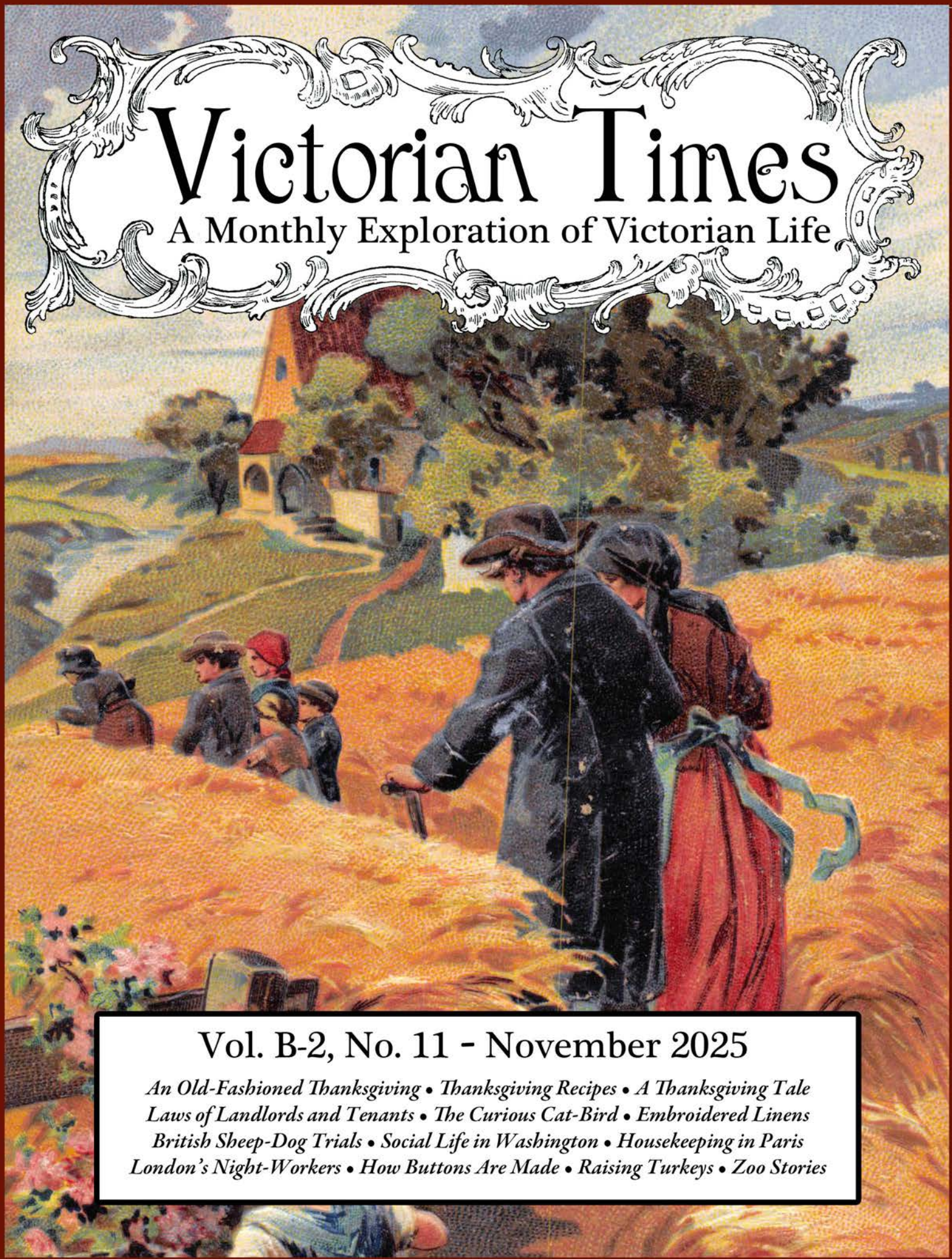
Victorian Times

A Monthly Exploration of Victorian Life



Vol. B-2, No. 11 - November 2025

An Old-Fashioned Thanksgiving • *Thanksgiving Recipes* • *A Thanksgiving Tale*
Laws of Landlords and Tenants • *The Curious Cat-Bird* • *Embroidered Linens*
British Sheep-Dog Trials • *Social Life in Washington* • *Housekeeping in Paris*
London's Night-Workers • *How Buttons Are Made* • *Raising Turkeys* • *Zoo Stories*

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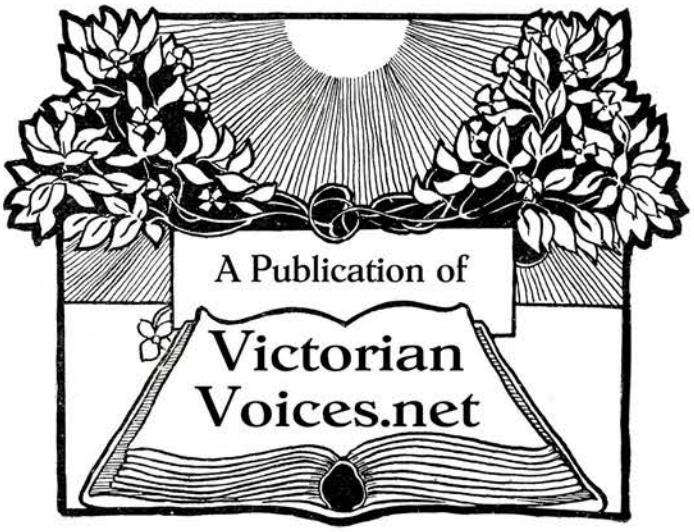
edited by Moira Allen



Print Edition Independently Published
Print Edition ISBN 9798263568498

Cover Image: Postcard, early 20th century.

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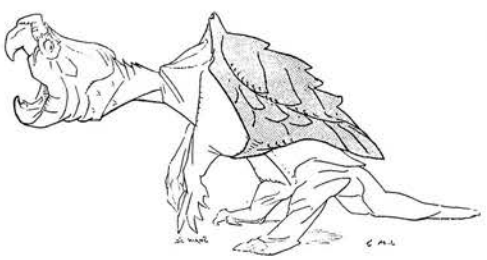

Found in a Book

You've heard of being "lost in a good book," right? Well, as a collector of Victorian books and magazines, what I often come across are those things that are *found* in a good book. These are the things people left behind when they read the volume that is now in my hands.

One of the most common things one may find in a Victorian book is a pressed leaf, flower, or plant. I found a pressed thistle in one book that was so perfectly preserved, after over 100 years, that I laminated it and made it into a bookmark. Just a few months ago, I opened a magazine and was greeted with an absolute shower of tiny clover leaves; in fact, I'm still picking up clover leaves from the floor. Leaves are more common than flowers, probably because they contain less moisture and are flat to begin with, and so are likely to cause less damage to a book. (Victorians don't recommend pressing flowers in books, but advise using a flower-press or a device that uses sand to dry out the flower while keeping its shape. Victorians were probably also more likely to use bound periodicals for plant-pressing, as these were probably deemed less valuable than an actual *book.*)

Far less common, but not unknown, is to find *seaweed* pressed into a book or magazine. This might seem odd, but Victorians actually had quite a passion for collecting, pressing and preserving seaweeds. They would make entire albums out of their seaweed collections; I came across one of these, years ago, but they're pretty hard to find now.

Another common "find" is a newspaper clipping that has been slipped into the volume. I've never found any connection between the clipping and the content of the volume itself, so I suspect that, often, these clippings are simply used as a place-holder. Often, they are interesting in themselves—but what makes them more interesting is to compare the date of the clipping with the date of the book. Most often, newspaper clippings are much more recent (though ancient by our standards)—a magazine from, say, 1885 might have a newspaper clipping from the 1920's. What that tells me, however, is that someone in the 1920s was still reading this volume from the 1880s.

It's also interesting to see the notes or markings that a reader might make. Of course, lots of books have names and sometimes a message scribbled on a flyleaf. My favorite comes from the 1889 book *Needle-Craft*. In July 1890, this is signed by Katy and Christina Goetzinger, with the note, "Given unto us by our big brother to encourage us in the feminine art of needlework when we'd rather play pull away or go fishing." Amen!

In a volume of the American fashion magazine *The Delineator*, I found numerous stars or asterisks penciled next to what, I presume, were the reader's favorite fashions. I often wonder if the lady who owned the magazine actually had these patterns made for herself, in what fabrics, and how she looked in them.

It's rare to find books that have been defaced, though it does happen. *The Girl's Own Paper* was enjoyed by "girls" of all ages, and I've often found pages colored with crayons. While Crayola crayons weren't produced until 1903, Victorian children *did* have various types of crayons in the 1880s, so this "artwork" may well have been made by the paper's original owner.

Oddly enough, I have never found an actual *bookmark* in a Victorian book. Possibly these were too valuable to leave behind, but moved (as mine do) from book to book.

These little touches are a reminder that Victorian books and magazines aren't just a repository of ancient information. They were held, and read, and used, and colored in, by real people. Finding what those people left behind makes the past, somehow, far more personal!

—Moira Allen, Editor
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SHEEP-DOG TRIALS.

By William T. Palmer.

Photographs by C. G. Mason, Ambleside.

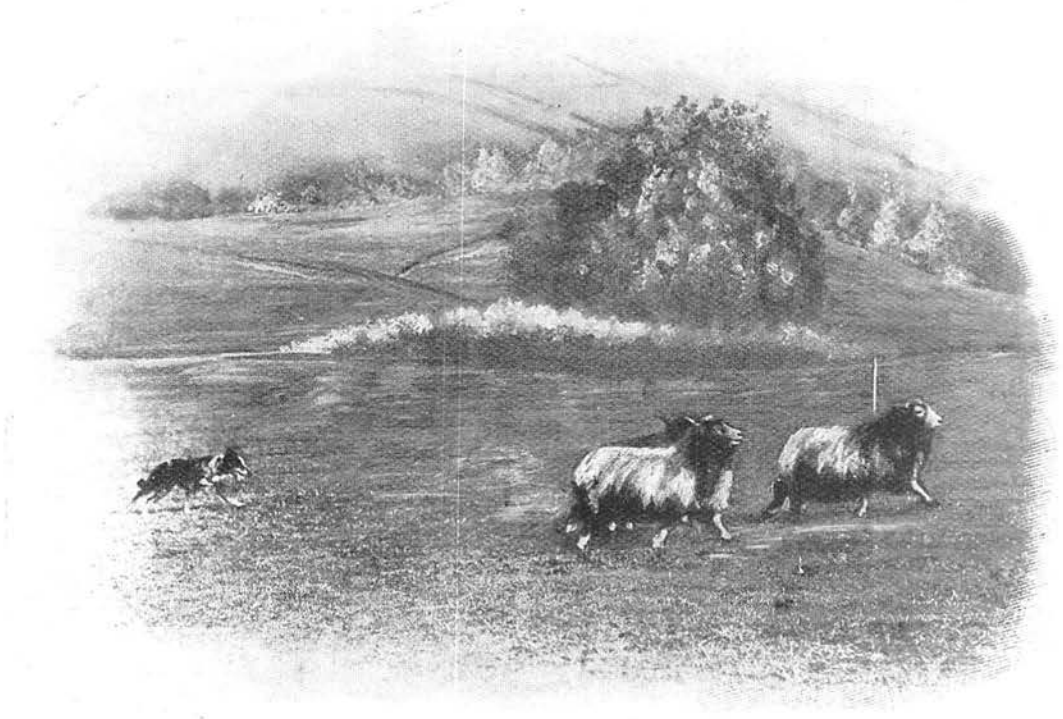
WHILST watching a sheep-dog trial, I overheard a spectator describe the scene as "a marvellous exhibition of animal instinct." That is certainly correct, but many who are more closely acquainted with the sheep-dogs of Lakeland will not hesitate to add that such feats as these mark a high level of animal training. It is not difficult to persuade even the most stupid of hound puppies to follow what is to him an easily recognisable trail over pasture and fell, hill and dale: nor is it a difficult task to make him gallop his hardest all the way in this mimic fox-hunt, by a judicious scheme of rewards and punishments; but it requires great patience and splendid skill to develop even the most tractable dog so that he can manage, almost without the aid of his master, three of the wild fell sheep. These may bolt altogether and become unmanageable, or they may dash off in as many different directions, so that the perspiring dog cannot get them together by any means. One sheep may be a sluggard, and loth to pass untasted any tempting tuft of grass; another may be wild and timorous, desiring to get as far away as possible from every vestige of the dog; while the third may be a vicious animal which at the least provocation will charge upon its driver. If the dog does not evade this sudden rush—and no human is sufficiently

WAITING FOR THE SIGNAL TO START.

OFF!

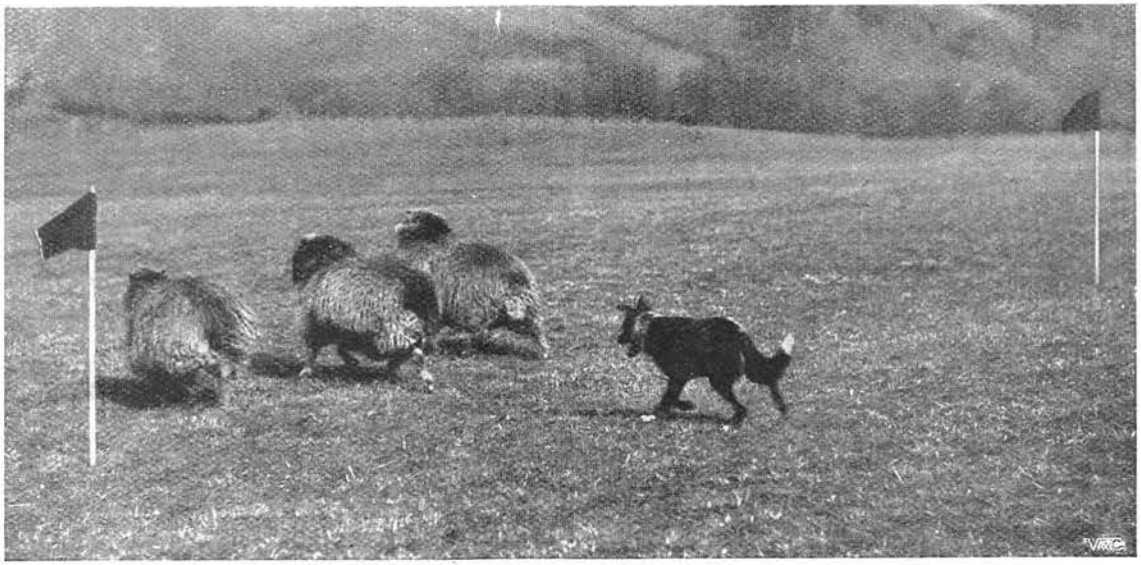
alert to do so—the awful blow, delivered with the full weight of the sheep's body behind it, will send him rolling over and over down the hillside, probably crippling him. Added to the peculiarities of the sheep are the various characters of the dogs themselves. Some are hopeless, never attempting to remedy or retrieve the smallest error: they will drive along, perhaps, two of their triple charge, and neglect the one which has become separated. Others are inclined to push their sheep too hard and so worry them that the animals finally rush away at their utmost speed. There are dogs that are bad-tempered, and dogs that are too easy-going; there is the excited, enthusiastic puppy which wrecks his golden opportunity of success by an ill-considered yelp, and the old veteran who has learnt every foible of sheep-kind long ago, and now, grown less speedy than of yore, uses this splendid experience to carry off the victory. The shepherd, it must be assumed for the purpose of this article, is without blemish; he has trained his own dog, and its actions are an accurate reflex of his own character. It is impossible for a quiet, painstaking man to train that dog which dashes, with many a mistake, through his task, and the harrying, blustering shepherd never produces a slow-going dog. Both types, in man and animal, have their allotted excellences, and it is interesting to observe the different methods displayed on equal terms at a trial.

The test in a sheep-dog trial is to drive three sheep round a course marked with flags and hurdles, without going inside the flags or missing the opening in the hurdles. At the end of this circular course is a small fold or pen (six feet square) with a three-foot wicket, into which the sheep have to be finally driven. The owner of the dog is not allowed to give it any instructions, save by whistling or motions of stick and arm. It is almost a courtesy that he is allowed to shut the gate of the pen to secure the sheep when duly driven home; indeed, the man's part in the whole performance seems ridiculously small to all but those who understand the fine sympathy possible between man and dog during such a contest.



"HANDLING THEM WITH AS MUCH ACCURACY OF DIRECTION AS IF THEY WERE GOING ALONG A RAILED ROAD."

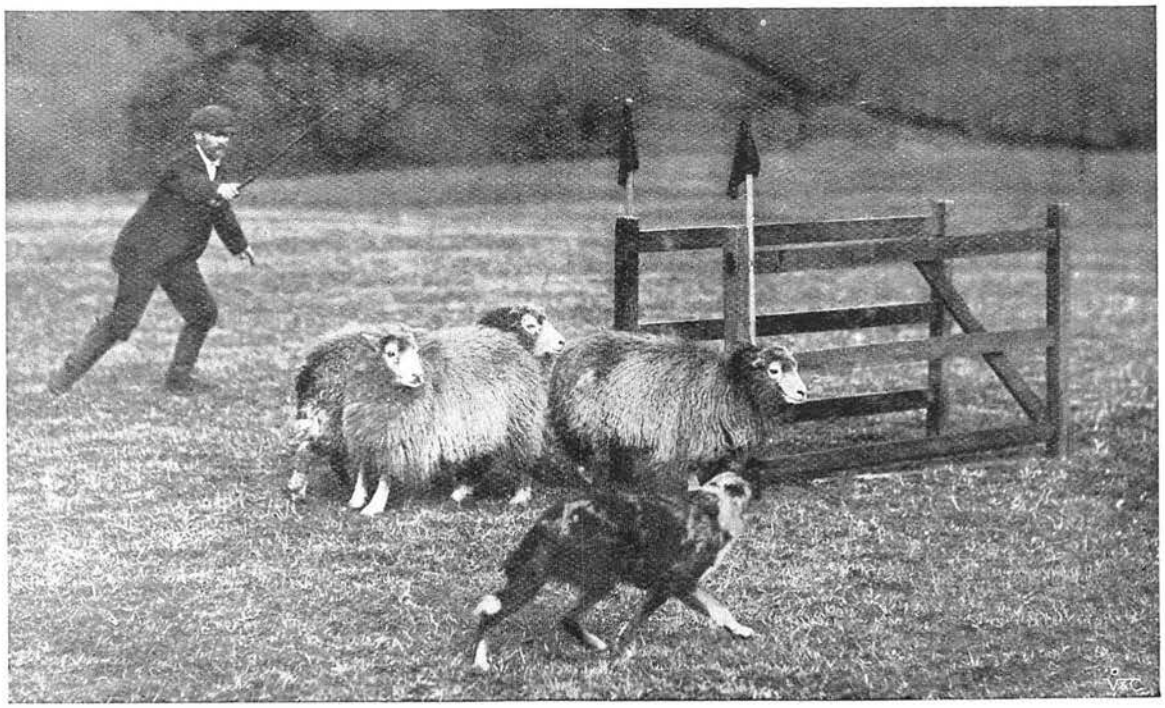
The greatest sheep-dog trials are held on the moor near Troutbeck every year, on the day succeeding Grasmere Sports. A good many people are present on each occasion and enjoy an excellent view of the whole course, from the loosing-pen at the commencement to the half-way hurdles high up the hillside, and down again to the finishing-pen. The best of dog talent is here, and competes under fair conditions, the spectators, though not too far away thoroughly to



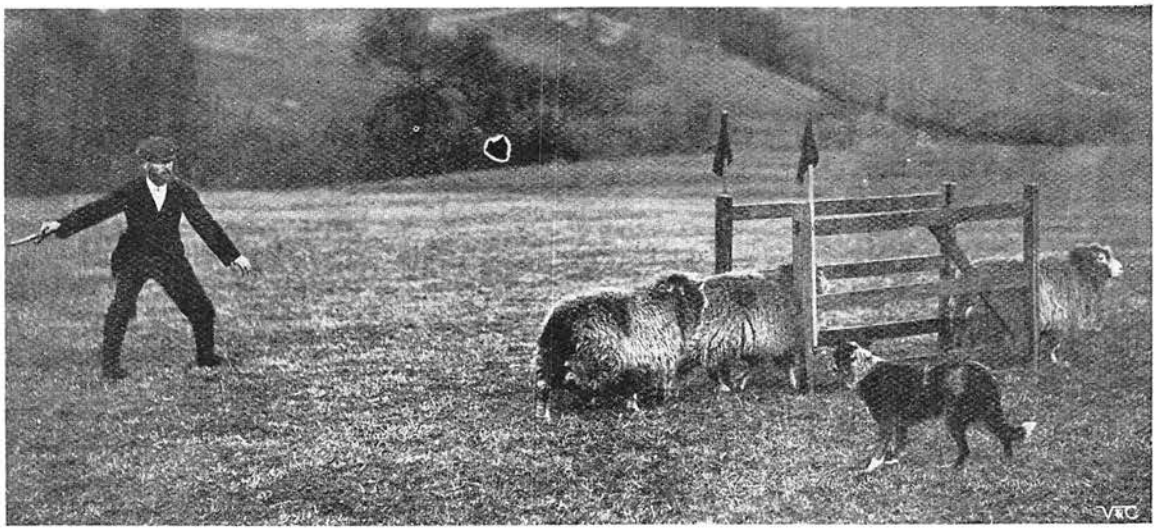
"EACH FLAG PASSED CORRECTLY MEANS A POINT TO THE COMPETITOR."

enjoy the sport, being yet sufficiently distant not to scare the sheep by their movements and conversation.

The cart has brought three sheep—two black-faced and one cross-bred shearlings (*i.e.*, last year's lambs)—and dumped them into the loosing-pen. They are small, wiry animals, without superfluous tissue and, at this time of year, not hampered by much wool. Anyone looking at their slender, muscular legs and compact bodies would accredit them with fair speed, though few could imagine the pace they can actually put on in a short burst. No dog can get up to them by sheer racing, but sheep only gallop a short distance at a time, then stop to reconnoitre. At the judge's word the loose hurdle is allowed to fall and the sheep walk out. At the same moment the dog has been released and is now racing across the grass towards them. It may be an ugly-looking, blue-grey animal, but it soon proves that its intelligence and resourceare enormous. The sheep trot briskly to the left on its approach, and have to be checked ; the dog dashes in front and stops them, then gradually turns them in the direction of the flags. Each of these has to be passed on the out-

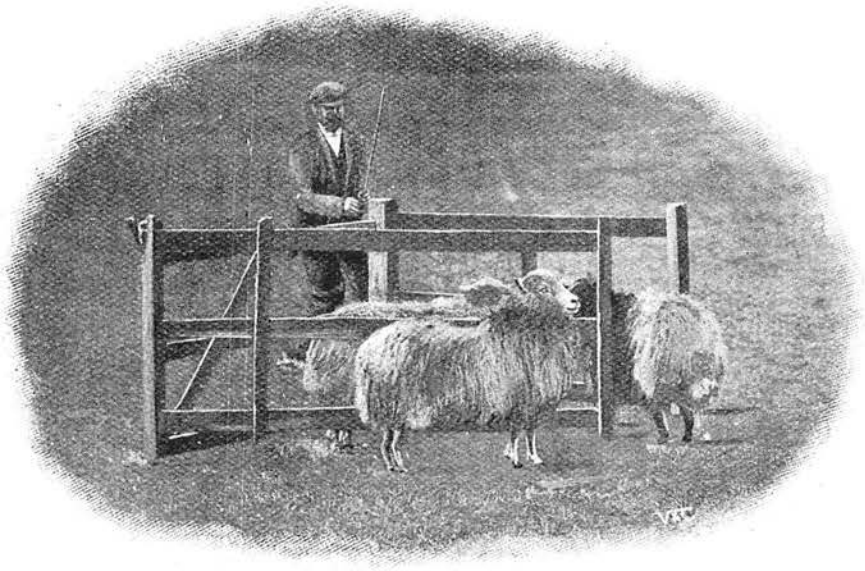


"SHEEP HAVE A GREAT OBJECTION TO PASS THROUGH A FENCE."



"THEY WILL, IF POSSIBLE, REFUSE TO MOVE FORWARD."

side. It is a splendid sight to see the dog trotting behind the sheep and handling them with as much accuracy of direction as if they were going along a railed road. Each flag passed correctly means a point to the competitor, and it is essential for the tiny flock to be guided through the hurdles half way along the course. Sheep have a great objection to pass through a fence at any time; they will, if possible, refuse to move forward, and, when forced, go through the gap at topmost speed. It is difficult under such conditions to keep the three sheep together. One or another may attempt to bolt round the obstacle, and this has to be brought back again—which takes up much time, if the sheep be at all wayward. Yet it often happens that the three are chased through separately. This passed, the sheep are driven in the direction of the folding-pen, near the judges. The working of the dog, as he approaches, can be appreciated by any attentive spectator. As the end is neared, the difficulty of the task increases; to get three lively fell sheep into an enclosure six feet square is manifestly a task requiring nicety of judgment. The sheep are dexterously manipulated now. They approach the open wicket and glance within, then walk past. The intelligent collie dashes round and in a few seconds is lying in their path. They abruptly turn round and face the opening again: the dog jumps up in a flash as soon as the sheep cannot see him and rushes to a position behind them. They hear the rustling of the grass and turn to see where he has gone to. It is a critical moment. If he has come too near, they split off and gallop round the pen in terror; if too far away, his presence is unheeded and they again saunter past the wicket. But if he has rightly placed himself, there is a moment of indecision, of hesitation; the dog crawls a trifle nearer, the sheep draw back; they look furtively round again, and he seizes the opportunity to close in on them, the while maintaining a sleepy, disinterested look. The sheep cannot understand



"THE SHEPHERD SMARTLY CLAPS-TO THE WICKET."

why he is so somnolent; no dog in their fell philosophy has ever been anything but alert. They are now almost within the wings of the pen; the dog quietly rises to his feet, then approaches. The flock shrink away, perhaps turn to flee, but they are unable to get past the flanking hurdles, and the shepherd, who has also approached unobserved, smartly claps-to the wicket upon them.

Many a time the dog places his charge right past the pen without being able to get them to enter; frequently two are captured and the third missed; but so completely have the dogs entered into the spirit of the contest that the prizes which were once awarded to the dog who performed the trial most correctly are now given to the one which gets round in the least time.

It may be averred that there is great risk in offering prizes for this class of feat that dogs may be trained exclusively to run round a marked course and pen three sheep, but there is no sign that this has occurred yet. A glance at the list of winners in the trials at Troutbeck, Ingleton, and Endmoor at least reveals the fact that a large proportion of the competitors are run by shepherds attached to the largest sheep-farms of the district, and that the remainder are under the control of the smaller holders of fell-land. There is, therefore, some practical purpose in the event, which is unfortunately almost a local sport. The sheep-dog trial is, indeed, playing at shepherding—the finesse and detail are overdone by reason of the difficulty of the task, and the straight driving of which the day's work on the moors consists is hardly represented, yet the training must be beneficial. I do not hold a brief for the sheep-dog, but would say that his intelligence in everyday life is on a par with his faultless public exhibitions.

Some may desire to know of what breeds these sheep-dogs are. Well, they are various, and oftentimes a bit curious. The breed is often collie or, since a great many specimens of this type have been rendered almost unfit for the exposure of the fells by irresponsible exhibitors, the old English sheep-dog, that bob-tailed, blue-grey creature so long and undeservedly neglected, till its aptitude for sheep control was rediscovered. There are innumerable divisions of the mongrels which form the bulk of the dogs in use at the present day—some big, strong animals, with a strong dash of foxhound blood in them; some, wiry, little, stubborn creatures, partaking almost of the terrier kind in temperament. In many cases the leading breed in the constitution is unrecognisable—it is not extraordinary to meet a dog in which are clearly defined traits of half a dozen good

SOME TYPICAL SHEEP-DOGS.

varieties. But they have in common a striking intelligence ; long heads, short heads, light heads, heavy heads, but all with a good complement of brains. The sheep-dog is not a pampered animal, and therefore seems never out of form unless suffering from fatigue or accident. Space forbids the dilation on many more points of interest, but let me add that the keynote to successful shepherding in the first and more important instance, and then triumphal competition, is a patient, kind, and firm control over the pup, and in this a good shepherd is indispensable. The day of the slow man seems to have passed with the enclosing of the commons ; when the sheep were no longer to be slowly driven from one fold to another among the open fells to graze as they moved along, he and his dog disappeared. The dog which has been trained to collect its charge quickly from the allotment for the daily "count" holds the field at present, and will continue to do so till the day when the system of the fells flock-tenders has again to change with the march of the times.

MY FRIEND.

IN DOGGEREL.

I HAVE a friend I much admire—
I hope you'll think me right—
His eyes and nose are black as sloes,
The rest of him is white.

His manners are not of the best—
Great liberties he takes ;
He'll coolly jump upon your knee,
And sleep there till he wakes.

He's doggedly persistent too—
He has no proper pride—
He'll beg, and bounce, and howl, and whine,
But will not be denied.

His voice is far from musical ;
I grieve that I must add,
That if he spoke out all his thoughts
I think he'd drive me mad.

When other dogs are heard to bark,
With rage my friend is wild ;
But meet his foe once face to face,
No lamb could be more mild.

You'll say that in this history
I've given of my friend,
You can see nothing to admire,
And trust the theme will end.

But stay—you've only heard one side,
There's no one perfect quite—
We all must howl and growl sometimes,
And some of us will bite!

But my dear wavy-woolly friend
Has never yet done so ;
When the grey puss spits at him,
He thinks it wise to go.

He oftentimes lies blinking, winking,
His long hair o'er his eyes ;
He surely must be thinking, thinking
Of subjects deep and wise.

He has so many loving ways,
And should he see me cry,
He'd lick my hands in sympathy,
And mutely ask me why.

If I had any real grief,
Of which I could not tell,
My curly friend would find it out,
And comfort me as well.

He'd jump up lightly on my knee,
And gaze into my eyes,
And, reading some sad story there,
Lie quiet, being wise.

But I must not forget to say
He's educated, too ;
The tricks are counted by the score
That he has learned to do.

If any little folk I know,
When they weve eight months old,
Had done the tricks my friend can do,
To 'Barnum' they'd been sold.

Though I have shutters, bars, and bolts,
And great precautions take,
I know the safest thing's to have
My faithful friend awake.

His piercing, shrill, untuneful voice,
Would echo through the house,
Were there a trespasser or thief
No bigger than a mouse.

But if I say 'Come and be washed,'
He shakes in every limb;
And when he sees the soap and tub
Begs not to be put in.

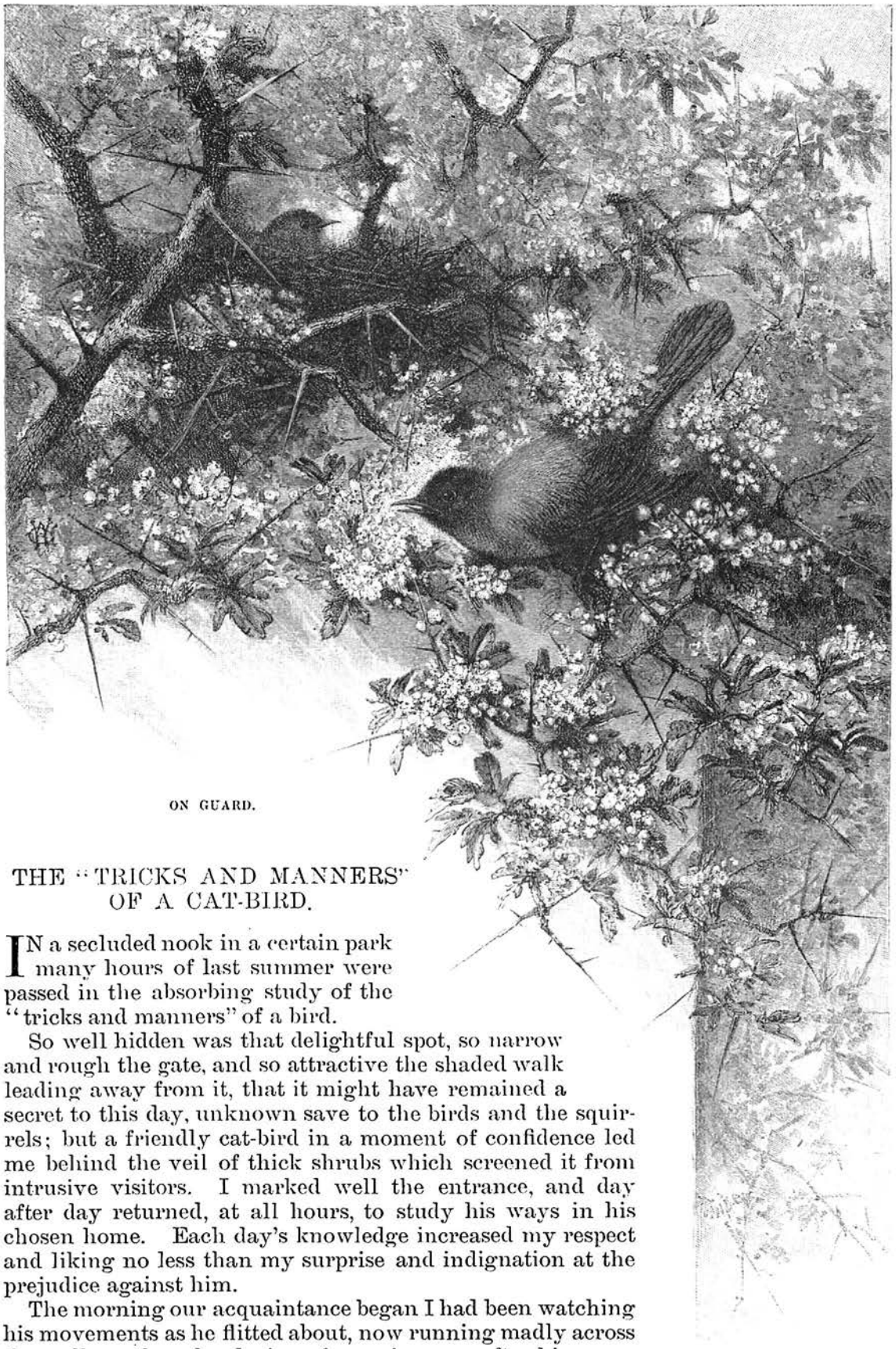
But then the silly little dog,
When he is combed and clean,
Is proud as 'Punch ;' who, I *am told*,
Is prouder than the Queen.

He's very fond of scampering,
And round the room he tears,
Nought heeding in his wild career,
O'er footstools, sofas, chairs!

He sneezes often when he's pleased—
Which may seem strange to you ;
Not just because he's taken cold,
As people mostly do.

If of his faults and failings
I seem to make too light,
On this one point we must agree—
'His bark's worse than his bite!'

M. R. E.



ON GUARD.

THE "TRICKS AND MANNERS" OF A CAT-BIRD.

IN a secluded nook in a certain park many hours of last summer were passed in the absorbing study of the "tricks and manners" of a bird.

So well hidden was that delightful spot, so narrow and rough the gate, and so attractive the shaded walk leading away from it, that it might have remained a secret to this day, unknown save to the birds and the squirrels; but a friendly cat-bird in a moment of confidence led me behind the veil of thick shrubs which screened it from intrusive visitors. I marked well the entrance, and day after day returned, at all hours, to study his ways in his chosen home. Each day's knowledge increased my respect and liking no less than my surprise and indignation at the prejudice against him.

The morning our acquaintance began I had been watching his movements as he flitted about, now running madly across the walk, as though a legion of enemies were after him, now pausing on the edge to see what I would do next, then retiring to a short distance under the trees, and having a lively frolic with last year's leaves, digging into them with great spirit, and throwing them far over his head.

Suddenly he rose on wing, and flew with tail wide spread across the walk, into an althea bush, where he disappeared.

I was about to pass on, when fancying I heard a faint twittering in the shrub, I approached quietly till near enough to put my hand on him before I saw him. There he sat on a branch about as high as my head, looking at me very sharply with his intelligent black eyes, but not in the least agitated. I stood still, and he went on with his song.

It was a most extraordinary performance. The sweetest notes, given with every trill and turn the bird can execute, with swelling throat and jerking tail, yet not a note louder than a whisper! I had to listen to catch the sound, although I could touch him where I stood. It was a genuine soliloquy. When he had finished he flew out the other side of the bush, and pushing my way between the althea and a close-growing weigela, I found myself in his nook, a charming sunny spot, running down to the lake.

Though burdened with an undeserved and offensive name, and having somehow become an object of suspicion and dislike to many persons, the cat-bird—*Mimus carolinensis*—is one of the most intelligent and interesting of our native birds. No bird makes closer observation, or more correctly estimates one's attitude toward him. As I sit motionless in his nook he will circle around me, hopping from bush to bush, at a distance of ten or twelve feet, looking at me from every side, and at last slip behind a low shrub, and come out boldly upon the grass with an unconcerned air, entirely different from that with which he had kept me under surveillance for the last ten minutes.

The cat-bird has an inquiring mind; nothing escapes his eye, and everything is of interest to him. Far from being satisfied to accept anything as "mysterious," he wishes and intends to know the why and the wherefore of everything new or strange. After one has won his confidence, to induce him to show himself on the grass it is only necessary to place there something new—a bit of paper, a small fruit, or anything unusual. From behind his screen of leaves he sees it, is at once seized with intense curiosity, and if not afraid he will almost instantly come down to inspect it. This he does by trying to stab it with his sharp black bill, jumping off the ground and pouncing on it, when it happens to be hard, till one fears he will break his bill. A bit of apple treated by him is full of minute stabs or gashes like dagger thrusts. His manner, however, is not one of vulgar curiosity, but always of philosophical inquiry into the nature of substances, and his look is as grave and thoughtful as though he were studying some of the problems of human or bird life.

He has also a sense of humor. I had the fortune to see from my own window in the city an amusing exhibition of this quality. Hearing the sweet song of a cat-bird, I seized an opera-glass and looked over the neighboring yards till I found him perched on the roof of a pigeon-house, singing with great energy. Several pigeons were also on the roof, and seemed interested in the stranger entertaining them, stupidly—in pigeon fashion—walking about and looking at him, turning their heads from side to side in their mincing way. Suddenly, in the middle of a burst of song, the minstrel darted like a flash among them, evidently for pure fun, for he did not touch one of them, and returned instantly to his song. Wild panic, however, seized the pigeons, and although he was a mere atom among them, they flew every way, and would have shrieked with terror had they been able.

Then the sparrows began to observe him. They gathered near, in a cherry-tree and a lilac bush, chattering and scolding, and plainly questioning the right of the stranger to intrude upon their grounds. After a while one of them flew rapidly past the apparently unconcerned cat-bird, who interpolated one scolding note, without pausing in his song. This insult not being resented, the sparrow grew bolder, returned, and alighted on the roof near him. Wishing to finish his song, the cat-bird merely scolded a little, and put himself in an attitude of "going for him," when the sparrow considered it prudent to retire.

For a few minutes there was great chattering in the cherry-tree, and the sparrows, having made up their minds that he could do nothing but scold, plainly resolved to mob him in true sparrow fashion. One led the way by flying down to the roof about two feet from the singer, all bristled up ready for fight. This was too much; the song ceased, and with a fearful war-cry the singer fairly flung himself

after that sparrow, who disappeared in a panic, and the whole party of mobbers with him. They very evidently appreciated their mistake, and saw that the stranger was willing as well as able to take care of himself, for neither sparrow nor pigeon came near him again, and when he returned to his perch, light as a feather and unruffled as a summer morning, he finished his song at his leisure, and had the roof to himself as long as he chose to stay.

No bird is more graceful than the cat-bird, and in spite of his sober dress of slate-color and black, none is more beautiful. His plumage may be grave of hue, but it is like

"A BALLAD TO HIS MISTRESS'S EYEBROW."

satin in sheen and texture, and always in the most perfect order, for he takes the daintiest care of himself. To see him make his toilet for the night is well worth staying late and eating a cold dinner. For an hour steadily will he plume himself, carefully dressing each feather many times over, combing his head with his claws again and again, and shaking with violent effort every atom of the day's dust from him. Then when all is arranged to his mind, and every feather in place, he fluffs himself out into a ball, draws one slate-colored foot up out of sight into its feather pillow, and is ready for one to say good-night and leave him to his repose.

Another sight, for which one must lose his breakfast—though it will be well exchanged—is his bath. The cat-bird loves water, and he plunges in, fluttering and spattering in a way to delight the soul of a "cold-water" hobby-rider, wings and tail and head all hard at work, sprinkling everything for yards around, till when he steps out he looks like an animated rag-bag, and the long, careful toilet of the evening is repeated.

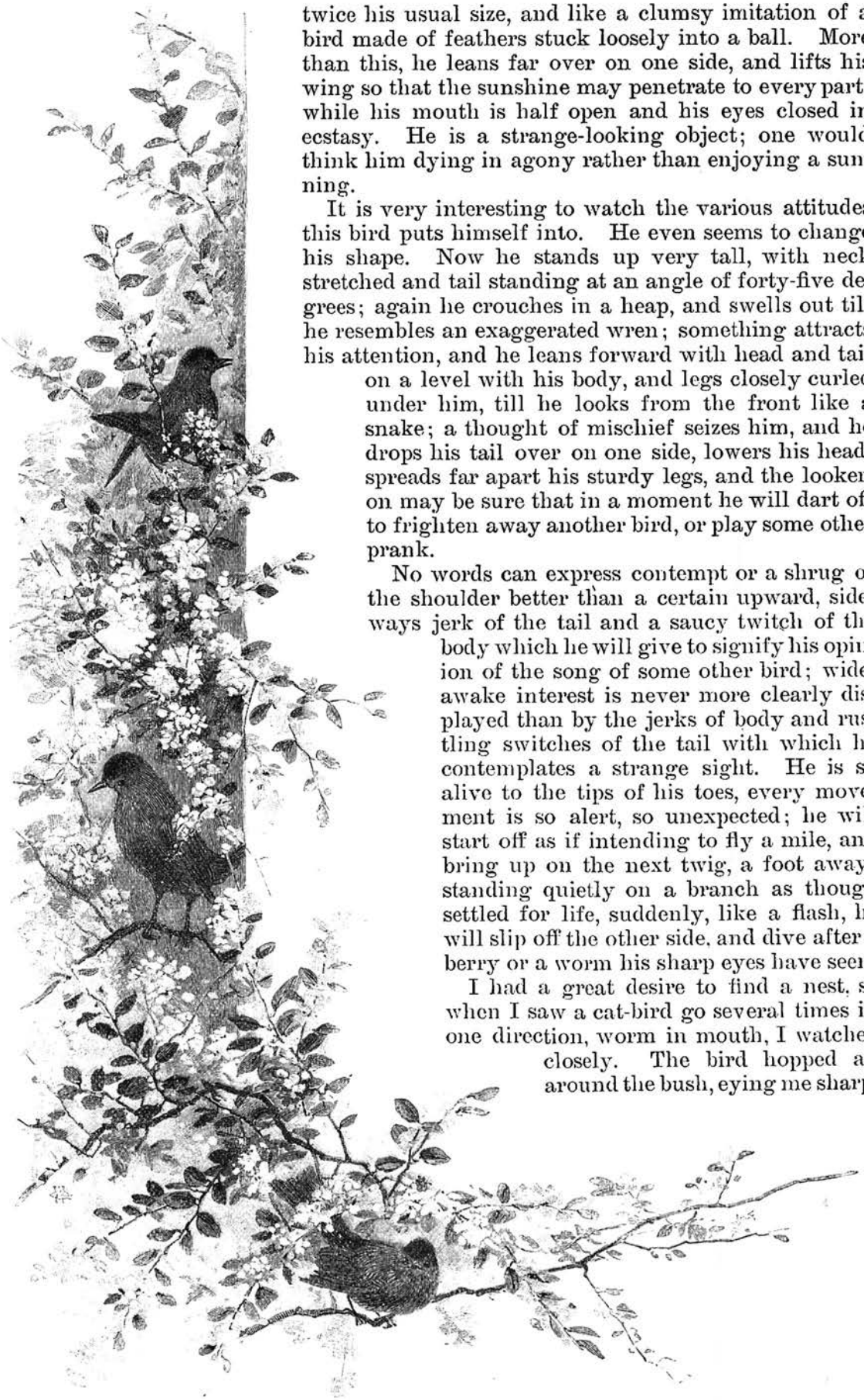
But the rarest of all is to see him take a sun-bath, and one is fortunate indeed to catch sight of him and not disturb him in his luxurious enjoyment. Each particular feather stands on end, even to the small ones of his crown, till he looks

twice his usual size, and like a clumsy imitation of a bird made of feathers stuck loosely into a ball. More than this, he leans far over on one side, and lifts his wing so that the sunshine may penetrate to every part, while his mouth is half open and his eyes closed in ecstasy. He is a strange-looking object; one would think him dying in agony rather than enjoying a sunning.

It is very interesting to watch the various attitudes this bird puts himself into. He even seems to change his shape. Now he stands up very tall, with neck stretched and tail standing at an angle of forty-five degrees; again he crouches in a heap, and swells out till he resembles an exaggerated wren; something attracts his attention, and he leans forward with head and tail on a level with his body, and legs closely curled under him, till he looks from the front like a snake; a thought of mischief seizes him, and he drops his tail over on one side, lowers his head, spreads far apart his sturdy legs, and the looker-on may be sure that in a moment he will dart off to frighten away another bird, or play some other prank.

No words can express contempt or a shrug of the shoulder better than a certain upward, sideways jerk of the tail and a saucy twitch of the body which he will give to signify his opinion of the song of some other bird; wide-awake interest is never more clearly displayed than by the jerks of body and rustling switches of the tail with which he contemplates a strange sight. He is so alive to the tips of his toes, every movement is so alert, so unexpected; he will start off as if intending to fly a mile, and bring up on the next twig, a foot away; standing quietly on a branch as though settled for life, suddenly, like a flash, he will slip off the other side, and dive after a berry or a worm his sharp eyes have seen.

I had a great desire to find a nest, so when I saw a cat-bird go several times in one direction, worm in mouth, I watched closely. The bird hopped all around the bush, eying me sharp-



SOME FAVORITE ATTITUDES.

ly, and at last jumped upon the lowest branch, gave me one last glance, slipped to the ground on the other side, and returned in a moment without the worm.

"Now," I said, exultingly—"now I have you!"

Carefully I crept up and parted the branches, while the disturbed bird hopped from twig to twig, saying "Quit! quit!" I looked in, confidently expecting to see the low nest I knew so well. No nest was there. Then I searched the neighboring shrubs, and even the grass around, but no sign of his home could I find, while the bird, who had watched and followed me, plainly chuckled in a way that said, "Humph! you missed it, didn't you?" and I firmly believe that the saucy fellow ate the worm himself, and went through all that pretense of mystery to mislead me and rebuke my prying curiosity.

The singing of the cat-bird is as characteristic as anything else about him. No song of his ever comes from the top of a tall tree, where the robin delights to pour out his inspiring notes, but out of the deepest shade of the thickest shrub his music salutes the ear. It is the most charming of songs, exquisite in quality, and of compass and variety. His common chirp as he goes about in the bushes is soft as rain-drops plashing into a quiet lake, and his low chatter to his friends has the same liquid character. But he has harsher notes; he has a sharp "tut, tut," like the robin, and he has the cry from which he is named, which at a little distance somewhat resembles the "mew" of a melancholy cat, but closer sounds more like the cry of a young baby. Then, also, when his anger is roused, and he flies furiously almost in one's face, he gives utterance to a harsh, grating sound that one finds it hard to believe can come out of his mouth, like "Crack-rack-rack." In fact, I do not know a bird possessing a greater variety of sounds.

When a cat-bird stands up three feet from you, not in the least flustered or disturbed, calmly looking you full in the face with both his bright black eyes, not turning his head from side to side in the way common to birds, you recognize in him something like intelligence and reason, and you can not resist the conviction that he has his opinions, and could express them if only you could understand his language.

"BUT, BROTHERS, THIS IS NO ACCIDENT. IT'S THE REGULAR THING WITH US."

(Life, 1904)

WORKERS BY NIGHT.

JUST for once in a way, you know—only once. Stop that yawn, and put back the watch you have so carefully wound up, strictly obeying the watchmaker's orders to hold it steady the while. Don't think about your bed, with its soft pillow and snowy sheets; nor of the hand-candlestick, with its extinguisher which you so exactly drop over the flaming wick, ere you burrow into that trench you love to punch in the tick-covered feathers. Never mind all this, nor the sensations which keep whispering to you, "Sleep, sleep, and rest;" but shake off dull sloth and—don't go to bed at all.

Pray don't be shocked: this is no invitation to dissipation, nor the striking in of the thin end of the wedge that may open a way to evil habits. I merely want you to forego your well-earned rest for one night, and come with me to learn how mistaken you have been in your notions that with the coming of night London goes to sleep.

For that idea is quite wrong. London never sleeps: its heart is always pulsating, and just as one part of the great monster's body sinks into quietude, the other wakens and begins to work.

Never mind the hour, but come along. It is summer-time, but there is a chilly wind blowing, and the stars look cold as we pass along the streets, seeing, but unnoticed, as we follow a couple of broad-shouldered men hurrying along with a fresh step that betokens anything but weariness. They wind through several byways, and enter at last a main street where an iron pipe stands up like a flagstaff, from which blows forth, fluttering loudly in the wind, a yellow ensign with dashes of blue near its ragged ends. It casts a strangely weird light upon heaps of rudely-turned earth, lying for a hundred yards behind a barrier, to which, here and there, are attached red-glass lanterns, tended by a heavy-looking, solemn man, who has rigged himself up a kind of shanty, within which is a glowing brazier of coke.

The ragged ensign is a flaring jet of gas, and as we approach the long mounds of earth, we see that they are in layers. First there is concrete, which supported the paying-stones—for we are in a main artery of the great metropolis; then comes a foul-looking black earth, which smells atrociously of gas; next, a stratum of rubbish, mingled with brick, mortar, rotten wood, and pieces of stone; and then, some twenty feet down, sand—pure soft yellow sand; so clean has it been thrown up as to show that it has never before been touched by the hand of man.

Following our two friends, who, as seen by the flaring gas-jet, are evidently bricklayers, we descend with them ladder after ladder, to platform after platform, down a narrow deep cutting, whose sides are lined with planks kept in their places by sturdy short cross-timbers; for if this were not done, the sand at the sides would crumble in, and some of the busy men below us would perish from that most horrible of deaths—buried alive.

It is very dark down here, and the lanterns burn dimly. Overhead we see a network of cross-pieces and great pipes—this for gas, that for water—between us and the flaming ensign, while below comes up the strange whispering, gurgling sound of water. There is an unpleasant mephitic upset-the-tea-kettle-on-the-kitchen-fire kind of odour, mingled with the clink, clink of trowels.

For our friends are bricklayers on the night-shift, busy on the repairs of a vein of the main drainage scheme; and as we stand beside them, seventy feet below the street, they are building up the finest of yellow bricks with the finest of cement, and forming an egg-shaped drain leading into another and greater egg-shaped drain, down which we peer with a shudder to see the lantern's light glimmering on an inky-black stream, which goes on whispering and gurgling in its darkness, carrying London's liquid filth towards the sea.

Egg-shaped? Yes, exactly. Cut an egg in two the long way on, and set one half up on its narrow end; this will give you the figure exactly of the drains of London—the shape proved by experience to be the least likely to harbour sediment, and the easiest to be washed clean.

"Smells bad, sir?" says one man. "It's a deal worse in hot weather. I don't know as it does one any harm; but look at that."

He pulls out an old smooth-backed silver watch, and then a couple of shillings from his pocket, to show that the vapour which arises from the sewage turns silver black as ink.

The clink of the trowels is heard as we gain the street, and next we find ourselves floating quietly down the Thames, below-bridge, in a police-galley.

The river looks as inky as the sewers; gas-lights twinkle here and there, and there are lights hanging at the bows of the great vessels that seem to loom up on either side of us, with their rigging dimly seen against the sky.

The water hisses and gurgles more loudly here, but without the mysterious cavernous echo of down below; but as we near vessel after vessel, we see that the mooring-chains are attached to great floating buoys, and all, like the prows of the great vessels, reeking with muddy slimy refuse from far above.

And all night long these silent row-boats glide in and out amongst the tiers of shipping, barges, and lighters; past clumsy-looking barques and brigs waiting to enter the timber-docks; past long, narrow, snaky screw-steamers, that unload their grain-cargoes in the river; and, above all, most watchfully by the tarpaulin-covered barges deeply laden with the precious cargo of some discharging vessel.

For these Thames police-galleys are on the alert for the river-pirates. No bold buccaneers these, but a set of amphibious scoundrels, whose mission it is to pick and steal everything upon which they can lay their hands, from a package of raw silk down to a ship's bell or a few yards of rope.

Sometimes—not very often—they come upon something floating down with the tide—something which is diligently taken on shore, covered with tarpaulin, and kept to await the coroner's inquest; while a small handbill is posted up at the police-stations, bearing the heading, "Found Drowned."

Earlier in the night we might have stood in the back yard behind one of the police-stations, and seen the row of great-coated men, each with his tightly-rolled oilskin cape, and bull's-eye giving a glassy stare like some monster, attached to the constable's waist-belt. If we followed the line of men who march out with military step on night-duty, we should see one fall out here, another there, till all had gone on their beats—beats which cross and intersect at various points at certain hours, when the sergeant can be there to check his men and see that they are on duty. If, then, we follow the first one who drops out, and goes along a dark street, we shall see the cold steely-looking bull's-eye flash suddenly into light, and glare and stare in all directions—peering down areas, into dark entries, and searching with unwearying diligence in every suspicious place, while the indwellers are fast asleep. As the glowing eye directs its light on all sides, the constable's hands are busy: doors are tried, shutter-bars shaken, cellar-flaps examined, and no nook left unexplored—in spite of the cry so often raised, "Where are the police?"

The answer is—Busy on their beat, under severe supervision.

Something at last—a figure curled up in a doorway.

Asleep? Dead? A shudder passes through our frames as in a moment imagination paints a thousand horrors, amongst which is the fancy that this poor creature—a woman too—has tramped the stony streets to lie down at last and die.

The glowing eye is directed upon her, to reveal rags, tangled hair, and a face buried in her breast.

Alas! it is no romantic case of misery, but one of the very common events of London nights—a wretched soul enslaved by a vile habit.

"Oh, yes, no doubt of it—drunk," says the constable.

"But—such cases have happened—might it not be a fit? It would be very horrible if the poor creature," &c. &c.

"Very, sir," says the constable grimly; "but people don't have apperplectic fits with gin-bottles in their hands. Look at that!"

He draws aside the ragged shawl, and displays a bottle tightly clutched in one hand, after which he shakes the woman, who mutters incoherently, in a way that confirms the constable's words.

He lets her subside, walks down a side-street, and we follow to see what he does; and the next minute, in the distance, see another flitting light, as a brother-constable is performing his duty

A signal brings him up, and he goes off, while we return with our first friend to the doorway, where the figure is still lying snoring heavily.

In a few minutes we hear a regular tramp, and a couple of policemen, followed by a third, come along, bearing something that looks like two thin sides of a narrow bedstead with the sacking hanging down between.

It proves to be a stretcher, upon which the wretched outcast is decently lifted and secured, raised upon the shoulders of the constables, and marched off to the station; while we follow, learning as we go why London streets are not dirtier than they really are; for, working away in a quiet ghostly fashion, one behind the other, and never speaking, we see gang after gang of men in dark blue short smocks, and armed with great cane brooms, sweeping the streets, following one another like mowers down a meadow; while as each street's filth is swept to the side, a huge lumbering cart, drawn by a splendid horse of mammoth proportions, follows, and the refuse is swiftly shovelled away. Each parish has its gang of sweepers, and though perhaps it is not realised, all the streets are swept in the watches of the night, looking wonderfully clean till the shop-boys begin to sully them in the early morn with the sweepings of each business-place.

They are a strangely silent gang, these sweepers, wielding their brushes with slow steady strokes; and before their presence has been well realised they are gone, and at work in the next street.

Meanwhile we reach the station, and follow the bearers into the presence of the inspector on night-duty—an official who looks, by the bright gas in the clean white-washed office, as fresh as if it were mid-day. He is seated at a desk, behind a great book, in which he enters the report of the constable who found the woman. Then he comes out and looks at the poor wretch himself, while his subordinate watches him with inquiring eye.

"Yes, the old story," he says, with a nod; for experience has told him that there is no need for the doctor to be called in; and the woman is carried to one of the cells, placed in a position in which she can easily breathe, and there she is left, but not neglected; for from time to time one of the glowing eyes is turned upon her to see that she is breathing easily, and meanwhile other reports are brought in to the quiet inspector, whose book by morning makes a pretty good show of night-work.

We did not stay, for we hurried off to the little sentry-like box in the next street, where the man was sitting the night through beside that long, curious thing, half ladder, half monstrous cannon, on its high wheels. We meant to have a chat with him, but he has had a warning, and we come up to see him throw off his flat-topped sailor-cap, clap on his brass helmet, and the next moment he has unhooked his machine from the ring in the pavement, and, with a policeman at his side, they are trundling the fire-escape at a round trot towards a neighbouring street, where there is the whirring sound of a rattle going.

We are none too soon. It is a shop on fire, and smoke and flame are coming out of the holes in the shutters. Alarmed by the policeman on his beat, the inhabitants are at the second-floor window, shrieking for help; while one woman, in her night-dress, who seems to have retained her presence of mind, tells the policeman below that the staircase is on fire, and that retreat is cut off.

"No, no!" shouts the escape-man to one frantic woman. "Keep still! don't throw yourself out—I'm coming!"

As he speaks, he has run his machine, with its wire-bellied ladder, up against the house, and lashed the wheels so that they cannot run back.

But the ladder only reaches a little above the first floor, leaving a dozen feet between the top and the second-floor windows of the lofty modern house.

A wire cord is pulled, however, and a second ladder rises from the first, reaching well to the upper floor; and over these the escape-man steadily, and without a symptom of hurry, ascends.

In our excitement we are angry with him for his leisurely movements; but he knows his business, and the value of the motto, *Festina lente.* So he "hastens slowly;" for he is an old sailor, and feels that in cases of life and death a calm head will win, where an excited brain will lose.

The poor creatures are shrieking wildly; for the fire is burning below them with a fierce roar, and the escape-man and the first-floor windows are hidden in a dense cloud of lurid smoke; but he is soon by their side, and instinctively seizing the most frantic of the party, he says a few words of advice, and descends the slight ladder to where the wire shoot commences—a perilous journey, for the woman he holds with one arm round her, struggles in her fear. The ladder bends and shakes beneath the double weight, but he reaches the part he seeks in safety, places the trembling woman in the wire, and she glides down—to be thrust by the police into a four-wheeled cab that has just come up.

Meanwhile two boys have boldly descended the ladder themselves, and glide down the shoot, leaving the gallant fellow to save two more, the brave woman coming last.

It is none too soon, for as the fireman reaches the shoot and pulls the fly-ladder away, it is already scorching; but the wood can be repaired, and it has done, with its manager, a good night's work before the escape is dragged away.

There is no one in the street besides the cabman and two policemen, but already there is a distant rattle of wheels and the tramping of horses, which leave a train of sparks behind from their hoofs and the engine fire as they tear along. One policeman runs to fetch the turncock, and another to telegraph for more engines; and it is quite time, for the house is blazing furiously, and there is a timber-yard across the way.

Here come half a dozen of the workers by night, though, followed by a dozen idlers. The gas flashes on shining helmets and a red engine, and the horses are pulled up short. The steam is up already, the hose are soon attached; a half-dressed man runs up to draw a plug, and a geyser of water shoots up in the street, supplied by which the panting little steam fire-engine is soon sending columns of water in at the burning windows, and cooling the smoking piles of wood in the opposite yard.

Leaving these watchful toilers of the night to finish their task, we follow a hansom cab, whose shabby horse tells that it is one devoted to the night.

The cabman knows his work, and paying no heed to the tipsy hail of a man who has been wrecked in the street, and is clinging to a lamp-post as if it were the mast of his craft, which alone stands firm in the midst of, to him, heaving billows of flagstones and rocks of area railings—cabby drives steadily on, noting the time—half-past two—by the illuminated clock that looms up like a great moon over the Parliament Houses. Over it a bright star shines, which tells that the House is still sitting, so the cabman knows he has yet time; and pausing a short distance from a building whose windows are well lit, he hails a comfortable motherly-looking woman, who erected her stall and lit her fire at twelve o'clock precisely, and works by night, behind her glistening coffee-cans and shining cups and saucers.

Here, while the cabman is partaking of a hot cup and a couple of thick slices of bread-and-butter, a busy man runs by with five thin sheets of paper in his hand, on which, by means of a style and carbonic paper, he has written at one operation five paragraphs, detailing the alarming fire, and gallant rescue of the inhabitants, and now all depends upon getting to the newspaper offices in time. He rushes into the well-lit building by us, darts out, and pants along the street to other offices, congratulating himself on his speed; and probably he is rewarded by seeing all in the morning papers a few hours later. Great lumbering red post-office vans hurry in the same direction, to bear the leather bags to St. Martin's-le-Grand, which is ablaze with light, and full of busy silent sorters, who seize bag after bag, turn out its contents, and make them ready to distribute to the London that soon will begin to wake.

The coffee-stall keeper does a busy trade, and when the cabman has paid for his cheap meal, he goes and waits near the well-lit building for an expected fare.

As he goes a cab drives up to another great building that he passes, and two policemen lift out an insensible figure, which they bear into a well-lit hall, where sits a porter, who touches a bell, and a few minutes later the insensible man—run over by a cab—is lying upon a table, while a loud bell is clanging, summoning dressers to be present as the night-surgeon performs an operation which will save the sufferer's life—otherwise he would die; and all this while London is supposed to be asleep!

GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

OLD-FASHIONED THANKSGIVINGS.

AND SOME OLD-TIME FOLKS.

NOW that Christmas has become a National holiday and is so universally celebrated, much of the old-time glory has departed from our New England Thanksgiving—the great Feast Day of the past generations. Fifty years ago it was the one day of all the year to which to look forward with hope and pleasure; and from which to date, as a sure and safe mark. There were more weddings on that day than on any one day of the year, and births, too—"it happened so;" if not on that day, so near to it that mothers could say with a kind of patriotic pride, "My Susan was born just three weeks before Thanksgiving;" or "My John was born the Sunday after Thanksgiving."

It always used to seem as though the day had been instituted for farmers,—very likely because the people that I knew most about when a child belonged to that class. I am quite sure that the Proclamation that the old minister read with such solemn emphasis, was aimed most directly to the "Husbandman," both in "their basket and in their store." Oh, what days and weeks of preparation! For us children, for those of us who were old enough to go, school was the all-absorbing theme, and for this we were to be made ready. The winter school always commenced the Monday after Thanksgiving, and whether we should like the new "master," and whether we should get our old seats, were to us most important questions.

Some time in October we were taken to the town shoemaker to be measured for our winter boots and bootees, as girls' boots were then called. My father would go with us and carry along in the wagon a large roll of leather that he had had tanned from the skins of our own animals. Our shoemaker did very nice work for us, but the number of lies he told about the time when each child should have his or her's ready, far exceeded the number of children, boots and shoes all counted together.

Everything we wore was as much home-grown and home-made as our shoes. The woolen cloth for "men's wear" was made in an adjoining town, and the coarser fleeces of the wool were taken to the factory and exchanged for strongly made cassimere and satinet. These goods were cut and made at home into garments for the father and brothers. This work was done by a tailoress, a maiden woman with whom my mother had a standing agreement to come every year. A younger woman was often hired as her assistant. Miss Flavilla always brought her "goose" with her and very often would assert, "I depend upon my 'goose' to do all my finishing." I wonder how the mothers of to-day would like to see their sons in such "roundabouts" and pantaloons as Miss Flavilla and her "goose" turned out?

The girls' winter dresses were made by our grandmother, who lived only a few miles from us. The nicest and longest of the wool would be sent to her early in the season; this she combed and wound into large balls, from which she spun fine worsted threads. These were twisted together, "scoured out," and then dyed, after which they were woven into firm, even cloth, which, after being finished or dressed at the mill, was sent home to us and made into handsome dresses, strong and durable. Our grandmother also spun and wove yarn into heavy flannel, which was in large checks, also in plain colors. These goods were used for the boys' cloaks. How strangely tall boys would look now in such cloaks, made perfectly straight and rather scant, reaching down to their heels. Men wore cloaks made in such fashion, of a Scotch plaid camlet. Imagine a short, stout man walking up the broad isle of your church dressed in a bright plaid cloak of stiff cloth, gathered into a high velvet collar fastened with an enormous hook and eye, connected across the throat with a heavy brass chain, then you see one old fashion. Besides all this manufacturing of new garments at our house, there was much making over and "letting out" and "letting down" of old ones, with always the thought, if not expressed in words, "To be done before Thanksgiving."

In addition to all this outer covering must be the plans and preparations for the satisfaction and delectation of the "inner man." Endless cooking! The big brick oven must be heated over and over again, to bake mince pies, apple pies and pumpkin pies, whole ovens full of each kind, and rye bread, wheat bread, and rye-and-Indian bread, sweetest, brownest and best of all. As a last thing to put into the last heating was the stone jar of apple with a piece of bread dough as a cover, to be baked all night and come out rich and clear as the morning light. Various sauces were among these substantial preparations. Always would be prepared a barrel of apple-sauce, made of sweet or sour apples, with perhaps part quinces, stewed in a syrup made of boiled cider. Pumpkin sauce, too, was made by cutting the long rings in squares of two inches each and stewing a long time. This sauce was very much prized by the older members of the family. How handsome it looked in the large store-room in a red earthen pan! piled high, and such a lovely color.

Chickens were coaxed or crammed into a good killing condition, and on the Monday or Tuesday before Thanksgiving "the slaughter of the innocents" usually began. How strangely those bare bodies and bloody heads looked hanging from the high hooks in the long woodshed. Early on Wednesday the singeing and boiling of those ill-fated fowls would begin. The smaller ones were always set away for the glorious chicken-pie, the larger ones for the breakfast on Thanksgiving morning.

Those days of work and worry were long and lonesome days to the younger members of the family. Would the work ever be done and the long-wished-for day ever, ever come. But come it did at last. How changed everything seemed. Everybody had a look full of peace and praise. There was no longer hurry or haste, but every one going quickly about to help along the first great event of the day—the Thanksgiving breakfast.

Fried chickens! The largest platter in the house was first covered with a creamy crust baked in long irregular shapes to a nice brown. Above this delicious melting crust was piled high and round, legs and wings, with "wish bones" and bones that none ever wished to get of those well-fattened fowls. Such breast meat in long slivered bits, so crisp and brown, and the dark meat so rich and sweet. And oh, the hearts! Each child wanted "heart," and my father could always find a "heart" for every one and there were ten of us. But some of us at least could see the knowing twinkle in his eye. I think none of those ten children made chicken-hearted men or women.

Did anything on earth ever taste as good as these fried chickens? I know just how that mother fried those chickens, I know all the process, step by step, and yet, in all my years of housekeeping, now more than thirty, I have never made a dish of such fried chickens. Was it the day? was it the chickens? was it the table full of hungry, happy children, or was it the touch of that mother's hand?

Did we make all our breakfast of fried chicken? By no

means; our breakfast would have been incomplete without pie. Not only each child would have a large piece, but, oh! rare treat! a choice of kinds.

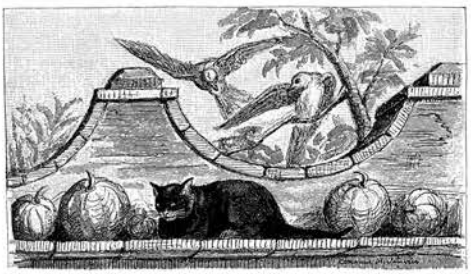
It was at one of these never-to-be-forgotten breakfasts that a funny incident happened. My mother had only just sat down by my father—they always sat side by side at the head of our large table—when she dropped her voice, and we all hushed our jubilant voices to hear her say, "When I asked the 'Little Man' in the kitchen which he would have, apple or pumpkin pie, he said 'I guess I will take a piece of *mince*.'" We never forgot that. This "Little Man" was one of a class which was quite common in those days,—not quite what is now called tramps; they were roving men whose names we knew, and for whose comfort we provided—in a certain way. My mother kept an amount of bed-clothes, sufficient to make a bed for these expected visitors, which were only used for that purpose. They were always fed from the family table and thankful for what was given them. We called them "Old Codgers" and enjoyed their "quips and cranks and wanton wiles." We had quite a list of them. "Old Frost" seemed rightly named, for he was always crabbed and cross, and there was a tradition that "He would lie so that the air would be blue all around him."

"Job Saul" was a *dark man*. Whether his color was tinged with Indian or African blood I do not remember, but he loved cider, and once, when quite alone in the house, he gave me pennies to draw him a mug from the barrel in the cellar. I did not do it for the money, but because I was afraid to refuse him. There was a look on his face that I did not like, but my pennies were hard-earned, for father and the boys took it as a great joke that I had "treated" Job Saul.

Asher Crane, son of old Col. Crane, was another of these "Codgers." How well we children knew his history, as my mother had lived near his family before she was married. This son, Asher, had been a bright promising boy, but had early taken to drink, and while yet a young man had "spent a handsome property that his father left him." When he came, which he did with great regularity, he was always given a seat at the table with the family. His appetite was wonderful. The amount of food that he consumed at a single meal was a fact we could never reconcile with his manners, which were those of a gentleman.

"Old Hunt" was a very odd sample of humanity, as good natured as he was conceited. His conceits were chiefly in writing and patching,—writing the names of each member of the family on the kitchen floor with chalk and patching his clothes without taking them off. His pantaloons were so covered with different colors and shapes that it was quite impossible to tell what the original color or cloth had been. He always had a pack with him which we supposed to be patches yet to be applied. His writing was really very good. To the never forgotten question, "How long did you go to school, Mr. Hunt?" would come the same prompt and pleased answer, "Only tew days and a half." The last time he ever came, he told us with much delight that he had been mistaken, that his sister, in looking over the records, had found that he had been to school only "tew half days."

—*Esther Paige.*



SOCIAL LIFE IN WASHINGTON.

Its Customs, Etiquette and Formalities.

THE changes and groupings which occur in the society of Washington, are as brilliant and perplexing as those of a kaleidoscope. This is caused partly by the constantly changing population, although the number of people who are permanently establishing their homes in the capitol is increasing every year. There is an attraction about Washington as subtle as it is indescribable. In the first place well kept roads, lined with trees; broad avenues and the circles and reservations formed by their intersection; numerous parks, filled with charming verdure; long vistas, terminating in some point of interest; noble public buildings and the historical associations clustering about them all, are constant enticements toward walking or driving. Then the cosmopolitan nature of the population, embracing diplomatists of every nation on the earth, Senators, Representatives, and Secretaries of the Cabinet, with their families, and finally the President and his household,—these are a part of the reasons why Washington should continue to be a powerful magnet to those once within the pale of its influence. There is no dullness here during the greater portion of the year; the remainder of the time it is deserted by those who can make it convenient to leave.

The democratic nature of our institutions, renders it eminently proper that The People should be able to come in contact with those who have been elected to office by their suffrages. Every one who visits the Capitol likes to see how the chief officials look and, to some extent, how they live. To this end public receptions are given during the winter, beginning with the new year. Lent interrupts but does not destroy what is called "the season," so that there is more to see during that short period preceding it than at any other time during the year.

Small parties of visitors stopping in the city for a few days, are often at a loss to know how and when they can properly pay their respects to the chief magistrate and his family, and to those of other officers of the government. What is the order of procedure? how shall I dress? are questions asked by every new comer, questions which brief newspaper announcements do not answer. Sometimes there are two or three ladies who will have to go, if at all, unattended by their busy husbands, fathers or brothers, yet who are anxious to see all they can and at the same time not infringe upon the proprieties. Refinement of feeling and taste which ought, if it does not, to underlie every external conventionality, have nothing to do with those forms of social life in Washington, which have grown up merely out of the exigencies of its population. Here strangers and residents first call upon the families of officials. Among the officials themselves, the wives and daughters of those in the lower rank, first call upon those in the higher. Thus Mrs. Representative Blank first calls upon Mrs. Senator Blank; the latter upon the wives of the various Secretaries of the Cabinet, each successively stepping up the governmental staircase till finally Mrs. Vice-President Blank finds herself next to the last step and calls only first on the Lady of the White House.

It has accordingly been found convenient for each official class to "receive" on a certain day in the week. The President receives informally, that is, merely walks through the East Room and goes through the painful hand-shaking process nearly every day except Tuesday and Friday when the Cabi-

net meetings occur. Every morning the White House is open from about eleven to half past one, when, if the President can, he sees for a few moments those in waiting. Two or three hundred are often present, besides various deputations.

Our party of two or three ladies, then, can visit this historic building, unaccompanied by gentlemen, going in street costume, either on foot or in a carriage. The gentlemanly ushers in attendance, some of whom have been in their positions many years, and are often sorely tried by cranks and inconsiderate visitors, take every pains to show the rooms which may be open. Sometimes several hundred persons pass through these rooms in a morning; occasionally parties coolly seating themselves upon the golden-brown brocade covers of the chairs and sofas of the superb East Room, as if they were determined to pre-empt a lion's share of their own indivisible and infinitesimal portion of the public property.

Our friends can also attend the Thursday afternoon receptions of the President without an escort. Well-made and well-fitting walking costumes as simple or elaborate as they choose or can afford, are appropriate. There is a cordon of ushers to give all necessary directions upon arriving at the Executive Mansion at any moment between three and five o'clock. No cards are necessary. The attendant repeats the name given him by the visitor to the officer nearest the President, who repeats it in turn to his chief, as the parties pass through the Blue Parlor or East Room where audiences take place. A word, a bow (why should hand-shaking be necessary?) and the person presented makes way for the next.

The Lady of the White House holds public receptions on Saturday afternoons. There are more ladies than gentlemen present, though there is always a sprinkling of officials and diplomats as well as strangers. The hostess is assisted by several ladies, one or more of whom stand on a line with her, the others immediately back. They are selected by her from the wives of Senators and Members; usually the wife of the Vice-President or of the Speaker of the House, or the wives of some of the Justices or Members of the Cabinet or private guests are at her side. These ladies are in handsome afternoon dresses or in full toilettes, as they prefer; satin and lace, velvet and jewels are seen in profusion. Visitors do not remove their bonnets, and the order of procedure is similar to that at the President's reception. The name of each visitor is mentioned to those receiving with the hostess.

The present winsome and gracious Presiding Lady has also instituted a series of afternoon receptions for her acquaintances and their guests. On these occasions visitors wait in the ante-room, where wrappings are removed, until the usher, who has previously taken the cards to the hostess, announces that Miss Cleveland is ready to see the next party in turn. These "at homes" are on Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays of the winter season. The receptions take place in the beautiful Red Parlor, which is used by the family on all ordinary occasions. Each group enters and passes out together, and only the briefest conversation is possible where, perhaps, twenty persons may be in waiting.

Evening receptions, appointed at the instance of the President, are held about three times during the winter, at dates announced by the city papers. At these occasions, Miss Cleveland receives, also, and other ladies assist. There are arrangements for the ingress and egress of a large crowd; flowers and plants are banked in every available space; the entire lower portion of the house is thrown open, the private dining-room being used for wrappings, and the whole is magnificently lighted. The gold and amber of the East Room are resplendent. Standing in front of the triple window, the spectator can gaze down a noble perspective, ending two hundred feet away at the western extremity of the conservatory. As the visitors, in costumes more or less brilliant, pass out of the spacious corridor, a real estimate of the size of the rooms may be formed. The conservatory itself is not the least of the attractions of the White House, and on these evenings is thrown open to the public.

After leaving the crush, a thoughtful person ought to understand something which visitors do not generally realize; that is, the immense pressure of official and social duties upon the President and the Presiding Lady, a pressure increasing every year, as the population of the country multiplies.

The ladies of the families of the Justices of the Supreme Court are "at home" on Mondays; those of the Speaker and Representatives in Congress and the General of the Army on Tuesdays; and on Wednesdays, ladies of the families of Members of the Cabinet. These latter are perhaps the most popular of any, besides those at the White House, for strangers. Every city paper contains the addresses of the Cabinet Officers, and the round can be made easily in an afternoon. The family of the Secretary of State is now in mourning, but the ladies of the other Members are charming hostesses. The little party whom we have supposed are visiting the Capitol for the first time, hand their cards to the usher at the door, that of each bearing her name and home address only. In case any one is to remain in the city several weeks, the Washington address may be added. The usher generally keeps each group of cards by itself, and announces the names to the hostess standing in the drawing-room near the door. The foremost of those entering speaks her own name distinctly, and, presenting the others, all are received in that courteous manner which gives ease to the visitors and indicates the polished woman of society in the entertainer. Unless the crowd be too great, a few words are exchanged, the guests are presented to another member of the family or to one of several friends who are assisting her to receive; but this is often not possible where five or six hundred call in an afternoon, which is frequently the case. They are invited to partake of refreshments in the dining-room before leaving; the table is prettily set, but the collation is simple, of course. There are tea and chocolate, biscuits and cake, confections and tropical fruits, and the steaming urns are in charge of bright young ladies, whose ministrations impart an additional flavor to the delicate viands. Strange as it may seem, there are those so lost to a sense of good breeding as to sit down and make a meal of what is only intended as a slight refection. After looking about the pleasant parlors and chatting informally, without introductions, our friends can withdraw, with no formality of leave-taking, if many other guests are arriving.

Some of the homes of the Secretaries are very beautiful in construction and decoration. Back of the parlors of one, a new ball-room has been added, giving an imposing vista, one hundred and twenty feet long, from the front of the house. This ball-room is a drawing-room, except on special occasions, and at its entrance the hostess usually receives visitors. It is sixty feet long, twenty-four wide, and twenty high, and is artistically vestibuled by a recess or passage sufficiently broad to expand into a grand arch across the rear of the dining-room, which is at the side of the back parlor. This recess, hung with dark blue shot with gold, and flanked by palms growing in large china jars, affords an exquisite frame-work for the magnificent room.

For it is magnificent when lighted by candelabra, and filled with a gay and motley throng, composed of admirals, generals, diplomats, civilians, and maidens and matrons more or less comely. The walls are hung with superb wine-colored figured damask, and have a dado and frieze of old-gold Lincrusta-Walton, decorated with flowers and figures in the style of Louis XVI. The arched cone terminates in a vaulted ceiling, stenciled with small geometrical figures in bronze and gilt,

with a central sky-light, as there are no side windows. A raised recess or bay at one side accommodates the musicians, before which are foliage plants in large vases of faience. Opposite the entrance a carved oak mantel, sixteen feet high and thirteen wide, set with mirrors, surmounts a fire-place tiled with Mexican onyx, and underneath smolders a fire on a hearth long and deep enough to warm a household at once. The wooden seats on either side are cushioned to match the walls, so are those running around the sides of the room and the central divan. The polished oak parquetry of the floor is partially covered with the richest Oriental rugs, and over inlaid tables are thrown scarfs of Arabian needlework, on which rest vases of Sevres and Dresden. A grand piano fills one corner, and a dozen portraits by eminent artists smile upon living forms, scarcely less picturesque than themselves. Surely that stately yet gracious lady, clothed in sable velvet and priceless lace, and gleaming with jewels on brow and neck, is not the less admirable because she is a living, breathing phantom!

One strong, pathetic figure, "The Sower," by Millet, serves as a foil to all this grandeur. Of world-wide renown, this picture represents in simple, sombre strength, the working class, who have no part nor lot in all this splendor. And yet, but for the Sower and the Reaper, where would be the possibility of such a scene? There is a lesson in the picture, yet, fortunately, not so sad as that which Millet saw as he drew it with unwonted power in his native France; for here, spite of suffering, there is not yet the difference of class, nor the oppression which stamped its hopelessness upon that Breton peasant.

If such thoughts come to our party of strangers, they shake off the revery and prepare to leave. The drawing-rooms, they notice, have walls of tan, the wood-work is brown and the carpets blue and brown. The dining-room, lighted by several windows below the low arch, has ebonized wood-work and is hung with crimson tapestry. One wall is nearly covered with a landscape in Gobelin tapestry,—a hunting scene in dull olives and green, whose faded tints show the soft touches of Time's effacing finger,—that genius that throws an ineffable glamour over all crudities and imperfections. Product of another civilization, and of an age grown prematurely old through such self-indulgence and luxury as have eaten out much that gives nobility to manhood and loveliness to womanhood, heaven avert the token that it may be indicative of our future, unless the strong ethical sense of the nation underlie the esthetical!

At the house of another Secretary our friends are ushered into a large vestibule, out of which opens a corridor with a wide oaken staircase on the left, and two broad landings with a large window, half way up, set with painted glass. At the right of the corridor is the large drawing-room, the walls covered with delicate China-blue damask, the edgings, mouldings and decorations being of silver. The dado is a deeper blue, and all the furnishings are in blue and silver except the carpet of ivory crimson and pale green, made like a rug to cover a floor of inlaid wood. Through the rich hangings of cream, blue and crimson they enter another parlor, in front, hung, draped and carpeted with crimson-shaded fabrics. It seems like a gorgeous tropical flower, an immense architectural cactus, glowing and palpitating with life, in which men and women walk about like flies in the heart of some gigantic corolla.

Back of the blue drawing-room, again, is the dining-room, with a shallow, recessed arch in the side, in which is built the carven buffet, filled with porcelain of the finest modelling and color, and with glass delicate as an evanescent dream. Over this archway are circular windows filled with glass mosaic; the walls are olive and pale red, and at one side a small tea-room opens into a conservatory. The young ladies presiding at the table, in their delicate dresses of nun's-veiling or surahs, only make the whole scene appear like a *tableau-vivant*, where different characters come and go like "bright thoughts in a dream"—Yet such is the freedom happily accorded to American society in the Capitol, that our strangers in their fresh walking costumes are not at all out of place. In fact, republican customs are here fully illustrated. There are no rigid limitations which keep the people from those who make and administer the laws under which all are protected. There are only forms and conventionalities enough to preserve good manners and prevent the impertinent and unrefined from encroaching upon those boundaries of good taste and good feeling which are comprehended under the word, politeness. It is true that a great deal which passes for such is simply veneer and not the real thing, but even in that case it is better than unrestrained coarseness.

It cannot be expected that the ladies of the families of the Secretaries of the Cabinet should return in person the calls made upon them during their winter receptions. Their duties are sufficiently arduous and constant even when made light as possible. During the season, or at its close, cards of these ladies, together with that of the cabinet officer, are sent by messenger to all those whose Washington addresses have been on the cards left by visitors. These ladies are in a certain measure bound to have evening receptions to which the families of other officials, their particular friends, and the Diplomatic corps, are invited. At some of these residences one evening in each week is devoted to the purpose of receiving a certain number of guests by card, unless that evening clashes with some more important dinner or reception. Each Cabinet minister, the Vice-President, the Speaker of the House, and each Justice of the Supreme Court, has one or more formal dinners during the season; so do other officials, and hardly an afternoon or evening passes without one or more social obligations resting upon all. Indeed, the amount of visiting done as a matter of etiquette is something appalling, and is really more wearing to a conscientious and faithful man than his mere official duties. And it is no secret in Washington that many ladies—married and single—have either lost their lives, or still live in ruined health, from overdoing, in a social way, or from the obnoxious fashion of wearing low-cut dresses.

The wives of most of the Senators are "at home" on Thursday afternoons, not only to acquaintances but to persons from their own states especially. It is less obligatory upon the wives of the Representatives, but a large share of them keep their afternoon at home.

The Diplomatic corps form, in a great measure, a society by themselves, though on official occasions they make a unique and picturesque feature of life at the Capitol. Most of the powers of the world are here represented by ministers who appear at public places in the dress of the country from which they are accredited. They entertain a great deal, and with the secretaries of their legations, are much sought after by those who have large social inclinations. Many of the ladies belonging to the Diplomatic corps are very cultivated and are fascinating hostesses, but balls and dinners are also given by the heads of bachelor establishments, assisted by matrons well known in society. Ladies of American birth frequently intermarry with ministers and attachés, though not so often as in former years. Madame Bodisco, it will be remembered, first made the acquaintance of the gentleman who afterward became her husband, and who then was a grave, mature man,—the Minister from Russia,—while going to and from school. But not many international marriages have been so happy, *despite* the disparity of ages.

Those who stay but a short time in the Capitol can expect

to know nothing of unofficial social life. In a population of 200,000 permanent residents, and half as many more temporary, there are, perhaps, more than the usual proportion of delightful homes, jealously guarded from anything like public notice. The dwellers of many of these beautiful mansions form a society aside from the maelstrom of the social life we have considered, which is like a seething, ever-changing vortex. It is as much their desire to escape notoriety as it is of many others to attain it.

There are wheels within wheels. Here are tens of thousands connected in various ways with the departments, who live their quiet, orderly lives, having as little to do with the hurrying crowd as they have with the denizens of Paris. Among them are women ranking as high in regard to intelligence, worth and refinement as the same number that can be gathered anywhere in the country. Among the men are scholars of varied and profound attainments, who would grace any station. They are an honor to our institutions. Within their modest homes is found all that sweet domestic life, without which the king on his throne is desolate as an island in a polar sea. In truth, to those who have pentrated the husks of mere convention and ceremony and sometimes found no core within, safe shielded by that which ought only to be its protection, mere externals make little difference, so the heart be sound and sweet.

—Hester M. Poole.

CHRISTMAS CANDIES.

SOME GOOD RECIPES FOR MAKING THEM.

Caramel.

Three pounds of sugar (Coffee A, or granulated), one-half of a pound of baker's chocolate, one-fourth of a pound of butter, one cupful of cream or milk. Vanilla to taste. Cut or scrape the chocolate, put it with the other ingredients named above in a saucepan, with the exception of seasoning. Boil from ten to fifteen minutes, remove from the stove and beat well for as long a time as your strength permits, return to the fire and boil till thick enough to mould. Have ready caramel pans already greased, pour in after seasoning, when sufficiently hard make in squares. These are delicious, but to beat them is no slight task and may be dispensed with and you will still have delicious sweets.

Cocoanut Balls.

Grate a large nut and place in a cool place, then take one pound of granulated sugar, add to it a gill of water, place over the fire and boil till it is *about* to candy, remove at once and stir in the cocoanut. Let it cool, then, make in balls the size of a small peach put these on dishes to form, turning often till they harden. I generally divide the mixture and color one-half pink. These bon-bons are very ornamental on a supper or dinner table and also on Christmas trees.

Butter Scotch (very rich).

One pound of sugar, one-fourth of a pound of butter one gill of water, cream, butter and sugar together, the latter Coffee A, add water and boil till ready to mould.

Ice Cream Candy.

Three pints of sugar, three-fourths of a pint of water, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, boil till it ropes, remove from the fire and stir in any seasoning you wish and pull till white.

Marsh Mallows.

Dissolve one-half of a pound of gum arabic in one pint of water, strain, add one-half of a pound of sugar; place over the fire and stir constantly till the syrup becomes of the consistency of honey; then, add gradually the whites of four eggs well beaten, stir till the mixture will not adhere to the fingers, have a pan dusted with starch at hand, pour into this, and when cool enough divide into forms usually seen. Marsh mallows are delightful if they are placed when a little stale in the stove and slightly browned.

—V. L. W.

PREPARING A PLAIN THANKSGIVING DINNER.

A Few Practical Suggestions for Young Wives and Inexperienced Housekeepers.

IMPORTANCE of the first order attaches to the selection of a good turkey. Avoid very large ones, as they are not as sweet and tender as those that are smaller. Turkeys weighing from seven to ten pounds are excellent eating. Choose one that is smooth and fair, having but few pinfeathers. One that has a bluish tint about the legs and breast bone will prove tender and juicy.

Plan your Thanksgiving work in the following order: Two days before the event, do all the cooking except the turkey and vegetables, leaving the day directly before for a general sweeping and dusting. This divides the labor and gives more time with guests when they arrive. The pudding, pies, bread and jelly prepare on the first day mentioned, also whatever cake, etc., that is needed for the late supper on Thanksgiving night.

No recipe for mince and squash pies, which are considered by New Englanders as indispensable on these occasions, will be given here, for they may be found in almost any cookbook.

The following rule for plum pudding has been extensively used, and has never been known to fail. The quantity is sufficient for a very large one, or two of smaller size: It should be baked in a deep earthern pudding pan, in a moderate oven, and requires from four to five hours time. Butter the pudding pan well and the pudding will turn out nice and whole after it is cooled. Put a tin cover over it after it has baked a while and the top crust will remain tender.

Plum Pudding.

One pound of common crackers, three quarts of sweet milk, one pound of raisins (stoned), four eggs, one dessertspoonful of cinnamon, one-half dessertspoonful of clove, one-half dessertspoonful of allspice, two-thirds of a cupful of sugar, one cupful of molasses, one-half cupful of butter. This will keep over a month if put away in a dry, cool place. Serve with hard sauce, made as follows:

Hard Sauce.

One-half cupful of butter; beat until very soft, then add gradually one cupful of powdered sugar, and beat together

until light and creamy, flavor with vanilla or lemon. Put away in a bowl covered with a damp cloth until needed.

Cranberry Jelly.

Cover one quart of cranberries with water; set the saucepan on the front of the stove and cook rapidly, being careful to stir them occasionally. Remove from the fire when done, cool and strain; to every cupful of juice add three-fourths of a cupful of sugar, return to the fire, boil until it jellies, which it will do in a few minutes.

English Currant Bread.

A fine Thanksgiving dish when made according to the following directions: In the morning when the dough for white bread is light, cut off a piece sufficient for a good-sized loaf Add to this one tablespoonful of sugar, one cupful of dried currants which have been carefully cleaned, one dessertspoonful of cinnamon and a teaspoonful of clove; mix and knead thoroughly. Allow the mixture to rise once more before putting it into the pans. Bake from three-quarters to one hour, watch the top of loaf, as it scorches easily. Serve in very thin slices, which must be buttered before being cut from the loaf.

The next forenoon may be entirely occupied with house cleaning, as you will wish to have your rooms carefully prepared for such an occasion. After dinner is cleared away, prepare the Thanksgiving turkey for the oven, thus saving just so much time on the morrow. First singe over lighted paper, then with small tweezers pull out all the pinfeathers, cut off the feet, ends of wings and considerable of the neck; turn back the skin of the neck and very carefully draw out the crop and windpipe. Make an incision in the lower part of the body and draw out the intestines, being very careful not to break the gall bag. Wash the turkey thoroughly in several waters and rub the inside with salt and a little pepper. Stuff with a dressing made as follows: For an eight-pound turkey, three-fourths of a pound of rolled crackers or fine bread crumbs, two beaten eggs, one tablespoonful of salt, one-third cupful of butter, one teaspoonful of pepper, sage and onion to suit taste, and sufficient warm milk to moisten the mixture. Put a little dressing where the crop was taken out, draw the skin over the neck bone and tie securely with twine. Stuff the body, but not too full, as the dressing swells when cooking. Sew up with fine, strong twine, and tie the legs close down to the sides. Fasten the neck to the under side of the body by a wooden skewer, and tie the wings close down to the breast.

Put the turkey away in a cool place until the next morning. After cleaning and washing the giblets, boil them until tender, then chop the heart and gizzard and mash the liver. Return to the water in which they were boiled and put away until the next day.

On Thanksgiving morning, as soon as the breakfast dishes are cleared away, reset the table, putting in the extra leaves that are needed. Place upon the sideboard the necessary dishes for serving the dessert, also the fruit, nuts and sweetmeats. Have some table decoration, if only a potted palm or fern, but chrysanthemums are very appropriate and quite inexpensive.

When the turkey is put into the oven sprinkle it with salt, dredge with flour, and place small strips of salt pork upon the top. Place one-half of a cupful of butter and one cupful of hot water in the baking pan.

For roasting an eight-pound turkey allow from two and one-half to three hours' time and ten minutes extra for every additional pound. Have a good brisk fire to start with, and after fifteen minutes shut the draughts a trifle, keeping up a steady, even temperature the remainder of the time. Turn the baking pan occasionally, that the turkey may be evenly browned, and add hot water for basting as it is needed. Baste often.

Pare the vegetables and place in cold water until they are needed. Squash, onions, Irish and sweet potatoes, and celery are usually served with turkey. Boil squash and onions one hour, potatoes one-half hour, unless they are very large, in that case boil them three-quarters of an hour. Season squash with butter, salt and pepper. Pour a little hot milk over the onions, season with butter, salt and pepper. Mash the white potatoes, but serve the sweet ones plain.

When the turkey is done, which can be ascertained by pricking it with a fork, remove to the platter. Put the baking pan on the top of the stove and add the giblet preparation. After it comes to a boil thicken with cornstarch, seasoning with butter, pepper and salt. If the turkey is quite fat, not so much butter for the gravy will be needed.

It is a pretty idea to have an after-dinner topic prepared. This can be done weeks before, and may take the form of conundrums, questions or anagrams upon almost any topic, historical, geographical, literary, etc. They can be written upon small fancy cards, or upon slips of paper enclosed in gilded peanut shells, tied together with ribbon. This will give the hostess an opportunity to exercise her ingenuity, and will be sure to please the younger members of the company. One of the guests may act as master of ceremonies, having a slip of paper with the correct answers upon it, as all the answers may not be guessed

—*Elizabeth.*

A RIVAL TO TEA.

A curious rival to tea is coming up. Those who have tasted in Germany that delicious aromatic beverage called Mai-Trank, which is made of Rheinish sugar, a slice of orange, or sometimes lemon, with the little Waldmeister plant swimming at the top, are not likely to forget its pleasant cooling and yet exhilarating effect —"exhilarating" to be taken, if not quite in a teetotal, yet in a real temperance sense of perfect innocence or innocuousness to health. I say this without meaning disrespect to wine in its undiluted state. A famous German poet, residing for years in England, could so little forget his Mai-Trank associations that he had the dear little "Waldmeister," or woodruff often sent to him from the banks of the Rhine. Now, a botanical connoisseur in Germany has had the happy idea of carefully drying the leaves of the plant (the stalks being detached) in the midday sun on sheets of paper, until the leaves shrivelled up and became quite black. One day in winter he used the leaves as if they were tea. The result was a splendidly aromatic decoction, of golden-brown color, tasting like the best tea.

AUNT HEPSY'S THANKSGIVING.

At Twenty-Five Cents a Head for Eating It.

I MUST tell you, said Hepsy, how us Possum Benders celebrated Thanksgivin'. When Parson Wakeup—that's our young minister—said the Possum Bend congregation ought to make a dinner on Thanksgivin' an' raise money to pay off the debt on our new church, I demurred, but your Uncle Jacob, he fell right into the plan at once. I argued that I couldn't see no sense in cookin' up a big dinner an' carryin' it off three miles from home an' then payin' twenty-five cents a head for the privilege of eatin' it; but Jacob is like a stump, an' just as immovable when once his head is sot in the wrong direction.

"Good land!" says he: "you don't reckon we'll eat all the dinner ourselves, do you? We intend to make the profit offen the outsiders that come in.

"Now s'pos'n," says he—he's allus a s'pos'n somethin'—"now s'pos'n a few families of us gets up a dinner an' people come an' eat it at twenty-five cents a head. There's good money in it, plenty an' cheap as things are to cook. At twenty-five cents a head every hundred persons will be twenty-five dollars; an' s'pos'n a thousan' should come an' eat, it would be two hundred an' fifty dollars, Hepsy; enough to pay off our hull church debt an' fifty dollars over."

The figgers did sound encouragin', but I still demurred, for even if I'd felt sure that figgers wouldn't lie, it wasn't accordin' to my idee of things to raise church money that way; but Jacob said I was too Puritanicky in my views. When two people get determinedly sot in different directions it takes a heap of arguin' sometimes to get them to pull together, an' so it was with Jacob an' me. Finally Parson Wakeup, he come to see me about it.

"Well, Sister Sniffles," say he, "how are you by now on that dinner question?"

"Well," says I, "I'm still a demurrin'." We allus throve when Parson Good-speach pastored us, an' he never suggested any such new-fangled ways of gettin' money for the church.

"Parson Good-speach is a good man, Sister Sniffles, as none more than myself has reasons for knowin'," said he, "but he's old now, behind the times. New times must adopt new means to succeed, an' I'm very sorry to see one of the most influoential sisters in the church a demurrin'. The church is in danger of backslidin' when the sisters gets to demurrin'.

"The sisters of Pea Ridge congregation made three hundred dollars last year offen church fairs an' suppers an' such like. Suppose, instead, they had spent their time a demurrin'; how different the result would have been an' how sad. Sein' that it's not given to women to speak in the church, how thankful she ought to be for the blessed privilege of cookin' an' eatin' to the glory of the Lord. Wherefore, Sister Sniffles, I do hope you'll cease a demurrin' an' join in with a full hand an' a grateful heart an' help the other sisters in the noble work of makin' a dinner to the Lord."

He said a heap more that I won't try to repeat about its bein' a duty to give substantial thanks, an' the ease an' agility with which the sisters could raise funds for the church when they were so minded as to cook an' eat to the glory of the Lord.

Sein' that they were all sot against me I stopped a demurrin', joined in with what grace I could, but I had no heart in the work; so I told Jacob, an' so I told others.

About ten families of us, bein' the leadin' families of the congregation, joined in to furnish the major part of the dinner, leavin' a few cakes an' pickles an' the like to be furnished by others not so able.

Well, such a time as we had a cookin' an' a fixin'. I do believe Jacob would a been willin' for me to cook the last teetotal thing about the house, he was so afraid there wouldn't be vittals enough for the big crowd of eaters he was countin' on havin' there. I baked an' boiled an' fried an' stewed till my whole anathomy was one mass of aches an' pains, an' I felt as if there was not a budge left in my system, I was so fagged out.

Brother Wakeup said the sisters of Pea Ridge allus gave part warm dinners in cold weather, an' it was decided that we must have part warm dinner, an' a plenty of hot coffee any way, so I promised to let them take my cookin'-stove, an' Sister Perry promised hers, an' Mrs. Juniper promised to send her gassoline, it bein' the only one in the neighborhood. Jimmy Dunover—that's Parson Dunover's boy—an' Sammy Hopkins they were to come round early in the mornin' an' take the stoves an' other utensils an' some of the other boys were to meet them at the church an' help set up the stoves in the wood-house an' fix tables in the class-rooms ready for spreadin' the dinner. The auditorum was to be left for a sort of general muster ground.

Well, Thanksgivin' mornin' came at last an' everybody at our house was up by times. We got early breakfast an' then raked the fire out of the stove so it could cool; then Jacob, he hustled through his work an' I hustled through mine an' we went to packin' dinner, an' Jacob, he must have a hand in everything, a hinderin' all the time a heap more than he helped. Among the rest he goes an' fills a gallon jug with sorghum molasses an' wanted me to put that in, but I was firm that I would not. "Just as if anybody will want that," says I, "with all the other things we've got fixed to take."

"You dunno what they'll want," says he, "an' its cheap an' plenty an' I think we ought to take it."

We were still a disputin' about it when the boys drove up to get the stove, an' they joined with Jacob.

"Let him put it in, Aunt Hepsy," says they. "If you don't want to take it we'll take it in our wagon."

"Well, for peace sake, then, take it along," says I.

By the time the dinner was all packed it was time to dress an' start, an' Jacob kept a hurryin' me so I was all of a worrit before we got off. I put on my old brown alapacky an' a big gingham apron which I thought would be suitable for such an occasion; but Jacob—nothing would do but he must wear his best, an' so he put on an almost bran new suit of store clothes that he hadn't had but a little over a year, an' sputtered around an' said I looked like old Nancy Quimby, because I wouldn't wear my new Heneretter cloth that Mrs. Dillsy up to Fiddle-burg charged me fifty cents just for cuttin' out. I told him flatly I wasn't goin' to put on my best to go mussin' all day among vittals, an' he wished before night that he hadn't.

When we got to the church several families was there an' others soon followed with equal provisions, an' it did seem as if we had enough for a thousan', if only the thousan' had been there to eat it; but what do you think those boys—the little wretches—had done with that molasses? They had a fire in one of the stoves an' had the last drop of it on in pots a boilin' it into candy, an' such a mussin' as they had of it before evenin'! I was that provoked I could a brushed the last one of them a dozen times, but thinks I, young folks ain't young folks but once, an' I held my peace.

When we got our dinner spread, it was a most temptin' feast, an' no mistake. Parson Wakeup was mightily pleased. He said the bounty exceeded the bounty of anything he'd seen in that line before.

"Now, Sister Sniffles," says he, "aint this better than demurrin'?"

"It may be," says I, "but the exertion of it is a heap harder on the physicals."

Among the folks to dinner was one young fellow from Buzzsaw City. He was one of them dude chaps we hear so much about, an' he said he had heard we were goin' to give a dinner an' had come all the way out there just to rustycate for a day an' throw off all restraint while he gave himself up to the pleasure and enjoyment of the genial sociability of a pristine community. He used a heap of big words, but he was a harmless enough lookin' creetur, an' seemed free-hearted, for he came to dinner three times an' brought a girl every time, payin' for both, an' yet I'm bound to say he didn't eat as much all put together as old Ebeneze Dunlap did at one sittin'.

After they'd all been to dinner the folks were sittin' round, the young folks 'specially, enjoyin' a social time, an' the chap from Buzzsaw was makin' himself pleasant to Phebe Ann Simms, when, bein' tired of settin' I s'pose, he proposed to promenade round a little. Phebe Ann got up an' he got up, but when he rose to his feet the chair he was a settin' onto it rose with him.

"Oh, it's the work of sperits! he's a megium, put him out!" shrieked Granny Stebbins, a turnin' as pale as a corpse.

"It's that molasses candy that some of them pestiferous young'uns have daubed onto this chair," says Deacon Posset, as he grabbed at the chair an' sot it back where it belonged; an' I could see the deacon was mightily scorched, for Phebe Ann is his niece an' he seemed pleased with the attentions the young chap had been payin' her. By this time the hull house had took in the situation, an' a titter went round as the dude chap, without a good bye to anybody, started for the door, an' I do think if he had been bent on bloody murder he couldn't a looked madder, an' them that stood near said he swore a positive oath as he went out.

Hank Dalby fairly haw-hawed. He said it served him right for presumin' to be better than his betters because he parted his hair in the middle an' smelt of perfumery; but I surmised Hank was jealous because the fellow had been shinin' round Phebe Ann. As for me, the accident damped my spirits, for I couldn't help a blamin' myself that I had ever give in for the molasses to be brought. I couldn't see no harm in the fellow, only his clothes seemed a little too pertentious an' his language a little too grandiferous for the occasion.

Along in the evenin', when everybody had eat till they couldn't hold no more, we set about packin' up for home, an' we had more than twelve basketfuls to take up, too, for the thousan' Jacob counted on didn't come to eat, an' the two hundred an' fifty dollars he'd figgered out fell a little over two hundred short. It may pay some folks to make church dinners, but then an' there us Possum Benders concluded it didn't pay us.

I was tryin' to make two plates of broken vittals go in where there was only room for one, an' wonderin' how I'd managed to get it all in in the mornin', when Jacob comes an' plucks me by the sleeve. "Hepsy," says he, "I wish you'd see to me. I was afraid this mornin' that you'd forgot to put any catchup into the dinner, an' sein' a bottle full on the shelf I just slipped it into my pocket an' forgot all about it till a minute ago when I stumbled against the stove an' broke the bottle. It's all a runnin' down my pants-leg; can't you wipe it off or somethin'?"

It wasn't catchup he had in his pocket, but a bottle of raspberry juice I'd cooked to make coolin' drinks in case of fever, an' it had took the color out of his pants as far as it touched them. I see he was awfully cut up over it, but I was that pervoked I couldn't sympathize.

"A pretty speck you are now," says I "a lookin' like a run-a-way convict with a stripe down your leg. Your pants is just ruined. Why can't you learn to leave women's affairs to women an' not go botherin' yourself a puttin' up dinners."

All this was said in low tones an' I might have said more for I was awfully pervoked, but just then little Thurlow came runnin' in an' says he in a whisper, "Oh, mammy, they've broke your new stove,—a great big corner offen the hearth; but the boys don't want you to know it till after they get gone."

It was an almost bran new stove I'd bought with my own money when I sold the brindled heifer, an' I felt as if it was the last straw on the camel's back. I wanted to set down there an' weep, but I wouldn't before folks, so I bravely bore up till we got started home, an' then I let loose an' Jacob an' me had a few words, an' I'm afraid I said some things I ought not to say to him I'd promised to love, honor an' obey, but I think the Lord will forgive me, for my nerves was wore to a frazzle, an' to make all worse a mizzlin', drizzlin' rain had sot in.

When we got home an' got some hot coffee, Jacob an' me both felt better humored towards each other, an' we consoled ourselves by puttin' the blame onto Parson Wakeup, where we felt it belonged; but I'm afraid we neither one of us felt as thankful as folks ought to feel on Thanksgivin', though we did thank the Lord that no lives had been lost.

Next year we are goin' to try to get Parson Goodspeach back, an, when we want money for the church we'll put our hands in our pockets an' get it. Such are the sentiments of the Possum Bend congregation.

Jacob was over to Buzzsaw a few days ago an' that dude chap has spread it all over the city that the folks of Possum Bend neighborhood are uncivilized heathens an' not much better than cannibals.

—Mrs. Harriet A. Chute.

IN NOVEMBER.

The dun trees stand devoid of leaves,
Their brown arms wildly swinging,
A lone jay 'mong the nude boughs grieves,
The brooks alone are singing;
The boughs still hold the tenements
Of birds flown far away;
The grapevines clinging to the fence
Are leafless, all, and gray.

The nun-like crows the mown fields glean,
Repulsion no more fearing;
The timorous partridge, swift and keen,
Drums loud within the clearing;
The squirrels chatter all the day
Among the chestnut trees,
While hiding wholesome food away
For days less warm than these.

At early eve the stars convene,
And flash, it seems, more brightly,
The planets like vast torches gleam,
And meteors wander nightly;
The welkin only charms the eye,
Set with its countless gems,
O'er earth the dank winds wail and sigh
For vanished anadems.

November, solemn, weird and drear,
What was some past November's wrong,
That Nature made thee of the throng,
The most unlovely of the year?

—E. B. Lowe.

E'en in these bleak November days
There's gladness for the heart that heeds.
The marsh to me no gloom conveys,
Though the gray frost be on the weeds.

—Charles Dawson Shanly.

EMBROIDERED HOUSE AND TABLE LINEN.

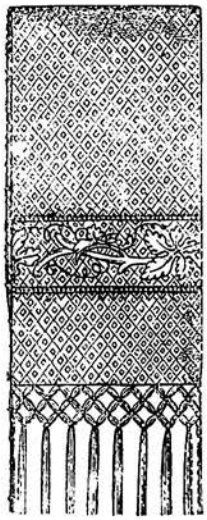


Fig. 1.

ONE of the latest additions to the beauty of our household surroundings, is the revival of embroidered linen. Both in France and England it has quickly become popular, and the adoption of the Russian embroidered and worked towels is the freshest and prettiest of all the new ideas for bed-room decoration. These towels are used in Russia as a sort of blind, to cover from the general view the half-soiled towels in daily use, as they hang on the towel-horse, and form a disfiguring adjunct to the prettiest *chambre à coucher*. Their use in England has been extended to the ordinary towel, which is frequently embroidered and trimmed after the designs of the fair mistress of the mansion. "I shall never invite her on a visit to me again," said an irate leader in what is known as "high art fashion," the other day—"she shut herself up in her own room the whole morning, while she was with us, and copied all my towels!"

Outline-stitch, Russian embroidery, and chain-stitch are used, as well as crewel-work, for these towels. The first three are done in red and blue ingrain marking cotton, and the last in coloured crewels. The general method is to purchase the bordered towels, and outline the pattern on the border, in ingrain cotton; the ends are always fringed, trimmed ends having, to all appearance, gone entirely out of date. If the diaper or huckaback be purchased by the yard, from a piece, the towel itself must not be less than a yard and a half long; five inches being allowed at each end for fringing-out. Our illustration (Fig. 1) shows the appearance of one of these towels when

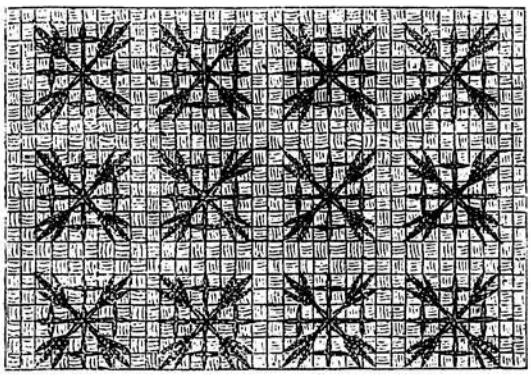


Fig. 2.

finished. Fig. 2 shows one of the Russian embroidery stitches, which simply consists of a series of long stitches, put in so as to form a pattern. This design is for use on ordinary huckaback, and may be worked in alternate squares of blue and red ingrain cotton. The fringe of these towels is knotted, as seen in the illustration, and the chain-stitch sewing machines embroider very well for this kind of ornamentation. A running pattern, or a scroll design, must first be traced on the material, and then it can be gone over with the machine, leaving the chain-stitch for the right side of the towel. The outline-stitch may be worked in eight different ways, but it will not be needful to mention more than two, one of which is illustrated in Fig. 3; the other stitch would, in church embroidery, be called "couching." It consists in sewing a coarse thread down, at equal distances, with a fine thread. The old Saxon work, the most beautiful of all embroideries, generally has the design outlined in this manner; the interior being filled up with lace stitches, executed on the material.

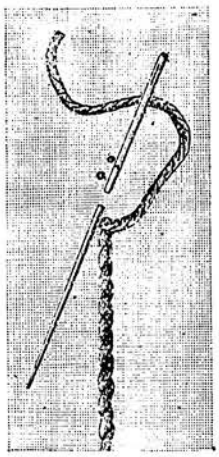


Fig. 3.

Holbein embroidery is also very pretty when both sides of the material are required to be alike—in other words, when there is no wrong side. It is really one of the outline-stitches, although it is unusual to class it with them; it is worked over a certain number of threads, always leaving the same number exactly between each stitch, thus making both sides of the work precisely alike. Square or geometrical designs are most suited to it, but any pattern may be carried out when once the worker is accustomed to it. I have been thus careful in mentioning the stitches in vogue for embroidering table and house linen, so that my readers will quite understand the various descriptions given, and the manner of executing them. The monogram of the owner, or the initial letter of the family name, is invariably embroidered on linen in satin-stitch, with either white or coloured cotton. For serviettes it is usually put at the corner, for table-cloths at one corner, or in the centre of each side, so that it hangs over the edge of the table. The monograms for table-cloths are very large; the same style and design is used of a smaller size for the serviettes of the set, for the side-board, and tray-cloths. Some of the table-cloths and serviettes are fringed at the edges all round; this fashion, however, does not appear to have "taken" very generally. The new French designs for table-linen deserve mention. They consist of large and rather fantastic-looking birds, embroidered in the corners with threads of various colours, and even represent natural scenes, such as the Chinese gathering in the tea-harvest, and Japanese costumes, or habits. The borders woven round ordinary table-linen are sometimes so pretty, that merely outlining them in red ingrain cotton is a sufficient decoration; and the serviettes and sideboard-cloth can be worked

in the same manner. A table-cloth and serviette thus treated and fringed at the edges are illustrated in Fig. 4.

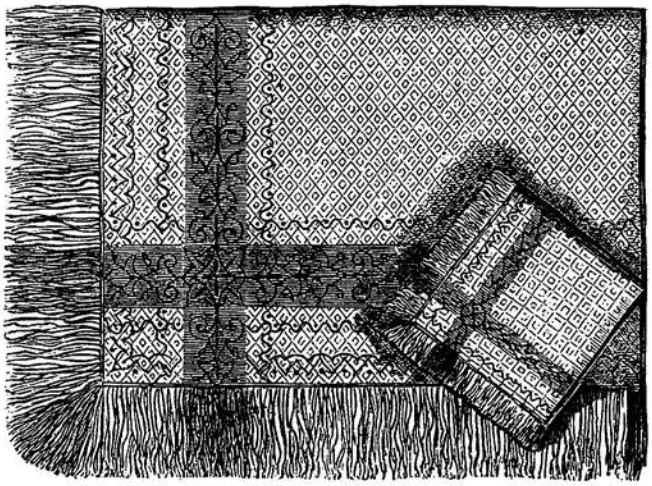


Fig. 4.

What may be almost called the "sampler" style of working linen must also be mentioned, as to those who do not feel inclined to attempt anything difficult it offers an easy but very effective decoration for towels or table-linen. In Germany this style of cross-stitch is used on linen sheets for ornamenting the ends that turn down over the bed, and even in the very poorest houses you find the bed-linen more or less ornamented. The method of working is to tack a strip of canvas on the material, and work the cross-stitch with ingrain cotton, and afterwards to draw out the threads of the canvas. For linen the canvas is hardly needed, the threads being both sufficiently visible and even, and the idea is so simple that any one can weave the little squares and zig-zags for themselves as they work. Fig. 5 gives a small border

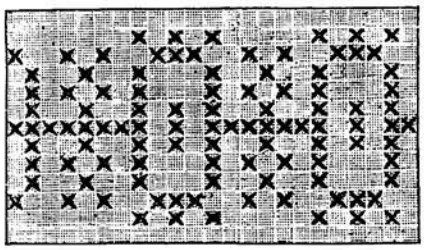


Fig. 5.

pattern, which many of my readers may recognise as a familiar old friend on the antiquated but recently revived sampler. The return to fashion of the primitive style of marking linen in cross-stitch, as it was done fifty or sixty years ago, was inaugurated by the new Needlework Code, and the scholar in a Board school has now her sampler, and works it as conscientiously as her grandmother and great-grandmother did before her. Marking-inks prove occasionally such disappointments, and work such direful mischief to the material upon which they are used, that one cannot regret the return of the old fashion. Children's fingers are very clever at doing little stitches of this kind, and now that we have so decidedly made a move towards the useful in girls' education, we shall require all the interesting needle-work we can find to keep them sufficiently occupied. Another method of decorating house-linen is afforded by the application of another ancient fashion, that of "drawn work," which consists in drawing the warp threads of the towelling or linen, and obtaining a pattern by binder threads, in the same way as hem-stitching is done. When the weft threads are also drawn, a cross-barred design can be produced, and by the use of darning lace stitches and binder threads form an open embroidery, which was much used for ecclesiastical purposes in Italy, Spain, and Portugal, and is still practised as a national industry for women in Brazil, and the other states of South America, where they do it with such skill that it becomes quite worthy of the name of lace, which they bestow upon it. Of somewhat the same nature as this is the old German "cut-work," of which a fashionable ladies' journal has lately given a sketch. This consisted in cutting and drawing both warp and weft threads, so as to leave the pattern drawn on the linen, a solid design, in a groundwork of quadrangular meshes.

In America, what are known under the name of "pillow and sheet shams" have long been in use. They really are embroidered or handsomely trimmed covers, put over the pillows of the beds by day, and over that part of the sheet which turns over. The general method of manufacturing them is to use Victoria lawn, or linen, with lace-edged frills. The linen is cut to the shape of the pillows which it is intended to cover, and the sheet "sham" is about half a yard wide by two yards long. These articles, however, would not find much favour in the eyes of English-women, who use their bed-rooms much less than American ladies do, and who do not turn down their beds until the night, keeping both pillows and sheet covered up by the white or coloured quilt, which is spread over all.

In England, two fashions seem at present in vogue—the first is to have a cover, to lay over the quilt, of crétonne or chintz, of the same pattern as the hangings of the bed; the second idea is to have this kind of cover composed of a white sprigged or spotted muslin, with frills of the same, or lace, and lined with silk to match the prevailing tint of the room. The first of these fancies I think horrible; and if the crétonne used be a dark-coloured one, there is neither light nor brightness left in the room when the attractive whiteness of the bed is covered up. I can quite understand, however, that to those people who, in this smoky London, are obliged to study economy in washing, this fashion would prove a decided god-send.

In Figs. 6 and 7 examples of the embroidered bed-linen are shown, which is now used both in England and France. They are done in satin-stitch embroidery, and are intended for use, not for "shams." Great quantities of this work have always been done in France by the peasants of the Vosges mountains.

There is nothing really new under the sun. Even while I write my description of the embroidery of 1877, I am reminded of Sir Gardner Wilkinson's drawings of the Egyptian embroidery in fashion in the time of the Pharaohs. These specimens are now in Paris, at the Louvre; one of them has a broad yellow stripe, with some narrower red ones laid on it, and over both is wrought a diamond pattern in needlework; the second piece has a blue ground, over which a netting pattern of white embroidery is worked, and the meshes form the outline of an irregular design of cubic shapes. The stitches used are nearly the same as the long stitch now called Russian embroidery; and one cannot help pondering over endless questions of "hows" and "whens," as one gazes at the labour of hands which crumbled into dust 3,000 years ago. No, I forgot; they did not crumble into dust in Egypt, for their remains, still in preservation, grace our museums today. If they could have foreseen it, I should think, the embalmer's art would speedily have gone out of fashion. But, in spite of her being a mummy (one of the ugliest of things), I looked with softened eyes at my sister-woman's work, and hope she never found a resting-place, with her embroidery—an exile and a show—under the gilded ceiling of the Palace of the Louvre.

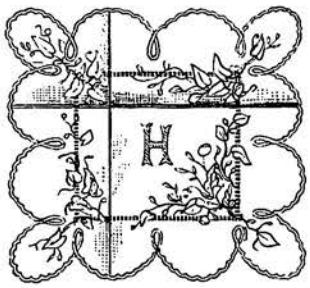


Fig. 6.

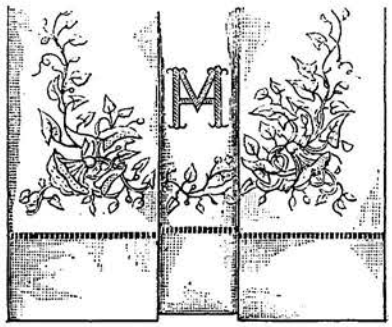


Fig. 7.

DORA DE BLAQUIÈRE.

DECEPTION IN FOOD.

Food adulteration still goes on. It was disclosed by Mr. Armour, the Chicago lard and pork packer, not long ago, that millions of gallons of cotton seed oil are used for adulterating lard. It is claimed by the manufacturers that the oil has no suspicion of disease about it and that it is perfectly wholesome. A large portion of the "olive oil" consumed in this country also, is the oil of cotton seed. It is sent in large quantities to England and Germany where it enters into lardine, butterine and olive oil, the same as on this side of the water. Holland imports great quantities of it to make Dutch cheese. One oil refinery last year, sold 4,000 barrels of the oil to preserve sardines, and the "sardines" were not sardines at all, but some other kind of fish caught off the coast of Maine. Soap is made by the thousand boxes in Chicago with the same base. Along with all this is the assertion that the industry is as yet in its infancy; there is no telling how many food products it will enter speedily, nor how largely.

The investigations of the chemists of the national Department of Agriculture, recently completed, show that no food is so much adulterated as spices. Of twenty samples of ground cloves examined only two were pure. The others had suffered the extraction of their essential oils and had been polluted by the addition of clove stems, allspice and husks of various kinds. Of eight samples of cayenne pepper only one was pure. Of ten samples of mustard none was pure, though several had only suffered the loss of their fixed oil; the others contained quantities of wheat flour, the spurious matter being in some cases two-thirds of the compound. This made it necessary to add tumeric acid (harmless) to restore the mustard color. Ten samples of allspice were examined, eight of which were pure. Four samples of cassia were all pure. Of ten samples of ginger, four were pure. Only one out of thirteen samples of black pepper was found to be what it purported to be. A specimen sent from Baltimore to a man who had an Army contract was almost entirely spurious. Cayenne pepper, black pepper, husks and mustard hulls were used to give flavor and pungency while "body" was supplied by ground beans and rice, and color by charcoal. Two samples of white pepper out of five were pure, two samples of mace out of five were pure, and of three samples of nutmeg examined all were pure. A New York spice grinder lately worked off 5,000 pounds of cocoanut husks.

THE CRANBERRY.

Good for Food and Drink, and Possessing Valuable Medicinal and Curative Properties.

CRANBERRIES are abundant this year and should take the place in the cuisine which has been given over to apples in the past, these being few and high priced this season. All fruits have a medicinal value and the cranberry ranks as an anti-scorbutic. It is a blood cleanser; bruised and heated, not cooked, they have a healing effect on bad humors. One cut in half and bound on a corn will cure it in one or more applications. It will be equally efficacious in the case of pimples on the face.

As an article of food the cranberry is too little known. Many families know it only in the form of sauce, but it may be served in many other ways.

A cooling, refreshing drink may be made by boiling the berries in water, double the measure of berries. Boil until the juice has been thoroughly extracted, sweeten with one-half pound of sugar to the pint of juice, and bottle hot. This should be served in the same manner as raspberry and currant shrubs.

Cranberry Sauce (to Retain Shape of Berry).

To one quart of berries add one pint of water. Boil, without stirring, ten minutes. Add one pound of sugar and boil till clear, which will be in fifteen or twenty minutes.

Solid Sauce.

Use one-third less water than in preceding recipe, and boil till thick. Be careful that it does not burn. This may be turned into forms, will retain the shape and may be served with whipped cream around it, making a pretty and good dessert.

Sauce with Raisins.

One quart of berries, quarter of a pound of raisins, one pound of sugar, one pint of water. Do not stir, but shake the kettle to prevent sticking. Boil slowly until the berries look done.

Spiced Cranberries.

Three and one-half pounds of brown sugar, one scant pint of vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of cinnamon and all

spice, one tablespoonful of cloves, five pounds of berries. Boil two hours. This is excellent with meats.

Sweet Pickled Cranberries.

Select large berries. Pierce a few holes in each with a large needle. To one pound of berries add half a pound of sugar dissolved in quarter of a pint of vinegar. Cook slowly ten minutes, remove the berries from the pickle. boil it until it thickens and pour over the berries.

Cranberry Jelly.

Allow a cupful of water to a quart of berries. Cook until soft. Turn into a cheese cloth bag to drain. Allow sugar in equal measure to the juice. Boil fifteen minutes, removing the scum. When it thickens on the spoon turn (hot) into the glasses.

Preserved Cranberries.

Dissolve three-quarters of a pound of sugar in half a pint of water. When it comes to a boil add one pound of berries, which should not lie over two inches deep in the kettle. Cook until the skins break. Remove them with a skimmer to a deep dish. The sirup should boil a few moments longer, then be poured over the berries.

Cranberry and Apple Preserve.

One quart of berries, one and one-half quarts of sweet apple, two-thirds quart of cold water, two and one-half cupfuls of sugar. Put sugar, water and cranberries on together; boil until the cranberries begin to crack; add the apple and boil slowly until it is soft. This is a healthful and an excellent sweet.

Cranberry Catchup.

Ten pounds of berries, one quart of vinegar, five pounds of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of cinnamon, two of allspice, one each of cloves and salt, one-half teaspoonful of red pepper. Boil slowly one hour, and bottle.

Cranberry Toast.

This is a breakfast dish. Take sauce made according to first rule. Put it on to heat. When boiling, thicken with flour moistened with cold water. A teaspoonful of flour to a pint of juice is about the proper proportion. As soon as the flour is cooked, pour the sauce over slices of brown and buttered graham bread toast. This daintily served will be appetizing to an invalid.

Uncovered Cranberry Pie

Is made by filling a crust with sauce number one thickened a trifle with cornstarch. Bars of puff paste are laid across it.

Covered Cranberry Pie.

This is delicious. The crust is made as for apple pie. The filling is made of raw berries, allowing three-quarters of a pound of sugar to one pound of fruit and a little water. The berries should be put in liberally and brought out to the edge of the crust.

Steamed Batter Pudding.

Make a light dough, rather stiff, as for biscuits. Stir cranberries into the batter and steam two hours. Serve with liquid or hard sauce.

Steamed Batter Puffs

May be made from raised dough, shaping as for biscuits, rolling berries into the dough. Set, after rising, into steamer and keep the water boiling hard until the puffs are done, allowing twenty minutes for this. Eat with sauce.

Baked Cranberry Pudding.

Place a quart of berries in an earthen bake dish. Add two cupfuls of sugar. Cover with a light crust. Bake in moderate oven one-half hour. Serve with hard sauce.

Cranberry Roly-poly.

Roll a light and rather stiff biscuit dough rather thin. Spread with sauce number two. Roll up and sauce for twenty minutes, or half an hour. This may be baked in a quick oven, and with sweetened cream makes an excellent dessert.

Cranberry Dumplings

May be made in the same way. Cutting squares of dough, putting on each a spoonful of thickened sauce, bringing the corners of the dough together at the top to hold the sauce. These are equally good whether steamed or baked.

Cranberry Potpie.

Prepare the first sauce in a porcelain-lined kettle. Cover with squares of biscuit dough, or make the dough into a roll, not very large, and lay it along the side of the kettle, leaving a center to be filled by the boiling berries. Eat with sauce or with cream and sugar.

Cranberry Shortcake.

Mix into a pound of self-raising flour a half-cupful of shortening. Add by degrees about a pint of cold milk. Stir up with a knife as quickly as possible. Turn the paste on a floured board, dredge with flour, roll it out to the thickness of half an inch. Bake in rather a quick oven. It is better to make it into two cakes about the size of a breakfast plate, rather than to bake it in one sheet. When done slip a knife around the edge and separate the cake in two by pulling it apart. Butter it, spread with sauce number two, either hot or cold, sprinkle with sugar and serve plain or with cream.

—D. M. Morrell.

OMENS.

The cornsilk tassels on the ridge
Are bronzing in the sun;
The elderberries by the bridge,
And all along the run,

Grow purple through the golden days;
Barberries by the wall
Glow crimson in the silver haze
That ushers in the fall.

Old Ocean dreams in slumbers deep
Of wintry storms to come;
In far-off mountain caverns sleep
The winds; the brooks are dumb.

The partridge, in lone country lanes,
Whirs low a speckled wing;
Silence through all the woodland reigns,
The birds forget to sing.

From yellow cornfields slowly pass
The crows, with clanging cry;
All day upon the orchard grass
Ripe apples fall. A sigh

Escapes the earth at thought of death,
For summer's life so brief,
And, fluttering on that sigh's faint breath,
Falls down the first red leaf!

—Annie M. Libby.

THANKSGIVING DINNER TABLE GIBLETS.

If "good digestion waits on appetite" let appetite return the compliment.

Fern dishes are made to match dinner or luncheon sets, or they are of pierced silver. Growing ferns in tin receptacles are placed in them.

Toothpicks are certainly never in evidence at good tables. Their use is one of those services that, like cleaning the nails, should be managed privately.

Low, broad vegetable dishes are fashionable; the newest have the handles formed of twisted ribbons in pale blue, pink or green. They are new and very graceful.

When bread and butter plates are used they should be different from the dinner service, serving the same purpose in color at the beginning of dinner that the odd coffee cups do at the end.

Inexpensive fruit sets are of white china formed of bars through which ribbon is woven in and out; these are very pretty, as any colored ribbons may be introduced to match the decorations of the table.

After meals the dining-room windows, even in the coldest weather, should be opened both at the top and bottom. Nothing is more unappetizing than to dine to the accompaniment of stale odors. For the same reason heavy draperies are to be avoided.

The carving knife, fork and adjuncts should be of the best steel, with exception of handles. Carving cannot be well done without a fork that is strong enough to hold the joint in place and a blade that is tempered to the holding of a keen edge.

Cartloads of pumpkins as yellow as gold,
Onions in silvery strings,
Shining red apples and clusters of grapes,
Nuts and a host of good things,
Chickens, and turkeys, and fat little pigs—
These are what Thanksgiving brings.

The old style of resting the meat tray, where carving is done at the table, on a tray-cloth wrought with the similitude of a knife and fork, should be forever a thing of the past. It is far better taste to have a plain napkin laid diamond-wise under the platter. If oblong it should be about 22 by 27 inches.

According to Elizabeth Cady Stanton, the following is a fitting grace to be said over a Thanksgiving dinner table: "Heavenly Father and Mother, make us thankful for all the blessings of this life, and make us ever mindful of the patient hands that oft in weariness spread our tables and prepare our daily food; for humanity's sake, Amen."

In serving turkey or other birds it is no longer customary to ask when there are many guests which part each prefers. To every guest is sent a piece of dark meat, a piece of light and a little of the dressing. If the carver happens to know that any lady at table especially likes a wing, he sometimes inquires if he may send her one. Gravy is not now passed at table, but is served upon the dressing—not lavishly, because too much may not be agreeable and more can be asked for later on if required.

TABLE ETIQUETTE.

LAYING THE BREAKFAST, LUNCH, DINNER, TEA, AND SUPPER TABLE. ALSO TABLE NAPERY.

I.

THE laying or setting of the table for any meal, no matter how simple, and the waiting upon it, are among the most important duties of a household, and at no time and in no place is a good housekeeper's management so noticeable, and so thoroughly felt and enjoyed as at the family meals. In many homes, the eldest daughter relieves her mother of this duty, and it is no slight one when attended to properly, for the breakfast, lunch, dinner and supper tables of today differ from those of our grandmothers, not in the essentials so much as in all sorts of additions and contrivances for convenience and effect. For instance the old-fashioned vegetable dish and white saucers used for oatmeal are now replaced by a regular oatmeal service, of a covered bowl for the meal and deep plates in which to serve it. There are also boiled and shirred egg sets, and the breakfast fruit service is much less elaborate than that used for dinner.

Of course there are home tables with which no fault can be found that are not supplied with the latest convenience. Still the housekeeper who is fortunate enough to possess a full and perfect set for each meal with the extra side services is to be congratulated, for in this way she can secure a certain variety about her table that is at once charming and inviting.

THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

To begin at the beginning, a round table is considered by some the most sociable and handsomest, but in many families such a table is impossible, often on account of the size and shape of the dining room.

Therefore an extension table is the one we shall set and to do this we shall commence by covering it with a cotton flannel cloth. This cloth serves two purposes, it prevents noise from the placing of dishes on the table and it gives a body to the table cloth proper. It comes in double width, either colored or white, and may be bought for 80 cents a yard. It should just cover the top of the table, allowing the hem to fall over the edge.

Although colored napery is fashionable, in breakfast, no lady can go wrong in choosing fine white damask for this and all her meals.

If white is used, fashion decrees that the cloth should be ironed with only one fold down the middle, while a colored cloth is allowed many folds, very little starch is used, most housekeepers preferring none, but in homes where economy is practiced, the starched cloth will last the longest. The long fold of the cloth must go exactly down the middle of the table; carelessness in this will cause the whole table to look badly. After the cloth is carefully laid, begin to set the table from the center by placing the breakfast cruet stand or a basket or vase of flowers in the exact middle of the table

Fruit is never placed in the center of the table at breakfast but at one corner of the table, or on the sideboard. Next the cup and saucer tray, directly in front of the mistress, covered with its own pretty cloth, or a large white napkin, or either may be used without the tray, arrange neatly upon this the cups and saucers, spoon-holder, slop-basin, sugar-bowl, and cream-pitcher, beginning with the cups at the left hand, the coffee pot, hot water and hot milk pitchers being placed on the right.

Some ladies have discarded mats, but when they are pretty they are not only useful but effective, and are apt to hold

their place on the breakfast, lunch and tea tables, and when carefully arranged they give an air of order to the table that is very pleasing. They are to the table what a neat row of buttons is to a dress.

The knives and forks come next, then the glasses and napkins, and then the salt-cellars. If individual salts are used, fashion decrees that they should be of glass or china for the first meal of the day, and on this point there is something to remember which many housekeepers and servants forget or grow careless about, and that is that the salt-cellars should be absolutely clean and freshly filled and smoothed for each meal. One has only to think of a soiled salt-cellar half filled with a hard lump of salt to realize how necessary it is to keep them in order, and yet many good housekeepers are neglectful in this respect.

The placing of spoons with which to serve the oatmeal or other dishes and the carving knife and fork naturally follow, while there is no place so suitable for the carved wood bread plate as the breakfast table. There is a fascination about its carved wheat sheaf, oak leaves and quaint legends that is irresistible and really seems to add to the flavor of the bread cut upon it. A broad-bladed bread knife with a carved wood handle to match the plate should be placed beside it.

The butter-dish with its golden ball of fresh butter should be set in as convenient a place as possible. Some put it at one corner of the table, with its accompaniment of tiny plates, and silver knife. Others distribute the plates and allow the maid to pass the dish; both being correct.

If flowers are used be sure that they are perfectly fresh, and not too obtrusive.

Fruit for breakfast should be served either in a china dish or a long low-sided basket, with Japanese plates or some of the really pretty colored ware that can now be bought for very little, and colored napkins, not forgetting the small silver, or plated knives and finger bowls, either of plain or decorated glass. A nice way is to arrange the napkins and the plates together, by putting a napkin on a plate and so on until the pile is completed. The knives are either laid on a plate, or in a small basket and are handed by the maid along with the plates. See that the meat or fish plates are warm, the chairs placed, the water cool, the coffee hot and everything in order before the family are summoned, and remember that there is no time in the day which so fits, or unfits one to meet the world as breakfast time.

THE LUNCH-TABLE.

Luncheon is essentially a lady's meal and as such all sorts of dishes and decorations are permissable. It can be made the most sociable and the daintiest meal of the day. It should be served upon a pretty colored cloth with napkins to match and odd pieces of china, glass and silver may be used, the latest fad is to have every cup and saucer different, plates of all colors and kinds, and no two dishes alike, only all must be colored if this idea is carried out, except the drinking glasses or goblets should be of one pattern of plain or cut glass.

The latest thing in tea-trays for this meal as well as for supper, is a tray made of inlaid woods with steel or plated handles. Some of these are very beautiful and will make lovely presents for the coming holidays. One which was brought to the writer from London last summer, is of white wood with swallows in black ebony flying across it and the legend, "When the swallows homeward fly," in carved letters at one side. There are steel handles at the ends and accompanying it was a china tile on which to stand the hot tea-pot. Flowers are always allowable at this meal, and the rich tinted autumn leaves and blossoms which may now be had, contrast beautifully with the colored cloth and china. The fashionable lunch hour is two o'clock.

THE SUPPER TABLE

So nearly resembles the lunch table in every way, that hints upon one will answer for the other, only jelly and preserves usually take the place of fresh fruit at this meal. They should always be served in glass. Gentlemen being present it is apt to be a more ceremonious meal, while perhaps richer food is served, and as at lunch the tea, coffee or chocolate is helped with the meat, not after it.

It is fashionable to use colored napery, making things as bright as possible, although at a supper party where there are invited guests, it is in better taste to use fine white damask with handsome silver and china.

THE TEA TABLE.

Tea is invariably a cold meal, at which salads, cold tongue, sliced ham, cup cakes, and fine jelly are eaten. It is a bread and butter meal, with delicious tea and plenty of fresh milk; but there is no meal that requires such daintily arranged dishes or such bright silver and shining glass as this.

Any of the delicate blue and pink or colored napery may be used, and should white be chosen then let it be as fine as possible, the fringed and open work sets being exceptionally suitable. Of course we are not referring to the afternoon tea receptions, but to the home service, with may be a guest or two. Any meal may be changed from a simple family "sit down" to a feast if occasion requires it. But the housekeeper who serves the right food at the right time in the right way is the one whose table will be the safest from criticism and the most appreciated.

THE DINNER TABLE.

If dinner is to be served *a la russe*, that is everything handed by the servants, nothing should be seen upon the table during the meal but the wines, bon-bons, and fruits.

After the dining-room has been put in perfect order and the table drawn out to the required length, the maid (or man) should be provided with plenty of clean cup towels with which to polish the glass, silver and china. It will take two persons to lay the cloth perfectly. When this is done, arrange the colored carpet, mat or "runner," as it is now called, in its place, evenly down the middle. On this set the fruit, flowers, dried ginger, salted almonds, or bon-bons, all in either cut glass, silver, or fancy china dishes.

The runner is optional, and may be used or not, but it is very effective.

Now measure with the hand from the edge of the table to the end of the middle finger, and place the first glass. Continue this measurement around the table for each goblet, beside which group the claret and champagne glasses, if wines are served. Then set a plate at each place, large enough to hold the majolica oyster plate, of the first course, which is removed with the oyster plate. Now arrange three forks on the left, (one of these is the oyster fork,) and two knives on the right, (the larger of the two being used for meat). The soup spoon and napkin are also placed on the right. Fold the napkin in a three-cornered pyramid in which lay a roll of bread, and before each plate place a small salt-cellar either of cut glass, silver or fine china. If a *menu* is used it is laid either in front or at the side of the plate, beside these. Nothing should be placed upon the table, (unless indeed it be a grand dinner when of course things not attempted in these papers would be required) as everything is passed by the maids, and arranged for before hand on the sideboard. An extra supply of knives, forks, spoons, sauce-ladles, dessert-forks, spoons and knives, plates, wine-glasses, dinner plates and napkins should be set ready.

Then on a small table covered with a handsome cloth (colored and embroidered if so wished,) are placed the finger bowls, each set upon a glass bon-bon plate on which is first laid a doyley. The after dinner coffee service is also arranged on this table.

If there is not room on the sideboard, there should be another table on which to set the cracked-ice bowl with its handsome silver spoon, a dish of thin-sliced brown bread and butter, the olives, sifted sugar, cheese and celery, which is now served in long low glass dishes, extra sauces and relishes, and the jellies for the meats.

All the carving should be done in the pantry, where also the vegetables and *entrées* are prepared for serving. Everything but the wine is served on the left, and as soon as a plate is removed a fresh one is put in its place. These plates which are merely for show, should be of the finest decorated china, something odd and dainty, as they are part of the table's bric-a-brac.

The most fashionable receptacles for fruit or flowers are tall vases of silver or crystal, but a low basket or dish is by far the most sociable and advisable for a small party.

The order of a course dinner is: Oysters, soup, fish, meat, game or *entrées*, salad, dessert, crackers and cheese, fruit, candies, dried ginger, and coffee.

The brown bread is usually passed with the fish and salad, and when nicely cut and placed in a silver basket or on a tray with a clean napkin under it, it is very tempting. Of course at a home or informal dinner, the mistress helps to the soup, salad, dessert and coffee, while the master does the carving.

But the same amount of care and neatness should be observed for the family as for strangers, or as one dear old housekeeper said, "My dear what is good enough for my husband is good enough for his friend." As in her home every thing was always in perfect order, it was easy to understand this rule, especially as she considered her husband the most distinguished guest she could possibly provide for, which is a good rule to follow.

TABLE LINEN.

Fine white damask is always fashionable and in good taste for all meals, and is everywhere used for dinner. It may be handsomely embroidered, fringed, or edged with lace, it may fall quite to the floor or just half a yard over the edge of the table, which is often done to display fine mahogany; but for this meal it should always be white. Napkins for the dinner-table should match the cloth, should be large and fine, and laundried without starch. No needle-work or edging is allowed upon them, but those for the breakfast-table are smaller and the fancy now is to make the hem half an inch wide with sometimes a bit of open work or hemstitch finish. White napkins should be used with white cloths.

Fruit napkins are always colored and should be as handsome as will wash.

The colored napery now used is very dainty and if it is carefully laundried will keep its color and look well through more than one season.

Even the old-fashioned turkey red cloths and napkins are very much used for lunch and tea, and the pink, yellow, light blue and white or drab sets are lovely. Besides these there are sets of beautiful open work, the table-cloth of which is used over a colored lining, exquisite Russian embroidered sets, and others of the finest linen and trimmed with lace, while some are of fine damask with the family's monogram wrought in colored threads either at one corner or on the middle of the cloth just six inches from the center fold. At the same time there is nothing handsomer than the knotted fringe and lace effects of the South Kensington school embroidery. Under the head of table furnishing are grouped a lot of useful and ornamental napkins which are worth the housekeeper's attention, such as finger-bowl, doylies, table-runners, egg, hot waffle napkins, corn and bread cloths, among which is also classed the tea tray and carving napkin.

Finger-bowl doylies are just six inches square, including the fringe or hem and they may be made of nice cloth, linen, lace, or the richest silk, colored or white, and decorated eitherwith embroidery, sketching, painting or Spanish work.

Napkins for eggs, rolls, corn, and so on, are generally about half a yard long, as the articles are laid inside and room must be allowed to fold over. Some are envelope-shaped, while others have one end turned under, the other being ornamented to lay over the article. They can be bought ready stamped in appropriate designs either for outline work or embroidery, for about 50 cents each. They should be made of coarse linen and hemmed rather than fringed.

The tray napkins and the carving napkins which come both for fish and meat, suggest of themselves both designs and size, and can be purchased fringed or banded with quaint designs and mottoes ready to work, either in white or colored wash silk thread. White is the most popular at present. They cost from 75 cents to two dollars apiece.

Table-runners or center mats are from one and a half to two yards long, but of course the length is determined by the length of the table used. Forty inches will be long enough for ordinary or every day use.

They should match in richness the finger-bowl doylies, in fact they often match them in design and material. A runner and doylies made of the pretty little Turkish squares that can be bought at any of the art needlework establishments, lined with silk and finished with different colored silk tassels are very handsome and will cost inside of ten dollars. All sorts of odd cloths may be added to this list, but the housekeeper should remember one important thing, that too much of anything is out of taste, and that slovenly decoration is worse than none at all.

One word more, as the charm of a table depends largely upon fresh smooth linen (fine if possible) it is very necessary that there should be a generous use of such. Nothing is so disgusting than a soiled crumpled table cloth, and it is almost as bad to use one that has just come from the laundry still damp and smelling of soap.

—Mary Barr Munroe.

AUTUMN VILLANELLE.

The leaves are changing day by day to gold;
A solemn hush is brooding in the air;
The story of the year is almost told.

Sometimes a nut falls, loosened by the bold,
Or in the stillness starts a timid hare.
The leaves are changing day by day to gold.

Far off a purple mist seems to enfold
The distant hills, and make them still more fair.
The story of the year is almost told.

The golden-rod, last month so bright and bold,
Now bows its silvery head, and everywhere
The leaves are changing day by day to gold.

Oftimes there rises from the leafy mold
A spicy perfume like some incense rare;
The story of the year is almost told.

And when the south wind moves the branches old
We hear a gentle murmur as of prayer.
The leaves are changing day by day to gold
The story of the year is almost told.

—Dorothy Nelson.

"Come Home to Thanksgiving!"

THANKSGIVING.

The threshing is over, the husking is done,
The muskrat has wisely prepared him a nest,
The squirrel his acorns has stored one by one,
The woodchuck has gone to his long winter's rest.
The winds of November, unfriendly and cold,
Have blown the dead leaves of the fast dying year
Into eddies and heaps, where damp and the mold
Invite to decay—yes, winter is near.

The ruddy-cheeked orchard fruits, kissed by the sun
In the days when his smiles with warmth were aglow,
Are gathered and waiting the frolic and fun
When maiden and lover shall pare them I trow.
The full-fruited year with a generous hand
Has emptied his treasures at many a door,
While health and good government throughout the land
Are cause for thanksgiving and praise evermore.

Then gather the children and friends round the board,
The feast of Thanksgiving should be one of cheer,
The very best viands the farm can afford
Should lend us their presence at least once a year.
Yes, roast the fat turkey and sirloin of beef,
And season with currant and cranberry jell,
Pile high the baked beans, it is common belief
That joy and good appetite seldom rebel.

And then there's the pudding with raisins and cream,
What joy to the heart of the youngster it brings!
His highest ambition on earth, it would seem,
Is reached, when at grandma's he feasts on such things.
The coffee, too, fit for a king or queen,
(And such we all are by a God given right),
And doughnuts that carry us back to the green,
Happy days of our childhood, in memory bright.

But better than all the good things on the spread
And better than plenty in basket and store,
Is the feast of affection – that heavenly bread—
We'd better go hungry than this to ignore.
Then may we each have at our Thanksgiving feast
The love that binds kindred and friends here below,
And remember that thankfulness may be increased
If first to God's poor ones, some kindness we show.

—Unidentified.

THANKSGIVING ODE.

Once more the liberal year laughs out
O'er richer stores than gems of gold;
Once more with harvest-song and shout
Is nature's bloodless triumph told.

Our common mother rests and sings,
Like Ruth, among her garnered sheaves;
Her lap is full of goodly things,
Her brow is bright with autumn leaves.

O favors every year made new!
O gifts with rain and sunshine sent!
The bounty overruns our due;
The fulness shames our discontent.

We shut our eyes, and flowers bloom on;
We murmur, but the corn-ears fill;
We choose the shadow, but the sun
That casts it shines behind us still.

God gives us with our rugged soil
The power to make it Eden-fair,
And richer fruits to crown our toil
Than summer-wedded islands bear.

Who murmurs at his lot to-day?
Who scorns his native fruit and bloom?
Or sighs for dainties far away,
Beside the bounteous board of home?

Thank Heaven, instead, that Freedom's arm
Can change a rocky soil to gold;
That brave and generous lives can warm
A clime with Northern ices cold.

And let these altars, wreathed with flowers
And piled with fruits, awake again
Thanksgivings for the golden hours,
The early and the latter rain!

—John G. Whittier.

THE PUMPKIN PYE.

The bards of the Hudson may sing of the melon,
Its smooth jetty seeds and its ripe, ruddy core,
And the feast of the reaper with ecstasy dwell on,
Reclining at noon on the cool, breezy shore;
For me, the rich soil of New England produces
An off'ring more dear to the taste and the eye,
The bright yellow pumpkin—how mellow its juices,
When temper'd with ginger, and bak'd into pye.

Let others with dainties their appetite pamper,
And gaze with delight on the splendors of plate,
Be stunned with a bustle, and bid pages scamper—
Such pleasures as these I resign to the great;
But give me the feast when no knives and forks clatter,
Where each to the neat cherry table draws nigh,
And carves for himself from the broad, earthen platter
A slice of the sweet, yellow, smooth pumpkin pye.

There are those who delight in the fig and the raisin,
In quaffing the milk from the cocoanut's shell—
Some, the olive and pomegranate lavish their praise on,
The orange's glow and the pineapple's smell;
I leave them the products of both of the Indies,
And all the rich fruits of a tropical sky;
Their exquisite juices and flavors and tinges—
And ask no dessert save the sweet pumpkin pye.

Then hail to the muse of the pumpkin and onion!
The Frenchman may laugh and the Englishman sneer
At the land of the Bible, and psalm book and Bunyan;
Still, still to my bosom her green hills are dear;
Her daughters are pure as her bright crystal fountains,
And Hymen, if ever thy blessings I try,
O! give me the girl of my own native mountains,
Who knows how to temper the sweet pumpkin pye.

—Boston Sentinel (1818).

TURKEY.

The day of feas**T**ing draweth nigh,
And scores of **T**urkeys soon must die.

Get one that's yo**U**ng and sweet and fat,
And stuff it f**U**ll of this and that.

With fruits and be**R**ries sauces make
And add prese**R**ves and pies and cake.

Ask friends and **K**indred all to come
And spend Than**K**sgiving at your home.

Let not the car**E**s of life distress
But fill each gu**E**st with happiness.

Revive the jo**Y**s of youthful days,
And for th**Y** blessings offer praise.

—Farm Journal.

Keeping House in Paris

By Georgia Ransom Ferguson.

House hunting in the environs of Paris is much more agreeable than in the city, for in the latter the heat is intense, and especially painful when reflected from endless rows of white stone buildings. The environs have villas—lots of them—with charmingly clean and well-kept gardens, where the roses bloom into December, and English ivy and French willows grow together, and a simpler folk than the perfumed Parisian reside.

The living is cheaper in the suburbs. These pleasant houses, with their homeliness and breathing spaces near the earth, cost less than a flat perched high up in smoky space in the city. Paris is somewhat unhealthy, but in the environs there is more of nature and a redder hue in the air. There is a thrill of pleasure as one gets off the tram and sees the narrow village streets, crooked byways, moss-grown high gray walls inclosing gardens such as "Monseigneur" in Les Miserables loved to walk and dream in—the grays and browns and greens, exquisitely painted by the faultless brush of Nature.

There are many big houses with beautiful gardens, but they cannot be got on less than a three-years' lease. They have from eight to ten rooms, hardwood floors, open fireplaces and an air not unlike the English country homes. Perhaps at length *l'agence* will find a house rentable by the year. The rents are from thirty-five to sixty-five dollars a month. Here comes in the character of the lease. The French lease is not a matter of fixed law; there are many variations for option and for fancy. A single clause can make the lessee responsible for the safekeeping of the entire estate, or permit his being ousted without explanation. It is well to deal with gentlefolk in these transactions. The regular taxes in France to be added to the rental price are window and door taxes (one pays for light and air) and the street cleaning and water tax.

The ordinary suburban lease also prohibits the hanging of a washing in one's own back garden, since all villa gardens are devoted exclusively to flowers and aesthetics. A *blanchisseuse* will have to be paid by the piece, but the charges of the washwomen are very reasonable. A large family need not spend more than a dollar and a half a week for washing, if the housekeeper is willing to have her sheets and blankets nicely cleansed and folded, without ironing.

Servants are paid from ten to fourteen dollars a month in Paris; waitresses from nine and a half to eleven. A good cook and general domestic can be had for twelve dollars. A first-class woman cook seldom gets over fourteen dollars. The proverbial economy of French cooking is, however, a myth. A clever New England housewife can save half enough to buy her clothes from what the French woman wastes in her cooking. There are many international *gastronomic* secrets yet to be revealed.

The suburbs of Paris have advantages—and disadvantages. The first marked advantage to be noted is that if able to get a villa, one will be able to keep it for a reasonable period. In Paris payment is by the month, not by the year. An *appartement* may be taken for two, three or six months; but payment is by the month, and with a month's warning the unhappy tenant may be obliged to vacate. Monsieur may say, "Oui, oui," but the *parole* does not count in the courts.

The distance of the suburbs may be counted a disadvantage—especially in the time lost in waiting for the tram or the omnibus. If the latter is *complet*, you must

climb the iron steps, swaying from side to to side, tripping on your skirt, pulling yourself up by the iron railing while the horses canter down the street. They will not wait for the passenger to get seated, or pause while she is climbing down. To get accommodation on the inside, first floor, time must be taken to go to an omnibus station and get a ticket for a numbered seat.

The environs have a system of communication or *abonnement*, unlike any similar plan known in America. This is an agreement which allows of riding by the year at a cost of six cents a day or more, according to the distance. With it one may go in and out of the city an indefinite number of times daily. The red tape connected with it is peculiar. First, the computer's picture is taken as identification; then several official documents are signed, reminding one of the possibility of appearing in the rogues' gallery. Ten francs more than the *abonnement* rates is also deposited, which is returned on the end of the contract. Then a pretty red book is presented, with the commuter's picture in one corner and signed name in another—but which in fact is seldom if ever examined by the *gendarmes* at the gate.

Another factor to be taken into consideration in determining whether one will live in or out of the city is the *octoi*—the Parisian city custom tax on coal, wine, and other necessities bought within the city limits. For wine is a necessity in Paris; the Seine water being so bad that even the servants have their allowance of wine. Then as to coal, it is the winter king of Paris. The skies smile in sunshine all summer, but they weep the winter through, and the Parisian world would perish if it were not for coal. Coal last winter in Paris was three francs a small sack—eighteen dollars a ton. In the suburbs, outside the *octoi*, it is sold at two francs a sack.

Good butter can be bought in Paris at from forty cents to a dollar a pound; it can be bought from twenty-eight to forty cents outside the city limits. Bear in mind that butter in France is always fresh, unsalted and is finest when right from the churn. In New York or Boston such butter can scarcely be bought for less than a dollar a pound. Regarding meat, the expense will depend upon the marketing skill. In Paris meat is nominally dear; but if Madame Francaise has a reputation for economy, it has been fairly won, not by her skill in cooking, but by her skill in buying. She runs everything on a small scale—one chop for each person, butter once a day, a small *gateau* for dessert, coffee and bread for breakfast, a small piece of meat and one vegetable for dinner—that is all. So Madame lives and pensions are kept.

The shoulder of veal is twenty cents a pound; veal chops forty cents. French butchers slice for the *ragout* as accurately as a lawyer makes a brief. If ham is wanted it must be got at the *charcuteric*, or pork shop—the butcher does not infringe on his brother's sales. And dear enough pork is, at from forty cents a pound for lard to fifty cents for ham and forty cents for sausages. Neither does the butcher keep fowls. They are to be got at the *primeur magasin*, which means the shop of early fruits. Here are to be found goose, chicken and turkey, new vegetables, butter and fruit. Apples are sold by weight—a kilo or half kilo. At first sight of the thrifty French dame weighing her apples, taking off a large one and tucking in a small one to make the scales balance, one is apt to think of the orchards at home, the barrels of winter Baldwins, and alas, of the waste under the trees that the home commerce will not carry to the needy poor, and there may come up just a bit of homesickness.

The housekeeper must know something of French groceries and their prices, even though, as is the custom, her *bonne* does the marketing. Sugar is a state monopoly and everywhere of the same price—eleven cents a pound for the cheapest. There are two kinds of potatoes commonly sold by the grocer—the red and the white. White potatoes are used for roasting, baking, and

frying; the red for puree, souffle, croquettes, and soups. The red are fourteen cents, the white eighteen cents, *un boisson*. Preserves, tea and coffee are all very expensive, as is flour. This is not used for domestic baking in France, as the *boulangeric* bakes and sells for everybody, a three-pound loaf costing fifteen cents and rolls one cent each.

If in housekeeping the heart turns to Paris, and an *appartement* is taken, remember the *concierge!* At the occupation of the *appartement* she must receive at least twenty francs. She must be feed every time she brings water, coal, wood or parcels, and especially when she is rung up because one has staid out late at night—at the theater. In a Paris *appartement* it is forbidden by law to wash even a handkerchief, and unless a kitchen is hired nothing can be cooked in the rooms. After nine o'clock in the morning you can have no coal carried up, and in fine your total comfort and convenience depend upon ability to please the *concierge*. It is she who is the *proprietaire en evidence*. Yet after all you will decide that the French people are not generally sordid nor mercenary. They are children, and you must keep the rules of their game—and the *concierge* is one of the principal rules in Parisian housekeeping.

The Children's Room

By Adelaide L. Rouse

Every house which shelters children should have, if possible, its children's room. In this room the children should be allowed perfect liberty. There should be an opportunity to do anything, from making mud pies to painting in water colors. A deep tray, lined with zinc and filled with sand, will furnish material for the mud pies, and serve to teach many a geography lesson as well. There should be tools for the boy who likes them, and a kitchen, and all that belongs to it, should be provided for the domestic child.

Nothing in childish literature which fell in my way ever gave me the pleasure that the "real stove" did in "Little Men." The domestic member of the family may be a boy instead of a girl. Sometimes the boy prefers the tin kitchen, and the girl the tool chest. In these days when women are entering upon every profession, you may find an embryo architect in your own little girl.

The children's room should be amply provided with closets and shelves for books, toys, tools and collections. A certain degree of order and neatness should be demanded, but each child ought to be allowed to play in a free, untrammeled fashion. Nothing which is too good to receive hard usage should be admitted into this room. A portion of the floor should be left bare, so that roller skates need not be prohibited. There should be chairs and tables to suit the sizes of the different owners of the room, and plenty of them, so that if Jess wants to "play tea" and Jack wants to draw, and Jenny wants to cut out dolls' clothes, all may be accommodated. A blackboard or two, some simple gymnasium apparatus, a desk or two, a set basin and faucet, and, if possible, a typewriter, will add to the value of the children's room.

The little Brontes had few enough comforts in their bleak Yorkshire home, but they had a place which belonged to them, "a tiny slip of a room, scarcely larger than a linen closet," where they could write their stories and "establish" their plays, to use Charlotte's quaint expression. "The little room upstairs," wrote Mrs Gaskell, "was appropriated to the children. Small as it was, it was not a nursery; indeed, it had not the comfort of a fireplace; the servants called the room the children's study." No doubt this little room had its influence upon these gifted sisters. A place of one's very own is almost a necessity for grown people, and a room like this, where children can follow their natural bents, whether it be pounding nails or mounting photographs or making dolls' clothes, will do much toward educating them.

A NEW ENGLAND THANKSGIVING DINNER.

HISTORICAL AND PREPARATORY.

THE DAYS BEFORE AND THE MORNING OF THE DAY.

An Old Fashioned Bill of Fare, with New Fashioned Accompaniments.

THE pleasure of a Thanksgiving day at Grandpa's is not among the memories of my childhood. My grandparents lived in a distant State and, as my home was not the gathering place of our small family circle, I knew nothing of the excitement of preparation for this annual feast.

It is only in imagination that I know of the times when half a dozen turkeys, chickens, ducks and geese were made ready for the tin kitchen; when the best pig was killed that the hams and spare ribs might be prepared in season; when the brick oven was in constant use for a week before that eventful day, when pies of mince-meat, apple, custard, squash, pumpkin and cranberry were made by the hundred; when sheets of gingerbread, loaves of cake and pans of tarts, cookies, crullers and doughnuts were made that would fill to over-flowing the shelves of a modern pantry; when barrels of apples and cider, heaps of butternuts, shellbarks, hazelnuts, chestnuts, and bunches of sweet herbs were stored in the cellar and attic, and when, from far and near the aunts, uncles and cousins came trooping to the ancestral roof. But it was my privilege in early childhood, as one of the "minister's family" to be a guest at the homes of many of the best families in my father's parish, and after his death to share the same genuine courtesy extended to his widow and children. Afterward there were many Thanksgivings spent with auntie or uncle, or with some new friend, or at the family reunion in my husband's old home. And until within a half-score of years I might almost say that no two Thanksgiving days of my life had been spent in the same place. So the bill of fare which I shall arrange for the readers of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING will not be modeled after the feasts of "ye olden time," nor the modern fashionable *menu*, but will be gathered from what has come under my own observation.

During the days spent in the old Pilgrim town, the birthplace of the Thanksgiving festival, in the oldest and youngest cities and several inland towns of the Old Bay State, in quiet hamlets near the Green Mountains and the hilly towns of the Granite State, in "Little Rhody" and in two of the middle States, I have had no small opportunity for such observation.

I have sat at the Thanksgiving tables of clergymen, lawyers, doctors, generals, merchants, the best of our New England farmers and the far-famed hospitable Quakers. Never, except at a recent dinner in Boston, have I seen a soup as a part of a Thanksgiving dinner, and never except in some magazine bills of fare have I seen a course of fish, or canned vegetables, or a salad, unless celery served without dressing and eaten with the other dishes, may be called a salad. Although I approve of the practice of beginning every dinner with a soup, and disapprove of finishing with three kinds of pie and a pudding, custom and association have so hallowed the old Thanksgiving dinner that on that day it would seem almost sacrilegious to introduce a modern innovation or seem to be less hospitable than our grandmothers were.

Thanksgiving day is chiefly associated with the country. In the city it always loses some of its charm. It means country ways, country living, country products, and country hospitality. It means fields and hills and lanes and woods, and something is always lacking if there be not snow enough for good sleighing. It means, not suites of rooms, nor flats, nor brown-stone fronts, but stately mansions of the colonial times, or quaint old gambrel or sloping roofed houses, full of substantial furnishings and always large enough or elastic enough to accommodate all the family, and the "stranger within the gates." It means the choicest of everything you have and an abundance of it. It means love of home, and love of kindred; it means the consecration of the family tie.

If, my young housekeeper, your chief desire in getting up a dinner is to show how many courses of new dishes you can serve, or how well you can follow the latest freak of fashion or how superior your "brown dinner" will be to Mrs. A's "yellow dinner," take some other day for it. Do not desecrate this day by any such notions. And should your family circle be small, do not send your invitations among your fashionable neighbors, but seek out the lonely seamstress or the school-teacher, or the orphan children, or any of the homeless, friendless ones, always to be found in every community if we only search for them.

It will be a pleasant change to turn from the modern dinner of many courses to the simple bill of fare of thirty years ago.

If my directions are followed, I guarantee to any young housekeeper, that without assistance or over exertion, she will be able to prepare a dinner that will afford satisfaction to herself and her friends. And though my bill of fare will contain nothing new or elaborate it will at least be what the editor asked for.—"A bill of fare for a good New England Thanksgiving Dinner."

BILL OF FARE.

Roast Turkey. *Chicken Pie.*
Potatoes. *Onions.*
Squash. *Turnip.*
Celery.
White Bread. *Brown Bread.*
Cranberry Sauce.
Plum Pudding. *Hard Sauce.*
Apple Pie, Mince Pie, Pumpkin Pie.
Apples, Nuts, Raisins.
Tea. Coffee.

Many people begin quite early in the autumn to have roast turkey and mince pies, but it has always seemed to me that these luxuries were relished better if the first taste for the season were on Thanksgiving day.

We will suppose, gentle reader, that you have adopted my bill of fare, and are ready to begin your preparations on

MONDAY.

From the numerous recipes given in GOOD HOUSEKEEPING you have doubtless selected the best way to make your bread, tea and coffee and are probably familiar with the details of preparing fruit, dressing poultry, etc. So only such recipes will be given here as have not appeared in GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, or, are especially to be recommended as standard Thanksgiving dishes.

Many of the extra preparations can be sandwiched in among the regular duties of each day, and Thanksgiving eve will find you fresh and vigorous for the next day's work.

Plan to have part of the baking done early in the week. Mince pies can be made the week before, but the pumpkin and apple pies should not be made before Tuesday. On Monday select and cook the meat, and while that is simmering stone the raisins, and prepare the fruit for the pies and pudding; also pound and sift the sweet herbs for the stuffing, and see that you have some bread that will be stale enough for it by Wednesday. If you have time chop the meat and apples and mix all the ingredients for the mince meat.

TUESDAY.

Mix the white bread and also the brown bread. Stew the pumpkin, and make the pastry. The plain pastry, if properly made is rich enough for any pie, but, if you prefer, you may make puff paste for the rims and upper crust and use the plain pastry for the lower crust. Make the pies and while they are baking, roll the crackers for the pudding. Bake the bread.

WEDNESDAY.

Make the plum pudding. The crackers and raisins having been previously prepared, it can be put together in a short time. Bake it and set it away ready to be warmed over the next day. Stew the cranberries and make the hard sauce for the pudding. The pudding and chicken pie can be baked on Thanksgiving day if you are so fortunate as to have a range in which you can bake them in the lower oven. Boil the chicken for the pie. Clean the turkey, stuff and truss it that it may be ready to be put into the pan the next morning. Stew the giblets till tender, and put them where they will not become hard and dry, but do not chop them until Thursday. There are usually children or gentlemen at any such gathering, who are glad of the chance to crack the nuts for you on Thanksgiving morning, but, if you must do the work yourself, it is pleasant occupation for Thanksgiving eve. This reduces the actual labor for Thanksgiving day to the making of the crust for the chicken pie, the cooking of the turkey and the vegetables, and the making of the gravy and tea and coffee.

THURSDAY MORNING.

Make the chicken pie, and bake it as soon as possible after breakfast. It can be warmed in twenty minutes, while the turkey and vegetables are being prepared. Then wash and pare the vegetables, and put the celery in a cool place. Lay the table, and get every thing ready that will be needed.

All these preparations made, you will be ready to change your dress and greet your guests, who, at a "New England Thanksgiving Dinner," are not expected to wait until the dinner hour, before they present themselves. Or you may arrange the fire, replenish the hot water kettles, put the turkey into the oven, and after it begins to brown cover it with buttered paper, and go to meeting as our mothers used to do.

An hour before dinner will be sufficient time to cook and prepare all the vegetables, to reheat the pudding and put the finishing touches to the arrangements of the table. Lay your table with your largest plates; small dishes will be needed for those who do not wish the cranberry sauce or onions on a plate with the meat. Put the bread, butter, cranberry sauce and celery on the table, and arrange the fruit, nuts, pudding-sauce and pies ready to be brought on when needed. The vegetables are to be pared, and cooked in boiling, salted water about half an hour. The squash may be steamed over the potatoes, and the water on the onions should be changed twice. The squash and turnip should be drained, mashed and seasoned with butter, salt and a little pepper. A speck of sugar will improve the squash. The onions should be drained, heated again in milk enough to cover them, and seasoned with salt, butter and pepper. The potatoes may be drained, beaten up thoroughly with a fork, sprinkled with salt and piled lightly on a dish.

Keep each vegetable warm in the dish in which it has been cooked, while you prepare the gravy, put fresh water on to boil for the tea, and heat the plates and dishes for serving.

The pudding may be set into a large kettle of boiling water on the back of the stove. Chop the giblets and put them over the teakettle to warm. Make the gravy, and serve half of it plain, and half with the giblets.

Make the tea and serve it with the dinner, as your elderly guests will prefer it then. Those who wish coffee will doubtless prefer that after the dessert, and it need not be made till the first course has been served.

It is always wise to allow ample time for a dinner, but it is imperative on Thanksgiving day. Doubtless your guests will understand how to add to your enjoyment of the dinner, by so curbing their own, that you will not be compelled to make a pretense of eating to avoid being "left behind in the race."

Of course your "better half" has studied GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, and needs no hints about carving. And if you have no help in the kitchen we hope he has the happy tact of so diverting the attention of your guests that your necessary work in changing for the second course may not be done with the consciousness that every eye is upon you.

If a delightful custom of Thanksgiving day in the olden time be not forgotten, there will be a spirit of kindness and informality among your most familiar guests, that will prompt them to vie with each other, as to who shall have the honor of helping you in that usually dreaded task, etc., the clearing up after the Thanksgiving dinner—a time when, if ever, is proved the truth of the old saying, "Many hands make light work."

Mince Meat for Pies.

1 cupful of chopped meat.	2 teaspoonfuls of cinnamon.
1½ cupfuls of raisins.	½ of a teaspoonful of mace.
1½ cupfuls of currants.	½ of a teaspoonful of powdered cloves.
1½ cupfuls of brown sugar.	1 lemon, grated rind and juice.
½ of a cupful of molasses, or	¼ piece of citron.
1 cupful of granulated sugar.	¼ of a cupful of brandy.
3 cupfuls of chopped apples.	¼ of a cupful of wine.
1 cupful of meat liquor.	3 teaspoonfuls of rose water.
2 teaspoonfuls of salt.	

This recipe will be found convenient for those who like accurate measurement. It will make nearly three quarts. Mix in the order given. Use enough of the meat liquor to make it quite moist. If you do not approve of wine and brandy substitute one cupful of cider, or one cupful of sweet pickle vinegar, or half a cupful of water with the juice of one lemon, and two or three tablespoonfuls of jelly or preserve.

Cook it in a porcelain kettle until the apple and raisins are soft. Add a little more rose-water when you fill the pies.

In following this rule much will depend upon the purity of the spices used. These proportions do not make a highly spiced mince, but it is easy to add more if desired. If it seems to lack something, add salt. This brings out the other flavors.

Pastry for one Pie.

1 heaping cupful of pastry flour.	¼ of a cupful of lard.
1 saltspoonful of baking powder.	¼ of a cupful of butter.
1 saltspoonful of salt.	

Mix salt and baking powder with the flour and rub in the lard. Mix quite stiff with cold water. Roll out, put the butter on the paste in pieces the size of beans, and sprinkle with flour. Fold over and roll to fit the plate.

Puff Paste.

1 pound of the best butter.	1 scant teaspoonful of salt.
1 pound of pastry flour.	1 cupful of ice water.

By measure, use one quart of flour and one pint of butter. Scald the bowl and dip your hands in hot water, to keep the butter from sticking. Wash the butter in cold water, divide into four parts, pat until thin, wrap it in a napkin and place in a pan between two pans of ice. Mix the salt with the flour, rub in one part of the butter, add the ice-water slowly, mix with a knife, and cut till it can be taken up clean from the bowl. Toss out on a well floured board, pat into a flat cake, then roll out until half an inch thick. Roll one

part of the butter thin and lay it on the middle of the paste. Fold the sides towards the middle, then the ends over, and double again. Pat and roll out again. Repeat this process with the remaining pieces of butter. When the butter is all rolled in, the paste should be rolled and folded till no streaks of butter can be seen. After the last rolling, place it on the ice to harden, as it may then be cut and shaped more easily.

Apple Pie.

Line a tin or granite plate with a thin crust. Cut sour apples in quarters, remove the cores and skins, and cut each quarter in two pieces lengthwise. Fill the plate, putting the pieces of apple round the edge in regular order, and piling slightly in the middle. When the apples are not juicy, add a little water. Cover with crust without wetting the edges, and bake about half an hour. When nearly done, boil three heaping tablespoonfuls of sugar and one of water five minutes. Add the grated rind of one-quarter of a lemon, or one tablespoonful of lemon juice. When the pie is done, remove to an earthen plate, pour the syrup through a cut in the top, or raise the upper crust and pour it over the fruit, or simply sprinkle with sugar and bits of butter. Replace the crust; the steam will dissolve the sugar and the pie will be sweeter and of better flavor than if sweetened before baking.

Pumpkin Pie.

1½ cupfuls of stewed and sifted pumpkin.	½ of a teaspoonful of salt.
1 cupful of boiling milk.	1 saltspoonful of cinnamon.
½ of a cupful of sugar.	1 egg.

Mix in the order given. Line a plate with paste, put on a rim and fill with the pumpkin. Bake slowly until it puffs up. This makes one pie.

Thanksgiving Pudding.

6 buttered crackers.	½ of a teaspoonful of salt.
3 pints of milk.	1 teaspoonful of mixed spice.
¼ of a cupful of butter.	6 eggs.
1 cupful of sugar.	1 pound of raisins.

Roll the crackers and soak them one hour in the milk. Cream the butter, add the sugar, salt and spice, and, when all are well mixed, add the beaten egg. Stir this into the milk and add the raisins, seeded. Bake in a deep pudding dish well-greased with cold butter. Bake very slowly in a moderate oven three hours. Several times during the first hour lift up the raisins from the bottom to keep them from settling, but do not stir the pudding away from the edge of the pan.

Hard Sauce.

Rub half a cupful of butter to a cream, add gradually one cupful of powdered sugar. When light and creamy add one teaspoonful of vanilla or lemon, and a little nutmeg. Pile it lightly on a fancy dish and set away in a cool place.

Cranberry Sauce.

Put one quart of cranberries (washed) in a granite stew pan. On top of them sprinkle one pint of granulated sugar. Pour on one cupful of water. After they begin to boil cook them, closely covered, just ten minutes, and do not stir them. If they boil over, lift the cover and press them down with the spoon. Remove the scum. The skins will be soft and tender, if not stirred or over-cooked, and the flavor will be better than when the sauce is sifted.

Chicken Pie.

Two chickens, three pints of cream, one pound of butter, flour to make a stiff crust. Cut the chicken at the joints, and boil till tender.

Crust.

Three pints of cream, one heaping teaspoonful of salt, flour to mix hard enough to roll out easily. Line a deep earthen dish having flaring sides, with a thin layer of paste. Roll the remainder of the paste half an inch thick. Cut three-fourths of a pound of butter into small pieces, and put them on the paste quite close together. Sprinkle a little flour over the butter and roll the paste over and over. Roll out again half an inch thick and roll up. Cut off from the ends of the roll, turn the pieces over and roll out half an inch thick for rims. Wet the paste in the dish with milk, and lay the rims round the sides of the dish. Put on two, three, or four rims, showing one above another, the inside rim the highest. Wet each rim to make it adhere. Fill the center with the parboiled chicken. Take out some of the larger bones, and put in the pieces so that the bones will point towards the center. Season the chicken liquor with salt and pepper, and pour it over the chicken; use enough to nearly cover. Cut the remaining quarter of butter into pieces the size of a chestnut, and put them over the meat. Roll the remainder of the crust to fit the top. Make a curving cut in the crust and turn it back, that the steam may escape. Bake three hours in a brick oven. If baked in a stove oven, put on only two rims of crust and bake two hours.

This recipe for chicken pie has been used in the family of the late Gen. T——, of Charlton, Mass., for nearly a century. But no matter how faithfully the directions have been followed, so unsuccessful have been the attempts of a large circle of friends to make a pie that would taste like Aunt Amelia's, that the only conclusion that can be drawn is that the particular dish which auntie always uses, is so permeated with the flavor of the pies of each year's baking, as to impart a relish not attainable when any other dish is used. But do not be discouraged from trying the recipe, for you, unfortunate mortals! who have not had the genuine chicken pie as your standard, will doubtless find that the result of your first effort will be so good that you will be abundantly repaid for the attempt.

—Mary J. Lincoln.

PUMPKIN PIES.

In the kitchen fair Phyllis, one hand 'neath her chin
(Her dear little chin, with the dimple nicked in,)
And a look on her face that she means to be wise,
Sits and ponders the question of making some pies.
"Let me see, now!" she says, "there is apple and quince;
There is peach, there is cherry, there's lemon and mince;
But I think," here a blush a sweet secret confessed,
"Of them all Colin's sure to like pumpkin the best!
And though, oh dear me, they will be lots of bother,
I know I can make them as good as his mother!
Or, perhaps he may think mine a little *the best:*
How I'll smile then and say 'Surely Colin you jest!'
While he'll whisper. "'Tis so,' all unheard by the rest.
But before I begin, there's the pumpkin to find;
I shall be sadly misled if it's not to my mind."

So she hastens away, like the maiden of old,
To the garden, where glimmer the great globes of gold,
And selects one with care—quite as large and as mellow
As once formed the coach of the good Cinderella!
To the kitchen then back, in delight with her prize,
And a knife for the wand of the fairy applies,
When, presto! the pumpkin is soon changed into pies.

HOW SHE DOES IT.

Cut the pumpkin in half, just as smooth as you can,
And put it to bake in a clean dripping pan—
When the seeds are removed—with the skin side on top,
In a very slow oven 'Twill be time to stop
When you find it will scrape from the rind with a spoon,
Like a crusty baked loaf 'twill be nicely brown soon.
Mash finely, and to one quart of pumpkin, while hot,
Stir of butter, a quarter of a pound in the pot;
Let cool, and add to it what sugar you like;
(Not too much or too little, a medium strike);
Then pour in a quart of milk fresh in the pan,
('Tis better to let it be cream if you can);
Then the yolks of four eggs, beaten well to be nice,
With two tablespoonfuls of ginger as spice,
One of nutmeg, too. If you wish them quite comely,
Bake in a quick oven with bottom crust only.
Of the whites of the eggs a stiff froth should now rise
To spread over the tops. Who could wish better pies?

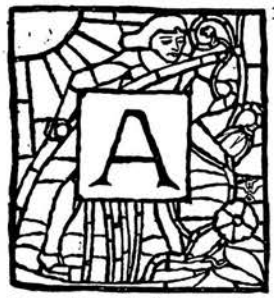
—Adelaide Preston.

LANDLORD AND TENANT.

By MARY POCOCK.

PART I.

WHAT TO CONSIDER IN BUYING OR RENTING A HOUSE, LEASES, ETC.



BOUT two years ago a lady calling on me told me she had just found a charming house that exactly suited her. She seemed quite delighted with it; she added that she had obtained it for ninety pounds a year, though it was quite worth a hundred and fifty; she had taken an assignment of the last two years of a lease. The house, she said, certainly wanted some repairs done, but that really they would not signify; she could not afford a higher rent, and liked a good house. It is needless to add that she had acted on her own judgment, and not asked advice of anyone before signing an agreement, and it was of no use to tell her afterwards that she had probably acted unwisely. The two years have now expired, and she is in much trouble, as she finds that those little repairs she did not think much of have increased, and with what the lease requires her to do, the dilapidations will cost her a hundred and forty pounds, which is equal to paying a hundred and sixty pounds per annum for the time she has occupied the house.

If anyone tells me that they have found a very cheap house, I always feel inclined to ask, "Why is it cheap?" There is probably some reason; it may be that a railway is unpleasantly close to the property, that the next house is a school where music is not neglected, that it can only be had for a very short time at the rent named, that it is the end of a lease and occupier will be liable for dilapidations, that the tenant may have to put in new drains before the house is habitable, or there may be something against the house itself; for in letting an unfurnished house there is no implied warranty that it is in a habitable condition, or that it is fit for the purpose for which it is let. A tenant is supposed to see to these matters for himself, and he can stipulate to have certain things done before he agrees to take a house. Of course if a landlord specially guarantees a house to be in proper condition it alters the case. My experience cost me twenty pounds, in this way: I took a house on lease, after having drains, roof, etc., looked to; but almost directly after taking possession a sharp frost showed that a large balcony was unsafe; the joists on which it was were rotten, but had been concealed from view by the plaster, which when injured by the frost exposed the weak part. It cost twenty pounds to put the new joists in and make good the balcony.

Houses are let on various terms; few landlords care to let one for a year only, for if it is in good decorative repair (paint, paper hangings, and ceilings), and there is only fair wear and tear, it will probably require as much doing to it for a fresh tenant, should it be empty at the end of the year, as if it had been occupied for three years. Houses are frequently let on (what are customarily called) three years' agreements, which are renewable from time to time; but unless there is a stipulation to the contrary, the landlord can, at the expiration of the three years or any other term for which the house may be taken, raise the rent if he chooses; the tenant has of course the option of leaving or of paying the increased rent. The landlord is not obliged to do repairs (unless he agrees to) when a house is let in this way. If in good order when the tenant enters on possession, he does not expect to have to do anything to the house for the first three years.

It is a tenant's duty, whatever arrangement may be made about repairs and without any stipulation in the matter, to replace broken windows and doors, to clear the snow from the roof, and to keep the drains clean. There is an implied obligation for a tenant to use a house properly, and at the end of his tenancy to give a house up in the same condition as it was when he took it, fair wear and tear excepted. Fair wear covers damage done to decorations, etc., by living in a house; but not injuries arising from neglect or carelessness. The occupier is not answerable if the house is accidentally burnt down, but the rent does not stop if the house is razed to the ground, so it is a good plan when insuring furniture to add to the insurance (mentioning it when the policy is taken out) the amount of one year's rent to cover this liability. For if the house is rebuilt it should be ready for occupation by then.

Though a landlord may have agreed to do repairs, it does not follow that if he does not do them the tenant can leave, nor does it allow him to do the repairs and deduct the cost from the rent without special permission from the landlord.

Agreements are stamped; the tenant pays for the agreement and the stamp. The charge for the former varies; the stamp is half-a-crown for a house at twenty-five pounds a year; five shillings for one of fifty, and higher rents at the same rate. If a house is let for one year or for a term of years, then at the expiration of the one year, or of the term of years, the tenancy is at an end without notice to quit. A tenancy from year to year may be terminated by either landlord or tenant giving notice at the proper time, according to the agreement. If there is no agreement to the contrary, a notice must be given six months prior to the end of some year of tenancy on or before the quarter-day. Thus a tenant entering on a yearly tenancy at Christmas must give the notice to quit (any year) on or before Midsummer Day. If a person takes a house from a half-quarter and pays rent for a part of the quarter, then pays rent from quarter to quarter, the tenancy as regards notice to quit commences from the quarter after entering.

Many owners of good houses will only let them on lease for the tenant to do all repairs. Leases can be granted for any time, but are generally for twenty-one years, determinable at the option of either landlord or tenant, or at the option of tenant only, at the end of seven or fourteen years.

The landlord is called the lessor, the tenant the lessee. A lease is, unless otherwise agreed, prepared by lessor's solicitor, but the lessee has to pay the expense of it. The cost of leases are regulated by the Law Society's scale according to premium (if any) and rent. The stamps cost the same as for agreements (unless for a very long lease). The lessor pays the expense of the counterpart (or copy). The lessee keeps the lease; but if there is no counterpart he is bound to produce it for the inspection of the landlord, or to let him take a copy of it if he wishes. The terms of leases vary very much, but generally they oblige a tenant to paint the outside of a house every three years, and the inside every seven, the last year of tenancy being one in which painting, etc., have to be done. A lessee generally has to pay fire insurance; it is to his advantage that the premises be insured, for if he has agreed to repair he must reinstate if the house is burned by accidental fire. A house being burnt down does not exempt the lessee from paying the rent, which he must do just the same if he has no roof over his head. Other repairs are generally stipulated in the lease; it is on account of these that people are so often anxious to dispose of the last few years of their term. When a lease is taken houses are usually let for a little less; one often gets an order from an agent to view a house with, say, "Rent eighty pounds per annum on repairing lease, or ninety pounds per annum on agreement," which ten pounds annually is supposed to cover the cost of repairs for either party. I hardly think the definition agreement or lease is quite correct, but it is in use and generally understood.

Tenant's fixtures have sometimes to be taken with a house; but some fixtures put up by a tenant become part of a house, and cannot be removed. The law for tradesmen's fixtures and those of private persons is quite different. As, for instance, a nurseryman may remove the trees he has planted for his trade, but a private person has not the right to take away those he has planted in his garden. In some cases a house is held on lease at considerably less than its value; this is more particularly the case in neigbourhoods where property has improved, or the value may have risen from improvements made by occupier; in such cases the lease is usually sold, the money paid for it being called a premium. Thus A. takes a house for a long term at fifty pounds a year, and spends a hundred pounds on making a bath-room or on other improvements. When he has been in it a year or two he wants to dispose of the house, so sells his lease and fixtures to B. for a hundred and twenty pounds. B. will pay fifty pounds a year rent, just as A. did, and for the premium paid will get A.'s fixtures and have the benefit of his improvements to the house.

Property tax is paid by the tenant, but the landlord is bound to allow him to deduct it from the rent, and no agreement can be made to alter this. If there is no stipulation to the contrary, sewers rate, land tax, and tithe rent charge are paid by the landlord (some properties are not liable for these). Deductions should be made from the next rent due after payment, and receipts for the taxes produced.

A house taken for "a private dwelling house" cannot be used for a school or for any business purpose.

Though it is, I think, well for women who may become householders to know something of the obligation of landlord and tenant, I would by no means advise their acting without proper advice. An old proverb says that "a man who is his own lawyer has a fool for his client," and I think it would probably apply to a woman who was her own legal adviser; a very little care often saves a great deal of trouble. I heard the other day of a lady who was in great perplexity because she had taken a house to move into on the following quarter day, thinking that as she was a yearly tenant and paid her rent quarterly, she could leave at the completion of her year on giving three months' notice, whereas she was bound to give six months, and as her tenancy is only terminable at Christmas, she will probably

have two houses instead of one for twelve months. She would have avoided all inconvenience had she taken the trouble to carefully read through her agreement before she gave notice or took another house, for in it the terms on which she held the house were very clearly defined. The owner of a house expects proper references as to respectability and ability to pay the proposed rent from a would-be tenant before he accepts him.

Before leaving this branch of my subject I must say a few words relative to the purchase of houses.

A freehold house is one on which there is no ground rent to pay, the house and the ground on which it stands belonging to the same person; freehold property is therefore worth more than leasehold. A leasehold house is one built on land that is rented for a certain sum for a period of generally ninety-nine years; at the end of that time the house becomes the property of the person who owns the land, so the value of leaseholds depends on the number of years the lease has to run; that is to say, how many years before the house will become the property of the ground landlord (owner of the land), and whether the ground rent is high or low. Tables are published which show the value and what percentage property pays at different prices. Those who have money and wish to occupy a house, frequently find the best investment they can make is to purchase for their own occupation; being sure of their tenant, they are sure of the interest for their money. It is usually very easy to leave for a stated time a portion, say, half the purchase-money of a house on mortgage at reasonable interest. A mortgage is depositing the deeds of a house with someone who in return lends a sum of money at interest for a specified time. A deed is executed of which the mortgagor (borrower) has to pay the expense. It is not necessary here to go into more particulars, as a mortgage has to be prepared by a solicitor.

Before a house is purchased the opinion of a competent surveyor should be taken on it, and then a solicitor investigates the title of the vendor.

Whether one intends to buy or to rent a house, there are a great many things to be thought of before a decision is come to. Locality is of much importance. Is the neighbourhood in which we are seeking a home healthy? or rather is it likely to suit our household? There is just now a sort of desire with everyone to live in a bracing situation; it is not quite sensible, for though beneficial to many, there are also many people who have better health in mild situations; it is much more reasonable in this respect to consider the idiosyncrasies of the family, and be guided by them rather than by a fancy for a warm or a cold place. I know a health resort celebrated for its many octogenarians that has a decidedly relaxing climate during the greater part of the year; at the same time it does not suit everyone. The nature of the soil is also a great point with many people; good gravel soil is much esteemed, but unfortunately in many places where one knows it ought to be gravel, the gravel has been dug out and sold, and one cannot say much for the various things with which the holes have been filled. Granite, sandstone, rock, and well-drained stiff clay are all healthy to reside on. Some consider that in towns clay is more healthy than gravel, because nothing rises through it, and anything wrong in the drainage is more quickly seen than with gravel that moisture will sink into. But damp, soft clay, and marshy, sandy land are considered very unhealthy to build on. Houses built on a good foundation of concrete or cement are good.

For London and its neighbourhood there are some special maps published showing the geological strata of the different parts, and the height above the Thames, etc. We will suppose that we have made up our minds as to the locality in which we wish to find a residence, then we must consider if the neighbourhood is likely to improve, or will it go down? Are the rates high? These vary very much in different parishes, and have to be calculated with the rent, for frequently where rents are low rates are high, and where the rents are high the rates are low. If the place is new and unfinished, the class of houses they are building on adjoining land is very important. Some friends of mine bought a very nice house some five years ago in a town suburb that then promised to be very pretty. The plots of land between their house and the railway station were to be let for building on. A short time back I went down to visit them; it was early in the week, and I shall not soon forget my first impression as we left the station; it was one of washing, washing everywhere, garments of all descriptions hanging out to dry in back gardens that were divided by such low wooden fences that the place looked like one huge drying ground. The houses had sprung up with marvellous rapidity; but how different they looked from the pretty pictures we had seen of the "proposed elevations," with elegant carriages in the road in front, and nice trees in the garden behind. Then the terrible sameness about the rows and rows of small Queen Anne houses, all doubtless respectably tenanted, but not providing the class of society wished for by my friends, who would be very glad to get rid of their house at a loss to themselves, but which they will not do easily, as it is much superior to those built more recently.

If there are members of the family who have to go into town daily, railway, omnibus, and cab fares are things of no small importance to those who are not rich.

Other things of importance are the state of the drains—a good supply of water with proper sanitary arrangements of cisterns. The state of the roofs and gutters, chimneys that do not smoke, good grates, and the dryness of the house. A dark chocolate damp-proof paint is used a great deal now where there is any dampness in the walls; though of course it may be used on dry walls too, I feel a little doubt when I see it. The aspect of a house is not to be forgotten; some like north and south, some east and west. I should not say that one was better than the other, as it is really a matter of individual preference.

Young housekeepers when they are looking for a house are often apt to be taken with one because there is a pretty drawing-room, forgetting the importance of kitchen, larder, coal cellar, etc. I know some new houses that are very pretty to look at, and have two extremely pretty sitting-rooms, but the kitchens are hardly large enough to turn round in; there is not a place where one could keep a spare hamper; there is no proper larder, only a cupboard in the kitchen, which, though it has outside ventilation, the kitchen stove makes so warm that it is impossible to keep provisions cool, and the back of the house being to the south, there is no place to put a safe, and the coal cellars will only take a ton of coals by putting them in carefully. These things cause so much discomfort to servants as well as mistresses that it is not well to take a house that is not sensibly planned.

When a house is taken through an order to view received from a house agent, it is only right to inform him of the fact; the landlord pays the agent's commission, so it makes no difference to a tenant whether he finds what will suit him through the medium of an agent or not, the rent will be the same as if he deals directly with the owner of the house. If a surveyor is employed by a would-be tenant to look over and report on a residence, the fee varies according to the size of the house. It can generally be agreed on beforehand.

Where there is land attached to a house, leases vary considerably, and in many counties there are special customs relative to them.

(To be continued.)

Century Magazine, 1892

Century Magazine, 1889

LANDLORD AND TENANT.

By MARY POCOCK.

PART II.

LETTING OR RENTING FURNISHED HOUSES—HOW TO MAKE AN INVENTORY.

WERE I wishing to let my own house, or to rent someone else's furnished, I should call on all the local agents, and give them full particulars as to accommodation, etc., with the time for which I wanted a tenant, and the rent I thought I ought to get; or if I wanted a house, I should state size, situation, time for which I would take it, and rent I would give. When a tenant is introduced by an agent there is never any charge made to him, but a commission, usually five per cent. on the rent, is paid by the householder; this commission (if the negotiation is carried through) is paid for the introduction, though the arrangements may be completed between the landlord and tenant entirely without assistance from the agent.

Where orders are received from several agents, should number one give an order to view a particular house, it is best not to take an order for the same house from agent number two, should it be offered; it frequently causes questions as to who let the house, when several agents have it on their books and give orders to view to the same person.

Householders should be very careful to give the same particulars to the different house agents. It is not at all an uncommon thing to find a house on one agent's books at a higher rent than on another's, from want of care. Much unnecessary trouble is also saved by people giving accurate descriptions; it is often marvellous the way in which gardens grow and furniture becomes handsome on paper. A short time ago I went to look at a house a little way out of town; I was told it was five minutes' walk from the station (that being of importance to me), and that there were six good bedrooms. The house was in a line with the station; I walked at a good pace, and it took me exactly eighteen minutes to reach it. It contained too good bedrooms, two small dressing-rooms with a two feet six inch bedstead in each, and two attics. A little more exactness in the description would have saved me a useless journey, and I am sure many people have had similar experiences.

These things are mistakes, for proposed tenants only feel vexed when a place is not as good as they expected, and are much less likely to regard it favourably when they are undeceived. When putting a house on agents' books, keep a list of names and addresses of those who enter it on their books, and as soon as an agreement is signed for letting, send notices to that effect to them, stating through whose introduction it is let. Good country houses are generally on the books of one or two London agents and upholsterers. Another way of obtaining or disposing of a house is to advertise in the local or London newspapers; those selected must depend on the class of property that is to be disposed of or is required. A glance at the advertising columns of the various papers will show anyone which has most advertisements of or for the description of house they have to let or they require. I think that for those who do not mind the trouble it is better for them to advertise for themselves than allow an agent to do so; if permission is given for the agent to do it, the expenses have to be paid in addition to the commission for letting. Yet another way is to answer other people's advertisements; this way is of more use if you require a house than if you want to dispose of your own.

In writing, be careful to state what you require or have to offer concisely and clearly. If you are offering your house, try to see it with other people's eyes; there is generally with us all a great tendency to see our own belongings through rose-coloured glasses, and to take a proportionately disparaging view of other people's.

I have often been struck by the wretched look of furnished houses, arising simply from the fact of their being unoccupied, and to having none of the small things about that make a place look homelike; this is particularly the case with houses that are simply furnished for the purpose of letting.

When a house is let furnished the owner pays all rates and taxes, excepting only the water rate, which, if the tenancy is for any length of time, is sometimes agreed to be paid by the tenant, but, unless so stated in the agreement, must be paid by landlord. In determining the rent to be asked for a house—that is to say, the rent which it will pay one to let one's house—there are several things to be considered; an ordinary house let for a short time should, nicely furnished and in good decorative repair, fetch about double the original rent and taxes; though then one has to consider the family of the proposed tenant, if there are children, or if they will have dogs in the house; in fact, what the wear and tear of the furniture is likely to be.

I have often known houses let without the least damage being done, where careful people had had them, while with others it has seemed impossible that so much harm could have been done in the time. If a house is to be let for any length of time, the best plan is to add up the rent and taxes, and the annual interest of money value of furniture, and add to this a fair amount for depreciation, with or without a profit, and name the total as a yearly rental.

I calculate depreciation in this way: suppose that I am going to let my house to a small family for twelve months; I say to myself, if they use my furniture for a year, and I have a new drawing-room carpet it may be, or it may be curtains, or dining-room furniture re-leathered, at the expiration of the time, the furniture will with that addition be worth as much as it is now; I add the price of proposed new article as "depreciation," and make my rent up thus—

Rent, taxes, and house repairs	£130
Interest on present value of furniture, at five per cent.	45
Depreciation	15
	£190

Which shows me that if I get 190 guineas a year for my house I shall not be out of pocket by letting it furnished; the difference between pounds and guineas pays the agents' commission. Having my house on lease, I am bound to add something to the yearly rental to cover repairs. Of course there is no profit this way, but it is what may be done if a house is *let simply* as a matter of convenience. There may be the expense of making an inventory, drawing an agreement, going through inventory, to add (for a house where the inventory was not long the whole would

be about £3 5s. 6d. for landlord, £2 4s. 6d. for tenant). If the house is let for profit, that must be added to the calculation. These figures will not of course apply to places affected by the seasons.

Then the rent must be arrived at differently, as a house is worth various sums, according to the time of year. When a house is let furnished, it is necessary to be extremely careful about references, for as the tenant brings very little with him, there is not the same security as in an unfurnished place. There should be a properly drawn up and stamped agreement; if let through an agent, he is generally allowed to draw it; the usual charge for this is a guinea to the landlord and the same to the tenant, to whom a duplicate is supplied; both agreements are stamped, the stamps are paid for in addition. The stamp for an ordinary house for less than twelve months is two shillings and sixpence. If the agent receives the rent, he usually deducts his commission for the whole of the tenancy from the first payment. Rent is paid in advance for furnished houses; sometimes for the whole time, sometimes quarterly, sometimes monthly, according to arrangement. An agreement should specify length of tenancy, if with option to continue for a longer time, what notice to be given, when rent is to be paid, a promise on tenant's part not to underlet or use the house otherwise than as a private house, to make good any damage, ordinary wear and tear and damage by fire excepted, to leave furniture, etc., in rooms as in inventory, and to leave blankets, counterpanes, and other specified things clean.

For the letting of furnished houses the law is different to that for unfurnished. The contract in the first is for goods and chattels as well as house, so there is an implied condition that the house is reasonably fit for comfortable habitation from the day on which the tenancy begins, to the day on which it ends. If the house is unfit to live in on account of any defect in itself, such as bad drainage; if the furniture is unfit for use, or the place uninhabitable from dirt or vermin, the tenant is entitled to throw up the house as soon as the defect is discovered, and to take proceedings for breach of contract. It will be seen from this that it behoves anyone letting their house to see that it is in a proper sanitary condition, and also thoroughly clean, and he has the right to receive it back in equally good order. Plate and linen are not included in the furniture of a house, and are only left by special agreement; extra rent is usually charged when they are left for use, but it is usual to leave a cruet stand, toast rack, plated or other coffee and tea pot, fit for dining-room use; I think too that it is well to leave dust sheets and hearth cloths for use, as a protection for one's furniture. Brooms and brushes are not necessarily left out, but as it is better to have one's brooms worn out than the carpets unswept, I should advise their being left for a tenant's use; they certainly are not convenient things for people to take about with their luggage, so when I let my house I had them mentioned in the inventory, and on my return home, though my brooms had been worn out, I found others in their place.

When a house is shown, any cupboard or small room that the landlord intends to lock up for his own use should be pointed out. An inventory must be made of the contents of a furnished house, but before it is commenced it is advisable to put away in some place that has been reserved for locking up all cracked or damaged crockery that can be conveniently spared, and to make up any sets of glass, china, etc., that may be required, also to look through kitchen crockery, that being a thing that is constantly wanting to be renewed.

If an agent makes an inventory, the usual charge is a guinea a-day for doing it, but it can be made by any person who is careful, and will remember that everything must be mentioned.

The contents of a house are described and named as though perfect. It is best to take a good-sized book for the purpose, so that a wide margin can be left; then the articles are all written down in black ink, and when the inventory is gone through the imperfections are noted in the margin. It is a good plan to write them in red ink; they are more easily remarked in going through at the termination of the tenancy.

In making an inventory, begin at the top of the house, and whether you commence with the back or the front room, keep the same order all through the house. Stoves, chimney-pieces, bells, sash fasteners, locks, keys, gas fittings, door hooks, etc., are all usually named first in the room, then windows, walls, ceilings, and paint, with space left after each (never cramp an inventory into a small space), then floor coverings, fireplace and window furniture, then the furniture, after that the ornaments, and last the pictures; the same in every room. As you go downstairs you do the staircase down to the next landing. In the basement a plan must also be adopted; things must be classed; the confusion in going through on taking possession would otherwise be very great. In the kitchen, all tin things should be named together, all stewpans, saucepans, kettles, etc. The dinner services should have a general description, as for instance:—Pink-and-gold Greek pattern dinner service, by Minton, comprising soup tureen, stand, and cover, etc., etc. Last in the kitchen comes the odd crockery, as 7 dishes, odd; 12 plates, odd, etc. The pantry lists are made in the same way.

On the day that the inventory is to be gone through, and that should be before the tenants come in, as it rarely gets properly done when the house is full of strangers, all plates, jugs, etc., must be taken down from dressers and out of cupboards, and arranged conveniently, as whoever goes through the inventory on behalf of the tenant, sounds each piece of crockery to ascertain whether any of the things are cracked. On the termination of the tenancy the same thing is done by the person acting for the landlord, and on each occasion it saves much trouble and time to have everything ready. A tenant is required to leave all furniture and everything in the house in the place he finds it, so that if it is convenient during occupation to move things they must be replaced.

If agents are employed to go through the inventory, they charge a guinea a-day. Each party pays his own agent; unless a large house or one very crowded with furniture, it can usually be done in one day. Sometimes people do it themselves or by their servants; in any case both landlord and tenant must be represented, and it is more satisfactory to employ someone who understands it, unless it is really a plainly furnished house with very ordinary appurtenances, in fact, a house furnished for letting. If there are two copies of the inventory, each party to the agreement signs one to attest that things are according to it, and the landlord takes the one signed by the tenant, who takes that signed by the landlord. If there is only one inventory, both parties sign it, and the agent takes charge of it until the termination of the tenancy, when it is returned to the landlord, as it can be used over and over again for other tenants.

If there are books, it is advisable to have a catalogue made of them in the order they are in the book-cases: they are then only mentioned in inventory as books according to catalogue.

Rare books or ornaments that cannot be replaced it is advisable and more satisfactory to lock up. Cupboards that are locked up are generally sealed; some people put a tape across the opening and seal the two ends: this is an unsightly way of doing it, and the seals are worrying, as they are apt to get injured in dusting. It is better to take two pieces of tape about three inches long, nail one piece inside the door, the other inside the cupboard or room itself, bring the two ends outside as you lock the door, seal the ends of the tape together with a crest or monogram seal, and it will be quite secure.

The gas company (if the house is supplied) should be written to and asked to take the state of the meter on the day on which a tenant enters, and again on the day he gives up possession. They will then send an account to him for the quantity of gas he has consumed during his tenancy.

If servants are left in a house, whether landlord or tenant pays their wages, it is quite as necessary to have a proper inventory, for as they are for the time tenant's servants, he has to pay for breakages or damage done by them.

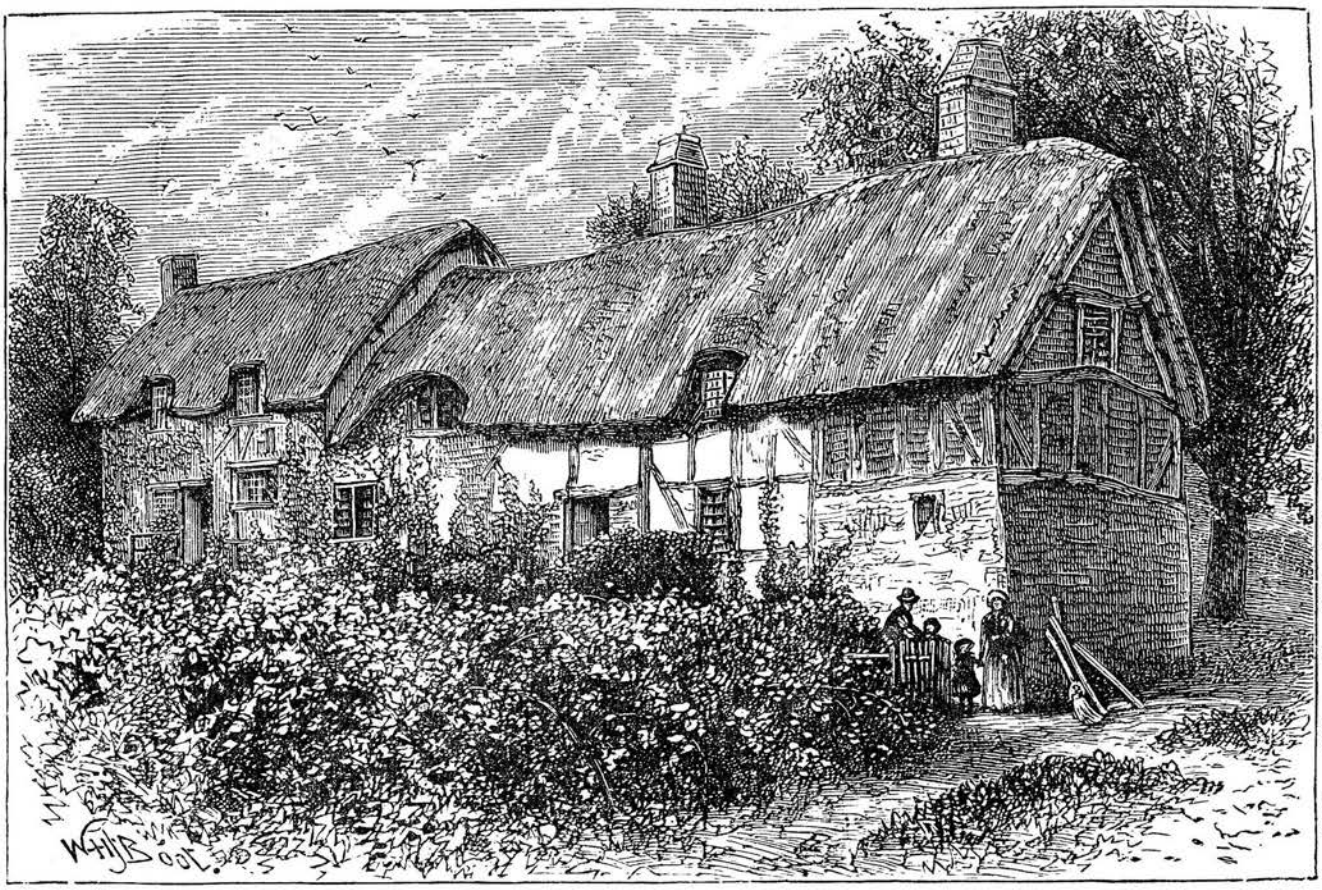
Particular care should be taken that all bedding is clean. It is a good plan for letting to cover pillows, bolsters and mattresses with extra holland covers; glazed holland lasts clean longer than anything else, but if thought too expensive, unbleached calico, at about threepence a yard, answers the purpose very well, as it looks clean and keeps the ticks clean. One under and three over blankets are considered a proper allowance for each bed; they must be left clean by householder, and also by tenant at conclusion of tenancy; as, also must white curtains, short blinds, dimity furniture, counterpanes, toilet covers, etc. If the tenancy is for any length of time, extra counterpanes and toilet covers, with a double set of short blinds (if used) and white curtains to change are necessary.

Special attention should be given to kitchen utensils that they are left scrupulously clean. When a tenant's family remains in the house to the last minute, it is almost impossible for the servants to leave things as they ought to, and an arrangement is made for the house to be put straight afterwards at the tenant's expense. Damages are assessed by agents if they go through the inventory. Cracked or chipped things, if broken, are charged half-price.

Many ladies with small incomes consider it a good thing to take houses and furnish them as speculations. As a rule, they lose money by them, from the expense they are at when they are unlet. Those who want a house to live in, and take one in a good neighbourhood, or at a place that has a season, often find it very profitable to let their house from time to time; but it is necessary if they want it to pay them that they should be able to live in it when it is unlet, and look after it themselves. Unless the rent is very good, it scarcely answers to let a house for a very short time, for there is generally something to do to it; for though a house has to be kept clean and in order, a tenant is not expected to have carpets beaten, or to take up nailed-down or large carpets, or to take bedsteads to pieces, or have what we call a "spring cleaning"; and these things, with some whitewashing, often have to be done after the best of tenants. Another reason why furnished houses are more speculative than they were, is that owing to the largely extended hotel accommodation everywhere, there is less demand for them, for there is much less trouble in going to an hotel for a short stay than in taking a house.

In conclusion, one word to those that take houses furnished. Do not mind looking closely at things when you are going over a house. Look at the bedding, the supply of china and glass; see that there are proper things for use in the kitchen, etc. Those whose houses are in such condition as they ought to be will not object to the scrutiny, and it saves trouble in the end.

(*To be continued.*)



Anne Hathaway's Cottage, *Cassell's Family Magazine, 1885*

LANDLORD AND TENANT.

By MARY POCOCK.

FLATS.

In England flats are rare in comparison with the Continent, where it has long been the custom for different families to reside under the same roof. A residence consisting of sitting-rooms, bedrooms, and domestic offices, usually all on one floor of a building, shut in with its own private door, and reached by hall stairs or passages common to the rest of the house, is properly called a "residential flat;" but now many houses are altered slightly, kitchens are built out for the upper floors, or small rooms are converted into kitchens and offices, there is no hall door for each occupant of the rooms, but the different rooms open on to the general landings, thereby often entailing the constant locking of doors, as strangers pass up and down the stairs to go to the other rooms. Suites of rooms adapted in this way as residences are now freqnently advertised as flats; in years gone by they would have been called "unfurnished apartments," which is really what they are, for they certainly cannot boast the advantages of well-constructed flats, where the best arrangements are considered with regard to the rooms, and the best is done by the builder, with concrete and other things, to prevent the tenant in one flat hearing more than can be helped of his neighbour in another, and also to prevent risk of fire as much as possible.

A person who takes a lease of a flat (a proper flat with a hall door) is in the position of a tenant, not of a lodger; but in various respects his tenancy is different from that of a householder in one important one, that is, that if a flat were destroyed by fire, the tenancy would probably be held to be terminated by it, or if it were partially destroyed, a proportionate reduction would be made in rent, whereas if a house is burnt down the tenant has to continue to pay the rent, nor could a landlord recover rent of a flat that was not due at the date of the fire. There is this difference in houses and flats—a householder has a right over the ground on which the house stands, but the leaseholder of a flat has no right over the ground below it, so when the building is burnt there is *nothing left* for him to hold as tenant. It is well, to save possible litigation, to have definite stipulations in the lease with regard to the liability in case of fire; in fact, it is necessary for both landlord and tenant to be careful as to all the terms of a lease; it is necessary for both parties to be protected. A landlord should certainly be more careful as to what tenants he takes for flats than for houses, as one resident may interfere a great deal with the comfort of another.

As a rule, all external repairs are done by the landlord. It is necessary for the tenant of the top floor to stipulate that the landlord should keep the roof and chimneys in order, and the tenant in the basement should have it understood who was to keep areas, etc., clean and in order. All rights as to the use of cellars, lumber room, lifts, or other things should be mentioned in agreement.

For the general health and comfort of the house, each tenant should be bound to keep all pipes, sinks, etc., clean in his residence, and to protect them from frost; not to use the rooms otherwise than as a private house; not to obstruct or leave anything on a staircase, or to allow those belonging to him to loiter there.

Some landlords insert a very wise clause in their leases with regard to the keeping of

benzoline or any inflammable substances on the premises.

People liking to keep pet animals should make special inquiries before taking a flat, as in the majority, dogs, cats, and birds are objected to.

The landlord pays all the rates and taxes, including water rate, but notwithstanding that the landlord has agreed to pay water rate, the occupier is really liable to the water company, so it is well to have the agreement so framed that in the event of the tenant being obliged to pay the rate, he can recover it from his landlord. With regard to gas, there are separate metres supplied by the companies for each set of rooms, so that each tenant pays for what he consumes. Ordinarily, the landlord supplies hall and staircase lights; sometimes there is a small extra charge for these made to the lessee of each flat.

Beyond the covenants in the agreement, there are often rules and regulations made by the landlord relating to tradesmen's use of staircase, to the use of the lifts, the closing of the front door, the removal of rubbish, notices in windows or doors, etc., which rules tenants must agree to conform to.

There is usually a porter, who is also the doorkeeper; he is the servant of the landlord, who engages, dismisses, and pays him; it is his duty to be in attendance himself, or by some competent assistant, to receive parcels, letters, or messages, to answer outer door; to prevent tramps or undesirable people entering; to clean hall stairs, etc., before a fixed hour in the morning; to attend to the lighting and extinguishing of gas (gas is generally turned off at eleven, unless left on all night); to receive complaints in the absence of the landlord, and to see that the rules are observed, reporting non-observance to his master. He also collects letters from the general box and posts them at regular hours; he shows unlet rooms, takes charge of tenants' keys when required; attends to the daily supply of coals to each tenant. In some tenements all the coals are kept in basement cellars, each tenant having his own cellar (this is, I think, always the arrangement in high-rented flats); then the porter sends up the coals, but in other flats the tenants are provided with coal bunks in the kitchen; these hold from half to one ton of coals.

It is usual for the porter to have a duplicate key of the entrance door of each set of rooms, so that in case of necessity he can enter them; but he is only entitled to use the keys for an emergency. Where people leave their rooms empty this is very necessary in case of any accidents, such as a burst waterpipe, an overflow of a cistern, or other things that might cause damage to the remainder of the tenement.

In taking a flat, as in an unfurnished house, there is no implied warranty that it is fit for occupation, so it should be carefully looked at, also the state of the approach to it, and landlords should agree to keep stairway, etc., in order; he is not bound to do so without, though in most cases he would be liable to an action for damages for any hurt to his tenants, or those coming to see them, or coming to the house on business, caused by his neglect to keep steps, general hall, passages, or staircase in proper order.

A tenant is liable for damage done, if caused by his negligence, as, for instance, a bath overflowing from the tap being left turned on, or like carelessness.

As to the relative advantages of houses and flats, there is much that may be said for and against each. Some people find the latter more economical, but I think in the majority of cases they are more expensive, when one considers the amount of accommodation. One of the arguments most frequently brought forward is that fewer servants are required, but from what I hear from many who reside in flats, servants are one of the difficulties. I was making a call the other day on a friend, a quiet, middle-aged lady, renting a small but very comfortable flat; she told me she found it impossible to get any servants to stay more than a few months with her, and really I was not surprised; I felt that were I in the position it would require a great deal to tempt me to stay more than a few weeks. The flat is at the top of the building. My friend's rooms are pretty, and there is a pleasant view from the windows. She pays £120 per annum rent, lives alone, with one servant only, very frequently dining out. The kitchen and servant's bedroom both look out on to a wall faced with white glazed bricks to reflect the light; the aspect of the two rooms is north, so the servant has not even the sun to cheer her when it shines. The mistress orders what is required at the shops; there is a lift that brings everything up, so she never has a chance of even saying good morning to the butcher or baker save through the speaking tube. Then there is a bunk in the kitchen which holds a ton of coals, so it is not necessary for the porter to come for the purpose of replenishing the scuttles. Thus the servant when indoors is completely isolated. She goes for a walk one evening a week, and to church once on Sunday; her mistress is a great reader, and does not encourage her to talk, because she says it is no quieter for her maid than for herself, quite forgetting the difference between voluntary and enforced retirement—one means quiet, the other extreme dulness. It put me in mind of a lively girl who once told me that she had the day before come from the north of Scotland alone: that no one spoke in the railway carriage, and at last, when she got past York, she could bear the silence no longer, so she put her head out of the window and talked to the fields!

On the Continent, where flats are more usual, servants are allowed more liberty; there is not the same feeling that there must always be a servant in the house when people keep but one, as there is with us.

Another disadvantage in many places where there are lifts is that there is no necessity for going up the stairs. I daresay many will exclaim, "Oh, that is the advantage," but for people in health it is not so; we get a good deal of healthy exercise in moving about a house, which I am quite certain the young and strong must miss when they live on one floor, nor do they make up for it by living on a fourth floor, where there is no lift, and having a number of stairs to go up, when already fatigued with walking; it is the occasional up and down that is beneficial. I was much amused a short time ago to see a lady working an exercise machine, the motion of which somewhat resembled going upstairs; she said she was recommended to use it for a certain time twice a day (she resides in a flat). I suppose had she been told to run up and downstairs she would have been indignant. Of course there is nothing better than flats for the infirm or for those whose health prevents their leading active lives. Flats are, as a rule, warmer than houses; the absence of a staircase in the dwelling makes a difference in this respect; those who like plenty of air are apt to feel small flats close and stuffy. I often think of a flat in the Luxembourg in Paris, where I used to spend many afternoons years ago; it was not a large one, but over the mantelpieces of the dining, drawing, and morning rooms there were large sheets of plate glass (the chimneys went up at the side), so that when in either room you saw right over the other two. The effect was pretty, and it gave a feeling of space, while each room maintained its own temperature; but I do not think any English family would tolerate such an arrangement. I think we should never feel as if we were in a private house, for a visitor going into one room of necessity saw what was going on in the others, and yet my French friends never seemed to think that anyone could dislike what they *thought so* charming. Flats, too, have many advantages for people living alone; there is a feeling of protection. And again where there are only two or three in family, a flat may be had in a much better locality for a moderate rent than a small house. I have been in flats at all sorts of rent, varying from £400 a year to 12s. 6d. a week (top floor and basement 10s. 6d. a week). The latter consisted of two bedrooms, sitting-room, and kitchen, with a private hall door. They let as quickly as they are finished, so I suppose they are liked. I was told by the caretaker that the tenants were almost all women. As the accommodation is good for the price, these small flats will doubtless prove a boon to many people with such small incomes that they cannot afford to take houses and pay taxes as well as rent; but in some I have seen, the number of people gossiping in the passages and on the stairs would prevent people of the better class living in them. Whether this is always the case in small, low-rented flats (I am not speaking of model lodging-houses, which are for another class of people) I do not know, but for general comfort strict rules are certainly needed, where a number of residences are under one roof.

There are some things, such as lighting, heating, materials for cleaning, etc., that are much economised in flats, but against this one has to put the small space for storing. In most flats the cupboard accommodation is so small that it seems to me one could only have things in in very small quantities; as to such luxuries as home-made jam or pickles, I do not think they would be possible. In some flats there is no cool place for meat; but where the kitchen is to the north a small crane can often be fixed outside beside the kitchen window on which a good meat safe can be hung; this is a very great convenience. Naturally as flats become more usual, other things will fit themselves to them, and we shall, no doubt, have greengrocers making up little bundles of vegetables for soups or for stews suited to the wants of one or two persons, for one making of soup, as the market women do in Paris, instead of having to buy, as at present, each thing separately and more than one requires of each, with no place to keep the remainder; and the same with some other things. In conclusion, I would remark that as regards stamping agreements, whether for furnished or unfurnished flats, the law is the same as for furnished or unfurnished houses, and that what applies to furnished houses applies equally to furnished flats, but that before letting a flat the agreement must be referred to, as some landlords insert a special clause on the subject, and it is then necessary to get his permission before accepting a tenant.

(To be continued.)

LANDLORD AND TENANT.

By MARY POCOCK.

UNFURNISHED AND FURNISHED LODGINGS, AND LADIES' DWELLINGS.

AKING unfurnished rooms without attendance is in many respects the same as taking a flat (except, of course, there is no porter); it is necessary to have a written agreement, and all arrangements accurately defined in it; even more care must be taken than for a flat, for landlord and tenant are less independent of one another, and may prove uncomfortable neighbours one to the other in apartments; and moving, after fitting up rooms, is expensive.

Unfurnished lodgings with attendance are often very unsatisfactory, for the majority of landlords (or landladies more often) do not supply sufficient or proper attendance, more especially with regard to allowing servants time to thoroughly sweep or clean tenants' rooms. A friend of mine tells me she and her husband are very comfortable in their rooms now. When she took them she arranged for attendance. She soon found that her landlady thought she was well attended on, as her rooms were dusted and the pieces swept up every day, the door answered by a tidy, respectable-looking servant, and the cooking and table arrangements well seen to. But when she inquired which days her rooms were to be thoroughly cleaned (properly swept and furniture brushed), she received an astonished look, and was told that the rooms were always kept clean; so finding that really the servant's work was so arranged that she could not get more attention, and as she was otherwise comfortable, she compromised the matter by engaging a woman to come one day a week and turn her rooms out to her satisfaction; for this she pays half-a-crown, but does not provide any food; it takes the woman from four to five hours each week, so she generally earns over sixpence an hour, and is well pleased. And it is really a great comfort to my friend; it would have cost her a good deal to move, so her concession was wise, especially as it is rare to find people who take the same interest in other people's furniture being nicely kept as if their own. Nor is a landlady always to blame for inattention in this respect; it is not so easy for her to look after her servants in other people's rooms; and then there are many tenants who make things as inconvenient as they can; perhaps, when their rooms ought to be done, they are not up, thus throwing the housemaids behind with their work; or they are nearly always late for their meals, which also causes the servants to lose time. These things are not intentional, but so many who live in apartments have not been in housekeeping themselves, and do not understand the routine, for naturally those who let apartments do not keep more servants than are actually needed; and so if things are not done with tolerable regularity there is not time to do all well, and the result is very little comfort. Then, again, perhaps the rent a tenant pays only justifies him or her in expecting as much attention as would be given by one general servant in a house of his or her own; but as much attention is sometimes exacted as would monopolise two servants.

One can hardly say what is customary in unfurnished apartments, for everything is a matter of special agreement.

A lodger's furniture cannot be distrained on by the superior landlord (that is to say, the landlord of the householder) for rent not paid by householder. In the event of the latter not paying his rent, and the landlord taking possession of his furniture, the lodger makes a declaration of what is his, and if he owes any rent, he may pay it, or sufficient of it to discharge the claim, to the superior landlord, or his agent, instead of to his own landlord.

Furnished Lodgings.—Letting lodgings is not a breach of a covenant not to underlet.

An agreement to pay rent monthly or weekly gives a presumption of a monthly or weekly tenancy, and notice to quit must be given as from date of commencement of tenancy; for instance, a tenant entering on the sixth of any month on a monthly tenancy, must give notice on or before the sixth of another month of his intention to leave the month following; in the same way a weekly tenant entering on a Monday must give a week's notice from a Monday, or, if leaving before, pay rent up to that day. Of course, when rooms are rented for a stipulated time only, as a week, five weeks, or any other time agreed, no notice to quit is needed, nor can rent be raised during that time. If the rent is to be raised during weekly or monthly tenancy, the same length of notice of change must be given as of notice to quit.

Furnished lodgings, like furnished houses, are presumably fit for occupation; so if found not to be so, immediately on the proof a tenant can leave without notice. Dirt, bad drainage, or vermin, are any of them good reasons for leaving rooms without notice.

If landlord and tenant are mutually forbearing and accommodating, life in furnished rooms is easy; it is generally less expensive than housekeeping, especially for one or two persons. Where the family does not consist of more than two, they are usually out more than if the number is larger; and then, when out, there is no expense beyond rent; but in housekeeping there is the cost of the daily meals, fires, gas, cleaning materials, etc., whether one is in or out, less only the difference of one's individual consumption. I do not mention servants' wages, because, practically, one pays these in the rent of one's rooms. I have found that customs in furnished apartments vary very much in different towns; it is best to have a proper understanding before entering on a tenancy. As to the "extras," kitchen firing is at most places charged at so much a week (more for a late than for an early dinner); sitting-room fires are sometimes charged so much a week, sometimes the coals consumed are charged so much a scuttle; bedroom fires in the same way; but some landladies charge, say, threepence or fourpence for a fire in a bedroom (for the evening only). When coals are charged for by the scuttle, wood generally is an item in the weekly bill. In some towns it is the custom to provide all fires for sitting-rooms and kitchen firing without any extra charge.

Gas is charged so much a burner; the tenants on each floor generally pay for the gas burners on their landings.

Lamps are charged so much each, the landlady providing the oil and trimming the lamps.

In many lodgings boot-cleaning is an extra, but as little things of this kind are generally vexatious, they are better included in the rent; it is much better to pay a few shillings a week extra for rent and attendance, than to have a number of small items in a weekly bill.

The washing of house linen used is paid for by tenant, unless agreed to the contrary; it is, on the whole, fairer and more comfortable to have this as a separate item, for otherwise one may not have things changed as often as one would wish, and also some people soil more table-linen than others, for there are careless carvers.

I have learnt from experience to inquire what washing I shall be expected to pay for; for I once took rooms for a week, and on leaving was charged for the washing of counterpanes, toilet-covers, etc. Of course, had any of the above been soiled by either of us (we were three adults) we should not have objected to pay for the cleaning, but this not being the case, I resisted what I considered an imposition.

In some first-class and expensive lodgings no ordinary extras are charged, but attendance is an item in the weekly bill, and you are not expected to provide anything for yourself. Some friends of mine took some of this description in London during the past season. They came from the country, and brought a hamper of home produce with them. They were told that of course they could eat their own cream, butter, etc., if they preferred it, but it would make no difference in the prices charged, which were so much per person for each meal partaken of in the house; a regular tariff, of course. The landlord ought to have mentioned this when he let the rooms, and my friends were inclined to be displeased in consequence; but afterwards they were quite contented. It was rather expensive, but everything was really well done; they had no trouble, and could count the cost. They said that probably had they, as strangers in an expensive neighbourhood, ordered for themselves, the cost would have been about the same. The total was a little less than it would have been at an ordinary hotel without a private sitting-room.

Some landladies will, if asked, adopt this plan in part; and, if good housekeepers, they can do it with profit to themselves and advantage to their tenants. I have found it a very good plan, when in apartments, to arrange to pay a stipulated price for certain things; it saves a great many items, and when one's stay in any place is short, one does not want to have a variety of articles in that probably one cannot use, so I agree on prices for such things as fruit tarts and puddings, soup (so much for a pint), milk puddings (so much each). As an instance, I generally pay fourpence for a small milk pudding; probably my landlady would use for it three-quarters of a pint of milk or less, say one penny halfpenny; one egg, a penny; spoonful of rice and a little piece of butter to grease the dish with, a grate of nutmeg over (I have no sugar), say a halfpenny; threepence in all is probably the cost, so the landlady gets a small profit, and it is better for me than ordering the separate ingredients. And so with gravies, and many other things in which the mutual advantage is greater. I have never found anyone object to this way, and it simplifies accounts. Perhaps an extortionate landlady would not like it, but such are the exception, not the rule; as a class, they are very frequently unjustly spoken and written about. Indeed, I wonder what some people would do without landladies and mothers-in-law, the abuse of them seems to be such an

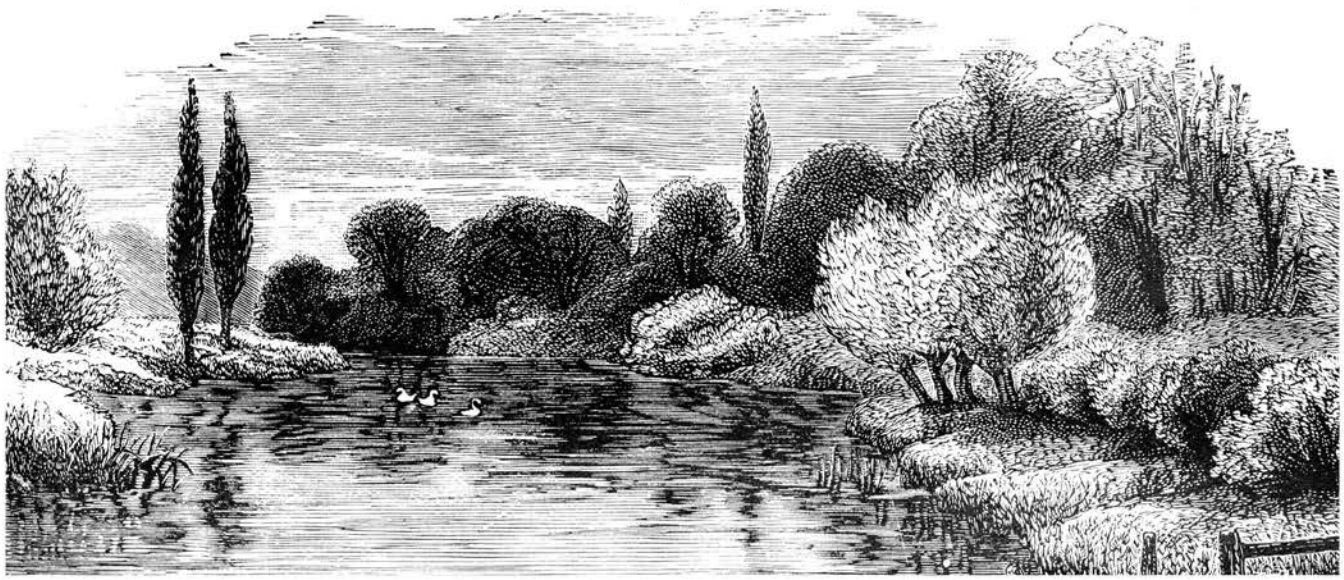
inexhaustible subject of amusement to them; it is marvellous the topic is not considered worn out.

The majority of those who let lodgings are women who do so from necessity, and as a means of earning a livelihood, and it is to their interest, and also very often their pleasure, to make their tenants as comfortable as they can. I think if some lodgers appreciated how hard it was in most cases for a woman to make a living in this way they would be more considerate. It is all very well to say, "Why, Mrs. Jones can do very well; she only pays £80 a year rent, and she lets her drawing-room floor for £2 2s. a week." Yes, but what is the fact? True, the rent is £80, but then the taxes are £20 a year, and Mrs. Jones has the outlay for furniture, probably, to recoup—then the wear and tear on it; and the house has, so to speak, always to be kept going. Most likely there are one or two servants; they and their mistress must be boarded, if the house is full or empty; but, notwithstanding, she might do very well if both sets of rooms were let, but it is the unlet times when her expenses run on and tell so heavily against the year's profits. Thus, her drawing-rooms unlet for ten weeks during the year may make her a quarter's rent short. The very fact of its being cheaper to live in apartments shows that it must require careful management for a lodging-house keeper to make more than a bare living out of an ordinary house. Many work hard, and get less comfort or remuneration than domestic servants. This thought should make one a little considerate, and unwilling, when we are in lodgings, to cause needless trouble. The punctuality of her tenants is a great help to a good-managing landlady, especially in giving their orders in good time, so that she can make her arrangements for the day; then one must remember that lodging-house servants are not usually as capable as those we have in our own houses, so directions must be given with greater care.

A landlady, I believe, generally derives an advantage from her tenants dealing with her tradesmen; I think they perhaps serve her a little cheaper sometimes on account of the extra custom, but the tenants are not by respectable tradesmen charged any more on that account, so I always deal with them, unless there is any reason to the contrary.

For the comfort of the tenant, lodging-house keepers generally make a mistake in not supplying sufficiently good appointments for their tables. The difference in the expense of common and tolerably good table linen is very small, considering the wear of the latter is better. Then crockery that matches, however plain it may be, and that has not been browned and cracked in an oven; glasses that are clear and bright—all these things make a great deal of difference, and are constantly neglected. I have seen a really prettily furnished room, and only been reminded how far it was from being home when the table was laid with a rather coarse, badly-washed (nearly rough dried) cloth, and odd glasses, and knives as pointed as daggers, with the backs as sharp or sharper than the fronts. Much of this negligent appearance would be prevented if glass and china were bought of what are called stock patterns; then when broken articles have to be replaced, which is a thing of constant occurrence, the remainder can always be matched.

I cannot conclude without a few words on the "Ladies' Dwellings" which have of late been built in various places; they are differently arranged to either flats or lodgings, and are suited to ladies with small or only moderate incomes, as servants are not required, a certain amount of attendance being provided. In "Ladies' Dwellings" the management differs considerably. In some in which I have been, each tenant has two or three rooms; the numbered door opens into the sitting-room, and you pass through the sitting-room to reach the bedroom. There are no kitchens for the residents; but each has a small ventilated cupboard for provisions, and a cupboard for coals, in a little room in which there is a sink and a water tap. These little rooms are each for two sets of dwellings, the tenants of which can do any trifling domestic work they wish in them. In these dwellings tenants may do what they like in their own apartments. They can have all their meals served in their rooms, from the kitchen as from a restaurant; the housekeeper undertakes the commissariat; there are hot joints served from one to two o'clock. The price for meat and two vegetables is eightpence, and most of the tenants avail themselves of the opportunity; but everyone is free to get their meals how and when they like. The rooms are unfurnished, being intended for permanent tenants; the rent for two rooms is about 9s. or 10s. a week; attendance—which means a housemaid for ten minutes in the morning to do the grate, etc., and the sweeping and cleaning of the rooms once a fortnight—is a small extra charge. There are some other "Ladies' Dwellings" in which residents have bedrooms only. The rent of these rooms is from 7s. 6d. to 12s. 6d. a week; they are unfurnished, but, if desired, sufficient furniture, exclusive of linen, may be hired from the proprietors at about eighteenpence a week. Attendance, so far as removal of ashes, cleaning grate, delivery of wood and coals, periodical cleaning of room and window, is included. Bed-making, more frequent sweepings, etc., of room, and boot cleaning are extras. There is a lady manageress. Meals are arranged as at a gentleman's club, but on a more limited scale; they are served at small tables, in a pleasant general dining-room. The tariff is very moderate; they are paid for in cash or coupons at the time of being served. No cooking is allowed in the private rooms. Musical instruments are only allowed in certain rooms, and no pets can be kept. Residents have, besides the use of the dining-room, the free use of a drawing and reading-room. A lady can (depending on her requirements and the room she selects) board and lodge in these dwellings for from eighteen to thirty shillings a week, exclusive of bedroom fire. I am told that both these dwellings are comfortable. They are really meant for ladies, but the comfort of either depends much on individual taste.



HOW OUR BUTTONS ARE MADE.

UNCONSIDERED trifles again, as it might appear, form the subject of the present paper; for in common conversation buttons share with pins the ignoble distinction of being usually chosen to express contempt. "I don't care a button," or "I don't care a pin," are convertible expressions. Yet buttons are not without importance in themselves, and their manufacture is not one of the least important of our industries, although it seems to take up but little room. In an international exhibition, for instance, it necessarily occupies but a very small space. The industry of a whole district might be represented in a single show-case, which nine visitors out of ten would pass without seeing. Among the more imposing products of human labour the modest button would have no chance of attracting attention, were it not that the exhibitor generally manages to make up a trophy by grouping great quantities of different sizes and varieties together. A tasteful arrangement of this kind might catch the eye, but few would stop to look at the buttons themselves; they would be thought scarcely worthy of a passing examination. Very few would reflect, or know, that earth and sea had been ransacked to furnish the contents of that case; that the most inventive brains had been racked in devising the form, fashion, and construction of those tiny bits of merchandise, and in suiting them to the flying fancy of the hour; that goodly fortunes had been made and lost by their fluctuations in popular regard. The fair spectator who paused to look for an instant, attracted perhaps by a button of new device, would little dream of the momentous consequences that might possibly result from that passing glance. She might take a fancy to the new button, and wear it; her example might be followed, and a new fashion might be set; and thereupon hundreds of workmen's homes would be flushed with a sudden prosperity. A mere whim of the moment, caught up and followed after the strange gregarious manner of our kind, has before now raised towns to affluence, or sunk them into pauperism.

Some changes of fashion in buttons have become historical, and have marked eras in the trade. There are some few people now living who can remember the time when the gilt button was your only wear—the dandy's dress-coat of bright blue, the merchant or manufacturer's soberer garment of snuff-brown, even the mechanic's Sunday suit, all blazed with as many gilt buttons as could well be stuck on. The satirical writers of that day inveighed against the inordinate use of these buttons, pretty much as satirists in our own day have railed against crinoline.

Then were the prosperous times for Birmingham button-makers. The town, which had already acquired the title of "Toy-shop of Europe," now became almost exclusively identified with the button manufacture. Great profits, high wages, and a long monopoly of the trade—these were fondly and regretfully remembered by the generation which is but just now passing away. Soon after the commencement of the present century the fashion began to decline, and the covered button gradually usurped the place of its gorgeous rival.

But the gilt button held on desperately for a long time, and could not easily be shaken off. It was even protected by law; for if no special enactment was absolutely obtained in its favour, advantage was taken of some old statutes which could be made to apply to it. Strange as it may appear, such statutes were in existence. Strutt tells us:—"In the fourth year of William and Mary a *new* Act was made in favour of the button-makers, which prohibited the importation of all foreign buttons made with *hair*. This again was followed by another six years afterwards, imposing a penalty of forty shillings for every dozen of covered buttons sold or set in garments." A still later Act imposed a penalty of five pounds "on any taylor or other person convicted of making, selling, using, or setting on to any garment any buttons covered with cloth or any stuff of which garments are made." Under these obsolete laws, tailors' claims were sometimes disputed with success, to the great joy of the gilt-button-makers, who thought the use of their wares would be forced upon the public. We know now-a-days that Acts of Parliament are powerless to lead fashion; so we need not to be told that the fancied protection was of no avail.

Another and, as we should be equally able to predicate, a not less futile expedient was thought of, as a last desperate effort to revive the almost extinct industry; and that was to obtain the patronage of some person of high distinction, whose example might perhaps set the old fashion going again. The young and handsome Prince Albert, who had just come over from Germany to marry our Queen, was at that moment the most interesting and popular person in England, and to him the thoughts of the button-makers naturally turned. A deputation of employers and artisans was appointed to wait on him, and implore him to save their livelihood by wearing gilt buttons. A Birmingham button-manufacturer relates: "The rivalry of different firms for the fortunate honour of being the producers of such sets of buttons as should be selected by the Prince from the large assortment offered to his taste on that occasion, the urbanity of the Prince's reception of them, and so forth, were intoxicating topics of gossip and speculation among the trade in my boyhood." The present writer well remembers the first visit of the Prince to Birmingham, which must have taken place soon after, and how, as he made the round of the principal factories, the

admiring comments on his personal appearance were mingled with expressions of the highest delight at the fact that he wore gilt buttons. Alas! the hopes that were instantly and generally indulged in were doomed to disappointment. "These sanguine gentlemen," says the manufacturer just quoted, "had gradually to learn that a prince, however gracious, does not carry the fiats of the fickle goddess in his button-hole." The fashion was dead, and it could not be brought to life again.

The gilt button, however, still occupies the post of honour in an exhibition case, and still fulfils a distinct purpose in the human economy. It is now the head of the whole tribe or family of Uniform Buttons, which serve as badges of distinction to so many grades and orders of society. Not always honourable distinction, it may be; for there are some buttons made to honour, and some to dishonour—some to be the insignia of rank, and some to mark the pauper or the criminal. We have said that buttons are not without importance in themselves; who would gainsay it? Does the Chinese mandarin think *his* button of importance, I wonder? This group represents to us *Officialism*, that great power, in all its wonderful and varied phases. The two immense fighting services of the nation, the scarcely less numerous Civil Service and police, the whole great world of beadledom and flunkeydom, are here typified in their buttons. The officialism of trade is represented by the buttons of the railway and steam-packet services. And even as the infinite gradations of officialism, from lordliest power to humblest servitude, so are the descending shades of value in the material of their symbols, ranging from regal gold to common pewter and tin.

From a mere manufacturing point of view, this section of the button trade is one of the most important. Each individual device must be sunk in a special die; and for the regulars and militia alone not less than 3,000 dies would be required. A manufacturer who lays himself out for this kind of work, and for the stamping of military and other ornaments, clasps, &c. (a kindred business), must be content to sink a large capital in his dies, and have a great part of it lying idle on his shelves for years together. Some of the processes of manufacture would be interesting to a stranger, especially those by which a button is domed up, plated, burnished, and *afterwards*, with all its effulgence upon it, struck, like a new coin fresh from the Mint. One smart, heavy blow of a perfectly bright die brings out the device and inscription in bold relief, without the slightest injury to the plating or the polish. The making of shell or hollow buttons, such as are worn by private soldiers and police, is also curious, as showing the various ingenious ways in which ductile metals may be manipulated; but this we shall have an opportunity of noticing in the manufacture of *covered* buttons, to which we now proceed.

The first covered buttons made by machinery seem to have been introduced by a gentleman who was driven into trade through having lost a fortune at the bombardment of Copenhagen by Lord Nelson. He first made a cloth button with an iron shank; but this was subsequently, and by many steps, improved into the neat and elegant Florentine button which we wear to this day. I am afraid to say how many patents have been taken out for this apparently insignificant article, or how many lawsuits it has given occasion for. The great profits of the trade induced piracies innumerable. Nearly all the fancy varieties that were in vogue thirty years ago have disappeared; but at that time buttons covered with figured silk and velvet were all the rage. In London alone sixty looms were constantly employed in weaving the material. There is still a steady, quiet trade done in plain coat-buttons. Among modern inventions in this line, the neat, cheap, and useful white linen button claims especial notice; and it will serve as a convenient example of its class, to give us an idea of how such buttons are made. Every housewife prizes it as the handiest for all underclothing purposes. The original of this was our grandmothers' old thread button, which used to be made of threads passed over a ring, and gathered in the centre; but the new button is better-looking and stronger, and more like a product of mechanical art. Now, if we try to dissect one of these buttons, we shall find the skeleton of it to be a brass ring, not made of solid metal, but of very fine tube. Round what we may call the under side of the ring, the edges of this tube meet, and enclose between them, with a desperate grip, just the least bit of the margin of the linen covering, which has evidently been stretched over and tucked in. The question is, how was it got into that position, and the tube closed upon it? Well, the tube is an endless one, and it has been made out of a flat disc of sheet brass. The middle has been cut out with a press, leaving it the shape of a photographer's diaphragm; and this annular rim has been guttered, bent over, and closed up, with wonderfully ingenious tools, at the same time that two discs of fair white linen (one large, and the other small, to form the upper and the under side of the button) are presented to it to be tucked in. With what precision all this is done, any one can convince himself by merely looking at a finished button; but as for the *modus operandi*, it would seem to a spectator watching it that a conjurer's trick would be easier of detection. A girl's nimble fingers put the pieces together in a sort of trap, another girl gives the trap one little squeeze under a press, and, presto! the thing is done. One pair of workers will make buttons almost as fast as they can be counted. This is something like the method of making all kinds of covered buttons; the ductile metal is squeezed and tortured into the form most convenient for giving shape to the button, and at the same time for holding firmly in its place the woven covering.

Here is another and a widely different class, made of the beautiful shell of the pearl oyster. Familiar to all our bosoms, the modest little shirt-button reposes quietly unnoticed on its bed of cambric; but what a romance it could unfold, if it could only tell us of its old home among the shark-guarded treasures of the vasty deep! There was a boy's book that was my companion many years ago, that told of the way in

which these shells were fished up. Native divers were lowered from ships' sides by ropes, with great stones slung to their feet; and they groped about at the bottom of the sea for the precious bivalves, with which they filled the bags that were hung to their necks. They could remain an astonishingly long time under water—I believe the book said ten or twelve minutes—and as each man filled his bag, he cast off the stones from his feet, gave a pull at his rope as a signal, and was drawn up—thankful if the sharks had left him entire. There was a picture of one poor black fellow being hoisted in the slings, whose leg had been bitten off; and to this day the sight of a pearl button brings that picture to my remembrance. Whether it was the pearl fishery of the Pacific, or that of the East Indies, or that of the Red Sea that was so described, I cannot now recall; but the material of our shirt-buttons comes from all those places, and from some others besides. Not with any such vulgar object as shirt-buttons, though, were those first expeditions fitted out, or those lives imperilled. No; the search was for the coveted pearl—found very rarely indeed, but found sometimes of such great price, that any shell might contain a fortune. Doubtless the barren shells were cast back contemptuously to the fishes, till modern industry found a use for them, and gave to them a commercial value far exceeding that conferred upon them by their Orient treasures.

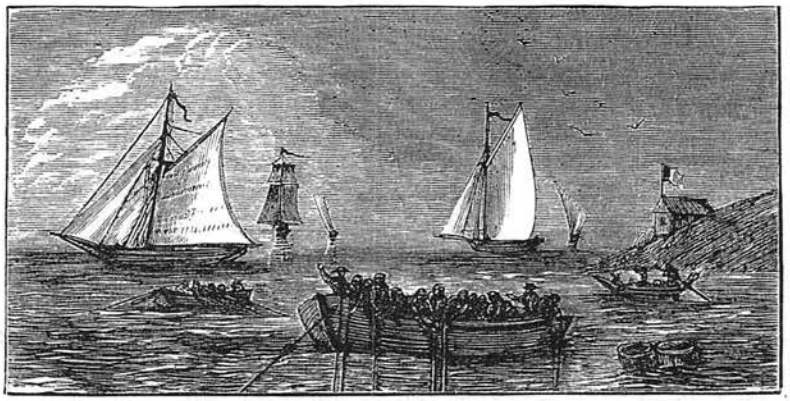
The best shells for the pearl-button-maker—the clearest and purest in grain—were those from Macassar; but another variety came from the Archipelago of the Pacific, which were at one time highly prized, and about which there hangs a little trade romance. These shells were of a black shade, full of beautiful iridescent tints infinitely varied. Round the edges they shaded off into yellow and white, and from these parts only were buttons cut, the rest being thrown away as waste. By-and-by, fashion discovered that black pearl was a lovely material, and thereupon many long-forgotten mounds of rubbish became mines of wealth. Every plot of waste ground in the vicinity of Birmingham was prospected for pearl, and many a rush was made to newly-found diggings. Some canny adventurers who lighted upon unexpectedly rich deposits worked them secretly in the dead of night. Tons of the material had been buried in the foundations of buildings, and there was for long a tradition that it would pay to pull down one or two of the largest churches, for the sake of the black pearl that was supposed to be under them.

The mutations of taste, and the growing scarcity of the material, caused black pearl to be superseded by the new substance called vegetable ivory. It is a species of nut, growing in clusters on a tree something like a palm, in Central America. Stripped of the outer husk, the nuts are somewhat the shape of chestnuts, only five or six times as big; and all but a small core in the middle is a solid, hard, white substance resembling ivory. It can be sawn into slices and turned in a lathe to any form very easily; and though it loses its own creamy whiteness by exposure, it may be stained to any colour, and will retain it. No material yet introduced into the button trade is capable of such protean variety, either of shape or tint; and therefore it has been found specially suitable for the style of dress now in vogue, and is a universal favourite.

And thus each button has its own little history, if we could only stop to read it. Of all the innumerable varieties of buttons, made of almost every substance in Nature's great storehouse, there is scarcely one of which some interesting fact might not be quoted. Reader, do not despise them—do not boast of having a soul above buttons! Ours is in many respects a day of small things, and sometimes the smallest things, in their near and remote consequences, have an influence upon us that we little dream of. In connection with buttons there are many questions regarding child-labour, the employment of women, foreign competition, and other questions of like import, specially brought to the front. A commodity that is in universal demand, is simple in manufacture, and must be cheap, is often the agent of grinding misery to thousands. Factory Acts, and the influence of education, have brought about a healthier condition of things than formerly; but there was a time when it might have been said to the careless users of such trifles—paraphrasing the immortal words of Hood—

"They are not buttons you fling away,
But little children's lives."

CHARLES HIBBS.



ABOUT TURKEYS.

By Mary R. Cox.

THE GOBBLER.

Few readers of St. Nicholas have known the anxieties and delights of raising turkeys. I should like to tell them some of my experiences.

In April your turkey-hens will not stay together, as they have done all the winter, but each seems to have a separate secret, and you will often meet one in the most unexpected places, far away from the house. Then the deceitful old turkey-hen will try to look so unconscious! She just goes on plucking at the grass and weeds, slowly turning first one way and then another in an aimless fashion; and when she is sure you are watching her, she will lead you back and forth, around and around, sometimes for half a mile. Yet — would you believe it? — right here, near by, along the fence in a clump of grass, or under some dried brush, or perhaps in the middle of the pear-orchard, with never a thing to mark the spot, or in a tangle of blackberry-bushes in the old graveyard on the cool moist earth is a nest of speckled eggs! But take care! Do not for the world put your hand in the nest! You must take those eggs out with a fresh, clean spoon — turkeys are "mighty partic'lar," as the colored people say; but if you don't take them the crows or the setter dog will. You must leave her a "nest-egg," of course, and above all things the hen must not see you do this; for you and she are playing at hide-and-seek.

Some day you will find her sitting on the nest, crouched down close to the ground, with a scared look in her pretty brown eyes. Don't say a word: trip noiselessly away, and late that evening give her back those speckled eggs, slipping them under her with your hand. She will pluck you, but do not mind that; you and she will be friends some day.

Once I made a turkey sit in a hen-house where there was many a rat-hole. She had been on the eggs four weeks when little turkey-voices were heard beneath her, and little turkey-heads peeped out from among her breast feathers. When I took her up by both wings, such plucking and picking and scratching as she did! I looked, and behold! not a turkey-chick was there. The little things just out of the shell, obeying the wild instinct of their nature, had "scooted" in the twinkling of an eye, leaving a nest of empty shells. I hunted all over the hen-house, but no sight or sound of them could be heard, but, as I turned away, I heard the old hen calling softly; then, more softly still, came the answers, and from rat-holes, from wisps of scattered straw, from chips, from cracks, and from corners, the little ones came creeping back to the nest. I caught them, though, after all, and did as an old woman told me. With my finger-nail I scratched off the little "pip" at the end of each tiny bill, and, holding the little turkey firmly and placing a finger in the bill to keep it open, I crammed the little pip — which looks like a piece of meal husk — and a whole grain of black pepper down each little throat. The black pepper makes them warm. Then the young turkeys are treated to a dab of salt grease and snuff, mixed together in a brown paste, first on the top of each head, and then under each little throat. Their food is now to be wet corn-

meal and chopped garlic on onion tops—with an occasional seasoning of black pepper on damp days. How those little turkeys like onion tops! They actually *squeal* with delight when they smell them. What tussling when two or three are hanging on to the same piece! What funny little things they are! —so weak in their legs, so easily upset, yet so strong in their bills. You can lift a little turkey off the ground with an onion top, if he once gets a firm hold.

And then when there comes a sudden shower, how you have to run to "shoo" the old hen and young ones to the coop! The coop is far from the house, perhaps, and the turkeys are farther off still, and the old hen always wants to go in the wrong direction—and the little turkeys, tame by this time, always get under your feet, and you have to shuffle along to keep from stepping on them,—with your dress outspread to help shoo with. It would better be an old dress, too, and one that will wash, for very likely you will be drenched before you get in. Next the coop must be covered with an old carpet to keep out the pelting rain. A healthy turkey-coop is always very open and airy, being made of pine sticks crossed at the four corners as in a pig-pen, with an old board shutter or door on top for a roof.

I have a great deal to thank my little turkeys for. They make me get up early. Whatever may be thought of early rising as a measure of health for boys and girls, it certainly makes the turkeys healthy; and you get up at four or five of a summer morning and turn them out in the fresh dew. Of course their feet and legs get wet, making their little bodies look as if they were perched on long stilts, but that does no harm. They are very dependent on dew, and if kept from this pure fresh drink they would pine away and die.

What queer little things they are, to be sure! Even though they know you well, when with a pan of food you go searching and calling the name you have given them (and, by the way, you must never change that name), the mother hen will give a peculiar note of warning, and quick as a wink not a chick is to be seen! You part the grass, peep here and there, you wait—but not until the old hen, faithful, suspicious sentinel that she is, tells them in a different tone that all is well, do they come straggling out from—where? There is nothing to hide them that you see. Now you count—"one, two, three"—up to eighteen, perhaps; but you are sure you had twenty-five in the flock! You feel uneasy; this time they are surely gone. No, they are not; they are only hiding, and will come out as soon as you move away.

As turkeys grow older, they become less timid. Soon you find you have a fine flock of feathered birds, though thinned out somewhat by the crows and hawks. The coop begins to be too small at night. The top fence-rail, hard by, looks so cool and airy, and is just high enough, too, for the young wings to reach. Sometimes they find your shoulders, or even the top of your head, a good perch. A pretty sight is to see a long row of dusty-brown half-grown turkeys crouched close together on the top fence-rail, heads and tails either way, looking for all the world like beads on a string, with the mother-wings outstretched to cover as many children as they can—like a big locket on the chain!

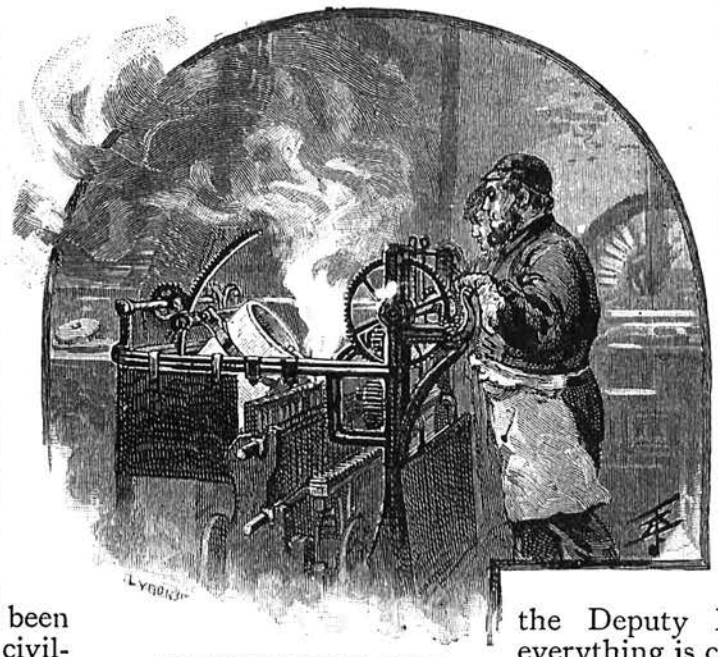
Then look out for *owls!*

One's best plan is to get the turkeys to go to bed in the leafy branches of a tree. Our two storm-bent catalpas, with leaning trunks, served my purpose. Such times as I have had, late in the evening, shooing the sleepy tribe up the trunk and into the branches of those catalpas!

My turkeys grew and grew through the long summer days, and fast became dark, shiny, rainbow-hued, long-legged young gobblers or short-legged hens. They made raids on the corn-fields, plucked the hearts out of the cabbages, and devoured the other vegetables; and every evening, after the day's foraging was done, they talked it all over on the lawn. The young gobblers spread their fan tails, and bullied the roosters, and strutted around in twos and threes and dozens, as if performing military evolutions! Then, one by one, as the stars came out, up the catalpa-trees they flew, and soon loomed quiet and dark against the clear gray sky. Night after night I counted them, and knew they were all there.

Our Money Manufactory.

NUMISMATICS is a science in which the vast majority of people probably take but the faintest interest. Yet the history of coinage, its developments, its ramifications, is bound up indissolubly with the history of the human race. It is the history of money ; and money, as Carlyle said of his own time, is the one certain nexus as between man and man. Money is the determining factor in four-fifths of our relationships. It has made the world what it is ; on the one hand it has brutalised mankind, and on the other it has given man unrivalled opportunities of winning popular esteem. Money has ruined and created individuals, families, States. Equally often it has brought worldly happiness and worldly misery ; it has broken hearts, unhinged reasons, undone great enterprises ; it has shed light in dark places, secured comfort for the weary and the suffering, and involved all that heart can desire. Noble knees have bent before "Lucre's sordid charms"; the humble and the struggling have exalted themselves to place and power by its means. Pope gives us an idea not only of the use but of the abuse to which riches may be put, from the hiring of the dark assassin to the corruption of a friend, and the bribing of a Senate.



RUNNING SILVER INTO MOULDS.

Money in the form of cash has been infinitely more to civilisation than mere barter and exchange ever were to barbarous races content to accept one article in payment for another. It is, in fact, only necessary to let the mind dwell for a period on all that the possession or want of coin means to a people, individually and collectively, to render any inquiry into the working of our money manufactory one of considerable fascination. The attractions of the Mint for the ordinary sightseer have, it would seem, yearly become greater, and in 1889, according to the Report of the Deputy Master, the number of visitors was larger than in any previous year, no less than 7,912 persons—that is, an average of twenty-five a day—having been shown over the establishment on Tower Hill. Vivid an idea of the place as the illustrations which accompany this article will convey to those who have never been to the Mint, it may at once be said, that to thoroughly grasp the actual work done there, a visit is essential. It is an institution round which centres so much human energy and scientific achievement that a picture should certainly make most people anxious to know something more about it.

The Mint, as one approaches it on Tower Hill, suggests that it may be a barrack, and the sentry pacing up and down outside lends colour to this view, until one finds one's passage through the entrance gate blocked by a sturdy policeman. Unless you happen to be fully armed with credentials, or orders, you will not easily run the gauntlet of the keeper of the peace and the gate, affable gentleman though he is. To be shown over the Mint you must get an order from the Deputy Master, and then everything is clear.

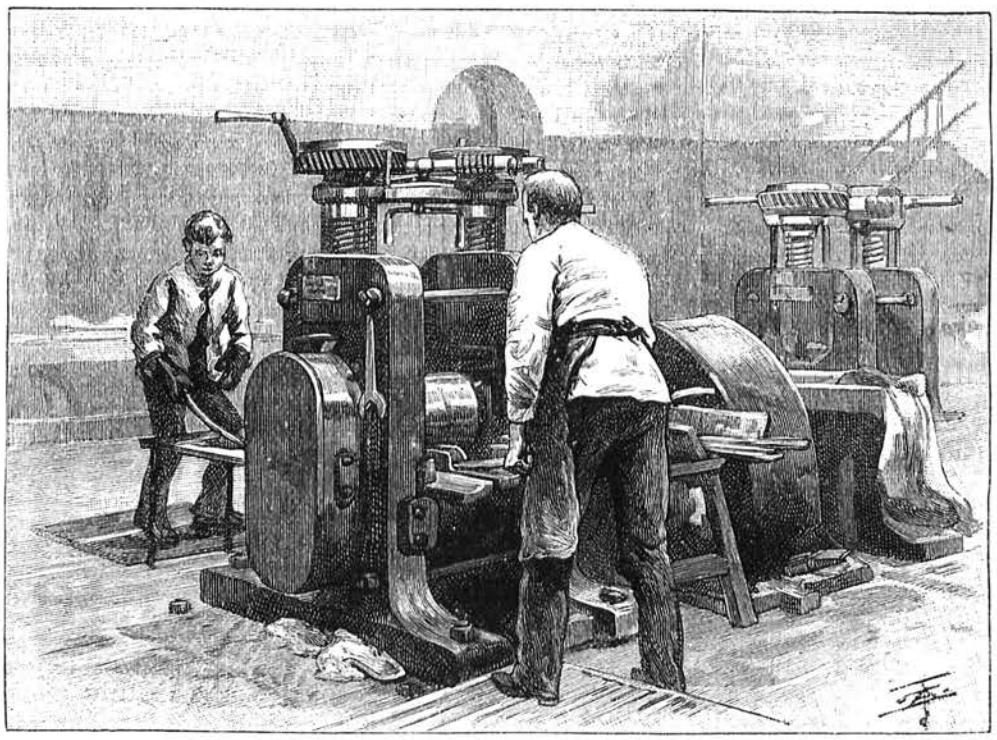
Once within the precincts of the establishment, your education—if it is a first visit, as this of ours is—begins. You have probably, when pocketing your salary at the end of the week, never given a moment's thought as to the process by which money comes

into the world. The pounds (if you have any), the shillings, and the pence which you carry in your pockets are the result of a combination of experience and skill which you, perhaps, little suspect.

When the bullion—the metal in its pure state—arrives at the Mint, it is assayed—that is, tested. It is then passed on to the Melting-room, and, together with the baser metal which forms the alloy necessary to reduce it to the proper standard, placed in the crucible, or melting-pot. Let us take the coining of silver as an example. The crucible used is made of mixed clay and graphite, each vessel holding about three thousand ounces. On two sides of the Melting-room are coke furnaces, and into one of these the crucible is dropped.

Here it remains until the metal is at a molten heat, when it is lifted by means of a crane on to an apparatus shown in our illustration. This forms a pretty sight. The crucible is red-hot, and the boiling metal, as it is stirred vigorously by one of the men with an iron rod, emits a lovely bluish flame. The apparatus tilts the pot, and the metal runs into a series of moulds which move on a carriage underneath. These moulds being well oiled, the metal has no chance of becoming part of them. The bars formed in this way are twelve inches long and three-eighths of an inch thick. When removed from the moulds their edges are ragged, but a revolving file soon makes them smooth, and the bars are ready to be again assayed. A piece is chipped from one of them, and if the necessary standard of fineness has been secured, the bars pass to the next department.

This is the Rolling-room. The metal, it must be understood, is far from hard, and the reduction of the thickness and consequent increase in the length, due to the rolling of the bars, are not so difficult a matter as to the uninitiated they may seem. The bars are placed between adjustable cylinders and rolled into strips, or "fillets" as they are called.

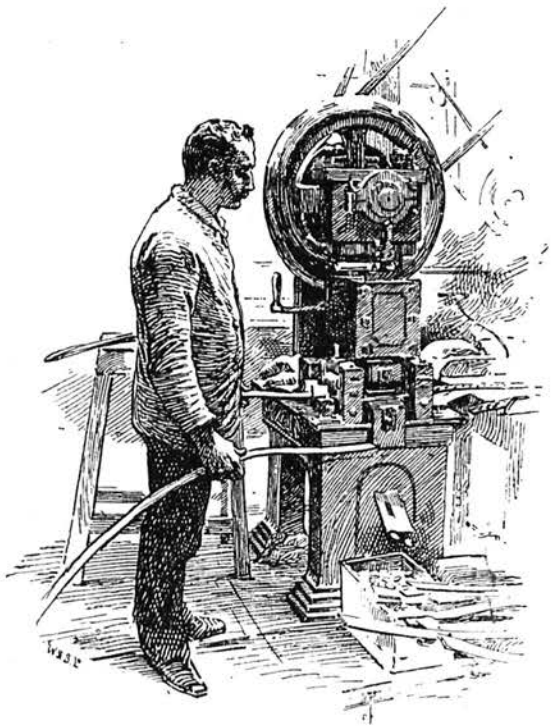


IN THE ROLLING-ROOM.

They pass several times through the machine, being reduced the one-nineteenth part of an inch in each rolling at first, but, finally, only the one-hundredth part of an inch. Naturally the process makes the metal very hard, and it has to be annealed—that is, heated and softened—constantly until it is the right thickness. We need only state that the strips from which half-sovereigns are made must not vary more than 1-20,000th part of an inch—in other words, they must be within 1-10,000th part of an inch of the nominal thickness—to

give an idea of the minute care with which every stage of the development of the coin has to be watched. Two-tenths of a grain is the divergence allowed in the weight of the sovereign, but even this margin may mean a difference of more than £3,000 on a million sovereigns.

The strips, as they leave the Rolling-room, are about four feet long and double the width of the shilling. They are taken to the Cutting-room, and here for the first time we get something approaching a piece of money. The "fillets" are placed in the cutting-machines, by a man who feeds two at a time. No doubt many persons have formed the idea that the coin is cut, cucumber-fashion, from a metal rod; we have, indeed, heard people suggest as much. Well, the foregoing is sufficient to dispel any such notion. The fillet passes beneath two punches, and over holes the size of the coin. As the former descend with swift, sharp, irresistible force, they punch the "blanks" of the coin out of the strip. The blanks fall through a tube into a tray or pan, and what remains of the strips is sent back to the Melting-room, to be turned again into bars. In the case of shillings, two blanks are forced out at once. In the case of copper, five disappear at a blow, but in the case of large silver coins, only one blank is cut at a time. The blanks of the shilling are produced at the rate of some 300 an hour.

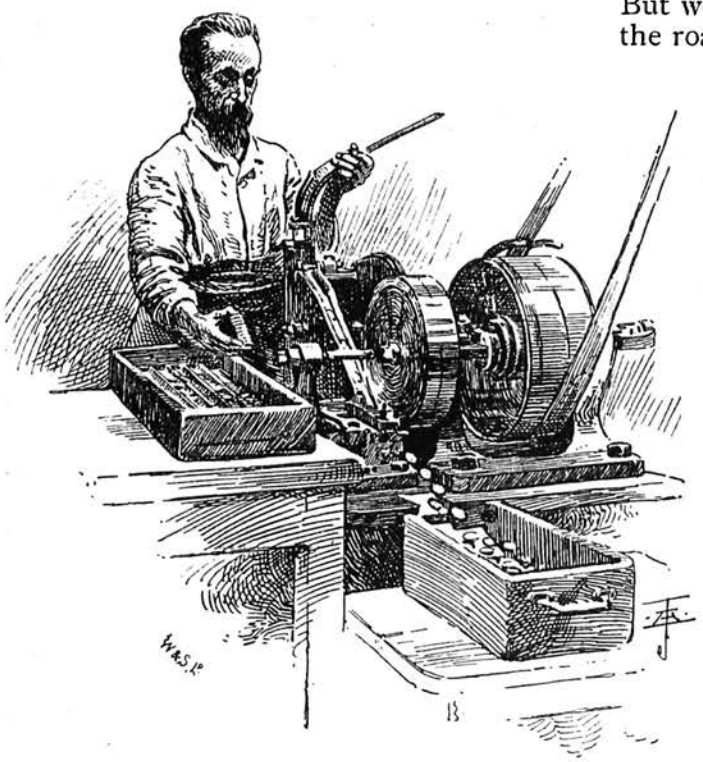


CUTTING MACHINE.

Having secured the blank, it might well be imagined that there was nothing more to be done but to impress it with the proper device on its obverse and reverse. But we are not yet more than half-way on the road to the coin which can be sent to the Bank, there to be handed over the counter to the public.

Close by the cutting-machine is what is called a marking-machine. The special function of this is to raise the edge which all coins possess for the protection of their face. The blank is run into a groove in a rapidly revolving disc, and edges are produced at the rate of between six and seven hundred an hour; in fact, almost as quickly as the man can feed the machine.

We cannot help but listen pensively for a moment to the thud, thud, of the cutting machine as the punches strike the fillet, and watch with keen interest the express rate at which the marking is accomplished. To see the blank being turned out at this pace is to make one's mouth literally water, and one's heart and pocket wish that it



MARKING MACHINE.

were so easy and so mechanical a business to "make money" in one's daily doings. And then it strikes us: What do these men, with their usually grimy aprons and often blackened faces, get for their work in turning out so much coin of the realm? They seem to have a very good time of it on the whole, and the conditions of light, warmth, and safety under which they labour are certainly in striking contrast to the trials, the dangers, and the dreariness of the lives of those who unearth the metal.

On an average, each workman in the operative department of the Mint makes his £2 10s. a week. He enters the service of the department as a boy, and remains there through his working life, if he cares to do so and proves trustworthy. No one is accepted for employment after sixteen years of age, and every precaution is taken by the authorities against the weakness of human nature. Each room is under a separate official, without whose assistance in the unlocking of doors no employé can leave.

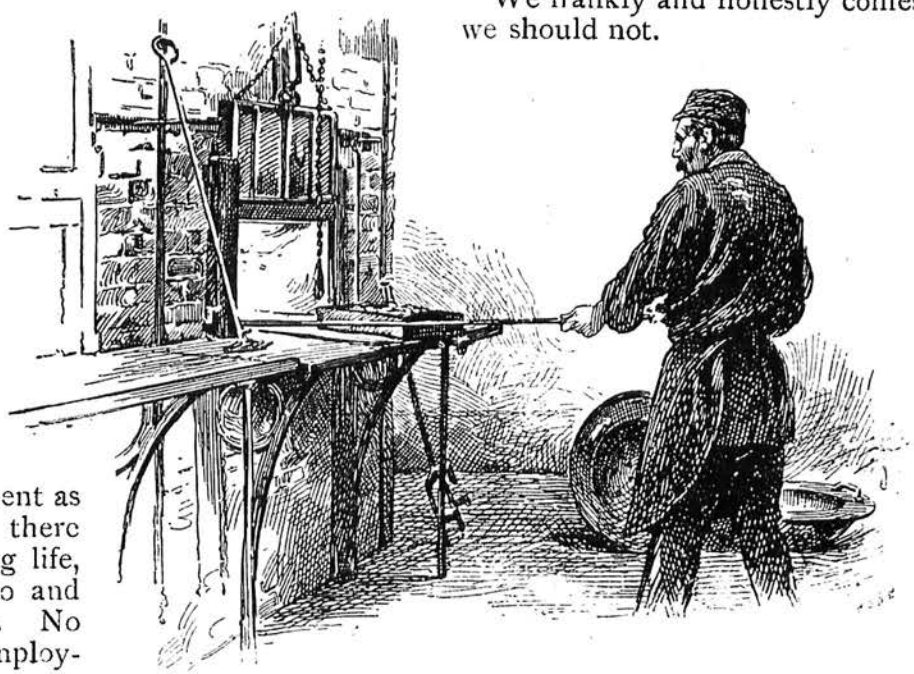
There is no hardship in this daily imprisonment, every department being fitted up with all conveniences for cooking, eating, &c.; and, judging from what we have seen, we should say the lives of the operatives at the Mint are not unenviable. Of one thing we can speak very positively, and that is as to their natures: their geniality is a characteristic they share in common with their chief superintendent. If one had seriously contemplated becoming an operative, they could not have taken more pains to initiate one into the mysteries of the coinage.

We now make our way to the Annealing-room. Here the scene changes entirely. The buzz, the whirr, and bang of the all powerful machinery give place to several furnaces. The blanks are brought in in bags, are emptied into an iron tray, and shoved along an elongated sort of oven, of which our illustration gives an excellent impression. It shows the man standing with the iron rod and hook in hand ready to push the tray to the farther end of the oven.

We venture modestly to suggest that the structure would do admirably for the purposes of cremation.

"Quite right, sir, it would! I suppose you wouldn't like to try it?"

We frankly and honestly confess we should not.



ANNEALING FURNACE.

After a few minutes the blanks are sufficiently baked. If one's own valuable carcase had been in that red-hot oven for ever so short a time, it would have come out charred and hardened. Not so the metal, which is considerably softened.

The blanks are now tipped into a perforated sort of basin, which is picked up by a man from another room and carried away.

We have during all this time been standing in a heat which would do credit to a Turkish bath.

But now, again, the conditions change entirely, and we are in a room filled with steam, and cold enough to refrigerate one. Here the blanks are plunged into a tank of cold water, which hisses and spits like a dozen angry snakes as the hot metal touches it. From the cooling bath the blanks go to the acid bath. Into this latter they disappear black with the oxide of copper clinging to them. Pears' Soap or Sapolio, or whatever means to cleanliness we may employ, would hardly accomplish the wonders in an hour's application to the human skin,

which a few seconds of the sulphuric solution accomplishes with the blank of the coin. They emerge from their bath in every sense white as snow.

The blanks are, of course, wet, and before they can assume the full honours of the complete coin they have to be dried. How is this done? By blowing on them with a bellows? By wiping each blank separately with a cloth? By placing them in front of a fire or even in the oven again? No. They are simply emptied into a revolving box containing beech-wood sawdust. A turn about in this, and they and the sawdust are emptied into a sieve, from which the sawdust escapes with a little shaking. The sawdust is dried on a hot slab or bench, and is used again; the blanks are ready for the Press or Die room.

DRYING BLANKS.

In the illustration of this room the man is standing with a handful of blanks feeding a small tube or shoot, from which they drop on to a sliding plate and are conveyed into a collar, as it is called. We see the piece a blank for the last time. Once in the collar, if the machinery is in motion, nothing can save that smooth-faced blank from becoming, in appearance at least, a coin of the realm. The blank rests on a die and beneath a die. The latter descends with precision and force, and the blank finds itself for an instant in a grip more powerful than miser ever gave his hoard. It would, if it could, spread itself out to the thinnest possible substance. But as it seeks to escape under the pressure its edge comes in contact with the sides of the collar. These are milled or lettered, and whatever they contain appears on the coin. It is not generally known that the object of this milling or lettering is to prevent the clipping or debasement of the money. In Queen Elizabeth's time, and on to the reign of William III.—during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—the operations of the clippers were very serious. Men made fortunes by paring a small piece from every coin in their possession, and even the death penalty failed to check the evil. A year or two before the beginning of the eighteenth century a mill, worked by horses, was started in the Tower of London to replace the old system of making money by the hand-wielded hammer. The edge of the coin was made to bear an inscription, and the operations of the clipper were rendered practically impossible. Even to-day offences in connection with the currency are numerous. In 1889 110 persons were convicted out of 194 charged with issuing counterfeit coins, having them in their possession, or actually making them. The more ingenious the device on the coin produced by the Imperial mint, the less likely is a counterfeit to pass muster for long.

The coin leaves the Press-room complete, and has to pass only one other ordeal, that, namely, of the Weighing-room. Here it is placed on a wonderful automatic balance. If it is too light it falls into a drawer on one side, if correct into a drawer in the centre, if too heavy into a drawer on the other side. The average of coins which are either too heavy or too light, and consequently have to be returned to the melting pot, is, owing to the smallness of the "remedy" or margin of weight allowed, as much as 13 per cent.

There are thirty of these little machines employed, and their workmanship may be judged by the fact that each one costs £300. Bronze coins are not subjected to this severe test, but are weighed in bulk in a huge scale. Every year there is what is called "The Trial of the Pyx"—the

pyx being the chest containing sample coins. A coin is taken, without preference, from every "journey weight" of gold, a "journey weight" being 15 lb. troy, or 701 sovereigns, or 1,402 half sovereigns. The work of testing is performed by a jury, composed of freemen of the Goldsmiths' Company in the presence of the Queen's Remembrancer, and the report of the jury is laid before the Treasury. The yearly verdict shows how wonderfully and uniformly accurate the standard of fineness has remained, averaging, as it did in 1889, according to the Deputy Master's Report, 916·657, the precise standard being 916·6. As regards silver, the English standard of 925 is, with the exception of certain coins, averaging 945 in the Netherlands, the highest in the world, the average in France being 835, and in Germany and the United States, 900.

COINING PRESS.

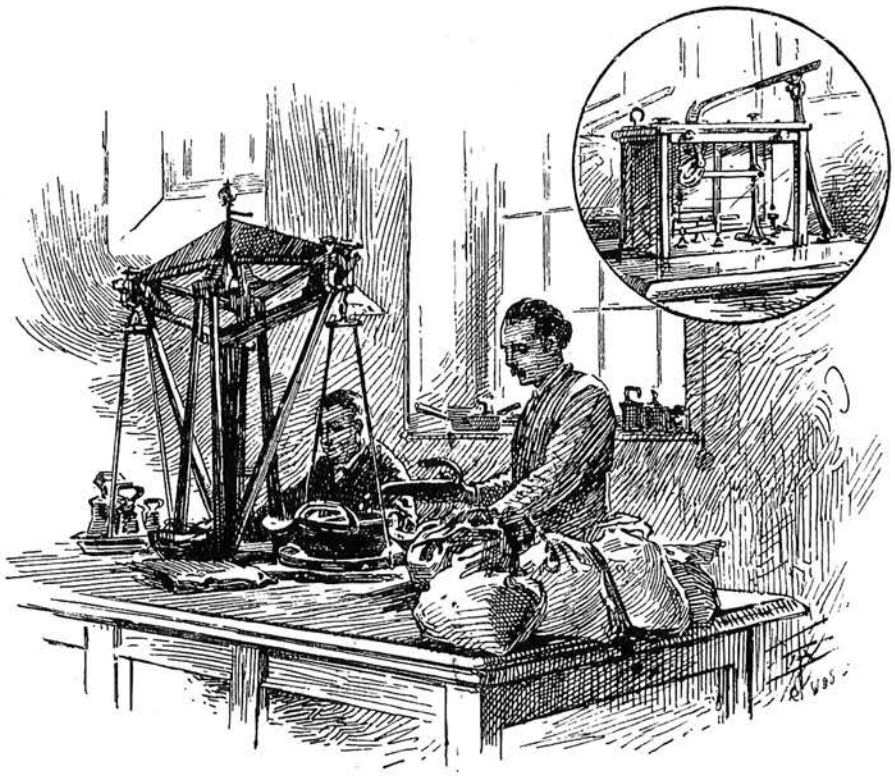
The Deputy Master's Report for 1889 was rendered especially interesting from the fact that it was the twentieth issued under the present system of Mint administration. It was only in 1870 that the Mastership of the Mint ceased to be a separate office, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer became *ex officio* Master, with the Deputy Master as principal executive officer. The Mint was removed to its present site from the Tower of London in 1810. With the increase of its labours, the buildings afforded quite insufficient accommodation, and from 1871 to 1881 several Bills were introduced into the House of Commons with a view to acquiring a new site on the Thames Embankment. The governor of the Bank of England, however, having in 1881 declared that no inconvenience would arise if all gold coinage were suspended for a year, it was determined to improve the existing structure. The changes were commenced on February 1, 1882, and ended early in the following December. The result has been to place the department in a position to meet almost any demands which may be made upon it. The machinery was nearly all renewed, and the arrangements now admit of the simultaneous coinage of two metals. During July, 1889, the producing capabilities of the Mint were put to the test, and one million perfect sovereigns were struck and issued in a week. The coinage in that year of £9,746,538, to which previous reference has been made, was nearly four times the average of the previous ten years. Even this enormous sum does not represent the whole of the coinage operations of the country in 1889. A considerable portion of the Colonial coins required were turned out by a firm formerly known as Ralph Heaton & Sons, but now called "The Mint, Birmingham, Limited."* Messrs. Heaton were for many years a sort of Imperial Mint Auxiliary. The idea once got abroad that all bronze coins stamped with the letter "H" were counterfeit, whereas the initial simply denoted that their manufacture had been entrusted to Messrs. Heaton. The Mint, Birmingham, does most of the coinage for small foreign States which look to England to convert their ingots to money.

The Imperial Mint, in the words of so many company prospectuses, is a going concern. It levies a seigniorage which brings in a handsome revenue. This seigniorage was abolished by Charles II., but restored by an Act of George III., which required every pound of silver to be coined into 66 shillings instead of 62—the extra four shillings to go to defray the expenses of the establishment. During five out of the 18 years, 1872 to 1889, the Mint was worked at a loss ; but, taking the whole 18 years, the average net profit was as much

* The Imperial Mint supplies the whole Empire with coinage, except Australasia, which is supplied largely by mints in Sydney and Melbourne, and India, which has mints in Calcutta and Bombay.

as £83,724. The profit made in 1889 amounted to no less than £780,691 12s. 5d. What the record for 1890 will be it is too early yet to know, but 1889 will, in every respect, take a lot of beating.

The Mint does not confine itself to the production of coins, but strikes thousands of medals every year for the War Office, the Board of Trade, the University of London, the Royal and other Societies. It may be remembered that Pope addressed some admirable lines to Addison *à propos* of one of his dialogues, on the historic virtues of the medal. He pictures all the glories and triumphs of the Imperial ambition of Rome shrunk into a coin. "A narrow orb each conquest keeps," he says, and he demands when Britain shall "in living medals see her wars enrolled," and "vanquished realms supply recording gold." The historian must always bear grateful testimony to the assistance derivable from the metallic tokens of a country, no matter whether they show "a small Euphrates," or merely an inscription, and the head of the sovereign. They are imperishable witnesses in the cause of accuracy and truth.



WEIGHING ROOM.

THREE "TRIED AND TRUE" STRAWBERRY RECIPES.

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE.

Sift together two cupfuls of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and half a teaspoonful of salt. Add two teaspoonfuls of shortening and cut it with a knife till the mixture is like fine meal. Slowly add enough milk or water to make a very stiff dough. Divide it into two parts. Drop each part in small pieces on a greased pan. Unite these pieces by pressing them out with the hand till they join and the pan is covered. Bake in a quick oven six or eight minutes. Turn them out, butter them, and spread with sweetened, mashed berries. Lay one on top of the other and serve. Use one quart of berries. The shortening may be all butter, or half lard and half butter.

STRAWBERRY SALAD.

Put the strawberries in a glass dish with alternate layers of pulled pineapple. The fresh is better, but the canned pineapple may be used. It should be pulled instead of sliced, because the slices retain too much of the tough fibre. There are no two flavors that combine more perfectly than those of the strawberry and the pineapple. When the pyramid of fruit is completed, the strawberries, of course, on the top, pour over the whole either wine or the strained juice of three lemons and two oranges, sweetened to taste. Keep it on ice until ready to place on the table.

STRAWBERRY SHERBET.

Put one tablespoonful of gelatine to soak in a little cold water. To one pint of strawberry juice add two cupfuls of sugar and the juice of two lemons. Pour one cupful of boiling water over the cooked gelatine, and when dissolved add it to the berry juice with three cupfuls of cold water, and freeze.

HERBS, THEIR DOMESTIC USES, PROPERTIES, AND CULTURE.

THE term "herbs," though formerly applied to all the "green herbs" provided "for the service of man," is now commonly restricted to those plants of home-growth which are used to give flavour to culinary preparations, or in domestic medicine. "Pot-herbs," and "sweet-herbs," are phrases of loose application, and it would be difficult to class the several kinds under them. The first is generally given to those used in cookery only, and many of those known as sweet-herbs are employed as pot-herbs. Apart from their value in improving flavour, aromatic herbs in cookery have a stimulating action on the system, and, in the quantities in which they are used, are beneficial; although many of them would be absolutely poisonous, if taken in large quantities. On the medicinal properties of the various plants, which are at the present day too much in danger of being lost sight of, we shall touch while treating of them in detail.

The cultivation of all the more valuable and better known herbs is extremely simple, and they may be grown by those who have gardens too small for the cultivation of vegetables. They are much better gathered fresh for use when required, than when partially faded, as will commonly be the case when purchased.

For winter use, whether home-grown or otherwise, they must be dried, and the proper time for gathering them for this purpose is when they are most in season, which is, as a rule, when the colour of the blossom first begins to appear. They should be gathered after sunshine, when they are perfectly free from moisture. Most people hang them in bunches, in a shady place, under cover, to be dried by the circulation of air alone; but a quicker method preserves the flavour and aroma more fully. They are better divided into small bunches, and cured in a Dutch oven before an ordinary fire; care must, of course, be taken not to burn them—this will not happen so long as they do not change colour. When dried, they should not, as is the general practice, be hung up in the bunches, or enclosed in paper bags, since either of these methods involves some loss of their properties; but the leaves should be picked off, reduced to powder, and passed through a hair-sieve. They should then be put in glass-stoppered bottles, and labelled; when stored in this manner, they are ready for immediate use, and will keep uninjured for a great length of time.

To save trouble when required, an excellent herb powder may be prepared by mixing the following—the leaves being dried and powdered, as directed above: parsley, winter-savory, sweet-marjoram, and lemon-thyme, of each two ounces; lemon-peel, cut very thinly and dried, and sweet-basil, one ounce each. Dry in a warm, but not hot oven, till they can be finely pounded in a mortar, and rub the powder through a hair-sieve. This, when put in a glass bottle as above, will retain its fragrance for many months, and form a delicious and cheap flavouring.

Thyme.—Of this two species grow wild in England, mostly on high and stony land. They are said to give a fine flavour to the flesh of the animals which feed on them; but these plants are inferior in fragrance to the cultivated varieties, which are natives of Southern Europe. Common or garden thyme is a shrubby evergreen, of about a foot high; the leaves and young shoots are much used for stuffings, and also for soups and sauces. Lemon-thyme has a strong perfume, like the rind of lemon. Thyme grows best on a dry and rather poor soil; it may be propagated from seed sown in early spring, but offsets or layers are the more usual methods. As borders, it may be grown to advantage: the variegated kind is exceedingly pretty.

Sage is a native of the south of Europe, but has long been naturalised in our gardens; its use in cookery is chiefly in stuffings, for correcting the too great lusciousness of certain kinds of meat, such as goose and duck; for this, the common red sage, and the green variety, are most employed. The other kinds—the small-leaved, and the broad-leaved balsamic sage—are more esteemed for medicinal purposes. As a medicinal herb, sage has lost much of its reputation in our own time, and that unjustly, for it possesses considerable aromatic and astringent properties; and sage tea is undoubtedly useful for debility of the stomach, and in nervous cases. For sore throats it makes a grateful and cooling gargle. The Chinese are said to prefer tea made from sage to that of their own country. The expressed juice of the leaves is still used in some parts of the country for making sage-cheese. This plant requires little or no care; it thrives best in a shady border, and may be propagated by slips merely dibbled into the ground in spring and autumn.

Marjoram is of several kinds. We have a wild native marjoram, which grows chiefly among copse wood, on chalk soils, and which has a somewhat similar but inferior flavour to the cultivated varieties, and may be employed in their stead when they are not at hand. Marjoram is used for soups, stuffings, &c., the sweet and winter-marjorams, which are natives of the south of Europe, being preferred. These plants grow readily on a light, dry soil, but require frequent change of situation. Winter-

marjoram is propagated by layers, but sweet-marjoram must be sown in April; the seeds rarely ripen in this country, and are imported from France. For seasonings, the leaves are best when dried. Marjoram is heating in its nature.

Savory, being highly acrid, is not much used in cookery, and is preferable when dried. There are two sorts, summer and winter savory, both of which are natives of Italy. Winter savory is used as a vermifuge.

Mint.—Several plants of the mint species grow wild in England. Spearmint, or garden-mint, is the kind most cultivated for cookery. Its use for boiling (to be afterwards withdrawn), with peas and some other dishes, is well known. Pea-soup should never be made without it, not only on account of the improved flavour given, but also because it corrects the flatulency to which that dish is apt to give rise; it is also used in spring salads. Few plants bear drying better without loss of properties. Medicinally it is stomachic and antispasmodic. The peculiar flavour and properties of peppermint are chiefly owing to the camphor which it contains, and of which one-fourth of its essential oil is composed. It is not used in cookery; we have tasted it, substituted for spearmint, with lamb, in mint-sauce, by an ignorant cook, and can by no means advise our readers to repeat the experiment. Pennyroyal is still used to flavour certain dishes, as hogs' puddings, but not so much as formerly. All plants of this family delight in low, moist situations. When the leaves become pale or yellow, it indicates that a change of soil is required.

Parsley has been so long cultivated among us that the time of its introduction is unknown. It comes from Southern Europe, and was well known to the ancient Greeks, who awarded crowns of this plant to winners of their public games. The common, plain-leaved variety is now almost superseded by the curly, which equals it in flavour, and is far superior in beauty for garnishing purposes; and is, moreover, less liable to be confounded with fool's-parsley, a kind of hemlock and a poison; from this plant being used in mistake, some accidents have arisen. Parsley is a diuretic, and is useful to cleanse and purify the teeth and breath from strong smells. It should be remembered that to parrots it is poison. Naples, or celery-parsley, is a variety between parsley and celery, and is used as the latter. Hamburg-parsley is cultivated for its roots, which grow as large as small parsnips, and are wholesome, palatable, and tender when boiled; they are either eaten with meat or in soups. Parsley should be sown in drills on any spare border in March. A good supply of parsley may be ensured through the winter by sheltering the rows with some light covering, as brushwood; or it may be dried. It may be remarked, that of celery (a member of this family), the outer stalks, which are usually thrown away, because acrid when green, lose that taste when dried, and become, for soups, equal in flavour with the centre.

Basil.—Sweet or large, and bush or least basil, are the two chief varieties of this herb. They are natives of the East Indies, and are said to be much used by the Chinese. They are more employed in French than in English cookery, and have a highly aromatic odour, resembling that of cloves.

Clary is a native of Italy; it is used in soups, and has a powerful odour, highly disagreeable to some persons. A medicinal wine is made from the flowers.

Tansy grows wild in England, chiefly on river banks where the soil is sandy; its leaves have a powerful aromatic bitter. There are three varieties: the plain, the curled leaved, and the variegated. The juice of the leaves, and sometimes the leaves themselves, chopped and bruised, are used to flavour puddings; its use in cookery is very ancient. It has value as a vermifuge, and is good in colic and gout.

Fennel is an English plant, and grows wild on chalky soils; it is particularly abundant in the neighbourhood of Faversham; but it has long been cultivated in gardens. It is used in fish-sauces, soups, and salads. From the elegance of the leaves it is much in favour for garnishing. In Italy, where it grows to a large size, it is cultivated in the same manner as celery among ourselves; thus treated and blanched, it loses its strong taste, and is eaten with oil, pepper, and vinegar. Medicinally, the leaves are considered diuretic, and the root aperient.

Dill, which is a native of Spain, resembles fennel, but is smaller. It is used in pickles, more particularly with cucumber, and sometimes in soups and sauces; but its medicinal properties form its chief value—it relieves flatulency and indigestion.

Tarragon is said to come from Siberia; it has a powerful smell and aromatic taste, and is employed in France to correct the coldness of salad herbs. It is used in pickles and soups; and when infused in vinegar, makes a good fish-sauce.

Chervil, which is sometimes seen in our gardens, grows wild in various parts of the Continent; the curled is used for garnishing; a beautifully-frizzled variety is cultivated in the gardens of Paris. The tender leaves are employed in salads; the roots are poisonous.

Marigold.—This plant is a native of France and Spain, but has been cultivated in this country since 1573; it is now chiefly found in cottage-gardens. The flowers were formerly much employed in broths and soups; medicinally, they strengthen the circulation, promote perspiration, and are good in liver complaints. Both in cookery and medicine they are now almost disused, which is to be regretted, as the herb is a valuable one. In sage-cheese the layers of curds are often coloured alternately green (with sage) and yellow—the latter is derived from the juice of these flowers. Marigolds are grown from seed, and will flourish anywhere.

Rue, also called *Herb of Grace*, is a native of the south of Europe, but has been grown in this country time out of mind; its medicinal virtues were formerly much in repute; it is a stimulant and antispasmodic, excites the circulation, and increases the secretions. The leaves are taken either powdered or in infusion. This plant is a hardy evergreen shrub, and will grow in any situation; it has a strong, ungrateful odour and hot, bitter taste.

Hyssop is also chiefly medicinal, though the leaves and young shoots are sometimes used as pot-herbs; it comes from the south of Europe and the East. For medicinal purposes the leaves and flowering tops are dried; they are a gently stimulant aromatic, and the infusion is good in chronic catarrhs and disorders of the chest and lungs, also applied externally to restore the natural colour in bruises and black eyes.

Rosemary is a hardy under-shrub, which grows wild among rocks along the shores of the Mediterranean. As a medicine it is tonic and cordial, stimulates the circulation and nervous system, and is good in headaches. It is taken as an infusion, or sometimes in the form of snuff. Powdered, the leaves are used to flavour confectionery, and the dried sprigs are, from their fragrance, good to lay among linen. Formerly it was thought to strengthen the memory, and thence became the emblem of remembrance and fidelity, and was worn at weddings and funerals. It will grow anywhere, but is most fragrant on dry soils; it may be propagated by side-slips merely dibbled into the ground in spring and September.

Lavender comes to us from the same localities as rosemary, which it resembles in habits and method of culture, as also in medicinal properties. Lavender is a corruption of the Latin name "lavandula," which it received because used by the ancients to scent baths and the water in which they washed. It has been cultivated in England since 1568. The dried flowers are used to place among linen.

Balm is a native of the south of France; it has a faint aromatic taste, and a pleasant smell somewhat resembling lemon. An infusion of the leaves makes a grateful and useful drink in fevers; it should be dried for use.

Camomile grows wild in England, the double variety being that most cultivated. The flowers have a powerful aromatic bitter, and are a fine tonic. They are dried and usually taken as tea; they are also used in brewing, in the same manner as hops. Camomile flourishes in most soils, and is propagated by dividing the roots in spring.

Carraway is an English plant; the leaves and roots were formerly employed as pot-herbs; the seeds only are now used, and chiefly in cakes and confectionery. This plant has stimulating properties, and will grow in any soil; the method of propagation is by seed.

Laurel or *Bay Leaves* are employed to flavour custards, hasty-puddings, &c. They should be used sparingly, as their flavour is, owing to the presence of prussic acid, a deadly poison. The laurel of antiquity and the poets is not the common laurel, but the sweet bay. This in the south of Europe attains to the size of a tree. The leaves of both plants are used in cookery, but those of the latter are preferred; medicinally they are narcotic.

Costmary or *Alecost* is a native of Italy, and was formerly much used to put in negus or ale, hence its second name. It was introduced in 1568; a dry soil suits it best; it is propagated by slips, and when once planted will last for years.

Herbs, as a rule, occupy but little space, and require less care. All who have gardens should grow them, and know their properties. The English climate is especially suited to the growth of aromatic plants, which are said to be more fragrant here than in the south of Europe.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Veneering is the art of covering a cheap and solid material with a thin layer or leaf of a more costly and more ornamental material, so as to convey the impression that the whole is formed of that which meets the eye. According to Pliny, veneering was invented, and made use of, to obviate the extravagance of the Romans of his day—a day in which an emperor thought nothing of giving a thousand pounds for a table, and rare woods were worth almost their weight in gold. The veneer-mill, or saw, is a beautiful and ingenious invention, by which a solid block of wood may be peeled or shaved into sheets, some only of the consistency of brown paper. Thus a solid square foot of wood will supply material for a large table. The veneer is sent to the cabinet-maker, by the veneer manufacturer, rough upon both sides; nor does it assume the beautiful polish so ornamental to good furniture until the whole operation of laying on the veneer is completed—an operation which requires great skill, and time, and care.

Inlaying is a species of veneering. A pattern is to be followed; so the material is cut up and arranged either in scrolls or according to the design required.

Marquetry is another form of inlaying, the difference being that woods of a variety of shades and colours are employed, and formed by a skilful workman into a landscape or picture of some sort. Originally the woods used were always self-coloured. Of late years dyed woods have been introduced, and that, too, with great economy, and no loss of beauty.

Buhl-work comprises the use of various ornamental materials, such as metal, ivory, tortoiseshell, &c., all of which are, in this branch of the art, employed as inlaying materials, or to be inlaid upon with coloured woods. The designs now used in buhl-work are usually lines or bordering.

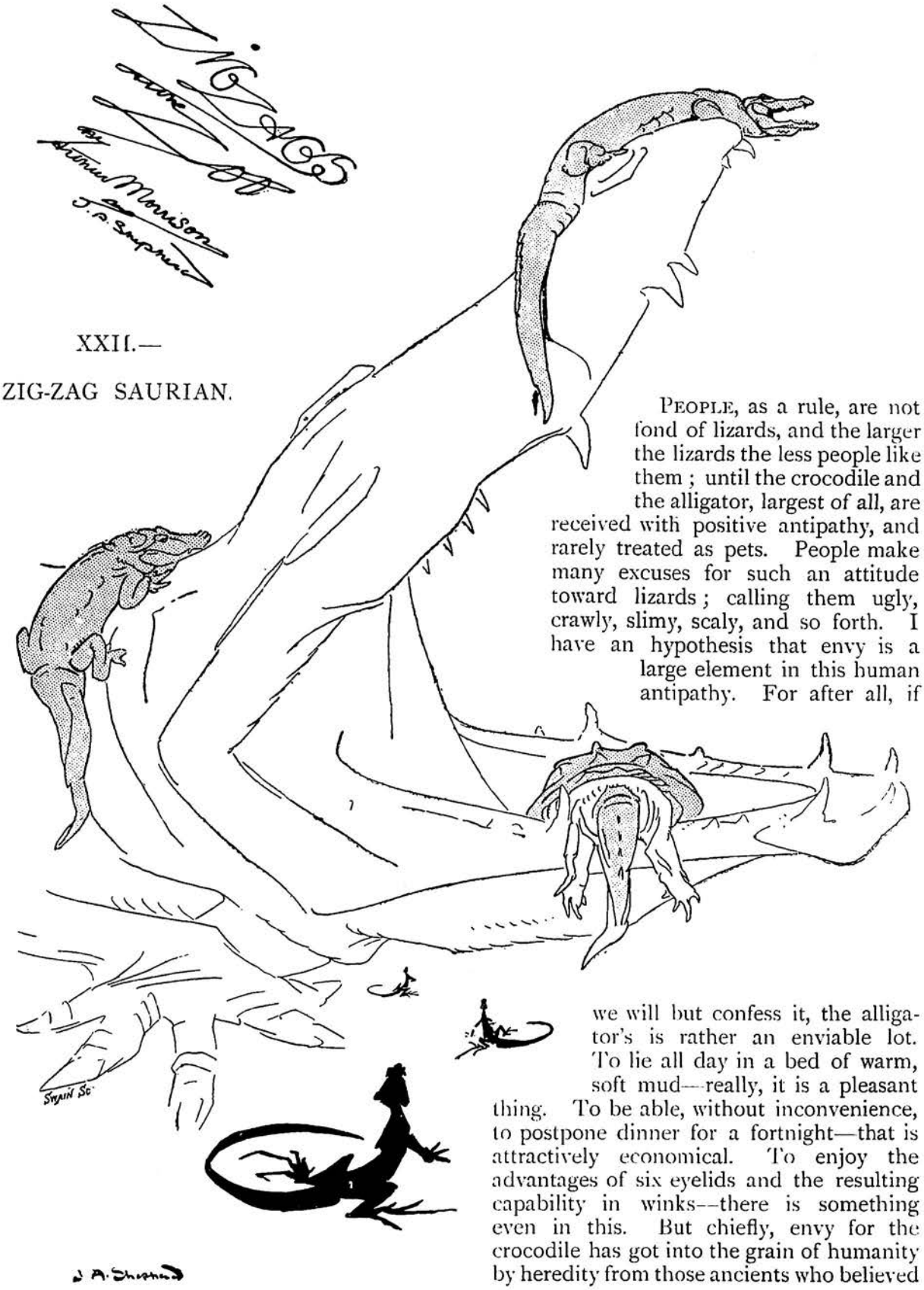
Parquetry is a coarser kind of buhl-work, made serviceable for flooring, and of course executed in a bolder style.

To clean Oilcloth.—Sweep off the dust; wipe with a clean flannel; wet over with milk; rub with a dry cloth until bright. This is a simple and effectual method.

To take out Ink Stains from Mahogany.—Oil of vitriol with water, in the proportions of one of the first to about two of the last, may be used for this purpose. Dip a feather into it, just touch the stains with the end of the feather, and *at once* rub it quickly off. In most cases the ink stains will be removed with it; if this, however, should not be the case, repeat the process. If the vitriol is not at once rubbed away, there is a probability of its merely substituting one defect for another—a white mark for a dark stain.

To clean Paint.—There is a very simple method to clean paint that has become dirty, and if our housewives should adopt it (says a scientific paper) it would save them a great deal of trouble. Provide a plate with some of the best whitening to be had, and have ready some clean warm water and a piece of flannel, which dip into the water and squeeze nearly dry; then take as much whitening as will adhere to it, apply it to the painted surface, when a little rubbing will instantly remove any dirt or grease. After which wash the part well with clean water, rubbing it dry with a soft chamois. Paint thus cleaned looks as well as when first laid on, without any injury to the most delicate colours. It is far better than using soap, and does not require more than half the time and labour.

Jewellers' Doublets, &c.—Under the name of "doublets" are included certain partial or complete imitations of real gems. Inexperienced persons frequently purchase these doublets as genuine sapphires, rubies, emeralds, &c. Some of them have the top of the stone genuine and the under part glass—the two being so skilfully joined by cement that the division cannot be seen. Formerly doublets were sometimes made of glass, cut to resemble real stones, but formed of two pieces, between which colouring matter was introduced. More frequently, or, at all events, more successfully, two pieces of crystal were joined and set to imitate particular gems. In other cases a doublet consists of the upper portion genuine, and the lower of some inferior stone, rendering it very difficult to detect the fraud. Ordinary purchasers may be easily imposed upon by these imitations, and even dealers are sometimes deceived. Where glass is used and can be got at, a file will act on it, which is not the case with real gems. In certain cases, doublets can be detected by holding them up to the light and looking at them edgewise, poised between the finger and thumb. But since these counterfeits are so numerous and valueless, as compared with genuine jewels, it is desirable that purchasers of costly rings and the like should have a written warranty with them. Real stones, when set with a back, have very frequently placed under them coloured foil to increase their beauty or to improve their colour. There are cases in which a piece of white crystal is backed with foil or colouring matter, so as to resemble something more valuable. We knew a case in which a gentleman who purchased of a London jeweller a so-called carbuncle ring, washed his hands with the ring on, and on drying them found it absolutely colourless. It was merely a piece of crystal, coloured at the back. Stones not of good colour are often "improved" by being set in silver, even when set open, or by being put in a setting which has been previously painted or enamelled. By such means the dealers obtain a greater price for their stones than they are actually worth, although real. To be forewarned is to be forearmed, and all purchasers of jewellery will be wise narrowly to inspect what is offered them for sale. Caution is, under such circumstances, the only safeguard against loss and annoyance.



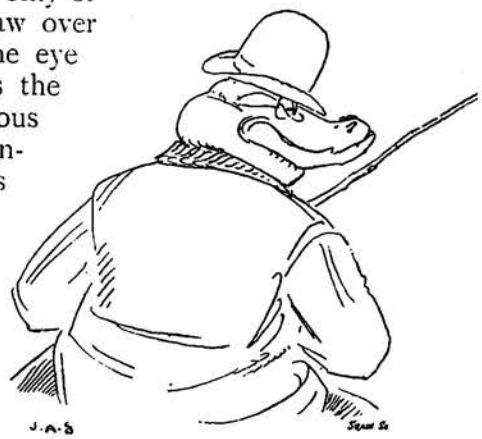
XXII.—

ZIG-ZAG SAURIAN.

PEOPLE, as a rule, are not fond of lizards, and the larger the lizards the less people like them; until the crocodile and the alligator, largest of all, are received with positive antipathy, and rarely treated as pets. People make many excuses for such an attitude toward lizards; calling them ugly, crawly, slimy, scaly, and so forth. I have an hypothesis that envy is a large element in this human antipathy. For after all, if we will but confess it, the alligator's is rather an enviable lot. To lie all day in a bed of warm, soft mud—really, it is a pleasant thing. To be able, without inconvenience, to postpone dinner for a fortnight—that is attractively economical. To enjoy the advantages of six eyelids and the resulting capability in winks—there is something even in this. But chiefly, envy for the crocodile has got into the grain of humanity by heredity from those ancients who believed

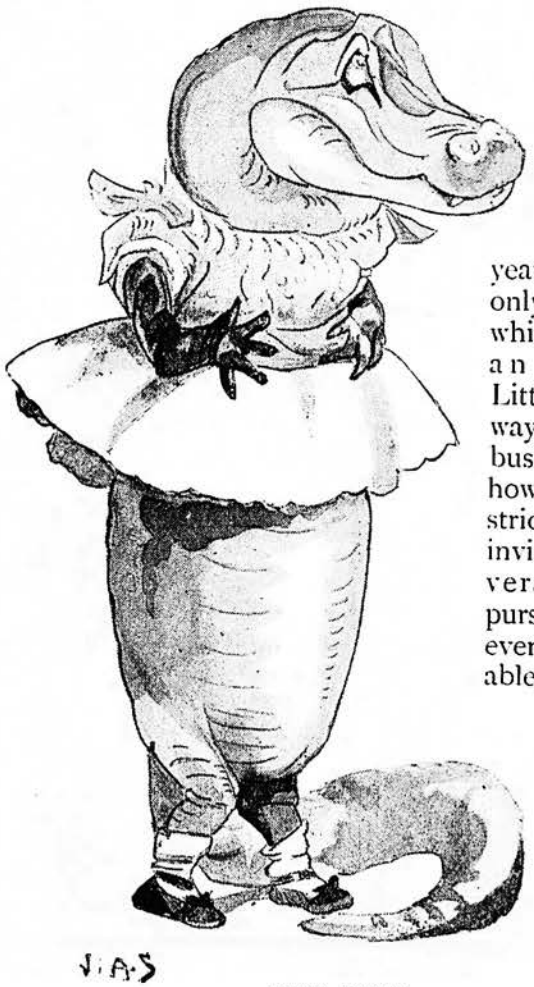
THE CROCODILE-CREASE.

everything that Plutarch told them in his book, *De Iside et Osiride*. The crocodile, he informs us therein, can render itself invisible at will, everything else being perfectly visible to it the while. This is a noble privilege, and worthy of the most respectful envy. Jack the Giant Killer performed the trick by means of a cloak; but Plutarch's crocodile does it "merely by the power of the heye," as the street-corner mesmerist has it—does it "like winking," in fact. The mechanism is very simple, and quite easy to understand. It consists only of a membrane to draw over the eye; and as the eye it is drawn over is the crocodile's, it is obvious that he becomes invisible at once. His ability to see others is provided for by the ingenious expedient of having the membrane transparent—and there you are. What could be simpler? Anybody who can run to a transparent membrane fitting for his eyes may dodge his creditors at will, thanks to the tip of the benevolent and ingenious Plutarch.



A PASSING PLEASANTRY.

In the reptile-house at these Gardens, the largest saurian bears the apt name of Little-'un. He is a youthful alligator, although, being rather more than 10ft. 6in. long, he has quite grown out of short frocks. Nothing infantile remains about his appearance, and he has in full development that curious cravat of fleshy folds and creases noticeable in no animals but alligators and 'bus-drivers, and among the latter species only in the stout and red-faced variety. Little-'un's name was not given him by way of a joke, but because, nine years ago, he was only a foot long—which *is* little for an alligator. Little-'un has always been a good business alligator, however, and by strict industry and invincible perseverance in the pursuit of whatever might be eatable, has risen to an honoured and considerable eminence in the higher Zoo circles. To observe the open countenance of Little-'un bearing down on a piece of meat that ought properly to belong to some other alligator, is to get a sight of a truly original edition of "Smiles's Self-Help." Little-'un's one moral



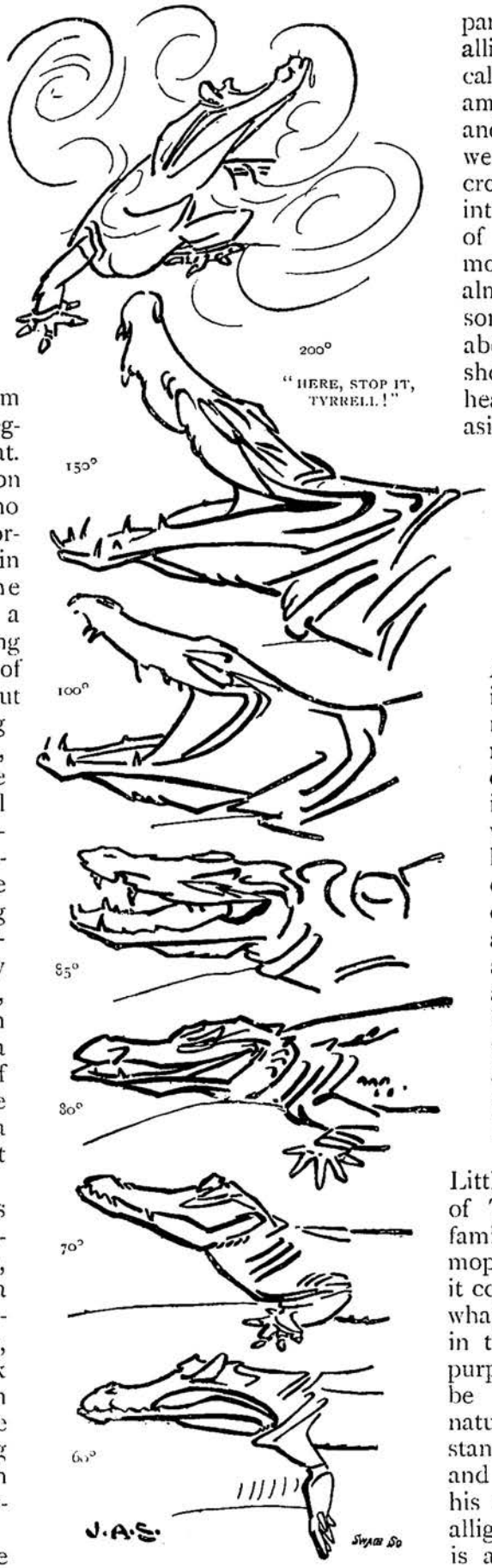
SHORT FROCKS.

"'EAR THAT, BILL?"

principle is—the greatest good of the greatest alligator. His business maxim is—get something to eat; honestly, if there is no other way, but, anyhow, get it as large as possible, and as often as you can. He would, without the least bashfulness, proceed to eat his friends in the same tank if Tyrrell (the keeper, whom you know already) neglected the commissariat. Indeed, he once began on one fellow-lodger, with no other excuse than opportunity. Feeding was in progress, and, in the scramble and confusion, a smallish crocodile, lunging his nose in the direction of the desired morsel, without particularly noticing where that direction led, found himself up to the eyes in Little-'un's dental establishment. Little-'un's prudent habits rendered it unlikely that he would deliberately fling away anything that Providence had actually thrust into his mouth, even if it were his own grandfather; and only a vigorous application of Tyrrell's pole saved the crocodile from making a meal in a sense he didn't originally intend.

Eighty-five degrees is the temperature prescribed for the water here, and every crocodile is a thermometer unto himself, soon showing signs, notwithstanding his thick hide, of any variation in the rate of his gentle stewing—Little-'un being as sensitive as any, in spite of his assiduous attention to business.

With Tyrrell, by the way, Little-'un is comparatively affable, for an alligator. Tyrrell climbs calmly into the basin, among its inmates, to swill and mop it out at the weekly cleaning, herding crocodiles and alligators into a corner by the flourish of a mop, in a manner more than disrespectful—almost insulting. There is some mysterious influence about that mop. Why should alligators shut their heads and stand meekly aside at its potent waggle?



THE CROCODILE THERMOMETER

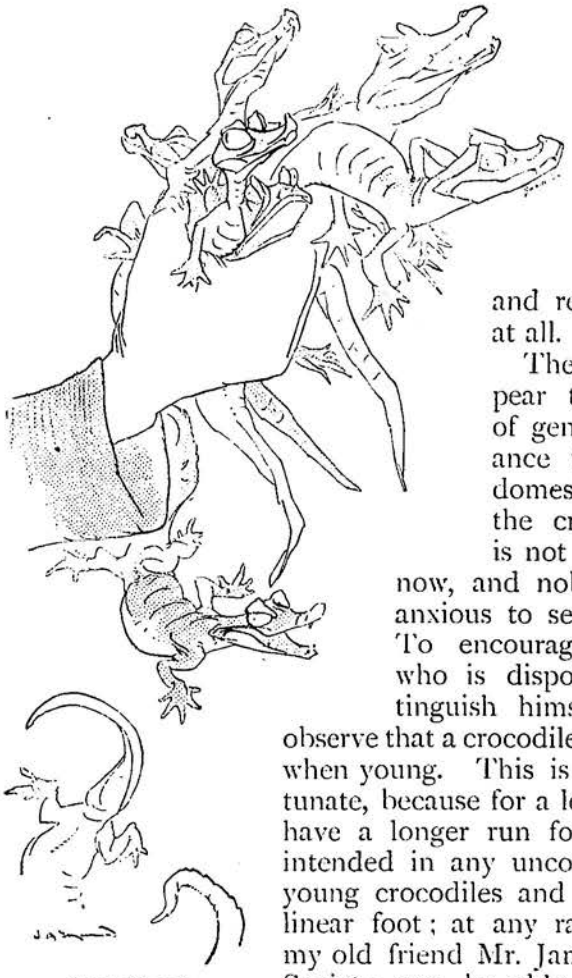
I would never venture up the Nile without Tyrrell's mop. With one wave of that mystic sceptre I would assume immediate sovereignty over all the crocodiles in Africa, and drive them into corners. There is no withstanding that mop. If it will intimidate crocodiles, plainly it would be successful with leopards, cobras, lions, and tigers. If I could borrow it I would even try it on the beadle at the Bank of England, and if I could wave *him* aside with it, I should know that thenceforth the world was at my feet; and I'm afraid Tyrrell wouldn't get his mop back.

But I was speaking of Little-'un: his affability; and of Tyrrell: his irreverent familiarity. When Tyrrell mops out the basin, he finds it convenient to leave somewhat under a foot of water in the bottom for cleaning purposes, and as this would be damp (as is water's nature) to tread in, he calmly stands on Little-'un's back and proceeds placidly with his mopping. To wave an alligator aside with a mop is an insult altogether, but to stand on his back for the

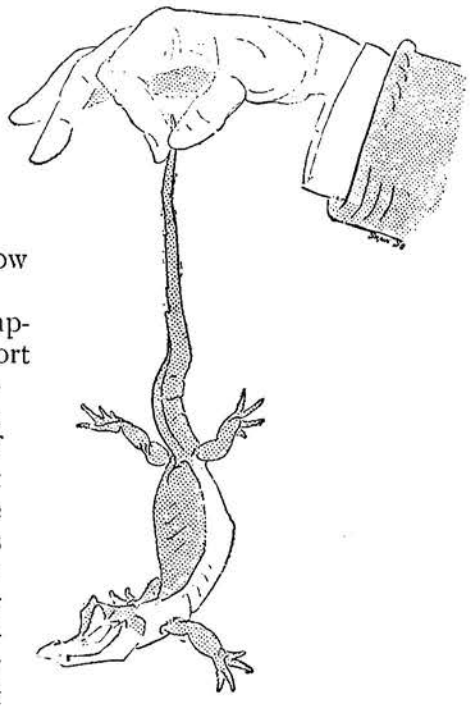
AT NURSE.

sake of dry shoes is an outrage unutterable. Little-'un seems a very appropriate name as it stands, but if ever a time should arrive when it must be changed, I think, with every respect and honour to the departed statesman, I should suggest John Bright. "Mr. Speaker," said an honourable member, who spoke before he thought, but whose name I have forgotten, "Mr. Speaker, the right honourable gentleman" (Mr. Bright) "accuses me of making allegations. Why, sir, the right honourable gentleman is the greatest alligator in this House!" Which is precisely what Little-'un is now.

Round at the back, in his private domains, Tyrrell keeps a crocodile and alligator nursery. It is a metal box fixed against a wall and holding about a gallon. Here are all the infants, eight inches to a foot long, squirming, wriggling, and struggling, with a lively activity foreign to the nature of the full-grown alligator. Tyrrell will plunge his hand into the struggling mass and produce a handful for your inspection. They are charming little pets and as ready to bite as if they were twenty feet long. An alligator may be pardoned some impatience in growing; if he is to be ten feet and a half long at nine years of age, there is a deal of lee-way to make up. Most creatures would be discouraged at being born only to a measurement in inches, and refuse to grow at all.



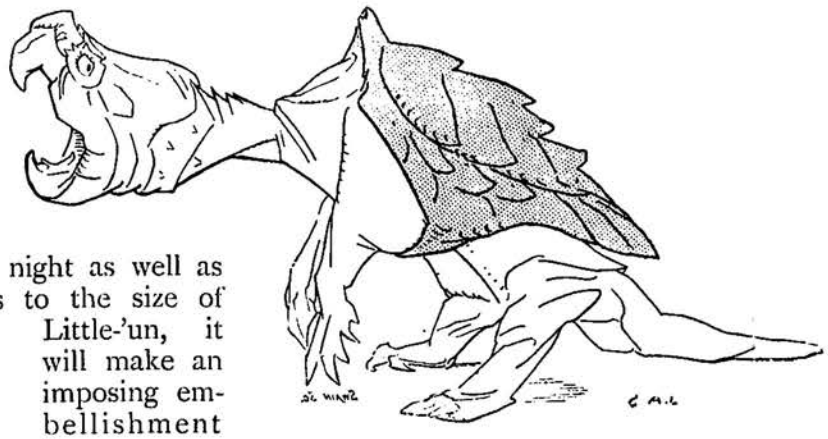
"BITE? NO."



A FINE BABY.

There would appear to be a sort of general reluctance to make a domestic pet of the crocodile; it is not fashionable now, and nobody seems anxious to set the *mode*. To encourage anybody who is disposed to distinguish himself, I may observe that a crocodile is cheapest when young. This is doubly fortunate, because for a less sum you have a longer run for your money—the last expression not being intended in any uncomfortable sense. I believe the usual price of young crocodiles and alligators, up to a certain size, is a guinea a linear foot; at any rate, I know you could buy them at that rate of my old friend Mr. Jamrach, and I have no doubt that the Zoological Society may be able, from time to time, to spare a foot or two of

alligator at the price. If you buy a foot—or a yard, as the case may be (the *case*, of course, will be a little longer, but that is unworthy trifling) — you must be careful to keep it in a warm place, in water at the right temperature, at night as well as day. Then when it grows to the size of Little-'un, it will make an imposing embellishment for your entrance-hall, and useful to receive subscription-collectors. And to take them inside.

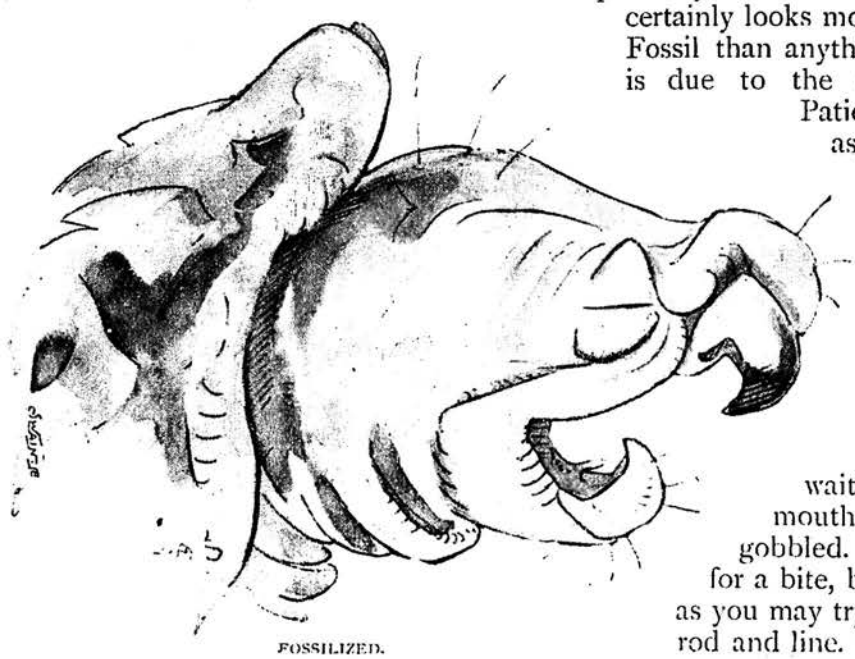


WAITING FOR A BITE.

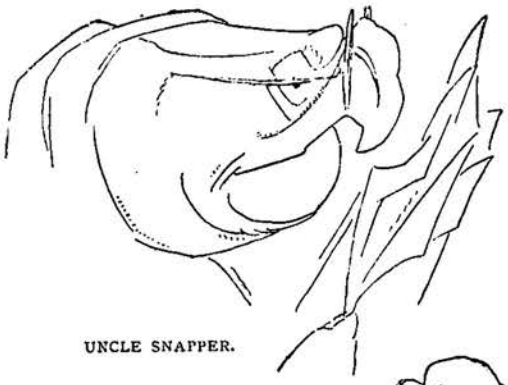
"WELL, OF ALL THE——"

It is a bad thing to generalize in a world containing China. China upsets everything. If you venture to put a date to the invention of gunpowder, somebody is sure to remind you to except China; the same with printing and everything else. There is nothing China hasn't got or hasn't had. So that naturally, after America has many years flaunted and gloried in the exclusive possession of the broad-nosed alligator as distinguished from the sharp-snouted crocodile, China, in the old familiar aggravating way, bobs up serenely with *her* alligators—perfectly authentic and genuine, and here some of them are, in the small basin. There's no getting ahead of China.

But Temminck's Snapper is the wonder and gaping-stock of this house. Bring the most impassive country cousin, let him sneer at the snakes, lounge past the lizards, turn up his nose at the tigers, elevate it more at the elephants, ridicule the rhinoceros, and disparage the donkeys. Let him do all this, and then confront him with the Snapper. He will be beaten. "Well, of all the——" He will probably refuse to believe the thing alive, and it certainly looks more like a fine old Paleozoic Fossil than anything else imaginable. This is due to the operation of Misdirected Patience—a virtue so noticeable as to demand capital letters. For the Snapper has been in this not very large tank for ten years, and has not yet become convinced that there are no fish in it. Wherefore he laboriously and patiently fishes without a moment's cessation. Fishing, with him, means waiting immovably with open mouth for a fish to come and be gobbled. He has waited ten years for a bite, but that is nothing unusual, as you may try for yourself, if you buy a rod and line. It is calculated, I believe,



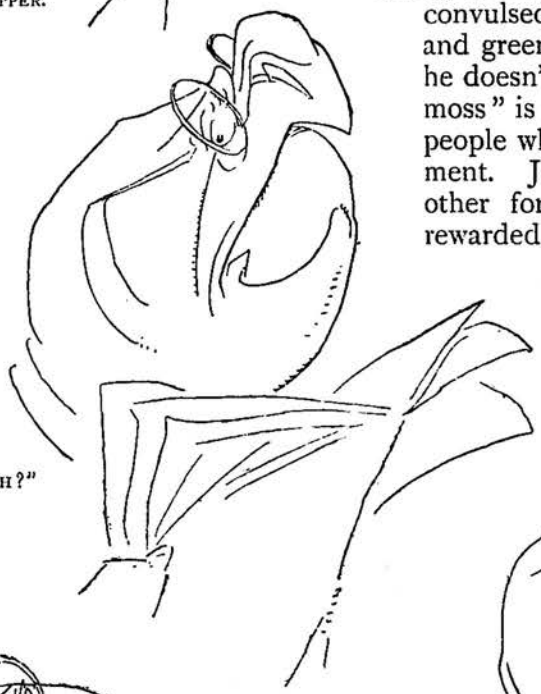
FOSSILIZED.



UNCLE SNAPPER.

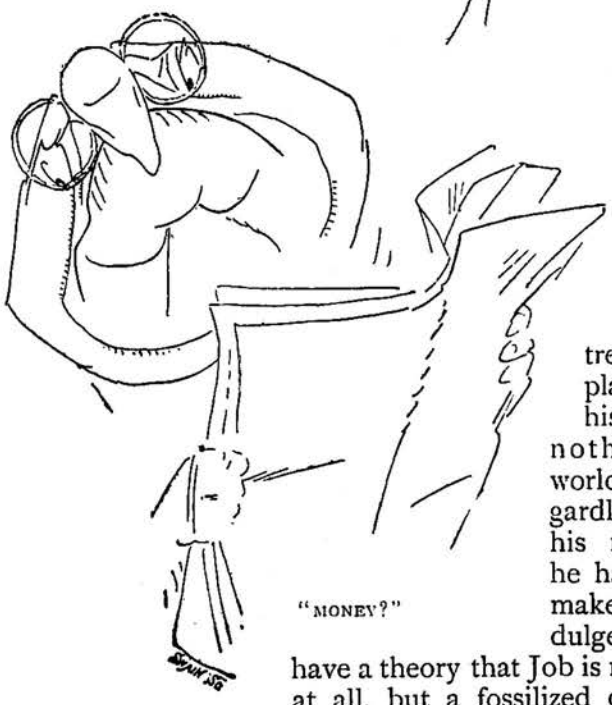
that a hundred years more in his present attitude will be sufficient to fossilize him, when, no doubt, he will be passed on to the Geological Society. He has never yet found the need for an individual name; but I am thinking of suggesting a suitable combination—I think it should be Job Walton.

Job is not an emotional person. He never exhibits enthusiasm, even for fishing. I shouldn't myself, after ten years' waiting for a bite. There he floats, with all the mental activity of an ordinary brick, while visitors come and go, nations are convulsed, elections, boat-races are decided, and green weed grows all over his back, but he doesn't care. "A rolling stone gathers no moss" is a capital proverb for the guidance of people who care for moss as a personal adornment. Job avoids all rolling, in common with other forms of movement, and is lavishly rewarded with moss of the greenest, on back, legs, toes, and tail. Beyond his patience (a negative sort of virtue, after all), Job Walton has no particular personal characteristic that I can discover, except extreme niggardliness plain and patent in his face. He has nothing in the world to be niggardly with, except his moss, but if he had, he would make a very unindulgent uncle. I have a theory that Job is not an animal at all, but a fossilized concretion of the twin virtues (or what you like to call them), patience and stinginess; a sort of petrified fungus, produced by the chemical action consequent on the mingling of the two qualities. Probably some very shocking old miser (perhaps it was Scrooge himself) lost all his stinginess at once, just at the

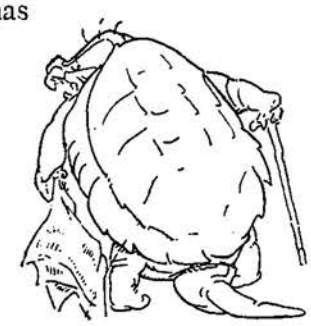


"EH?"

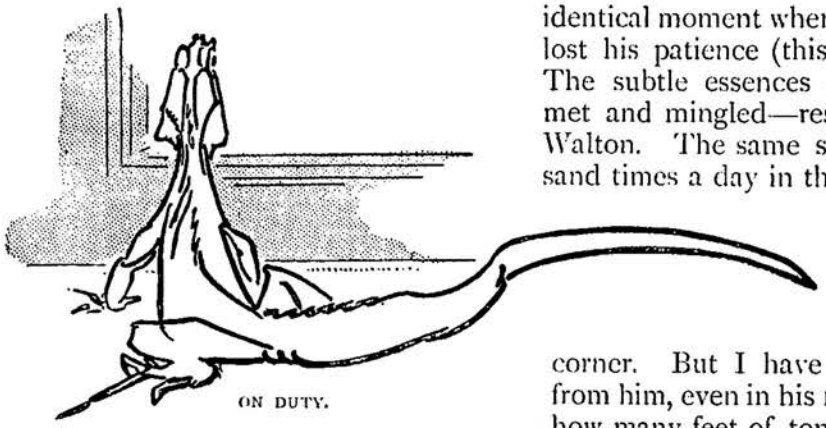
"WHAT?"



"MONEY?"



"NOT ANOTHER HALFPENNY."



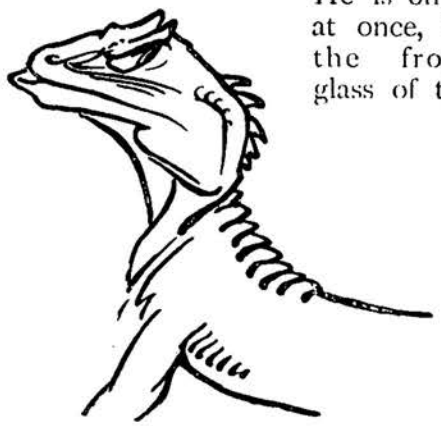
ON DUTY.

identical moment when some long-suffering person lost his patience (this was, probably, an angler). The subtle essences comprising these qualities met and mingled—result, a fungus growth, Job Walton. The same sort of thing occurs a thousand times a day in the case of toadstools.

I am really friendly with only one of the smaller lizards here—and he is a large one; the big monitor at the corner. But I have never been able to learn from him, even in his most confidential moments, how many feet of tongue he really has. It is a round, whip-lash sort of tongue, like the ant-eater's, and I have a private superstition in both cases that there actually is no other end to that tongue. The monitor is fond of rats, but the rats are not at all partial to his society.

Lesueur's Water Lizard is a curious specimen. He has not been here long, but has already assumed, on his own nomination, a position of great responsibility and importance. He is Inspector of Visitors. He won't have questionable characters in the reptile-house. When not actively inspecting, he is watching for his victims. He observes a visitor approaching. He is on guard at once, by the front glass of the case. His aspect is official and stern, his manner abrupt and peremptory; he is not a lizard to be trifled with. "Paid your shilling?" he demands, as plainly as a silent lizard may. "Got your railway ticket? Show it." Any respectable visitor with the fear of the law before his eyes will comply at once. "Where do you live? Produce your last water-rate receipt."

"PAID YOUR SHILLING?"

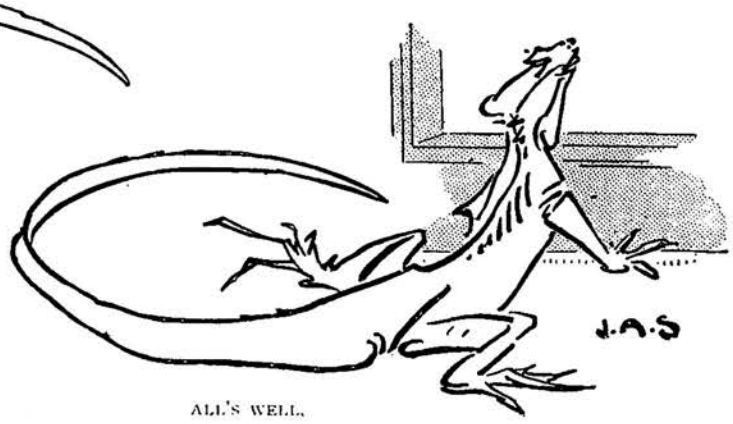


"TICKET?"

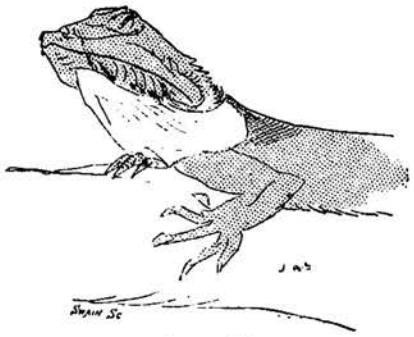
"VACCINATED?"

"?—?—?"

He looks you up and down suspiciously. "Been vaccinated lately? Date? All right. Pass along." And he swings abruptly round to watch for somebody else.

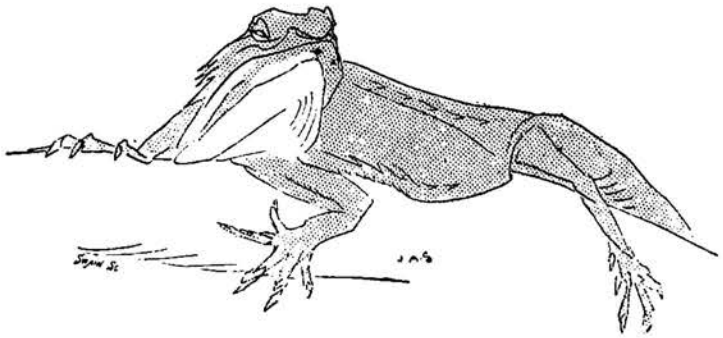


ALL'S WELL.

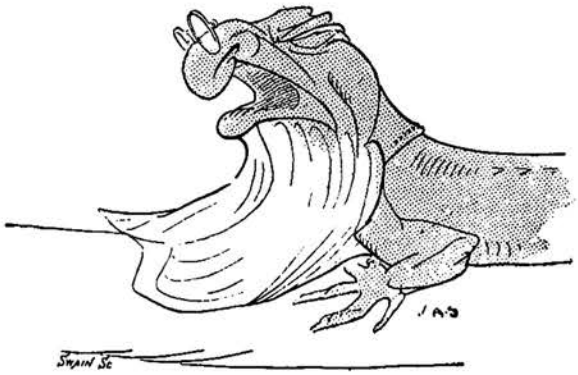


"MINE!"

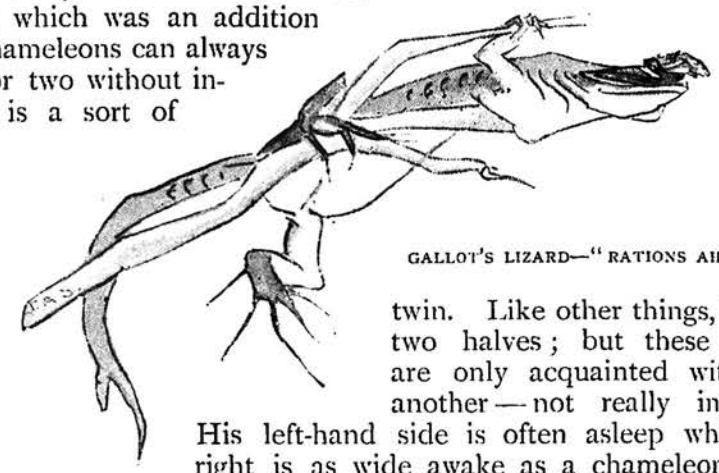
The Australian Bearded Lizard (most quaint lizards are Australian) is supposed to derive his colloquial name —the Jew Lizard—from his beard. But he has an acquisitiveness of his own, too. He goes about his shop—everything he does makes it seem a shop—and brings his paw down on one pebble and one twig after another with an unmistakable air of assertive proprietorship. "Mine," he intimates, "mine, every one of them; and you keep your hands off them, unless you're ready to do business." He would pronounce it "pishnesh" if mere gesture-talk admitted of it. A little irritation goes a long way with the Jew lizard. His beard stands out tremendously, he swells to a rib-threatening degree, and stands at bay with open mouth, ready to smite the Philistines hip and thigh and spoil the Egyptians of their finger-tips—let them but come near enough. But he is a very respectable lizard, not so lazy as most, and pleasant to the touch.



"MINE, I TELL YOU!"



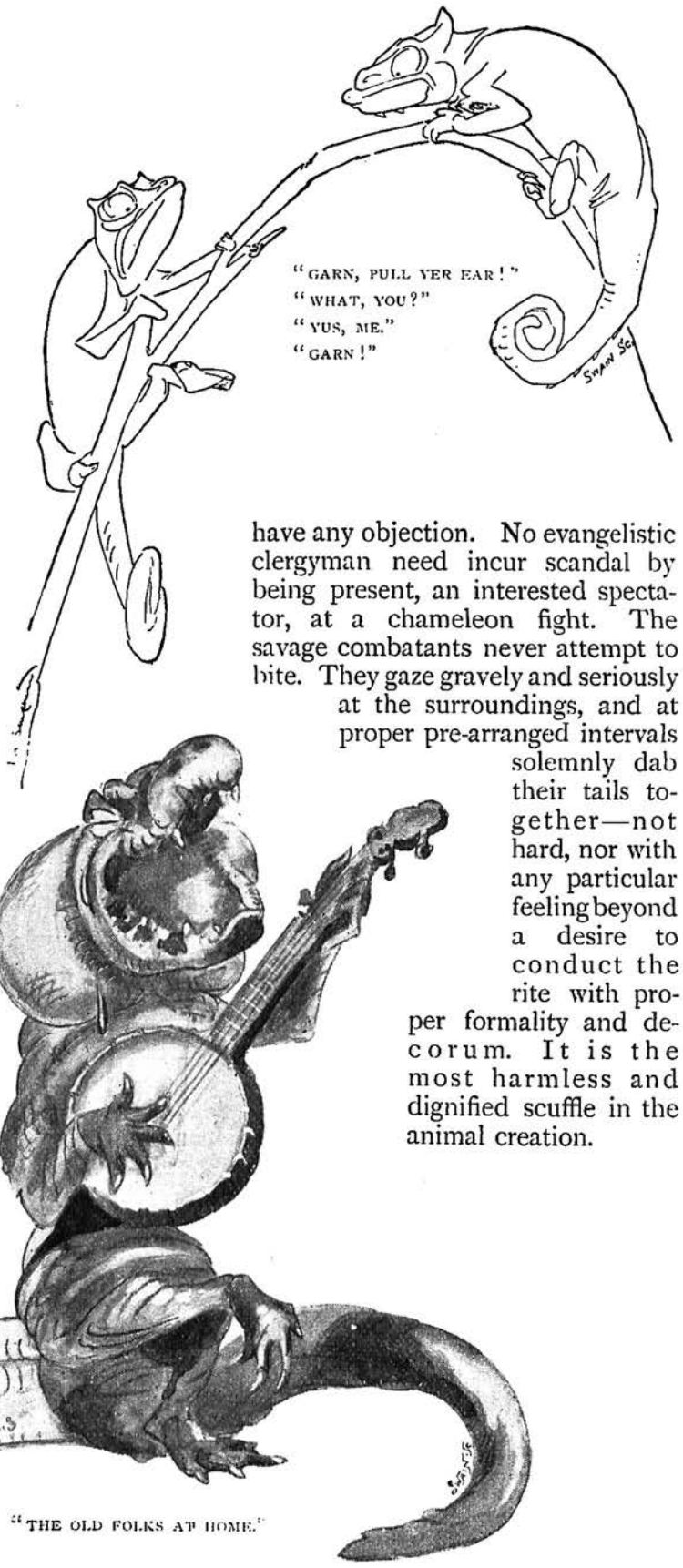
He is not so lazy, for instance, as the chameleon. The chameleon is the slowest creature alive. If there were a race between a chameleon and a pump, it would be safest to back the pump. An active little Gallot's lizard was placed here lately, with a pair of chameleons, but the contrast was so disgraceful to the chameleons that he was removed, and made to chum with a Gecko, a few cases off. He absorbed all the rations, too, which was an addition of injury to insult, although chameleons can always put off dinner for a month or two without inconvenience. A chameleon is a sort of twin. Like other things, he has two halves; but these halves are only acquainted with one another — not really intimate. His left-hand side is often asleep while the right is as wide awake as a chameleon's side can be. His eyes, also, are quite independent of one another, and roll in opposite directions as often as not, so that he would be inconvenient as a Speaker. Everybody would catch his eye at once and there would be quarrels —possibly even fights—a thing impossible in the House of Commons as it is. A chameleon never walks, he proceeds in



GALLOT'S LIZARD—"RATIONS AHOY!"

CATCH WHICH?

this way: After a long and careful deliberation, extending over half an hour or so, he proceeds to lift one foot. You may not be able to see it moving, but it is moving all the same, like the hand of a watch. Take a look round the Gardens and come back, when, if you have not been too hurried in your inspection, you may see the lifted foot in mid-air, and the chameleon probably asleep. He usually takes a nap after any unusual exertion. In an hour or two he will wake up, and proceed to plant that foot, with proper deliberation, before him. Then there will be another nap and a good think, after which the tail will begin to unwind from the branch it clings to. This process, persistently persevered in for many days, will carry the intrepid gymnast quite a number of inches. But a journey of this sort is an enterprise rarely ventured on. Chameleons prefer the less exciting sport of sitting face to face and daring each other to mortal combat, secure in the assurance that neither will think of moving toward the other. They *have* been known to fight. A chameleon fight is an amusement whereunto neither the Peace Society nor the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals need have any objection. No evangelistic clergyman need incur scandal by being present, an interested spectator, at a chameleon fight. The savage combatants never attempt to bite. They gaze gravely and seriously at the surroundings, and at proper pre-arranged intervals solemnly dab their tails together—not hard, nor with any particular feeling beyond a desire to conduct the rite with proper formality and decorum. It is the most harmless and dignified scuffle in the animal creation.



"THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME."

Crumbs.

Gingerbread.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead
He loves not new-baked gingerbread?
Who, steppiug through the kitchen door,
On baking day sees goodly store
Of fragrant amber-shadowed cake,
And, half-unconscious, does not break
A ragged chunk! Ah, toothsome bliss!
He is a churl who knows not this.
For him no practised dexter wrist
Shall limp, incipient doughnuts twist;
Or stir, to coax his gourmand taste,
Dreamy meringue and flaky paste.
Though he may live on Nob Hill's tip,
And hold his gold with miser's grip—
Though he may own the whole long list
Of vintner's board, by cobwebs kissed—
May dine from Sevres, drive a cart,
And sit on 'decorative art'—
Despite his white capped Gallic cooks,
Despite his gastronomic books,
The wretch, concentered in his pride,
Shall live and eat—unsatisfied.
And when kind Providence, or gout—
Shall snuff his farthing rushlight out,
The stern Recorder of the skies
Against the tombstone's gilded lies
(Counting the virtues of the dead)
Shall write: '*He loved not gingerbread!*'"

To accommodate such men as this unknown bard, bakers will be glad to have at hand a few recipes for different varieties that have been found practical and helpful. Some of them are from the Practical Confectioner:

1. Take one pint of molasses, half a pound of butter, one pound of brown sugar, one pint of milk, quarter pound of ground ginger, three eggs, and one pound of flour mixed and sifted with two teaspoonfuls of good baking powder; mix the molasses and butter well together, then add and stir in the sugar and spice, then add the eggs beaten to a cream; now add and beat in the flour and the milk in portions alternately; when all is in, continue to beat for a few minutes longer, then put in buttered pans and bake in a good oven.

2. Sift seven pounds of flour on your slab, rub in three pounds of butter, three pounds of light brown sugar, three ounces of ground ginger, one pound of lemon peel cut very fine, and three pounds and a half of sirup; mix up stiff, roll out thin, cut out with a square cutter about three inches in diameter. This dough is better mixed a few days before required, as are also most kinds of gingerbread dough.

3. Cream twelve ounces of butter, eight ounces of fine ground sugar, four eggs, half an ounce of ground ginger, a little grated nutmeg, teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, eight ounces of sirup, one pound and a half of flour, and a quarter of a pint of milk. Make this into six loaves; bake them on a flat tin, or in bread tins; bake in a cool oven. These should be glazed over with a little milk when baked; keep in a cool place.

4. Sift seven pounds of flour, rub in one pound and a half of butter, two pounds of light brown sugar, three ounces of ground ginger, one ounce of carbonate of soda, and four pounds of sirup; mix up to a stiff paste; if a little more moisture is required, use a little milk, as flour very often varies in strength and quality; roll your paste out thin, and cut out with a round cutter. Bake in a cool oven.

5. Take twelve ounces of butter (cream), as for cakes, twelve ounces of good moist sugar, one ounce of ground ginger, or half an ounce of your own pounding, as what you buy is very much adulterated; two pounds of sirup, half an ounce of carbonate of soda, one pint of milk, and two and a half pounds of flour; mix well together. This should be of a softish consistency. Fill in with a spoon into forty-eight round tins, well buttered; bake in a moderate oven.

French Charlotte Russe.

A genuine French charlotte russe is not stiffened by gelatine, but is made of whipped cream flavored and sweetened in various ways. The cake which forms the cover is always sponge cake, and the most convenient form is that of the simple lady-fingers that are to be found in any bakeshop. These dainty little cakes are generally used for a charlotte-russe by the French. To make individual moulds, split the lady-fingers and cut them in half. Have at hand six small charlotte-russe moulds. These should be about two and a half inches high, two inches across the bottom, and sloping toward the top. Line the moulds with the pieces of lady-fingers, being careful to keep the outside of the cakes against the mould. It will take about a pint of cream beaten to a stiff froth to fill these individual charlottes and leave a little to make a dressing around them.—New York Tribune.

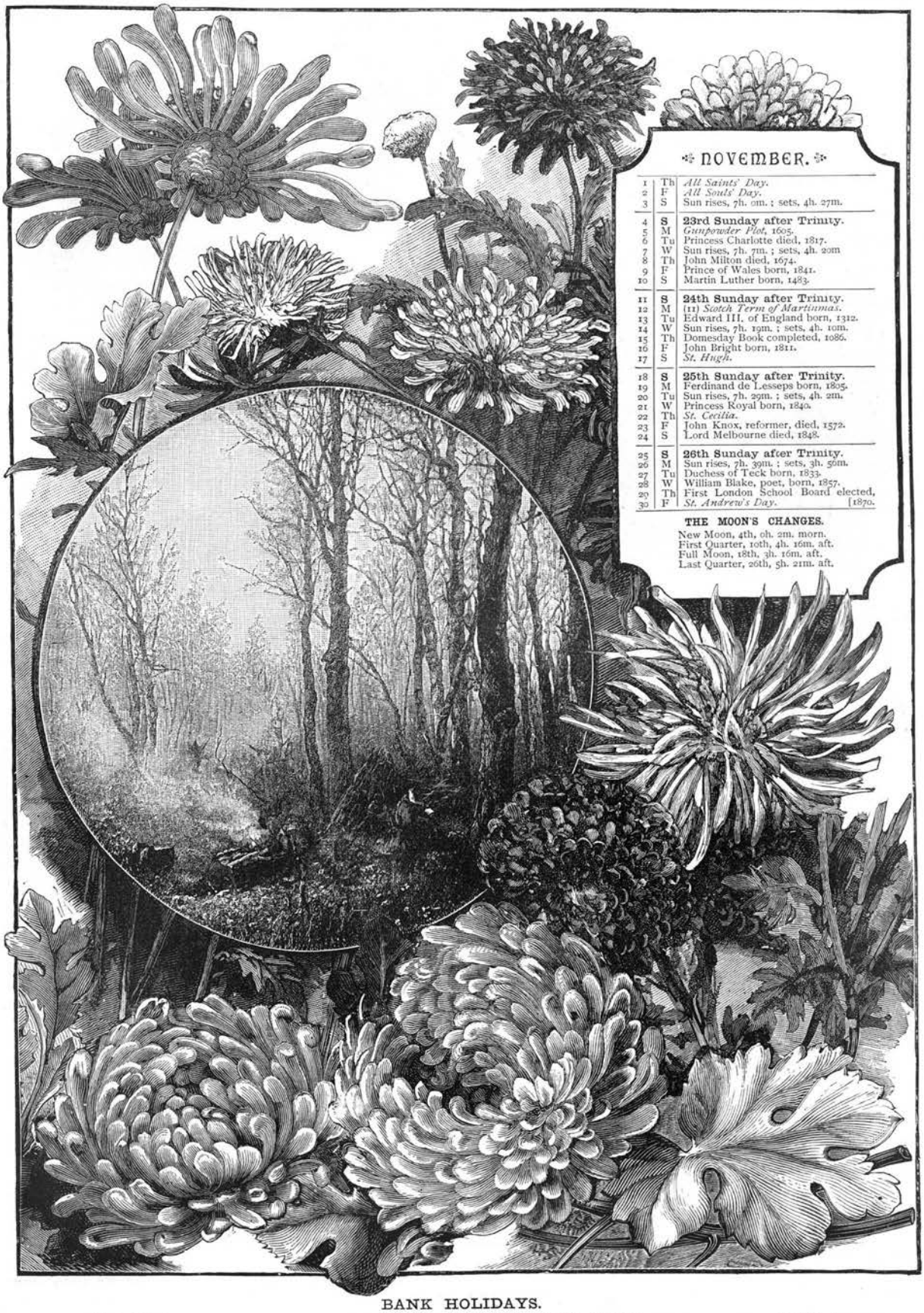
Delmonico Wedding Cake.

One pound of butter, two pounds of dark brown sugar, three-quarters of a pound of flour, one cupful of dark molasses, ten eggs, three pounds of raisins, two pounds of currants, one pound of citron, one pound of almonds after they are blanched, one pound of figs, four tablespoonfuls of cinnamon, three tablespoonfuls of ground cloves, one gill of brandy, one gill of sherry wine. Stone the raisins, wash and dry thoroughly the currants, shred the citron, cut up the figs in small pieces, and put altogether in a wooden bowl and chop fine; chop and add the almonds; then sprinkle and rub thoroughly with an extra one-half pound of flour that has been browned. The cake is lightly put together in the usual way, and the fruit put in last. Line the pans with thick-buttered paper and bake slowly in a moderate oven.

Salted Almonds.

Blanch them by throwing boiling water over them, and then, after they have stood two minutes, putting them in cold water and rubbing the brown skins off with the hand or a rough cloth. After blanching, let them dry thoroughly, then sprinkle olive oil over them, say a tablespoonful to every half pint, and let them stand two hours, then sprinkle salt over them, mixing thoroughly with a spoon. Spread them out on a clean pan and place in a quick oven for ten or fifteen minutes, until they become crisp and in color a delicate brown. They should be stirred once or twice while in the oven.—Bakers' Helper.

NATIVE East Indian cooks adopt the following method to distinguish mushrooms from toadstools and poisonous fungi: A silver coin is thrown into the water which boils the mushrooms; if the metal retains its color the mushrooms are pronounced safe, but if it turns black, with a coating of rust, the plants are condemned.



NOVEMBER.

1	Th	*All Saints' Day.*
2	F	*All Souls' Day.*
3	S	Sun rises, 7h. 0m. ; sets, 4h. 27m.
4	**S**	**23rd Sunday after Trinity.**
5	M	*Gunpowder Plot*, 1605.
6	Tu	Princess Charlotte died, 1817.
7	W	Sun rises, 7h. 7m. ; sets, 4h. 20m
8	Th	John Milton died, 1674.
9	F	Prince of Wales born, 1841.
10	S	Martin Luther born, 1483.
11	**S**	**24th Sunday after Trinity.**
12	M	(11) *Scotch Term of Martinmas.*
13	Tu	Edward III. of England born, 1312.
14	W	Sun rises, 7h. 13m. ; sets, 4h. 10m.
15	Th	Domesday Book completed, 1086.
16	F	John Bright born, 1811.
17	S	*St. Hugh.*
18	**S**	**25th Sunday after Trinity.**
19	M	Ferdinand de Lesseps born, 1805.
20	Tu	Sun rises, 7h. 29m. ; sets, 4h. 2m.
21	W	Princess Royal born, 1840.
22	Th	*St. Cecilia.*
23	F	John Knox, reformer, died, 1572.
24	S	Lord Melbourne died, 1848.
25	**S**	**26th Sunday after Trinity.**
26	M	Sun rises, 7h. 39m. ; sets, 3h. 56m.
27	Tu	Duchess of Teck born, 1833.
28	W	William Blake, poet, born, 1857.
29	Th	First London School Board elected, 1870.
30	F	*St. Andrew's Day.*

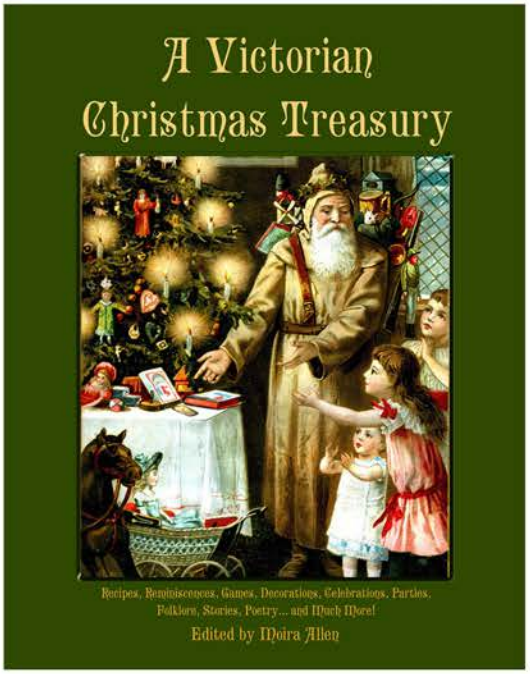
THE MOON'S CHANGES.

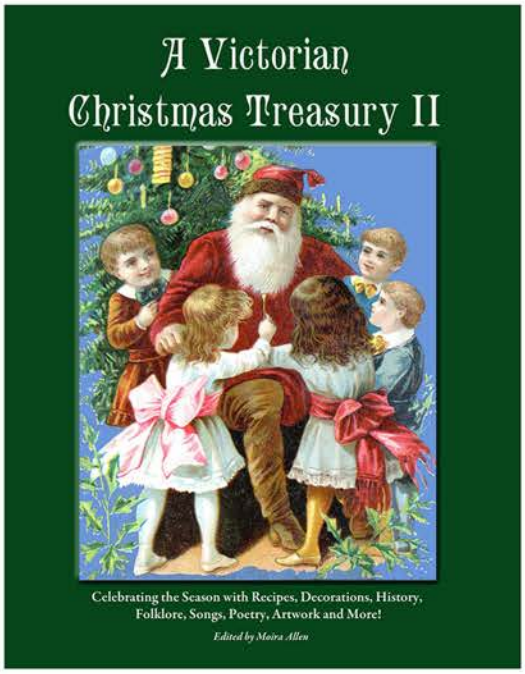
New Moon, 4th, 0h. 2m. morn.
First Quarter, 10th, 4h. 16m. aft.
Full Moon, 18th, 3h. 16m. aft.
Last Quarter, 26th, 5h. 21m. aft.

BANK HOLIDAYS.

Easter Monday	April 2.	First Monday in August	August 6.
Whit Monday	May 21.	Boxing Day	December 26.

Experience the Magic of a Victorian Christmas!





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