backs, endeavoured to pick up, gathered the ball, but dropped it, and the Bullpunchers were, in consequence, no goal to none. After that reverse the home team became far more dangerous than previously, and, to say the least, experienced very hard luck on one occasion, the ball going right over when everybody expected it to go into the net.

"BULLSTOP ENDEAVOURS TO PICK UP."

A splendid bit of work by the Bullpunchers' forwards carried hostilities into the visitors' half, the passing and re-passing causing the greatest excitement. Good exchange kicking ended to the Bullpunchers' advantage, but a grand combined effort of the visitors' forwards, in which Bullrag was the leader, took the game to the Bullpunchers' half, where Bullrat effected a superb save.

The game had proceeded for some time when the efforts of the Bullpunchers' forwards were rewarded by the first point in the match. It was the right wing who introduced the good work, carrying the ball into close quarters.

Occasionally the visitors made a threatening dash into the home quarters, Bullstick doing useful work on the extreme left, but their shots were wide of the goal. On the other hand, the Bullpunchers, with not the best of luck, kept

"PASSING AND RE-PASSING."

"CARRYING THE BALL INTO CLOSE QUARTERS."

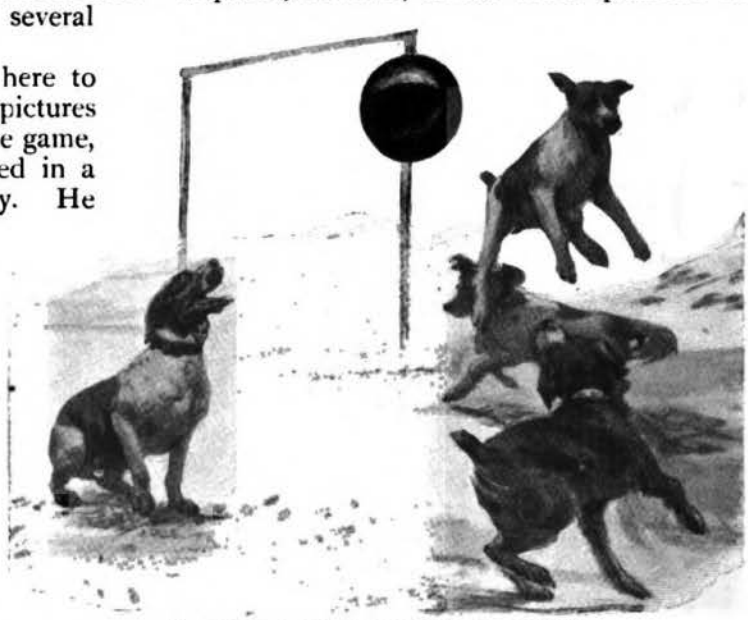
pegging away with plenty of vigour but little method at the visitors' goal, in front of which Bullstump and Bullstand held their own, and Bullstop warded off several dangerous shots.

It may, perhaps, be permitted here to point out the umpires in the pictures that follow. Bullawe watches the game, or rather the ball, as it is tossed in a jumble of indescribable medley. He looks tired and worried — what umpire does not? — and distinctly wishes it were all over.

Bullbull is more determined —he sticks to his post like the champion umpire that he is, and no amount of excitement will draw him out of that imperturbable serenity in which we find him here. Fancy standing there as he does, when "well-played centre" accomplishes a feat almost unparalleled in the history of the game!

The finish, however, will for ever remain undecided. The superiority of the home team was, however, clear enough, for they played the better game all round, particularly as far as their forwards were concerned. They worked hard right across the line, and there was little to choose between them, though Bullrush worked very hard and got in a lot of good solid work that could not be too highly praised.

The writer offers every apology for the somewhat intricate description of this game, for adepts at football may differ from his opinion; but there is little doubt that the whole of Bullshire and the visitors, too, quite agree that the contest was one unequalled for dash and science; should additional proof be required, however, he has much pleasure in reproducing here a photo. of the "leather" after the game, so that no doubts as to authenticity and fervour may be allowed to arise in the minds of the more critical followers of our national winter pastime.

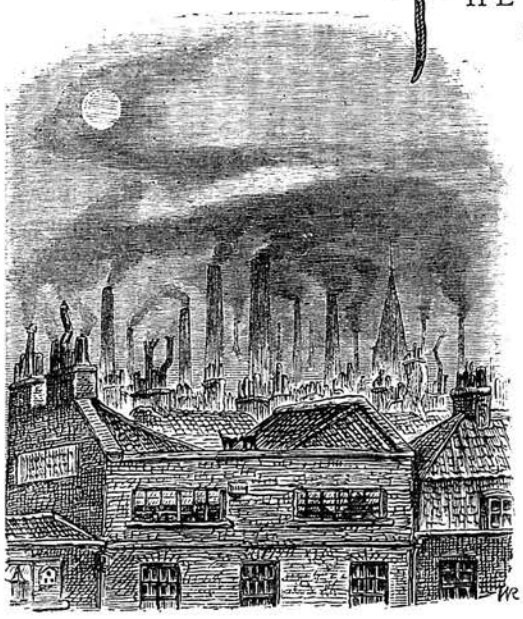


"PEGGING AWAY WITH PLENTY OF VIGOUR."

THE "LEATHER" AFTER THE MATCH.

METROPOLITAN SUNDAYS.

I.—SHOREDITCH.



THE sun must shine very brilliantly if he intends to illuminate Shoreditch. There is in truth an obstinate smoke, which has its birth in the neighbourhoods of Whitechapel, of St. Luke's and of Bishopsgate, that will by no means be readily dispersed, and lingers sullenly about in clouds, resenting the sun's interference, and making him exert himself to his utmost to brighten the prospect on this summer Sunday morning. And even then it seems questionable whether it was a kindness on his part to be so lavish with his genial rays, since he exposes thereby so much that is tawdry, and unfit to bear the searching test of strong morning light. Look at the great music-hall that shone so brilliantly last night, and seemed to its patrons an abode of luxury and splendour. The walls of green and crimson are now only roughly-painted deal boards; the arch of light that swept across the portal, shedding its lustrous beams around, is now only a row of cracked and smoke-stained little gas globes; all the gold and silver is tinsel (always excepting that which passed through the pay office); and everything that a few hours since was bright and attractive is now chilly and repulsive.

Observe, too, the eel-pie shop—which class of shop, by-the-by, never seems to contain any eel-pies. Last night it was doing a brisk trade, refreshing the denizens of Shoreditch with tripe and stewed eels, the proprietor was active and smart, the gas flared, the apples and mince-pies looked toothsome and delightful. Now the owner stands, sleepy and half dressed, at his open shop door, through which we can see his establishment looking dirty, greasy, and grewsome. We can see now how dirty the shops are generally; the smoke which might have been present last night was not visible; and altogether the conclusion cannot be avoided that Shoreditch on Sunday morning is exposed to strictures which Shoreditch on Saturday night is free from.

As for the little house with the fresh-painted front, which has been everything one can imagine in the penny show line of business, and alternates between that and the sale of American ice-cream drinks, and which yesterday was edifying the minds of the youths of Shoreditch by a waxwork exhibition, it is now to all appearance dead to the outside world, and looks, with its parti-coloured shutters, like a little red and black mausoleum.

But if there is anything attractive about inanimate Shoreditch on this Sunday morning, what shall we say of animated Shoreditch, streaming to and fro in mixed and motley tide?—and yet this mixed assembly not extending beyond a certain low level of respectability; for the pork-butcher and the pawnbroker, if they do show themselves abroad, are the aristocracy of the neighbourhood. The bulk of the inhabitants now traversing the streets, or sauntering and lounging at corners, are not altogether at first sight attractive, but may have an interest to those who can look below the outer semblance of men, and see fellow-creatures in all of them.

The popular denizen of this populous neighbourhood is so marked and prominent, that we may study him in almost all stages of his life. Here he is a baby, goggling and screaming in his mother's arms, as she pauses at the street-corner to gossip with a friend. Poverty, dirt, and crime have done much to injure the poor woman, but they cannot efface her natural motherly instinct, as you can see by the gently dexterous way in which she handles her infant. But this is only while it appeals to her sympathies from its very helplessness. As soon as it can walk you may see it in that court on your right hand, crawling about on the flags, dirty and in rags, ripe for the fever-demon should he stalk that way. A few more years—"Bock slights Sir-r-r?"—and here he is again, under your nose, thrusting his wares obtrusively before your notice, and attending as strictly to business as the natural disposition in him to run and romp with other children will let him. So he plays at "chuck-penny" and other strange impromptu childish games one minute, and sells or tries to sell matches the next. Ah, what a blessing children's imaginations must be to them in these grimy, sooty London streets of ours! How many little weeping eyes have had their tears dried up, how many little aching feet have leaped with delight, at the happy thought from some seething

"DIRTY AND IN RAGS."

young brain, "Let's be railway porters!" Oh, the ecstacy of being engine-driver, and the fun with the fractious youngster who has booked for "France" and will insist on getting out at "Mile End," it being quite well known to those who have charge of the train that France is only two stations off. Play, little ragged ones, play—in peace, we may hope; for I believe Mr. Policeman himself would have his stout official heart softened (or if not his official one, that unofficial one he carries somewhere about him, I will be bound) if he stopped, heard the scream of "Ten minutes for refreshments," and saw the tattered little girl personating the guard of the train give a nibble of apple-peeling to each passenger in succession, and hand over the balance to the station-master, to be kept until the train comes that way again.

Would that these games of innocency could last our popular inhabitant longer; but as a few more years roll on, there he is, grown older, and pitted now possibly with small-pox, or blinking with ophthalmia, in this group of boys at the street-corner, aping their elders, and executing a very decent street-corner lounge, considering their years. Their talk might shock you to hear, and you would find periodicals in their breast-pockets which it might shock you to read; but there are few to guide them, and none to check them. Our civilisation has forced them rather early into the cares of a toilsome life. They all have places at from five to ten shillings a week, and there are probably none who work less than eleven hours a day.

And now at the corner of this court we can find our friend again, about fifteen, let us say, and smoking his penny pipe, poor lad, with a *dégagé* air. Since last we saw him he has made but a poor job of growing up towards man's estate. It is rather difficult working, you see, to grow strong and healthy under such circumstances, as we can see if we go down this street and take the first turning on the right: not a pleasant court, where the filth oozes out from between the flagstones, and lies in puddles on the uneven ground; where the houses, with their windows stuffed up with rag and pieces of board, stand with their little black doors open all day long, revealing the stained ceiling and worn stair within. And what a smell of dirt and poverty! What dismal thoughts, too, are suggested by those narrow dark archways leading out of the court we are in! Are there dwellings there? No doubt of it. Then they must be worse than these? No doubt of it.

So that upon the whole we cannot blame our young friend as he stands there, lounging in the sunlight, that he has failed to increase very much in health and stature latterly. Let us walk a little further on, and we shall meet him, I dare say, arrived at the dignity of his manhood. Here he comes with three or four companions, slouching along the pavement, bandying coarse jests and exclamations. Being Sunday, he has on a curly-brimmed hat and a flashy "fogle" round his throat, but there is a deal of the rough in him for all that. What does he do? Well, he may be a costermonger, odd jobber, "on the streets," or worse. He would probably resent inquiries as to his pursuits. The neglect of his boyhood has allowed, no doubt, much that is bad to grow up in him, which it would be difficult to eradicate now, although he has been shot at by many philanthropists of different descriptions. Working Men's Clubs, perhaps, have reached the nearest to him and his colleagues, but they have not spread deep enough down amongst the poorer classes; and besides, they are in their infancy yet. There is, however, one national institution which does not fail to attract him, and which Shoreditch does not fail to provide him. His home may be squalid, the streets may be chilly, but the gin-palace will find luxury and warmth enough for his simple wants. There may he drink his "four-'arf" and porter in view of resplendent mirrors and expensive fittings. There he shall find active and clean barmen and barmaids ready to attend to his wants with promptitude. Small wonder then that as one o'clock approaches (and the Legislature, cherishing a pleasant fiction that he has been attending public worship, is now about to throw open the public-house doors to him), he is found loitering about those hospitable entrances, anxious to beguile away an hour in the delights of a "drop o' beer."

AT THE STREET-CORNER.

THE GIN-PALACE AND ITS GUESTS.

Surely there must be something to mend in all this, something not eminently satisfactory in these characteristics of our inhabitant. The hard-working City Missionaries have done a great work already, but it is a work of time and patience, and withal much self-denial.

A. H.

A home in a railway-carriage —

— in a tree-trunk —

— up a tree —

Photos by Truswell, Sawbridgeworth; Underwood & Underwood; and Smyth, Skegness.

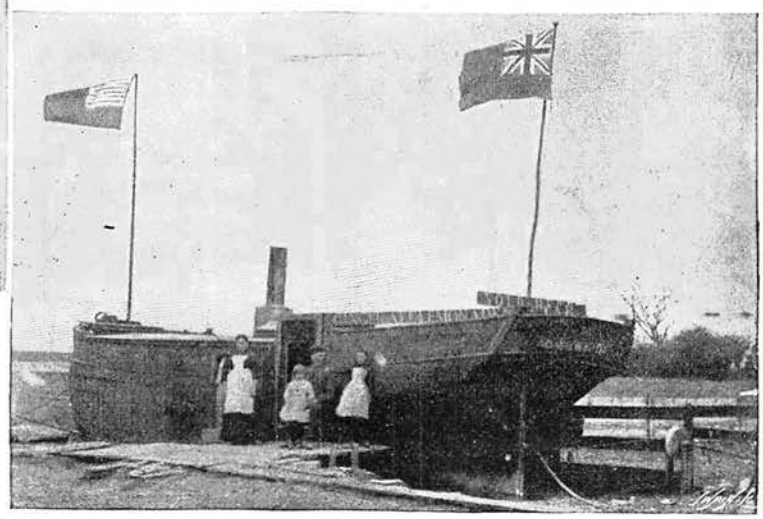
HUMOUR IN HOUSE-BUILDING.

By Marcus Tindal.

When the King of Siam visited this country a short time ago stories were told at his Court of a wonderful submarine house which his Majesty had constructed in his native land.

This house, if report spoke truly, is the only one of its kind in existence. It is submarine, and consists of a glass, conservatory-like palace, which, when required, is let down under the water. Attached to the sides by strong chains are boats and buoys, while air-tubes fill the interior with fresh, invigorating air.

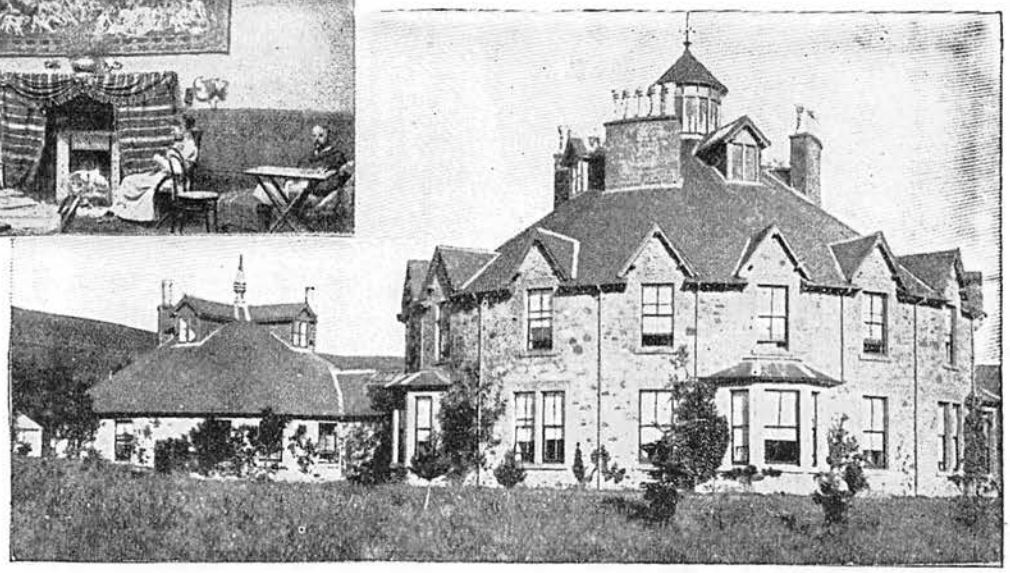
On hot, summer days, when his subjects are baking under



— in a boat.

the sun, the King of Siam may retire to his submarine glasshouse, and, surrounded by every Oriental luxury, give himself up to uninterrupted quietness and peace.

Other strangely designed or strangely situated houses are to be found. An American building, formerly erected in the popular seaside resort of Jersey, gives an idea of the possibilities which lie before the unconventional architect. This house is in the shape of an elephant, and is adorned with a splendid howdah. The erection is as large as an ordinary house, and there is room in the interior for every kind of arrangement which the proprietors may care to make. Such a building as this—erected, say, in Park Lane, with the front steps running up the elephant's trunk, the back steps down the tail, the drawing-room in the neck, and the cellars in the legs—would cause no little sensation.



A portion of the circular hall in Mr. W. J. S. Barber Starkey's circular shooting lodge.

Many people live in trees. In the backwoods of Canada there is an old hunter's home consisting of a hollowed tree trunk, in the interior of which he sleeps in safety and comfort. Our snap-shot shows the woodsman at supper. Another strange tree-trunk home is to be found in the neighbourhood of Taunton, Somerset. Here an old gentleman —to say nothing of his dog—passes his nights, and when it is cold he stretches a worn blanket across the opening of his home, and builds up a fire with the help of a few logs and sticks.

Between Tain, N.B., and Fearn lies a moor which has become the home of an old hermit, who has built a dwelling-place for himself in a tree, of which a photograph is appended. Doubts are naturally entertained as to the tree-dweller's sanity, but as yet he has proved himself quite harmless.

Perhaps the most singular habitations in the world are those of the Guarani tree-dwellers, who inhabit the forests along the Orinoco River, South America. During a great part of the year the country is flooded by overflowing rivers, and the natives build their mud huts high up in the tops of palm-trees, which afford an abundant supply of food. The huts are erected on scaffoldings, fastened from tree to tree. The floors are plastered with mud, on which fires are burnt for cooking the food and keeping away the mosquitoes.

Those who desire an unconventional home, but yet are not venturesome enough to live on the top of a tree, might adopt the plan of an old Hertfordshire resident, and live in a railway carriage. This home, as will be seen by our photograph on page 33 , is not one to be lightly despised, and its owner looks supremely happy as he sits basking in the sun before his "third-class" door. The bare wooden sides of the old railway carriage are

From Photo *by Valentine, Dundee.*

A house built in the rock, Bridgenorth.

hidden in summer beneath a mass of creepers and roses.

An equally effective home may be made from an old boat. At the little village of Gibraltar Point, near Skegness, there is such a home as this, which has been occupied for thirty years by Mr. and Mrs. Perrin.

Of a similar nature is another derelict of the sea, called Panama House, which has been erected on the beach at Whitley, near Newcastle-on-Tyne. It consists of a complete section of a Norwegian vessel which was wrecked off the Northumbrian coast. The place is much resorted to by trippers from Newcastle, and in the season it is no unusual matter for the proprietor to provide tea and girdle-cakes for five hundred to seven hundred people in an afternoon. At night the berths are occupied by the owner and his family.

From Photo *by Gibson, Penzance.*

Ancient British cave dwelling near Penzance.

The most ideally unconventional house, however, is a shooting lodge in the Highlands, built by Mr. W. J. S. Barber Starkey. This house, rejoicing in the name of "Knockshannoch," is circular in form, and is thus able to boast the peculiarity of possessing no

From Photo *by F. Frith & Co.*

An inhabited cave, Downderry, Cornwall.

passages. It is situated in Glen Isla, in Forfarshire, on a sandy knoll surrounded by birch trees, and from the windows beautiful views of the River Isla and Mount Blair are obtained.

The plan of Mr. Barber Starkey's shooting lodge is unique. It consists of two portions, the larger measuring 240ft. in circumference, and the smaller, the servants' department, about 165ft. The height to the cupola is 80ft. The coach-house and stables are contained in one circular building, while the entrance lodge, the laundry, and dog kennels are all in the same form.

In the centre of the house is a circular hall, into which the various rooms open, while the upstairs rooms are entered by a circular gallery. On such occasions as concerts 250 people can be seated in comfort in the hall and gallery.

The lighting and ventilation of this unique house are perfect. In summer, being protected from the sun by the surrounding rooms, the hall is delightfully cool, while in winter, being surrounded by the fires, a warm temperature is always obtained. The light coming from the roof, the electric light is dispensed with even on the dullest days.

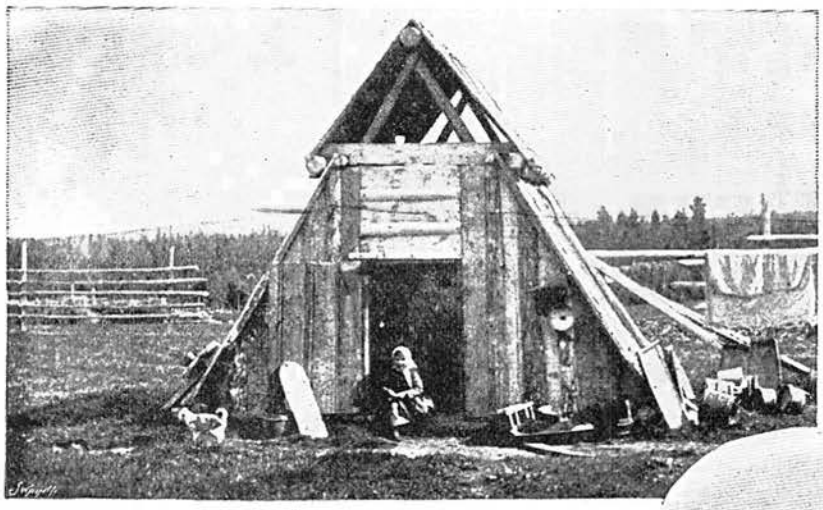
Mr. Barber Starkey points out several advantages to be gained by a circular house. In the first place no space is wasted in passages. There are no joints in the roof where dampness can enter, and there is no lodgment for the Highland snowstorm,

From Photo *by F Frith & Co.*

An Italian shanty in the Tyrol.

while a round building offers little resistance to the wind. As there are no angles, the sun is always shining in one or more of the rooms.

As secure as "Knockshannoch" against the winds and the rains, and as warm within, is a house built in a rock to be seen at Bridgenorth, a town which, by-the-way, is unrivalled in picturesqueness, and which contains the queerest conglomeration of quaint houses imaginable. The walls of this curious house consist chiefly of immense rocks, beyond which is a hollow, cave-like interior.



Finland Home.

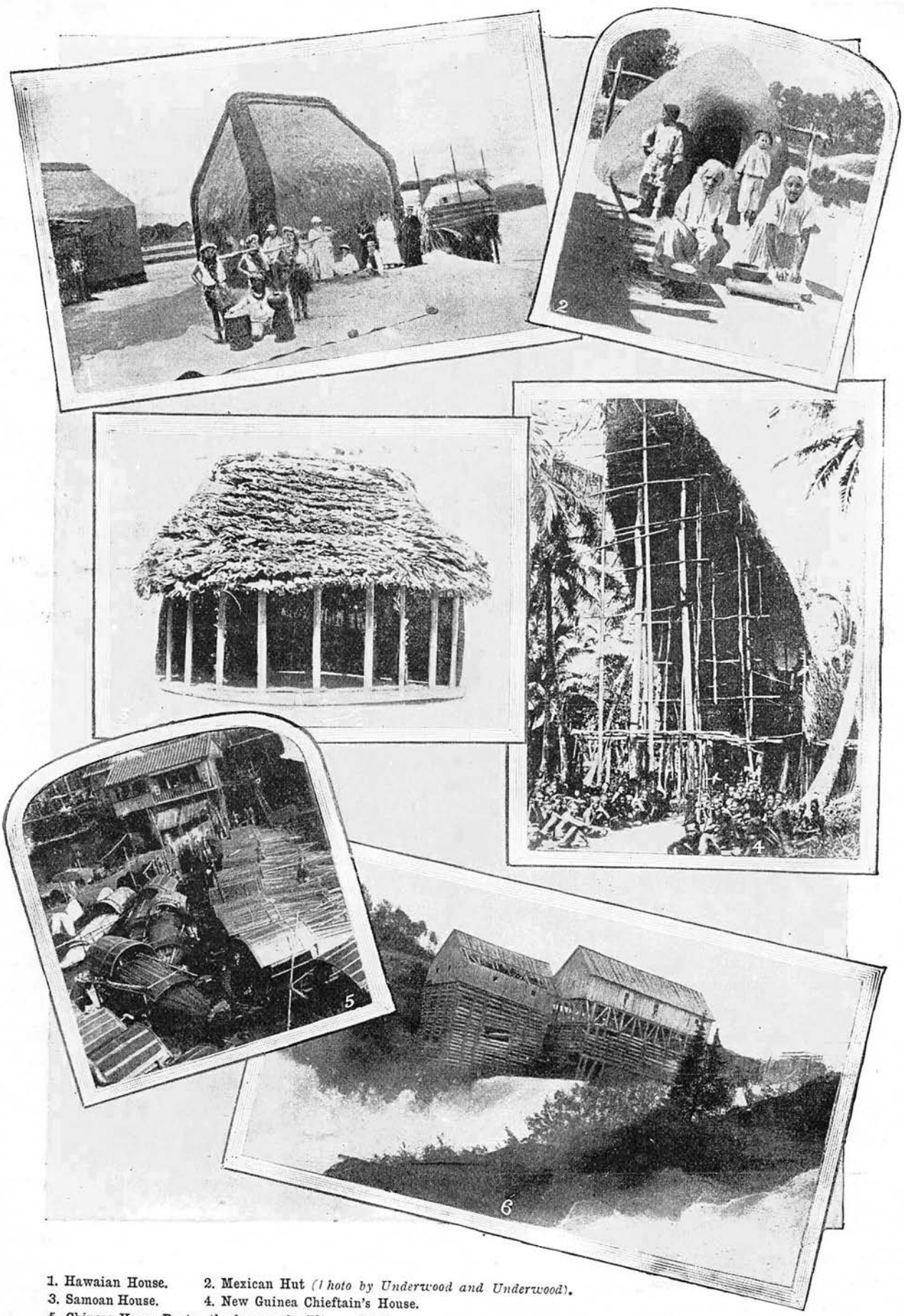
Inhabited cave-dwellings of ancient British times are to be found in many parts of Cornwall. They are frequently appropriated by gipsies and tramps, such as may be noticed in our illustration, while occasionally some poor man will convert one of them into a temporary habitation. The Cave, Downderry, Cornwall, portrayed on page 36, is another typical cave dwelling. This is inhabited by three old Irishwomen, who lost all their possessions at the time of the Great Blizzard. They have lived in their cave, off and on, for forty years, earning a living by gathering limpets.

Many curious examples of hovel homes are to be found. Italian peasants in the Tyrol build shanties, consisting of the stems of pine trees laid crosswise, roughly roofed over with bark. The "Tkale," or Cheese Houses of Finland, are little better, although constructed with more idea of keeping out the cold. The Laps in North Sweden construct huts consisting of planks of wood piled up in the shape of a cone. In Lapland many of the native hovels are merely clods of earth, piled into a half sphere. In Hawaii the huts are often thirty feet in height, and are made of dried grass.

In the depths of the American forests, covered often with snow, are the Indians' wigwam homes. In Florida, and other places, are huts of grass. In Mexico the native women may be seen sitting outside their conical mud huts, baking Tortillas—unleavened bread, like the Australian "dampers," baked on stone. Millions of Chinamen live in the house-boats shown in photograph No. 5 on page 38. And, finally, our last illustration portrays one of the most curiously situated houses in the world—an erection of roughly hewn tree trunks, standing on the very brink of a raging Norwegian waterfall.

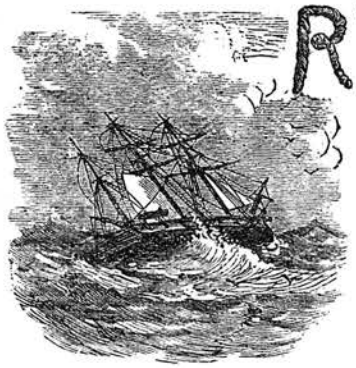
Lapland Home.

From Photographs by Underwood & Underwood, Stereoscopic View Publishers, London and New York.



1. Hawaian House. 2. Mexican Hut *(Photo by Underwood and Underwood).*
3. Samoan House. 4. New Guinea Chieftain's House.
5. Chinese House-Boats—the homes of millions of Chinamen *(Photo by Underwood and Underwood).*
6. Houses over Norwegian Waterfall *(Photo by London Stereoscopic Company).*

IN SEARCH OF THE SHIPWRECKED.



RIGHT in the middle of the great highway to Australia, about 700 miles from the Cape of Good Hope, there is a group of uninhabited islands called the Crozets, upon which, within the last sixty years, at least two companies of shipwrecked people have had to spend many months in misery and almost in despair. These islands have recently been visited by H.M.S. *Comus*, under special instructions of the Admiralty, for the double purpose of ascertaining if any "castaways" were living there, and to establish provision depôts for the benefit of any poor wretches who might hereafter be driven upon those barren rocks.

For a long time fears had been entertained that some of the crews and passengers of certain "missing ships" might have taken refuge on the Crozets; but after a long and careful search all through the group, and after repeatedly firing guns to call attention to the ship's presence, Captain East, who was in command, perfectly satisfied himself that there were no human beings on any of the islands, waiting to be rescued. It would have been good news for the friends of passengers in the *Knowsley Hall* and other ships, who had written to Captain East, if he could have brought them some tidings of those for whose safety they had continued to hope against hope, but he has no such message to deliver. No traces whatever were found to indicate that any shipwrecked people had been on the islands since the survivors of the *Strathmore* left them in 1876.

It was the story told by these survivors which led to the visit of the *Comus* to the Crozets. That story also revived the recollection of a shipwreck which occurred at the same place more than half a century before, when fifteen men were doomed to remain in captivity there a year and ten months. In the narrative which was given by the rescued crew of the *Princess of Wales* another Defoe might have found ample materials for another "Robinson Crusoe." One of their number, named Goodridge, did indeed write an account of the terrible experiences of himself and his companions on the "desert island," which was so full of interest that for many years he lived on the profits of the sale of his book. The *Princess of Wales* was on a voyage to Prince Edward's Island, when she struck on one of the Crozet rocks. The crew escaped in two boats, but they saved nothing from the wreck except a tinder-box, a frying-pan, a gridiron, a lance, and a few knives. The two boats speedily got separated, and for a long period the men in each supposed that their companions were lost. Seven men landed from one of the boats on the 17th of March, and it was not until the following December that they had the joy of seeing their eight shipmates rowing up to the beach in search of better quarters than those in which they had thus far kept up the struggle for existence. Both parties had gone through precisely similar hardships, and had adopted the same devices in providing themselves with food and clothing. They caught and killed seals and penguins and molly-hawks; and when their clothes were worn out, new garments were made of seal-skins, which the poor fellows sewed together with sinews of the sea-elephants by means of an old nail sharpened as a needle.

All through the twenty-two months of their dreary residence on the island, one old man made it his duty to keep watch for passing ships; and when at last he exclaimed, "A sail! a sail!" the men rushed to the highest part of the island and lighted a fire with the blubber of the sea-elephants. This signal fortunately attracted the attention of a schooner, the captain of which sent a boat ashore. The poor fellows were so eager to escape from their prison that they could not wait until the boat reached the beach; they dashed into the water and made towards the boat, but finding themselves hampered by their seal-skin trousers, threw them off, and so gained the boat, much to the consternation of their rescuers, who were more than half inclined to think that they had met with a new race of beings! The whole of the fifteen men were at once taken on board the *Philo*, of Boston, and in due course were forwarded to England.

The survivors of the *Strathmore* were not detained on the Crozets so long as were the sailors of the *Princess of Wales*, but their experiences were in every way as painful and extraordinary.

When the *Strathmore* left Gravesend, on April 19th, 1875, she had on board fifty passengers and a crew of thirty-eight men. She had not been long at sea before some of the sailors got at the wines and spirits, and rendered themselves so incapable of attending to their duties, that for a considerable time the whole work of the ship had to be done by three men besides the officers. As the Equator was approached the still half-intoxicated wretches insisted upon the observance of what used to be the invariable custom on "crossing the Line"—that of shaving the "Johnny Raws." More drunkenness followed, and with most of her crew helpless, and her passengers disgusted and in dread of what might happen, the good ship sped to her doom. For some days before the catastrophe she sailed under a gentle breeze in weather so thick that no observations could be taken, and the captain was so far mistaken in his calculations of her whereabouts, that only two hours before she struck he declared that they were eighty-seven miles away to the south of the Crozet group. Not a few of the passengers had sad

forebodings of their impending fate, and some of them refused to leave the deck for the night. At a quarter to four in the morning of the 1st of July the *Strathmore* went heavily on to the rocks, and immediately began to fill and settle down. Amid the scene of confusion and terror that followed, the captain seemed like a man distraught; with his hands clasped convulsively behind his back, he paced up and down the deck, shouting wildly, "It's all over with us! we are all drowned!" With as much energy as they could command, the scarcely sober seamen got out the boats, only to let one after another sweep away on the waves. The dazed captain could give no orders, and the poor terror-stricken passengers were left to shift for themselves, and even had to struggle with the selfish sailors for places in the boats that were finally launched. Big seas broke over the ship, and the unfortunate creatures who were too young or too feeble to climb into the rigging were swept overboard and drowned. The captain, the first mate, and a passenger were the first to disappear. Then, as the life-boat passed under the projecting rigging, two brothers leapt for "dear life;" but one fell short of the boat and was lost. When the crowded boat had drifted away from the ship, all but five of those in the rigging made their way down to the deck-house, and thence to the forecastle-head. Here they waited, hungry and cold and miserable, until daybreak. The second mate and a party then contrived to launch the gig, and the third mate, with three other men, put off in the dingy. At first the gig was rowed along the north of the island, but as no landing-place was found there they passed round to the south side, where a safe landing was at length effected. Shortly afterwards the life-boat was observed drifting about some little distance away; she was towed to the beach by the men in the gig, who then went back to the ship. The five survivors still left in the rigging were safely brought away, but night having come on, and with it a dense fog, nothing further could be done towards rescuing the unfortunate people crowded together in the forecastle-head. They were of necessity left to pass the weary hours in terror and misery indescribable. It was a bitterly cold night, and they had no food except a few biscuits, and none could tell whether the ship might not go down before daylight permitted the boat to return. Happily, all were taken off next morning, and the night following the *Strathmore* disappeared. Forty-nine souls in all were found to have been saved from the wreck, amongst them being but one woman and one child. The first night a boat's canvas served as a tent for the lady and the boy; all the rest had to be content to sleep on the cold rock and under the open sky.

It was hoped that some part of the cargo or passengers' luggage would float ashore as the ship broke up, but the only package that reached the poor people was a blanket-chest, which, however, besides a few welcome coverlets, also contained some knives and forks, a few spoons, some tins of preserved meats, and two parasols. These tins and parasols proved exceedingly serviceable, the empty canisters being used as pans, and even as lamps, while the parasol wires were converted into needles. With these rough needles, and threads drawn out of the boat's canvas, or long grass when thread was no longer to be had, the men stitched penguin-skins together, and so made themselves "new garments" when their old ones became unwearable. An albatross was killed the first day, and served the people with meat for about three weeks; then they had grey-birds and penguins; and when birds could not be caught, they lived on a sort of grass like the tops of carrots, which abounded on the island. When the canisters were worn out, the cooks of the party made use of hollow stones in which to boil the birds and vegetables. No trees grow on the island, and therefore to build themselves a hut the castaways had to gather up all the scraps of wood that happened to float ashore. One poor fellow died shortly after the party landed, apparently from fright and excitement, and four others succumbed to the terrible hardships and privations of life on a desert island. To attract the attention of passing ships a tower about twelve feet high was built of turf, and an oar placed on the top. From July to January only four ships passed close enough to the islands to be seen; two of them went very near, but the signals made by the shipwrecked folks with blankets appear not to have been observed from the sea. It was not until the 21st of January that their presence on the islands was discovered. An American whaler was passing, when the captain, who had gone up aloft to have a look at the vast rocks, noticed something unusual on one spot, and ordered his ship to stand in, that he might ascertain what it was. A man was sent aloft into the "crow's-nest," and reported that some kind of signal was being made by people on shore. Boats were quickly lowered and sent off to the island; the lady and five feeble men were first taken to the American ship; provisions were afterwards carried to the overjoyed castaways, and next morning they were all rescued from the barren and lonely spot on which they had spent nearly seven miserable months. At first the American captain proposed to leave the rescued party on Hog Island (one of the Crozets) until he had finished his cruise, but he was persuaded to change his course, so that the poor creatures, who had already suffered so much, might as speedily as possible be sent back to England.

When the Crozets were visited by H.M.S. *Comus*, at the early part of last year, the cairn erected by the passengers of the *Strathmore* was still standing, and could be seen at a great distance. An old hut found in another part of Apostle Island (where the *Strathmore* was wrecked) was stored with provisions; Penguin Island was found quite inaccessible; but on Hog Island and Possession Island huts were built by the crew of the *Comus*, and after being well filled with tinned meats of various kinds, they were covered over with painted canvas, and a notice-board fixed to each, bearing the following words:—"These provisions are only for shipwrecked people.—H.M.S. *Comus*, March 6th, 1880."

THE HOUSE.

THE STORE-ROOM.

THE rapidly-increasing value of land in every district easy of approach by rail has brought about a degree of discomfort in domestic architecture undreamt of in former times. Good housewives, accustomed to roomy stair-landings, long passages, large cupboards, and separate offices for various kinds of household labour, reconcile themselves with difficulty to the circumscribed dimensions usually afforded for domestic purposes in modern villa residences. Nor is the complaint confined to the immediate neighbourhood of large towns. Even remote rural districts are becoming a prey to the novel system of house-building and its attendant inconveniences.

One of the first acts of denial imposed upon most housewives, in order to meet existing circumstances, consists in giving up the keeping of any kind of stores. The nearest grocer's shop has become in most establishments the substitute for the store-room; and a poor substitute, at the best of times, that warehouse proves, entailing endless vexations and disappointments, which were unknown when it was the custom for all well-to-do families to provide for their daily wants in advance. Fitted with every requisite to meet the numberless emergencies that arise in domestic life, the compact little apartment was at once the general resort in moments of need, and a pleasing and healthful source of occupation to the female members of a household. Intent upon laying in stores, at convenient seasons, in preserving, pickling, herb-drying, sauce-making, sorting and arranging goods, much time was profitably employed, which now hangs heavily on the hands of many women.

If with the cessation of the above duties a corresponding amount of gain were secured, regrets on the subject need be but few. It is not so, however. The housekeeper's time and patience are now-a-days tried in checking accounts, which the system of giving daily orders to tradesmen entails; and servants are liable to be very much interrupted in their work by being sent on errands after forgotten items. Just at the last moment, before sending a dish to table, for instance, it is apt to be discovered that the principal ingredient is not at hand. People that can be ill spared from home at the time are obliged to be sent hither and thither to supply the deficiency, and, when obtained, the particular article is, perhaps, not of the quality desired. In illness, the need of a well-furnished store-room is painfully felt. The extreme importance of having really genuine stores at command at such times cannot be over-rated. Life or death may depend upon the quality of nourishment administered at the critical moment of a turn in the disease.

General as the custom has become of procuring most stores at the grocer's shop, upon the plea that there is no room in modern residences to keep such things at home, persons who may be disposed to try the experiment may easily do so, in most cases, where the plan is supposed to be impracticable. A very little room will hold a large number of useful stores, provided a system of arrangement be observed. There is scarcely, in fact, a small villa in any of the principal suburbs of large towns that does not contain the kind of nook required. The circumstance of builders constantly committing the error of building rooms that are totally unfit for any domestic purpose whatever, save as lumber-rooms, comes to the aid of our suggestion. All that is wanted is ingenuity to convert these otherwise waste places into rooms where stores may be kept. Even a good-sized linen-press, placed on the landing of a staircase, may be made suitable to the purpose. Either place should be fitted with shelves, neither too far apart nor too broad. In the one case valuable space is lost, and in the other small articles are liable to be out of sight behind larger ones.

Some ventilation is necessary in whatever kind of room is devoted to the keeping of stores. If an ordinary window and chimney be present, no farther contrivance is needed. If not, perforated zinc, let in at the upper part of a door, will supply the needed air. If a linen-press of the kind alluded to be in use, a current of air should be supplied from the back or sides, as well as from the front.

Bearing in mind that limited space is generally all that can be spared for the purpose in question, the following suggestions will bear reference only to the most general wants.

Firstly, with regard to the purchasing of grocery, soap, candles, &c. Supplying a store-room entirely from an ordinary grocer's shop is not a profitable plan, either as regards the price or the quality of the provisions. The better mode is to ascertain what articles certain dealers are celebrated for, and to buy such things exclusively from such dealers. There are certain establishments, for example, that are noted for the excellence of their tea at moderate prices; others are equally famous for good and cheap coffee. When found, these tradesmen are the people to deal with, because, as they confine their business entirely to one article of sale, they are the most likely to exercise discrimination in the selection of their goods; and from being in a condition to buy in large quantities at the lowest market prices, they are enabled to sell at a proportionate scale of profit. As a general rule, whatever purchases may be desired should be made of the chosen firm direct. The goods should be paid for on or before delivery, and a discount taken for ready money payment.

The same line of conduct should be observed in laying in other descriptions of stores. In all cases where it is practicable, the manufacturer or the direct importer is the best agent to employ. Even if the price does not appear less than through other channels, the quality of the goods is likely to be superior, which comes to the same thing in the end. In the latter case, discretion should be used in the consumption of such stores.

The chief error to guard against in having articles of daily consumption in the house is a lavish habit in their use. In most households there is a tolerable average observable, and if any excess beyond the usual consumption becomes apparent, it may be assumed that there has been some mismanagement.

A pair of scales and a set of weights should form a part of store-room fittings. All articles given out should be weighed with the same precision as is customary at shops. It is perhaps needless to say that the door of a store-room should be fitted with a good key, small enough to be conveniently carried at all times in the housekeeper's pocket.

Reverting to the labour connected with the providing of stores, we will make a few suggestions that may be useful to the inexperienced. Beginning with *preserving*. Some people say that you can buy jams as cheaply as you can make them. Taking the actual cost into consideration, perhaps the difference in price is but trifling; but there is no comparison between the quality of the two articles. Home-made jams are really what they profess

to be, without the aid of substitutes generally used by the trade, and the former afford a valuable article of diet. If judiciously used, nothing is more conducive to the health of young children during the winter than home preserved fruit. The average quantity of sugar for preserving ripe fruit (and none other is profitable), is three-quarters of a pound to a pound of fruit. Some housekeepers recommend less, but their jams are apt to fail. With the above greater proportion of sugar, less boiling suffices ; consequently, less loss is incurred by evaporation. Twenty minutes after jam has come to the "boil" is sufficient. "Preserving loaf sugar" is more profitable than moist sugar, and costs but little more. Loaf sugar is also drier, and has, therefore, higher preserving qualities. No skimming is required when loaf sugar is used. Jams should be tied down whilst *hot*—as soon after they are taken from the stove as possible. There is then no need of using oiled paper, brandy, &c. The pots should not only be thoroughly dry, but should be heated in the oven to be certain that there is no moisture about them. As soon as the jam is tied down, it should be placed on the shelf it is designed to occupy, leaving just a little space between each pot. One pot should not be placed upon another, neither should any other articles be suffered to rest on jams. Mildew is apt to form if these precautions are neglected.

The most profitable family jams for winter use are raspberry and currant, mixed in the proportion of one-third of raspberries to two-thirds of currants. Eaten with hot rice, plain boiled, this is a wholesome winter pudding for children. Black currant jam is equally useful for roll-puddings ; and raspberry and strawberry jam for finer kinds of pastry, such as open tarts and the like. For the latter purpose the jam should not be added till after the crust is baked. Preserved rhubarb is not profitable if one has to buy the rhubarb. If it be of home-growth, the jam is well worth making. Mixed with orange marmalade, rhubarb jam is an excellent tonic relish for delicate appetites. Two-thirds of rhubarb to one of orange marmalade is a good proportion. Rhubarb jam for winter use should be made in the fall of the year—not before August. Stone fruits are not profitable preserved in sugar, but, if the expense be not objected to, they afford an agreeable change.

The most approved mode of preserving greengages, apricots, plums, &c., is boiling them in syrup. The fruit should first be stoned, care being taken not to bruise it. A syrup having been prepared by boiling sugar and water together for ten minutes, in the proportion of one pound of loaf sugar in a teacupful of water (quarter of a pint), the fruit should be added to the syrup, and be suffered to simmer till tender. The syrup and fruit should then be turned into a large dry pan, and the following day the process of boiling should be repeated for a quarter of an hour. At the second boiling, the kernels previously removed from the shells, and blanched, should be added. Skimming must be carefully attended to in this mode of preserving, otherwise the syrup will not look clear. The best time for the above preserves is August and September. The fruit should not be over-ripe. One pound of sugar to one pound of fruit should be allowed.

Fruit jellies are almost all made in the same way—namely, by simmering the fruit in a jar placed in boiling water till the juice is extracted. Then strain off the fruit and to every pint of juice add one pound of loaf sugar. Boil and skim for twenty minutes. Remove the jelly from the fire, and tie down in pots as described for jams. For black currant jelly allow a quarter of a pint of water to every pint of juice, in addition to the usual proportion of sugar.

Pickling is one of those preserving operations that are best done at home, even although the result should be that the articles pickled present a less brilliant appearance than those which are purchased at oil warehouses. Several chief points are to be observed in pickling. The vinegar used should be of the strongest quality, and should not be boiled, but simply brought to scalding heat. This may be effected by steeping the required quantity of spice in vinegar, and setting it to stew gently for twelve hours on a trivet, or on a stove. The vinegar should then be strained from the spice, and used as required. A stock vinegar, useful for most purposes, may be prepared by mixing a quarter of a pound of black peppercorns with two ounces of allspice, half an ounce of cloves, and two ounces of bruised ginger. The above proportion of spice is sufficient for a quart of vinegar. The spice, when strained off, may be covered again with vinegar, and kept in the store-room for filling up jars from which pickles have been taken out. The best mode of preparing vegetables for pickling is to steep them in bay-salt and water, strong enough to float an egg, for twenty-four hours, from which they must afterwards be drained by lying on a sieve. When thoroughly saturated with salt the pickle may be added, and the jars tied down with several thicknesses of brown paper or bladder saturated with the vinegar pickle. Most pickles are better for being kept at least one year before they are used. No metal saucepans or spoons should be allowed to touch pickles. The least moisture will spoil all the work. Small onions, cauliflowers, gherkins, and walnuts are in most general favour. People who prefer digestibility to crispness parboil the substances to be pickled in the brine of salt and water previously to adding the vinegar.

The preparation of sauces, flavoured vinegars, and dried herbs amply repays for the small amount of trouble such things demand. Our French neighbours are very diligent in these occupations, and to their forethought and intelligence may be attributed much of their success in cookery. The great point to bear in mind is, to be ready to turn to account all the good things which successive seasons bring, and not to rely on chance productions. All who are desirous of making store-sauces, &c., will find the autumn and the end of summer the most favourable time of the year. It is then that the ingathering of most of the herbs from which appetising relishes are made takes place, and the necessary ingredients may be purchased for a mere trifle, which are expensive to buy at other seasons. For instance, no store-room is complete without the following —and we may say that no good cookery can be complete without such flavours :—

Garlic Vinegar.—From Midsummer to Michaelmas is the best time, and twopennyworth of garlic will supply a family with vinegar of the kind for twelve months. The garlic should be simply peeled, cut in slices, and covered with strong vinegar in a wide-mouthed stoppered bottle. One or two drops of this vinegar will impart an agreeable flavour to most sauces, soups, and stews. No sauce, however, requires a more sparing use.

Shalot Wine is a more delicate preparation than the above, and may be used for the same purposes, if preferred. A quarter of a pound of shalots minced finely and covered with half a pint of sherry, should be left to soak for a few days. The wine should then be poured off, and added to the same quantity of freshly-chopped shalots, as at first. Repeat this process three times. Strain the wine from the shalots, and bottle for use. Shalots in August are about eightpence per pound.

Chili Vinegar is made by simply slicing chilies, and covering them with vinegar in closely-corked, wide-mouthed bottles. In August and September chilies are from fourpence to sixpence per dozen. A few drops of chili vinegar are a great improvement to winter salads, stewed steaks, &c. When the vinegar is sufficiently saturated with the chilies, the latter may be added to any mixed pickles that may be kept in store.

Tarragon Vinegar is invaluable for salads, and is almost always used by the French. Tarragon vinegar is

made by steeping the herb in vinegar, and bottling it off when strained, having been previously left two or three days to stand and settle.

Mint Vinegar is an excellent relish for cold mutton in the winter, and is made in the same manner as tarragon, with the exception that the mint, if finely chopped, may be eaten as in mint-sauce. All the above sauces should be kept in moderately small bottles closely corked, and tied down with parchment steeped in vinegar. When the parchment is dry, the top should be dipped in bottle wax. The latter process should not be performed till all the sediment has settled and been removed.

Dried Herbs are invaluable for winter use. The herbs should be gathered just before they bloom, that being the time when the flavour of the plant is strongest in the leaf. Having been dried by suspending in a kitchen, the leaves should be stripped from the stalks, and finely powdered by rubbing between the palms of the hand. They should then be put into bottles and tightly closed. Bottles about the size which usually contain anchovies are the best for this purpose. Lemon-thyme, marjoram, pennyroyal (the latter being essential for flavouring pork-sausages), and sweet basil are the most useful of the herbs in common use for soup, stuffing, forcemeat balls, &c.

Dried sage and mint are equally useful. Care is required to remove all roots containing grit before the drying begins. The above herbs may be mostly gathered between July and September.

A very convenient store-sauce will be found for broiled meat, devilled bones, &c., made of the following:—Two wine-glasses of mushroom catchup, one of walnut catchup, and a table-spoonful of Worcestershire sauce. These, mixed together and well shaken, are very handy when a relish is needed in a hurry; added to a little melted butter, the above is a very good accompaniment to fish.

Mushroom catchup is so well-known and well-established a favourite, that it is only needful to recommend its being made at home, in preference to being purchased at shops. Half a sieve of *flap* mushrooms, looking, in the basket, perhaps black and a little broken, may generally be bought in the markets, at the end of August, for 5s., and will make half a dozen wine-bottles of catchup, at the additional cost of the salt and spices for flavouring. The proportion of spices recommended in a preceding paragraph for pickle vinegar will serve for flavouring the catchup. Having cleared the mushrooms from the grit at the stems (provided the stems be left on the mushrooms), proceed to spread them in a large pan, in layers, sprinkling each layer plentifully with salt. The pan should then be tilted, in order to let the juice drain in a corner, where it may be easily removed by a cup. After a day or two's draining, fresh salt may be sprinkled on the mushrooms, and the mushrooms squeezed, which will cause the remaining juice to flow freely. These first juices should be saved separately, and make what is called "double catchup." The catchup should be boiled with the spices for about twenty minutes, and, having settled and become cold, it should be put into some bottles and corked. Fresh sediment will form in a few days, from which the catchup must be cleared, and finally bottled. Wine-bottles that have been used for containing spirits are best for this purpose, provided they have been kept closely corked. All utensils used in the making and preserving catchup should be perfectly dry.

The *second* catchup is made by pouring about three pints of water to the above quantity of mushrooms, adding fresh salt. After having been left to saturate for a day or so, the mushrooms should be boiled up and the liquid treated as above. The mushrooms themselves are still fit for immediate use, in stews, curries, and the like; and, if dried in a very slow oven, may be pounded and kept for winter use, to flavour hashes, stews, and soup.

Other stores will be treated of in a subsequent chapter.

A HOUSEHOLD LION.

"What Shall We Have for Dinner To-Day."

The path of the housewife is often beset
With obstacles many and great;
The manifold trials which fall to her lot
Pertaining to household estate;
However courageous her nature may be,
One Lion there is whom she trembles to see—
A Lion who daily confronts her to say:
"Pray, what shall we have for our dinner to-day?"

She girds up her soul for the house-cleaning time,
The end of that toil she can see;
Makes war upon insects with spirit all brave,
And knows she shall conqueror be;
Full well to the ways of her house she may look,
Press on through the cares that her footsteps would brook;
One Lion she meets makes her faint by the way,
The Lion who asks: "What for dinner to-day?"

'Tis not that the animal roars very loud
Above other beasts that she meets,
Nor is it the size of His Majesty's mouth—
The quantity daily he eats—
But this tiresome species doth daily demand,
New food in variety fresh from her hand;
No wonder the keeper with worry grows gray
In trying to answer—"What dinner to-day?"

The Lion refuses, with lordly disdain,
To taste any "warmed-over mess;"
The high-sounding dishes all tempt him in vain—
He knows their original dress.
"Away with your scraps and your remnants," he cries,
The housewife before him stands guilty—and flies.
'Tis not at all easy, this holding at bay
A Lion demanding new dinners each day.

Some day she'll grow reckless and give up the fight—
What then will the consequence be?
Approaching him boldly the lady will say,
"There is nothing new—*pray eat me!*
One bone please reserve—in the ground let it lie;
Inscribe on my tomb, 'Here's a martyr'—tell why—
Write 'Here lies a woman who's fallen a prey
To a Lion in search of new dinners each day.'"

—*Ella Lyle.*

THE STORE-ROOM (*continued*).

ALTHOUGH not in such general use as mushroom catchup, walnut catchup forms the basis of several excellent store sauces, and is both easy and inexpensive to make at home. The best time for the work is when walnuts first appear in the markets, generally about September or October. Half a sieve of walnut shells, costing but little beyond the carriage home, will yield sufficient catchup for a small family's use for twelve months. The shells should be laid in a deep pan, and freely sprinkled with salt. The pan should be tilted on one side to let the juice escape. In about six or eight days the shells will begin to feel pulpy. They should then be mashed and beaten daily, until sufficient juice is extracted, adding more salt if necessary. As soon as any liquor has drained from the shells, it should be set aside in a dry jug. Half a sieve of walnut-shells generally yields about a quart of juice. When the full quantity is extracted, the catchup,

spice, &c., should be placed over a clear, slow fire, when it should be allowed to boil for twenty minutes, all the scum being cleared off as it rises. A quarter of a pound of shalots, one clove of garlic chopped fine, 1 oz. of cloves, 2 oz. of peppercorns, and ½ oz. of allspice should be added to the walnut juice, and two wineglasses of soy, when it is put over the fire to boil. The liquor having been strained, it should be left to settle before bottling. If the walnut shells be not very tender, the addition of about a quart of water to every half-sieve of walnuts will greatly assist in extracting the juice. The latter addition, however, will entail longer time in boiling, and double the quantity of spice, to ensure the catchup keeping any length of time. Walnut catchup is a most excellent addition to stewed steaks, kidneys, &c.

The mode of steeping freshly gathered soup-herbs in walnut and mushroom catchup, is much to be recommended to those who are liable to be called upon to produce a basin of soup, or a tureen of sauce, at short notice. Many hours' cookery may be saved by having such ingredients at hand. Any catchup left from a previous season may be utilised with good results by this plan. The method to adopt is to saturate soup-herbs—such as knotted marjoram, basil, or thyme, separately or in the desired proportions—in sufficient catchup to well cover the leaves stripped from their stalks. Having lain for twelve hours or longer, the catchup and herbs should be boiled for twenty minutes, and afterwards left to settle before being put into bottles. In most brown soups, lemon thyme, majoram, and winter savory are indispensable. These flavourings should, therefore, be always at hand in the store-room. Basil is equally needed for making mock turtle; but, as the latter herb is likely to predominate over all others, preparations of basil should be carefully used, and kept apart from the rest.

Amongst the sauces which are a host of flavourings in themselves, and consequently most fitted for storing, may be named tomato sauce. With well-made tomato sauce to fall back upon, a housekeeper need never be at a loss to supply a savoury and elegant dish out of the most homely materials. As a relish to plain cold mutton, tomato sauce surpasses every other kind of sauce, and as a finish to elaborate ragoûts it is equally invaluable. Neither can hares be successfully jugged without the aid of tomato sauce. With its use as an accompaniment to fried sweetbreads every *bon-vivant* is acquainted. The following receipt is one which has been successfully used in the writer's household for many years :—Choose half-a-sieve of bright-red tomatoes—English-grown tomatoes are the best, and may be had in the markets from the beginning of September till the middle of October. The price varies slightly according to the supply ; but from 2s. 6d. to 3s. 6d. per half-sieve is about the usual price. The tomatoes should be put into a pan and set into a cool oven, to simmer in their own liquor till tender. They should then be put into a large saucepan over a slow fire, with the addition of ¼ lb. of garlic, 1 lb. of shalots, a small handful of salt, 6 green capsicums, and 1 dozen of fine chilies, together with half a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, ½ oz. of allspice, and ½ oz. of cloves ; a good teaspoonful of strong curry-powder and the peel of half a lemon heighten the flavour. When these ingredients have all been boiled till the tomatoes are tender, the pan should be removed from the fire and the tomatoes passed through a sieve ; every portion of the tomatoes should be reduced to a pulp ; the pulp should then be set on the fire, to boil again for a few minutes, with the addition of ½ pint of chili vinegar; when cold, the sauce should be bottled in wide-mouthed bottles, in the ordinary way. If well made, the sauce will keep good for a year or two, but in order to secure this result great care must be used to have all the utensils employed perfectly dry.

Lemon flavourings are very much esteemed by some people, and the piquancy which lemon-juice gives can hardly be dispensed with in attempts at good cookery. The easiest way to obtain lemon-juice at all seasons for ordinary use is by keeping a bottle of the prepared juice in the store-room. A good-sized bottle may be purchased for a shilling at all chemists' shops, and is the cheapest and easiest method of supplying the needed flavour to stews, curries, &c. The prepared lemon-juice is certainly somewhat deficient in flavour, but that defect may be remedied by saturating a little fresh-cut lemon-peel in the juice.

Lemon pickle is a very useful store-pickle, and, to those who like the flavour of lemon, is a valuable article of diet during the winter months, when acid fruits are scarce. The following receipt is the most simple for pickling lemons :—About the middle of October, or beginning of November, choose a quarter of a hundred of bright-looking lemons, as nearly as possible the same size ; slit the rinds from one end of the lemon to the other in three places, taking care not to penetrate to the juice ; rub into the slits as much dried table salt as the gashes will hold ; then arrange the lemons, end-wise, in an earthenware pan, to drain ; turn the lemons daily for six days ; at the end of the above time have ready sufficient vinegar to cover the lemons ; to each quart of vinegar allow ½ oz. of cloves, 2 oz. of black pepper, 1 oz. of allspice, 2 oz. of nutmegs cut into chips, 1 oz. of bruised ginger, 2 oz. of mustard-seed, and two or three cloves of sliced garlic ; the above vinegar and spice should be just suffered to come to a boil, and when cold should be poured over the lemons, and the pickle tied down in jars ; at the expiration of two or three months the spice, if desired, may be strained from the vinegar, and the lemons divided preparatory to use. The longer lemon pickle is kept before using the more mellow it becomes, and after a year or two it affords an excellent addition to every kind of mixed pickle.

Some finely-chopped lemon pickle in a boat of melted butter is, with many, a favourite addition to boiled fowls, veal, and other kinds of white meat. In all fricassées lemon pickle will be found useful.

Pickled nasturtiums are an excellent substitute for capers, and are considered more digestible. Gather the nasturtium pods in dry weather, and sprinkle them for a day or two with salt ; after they have been drained from the salt, wipe them and put them into a bottle containing vinegar flavoured with spice, in the proportion of 1 oz. of salt to every pint of vinegar, twelve peppercorns, and six allspice. This pickle is better if not eaten till twelve months after it is made.

The value of certain seeds should not be overlooked as winter stores when fresh herbs are scarce. An ounce or two of celery and parsley seed should be in every store-room for the purpose of soup-making. A good substitute for parsley and butter may be made by boiling parsley seed in water, in order to impart the flavour. When strained, the liquor should receive the addition of some finely-chopped winter spinach, to give the required greenness.

A jar of mixed mustard should always be kept ready for use. To a ¼ lb. of mustard add 1½ oz. of salt, and mix with water that has been boiled but is not quite hot. Mustard prepared in the above way is not only more relishing, but is more economical than when mixed in small quantities at a time. The French flavour mustard with a variety of herbs and essences, of which the most esteemed are tarragon vinegar, garlic, burnet, basil, and fine herbs. Mustard may thus be made to supply the place of sauce, especially to cold meat.

Table salt is now sold very cheaply in packets, but if not easily obtainable, salt dried in an oven and afterwards rolled with a common stone bottle will be found equally good.

With plenty of herbs, pickles, jams, and sauces at command, a store-room needs only the addition of a well-selected assortment of preserved meats to afford an appetising meal independent of all unpropitious circumstances, which in the best regulated households, are apt at times to reduce dinner arrangements to an awkward uncertainty. A very ample knowledge of the various preserved meats sold in tins induces the writer to recommend the following as the most profitable to keep in store for household use. Firstly, beef and bouilli, which is simply the pot-au-feu of French cookery, with portions of meat in the soup. To make the dish more completely suitable to English taste, some boiled dumplings should be added, together with additional pepper and salt. Better food on a winter's day, without any trouble in the preparation, need not be desired. Cold boiled beef sold in tins is also excellent. The surplus fat, if there should happen to be any, makes first-rate crust for savoury pies and puddings. The Australian boiled mutton is also a very successful preparation, but is more palatable in winter than in summer-time, on account of the fat being in cold weather firmer, and consequently more palatable. With regard to the soups sold in tins, they ought rather to be regarded as the bases of good soups, than finished soups. All more or less require the addition of fresh herbs, or preparations which give piquancy to the dish. For instance, the mock turtle requires a considerable amount of basil, fried onions, and catchup. The gravy soup needs fresh carrots and turnips; and the oxtail all the above, with the addition of winter savory. The intelligent use of the above herbs, combined with a good thickening of flour and butter, wine, and lemon-juice or chili vinegar, enables a housekeeper to set a good extempore tureen of soup on the table at comparatively little cost and trouble. If she will be at the pains to make force-meat balls, where such accompaniments are customary, the illusion will be more complete.

Liebig's extract of meat is too widely known to need introduction in this place. As a means of converting ordinary stock into good soup at little expense the extract is very useful, and ought to be kept in every store-room. As a broth for invalids the extract of meat generally requires the customary flavour which freshly-shred onions and carrots, &c., alone can impart. These, however, are easily added, and it is beyond a doubt that the amount of nourishment derivable from half a teaspoonful of Liebig's extract of meat dissolved in a cup of water affords more nourishment than twice the quantity of beef-tea made by an uncertain process. A very successful preparation of mixed dried vegetables may be had at the best oilmen's, which, used in conjunction with Liebig's extract, enhances the value of the food for the general purposes of diet. The vegetables alluded to consist of finely-shred carrot, celery, parsley, turnip, onion, &c., which figure so pleasingly in the spring soups of good confectioners. The invention is that of the "Compagnie Française d'Alimentation, Paris," but packets may be had at most stores, and for domestic use are as reasonable in price as those supplied to the members of the Civil Service Society.

Another article of food sold in tins, deserves to be generally patronised; viz., condensed milk. The expense of these tins, and the small space they occupy in a store-room, are said to be quite disproportionate to their utility. Any irregularity in delivering milk may readily be counteracted by having the condensed milk in the house. And for purposes of diet the milk is of the highest merit. Each tin represents five pints of pure milk, at the cost of one shilling. All children like the preserved milk, and thrive upon it. For use in puddings and cookery the condensed milk does not appear to answer equally well, owing, it may be presumed, to the milk being preserved by the use of maple sugar.

OLD AND NEW FOR HALLOWEEN.

How Individual Fortunes are Divined by the Fates.

THERE was a belief among the pagans that fairies and witches were very near to human beings on the eve of the first of November, and the earlier Christian teachers, we are told, did not altogether seek to destroy the popular faith in these invisible beings, or their propinquity on this particular night, but adopted the superstition, so to speak, and transmuted it into a holier imagination. On that night, they said, all sainted spirits were near, returning, year by year, to familiar places or to those who had loved them.

Many a grieving heart has solaced itself with the latter tradition, while from the former superstition, not easily outgrown or displaced, have come the merry customs and quaint rites by which young people everywhere essay on Halloween to read their future. For surely, if the fairies are abroad on All Saints' eve, and may be importuned to disclose their knowledge of human destinies, it were worth while to win their confidence! The possibility of discoveries so important should not be slighted, particularly since such merry-making may attend them. Some of them claim less credence than this, it is true, but the less trustworthy are often the more mirth provoking. Some of them, too, are worn nearly threadbare, but the secrets to which they furnish a key are unread and captivating, while they are supplemented by new expedients and experiments with the thread of destiny, whose course people love to trace, whatever the pattern it is making.

And—superstition aside—we have not too many holidays in this busy land of ours; and the light in which our crowding tasks are done is sufficiently commonplace to make us welcome any glamour that may enhance or color it, even though it be but the candles of Halloween that tint it. He who will be pleased only by stately or unusual pleasures is likely often to go uncheered, and misses a good deal of gladness that helps to make life both sweeter and richer.

There is no holiday that gives occasion for merrier games or more fanciful rites. Every young hostess, by the exercise of her own ready wit, may add to the familiar customs other plays as pretty and delightful. So, if one chooses to mingle, or alternate, the new with the old, having her programmes somewhat carefully prepared, but not announced to her guests, she may be able to give her guests a merry evening, fertile in mirthful surprises and satisfactions.

One of the first requisites is plenty of room—or rooms—not crowded with furniture or bric-a-brac. Indeed, for many of the games a kitchen, or at least a dining-room, is far more convenient.

A tub of water may be used more than once, not only in which to bob for apples,—not every one, in-

deed, will make the sacrifice of dignity this demands, nor that occasioned by the desperate attempt to secure a bite from an apple suspended in the doorway. And an open fire is a desideratum.

A pretty test of love or friendship is furnished by mimic ships set sailing in that same tub of water. The boats are made by splitting an English walnut very evenly, and removing the meat. In each half of the shell is placed a bit of cotton batting, and into the center of this is poured some melted tallow, or a bit of colored candle may be heated and inserted. In the tallow is made firm a bit of string, which, when the two ships are launched, is lighted. Of course the boats are named at the launching. The distance they keep as they veer about, the attraction they display for each other, and the smoothness of their voyage or the disasters that overtake them, all prefigure the life-voyage of their respective sponsors.

For a kindred purpose of divination a pair of nuts are set down side by side before an open grate. If they burn steadily side by side, the course of true love or of loyal friendship will doubtless be calm and prosperous. But if they "sputter," or fly apart, disagreement and separation may be expected.

For determining individual destiny the devices are well-nigh innumerable. Some are graceful and significant, some weird, some grotesque and mirth provoking. A degree of self-control is necessary in the inquirer of fortune, for embarrassment is often fatal to the success of the trial, and turns, perhaps, the laugh against one.

A simple test consists in suspending a ring in a glass not quite full of water, and reciting the alphabet while one holds the thread. If the ring strikes the side of the glass as any letter is pronounced, that is, of course, a significant letter; the initial, indeed, of the name the maiden may be expected to exchange for her own.

Or, into a basin of cold water each lady may pour a little melted lead from an iron spoon, and through a key. The lead will, of course, assume odd shapes, like various tools or other articles, which may be regarded as symbolic of "his" vocation,—an account book for a merchant, a spade for a farmer, a ferule for a teacher, a book for an author, a harp for a musician, an anchor for a sailor.

Again, the girls may be sent out blindfolded, two at a time, into the garden, where they must pluck up the first growing thing they happen on. These hasty harvestings, are, after their return, inspected and tasted, and declared, being sour or sweet, succulent or juiceless, well clothed with earth or bare of it, to indicate their fortunes, good or ill, promiseful or joyless, of riches or poverty.

As a finale, the guests may visit "the workshop of the Fates." This workroom, be it said, is not arranged without some study and effort, but it is so unusual and interesting and leaves so charming an impression that it seems well worth the pains. Only a small room is necessary, but it should be nearly or quite empty of furniture and somewhat dimly lighted. If by colored candles, so much the more fitting. There should be two doors nearly opposite, and between them an open pathway through the room. Then, beside a low wheel sit the three sisters who preside over the fortunes of mankind. One is spinning, one holds the thread that feeds the wheel, and the third, with gigantic shears, cuts the strand. The young ladies who take these parts should all be tall and somewhat similar in appearance. If somewhat angular, it is better, and they should all be able to summon and maintain a forbidding severity of countenance. They are to be clothed in white, draped with classic plainness—sheets will serve as well as anything—and their hair, unless it is blonde, may be powdered. The guests, at the conclusion of the evening's merry-making, file into this room, two by two, look at the tableau, and pass out again by the opposite door, each receiving, as he goes out, a card or slip indicating the fortunes the Fates are preparing for him. Square cards, with or without envelopes, and, of course, without address, are prettiest, and may be given by a quaintly-dressed child standing just outside the door. If the company is large, two children, a boy and a girl, will do better. The cards bear quotations from the poets. They ought to seem authoritative in tone, and the more various they are, the more piquancy is secured, for, of course, the recipients will show and compare them. But do, if possible, have them all *good* fortunes. It seems incongruous and unkind to circulate any other sort at such a time. Sometimes the quotations will seem oddly apposite; sometimes they promise ideal happiness, and sometimes they give the expectant one only a bit of pungent advice.

At a certain country Halloween the hostess was assured of

> "A nook among the hills; a little farm
> With fertile acres yielding daily bread;
> A low-browed dwelling, snug and warm,
> With wide blue country skies hung overhead."

And the host received an adaptation from Holmes' "Contentment," running something like this:

> "Some good stock, some notes of hand,
> To you does Fortune mean to send—
> A little more than you will spend."

Some one was informed that,

> "Whatever with the past has been
> The best is yet to be."

Still another was promised,

> "Health, peace, and competence."

And yet another was assured of,

> "What nothing earthly gives or can destroy,
> The soul's calm sunshine and the heartfelt joy."

They excited a good deal of merry curiosity, and so far as I know did not give any one disappointment. And in more than one instance the bit of pasteboard with its mystical message will be treasured till another Halloween, or longer, as a tiny, significant souvenir of a merry evening.

—Olive E. Dana.

FIRESIDE POPULAR PASTIMES.

An Up-to-date "Candy Pull."

AS attractive as any form of merry making to the average New England boy or girl is a genuine candy pull when on a stormy and blustering winter night, the warm kitchen is comfortably filled with a troop of jolly young people who assist in concocting some dainty sweets that make the kitchen redolent with their perfume, and who enjoy the delight of sampling these confections to an extent limited only by their individual capacity. Such affairs require little previous time for preparation, and on that account are deservedly popular. The trouble often is, however, that there is not enough for all to keep busy and the interest flags.

The greater the variety of candies the better, and if all are "pull" candies the fun is greatly increased, as anything approaching formality is quickly lost in the good natured competition of all to see which can produce the whitest and most attractive specimens.

If a large number are present it will be found an excellent idea to have several single or double burner oil stoves placed on a firm strong table, and to use these in addition to the range when a number of kinds are to be made. Then if a small group is apportioned to each stove there will be little confusion and slight danger of accidents.

All materials and utensils should be placed conveniently at hand and each group should have a written recipe to follow. In this way, where each has her own special work to do there is much more interest and far greater probability of success than when too many are working together.

With a variety of candies, the quantity of each need not be large, which is an advantage as they can thus be quickly cooked. A tub of ice or snow will be convenient for cooling the candy.

The following candies have been tested many times and have proved delicious and especially satisfactory for an affair of this sort. One of the simplest, but always a favorite is the old-fashioned molasses candy. For this always use the best New Orleans molasses. Test it by dipping the finger into a small portion of it. The finest quality will fall in drops from the finger:

Take three cupfuls of the molasses and boil it rapidly until it is brittle when dropped in cold water. Add a tablespoonful of butter and a speck of bicarbonate of soda. Stir briskly till thoroughly dissolved, then pour quickly into a large, shallow pan that has been well buttered, cool slowly, and when quite cool pull until light and porous. If you prefer the flavor, add a teaspoonful of vanilla extract to the candy while pulling it, but the distinctive molasses flavor is of itself delicious. Cut in bars, or any desired form and put on ice to become very cold and brittle.

A very attractive combination somewhat similar to the popular confections known as "buttercups," may be made with this molasses candy and the soft cream candy generally called fondant. The latter is the basis of chocolate creams and similar mixtures, and its preparation has been often described. To the uninitiated, however, the briefest directions are here presented:

To one pint of granulated sugar add three-fourths of a cupful of boiling water and a speck of cream of tartar. Stir only until it is dissolved, then boil rapidly until the sirup will spin a thread when dropped from a fork or spoon. The minute that this point has been reached remove the sirup and cool. When lukewarm remove any crystals that may have formed on the surface and beat the mass vigorously till white and crumbly, then with the hands knead the whole into a smooth, firm ball. Flavor to taste and keep covered with a damp cloth until ready for use. If the candy is not to be used on the day on which it is made, a better cream is produced by scraping the dry, crumbly mass upon a damp woolen cloth, wrapping it tightly and covering the whole with a dry cloth. The cream can then be much more easily kneaded on the following day than when it is perfectly dry.

To make the "buttercups," the molasses candy should be pulled until very light and porous, then stretched into an oblong sheet on a buttered surface. Roll the vanilla or other flavored fondant into a long, narrow roll and place it in the center of the molasses candy. Fold over the batter so as to completely cover the fondant, then draw out the whole into a long slender strand cutting it off with strong scissors into tiny kisses. When properly made, the brittle, delicate molasses drop with its soft creamy center is most toothsome. If the fondant seems too hard to roll easily hold it over the stove and work it with the fingers till soft and pliable. Chopped nuts and raisins or other dried fruit may be used to give variety to the cream filling. In an emergency a substitute may be made for the boiled fondant by using

the white of two eggs with an equal quantity of cold water, working in enough confectioner's sugar to make it stiff enough to knead, then flavoring to taste, but it is never so delicate as the boiled cream.

Another delicious "pull" candy may be made from either brown or maple sugar, using one cupful of water to every pint of sugar. Boil until brittle, add butter and soda as in the molasses candy, flavoring while pulling it if desired. This is whiter than molasses candy and is always a favorite. A strawberry bar with its delicate pink tint is a handsome contrast to the others, and has a delightful flavor. For the latter candy use three cupfuls of granulated sugar with one and one-half cupfuls of the sirup from strawberry preserves. If very thick, add also one-half cupful of water. Add one teaspoonful of vinegar or lemon juice and boil the candy till brittle, then pull and cut as desired. If you wish a deeper shade of pink than the salmon color produced by the strawberries, a tiny bit of red color paste may be added to the hot sirup when it has been poured into the pan. Stir the whole till the coloring is evenly distributed. Raspberry juice may be substituted for strawberry with excellent results.

A white candy may be made by using three cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of water and one-half cupful of vinegar, cooking the whole till brittle and flavoring while pulling.

In addittion to these varieties there are many that are quickly made that are always popular. Foremost among these is a walnut cream. For this is required one pint of brown sugar, a quarter of a cupful of granulated sugar and one cupful of cream or very rich milk. Boil without stirring until it threads, then add one cupful of chopped walnuts and cool. When quite cool beat until it begins to granulate, pour immediately into small rather deep buttered pans, and when nearly cold cut in small squares.

Taffy is almost an indispensable adjunct to a list of home-made candies and the following is one of the most delightful varieties: Boil together one cupful of sugar, half a cupful of water, one tablespoonful of vinegar, three tablespoonfuls of molasses. Boil until brittle, add a teaspoonful of flavoring, turn into a buttered pan and work while warm.

Efferton Taffy is now expensive, but is delicious. It is made by boiling until brittle three pounds of brown sugar and one and a half pints of water. Add half a pound of fresh butter and boil until it again hardens in cold water. Flavor with a tablespoonful of vanilla before pouring into pans.

A pleasing contrast to these sweets is an agreeable fruit acid, so as a refreshing ending to our little feast we may attempt the manufacture of some lemon drops.

Syringe and strain the juice of six lemons. Mix with granulated sugar until it is too stiff to stir easily. Put it in a granite ware or porcelain kettle and boil, stirring constantly for five or six minutes or until it is brittle. Drop from the tip of a teaspoon onto buttered paper.

—Henrietta L. Rice.

"COMPANY IS COMING."

Bend your knees at worry's shrine
In intense devotion;
Set the house, from cellar to
Attic, in commotion.

Cram the engine, get up steam,
Set the wheels a humming,
Make them whirl, and whir, and whiz,
"Company is coming!"

Raise a dust in every room,
Set the atoms flying;
Scold the children, rout the cat
In the corner lying.

Rap those restless baby hands
On the window drumming;
Every window must be *clean;*
"Company is coming!"

Leave no object in the house
In condition normal,
Make the very cradle look
Prim, and stiff, and formal.

At the oven scorch your face,
Have the stove just "booming,"
"Fix up" something "good to eat;"
"Company is coming."

Cram the engine, keep up steam
Keep the wheels a-humming;
Scrub and scour, and bake and stew;
"Company is coming."

Labor till a "nervous" pulse
In your head is drumming,
Till you ache from head to foot;
"Company is coming."

When your guests arrive, it will
Make their pleasure double
To perceive you've put yourself
To a world of trouble.

Then, although you feel you've done
More than you were able,
Fail not to apologize
For your house and table.

This is hospitality,—
That the wheels be humming,
Rest and comfort banished, when
"Company is coming."

—Martha Gion Sperbeck.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

DRUGS often deteriorate by keeping, and some increase considerably in strength; so it is not wise to use medicine that has been kept for years; and be very careful to get all drugs from reliable chemists.

RICE is much nicer steamed in a basin than boiled in water. Some water and the rice should be placed in the basin, and this should be placed in a saucepan with water not up to the top of the basin, and then boiled hard, with the saucepan lid on, till done.

IF a lamp-wick gets very short, and another cannot be procured, sew a piece of tape of the same width to the bottom of the wick, which you can then use to the very last bit.

IF you use a stylographic pen, be careful to refill with thin fluid ink, so as not to get it clogged.

A LACE scarf is a difficult thing to use, but it can be made into an elegant wrap by cutting a silk yoke to fit the shoulders and then sewing the scarf on to the edge, from which it will hang.

CHILDREN are fond of putting beads and stones and such things up their nose. This is a very dangerous practice. To extract them, put your finger on the opposite nostril and blow sharply into the child's mouth; the stone should then drop out. If it does not, the child should be taken to a doctor at once.

MARQUETERIE WOOD STAINING.

DESIGN FOR A PHOTOGRAPH FRAME.

THE sensible fashion of taking up an art work which will enable us to improve the appearance of our homes, by decorating walls and wood-work of rooms, and by ornamenting articles of furniture and embellishing knick-knacks, is spreading quickly. It is a noticeable fact that ladies living in the country are eager to hear of all the work of this kind which is being done in town; and there is no doubt that many would be glad to try their hand at Marqueterie Wood Staining, if they could see the excellent specimens that are now being daily produced.

Although imitation marqueteries have been in for some time, it is only lately that examples which could fairly be called good have been shown in any number. Here and there we have seen well-executed pieces, but, as a rule, the colouring of the patterns has been garish, and the designs poor and often badly drawn. All this is changed now. What may be termed truly artistic work is turned out by ladies, both professional and amateur. They excel in neatness of work, the outlining is firm and clear, and they choose designs which, though bold and free, yet display some of the fine details which play important parts in much of the old marqueterie.

Many artists object to the word "Imitation" being used in connection with modern art work, and I heartily feel with them that it has not an attractive sound. Mostly imitations are undesirable; often they are worthless. False gems are execrable, because they pretend to be the real things; they do their level best—poor as that is—to deceive; but marqueterie wood staining, though it resembles real marqueterie, can stand on its own merits; like tapestry painting, it is artistic work, not merely a mechanical copy of something else.

Almost any sort of decorative design may be selected, so that workers need not go out of their groove—if

TABLE-TOP.

they have a special one—and wander wildly in new paths, as they often feel they must do on taking up a fresh pursuit. If they are clever at drawing flowers, they can keep to that style of decoration ; if figures are their *forte*, they can introduce *amorini* amongst scrolls intertwined with foliage. Should conventional floral designs appear easier to them, there is a vast hunting-ground ready to hand. Celtic, Scandinavian, Italian, and French designs, Arabesques, Louis XV. scrolls, bows and garlands of flowers, Sheraton inlays, all suggest styles of decorative treatment which cannot fail to delight. Perhaps the Celtic designs, though very popular, are least suited to the art if we consider the subject critically, but fashion goes far in the present day to reconcile us to what otherwise we might think slight anomalies. The Celts are responsible for the decorations of our "five o'clock" napery, carved oak-chests, leather chair seats, as well as marqueterie tables, and what not besides.

Granted that designs innumerable are to the fore, there remains a scarcely less important factor in the successful working out of our decorations to be considered. On good colouring so much depends. Excellent work may be quite spoilt by using bad stains, or stains which are too bright in colour. There is no excuse now for employing unsuitable ones, for professionals have learnt, by studying pieces of old marqueterie, and by continued experiments, to produce stains by means of which decorations of beautifully soft colouring can be executed. A dozen of these sets up a worker completely, but only three or four are used in some of the best pieces of work ; indeed, the most charming effects are secured by the simplest colourings. To give an idea—a low-toned green combines delightfully with satin-wood shaded with brown for decorating a walnut panel, the outlines being done with ebony. Walnut, rosewood, mahogany, ebony and satin-wood stains are used for grounds. The remaining stains are yellow, red, blue, olive, crimson, and grey. Outlines may be put in with ebony or walnut, according to the ground and colouring of the pattern. Marqueterie wood staining compares favourably with many other kinds of art work as regards expense. The price of each bottle of stain, medium, preparing solution and polish, is sixpence. Neat little boxes, containing the three latter requisites and seven stains, are prepared for five shillings. These are quite sufficient for making a start.

Three or four soft brushes are required : either sable or camel-hair ; they should be of medium size ; also an outlining brush and a flat camel-hair. The latter will be wanted for applying the preparation, which is sold with the stains, to the wood to prevent the colours spreading. Continuing the list of requisites, we come to saucers for holding the stains ; glass-paper of two qualities (the finest that is made is used for finishing the rubbing down processes), methylated spirits, and some linen.

There is a large choice of woods : holly, sycamore, and lime are the best kinds. It is advisable to begin on a close-grained wood, as the work is likely to be far more satisfactory, and fewer difficulties have to be encountered than when woods of coarser grain are selected. Whatever kind it may be, it must undergo a thorough preparation before any staining is attempted. We will take, let us say, a table-top to commence with, as that, being flat, is an easy article to manage. First, it is necessary to bring the wood into a good condition for working. No unevenness must mar its surface, which should be as smooth as glass. To secure this, it must be rubbed down with glass-paper until it is perfectly smooth to the touch. Some workers who are very particular about getting an irreproachable surface wet the wood next with water, let it dry, and again rub it down with the glass-paper.

COVER FOR A BLOTTING-BOOK.

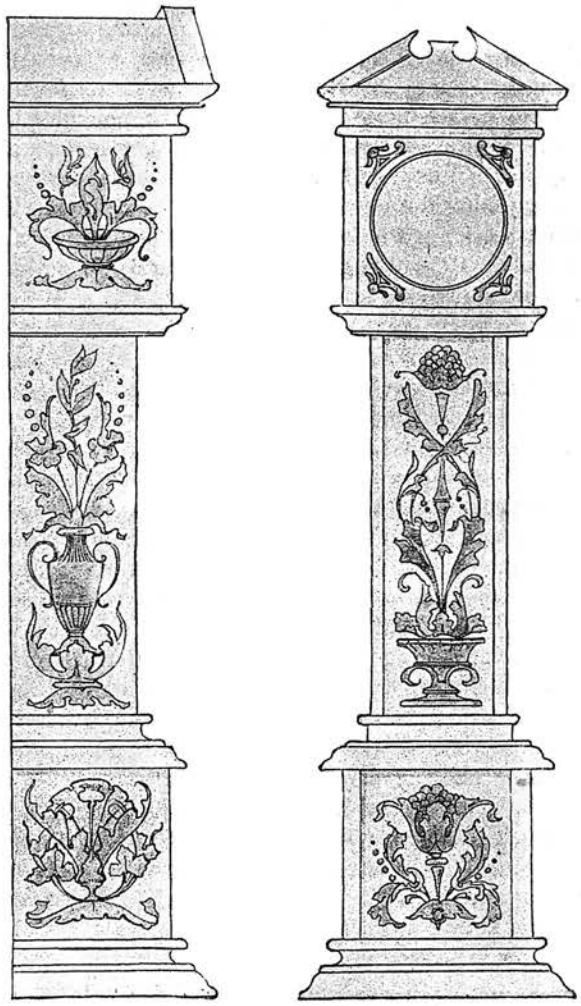
Not the tiniest particle of grit or powder from the wood must be left on the surface when the preparing solution is to be applied. With a piece of linen remove all such grit and dust, then lay on a coat of the solution with the flat camel-hair brush, passing this swiftly over the table-top, and being careful not to let any part of the surface remain untouched. After it has dried, rub the table down with the finest glass-paper, and give a second coating of the solution.

Now that the drudgery is over, we come to the decoration. Those who are inexperienced in art work may be disposed to say that too much has been made of the necessity of having a smooth surface. "What can it matter if a few little specks are left here and there, if the wood is a trifle rough, or even slightly scored with lines?" Well, it matters just this much: that the specks will show dark when the staining is done, and the lines will appear as a legion of scratches.

A rough sketch of the design is first made; this is either original or adapted. It would be most inadvisable for a beginner to draw direct on the table-top; this is not done generally even by professionals. A drawing must be executed next, so that the design may be of the right size, and that it may be such as will best accord with the shape of the article to be decorated. This is done on drawing-paper. When quite correct and complete, a tracing of it is taken by laying a sheet of tracing-paper over the drawing, and going over all the outlines (which are easily seen through the semi-transparent tracing-paper) with a sharply-pointed hard pencil. The tracing is then laid on the table-top in exact position, a sheet of black-lead transfer-paper is carefully slipped beneath it without disturbing its position, and, lastly, the outlines of the tracing are gone over with a style, or with the hard pencil if a style is not at hand. Remove the papers, and the impression of the drawing will be found on the table-top.

In marqueterie wood staining artists work somewhat differently. Some stain the design first and then stain the ground; others reverse this order, and stain the ground first, then stain the design, and finish by outlining it. The latter is decidedly the better plan, and for this reason: on the natural light wood ground a stained design will look very different from what it would if the ground were dark. So if we mean to have a rosewood ground, that should be stained *before* the design, otherwise we shall be unable to judge of the effect the stained design will produce when the table is finished. With a satinwood background a strongly-stained design will present too harsh a contrast, whilst a deep-toned design may be admirable on a dark background.

The stains work better if they are mixed some time before they are used. A small quantity of stain is turned out into one of the saucers, and to this is added one-third part of medium. Mix all the stains in different saucers before commencing the decoration. If we say mahogany or walnut will be wanted for the ground: well, put sufficient out to do the whole of that. Then for the design satinwood and olive may be used. Put some of each in two saucers, and in yet another put some ebony, which will be required for the outlines. Now fill a brush with the mahogany or walnut stain, and go over the ground with it, following the grain of the wood, and getting as level a coat as possible. When this is done the brush can be washed in water. Next stain the design in the same way with olive and satinwood, and shade it where necessary.



DESIGN FOR MINIATURE GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK.

Satinwood may be shaded with walnut or mahogany. To give relief, fine shading lines are often put in with the point of a fine brush. For figures these lines are indispensable, and they need to be very carefully put in. They are as fine as the lines of an etching, and should almost look as if done with a pen. To deepen a tint already laid that may have proved too light, a second application of stain may be given. If a light tint is desired, the stain must be diluted sufficiently to make it so; for stronger shades the stains are used in a dryer state. Ebony for outlines must be allowed to dry up in the saucer after mixing with medium, and be slightly moistened with the brush when needed for use. Walnut is also treated so when it is employed for outlines.

Ebony and ivory marqueterie is done with ebony stained background and white enamel design. All the markings or the design—like the centres of flowers,

for instance, and the veining of leaves and the shading of the cherubs—are done sharply and clearly with the point of a fine brush which is dipped in ebony stain.

All workers would do well to obtain a piece of old inlay; it will be such a help to them in executing a design to have a good example to refer to: not necessarily to reproduce exactly, either as regards pattern or colouring, but to gain ideas which they may modify or enlarge upon as they will.

Now, to return to our table-top. The outlines being all sharp and firm, and all the tints of the right strength, we may consider the ornamentation finished, and the work is now ready for French polishing. It must be set aside for two or three days, that the stains may get quite dried in. Artists who are particular about getting the best possible result now go over the whole work again with the finest glass-paper very carefully. Remember that glass-paper is never used in the hand alone; it is laid over a block of wood specially made for the purpose. This keeps it flat and smooth while the rubbing is accomplished. If, during this rubbing-down process, a defect in design or background becomes apparent, re-touch with stain.

Any cabinet-maker will undertake to French polish the table-top, or it may be done at home if the worker can spare the time and does not mind the trouble. As all housewives know, French polishing is rather an expensive process, on account of the time it takes; but for amateurs who have sufficient of that valuable commodity to spare, the work costs but a trifle. The great point is not to hurry over it. Get colourless French polish, and proceed after the following manner. Make a pad of cotton-wool covered with fine linen. Let the wool be first dipped in the polish, then draw the linen tightly over it. I dare say we have all of us at some time or another in our lives watched a French polisher at work in our homes, and noticed how gently and regularly he passed the pad over the surface he was polishing. At first he rubbed very lightly, we may have seen; then, as the polish penetrated the wood, he increased the pressure and rubbed more quickly. Just a suspicion of linseed-oil, not more than a drop or two, is applied to the face of the pad. Now pass the pad gently over the table-top, and to avoid injuring the stains by too early rubbing, leave the work for a while until the polish has been absorbed by the wood. Rubbing should not be continued too long at a time, but the worker must return to it again and again throughout the day until a good, brilliant surface is secured. Next a second pad is wanted, but now the wool is slightly damped with methylated spirit before being covered with the linen. Touch the pad with oil, and go over the table-top carefully with this. With the polish pad again rub the surface, and then complete the work by using the spirit pad encased in three layers of linen. All furniture can be improved in this way, but it is a rather monotonous task.

Our readers will, doubtless, value the original designs for marqueterie which Miss Turck, a well-known artist, has kindly placed at our disposal for their benefit.

Briefly to mention how the designs may be carried out in marqueterie wood staining. The photo frame may be ebony with ivory design; the veining of foliage and the shading being also done with ebony.

The round table-top is extremely pretty and effective; the ground should be of walnut and all the design of satinwood, whilst the outlines may be given with ebony.

The blotter, which is of holly-wood, is left the natural white as far as the ground is concerned. This throws up the quaint design in which the dragon is done with olive green shading to walnut, and the flowers and foliage with various subdued colours.

PANEL OF A CABINET.

The grandfather's clock is a most dainty little article, and the fine patterns require care in reproduction. It is worth taking some time over, as it has an exceeding good effect when well executed. The design of varied colours contrasts well with a rosewood ground. Green, walnut, and mahogany should be the principal stains employed.

I have left the most charming, and certainly the most difficult, design until last. This is a panel for furniture; for instance, it could be suitably used for the door of a high narrow cabinet or the back of one of the fashionable spinners' seats. The design is to be entirely of satinwood, delicately shaded with brown and the ground of walnut.

We must glance just for a moment at the articles suited for marqueterie staining. Almost any piece of furniture which is of light dainty design may be chosen. Occasional chairs, five o'clock tea-tables, cabinets, small bookcases, brackets, Victoria stools, Hamlet and Louis XV. seats, and the quaint spinners' chairs can all be charmingly decorated in this style.

We may decorate a drawing-room or boudoir most attractively by executing a series of panels for the dado, which will be arranged with plain wooden mouldings between each Above these could be a frieze, with quiet toned floral design of stained marqueterie, and the filling-in of "brocade" paper.

E. CROSSLEY.

Truffle-Hunting with Pigs and Dogs.

By M. Dinorben Griffith.

THE word "hunting" appeals to Englishmen all the world over. The game may be big or small, anything from a fox to an elephant, it matters little if it affords good sport.

Probably but few, if any, of our readers have taken part in, or witnessed, a truffle hunt, a novel and somewhat amusing sport, possessing many advantages. It can be indulged in by rich and poor, man, woman, or child, without danger to life or limb—so far from this being the case, it is invigorating and healthful, and has the additional advantage of being at times extremely profitable.

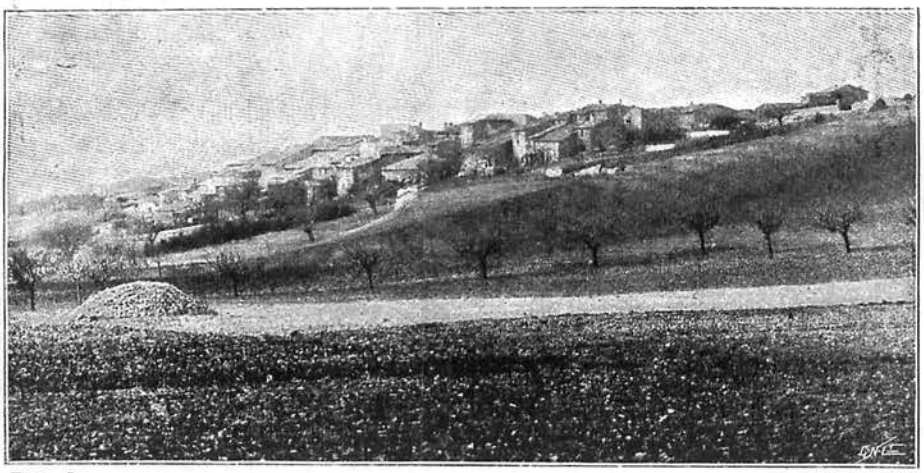
Then we came across a pile of hampers, packed and labelled ready for dispatch by rail, around which a still stronger odour lingered, so at last we asked the man in charge of them what they contained.

"Truffles," was the reply.

Now we knew and would never forget the smell of this delicacy. We learnt that a truffle market had been held that morning, beginning at seven, and that it was then over. "But many of the big buyers do their business over there at the Café de Commerce, giving their orders to well-known trufflers without seeing samples," continued our kind informant.

We remembered that our real errand in the market was to meet a truffle farmer who had promised to initiate us into the mysteries of truffle-hunting, and the café seemed to be the most likely place to find him. It was evidently a favourite resort, for not only was every room full, but the pavement was so crowded that it was only with great difficulty we could elbow our way through. The babel of bargaining, of greeting, and the shouting of orders for coffee and other beverages was deafening, reminding one of the Paris Bourse or the Stock Exchange in London. A panting waiter captured our farmer for us, after we had exhausted ourselves in the attempt, and we arranged to drive over to his place early on the following morning.

"What is the meaning of all this noise and excitement?" we inquired.



From a] BEDOIN, THE CENTRE OF THE TRUFFLE INDUSTRY. *[Photograph.*

The best truffle-hunting centre in France is the Department of the Vaucluse, where the annual find averages 900,000lb. During the last hunting season—which commences in November and ends in March—we visited the Vaucluse, choosing the picturesque old town of Carpentras as our head-quarters, it being also the principal truffle market.

We arrived there on a market day. It was a busy scene, the streets crowded with carts, people, and goods for sale. The air was heavy with an indescribable perfume, which became fainter or stronger as we moved along. Now and again a man or woman would pass us, balancing on their heads several empty crates or baskets, and that odour became for the moment more pungent.

"This is a particularly important market," was the reply, "and it is at this café that wine growers meet to bargain for vine roots; as it is now the planting season. A great business is done in truffles here also."

Next morning saw us on our way to a truffle hunt; our destination was Bedoin, one of the many picturesque villages that nestle at the foot of snow-capped Mount Ventoux, about ten miles distant from Carpentras. The inhabitants of these villages all collect truffles, and during the season, as soon as it is light, there is a perfect exodus of men, women, children, pigs, and dogs. They keep together until they reach the neighbourhood of the truffle grounds; then the little parties separate, for pigs do not hunt well in packs.

Slowly you see them climbing up Mount Ventoux, whose sides, up to within about twelve yards of the summit, look as if they had been ploughed, this being the handiwork of the truffle-hunting pig. Now and again a solitary figure might be seen sharply silhouetted against the blue sky. We passed good-looking young men in blouses and bérets, each accompanied by a dog and carrying truffle bags and hoes. A comely woman, seated by the wayside, was enjoying her lunch of dry bread and home-made wine, while her *porc* rested at her feet.

On our arrival at Bedoin we were most kindly received by our farmer and his sister, whose bearing and manners were those of a *grande dame*. This was not surprising, for she and her brother were descended from a noble Greek family, Patras de Raxis, our host being the Comte de Flassan, and his uncle a colonel in the Papal Guard. While our farmer hurried off to prepare for the expedition his sister busied herself in providing us with hot coffee and charcoal stoves for our feet. "You are favoured with just the right weather," she remarked, "and will have good sport, for the scent does not lie every day, you know."

From a] A PIG AT WORK. *[Photograph.*

Just then we received the summons to start, and joined our host, who, stick in hand and carrying two bags, one empty for the truffles, the other containing acorns—the use of which will be explained later—led the way with a pig, a matronly-looking animal, long, lanky, and bad-tempered, that with considerable difficulty had been roused from her morning siesta. The lady resented having to go out, and consequently was as disagreeable and contrary as a pig can be.

Our march was long and very tedious, for

the pig would not hurry, and the air was keen; often had the wretched animal to be reminded with the stick that she was out for work and not for pleasure; but the lady only grunted and grumbled, and occasionally stopped still to admire the scenery or to think. At last we reached the hunting ground, a plantation of small but bushy oak trees planted at regular intervals, the ground surrounding them being very stony.

The pig sulked no more, but with many a wag of her tightly curled tail and grunts of satisfaction made for the plantation, selected a tree and began digging. With her snout she quickly made a large hole, scattering earth and stones right and left. The farmer, who is intently watching the operation, stoops down quickly, gives the animal a tap on the snout, and puts a few acorns before her, then fishes out of the hole a potato-like bulb nearly the size of a hen's egg, deep purple in colour and covered with little warts; inside it is grey, veined with white, like marble. This we were informed was a good specimen of valuable black truffle, of good shape, firm, and of exquisite odour. It must be understood there are truffles and truffles, patrician and plebeian, with many grades in between, but those of the Vaucluse are the *crême de la crême* of truffles.

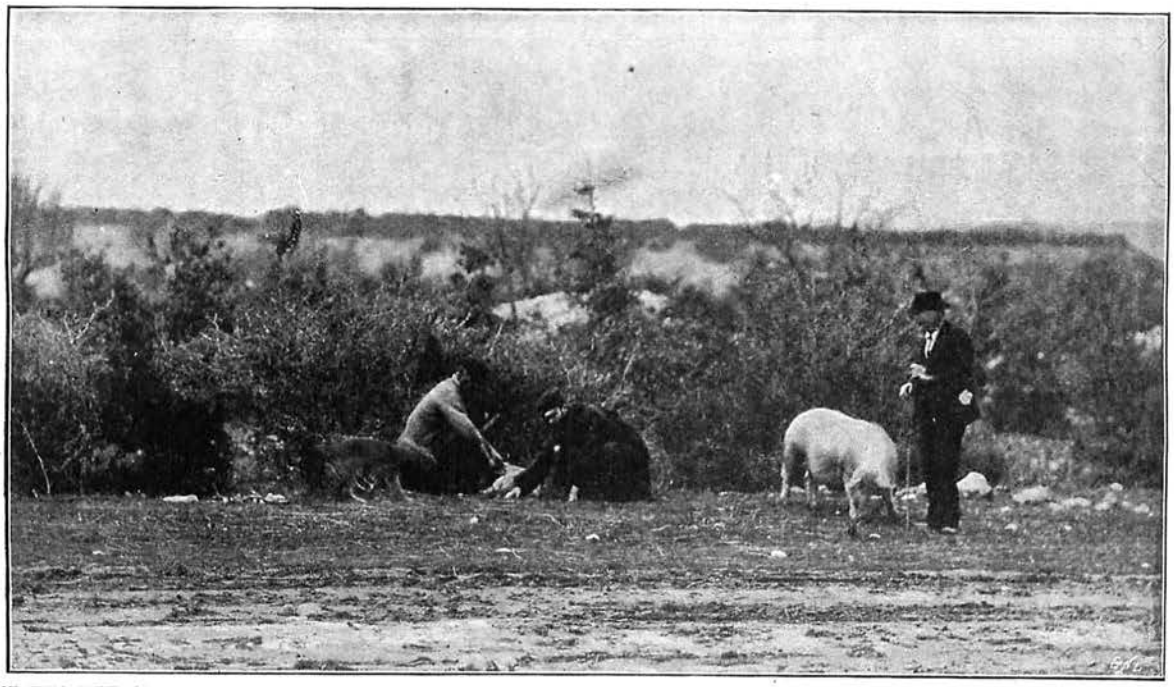
The pig continued mining, and opened out a trench that proved a rich find and kept us hard at work picking up truffles until the bag was nearly full. The unearthing of every truffle was rewarded with two or three acorns.

From oak to oak the pig wandered and we followed, every digging resulting in a find.

"This is an artificial *truffière*," said our farmer. "Now we will go farther into the mountain, when you will see other pigs at work, on the natural ground, and dogs too; but the dogs only point, and we have to dig for the fruit."

"What kind are the dogs?"

"Bassett hounds principally, and we also use a sheep-dog of a peculiar breed."



THE TWO METHODS OF TRUFFLE-HUNTING—THE MEN ON THE LEFT ARE EMPLOYING A DOG; THE ONE ON THE RIGHT A PIG.
From a Photograph.

We came across many women with pigs on the mountain side, and they all agreed it was a record day, and their bags were fairly full. Old men and women usually hunt with pigs, but young men prefer the dogs and the trouble of digging. The process of finding the truffles was exactly the same on the mountain as on the artificial farms, but the area was greater, and the results less satisfactory.

Pigs are passionately fond of truffles, and the acorns are a "sop to Cerberus" to prevent them from eating their find, as we saw when, attracting the attention of the farmer for a moment, the pig dug out a truffle and ate it with a grin of self-satisfaction that was inimitable.

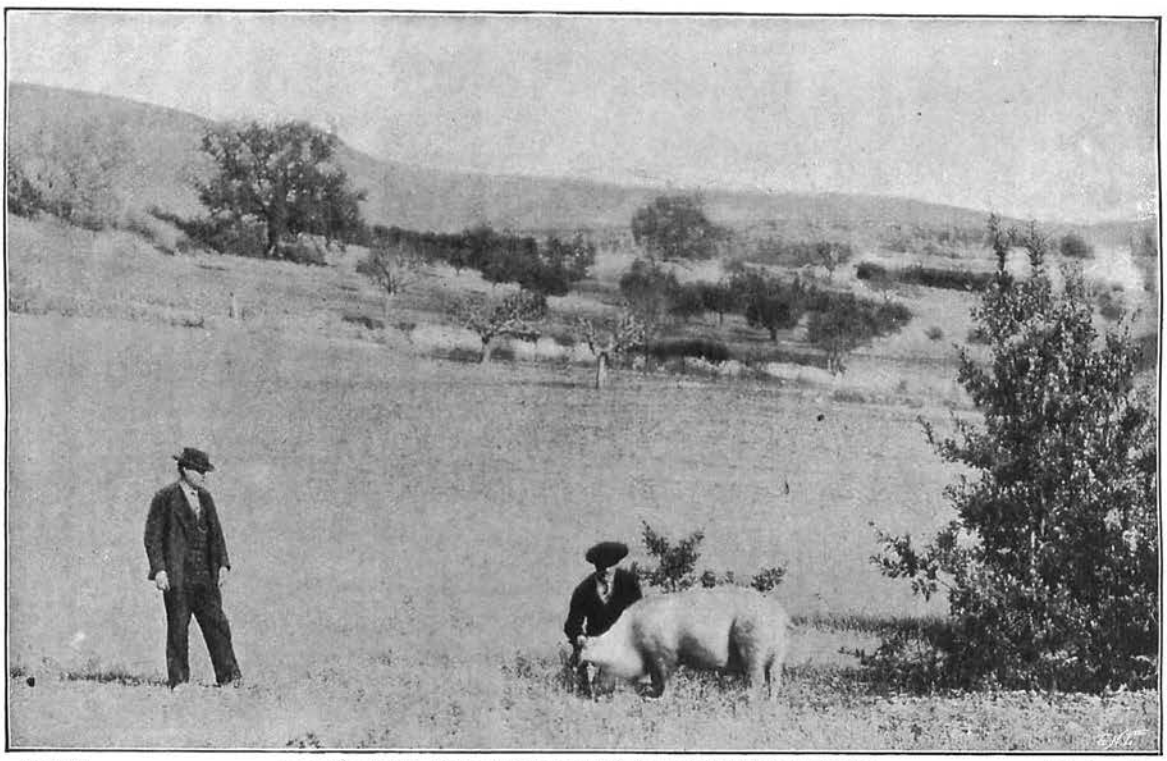
Young pigs begin their education in truffle-hunting when a month old; they accompany

their mothers, and are initiated into all its mysteries. Some are so well trained that they will dig, find the truffle, seize it with their teeth and throw it on one side; but these educated pigs are more often met with on artificial farms.

Every French pig takes kindly to this kind of work, and can keep on at it for a long day with no refreshment, except a good meal before starting in the morning and the three or four acorns which are given as a reward for every find. The dogs go more quickly, and are easier to manage and lead.

"You must notice," said our farmer, "that truffles can only be found within the circle shaded by the branches of the trees, and every nook is explored. Yet the demand is well ahead of the supply. To take a medium year the sale of truffles in the *Place* of Carpentras, from December to March, amounted to two million francs—that is without counting those supplied to hotels and for private consumption, nor those sold in the little country markets. Thus it will be seen that this industry is a very important factor in the prosperity of the country.

On our remarking that it seemed a pity for such large tracts of ground to be useless for so many months in the year, the reply was: "But truffles are not our only harvest; before their season commences we gather hundreds of kilogrammes of mushrooms;



From a] A PIG "FINDS"—THE HUNTER WAITING TO SEIZE THE TRUFFLE. *[Photograph.*

those nearest the trunks are always the largest. When we cut the branches we find no truffles until they have grown again to their old dimensions."

The value of the "*Diamant de la cuisine*," as a French wit and gourmet calls the truffle, has wonderfully increased during the last forty years. They were sold before that period in the market at Carpentras for from four to five francs the two pounds; now the price ranges from twenty to forty francs for the same quantity. The increase in price has naturally given a great impetus to the truffle-collecting industry. In former years thousands were left to rot in the ground, now every villager collects, and they are very large and of most delicate flavour." It seemed almost incredible that they could grow in such ground and force their way up between the stones.

Mushroom-gathering and truffle-hunting are also varied by edible-snail collecting. These are found in great quantities in holes in the walls, or in hollow trees, and are a greatly appreciated dainty. They can be purchased, ready prepared, at any pork butcher's. Snails and truffles, in one form or another, will be found on the menu of every hotel in the Vaucluse.

Certain kinds of truffles are found in England, but they are of very inferior quality; but on account of being much

cheaper than the black truffles they can be bought at from 2s. to 3s. a pound. They are often preserved and sold as French truffles. These are gathered in the summer, and are found almost on the surface of the ground. In Epping Forest false truffles grow in large quantities above the ground. These are collected and sold to the small foreign restaurants. The odour is very strong and disagreeable.

We learned that the black truffles are not sold much in England, as they are too expensive, and gastronomy has not been sufficiently studied to enable the general public to distinguish and appreciate the difference between the delicious black truffle and the common and cheaper red, grey, or white ones. We hardly ever see the black truffles in their fresh state, as they will only keep good for eight days, so they are usually preserved in tins for export.

We saw little baskets containing about two pounds of fresh truffles, of the retail value of £3, being dispatched to Belgium, Germany, and to Paris, the latter alone consuming from seven to eight million francs' worth every year. It is in the Paris market that the retail price of the truffles is fixed. The yearly increasing demand for this appetizing dainty inspired an enterprising citizen of Carpentras to experiment on cultivating it artificially. At this time—that is about fifty years ago—truffles were of no interest to anyone except to those who collected or sold them; but the results of M. Rousseau's experiment produced a great sensation, for they meant the future of the country. Commissions were appointed to visit and report on the artificial *truffières* and the system of the originator. Agriculturists and naturalists woke up to the fact that no one knew much about truffles, nor how they were produced, and the question became the topic of the day. Scientists argued and quarrelled, but could come to no definite agreement on the subject. M. Rousseau cared little for the scientific side of the truffles, but he demonstrated in a practical manner that he could grow them, and anyone was welcome to know how.

He had one day made a great discovery when journeying in the country a little outside Carpentras, and that was that truffles only grew under certain species of oaks. The idea occurred to him of picking the acorns off those trees and sowing them. It is said that the power of producing truffles is hereditary and can be transmitted from tree to tree, that trees grown from acorns gathered from a truffle-oak will produce truffles, and of the same kind as those from the parent tree. The idea of starting an artificial *truffière* by such means was much ridiculed.

"Why," one truffle merchant said, "a truffle is like a potato, and can be grown in the same way if cut up and planted in properly prepared ground; this I will prove, as I am going to do it."

He did, but no truffles have appeared from that day to this.

M. Rousseau stood firm as the apostle of his own creed. He owned a plot of ground that was not favourable for grain, and never returned him more than £1 per acre.

He sowed the acorns in November close together in furrows about six yards apart and running from north to south. Essential conditions for the production of good truffles are a moderate warmth, not too much humidity nor too great dryness. Condition necessary for the cultivator—patience—for he could not hope to see any results for from six to ten years. The best truffles are only found from the seventh year.

The object of sowing the acorns so closely was that, as they always attract rats, a great number would be destroyed, and the young plants could easily be thinned as they grew.

In order not to lose by the long wait between sowing the oak and gathering the expected product M. Rousseau planted vines between the furrows, and they in the seven years produced sufficient fruit to more than repay the cost of culture. Although at the end of ten years or so the vines were choked by the roots of the oaks, they had served their purpose.

Great care must be taken not to put manure near the roots of the young trees, for it would be fatal to the truffles. A remarkable phenomena takes place about the fifth year. The coarse grass which grows round the roots of the oaks disappears entirely. This is a sure sign that truffles are beginning to appear, as the ground then round the oaks is always sterile and bare, and no vegetation whatever will grow. This is a simple method of distinguishing truffle-oaks from others.

Five years after the first *truffière* was laid out M. Rousseau started a second on six acres of ground, and two years later was able to send from his first plantation some wonderful specimens of truffles to the Universal Exhibition. "These were obtained," he explained, "in a young oak wood that was planted expressly for the purpose of producing truffles." They were of exceptional

From a] TWO SOWS WHO FOUND 50LB. OF TRUFFLES IN TWO HOURS. *[Photograph.*

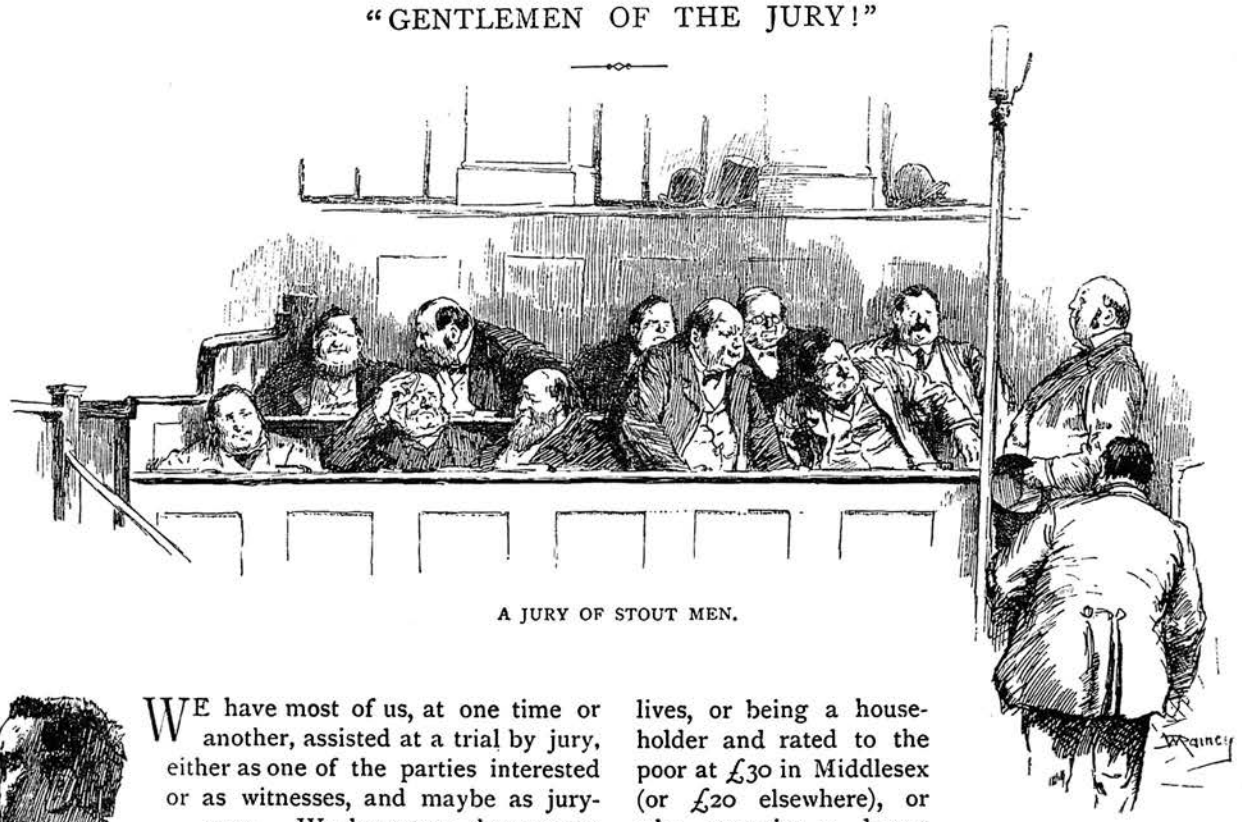
size and quality, and had a delicious perfume. The sensation they caused repaid all the trouble and the ridicule which their cultivator had experienced; photographs of them appeared in all the papers, and a special agricultural commission was appointed to go to Carpentras and witness a hunt in the artificial *truffières*. Several pigs and one perfectly-trained dog were ready on the premises, and in presence of the committee in less than three hours 34lb. of splendid truffles—the medium ones were as large as a hen's egg—were obtained in this plantation of thirteen acres. These were sent to Paris, and fetched, at the wholesale price, £17. The land that only a few years previously had returned only £1 per acre is now bringing in £40 per acre, the value of the trees not included.

At a hunt we witnessed at this *truffière* with two very big sows the result, after two hours' smart work, was 50lb. of truffles, which were sold for £37 10s., and very nearly the same quantity had been obtained the day before.

M. Rousseau has made a handsome fortune out of his clever experiment, and his example has been followed by many farmers. The Government have also started planting truffle-oaks, and before long Mount Ventoux to its summit will be a forest of oaks. There is already a Communal forest of 1,800 acres rented out to twenty-six proprietors, but the truffles are not as large as on the better cultured grounds in Carpentras, nor is the perfume so strong.

We left Carpentras with the wild idea of starting a *truffière* in England and being here the pioneers of a new rural industry that would revolutionize the agricultural districts —of being public benefactors. We even planned the monument which a grateful country would erect in our honour, after we had retired on an immense fortune. The scheme and its results is still a beautiful dream.

"GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY!"



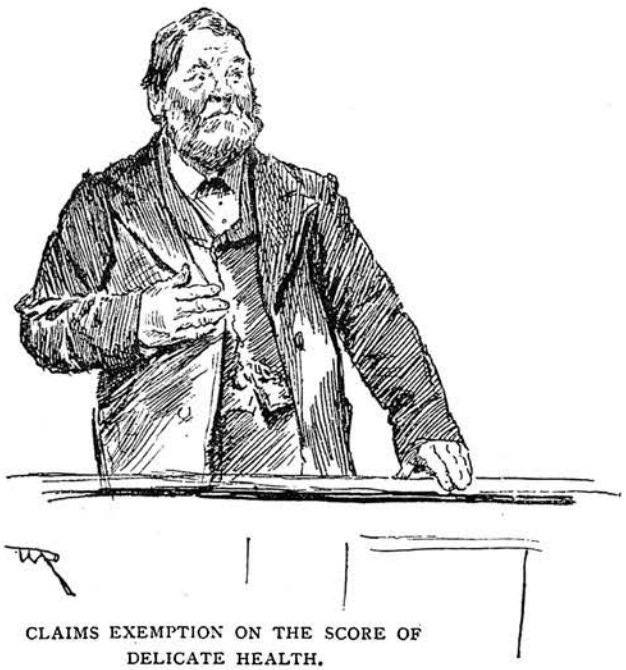
A JURY OF STOUT MEN.

MUTE, OF MALICE.

WE have most of us, at one time or another, assisted at a trial by jury, either as one of the parties interested or as witnesses, and maybe as jurymen. We have seen the process of "empanelling" the twelve good men and true; have listened patiently to the examination and cross-examination of the various witnesses; and have most probably detected a large amount of cross-swearing (commonly called *perjury*), of which there is usually plenty in every doubtful cause. The evidence on both sides being finished, Mr. Silkworthy, Q.C., rises with "My Lud, and Gentlemen of the Jury," and does his best to convince the Court in general, and the jurors in particular, that his view of the case is the right one, and that of his opponent is utterly wrong. Having concluded his address, Mr. Speechly, Q.C., on the other side, endeavours to demolish whatever effect his learned brother's address may have had on the jury, and to put quite another complexion on the case. The two learned gentlemen having exhausted their forensic resources, the Judge proceeds to "sum up" the evidence, directing the jury as to the law of the case, and what *facts* they have to decide: for it must be remembered that the jury have to deal with questions of fact *alone*. The jury then consider their verdict, and deliver it, sometimes involving the life or death of one of their fellow-beings.

It is my present object to explain to such of my readers as have not served on a jury the law relating thereto in as simple a manner as possible.

Every natural-born subject, between the ages of twenty-one and sixty, having an income of £10 from lands or tenements of freehold or copyhold, or £20 from leaseholds for twenty-one years, or for life or lives, or being a householder and rated to the poor at £30 in Middlesex (or £20 elsewhere), or who occupies a house with fifteen or more windows, possesses the privilege of being summoned as a juror. The High Sheriff of the county keeps a book called the *Jurors' Book*, containing the names of all persons eligible to serve as jurymen. From this book the *panel*, or list, is selected, which the High Sheriff sends to the Sittings or Assizes; and he summons those persons named therein to attend, under various pains and penalties, amounting to *not less* than forty shillings. By this means we arrive at a *Common Jury*.



CLAIMS EXEMPTION ON THE SCORE OF DELICATE HEALTH.

Should, however, either the plaintiff or defendant desire his rights adjudicated on by a jury of a higher class, he may demand a *Special Jury*.

The list of Special Jurors is also kept by the High Sheriff, but it contains the names of more well-to-do persons than the common jurors, such as esquires, bankers, or merchants, or those who are rated to the poor or the inhabited house duty at not less than £100 in a town of 20,000 inhabitants, or £50 elsewhere, or who occupy premises, other than a farm, rated at not less than £100, or a farm rated at not less than £300.

Special jurors used to be paid £1 1s. for each case; they now receive £1 1s. per day, and common jurors half-a-guinea per day.

The name of each juror summoned is written on a separate piece of paper and placed in a box. The officer of the Court then selects twelve at random, and these form the jury. The gentlemen thus selected are then called by name and sworn, unless they can urge any valid excuse for not serving. A short time ago the attendance of a juror at the Old Bailey was excused on the ground that he had got married, and was going on his honeymoon. The Lord Mayor held this to be a very valid excuse. The Clerk of the Arraigns asked the happy bridegroom when he would return—would a week do for him? "Oh, no!" interposed the Lord Mayor, "give him longer than that!"

The witnesses having been examined and cross-examined, counsels' speeches delivered, and the Judge having *summed up*, the jury proceed to deliberate on their verdict. They are then (should they retire) kept together, without meat, drink, or fire (the cheering rays of a *candle* only excepted), until they have delivered their verdict, or unless otherwise ordered by the Judge.* If they should eat or drink at their own expense without the fiat of the Judge, or if the plaintiff or defendant should "stand treat," the jury are liable to be fined; and if they have a "feed" at the expense of the party for whom they afterwards give their verdict, this nullifies the verdict so given.

Sometimes the jurymen, despairing of arriving at a unanimous solution of the questions submitted to them, resort to the old-fashioned but simple expedient of "tossing up" for their decision; but in this case also the verdict is liable to be set aside, and the offenders fined.

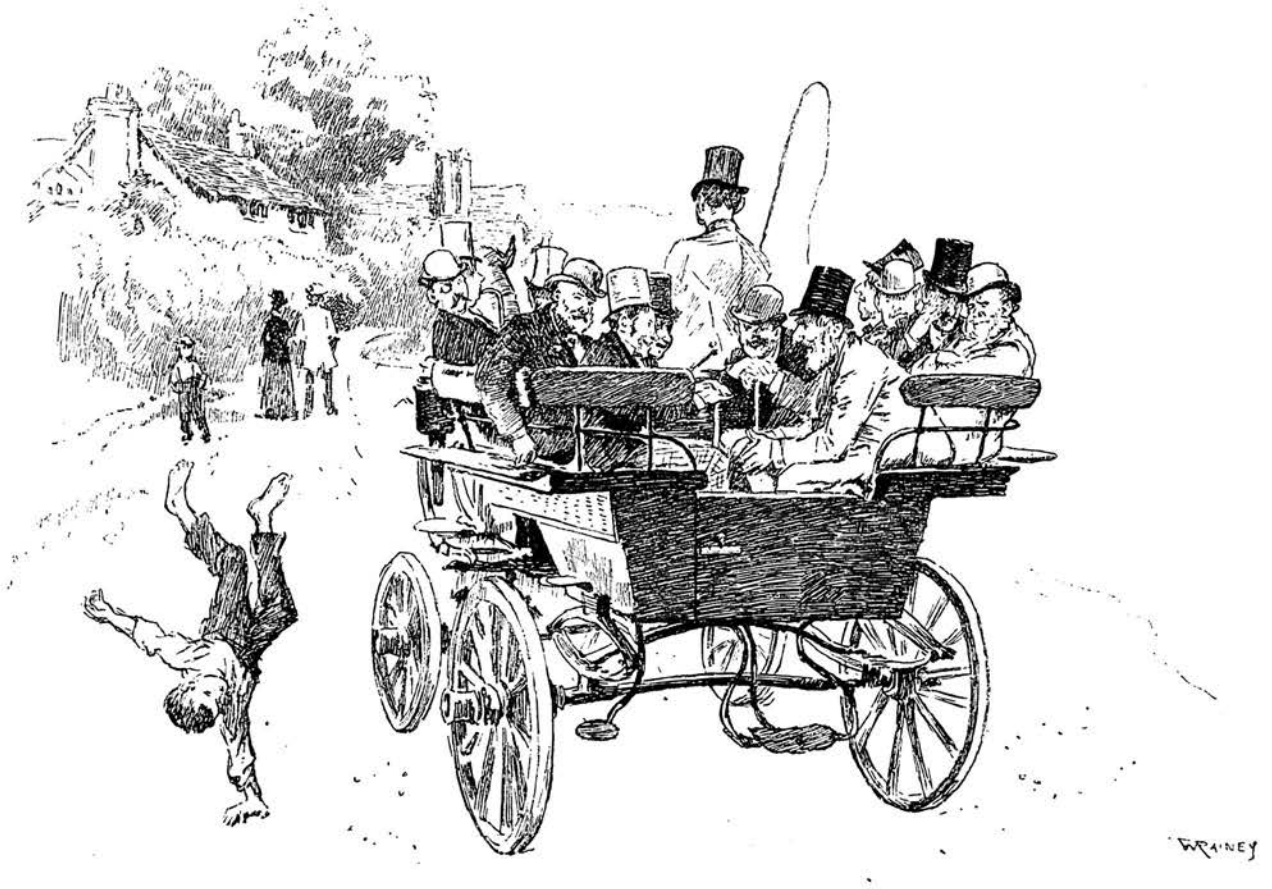
Should the jury find a verdict manifestly against the evidence, the Court may send them back to reconsider it before it is recorded, but not afterwards. This, however, is very unusual. An amusing case of this kind occurred at the trial before Mr. Justice Keogh, in Ireland, of a noted highway robber.

A SURREPTITIOUS SNACK.

Although the prisoner was well known as a most desperate character, and the evidence against him was very strong, the jury for some unaccountable reason found him "not guilty." The Judge in directing the prisoner to be discharged, and evidently being impressed by the details of the gentleman's antecedents as elicited at the trial, remarked to the High Sheriff: "The prisoner must be acquitted; but as I am leaving here to-day for —— at 1 o'clock, I shall feel obliged if you will detain him till three, *so that I may get two hours' good start of him.*"

The Court or Judge cannot punish a jury for their

* By 33 *and* 34 *Vict. c.* 77., *s.* 23, jurors after having been sworn may, in the discretion of the Judge, be allowed, at any time before giving their verdict, the use of a fire when out of Court, and be allowed reasonable refreshment, *such refreshment to be procured at their own expense.*



AN AIRING FOR THE TWELVE.

verdict, however erroneous. If they cannot agree, they may be discharged ; and if one of their number is suddenly taken ill, so as to be unable to remain until the verdict is agreed on, the Court may discharge that jury, and charge another with the case.

Should a juror be sworn as "John Brown," when his right name is "John Jones," there must be a new trial ; but not if he be sworn by a wrong *Christian* name.

The jury sometimes take it into their heads to give a *perverse* verdict, and in such a case a new trial will be directed, but generally without costs.

A good story of what may be called a perverse verdict is told of the trial of a certain prisoner, who, on being asked the usual question, pleaded "Guilty." The foreman of the jury thereupon immediately jumped up, and addressing the Judge, said: "We have found a verdict of *not guilty*, my lord !" The Judge remarked that this was at least singular, considering that no evidence had been heard either way; but the foreman replied: "Ah, yes, my lord, but we all of us know the prisoner well, and he was never known to speak a word of truth in his life !"

The verdict must be the unanimous decision of the jury ; and it is either *general*, for the plaintiff or defendant, or *special*, stating all the facts of the case, and leaving it to the Court to pronounce the proper judgment.

If neither party feels sufficiently confident to persevere till verdict, the Judge frequently recommends the parties to *withdraw a juror*. If this is agreed to, a juror steps out of the box (generally with undisguised satisfaction), and the rest are discharged, thus putting an end to the case.

In Criminal causes, the prisoner occasionally thinks he will nonplus the Court by refusing to plead. A jury is then summoned to try whether he stands "mute of malice," or "by the visitation of God." If the former, a plea of "not guilty" is entered *for* him. so accommodating is the law in this respect. After the Indictment is read to the prisoner, the officer of the Court calls twelve jurors from the *panel* by their names and addresses in the same way as in Civil causes. They then stand up in the box and are sworn ; but before the oath is administered the prisoner has a right to *challenge*, or object to, any particular jurymen. *Challenges* are either (1) *to the array*, when exception is taken to the whole jury ; or (2) *to the polls*, when individual jurymen are objected to. It is not often, however, that a jury is challenged nowadays.

On a Coroner's Inquest the verdict must be with the concurrence of at least twelve jurors ; and the inquisition must be had *super visum corporis*—that is to say, the jury must "view the body." If the body cannot be found, the coroner cannot sit, except by virtue of a Special Commission for that purpose. The sights which coroners' juries have to inspect are generally extremely gruesome, and often hideous, and the

smell of the place where the body is lying is *always* uninviting, so that sometimes the unfortunate jurors may be seen coming away after this portion of their duties "spitting for dear life," as a juror graphically expressed himself not long since in a letter to the *Times*.

Occasionally the High Sheriff is a bit of a wag in his way. This was shown in the case of a gentleman whom we will call Mr. G. At the October Court, one year, he summoned twelve of the fattest men he could find in his borough, and when they came to be sworn, only nine of them could sit comfortably in the box; but after considerable squeezing they all got in somehow. This was literally a "packed jury."

In the January term this same Mr. G. (in consequence of a hint from the Recorder that no more fat juries were required) went to the opposite extreme, and summoned twelve of the leanest and tallest men obtainable. When they were seated there appeared to be room in the box for twelve more of the same calibre.

Mr. G's. crowning joke, however, was at the Summer Session, when he summoned twelve jurors, each of whom had a most decided squint. The sight was so ludicrous that the Recorder could not preserve his gravity, and even the prisoners were forced to smile. When our waggish High Sheriff was reproved for getting such a jury together, he at once replied, "All good and lawful men, my lord," and nobody could gainsay it.

The following are totally exempt from serving on juries. In those professions printed in *italics*, the gentlemen must be in actual practice: Peers, Members of Parliament, Judges, Clergymen, Roman Catholic Priests, Ministers of Protestant Dissenters, and of Jews whose place of meeting is duly registered; *Serjeants and Barristers, Certificated Conveyancers and Special Pleaders, Doctors of Law, Advocates of Civil Law, Solicitors and Proctors and their Managing Clerks, Notaries Public, Officers of the Law Courts and of the Admiralty and Ecclesiastical Courts, Probate Courts*, &c.; *Clerks of the Peace or their Deputies, Coroners*, Gaolers, Keepers of Houses of Correction and their subordinate officers, Keepers in private Lunatic Asylums, *Members and Licentiates of the Royal College of Physicians, Members of the Royal College of Surgeons in London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, Certificated Apothecaries, Registered Medical Practitioners and Registered Pharmaceutical Chemists;* Officers of the Army, Navy, Militia, and Yeomanry, *while on full pay*, Licensed Pilots, Household Servants of Her Majesty, Officers of the Post Office, Commissioners of Customs and of Inland Revenue and their representative officers, Sheriffs' Officers, Officers of the Rural and Metropolitan Police, Police Magistrates and their officers, Members of the Council of any Borough and every Justice of the Peace therein, and the Town Clerk and Treasurer, as far as relates to any jury summoned to serve in any Court of General or Quarter Sessions in the County in which such borough is situate; and Officers of the Houses of Lords and Commons.

In concluding this short sketch, I trust that my readers will have acquired some little knowledge of the law relating to juries; and that in the event of their being called upon to serve their country in the capacity of jurymen their verdicts will be truly and impartially given, without fear or favour, no matter how great or how small the issue.

HERBERT E. BOYLE.

IMPROMPTU COOKERY.

HOUSEKEEPERS are always prepared for a certain amount of worry, but I think everyone will agree with me, that one of the most perplexing things that can happen to an inexperienced mistress of a house is when her husband brings home unexpectedly one or two of his friends to take pot-luck. Sometimes warning is given in the shape of a telegram, but more often, either through thoughtlessness or other reasons, the news comes upon the poor young wife quite unawares, and she is at her wits' end what to do. Husbands always expect as a matter of course that dinners can be provided for any number at a moment's notice, and I am afraid their temper is not improved by the dinner being kept waiting, or should the fare be scanty.

In some cases it is perfectly easy to send round to the fishmonger for some fish, or to the butcher for a few extra cutlets; but there are circumstances when the difficulty cannot be obviated in this manner, and then one must have resort to one's own ingenuity, and the skill of the cook. The simplest way is to increase the number of courses, besides which it produces a much better effect than merely adding to the quantity of food already destined for the *tête-à-tête* dinner. Matters are greatly facilitated if the store cupboard is well filled; and there are certain stores, about which I am going to speak, which should always be kept in the house; but in the choice of these the housekeeper must use her discretion and common-sense.

However, there is one thing which is nearly always within reach, or easily obtained, and that is, the egg. No end of nice dishes can be made with the help of eggs alone in a very short time, the first one that suggests itself being the omelet, which is known to nearly everyone, but I am sorry to say very seldom made as it should be. It is really very simple if only a little care and trouble are spent on it, and it is a very favourite dish with men; moreover, it can be used either as a savory, an entrée, or a sweet.

The best way to make a *Plain Omelet* is to take five or six eggs and beat them up slightly in a basin with a little pepper and salt and some finely chopped parsley and chives, or even chopped shalot if the onion flavour is approved of. Then melt two or three ounces of butter in an omelet pan and

pour in the mixture, which must be stirred lightly with a spoon till it begins to set; then leave off stirring, shake it a little, and fold the omelet in halves. Leave it to brown for half a minute, and then turn it out, under-side upwards, on to a dish.

All omelets are done in the same way, and take very little time to make.

Some grated Gruyère or Parmesan cheese added to the beaten eggs instead of the herbs, and also sprinkled on the omelet at the time of serving, changes it into a *Cheese Omelet.*

Substitute *Kidneys* if they can be quickly procured, and you will have a very nice entrée; they should be cut up into very thin slices, and fried in a little butter till they are quite hot, and then the beaten eggs should be added, and finished in the usual manner.

For a *Sweet Omelet,* instead of pepper and salt add two dessertspoonfuls of sugar to the eggs, which in this case can be beaten up to a froth. Proceed as usual, but lay some apricot jam or any other preserve in the centre of the omelet just before folding it up, and sprinkle well with sugar. These are only intended to serve as examples, for there are numerous other varieties of omelets which may be produced, but an intelligent cook will soon find them out for herself.

Stuffed Eggs, or what they call in French *Œufs Farcies*, make a very good savory. The eggs are first boiled hard, then cut in halves lengthwise, and the yolks removed, which latter are pounded in a mortar, and afterwards passed through a hair sieve and added to the same weight of butter and half the weight of crumb of bread moistened with a little milk and also passed through a sieve. When these are all thoroughly mixed together, some chopped parsley and chervil, pepper and salt, and a little grated nutmeg, are added, with the yolk of an egg, and each half egg is filled with this mixture; they are then put in the oven to get warm, and are served on fried sippets of bread cut with a fluted cutter.

Œufs au Gratin are very quickly made; the eggs simply have to be boiled hard, cut in slices, and arranged on a well-buttered dish, previously rubbed with a shalot. They are sprinked with Parmesan cheese, pepper and salt to taste, and lastly a few breadcrumbs, and the dish is put in the oven to get thoroughly hot, and the top is slightly browned with a salamander.

Macaroni should always be kept in the house; it is a great pity it is not appreciated more that it is in England, for besides making a very good garniture, not only in soup but for many kinds of meat, such as fillet of beef, hashed mutton, etc., it can be served by itself cooked in many different ways.

The simplest method of cooking macaroni is to boil about half a pound in plenty of fast-boiling salted water, taking care not to do it too much; and then, after having drained it, put it in a saucepan in which two ounces of butter have been melted; then add gradually four tablespoonfuls of grated Parmesan cheese and a little pepper and salt; toss it well with two spoons like you would a salad, and directly it begins to get stringy, serve.

Macaroni au Gratin is cooked in the same way, and then placed on a dish with plenty of butter, and sprinkled well with grated Parmesan cheese and breadcrumbs; it is then put in the oven to get thoroughly hot, and served directly the top becomes a light golden colour; or if the oven is too slow, it is better to brown the top with a salamander, otherwise the macaroni will be too dry.

One other variety, which is very much liked, is *Macaroni à la Napolitaine*, made in the following manner:—Boil three-quarters of a pound in plenty of boiling salted water; when it is cooked—which it should be in about twenty minutes—put it in a colander to drain, and in the meantime melt four ounces of butter in a large saucepan and add to it a sixpenny bottle of French tomato conserve, two tablespoonfuls of good stock, and pepper and salt to taste. When it has all boiled up add the macaroni gradually, and at the last two or three spoonfuls of grated Parmesan cheese; mix well with a large wooden spoon, and serve very hot.

Small things must really be the housekeeper's main dependence for these repasts, which have to be altered at a moment's notice. For instance, supposing there was going to be a slice of fish for dinner, it would go much farther made into *Croquettes* than if it were served whole. The best way to make them is to mince whatever fish there is—salmon, turbot, or cod do very well; then melt two ounces of butter in a saucepan, add a little flour and a gill of milk; stir till it thickens, and then add pepper and salt, a little grated nutmeg, then the fish, and lastly, off the fire, the yolk of an egg beaten up with the squeeze of a lemon. The fish can now be made into balls or whatever shape desired, dipped into egg, rolled in breadcrumbs, and fried in boiling fat till they are of a light brown colour. Croquettes are generally served on a napkin, with a garnish of fried parsley.

Another way is to serve the fish *au gratin.* It is cooked in the same way, only left in pieces instead of being minced; and instead of being made into balls, it is put into scollop shells, with a small quantity of grated Parmesan cheese and breadcrumbs sprinkled on the top, and then put in the oven for ten minutes to get brown.

One often has remains of meat or poultry in the house which are, perhaps, too insignificant to send up for the late dinner; but they can be treated in the same way as the fish.

To make *Meat Croquettes*, you proceed in exactly the same way, only substituting stock for the milk, and adding some powdered sweet herbs and a little chopped parsley. If preferred, instead of making the mince into balls, it can be served surrounded by a wall of mashed potatoes, or with poached eggs.

Vegetables which, in the ordinary course of events, would be served with the meat, can be served separately dressed as a second vegetable in various manners. It is a great pity that this custom is not more practised at English tables. Frenchmen look upon the vegetable at the end of the dinner in the same way as children look upon their pudding, and no dinner is considered complete without it.

To my mind *Tomatoes* are a vegetable which should always be eaten alone, and if tinned vegetables are approved of, I should advise all housekeepers to keep a small supply of them in her store cupboard. They are excellent stuffed in the following way:—Cut the tomatoes in halves and put the pips and some of the pulp into a saucepan with a little butter, and let it boil. Then put into a basin two ounces of breadcrumbs, the lean part of a rasher of bacon chopped up finely, a little chopped parsley, the tiniest bit of shalot, some pepper and salt if necessary. Strain the tomato pulp, etc., into this mixture; stir it all well together and stuff the tomatoes with it; put a small piece of butter on each half tomato, and bake them in the oven for about twenty minutes on a tin previously buttered and rubbed with a shalot.

Tomatoes can also be eaten raw as a *salad.* They only require to be cut in slices, the pips removed, and laid in a dish, previously rubbed with a shalot, with three tablespoonfuls of salad oil, one of tarragon vinegar, a little pepper and salt, and some chopped onions or chives.

Anchovies and *Sardines* should always be near at hand, as they come in very useful both for *hors d'œuvres* and savories. The sardines may be served on fried *croûtons* of bread, either plain or else pounded with butter; but I like to see them handed round in the tin just as they are before the soup, with slices of bread and butter, which should be brown if possible.

Anchovies are filleted and served very hot on fried *croûtons*, previously spread with anchovy butter. These will serve as examples, and although they are only trifles, they help to lengthen the dinner, which is the great thing.

With the sweets there is a little more scope, on account of their coming at the end of the dinner. The *Fritter* suggests itself to me as one of the things most quickly made.

There are several kinds. First of all *Beignets Soufflés*, which are made as follows:—Put half a pint of water, one ounce of sugar, and a quarter of a pound of fresh butter in a saucepan; let it boil, then take it off the fire and add gradually half a pound of sifted flour; well work with a wooden spoon; put it back on the fire again, and stir till the mixture is quite dry and stiff; then take it off the fire again, let it stand for a few minutes, add any flavouring desired, and add, one by one, two eggs, or three if the paste is too stiff. When it is quite smooth prepare some boiling lard, and drop in the mixture in pieces the size of a walnut, and fry a light golden colour. Make an incision in each beignet and insert a small quantity of jam; pile them on a dish and sprinkle them with sugar.

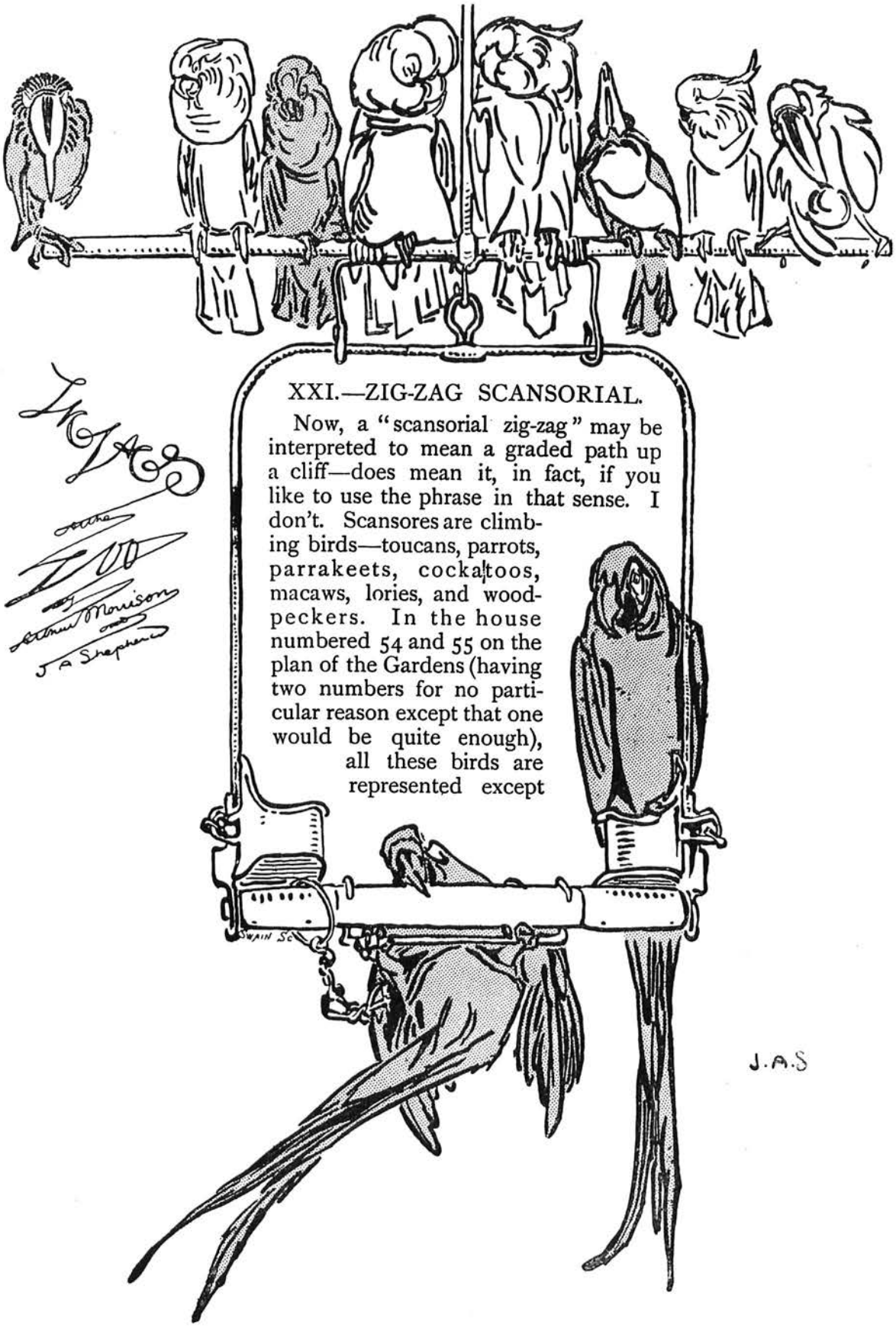
To make *Petits Choux* lay the same mixture in small pieces on a tin; brush each with white of egg beaten up with a little sifted sugar, and bake for twenty minutes.

For *Fruit Fritters* make a batter by mixing three ounces of flour with about a gill of milk, then adding the yolks of two eggs, and at the last the whisked whites. Dip the pieces of fruit into it, and fry them in boiling fat. Apples can nearly always be had for these, and tinned pineapple, peaches, etc., are also excellent for this purpose. Bananas make excellent fritters, but unfortunately they have to be soaked first for an hour in brandy.

One other easily-made sweet I must just describe, and that is *French Pancakes.* It is very simple:—Beat up two ounces of butter to a cream, and add the same weight of flour and castor sugar. When it begins to get stiff add two eggs and half a pint of milk, a few drops at a time, and keep on stirring all the while. Butter some saucers and fill them with the mixture; bake in a slow oven. When done, turn them out and arrange them one on the top of the other, with jam spread in between.

The choice of any of these dishes depends, of course, entirely upon what time there is to prepare them in and what other courses there are for dinner; but these few ideas may, perhaps, be welcome to the perplexed housewife, and the recipes are so simple that any ordinary cook will be able to carry them out the first time quite successfully.

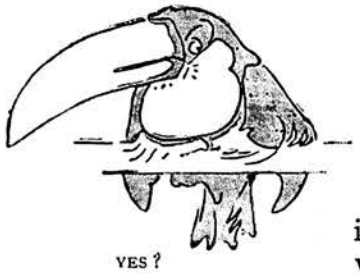
EVE.


XXI.—ZIG-ZAG SCANSORIAL.
Now, a "scansorial zig-zag" may be interpreted to mean a graded path up a cliff—does mean it, in fact, if you like to use the phrase in that sense. I don't. Scansores are climbing birds—toucans, parrots, parrakeets, cockatoos, macaws, lories, and woodpeckers. In the house numbered 54 and 55 on the plan of the Gardens (having two numbers for no particular reason except that one would be quite enough), all these birds are represented except
J.A.S

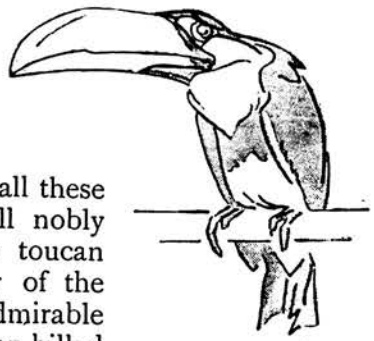
the woodpecker. The woodpecker is also excluded from this zig-zag for similar reasons, which I can't remember at this moment. One may be the fact of the woodpecker tapping, whereas all taps is vanities.

A toucan is a beak, fitted with an inadequate bird at the hinder end. It is over against the wall, opposite the front door of 54 and 55, that one recognises the fine Roman nose of the toucan. A green nose, a red nose, a yellow nose, a black nose, all these colours you may see, but all nobly Roman as to shape. The toucan will not talk in the manner of the parrot, but he (or she) is an admirable listener. I have told the green-billed toucan many stories of bird-scandal without interruption, and, on the whole, the conversation has been most improving. "Dear, dear!"—"Really, now"—"Who'd have thought it?"—"No—o—o—o! You don't really say so? Well, you do surprise me!" These are the only contributions offered to the talk by the green-billed toucan, and even these are only in pantomime. An ideal listener, the toucan. I have a horrible temptation to say that toucan play at that game, and that if you are anxious not to be toucandid, you toucan say nothing, and the bird will listen just as respectfully; but a pious bringing-up enables me to cast the temptation from me—toucancel the inclination, in fact. Howbeit, the truth remains that the toucan will listen with perfect attention whether you proffer information aloud or get no further than inventing it.

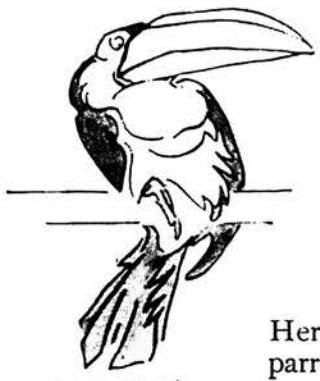
The toucan will chatter horribly in native freedom, but that is only when many hundreds of other toucans are present to keep it in countenance; for the toucan's voice is not pretty, and he knows it. Still, when hundreds assemble, every one with a discordant voice, nothing is more natural than that they should all shout at once, and unite in the belief that the performance is admirable. If there were any ugly women (there are not, of course—it is a mere hypothesis), and they were all collected together to the number of many hundreds on a solitary island, the first thing they would do would be to hold a beauty show with a prize for everybody, and next they would fight over the distribution of those prizes. The toucans do something very much like this—minus the fighting, because the prize is mutual admiration. They chatter and scream in their hundreds—taking care to leave a sentinel on guard, because other animals won't stand anything, even in South America—and at intervals they all join in a simultaneous yell of approbation, audible half a league off. The whole performance is a sad piece of humbug, which makes one marvel greatly that because of it the South American natives call the toucan the Preacher-bird. Here, with so many gorgeous parrots and macaws about, the toucan behaves with becoming modesty, but in the presence of any duller-clad bird than itself its arrogance is frightful. A great crowd of toucans will mob any such unfortunate creature with much chatter, till, surrounded by long and threatening bills, like a despairing debtor, he "hops the twig"—if he can.



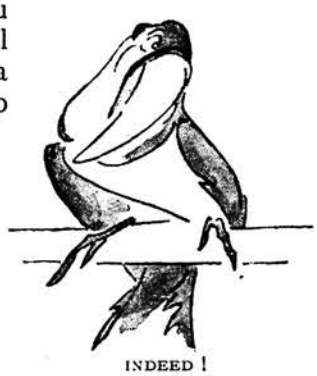
YES?



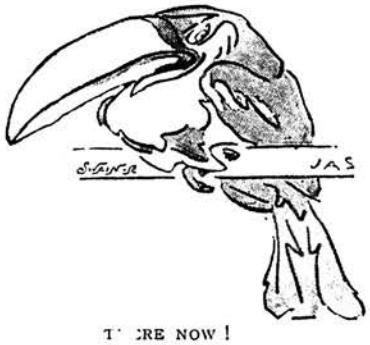
REALLY?



DEAR, DEAR!



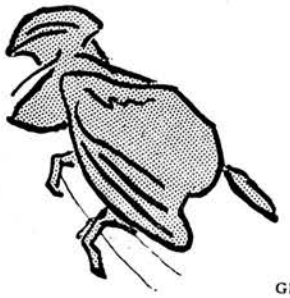
INDEED!

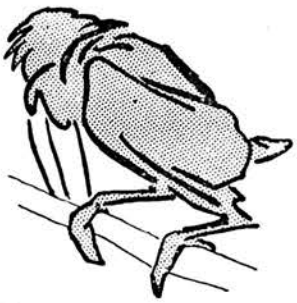


THERE NOW!

Perhaps the most dissipated-looking creature in the animal kingdom is a toucan during a bad moult. You long to give him a gallon of soda-water and a temperance tract. He sleeps much (a toucan always sleeps with his beak over his shoulder and covered by his wing — he doesn't mean to have that nose

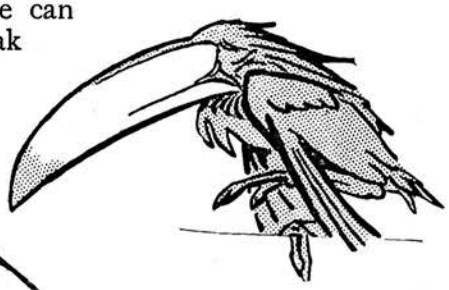
SLEEP.



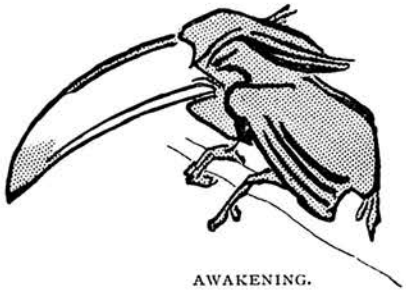


GRADUAL—

stolen)—he sleeps as much as possible, and wakes as seedy as one can imagine. He can scarcely drag his beak off his back without banging it on his perch, and con-



OH, SUCH A HEAD!



AWAKENING.

siders the question of breakfast with a shudder. With many blinks he strives desperately to pull himself together—to pull together a handful of loose quills and a beak. They give him grapes; it is

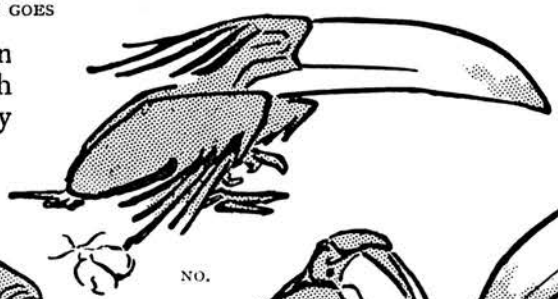
TRY BREAKFAST.

OH, I CAN'T!

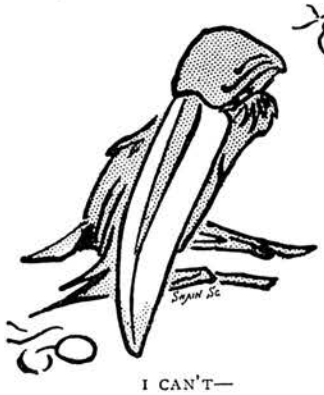
WELL, HERE GOES

OH!

a mockery. Who can eat grapes with such a head? He may struggle with a grape perhaps for a few seconds, but

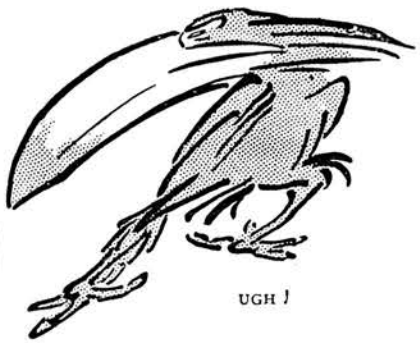


NO.



I CAN'T—

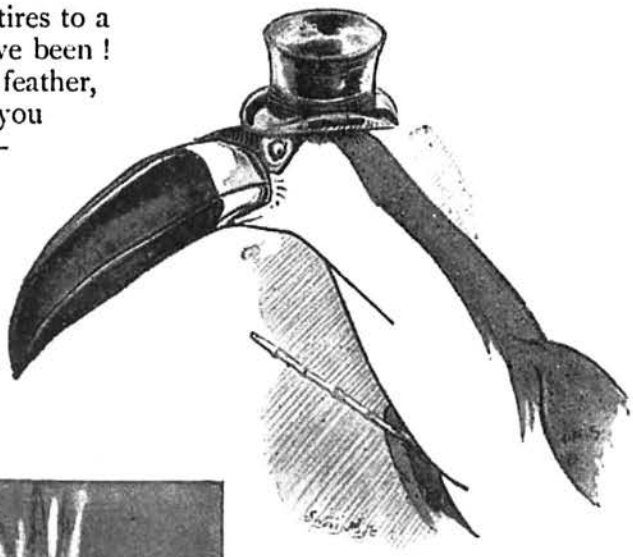
TOUCH ANOTHER.



UGH!

breakfast beats him in the end, and he retires to a repentant corner. What a night it must have been!

Out of his moult, however, and in good feather, the toucan is rather a fine bird, so long as you forget his nose. The Ariel toucan here—with the black beak—is a little horsey in aspect—a very little—but quite neat and gentlemanly. Not such a real old crusted Tory-club-window gentleman as the Triton cockatoo, but still a gentleman. As for the green-billed toucan, she can never be anything but good-natured in her most gorgeous clothes.

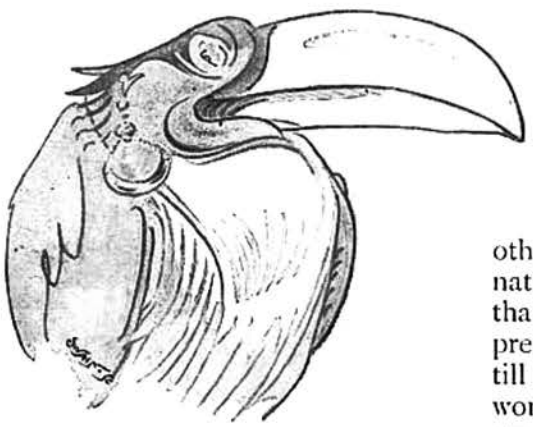


A LITTLE HORSEY.

The comparative quietness of the toucans in house number 54–55 is, probably, due to a worse thing—the noise of the parrots and cockatoos; the house can hold no more noise, and the toucans altogether despair of ever making themselves heard. Why the windows are so rarely broken I can scarcely understand, except on the hypothesis of a suspension of natural laws for the benefit of natural science and its institutions. The keeper says he doesn't mind the noise—to such torture may human nature be accommodated by long habit. Saint Cecilia would have become accustomed to boiling if she had had forty years of it. The other saint (male, but I forget which) who was grilled could never have done without his hot gridiron if he had been able to keep on it for forty years, the time this keeper has been among these parrots. Personally, I should expect to become reconciled to boiling, grilling, or any other class of plain cookery, in about half the time that would elapse before a few hundred competitive parrot-yells began to feel soothing to the nerves.

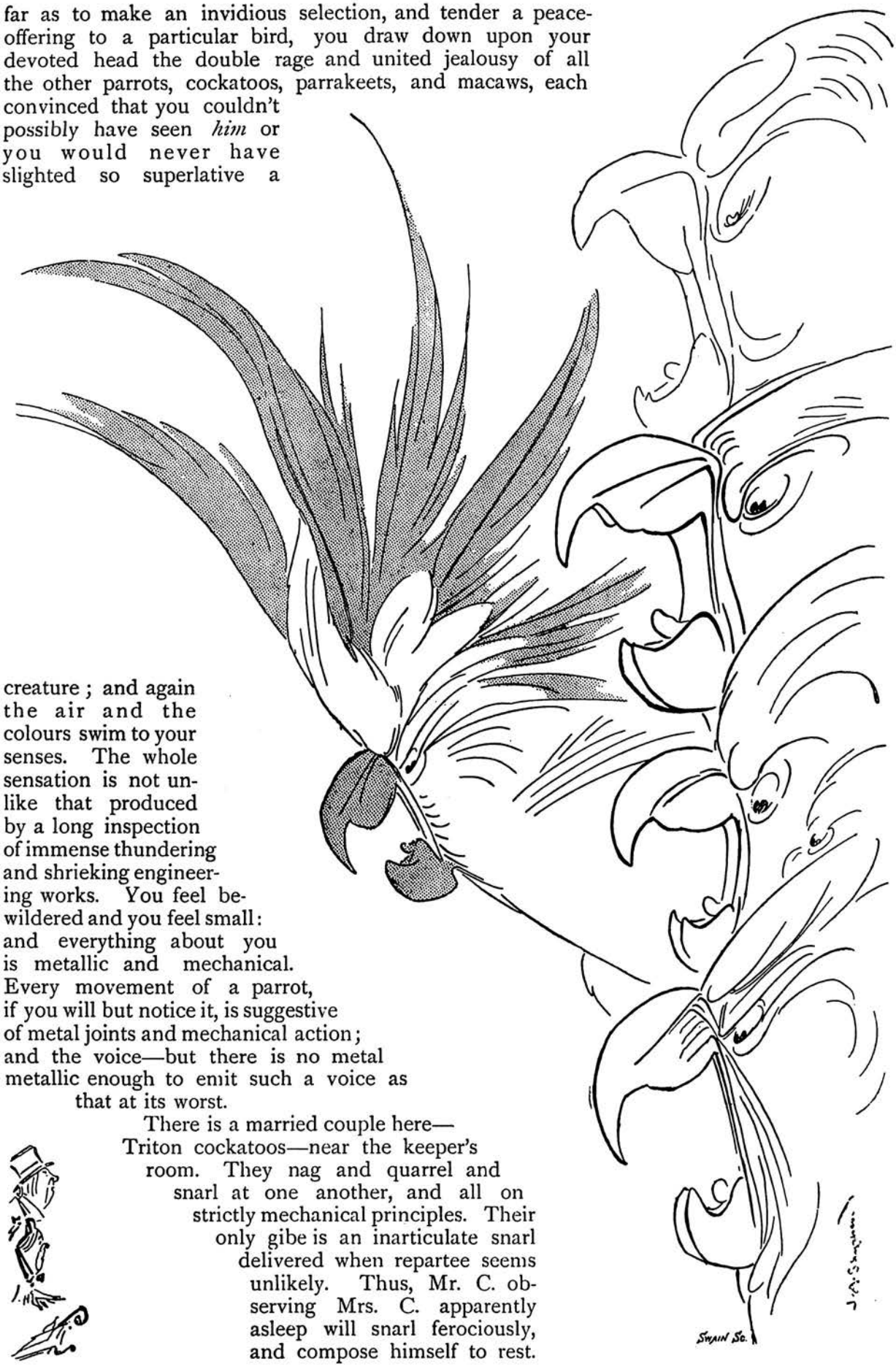
PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN (CRUSTED).

There is no other house in these Gardens where the unobtrusive visitor is so made to feel his utter smallness and insignificance—and that by mere brazen clamour—as in this. The elephants look large—they *are* large—but the elephants behave with gentlemanly quietness and self-respect. The parrots rise up and curse you (and everything else) with sudden and painful unanimity. You are appalled, dwarfed, made insignificant and ashamed by the overpowering vastness of—the mere row.

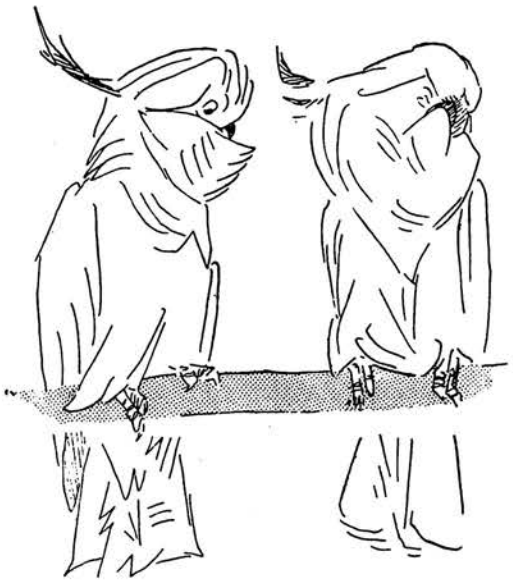


The fact is that each single individual of this crowd of parrots, cockatoos, macaws, and parrakeets holds his own importance above every other created thing as a prime article of belief, and is naturally and most virtuously indignant when he finds that you don't go directly to him and load him with presents. Therefore, he blares and screams at you, till the air swims in your ears and eyes and the outer world is but a chaos of great beaks, angry combs, and streaks of red, green, and white. If you venture so

far as to make an invidious selection, and tender a peace-offering to a particular bird, you draw down upon your devoted head the double rage and united jealousy of all the other parrots, cockatoos, parrakeets, and macaws, each convinced that you couldn't possibly have seen *him* or you would never have slighted so superlative a creature; and again the air and the colours swim to your senses. The whole sensation is not unlike that produced by a long inspection of immense thundering and shrieking engineering works. You feel bewildered and you feel small: and everything about you is metallic and mechanical. Every movement of a parrot, if you will but notice it, is suggestive of metal joints and mechanical action; and the voice—but there is no metal metallic enough to emit such a voice as that at its worst.



There is a married couple here—Triton cockatoos—near the keeper's room. They nag and quarrel and snarl at one another, and all on strictly mechanical principles. Their only gibe is an inarticulate snarl delivered when repartee seems unlikely. Thus, Mr. C. observing Mrs. C. apparently asleep will snarl ferociously, and compose himself to rest.



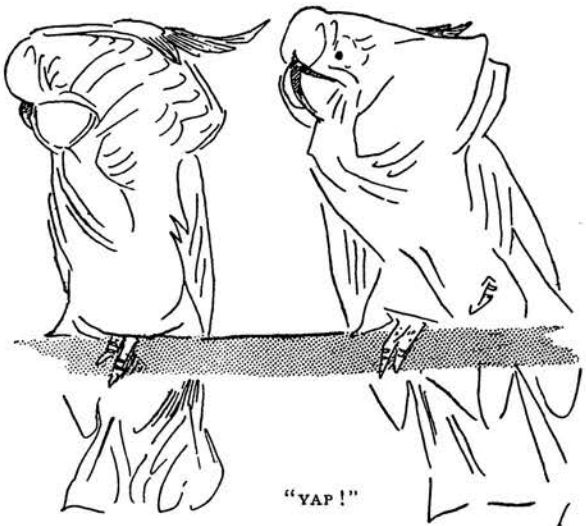
"YAP—YAP!"

SULK.

and, finding themselves face to face, with nothing original to say, they will subside and sulk for the rest of the day, each trying hard to think of some particularly unkind remark to hurl at the other.

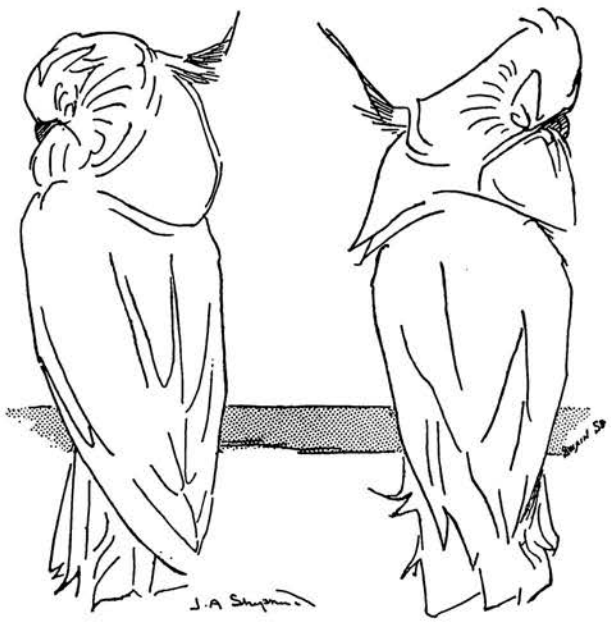
Cocky, the big Triton, has been moved here from the insect-house, and shows signs of forgetting his English. That is what will occur in a congregation of this sort. The marvel is that many of the birds will still talk at all. An old, rose-crested cockatoo will dance gracefully, with his head on one side (and his eye on the reward), at the offer of a nut. He is called Cocky, in common with all of his kind, just as the parrot is always Polly; but I prefer to call him Richardson, because his is, practically speaking,

In a little while Mrs. C. will rouse herself, and perceiving the placid quiescence of Mr. C., will snarl at him and go to sleep again; all this with a mechanic jerk of the head and neck suggestive of Punch or an automaton. After a while, perhaps, the inclination for a snarl will take both at once,

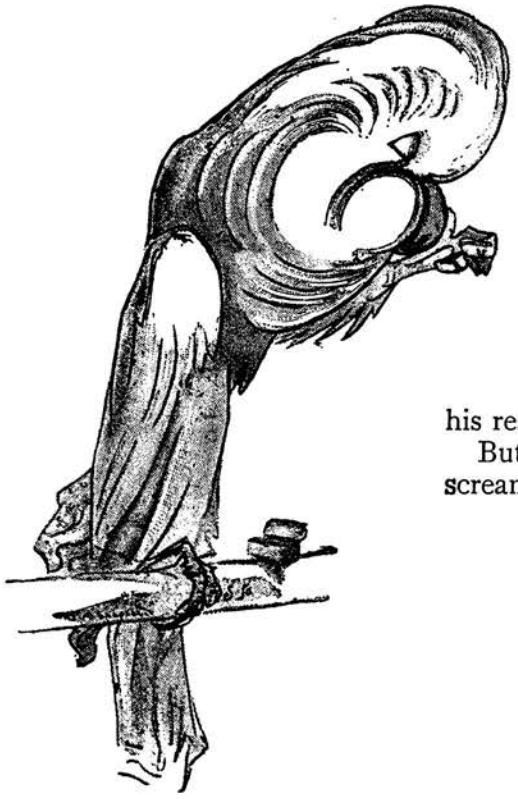


"YAP!"

"Y——"



SULK.

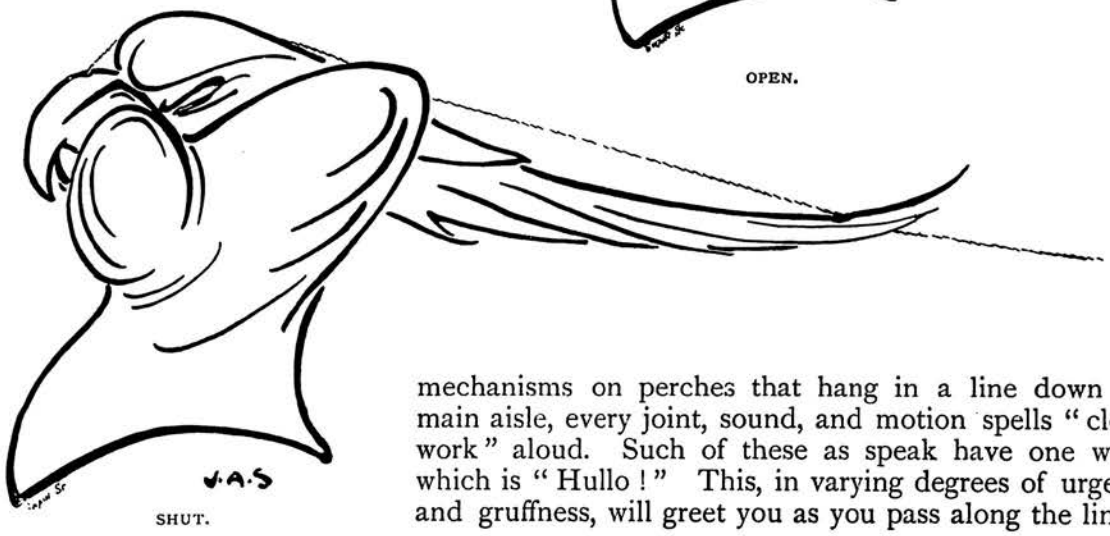


A SNUFFER.

the only show in the fair. There is a slender-billed cockatoo, who offers me a warlike challenge to "come on" whenever I approach him, and a few more who have a word or two, but Richardson is the only bird capable of a decent show. He will stand at his cage wires and bawl out "What ho! what ho! what ho!" in a way that confirms his classification as a showman and gives a hint of aspirations to tragedy. Richardson is the least mechanical of the birds here, and is a most respectable and old-fashioned veteran, who would look quite in character taking snuff, and whose polite accomplishments have not been ruined by his residence among unmannered crowds of other birds.

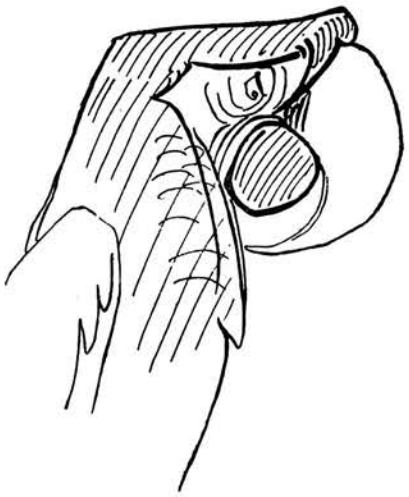
But, mannered or not, here is nothing but a crowd of screaming, unfeeling, snapping painted machines. I have never seen a plucked parrot, but I know, without seeing, that you have only to pluck one to lay bare nuts and bolts, cams, hinges, springs, cranks, and metallic joints. See a cockatoo spread and shut his crest; clearly it is just the motion that could be actuated by a string on the wooden harlequin principle; probably, as there is no string, there is a long spiral spring under the feathers of the head (just lying along where some people part their hair) set going by a catch on the principle of the air-gun trigger. As to the gorgeous

OPEN.



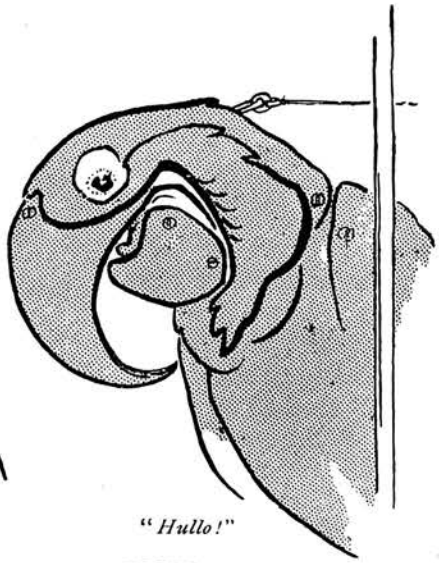
SHUT.

mechanisms on perches that hang in a line down the main aisle, every joint, sound, and motion spells "clockwork" aloud. Such of these as speak have one word, which is "Hullo!" This, in varying degrees of urgency and gruffness, will greet you as you pass along the line—

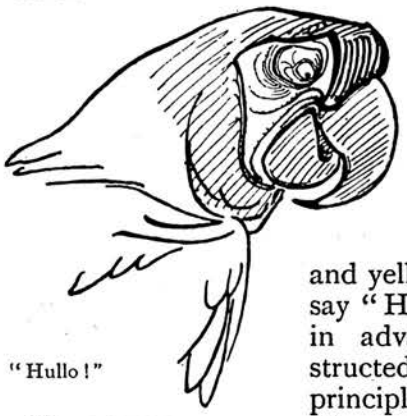


"*Hullo!*"

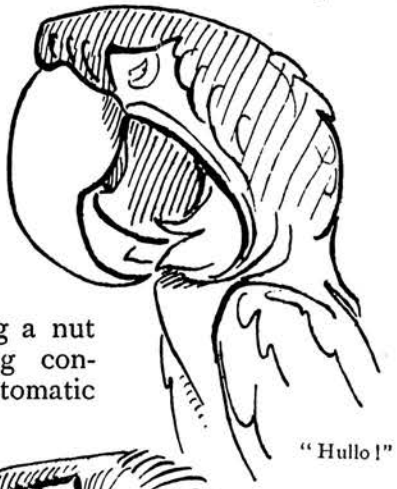
"WHAT HO!"



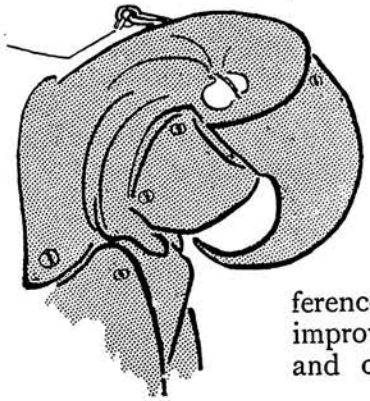
"*Hullo!*"



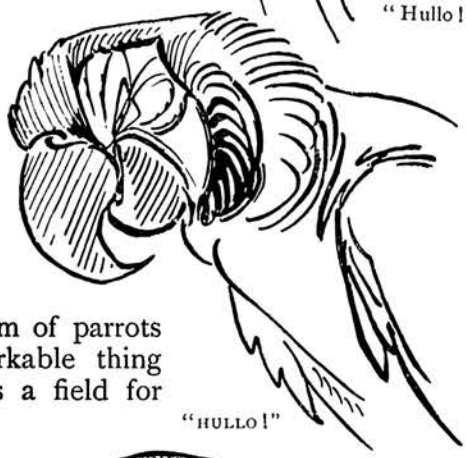
"Hullo!"



"Hullo!"

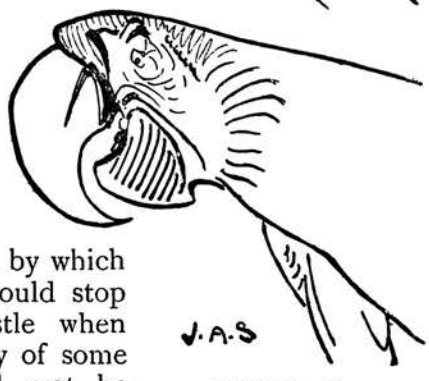


"HULLO!"



"HULLO!"

"HULLO!"

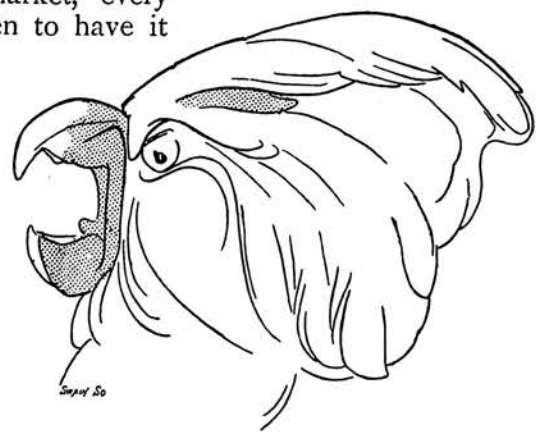


"HULLO!"

if you show any indication of nuts; otherwise you are insignificant, and unworthy of notice. One fine blue and yellow machine will not say "Hullo" without receiving a nut in advance; probably being constructed on the familiar automatic principle. But it is all an expressionless outcome of clockwork.

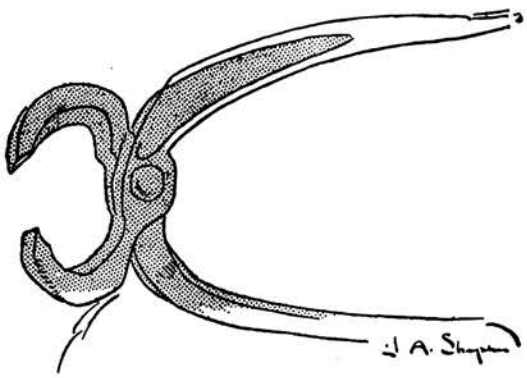
We seldom see among the lists of "patents sealed" and "provisional protections" granted, any reference to an invention for improvements in the mechanism of parrots and cockatoos. It is a remarkable thing that so obvious a field for invention and improvement should have been so much neglected. Plainly, an easy and obvious improvement would be the provision of a simple shut-off valve, by which the suffering proprietor could stop the parrot's steam whistle when desired. The desirability of some such improvement need not be

enlarged upon, and, once the appliance were in the market, every parrot-owner would hasten to have it fitted to his machine. Another contrivance, having the same object, would consist of a self-acting escape valve, by which the familiar scream of the mechanism would be diverted, and escape noiselessly through a small grating at the back of the neck after a certain degree of pressure had been attained. Moreover, what more easy than to have the outer side of the jaw-hinge fitted with a convenient butterfly-nut, by tightening which, after the periodical stoking with maize and so forth, the engine would be prevented from nipping carelessly-offered fingers? As it is at present, the jaw-hinge is a mere ordinary pair of sharp pincers barbarically ornamented with feathers and colours. Improvements suggest themselves at every point. Many of these otherwise amusing instruments cause trouble by occasionally breaking out into startling and exceedingly forcible language. It would seem that a pressure valve might be profitably employed in this case also, by means of which, as soon as the expressions reached to the degree of "blow it," or "shut up," the power would be immediately diverted, and either allowed to escape harmlessly through a small chimney at the top of the head, or else conducted by a power-transmitting mechanism to an adjacent musical-box, which would play "Pop Goes the Weasel," or something else of a similarly moral tendency. The whole subject is full of profitable suggestions, which are offered, free of any expense beyond a small royalty to myself, to the notice of persons of mechanical genius.



A MERE

PAIR



OF PINCERS.

PICKLES AND THEIR KINDRED.

A Baker's Dozen of Them.

THE systematic housewife sees more possibilities for store room decoration in approaching autumn than she does for poetry or painting. There may be golden and crimson leaves—but there are also mellow hued cucumbers and splendidly colored tomatoes, snowy cauliflowers and all sweet or pungent products of the garden which her skillful fingers and trained taste can convert into things of beauty for her pickle jars. Each housekeeper has her special manner of making these condiments; her way may not be better than another's—often its chief merit is in being different; so the possibility that some of these recipes may be unlike those already in the cook books of the notable housewives of Good Housekeeping is my only excuse for offering them.

Green Cucumber Pickles.

For four to five hundred small cucumbers, the materials to be used are one and one half gallons of best vinegar, two quarts of water, two quarts of salt, six ounces of alum, two ounces of allspice, one ounce of cloves, one-fourth pound of pepper corns, one-half pound of brown sugar, a little horse radish cut in strips, and three dozen small onions. Wash the cucumbers in cold water, place them in large jars, cover them with the salt, then fill the jars with boiling water, and let them stand twenty-four hours. Take them from the brine, put them in pickle jars with the onions and horse radish scattered in between; tie the alum, sugar and spices in a bag large enough to spread over the top of the cucumbers, (if in two or more jars, the spices, etc., must, of course, be divided), then turn the vinegar and water on them boiling hot.

Ripe Cucumber Pickles.

Seven pounds of cucumbers after they are pared and sliced, a piece of alum the size of a butternut, (this should be broken in pieces), a handful of salt; sprinkle the salt and alum over the cucumbers and let them remain over night. The next day drain off the liquor, and boil them in vinegar until tender; (it is best to boil a few at a time so that they may preserve their shape,) then take out carefully with a skimmer; when well drained from the vinegar cover with a thick syrup made of one pint of vinegar, four pounds of sugar, and six tablespoonfuls of cinnamon tied in a bag. If these pickles are put in glass jars and sealed, they will keep indefinitely, and are especially pretty for teas or lunches served on fancy dishes with clusters of preserved barberries scattered over them. The syrup should be boiled until it is ropy.

Green Tomato Pickles.

Slice one peck of green tomatoes, and six onions at night; sprinkle one teacupful of salt between the layers. In the morning drain off the liquor and boil the tomatoes and onions twenty minutes, or until tender, in one quart of vinegar and two quarts of water; drain them thoroughly from this; then boil three quarts of vinegar, one-quarter pound of white mustard seed, two pounds of brown sugar, two tablespoonfuls each of ground cinnamon, allspice, cloves and ginger, and one teaspoonful of red pepper; boil together fifteen minutes and pour in the jar containing the tomatoes. The spices should be put in a bag large enough to cover the top of the pickles as it excludes the air and helps keep them.

Tomato Lily.

Slice a peck of green tomatoes, four onions, and four green peppers; sprinkle well with salt and let stand over night. Drain from the brine and chop (not too fine), put in a kettle and cover with vinegar adding one-half pound of sugar, one teacupful of horse radish chopped very fine; one tablespoonful of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of cloves, a large handful of white mustard seed. Cook slowly until tender, stirring often.

Chow Chow.

One peck of sliced green tomatoes, four large onions; one-half peck of ripe tomatoes, two small cabbages, twelve green peppers, two ripe peppers, one-half teacupful of chopped horse radish, two pounds of sugar, one tablespoonful of mace, one tablespoonful of white mustard, one tablespoonful of ground mustard, one tablespoonful of celery seed, one teaspoonful of black pepper, one-half pint of salt. Chop the horse radish, onions and peppers very fine, tomatoes and cabbage not so fine; mix together all ingredients, except of course, the sugar and spices, add the salt, tie in a bag and let drain over night. Cover with vinegar in the morning, add the spices and sugar, and cook until tender, stirring from the bottom constantly.

Mustard Pickles.

One gallon of vinegar, one teacupful of sugar, one-fourth pound of mustard, two ounces of tumeric, two teacupfuls of flour. Cook until smooth, then pour over small cucumbers, sliced cucumbers, cauliflower, sliced tomatoes or small tomatoes, nasturtium seeds, little onions or anything suitable for such pickles, and which have been cooked tender in the salt and water in which they stood over night. These pickles may be kept in a common stone jar, and are just as good a year after making as if they were newly put up.

Radish Pod Pickles.

Gather while young, boil in salt and water until tender, then cover with spiced vinegar. Or mix with small cucumber pickles. Martynias need the same treatment, also okra pods.

Tomato Catsup.

Cut the tomatoes, heat thoroughly and strain; to one gallon of juice put four small tablespoonfuls of salt, four of ground black pepper, three of ground mustard, one-half tablespoonful of cloves, one-half teaspoonful of red pepper, one pint of vinegar. Boil slowly four hours, then bottle and seal.

Chili Sauce.

Twelve ripe tomatoes, two onions, two green peppers, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of salt, one tablespoonful of cinnamon, and three teacupfuls of vinegar. Boil three hours.

Mushroom Catsup.

Put a layer of fresh mushrooms in an earthen dish, sprinkle a little salt over them, then put in another layer, thus alternating until all are covered. Let them remain several days, then mash them fine, and to each quart put a tablespoonful of vinegar, half a teaspoonful of black pepper, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of cloves; turn it into a stone jar, set the jar in a pot of boiling water, and let it boil two hours, then strain without squeezing the mushrooms. Boil the juice a quarter of an hour, skim it well, let it stand a few hours to settle, then turn it off carefully through a sieve, bottle and seal. This is a very old recipe.

Peach Pickles.

To five pounds of peaches use two pounds of sugar, one quart of vinegar, one-quarter of an ounce of cinnamon, the same quantity of cloves and of mace. Boil the peaches in the vinegar, etc., until tender then place in jars, pouring the mixture over them.

Spiced Peaches.

Pare and slice peaches; to seven pounds of fruit add four pounds of sugar, alternating a layer of fruit in a stone jar with the sugar and a little sprinkle of cinnamon and cloves until all is used. Pour over a pint of vinegar, set the jar in a kettle of water and cook tender.

Pear Pickles.

One quart of vinegar, one coffeecupful of sugar, one clove and one bit of cinnamon in each pear. Cook in the syrup until tender.

—*A. M. P.*

TO KILL COCKROACHES.

A housekeeper who was recommended to try cucumber peeling as a remedy for cockroaches, strewed the floor with pieces of the peel, cut not very thin, and watched the sequel. The pests covered the peel within a short time, so that it could not be seen, so voraciously were they engaged in sucking the poisonous moisture from it. The second night that this was tried, the number of the cockroaches was reduced to a quarter and none were left alive on the third night.

OCTOBER.

1	M	*Pheasant shooting begins.*
2	Tu	Sun rises, 6h. 4m. ; sets, 5h. 33m.
3	W	Treaty of Limerick, 1691.
4	Th	Henry Carey, musician, died, 1743.
5	F	Horace Walpole born, 1717.
6	S	Edward V. of England born, 1470.
7	**S**	**19th Sunday after Trinity.**
8	M	Henry Fielding, novelist, d., 1754.
9	Tu	Sun rises, 6h. 16m. ; sets, 5h. 18m.
10	W	Treaty of Vienna signed, 1866.
11	Th	Edward Colston died, 1721.
12	F	Mrs. Elizabeth Fry died, 1845.
13	S	Murat shot, 1815.
14	**S**	**20th Sunday after Trinity.**
15	M	Pope Gregory XIV. died, 1591.
16	Tu	Sun rises, 6h. 28m. ; sets, 5h. 2m.
17	W	John Wilkes, politician, born, 1727.
18	Th	Last English Lottery, 1826.
19	F	Battle of Leipzig, 1813.
20	S	Thomas Hughes born, 1823.
21	**S**	**21st Sunday after Trinity.**
22	M	Captain Mayne Reid died, 1883.
23	Tu	Sun rises, 6h. 40m. ; sets, 4h. 48m.
24	W	*Michaelmas Law Sittings begin.*
25	Th	Battle of Agincourt, 1415.
26	F	Count von Moltke born, 1800.
27	S	Earl of Iddesleigh b., 1818; d., 1887.
28	**S**	**22nd Sunday after Trinity.**
29	M	Raleigh beheaded, 1618.
30	Tu	Sun rises, 6h. 52m. ; sets, 4h. 34m.
31	W	*All Hallows Eve*

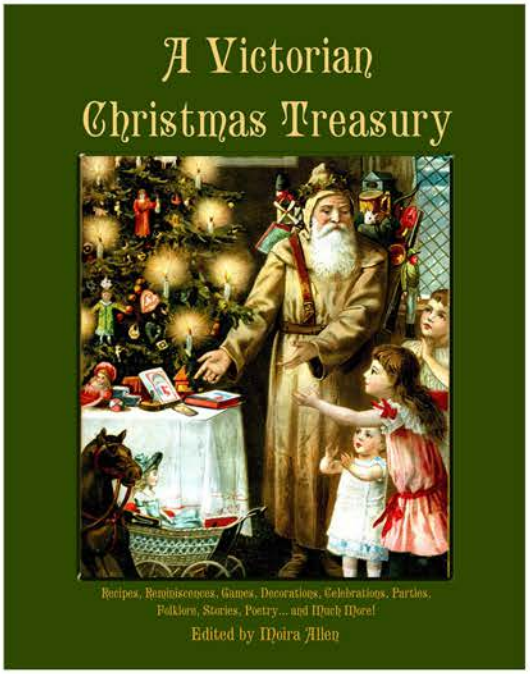
THE MOON'S CHANGES.

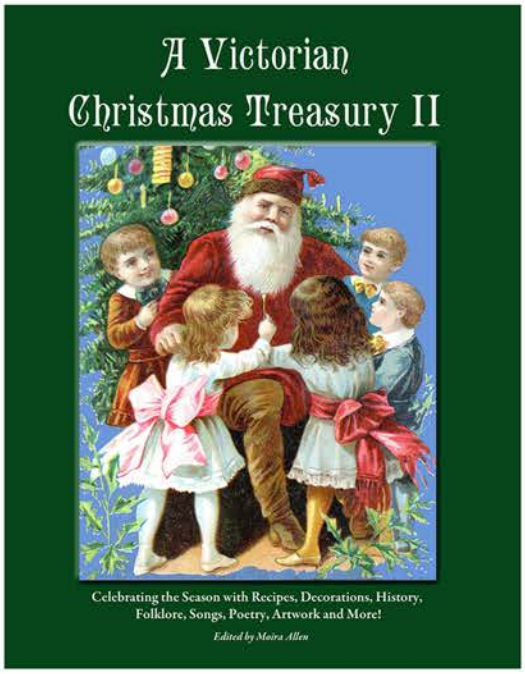
New Moon, 5th, 2h. 34m. aft.
First Quarter, 12th, 5h. 29m. morn.
Full Moon, 19th, 9h. 9m. aft.
Last Quarter, 28th, 1h. 56m. morn.

LAW SITTINGS, 1888.

Hilary Sittings	.. ..	*Begin* Jan. 11	.. *End* March 28.	Trinity Sittings	.. ..	*Begin* May 29	.. *End* Aug. 12.
Easter Sittings	.. ..	,, April 10	.. ,, May 18.	Michaelmas Sittings	.. ..	,, Oct. 24	.. ,, Dec. 21.

Experience the Magic of a Victorian Christmas!





CHRISTMAS BOOKS

Make your holiday merry with our Christmas treasuries, packed with holiday decorating tips, arts and crafts, recipes, games, folklore, and fascinating glimpses of Christmas around the world!

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victorianvoices.net/clipart/seasons