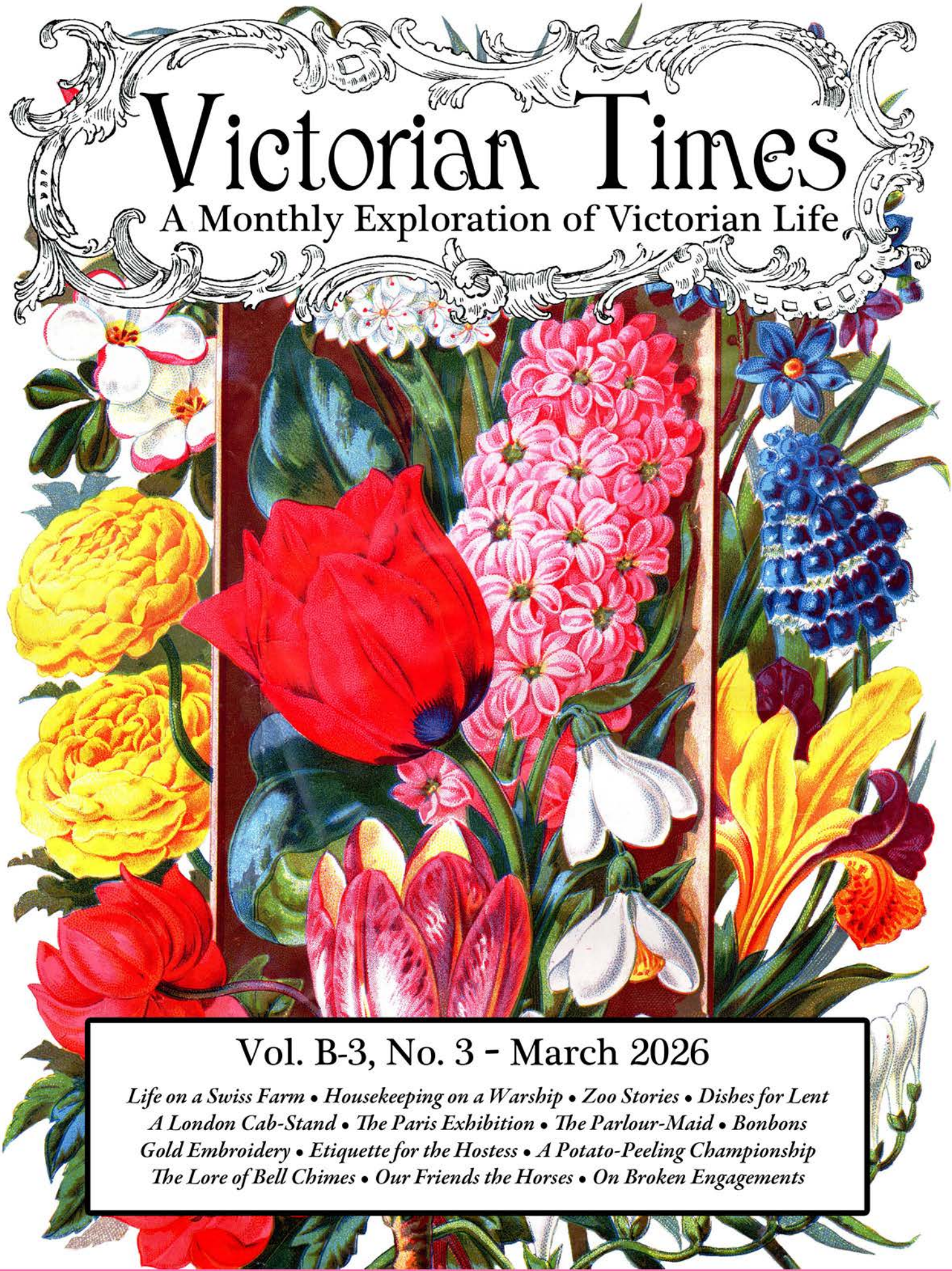
Victorian Times

A Monthly Exploration of Victorian Life



Vol. B-3, No. 3 - March 2026

Life on a Swiss Farm • *Housekeeping on a Warship* • *Zoo Stories* • *Dishes for Lent*
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The Lore of Bell Chimes • *Our Friends the Horses* • *On Broken Engagements*

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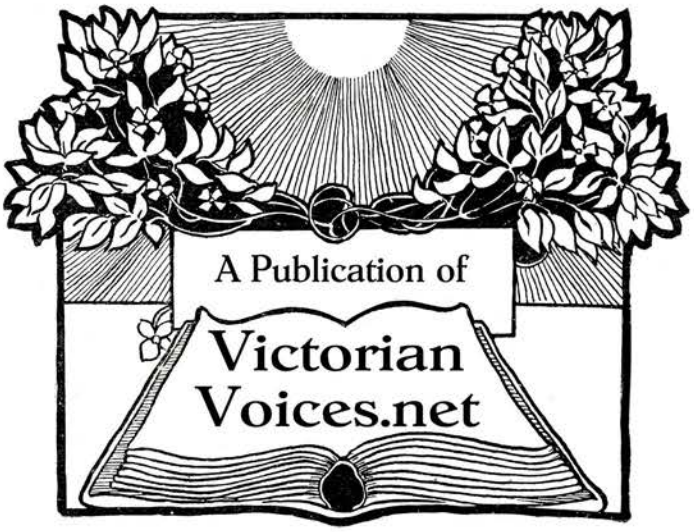
edited by Moira Allen



Print Edition Independently Published
Print Edition ISBN 9798247836360

Cover Image: Seed catalog print from a Victorian scrap album, undated (probably ca. 1899-1900)

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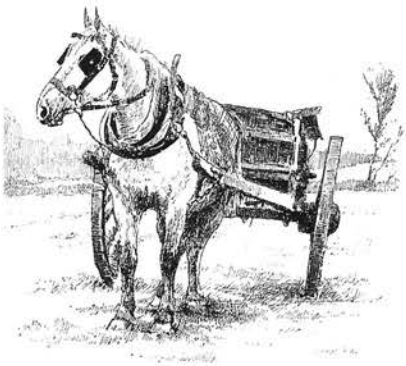

Good Old Days?

Just as we often look back at earlier, "simpler" times and think, perhaps, that those were the "good old days," so did our Victorian ancestors. In this issue, the author of "The Good Old Days" looks at how far her world has come from the days of her grandparents. She points out many things she takes for granted that weren't around a few decades earlier. In reading this article, I couldn't help but be struck by how many of the things she takes for granted, *we* take for granted!

To this writer, what makes the Victorian age "modern" is the availability of things like matches, cooking stoves, and furnaces that heat one's rooms at night. She is glad to have hot and cold running water, and such helpful contrivances as carpet sweepers and egg beaters. Her grandmother, she notes, wouldn't have had canned goods, or tomatoes, or any sort of refrigeration. If grandmother wrote a letter, she would have neither envelope nor stamps, nor even a fountain pen to write it with.

The author of 1894 is grateful to have a phonograph, a telephone, and things that run by electricity. For speedy communications, there is the telegraph. All the things that can be made of rubber would have been unknown a couple of generations earlier. A household might have had two or three books—including a Bible and a Farmer's Almanac (and, quite probably, something along the lines of *Gunn's Domestic Medicine*). Newspapers were rare and dull, and magazines almost nonexistent.

As I read this article, I kept thinking, "but that's something *I* use. That's part of *my* life. That's something *I* take for granted!" Just this week alone, I've used a carpet sweeper (OK, granted, mine is rechargeable, but I grew up with the kind that wasn't), an eggbeater, envelopes, stamps, and who knows how many items that involve rubber. I don't think twice about having hot and cold running water (except when I don't), or a furnace to keep the house warm (except when it doesn't). Unlike our author, I can carry my telephone in my pocket, but (unlike many of my contemporaries), I still use it as a *phone.* My pantry is full of canned goods (including canned tomatoes).

Certainly, life today is considerably different from that enjoyed by our writer of 1894. But it amazes me that so many things we take for granted today were (a) around in 1894 and (b) had been developed within that century. Nor, in many cases (think carpet sweepers and eggbeaters) have they changed that much since the 1800s. It's still possible to send a telegram today, though not many people do so—but I can recall when the cost of long distance telephone calls was so high that a telegram could be a more economical way to reach someone quickly. Today, I don't have a "phonograph," but I did once, and though we have many new ways to listen to music, the principle—a mechanism that "plays" a "recording"—is the same.

Sure, we have a great many things that would seem new and remarkable to this author—though I suspect that she might not be as impressed with some of them as we are. We have a plethora of books, magazines, and newspapers—and I'm not sure our author would regard all of these as an improvement. I doubt she would regard e-mail, texts, or tweets to be an improvement over a carefully, thoughtfully composed letter.

The author of this article could, perhaps, be my own great-grandmother. I doubt that I would have looked at her era as being, really, the "good old days." But it's remarkable to look at my own era and realize that, in so many areas, so little has changed.

I suspect that our own great-grandchildren are unlikely to look back on the 21st century as the "good old days." But I also suspect that they'll still be using matches, eggbeaters, carpet sweepers, canned goods, and central heating. I can only hope that articles like this will help them understand where those things came from.

—Moira Allen, Editor
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THE OLD STONE HOUSE.

MY FARM IN SWITZERLAND.

JUNE 10.—Went out to the farm—a stiff walk of several miles.

Wondered all the way out why my American friends do not do as M—— does, why they do not stop trying to get rich, and why they do not study economy and contentment more.

I have read somewhere that America is twenty-eight hundred millions of dollars poorer than it was five short years ago, and that millions and millions of American capital is invested provisionally only. Why do not hundreds of these men, who have saved wrecks from their fortunes, or who have got a little money, by much risk and hard work, stop?

Why do not they do what M—— does? I presume most of them think they can not afford it—can not stop on twenty thousand dollars. M—— did, and lives well, and risks nothing.

I am going to note down, here and there, *how* he does it, only to convince myself that a man who has twenty thousand dollars has enough.

M—— was a sort of a city man—bought and sold silks; but markets cutting up all sorts of capers, he stopped silk, and bought a farm—scarcely a farm either—only ten acres; but that is two acres above the average-sized farm in the canton. Four acres of M——'s farm are in grapes, three acres in grass and fruit trees, and the rest in garden ground. The whole cost him fifteen thousand dollars, with a big stone house included. This was cheap, but the house, though very big, is a little out of style, and was thrown in, as it were. M—— made some changes, at small expense, and the house looks half as fine now as a castle. He rented the upper floors for a time, and that almost paid for the alterations.

He has, besides his farm and its equipments, five thousand dollars in bonds of the state. Interest is low, but the principal is secure. This difference in interest is usually, I believe, an insurance on security. As grape land here is valued at one thousand six hundred dollars an acre, and is reckoned to produce twenty per cent. on the investment, M——'s grapes alone will bring him, next October, one thousand two hundred dollars cash. In-

terest on bonds will add two hundred and fifty dollars to it.

I call M——'s farm *my farm* so often, I believe half my American friends who visit me in town really think I am in the business, and imagine they see the hay seeds in my hair.

June 15.—The first grass cutting is over. It is a moist climate here, and grass grows early. Some of the neighbors cut grass on May-day. There are four mowings a year. Now has commenced that awful nuisance about Swiss farming, the *fertilizing*. Such outrageous and constant smells crossing every field and garden, and penetrating every house, never were conceived outside of Switzerland. The manure is put on in liquid form, and everybody passing within a mile holds his nose and stops breathing. On this one subject the Swiss are crazy. On all others they pass. It is humiliating to see women compelled to carry the liquid manure to the fields in great wooden vessels on their backs.

The pear-trees are in full blossom, and the meadows are full of them. Growing the orchards in grass is not thought detrimental, and M—— does just as his neighbors do in almost everything. He is not much of a farmer himself, but he employs a man who *is*, pays fifteen dollars a month, with board, and hires additional help here and there as is needed. He must pay these additional hands fifty cents a day, and give them two bottles of wine each and a little bread for lunch every morning at nine and afternoon at four. They board at home. When he hires a woman, he pays her thirty cents a day and board.

M—— keeps two cows, and they work at the wagon enough to pay for keeping them, even if he had to buy the feed, which he now raises. It seems impossible that the milk and butter should be quite so good when the cows work, but the farmers all say, "*Es macht nichts.*"

The evening milk is skimmed and mixed with the unskimmed morning's milk, and is sold at four cents a litre. The evening cream is made into butter, and M—— sells about a hundred dollars' worth of milk and butter in the year. He feeds these cows on grass and yellow beets, which he grows himself, and a little bran.

Like his neighbors, he keeps his cows most of the time chained up in low, unventilated stone stalls, where the heat in summer is fearful. The only reason for this eternal roasting of the cows that I hear is that it saves food. It may be. It seems inhuman treatment, however.

Milk peddlers, with their dog-carts, call at the farm-houses every morning, and whenever M—— wishes to he can dispose of a part of his mixed skimmed and unskimmed milk.

June 20.—The blossoms are going, and the vineyards are full of men and women digging up the ground with great hoes with prongs like pitchforks. There could be no greater scandal here than weeds in a vineyard. There are no fences usually, and so there is no getting out of order of that kind. The stone walls encircling some of the little farms and vineyards last centuries without repair.

Some of the vineyards near my farm are eight hundred years old. It seems impossible. The great beam, made of a whole oak-tree, in M——'s wine-press bears the date of the sixteenth century. How many grapes that old beam has pressed into wine in its centuries!

The big house is as old as the wine-press. It has a vaulted cellar twenty-five feet high, and rows of wine-casks stand there thirty feet in circumference. The best rooms in the house are wainscoted in old oak. This was a monks' cloister once.

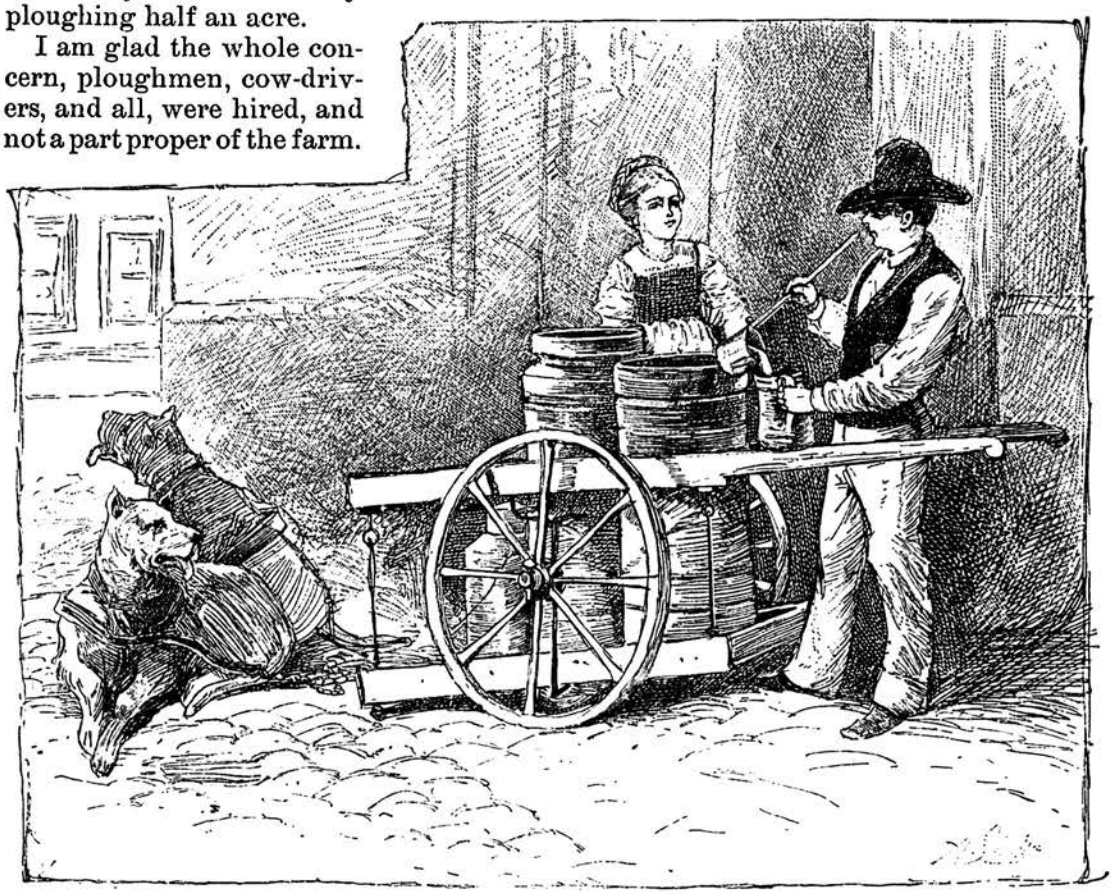
What merry old times they had in these oaken rooms, with the big wine-press in the barn!

The stone walls of the house are five feet thick. It would cost a fortune to build such a house now. My friend got it for a song, as it were.

June 30.—I have wondered if there are such awkward ways of doing things outside of Egypt as are practiced here. The farming implements would be laughable if they were not monstrous. Tubal-Cain certainly made better-formed scythes than are used here. The axes are simply long sharp wedges with a hole near the top, and a short, straight stick in the hole for a handle. Hay forks are big and awkward, and twice as heavy as our stable forks. Grain is oftener threshed with the old-fashioned flail than otherwise. I wonder they do not tramp it out with oxen. It would be a *slower* process, and how to be slow is made a special study here. The ploughs are the climax of agricultural monstrosities. They are great cumbersome things, made almost wholly of wood, with the beam mounted on two wooden wheels big enough for coal carts.

My friend used just such a plough yesterday on our farm. I half deny ownership now, when I think of it. It was pulled by six cows. Two men were driving the cows, and two men were holding the plough up. I followed and looked on. They were half a day ploughing half an acre.

I am glad the whole concern, ploughmen, cow-drivers, and all, were hired, and not a part proper of the farm.



THE MILKMAN.

I sat on a stone wall for half an hour and reflected whether it were possible Americans could not make small special farming profitable, with their soil and complete implements for farming, in the face of the fact that these people not only make a living, but save money, on a poor soil, and with the old-fashioned tools of Egypt to work it.

I am certain the whole secret lies in economy; in the saving of a hundred little things that shall outbalance even the waste of these awkward implements and these slow methods. There will not a blade of grass be seen among the vines here, nor a weed on the farm. There will not be a twig of wood left to rot, or a potato undug. A gentleman's private garden could not be cleaner or better kept than is the whole farm in Switzerland, and cultivation, such as is bestowed only on hot-houses in America, is common here to every farm. Not one foot of ground is left uncared for. It may take a good deal of time, with such slow hands, to do it, but it is done. Not a chip, not a straw, is wasted. "We put this little thing and that little thing together," said my friend, "and at the end of the year it makes a good deal." One can not afford waste or bad farming on land at five or six or ten hundred dollars an acre and more.

1*st July*.—The weather is getting warm. We want to go out on the lake-side somewhere. M—— offers me a floor of his wainscoted rooms at forty dollars a month. Why should we not go? The furniture in the rooms is not the latest Paris pattern, but, like the house, it is old and strong. We will go out, and then the farm will seem mine more than ever.

What idyllic farming this is—setting the work aside; *that* the hands must do, if my friend does not. The ten acres are beautifully situated. Four acres of vines slope down toward a beautiful lake; be-

low this a strip of meadow washed by the blue water. Back of the house, and above it, more vines; and farther up, a dark forest of pines. To the right, in the distance, a white city; to the left, the snow-capped Glernisch Alps. The house is surrounded by beautiful shrubs, shade trees, and banks of flowers. In front is a long terrace with an awning of broad-armed castanea-trees, and to the left of this a white and narrow road, lined with evergreens, mountain-ash, and acacia-trees, curves up to the house.

Here it is that my friend lives, and farms, and has given up planning to be rich.

July 10.—We are snugly settled on "my farm." I am still anxious to see if M—— really does make more than a bare living on his farm. He tells me of some neighbors who have done well at it, and of hundreds of Frenchmen who wouldn't change that sort of life to be millionaires. I don't wonder. If my friend can just pay expenses, live well, and keep out of debt, he ought to be happy in a home like this. Just now there is not much coming in, and I notice my friend wishes his interest were sent to him to help pay the hands. He is thinking about the *phylloxera*, too. "If that monster were to come, it would play the deuce with all of us," he exclaims, occasionally. We will all pray it may never come. In fact, if it does not stop coming, it will make desert places of the fairest regions of the earth.

The bank had to be drawn on to meet the taxes. The farm is valued at fifteen thousand dollars, and the taxes amount to two hundred dollars. The worms ate up the cabbage—a thousand heads, worth from five to ten cents each; and one of the cows got crippled, and had to be killed, It will cost one hundred and twenty-five dollars to replace her. Many little items of income that my friend had counted on have already disappeared in fine dust. The season was wet, and many things failed. The big onion bed, however, has been sold, and will bring one hundred dollars, and the potatoes that my friend can spare are estimated at another hundred dollars. If apples and pears only turn out well—*but they will not.*

My friend works at pruning and other light farm duty about half the time, just enough for healthful exercise, and to enable him to keep track of things. His hired hands would do better were he to work more; but then he would be a common farm hand himself, and that he will not. He promises the gardener a cask of wine extra to push things a little, and they are pushed.

Farming out here is not so wonderfully different from living in town. We lack no conveniences. The little steamer passes our station a dozen times a day, and the donkey express, with the dwarf driver, every evening.

July 20.—There is one good thing about farming here. Everything grown can be sold within twenty-four hours, at high price, for cash. On the other hand, land is so dreadfully dear, the investment must be large to produce anything; and competition is lively here too. In a population of two hundred and fifty thousand in the canton, there are thirty-six thousand holders of little farms averaging eight acres apiece. As nearly all the grain used in the country is imported, these thousands of little farms are devoted almost exclusively to producing garden vegetables, wine, and fruit. After all, has the Swiss or the Frenchman much advantage over the American in this managing small places? Land here ranges from five hundred to sixteen hundred dollars an acre. What is land worth six to ten miles from towns under a hundred thousand population in the United States? What district of the same population in the United States as this contains as many people engaged in small farming? It is not a question of acres, but of cultivation, and of amounts produced—of pounds, and bushels, and hundredweights.

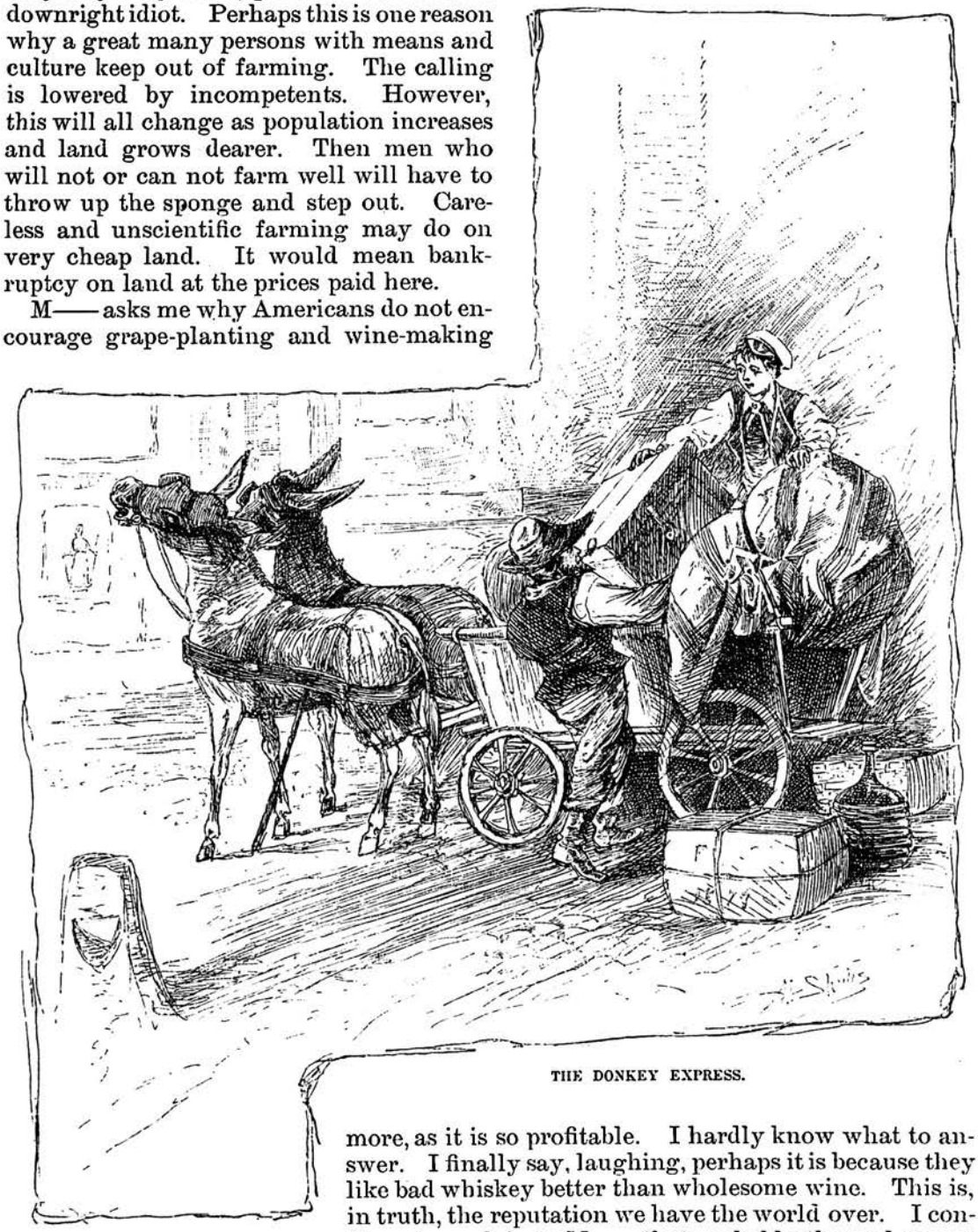
One question, anyway, is settled here, viz., it pays better to cultivate tiny little farms *well* than to *half-cultivate* hundreds of broad acres. Suppose that our American farmers were to *sell* one-half their land, and *cultivate* the rest?

I wonder why the American agricultural colleges are not better supported? Every American thinks himself capable of farming. "Don't need to know anything to farm in America." This sentiment lowers the calling with them. In Europe, farming is a science. Farmers know the chemistry of things, and the philosophy of some things too.

M—— tells me his greatest pleasure is to study farm books evenings; says he never read a book on drainage, bee-culture, apple-growing, crop rotation, ferti-

lizing, vine-culture, etc., that did not repay him its price a hundredfold. I find there are fewer of these books in Europe than in America. They are *studied* here, however. There, they are not: they are only *bought*. That is the difference. Scientific and practical farming are combined here. There, science is laughed at. Anybody may farm, provided he is not a downright idiot. Perhaps this is one reason why a great many persons with means and culture keep out of farming. The calling is lowered by incompetents. However, this will all change as population increases and land grows dearer. Then men who will not or can not farm well will have to throw up the sponge and step out. Careless and unscientific farming may do on very cheap land. It would mean bankruptcy on land at the prices paid here.

M—— asks me why Americans do not encourage grape-planting and wine-making more, as it is so profitable. I hardly know what to answer. I finally say, laughing, perhaps it is because they like bad whiskey better than wholesome wine. This is, in truth, the reputation we have the world over. I continue to explain to M—— that probably the real reason is to be found in the fact that drunkenness has alarmed Americans, and that the radical reformers and prohibitionists refuse to see any difference between pure wines in moderation and extravagant use of alcohol. They want to "go to the root," they say, and probably will by their zeal defeat their own wishes. M—— laughed very heartily when I told him that in some towns of the United States it was neither lawful nor respectable to drink beer on the Sabbath-day, or any other day. Maintaining this to be a sober fact, injured my character for veracity with my friend, I am afraid.



THE DONKEY EXPRESS.

M—— keeps one good horse, and a little closed carriage that contains seats for four, and can be opened out like a barouche for fair weather. It is very convenient. The whole family drove into town to the circus last night. M—— is in town just enough to enjoy hugely everything he sees there.

Mrs. M—— will go to the mountains next week to make a cure. There is nothing particularly wrong with her, but it is the fashion here to make a "cure" every summer. She will stay a month.

Her husband, though out-of-doors half his life, will also go and make a cure of a couple of weeks.

In the winter, too, they will go for a couple of weeks to Paris, but be back for Christmas. It would be an unpardonable sin not to be with one's family on Christmas. And then they must be at home to pay the bills on New-Year. All bills are presented during the last week of the year. M—— tells me he does not have half the anxieties now he had when he bought and sold silk, and yet does not work half as hard. He sleeps better, and has better health. Formerly a bad rumor on the Bourse kept him awake till midnight. Now he sleeps sweetly while his vines are growing. He has few risks. If the vines, and the bees, and the onions, and apples, and grass, *all* fail, he still has his *farm* safe. That can not fail, or burn up, or run away, or be stolen.

I find he works more than I thought he did. He is up with the swallows, and that is what makes his cheeks so red. Two half-days in the week, though, he spends among the reading-rooms and libraries in town, and then strangers would almost suppose him a gentleman of infinite leisure. M——associates in town with bankers and merchants and solid men generally. He is considered a solid man himself. He is a director in the village schools, and is town president occasionally—not to be in public life, but that occupying such posts is a duty of the competent citizen here. They must not be sought.

M—— has a boy ten, and a girl eleven years old. They both attend the higher schools in town, and go in every morning on the steamer. The boy wants to be a teacher of chemistry, he says, and he may be it. The girl—her destiny is probably to get married. Both are bright, comfortably dressed little people. It costs M—— for their clothing and schooling about two hundred dollars per year.

Mrs. M—— keeps a stout maid-of-all-work at one dollar per week, and has a seamstress come to the house twice or thrice a year for a fortnight, paying her forty cents a day and board. Annely, the Waschfrau, comes monthly usually, and works three or four days, at forty cents a day. It is a custom here to wash but two or three times a year, but Mrs. M—— evades it so far as to do the thing monthly. The yards then do not look so much like an army hospital as do those of the neighbors, with their forty sheets and ninety shirts whitening the whole farm.

Annely is a character. She is a raging Methodist, in a land where Methodists are rare. She is fifty years old, not very pretty, works like a slave, and gives every single penny of her savings to the poor. For thirty years, good old Annely has been considered the saintliest, best person in the neighborhood. She can do more work, too, and do it better, than any two men or four women I know of. Honor to Annely. Many and many a year ago, when Annely was a young village belle, it may be, the tempter came. Annely's little baby is a big boy now, and may never ask who was his father. But of his mother—ah! it's enough only to say, "I am Annely's boy," and the good wishes of everybody follow him. Is it a wonder that good people sometimes slip extra francs into the amount of Annely's washing wages? The world is better than it seems.

August 10.—Everybody is at the haying, men and women, boys and girls—twice as many, too, as there is any use for. Even the cook is out, rake in hand, and Mrs. M—— and the children look on, and help just a little. About once an hour all hands stop and go under an apple-tree, drink cider or cheap wine for twenty minutes, and then slowly proceed with the windrows. I have seen more hay put in the barn by three men in an afternoon in America than all this dozen of picnickers will get in to-day. It's fun, nevertheless. The only wonder is, how it pays to devote so much time and cider and wine and coarse bread to the few small wagon-loads they will harvest. Hay is very dear, however.

Of wheat, there is almost none—only just patches enough of it to make the green fields picturesque. Switzerland

IN HAYING-TIME.

imports nearly all of her breadstuffs, and so there is no wheat harvest, except as the men and women cut the little patches mentioned with hand-sickles.

M—— was telling me to-day that, with all the slow way of doing things, grass-growing is very profitable, and that there can be more money made with grass, with dairies, with pear-growing, and even with vegetables, than with grapes. He prefers grapes, however, as he thinks it a "nicer" kind of farming. Besides, if he can not sell his wine this year, it is all the better and the dearer next. It bears better interest by keeping than his five per cent. bonds do.

Saw them bringing some hay over the lake in boats. It was a pretty scene, just in the twilight. Everything about farm life on the Continent seems picturesque. They seem to study novel ways of doing things, and almost every hut, or house, or barn, or bridge, seems built with an eye to pretty effect. In America this is usually left out of the undertaking entirely. A correspondent of a Berlin paper wrote once from Cincinnati: "When you have seen one town in America, you have seen all; one farm, all farms; one village, all villages. They are just alike. Only the people differ, and they very little."

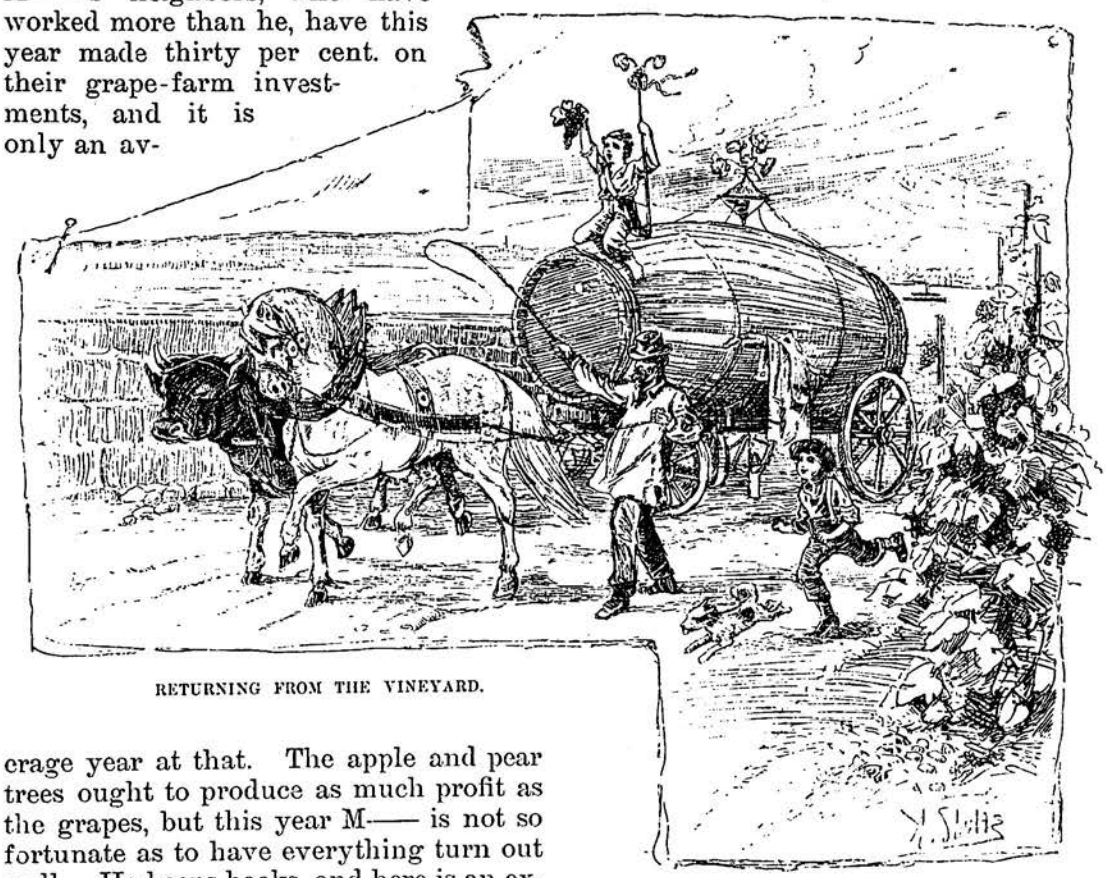
October 1.—The last grass is being mown, and the pears are being taken from the trees. It is the fourth mowing.

M—— has some seventy-five pear-trees crowded into his little farm, and a few apples. He will have about what apples the family can use, but none to sell. Both apples and pears have done poorly. Still, he will make the pears into cider, and will sell it before Christmas for about two hundred dollars. The grass under the trees is good, and he will have to buy little or no hay for his horse and two cows this winter.

October 10.—A half-dozen neighbors are on the farm, and the grape-cutting has commenced. There is any amount of sport on the occasion. As soon as the cutting is done, there will be a party and a dance in the barn. We are invited to take part, and shall certainly do so. Some of the peasants will come masked, and there will be no sleeping that night within a mile of "my farm." A few grapes have been cut by neighbors already, and the wagons go by with the queer long

casks on top filled with new wine. The bung-holes of the casks are filled with bouquets of roses—a gift to Bacchus. I saw one wine wagon with a nearly naked little boy astride the cask, a Bacchus himself, with coal-black eyes and laughing locks.

M—— now calculates on the profits of the year's farming. His four acres of grapes have produced twenty saum each of decent Swiss wine; value by spring will be fifteen dollars and twenty-five cents per saum, or about one thousand two hundred and twenty dollars, equalling twenty per cent. on the investment, counting the grape land to be worth one thousand six hundred dollars per acre. Some of M——'s neighbors, who have worked more than he, have this year made thirty per cent. on their grape-farm investments, and it is only an average year at that. The apple and pear trees ought to produce as much profit as the grapes, but this year M—— is not so fortunate as to have everything turn out well. He keeps books, and here is an extract from the last page:



RETURNING FROM THE VINEYARD.

INCOME.

Onions	$100
Pears	200
Grapes	1220
Milk sold	100
Honey	100
Potatoes	100
Interest on bonds—$5000—at 5 per cent.	250
Rent of rooms to me, $140, not estimated.	
Total income	$2070

EXPENSES.

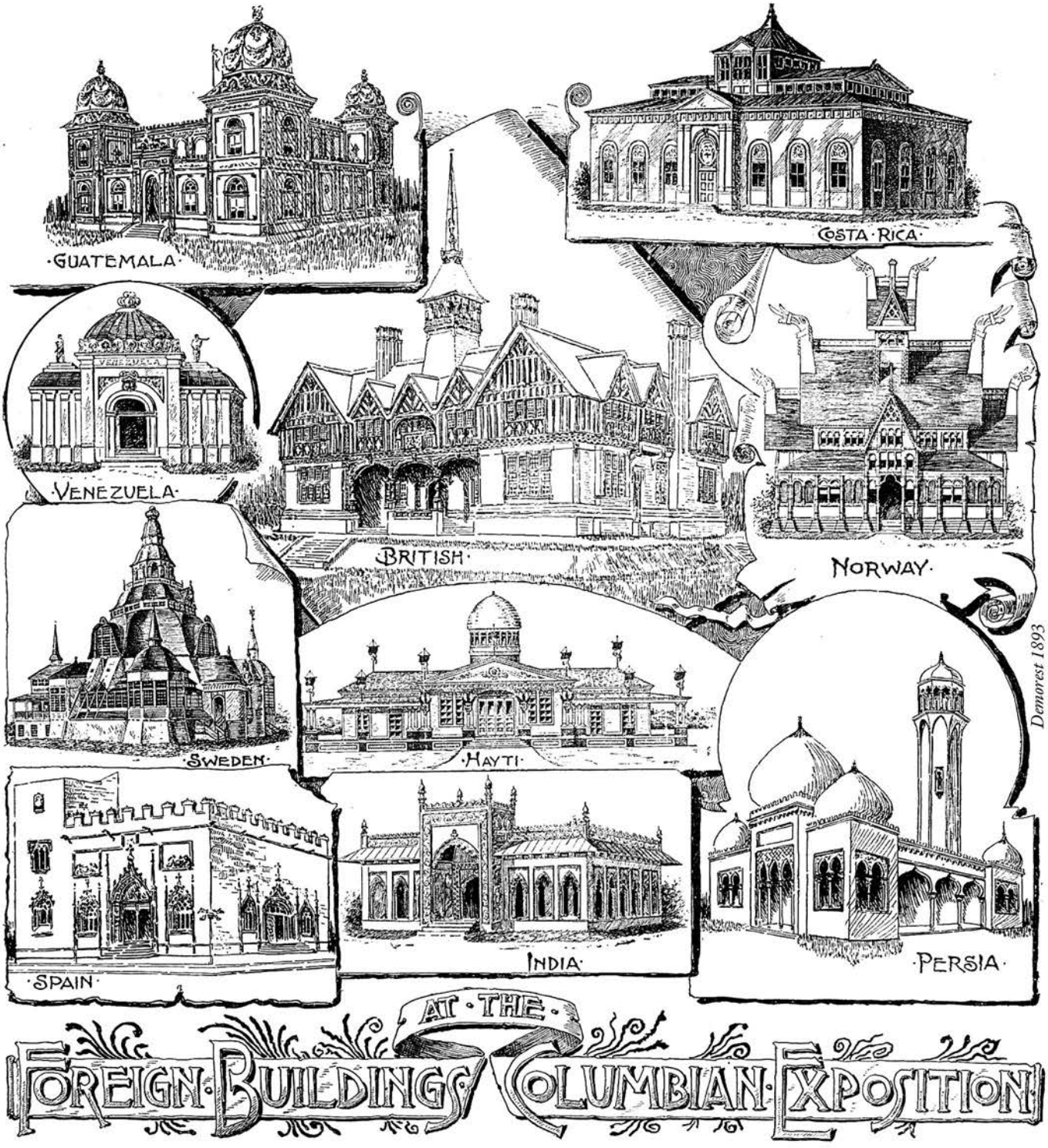
Taxes	$200
Servant	60
Gardener	180
Extra help—washer-woman, seamstress, and extra hand occasionally	100
Schooling and clothing of the two children	200
Charity	50
Excursions	100
Clothing of two persons	200
Groceries	50
Meat and bread	200
Books, amusements, etc.	50
Total expenses	$1390
Total income	$2070
Total expenses	1390
Difference	$680

The clear profit on M——'s investment of $20,000, then, is $680 in cash, plus all the expenses of a family of four persons. These expenses were, deducting the items that came of working the farm (say $400), $990. Add this to the $680 clear gain, and the earnings of the $20,000 may be set down at $1670, or nearly thirteen per cent.

M—— says he never did much better than this when in business, when the risks and the anxieties were unspeakably

greater. As to the health, and pleasure, and all that, to be obtained in the two callings, I am sure nobody would ever think of comparing them.

I am glad I kept this diary. I have now convinced myself of what I had often been told, viz., that a man who has as nice a little sum of money as twenty thousand dollars saved can be happier and safer in the world, working a bit of land, than by remaining in the risky whirlpool of what is called "business."



SERVANTS OF THE HOUSE.

THE PARLOUR-MAID.

IN most establishments where a parlour-maid is kept, many of the lighter duties of the housemaid and footman fall to her share of work; to which is not unfrequently added some of the attendance on the mistress of the house, usually performed by the lady's maid. These combined duties include dusting and polishing furniture, answering bells, cleaning plate, waiting at table, and filling up spare time with needlework.

None of the above are, strictly speaking, laborious duties; but in order to discharge them effectually, methodical working is indispensable. Early rising is a cardinal virtue in every branch of domestic work, and is especially desirable where a cleanly personal appearance is a first requisite. Any employment likely to soil the hands and dress of a parlour-maid should be done before breakfast, the attendance of the servant at that meal being generally required.

The carpets having been swept and the grates cleaned by the housemaid, the dusting of the furniture and arranging of the rooms should be done by the parlour-maid. A good memory is needful on her part, to remember where every article is kept, and she should be careful to consult her employers' convenience in regard to the placing of books, writing-materials, needlework, &c. As a general rule, each piece of furniture has its appointed place, but whenever the arrangement is disturbed, it is the parlour-maid's duty to reinstate order, unless desired not to do so. A vigilant servant will take the opportunity of the family's absence from an apartment to make up the fire, sweep the hearth, and clear away any litter. All sitting-rooms occupied throughout the day require dusting twice, *i.e.*, before breakfast, and also before the family return to the apartment from the dining-room. If the weather is favourable, opening the windows a few inches from the top and bottom sashes, freshens the room, and proves a grateful change to its occupants.

The hour at which a parlour-maid should be what is termed "dressed for the day," must depend upon the ever-varying nature of the work required in different families. Perhaps the best way to decide the question is, to be guided by the hour at which visitors are likely to call. In most professional men's houses for instance, the business of the day begins at ten o'clock, by which time if the parlour-maid answers the door, she should be neatly attired, and ready at a moment's notice to present herself creditably before strangers. A servant of good address at a professional man's door, is as much a matter of personal recommendation of the employer as the situation of his residence. Some amount of forethought on the part of the mistress is necessary to ensure cleanly appearance in a door-servant; but the attempt is worth making, if only for the sake of favourable first impressions on the part of strangers. The description of dress already given for housemaid's wear, applies to the parlour-maid. The following are some of the parlour-maid's chief duties.

Answering the Door.—When answering a door, the servant should open it wide enough to afford free entrance, herself standing back. Having replied to the question whether the person inquired for is at home or not, the door should be gently closed, and the question, "Your name, if you please?" or, "What name shall I say?" should be asked. To prevent mistakes, the caller, if a stranger, usually presents his or her card. Upon giving the card, the visitor should be shown into the drawing-room, or some unoccupied apartment. The servant should then place a chair for the visitor, raise the blinds, stir the fire or make any alteration needed to secure the comfort of the caller, in the interval of waiting. All cards and letters should be handed to the person for whom they are intended, on a salver or small tray kept in the hall for the purpose.

If the interview is likely to be short, a parlour-maid should be prepared to go to the door to let out the visitor, on the signal of the drawing-room bell ringing. She should stand with her hand upon the lock until the caller comes in sight, when the door should be opened wide, and gently closed when the visitor has left the doorstep. If a carriage is in question, the door should not be closed until the vehicle has driven off.

Waiting at Table is a very important branch of domestic knowledge, and although the principles are much the same in all good society, most servants require a little initiation into the particular ways of each family. We subjoin the most general rules.

Breakfast.—At the end of the table, where the lady presides, the cups and saucers should be arranged on either side, having her plate in the centre. The tea-pot should stand just behind, and the milk-ewer, slop-basin, and sugar-basin at the back of the teapot. If an urn or bright kettle is used, it should be placed within easy reach of the mistress's hand. In most families the loaf and butter are placed on the breakfast table, also a rack of toast, a stand of eggs, and some plates of cut bread and butter. Hot meat is likewise set on the table opposite the master of the house, and cold meat on the sideboard. Some people like to have the loaf and butter also on the sideboard. The parlour-maid generally waits in the breakfast-room until all the family is served with tea, and eatables. Having done so, her attendance is usually dispensed with, the members of the family waiting on themselves during the rest of the repast.

At *Luncheon*, much the same order of things is to be observed, with the exception that both hot and cold meats are then placed on the table, the servant retiring when the family has been served, as at breakfast. This rule is generally observed, as it is customary for the servants to dine whilst the family take lunch. Any unavoidable disturbance at that time should be guarded against. It is usual to put a supply of clean plates, glasses, &c., on the sideboard, in order that persons may change their own plates after the servant has left the room. Dirty plates are then carried by the users to the side-board.

Dinner.—Some time before dinner, the parlour-maid should get everything in readiness preparatory to laying the cloth. Knives should be dusted and laid in their appointed box, silver and plated articles should be rubbed lightly with the plate-leather, and laid in the plate-basket, and wine-glasses, tumblers, water-bottles, and salt-cellars should be arranged upon a separate tray. The table-napkins and cloth, if untidily put aside, may require

passing through the linen-press, Fig. 1, or mangle. Bradford's Mangle, No. 1, shown in the illustration, Fig. 2, is suitable for this purpose, and takes up little room. Before laying the cloth, the parlour-maid should sweep up the hearth, if fires are used, and put on fresh coals, so that there may be a cheerful blaze by the time dinner is served. Any papers, books, or other articles that may be dispersed about the room, should be tidily put away, leaving the sideboard clear for table requisites. The sideboard cloth should be laid flush with the edge of the sideboard, not hanging over the front as is sometimes seen. The same rule should be observed in covering all tables used as sideboards. At the back of the sideboards should be placed salvers, bronzes, lamps, or any ornaments belonging to the sideboard. On the right side should be put clean glasses, arranged according to size and kind; and on the left, spoons and forks tastefully set out. The middle of the sideboard should be left unencumbered for sauces, vegetables, or anything not wanted on the table. The dinner-cloth should be laid with the middle fold down the centre of the table. Whether the damask has been mangled on the right side or not, the parlour-maid must observe that the raised creases should be on the top. Some prominent design in the fabric generally indicates the centre of the cloth, which should of course be laid in the middle of the table. A lamp, cruet-stand, or vase of flowers, is generally put to mark the centre, and the distances of the respective dishes are regulated from that object.

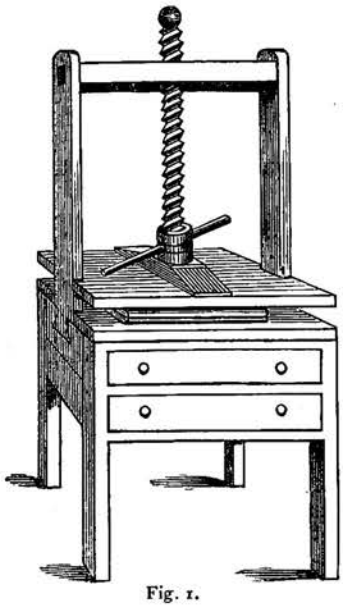


Fig. 1.

The fashion of dining *à la Russe*, very common at large dinners, requires a separate notice. For the present we will confine our observations to the usual arrangement of a table in well-conducted households. By the latter system, the master sits at one end of the table, and the mistress of the house at the other. Carving knives and forks, together with dinner knives placed nearest the plate, mark their places. According to the number of persons to dine, knives and forks are placed for each. A tumbler and one or more wine-glasses should be put at the right of each guest, just above the dinner knife. When clean dinner-napkins are laid, it is customary to place a piece of bread in the folds of the napkin.

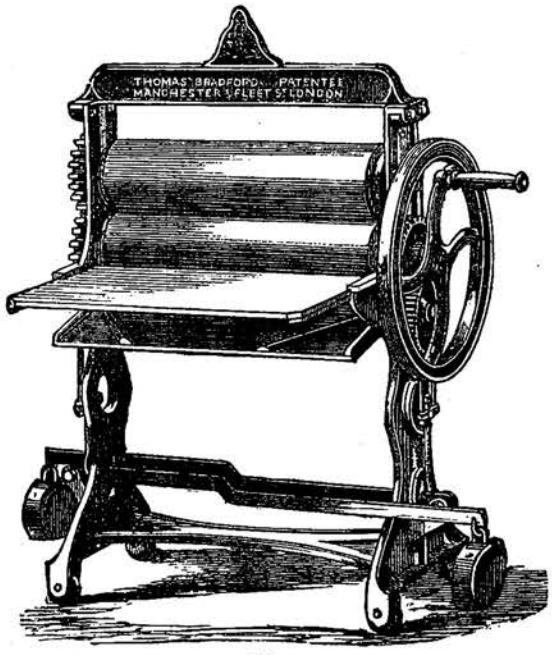


Fig. 2.

Whether cut bread or rolls should be placed at the right hand or left, is sometimes a disputed point. We decide in favour of the right, for this reason: When a guest wishes to have his plate removed, he is supposed to rest his fork on the plate. A well-trained servant observes no other rule in making the change, sadly to the grievance occasionally of an inexperienced diner, who inadvertently drops his fork. As in breaking bread it is not considered well-mannered to use both hands, there is no occasion to relinquish the fork until a change of plate is desired. Between the courses, the crust of bread may be divided with both hands, if desired. Now that knives are beginning to be used for eating fish, the last claim of the bread to be laid on the left of the diner, appears to have been disposed of.

Directly a person lays down his fork, or puts both knife and fork together on the right-hand side of the plate, the servant in attendance should bring another plate on which are laid knife, fork, or spoon, appropriate to the dish which is to follow. All meats, vegetables, and sauces should be handed on the left side of the diner.

Serving wine, &c., should always be done at the right-hand side of the guest *without removing the glasses from the table, except in the case of beer, which is served at the left hand.* The reason is obvious. Beer requires to be frothed into the glass; consequently, it prevents accidents if the servant presents a tray to the guest on his left to receive the glass, into which the beer should be poured, at the distance of a step behind the guest. The full tumbler should then be handed on the left, as it would be inconvenient for the guest to receive it over the right shoulder. Servants should avoid handling wine glasses. If they must do so, they should only touch the stem. Water-bottles are placed on the table within reach of the guests.

Before setting dessert on the table, the parlour-maid should brush off the crumbs into a small tray with a curved cloth-brush or similar contrivance made for the purpose.

Carving knives and forks after being used should be removed before taking the dish containing meat from the table. A long narrow knife-tray with a clean coarse cloth laid at the bottom, is the proper receptacle for these articles.

During the intervals which occur in waiting on the guests, the parlour-maid should remove all things which have been used outside the dining-room, where one of the under servants usually conveys them to the kitchen. The servant waiting should contrive to have all soiled vessels out of the room by the time dessert is put on the table, her attendance not being wanted after that time.

Tea.—After a late dinner, tea is generally a very simple repast, requiring only a tray on which teacups and saucers, with other tea appendages, are set. If tea is made in the drawing-room, the parlour-maid waits on her mistress until the tea is handed round. A set tea, *i.e.*, a meal, with tea as a beverage, is served in the same manner as breakfast. It is now the fashion to cover the tea table with a white cloth, as for breakfast.

Supper is usually served in the same manner as luncheon.

Washing up china and glass, cleaning plate, and trimming lamps, being equally the work of the parlour-maid or page, will be described in another place.

CHICKENS.

"FRIED, STEWED, BOILED AND ROASTED."

CHICKENS are a dainty article of food which can be prepared in a variety of appetizing ways, besides the usual mode of frying or broiling. To cut a chicken up properly, after picking and drawing, lay on a board, cut off the feet, then the wings and legs, after which cut the breast in two, also the back. Good garnishes for chickens are parsley, sliced lemon, and catsups. When choosing fowls, remember that the young rooster has a smooth leg and a short spur; when fresh, the vent is close and dark. Hens, when young, have smooth legs and combs; when old, these are rough. A good capon has a thick belly and a large rump, a poll comb and a swelling breast.

Smothered Chicken.

Cut the chickens open in the back, as for broiling. Salt, and place them in a dripping pan with enough water to cover the bottom. Cook in a quick oven, basting frequently with butter, and adding more water if it is needed. They will need from three quarters of an hour to an hour. Take up the chickens and make the gravy by stirring in the thickening and allowing it to boil up once. Cut up the giblets, add pepper and a plentiful supply of butter, and pour a little gravy over the fowls. Put the rest in a gravy bowl. Served with hot waffles. This is a dish fit for a king.

Roast Chicken.

Stuff the crop and body with a mixture of bread crumbs, butter, salt, and pepper. The stuffing may be moistened, or put in dry as preferred. Be careful not to get it too moist. Pour half a cupful of water over the chicken, and roast an hour for an ordinary fowl—longer for an old one. Boil the giblets, cut fine and add with the liquor in which they are boiled to the gravy. Thicken the gravy, and add a sliced hard-boiled egg to it, and serve in a gravy bowl. The chicken should be basted frequently while roasting.

Fricasseed Chicken.

Cut the chickens into pieces. Put into a pot with cold water to cover. Boil slowly for an hour for an ordinary chicken—twice as long for an old one. Thicken the gravy and pour it over the chickens. The water should be salted when the chickens are put on, pepper added after they are dished. Add butter if the chickens are very young, with a little thyme if it is liked.

Chicken Potpie.

Prepare and cook as above. Fifteen minutes before serving, drop into the pot pieces of ordinary biscuit dough, rolled thinner than for biscuits, and cut into squares. If put in immediately after mixing, and cooked without removing the cover, they will be light. Thicken the gravy and pour over the chickens and dumplings.

Chicken Pudding.

Cut up a chicken, and cook tender in a little water. Take up, spread on a dish, season with pepper, salt and butter. Make a thick batter. Butter a pudding dish, and put in a layer of chicken, and pour over a cupful of batter. Continue until the dish is full. Bake, and serve with butter sauce in a gravy boat.

Chicken and Okra (Southern Gumbo).

Cut up a chicken, roll in flour, and fry in boiling lard; add a sliced onion. Pour two cupfuls of boiling water over, and let simmer ten minutes; add a pod of red pepper. let boil thick, season with salt and a tablespoonful of butter. Dish and serve with boiled rice.

Creole Chicken.

Take two young chickens, cut up and stew; when done add a little minced parsley and onions. Soak four pepper pods in water, strain and pour in the juice, add salt, two ounces of butter, and a tablespoonful of flour mixed with a little cold milk. Fill a dish with boiled rice and pour the chicken on it.

Chicken Freteau.

Boil a young chicken and cut to pieces. Lay one hour in a marinate made of oil and vinegar, add pepper, salt, and a little flour. Prepare egg batter, in which dip the pieces of chicken, and drop in hot lard; brown well. Spread the chicken on a hot dish. Garnish with celery, and serve with fried tomatoes.

Spring Chicken Dressed as Terrapin.

Boil a young chicken; cut in pieces and put in a stewpan with soup stock to cover. Stir in a quarter of a pound of butter and one beaten egg. Season with salt, pepper and thyme; add two hard-boiled eggs cut up, and the juice of a lemon. Boil and serve with grape jelly.

Scalloped Chicken.

Mince remnants of chicken. Veal mixes well with chicken, and it is sometimes convenient to add to the dish in this way. Put a layer of chicken and a layer of rolled cracker or bread crumbs, alternately, in a baking dish. Beat an egg in a cup and fill the cup with milk, or cream, if you can get it. Salt it, and pour it over the chicken. If this does not make moisture rise even with the top, add gravy or hot water enough to do it. Put lumps of butter on the top, and brown in the oven.

Boiled Chicken with Oysters.

Prepare the chicken as for roasting, adding chopped oysters to the stuffing. Put the fowl in a tin pail, tightly covered, and place the pail in a pot of cold water. Boil for an hour and a half or two hours, as required. Make a gravy from the liquor in the pail, adding to it some of the oysters. Take a half-dozen of the largest oysters, cooked until their edges curl, and lay over the chicken. Put over it a little of the gravy and serve the rest in a bowl.

Chicken Salad.

Clean and singe two large, fat, full-grown chickens, and steam until tender. Cut the meat all off the bones. Chop the white parts into small pieces. Cut fine equal quantities of fine white celery. Mix well together, and add four hard-boiled eggs, chopped fine, to every quart of the chicken and celery. Stir in half a teacuptul of salad oil, with a tablespoonful of mustard, and a teaspoonful each of pepper and salt. Beat three raw eggs together and pour in the dressing, mixing in with one-half cupful of vinegar, and a tablespoonful of lemon juice. Garnish with celery tops. Set on ice a few minutes before serving.

Moulded Chicken.

Boil two full-grown fat chickens, in as little water as possible. until the meat falls from the bones, pick off and chop it fine, season with salt and pepper. Put slices of

hard-boiled eggs in a mould, and cover it with a layer of the chicken. Then more eggs and chicken until nearly filled. Boil down the water in which the chicken was boiled, season and pour over the chicken. Set on ice; when cold, turn out and slice very thin.

Jellied Chicken.

Cut the small scraps from a cold chicken, break the bones, put in a saucepan with the liver, gizzard and heart, cover with water, and boil two hours. Mix well, season, pour in a mould, weight down and set to cool. Cut in thin slices and garnish with sliced lemons.

Jellied Chicken, No. 2.

Cut up a large, fat, full-grown chicken. Put it on to cook with one bay leaf, one blade of mace, one small white onion, half a dozen cloves, a little pepper and salt. Cook slowly until the chicken is done. Take up, skin and cut the meat from the bones. Put the skin, scraps and bones back into the kettle, and simmer an hour longer. Add half a box of gelatine to the liquor; stir over the fire until dissolved. Put the chicken aside. Let the jelly cool. Then skim off all the fat, and set the jelly on the fire to melt. Pour in a mould and set on ice. When hard, put a layer of chicken on top of the jelly, then slices of hard-boiled eggs, sprinkle with salt and pepper, then more chicken, and so on until all is used. Pour over the remainder of the jelly, which should be cold, but thin enough to cover the chicken. Stand on ice. When ready to serve turn from the mould and garnish with parsley.

Chicken Croquettes.

Chop fine the meat, picked from the bones. Add one-third as much mashed potato and moisten with gravy. Heat all together and season to taste. Beat into the mixture two raw eggs, and set it away to cool. Mould into balls about the size and shape of an egg. Dip them into beaten egg and roll them in cracker meal. Fry a light brown in boiling lard.

Chicken and Rice Croquettes.

An excellent way of serving a small quantity of chicken is to cut all the meat carefully from the bones, chop fine, and to each cupful of the chicken add a cupful of boiled rice, one teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of butter, half a cupful of milk, a little pepper, and an egg. Set the milk on the fire, and—as soon as it boils—add the other ingredients, the egg thoroughly beaten, last of all. Stir the mixture one minute. When it has cooled, take about a tablespoonful, and, with both hands, press the mass lightly into an oblong roll. When the whole quantity has been shaped, roll the croquettes lightly in bread crumbs, then dip them in well-beaten eggs; roll a second time in bread crumbs, and fry, until brown, in boiling fat. Two or three minutes will suffice. Be sure that the fat is boiling before the croquettes are put in.

Chicken Pates.

Chop meat of cold chicken fine, and season with salt. Make a large cupful of rich drawn butter, and while on the fire add two hard-boiled eggs (minced fine), a little chopped parsley, and the meat of the chicken. Let this mixture almost boil. Have ready some pâte pans of good rich paste, remove the covers with the edge of a knife, fill in with the mixture, and arrange on a hot platter. In baking the crust it is a good plan to fill in with a square of stale bread, which is easily removed as soon as it comes from the oven. This keeps the crust from flattening, as it would otherwise do without the chicken mixture.

—Ida Martineau.

WOMAN.

What May She be Permitted to Do?

THE Literary Club met at the Blossom's last week. The subject for the evening's programme was, "Woman, what can she do?" Mrs. Blossom read an essay on "Eminent Women; young Mr. Fox recited a poem on, "Woman's Silent Influence," and a tenor soloist sang "Queen of the Earth," with fine effect. Then the chairman suggested that some one might like to make a remark, and Judge Gould rose to his feet.

"I've been greatly edified by these exercises," he said. "I tell you, I feel proud of our women, when I think of the magnificent things they're doing. Woman's delicate hand has knocked at the door of every profession, and man has gallantly welcomed her in. A late writer maintains, that she can even shoe horses, and paint houses. And now, just one thought before I sit down. Isn't it sad, when the whole world is open to women, that any should seek to crowd into a calling proper only for men? I refer to my own profession, the law. The law is too low for woman. It would drag her womanhood in the mire. No, no! Let them do anything else, but spare them the degradation of the law."

"I must say, I don't agree with you there, Judge," spoke up Dr. Glover. "For my part I'm glad to see women in the law. I think they can do lots of good in that profession. So long as the most refined woman is liable to be dragged into the law courts, on the slightest provocation, I can't see for the life of me, why she shouldn't practice in those courts. To my mind its much more in her line than medicine. I thoroughly disapprove of female doctors. Women haven't the nerve and self-control for that profession. I say it deliberately; I had rather a daughter of mine would walk a tight rope for a living, than to put out a shingle and practice medicine."

"Now I don't believe in being narrow and old-fogyish and behind the times," struck in young Mr. Van Struther, reporter for the *Leader*. We've always aimed to keep right up abreast of the march of progress. I thoroughly approve of women doctors and ministers and lawyers. Why, one of the best pleas I ever heard in my life was made by a lady. I reported it. I tell you she was a clipper! And I'd like to see them vote. Our paper has always advocated that. We don't take a back seat on the woman question. And I'm sure I don't object to their painting houses, or shoeing horses if they want to. I didn't suppose they wanted to, that's all. But there are some things that I have too much respect for women to want to see them thrust into. And one is journalism. 'Twould lower their moral natures. Besides, their constitutions never could stand the strain of night work, and-er-beer. I hope I shall never see a lady friend of mine dragged into the mire of newspaper work. Why, it's the miriest profession of all!"

As Mr. Van Struther ceased speaking, there was a silken rustling in the bay-window, and Mr. Louis Fernando Blenkiron, a young man who had just written a short story, which he was trying hard to get published, emerged from the shadow of the curtain.

"I beg to differ from my friend on the *Leader*," he said, striking an artistic pose, and running his fingers through his glossy curls. "I think the fair sex make charming journalists. One of the most appreciative letters I ever received was from a lady editor. I wouldn't advise them to paint

houses, wouldn't do it myself, you know. There's nothing idealistic about it, and 'twould be nawsty work in bad weather. Besides they might fall off. But women can't write novels and plays. They haven't the logical sequence nor the imagination—in a word they haven't the *genius* of the author."

"There has been some things said here to-night," began Mr. McKevitte, alderman in the third ward, rising and thrusting one hand in his pocket, while the other fondled his watch chain, "some things that I must take exceptions to, and one is the remark thrown out by Mr. Van Struther, about women's voting. Now, if there's a thing on top of the earth that makes me mad, it's this infernal talk about letting women into politics. I don't believe in dragging lovely woman down into the mire of politics. Great Scott! who would want to see his wife or mother carrying a torch in a procession? The next you know they'd be even aspiring to the office of alderman! And I hope I'll never live to see the day that they'll sink so low as that! They can be clerks in stores, or doctors, or ministers, or—paint houses. It's good healthy out door business. But I shall protect woman from the ballot, just as long as I have the power to do so."

"Now, what's the matter with women doctors?" demanded young Mr. Smith, the affable clerk in Randall's dry goods emporium. "I think they're prime. Perhaps they don't sport so much fur collar and silver plated medicine case as a man does, but they get there just the same. They don't smoke tobacco, nor whistle "Little Tycoon" airs, when your head aches enough to burst, nor go off on a spree for three days, while you're lying at death's door. And I like lady ministers, too. Why, I'd go to church every day in the week if we had a lady preacher. And I'm perfectly willing they should vote. That don't hit me, I'm not running for office (with a withering look at Mr. McKevitte.) There's just one business where I think a lady is a little out of place, and that is in a dry goods store. Honest, now, I think it's downright demoralizing to any lady, to tell so many lies as we have to tell in our business——"

At this ingenious admission everybody smiled, and Mr. Smith sat down in some confusion.

"I was grieved to hear brother McKevitte speak as he did of women in politics," said the Rev. Mr. Abercrombie. "Citizenship is not a degradation to any woman. It is an honor. I shudder to think of the acts of injustice daily committed against woman, because she has no voice in her own government. As for me, I am not so ungenerous as to deny to woman that safeguard of liberty, which I demand for myself. But, dear friends, I must here protest against the attempts of some misguided ones, to drag women into the mire—or rather the—ah—publicity of the pulpit. That strikes the cruelest blow at her womanhood. But while she may not preach in our pulpits, she can still have her share in the evangelization of the world. Woman fulfils her highest destiny as a missionary to foreign lands. In India and Central Africa, she can work to save souls, and the Lord will bless her labors. Many of us have felt our souls uplifted as we read of the hardships and privations endured by these noble women."

"I think there are lots of things women can do," said young Mr. Robbins, the tenor singer in the Presbyterian church. "They can be good editors, or doctors, or lawyers. But there's one thing I don't believe in, I never have, and that is, employing lady singers in church choirs. Now, I adore woman! I admit that she can sing. I really like to hear her, in a parlor, or her own home, but *never* in a church choir. She is out of her sphere there. She has too much individuality. She is always trying to show off. And a soprano is liable to attract all the attention from the other sing—that is from the—ah—minister. I prefer a male quartette myself, to render classical anthems, or else a good tenor solo. There is some splendid religious music written for tenor solos."

And Mr. Robbins sat down.

"For my part," declared Mrs. Gamble, a divorced widow, who had the reputation of being a little too willing to try it again. "I don't care what they do, if they only give up this break-neck chase to get married. I'm sure there could be nothing more shocking to a refined, shrinking nature, than the way these girls throw themselves at the head of every man that comes in sight. It's scandalous!"

Mrs. Gamble concluded with a toss of the head, and a feeling look at Mr. Smith, who was sitting on the sofa beside Nell Johnson.

Then Nell Johnson spoke up.

"Well," she said, "you have all proved conclusively that there isn't a profession under the sun that women may enter, and last of all, Mrs. Gamble has shut them out of matrimony. Evidently the Lord made a great mistake when he created women. The men want the whole earth, and there isn't any left for the women."

Then there fell a silence that could have been heard for a quarter of a mile, as Mr. Robbins went forward to sing a solo.

—Herminius Cobb.

GEOGRAPHICAL ABSURDITIES.

If you should wish to go to Rome,
And you Havana friends there,
Peru's these lines while yet at home,
And find the Rhodes that end there.

Do just as Siam wont to do,
And if a Lake Huron,
Don't Scilly be and Racine go,
Or Rouen you'll be sure on.

But Wyoming-le with the crowd?
Keep with your little party.
There's Mrs. Ippi—rather loud—
And Callie Fornia, hearty;

And Minnie Sota, too, I see,
Likewise her friend Miss Ouri;
Six others will make ten, I see—
A richer crowd than poorer.

Iowa frank apology
For leaving out the Cracow,
I'll Russia round, but if you see
Her, I ask Utah say so.

Just hear the sailors' yo-he-ho;
If Idaho I'd aid 'em;
Iowa sailor, as you know—
Good Lucknow till I've paid 'em.

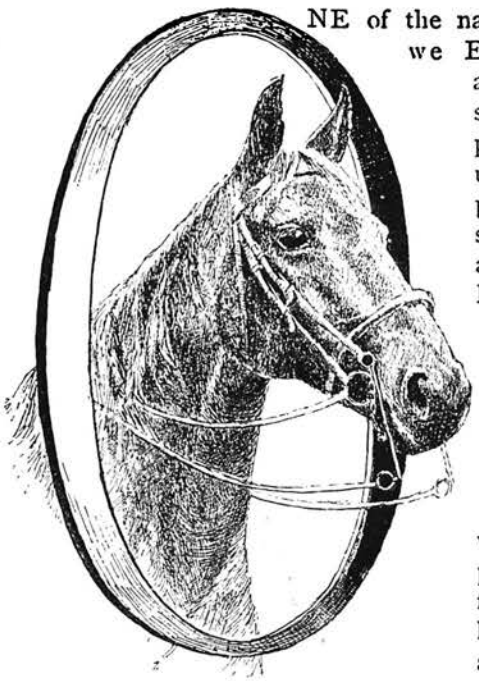
Ohio more than that, but then,
Of Corsican repay it;
This Spain-ful sense of debt again,
Texas some time to say it.

—F. H. Curtis.

OUR FRIENDS THE HORSES.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

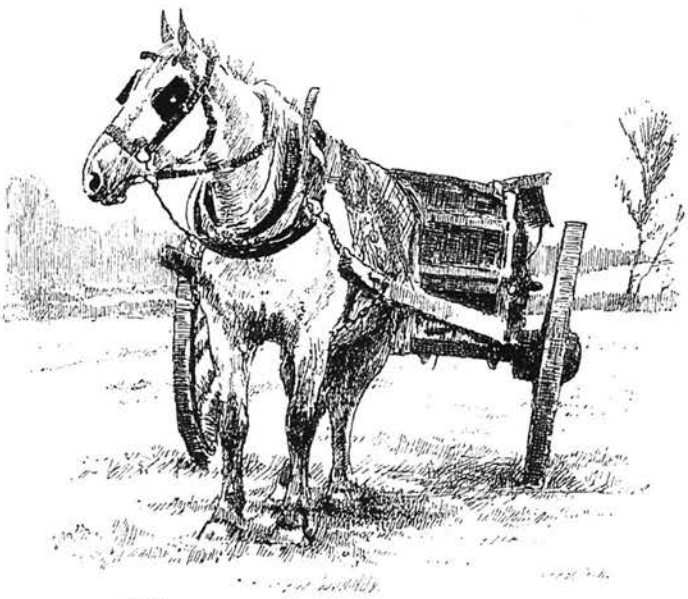
CHAPTER THE FIRST.



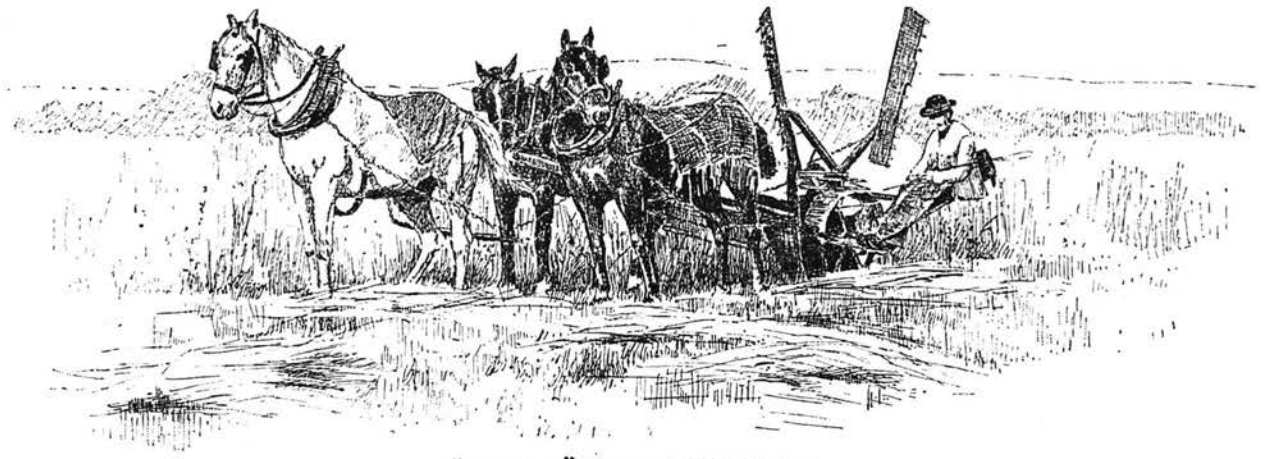
ONE of the natural gifts that we Englishmen—and women, I suppose — most pride ourselves upon is our power to understand and manage horses. English-speaking races, we complacently say, are the finest riders and drivers on the face of the globe; and we confidently point to the feats of Australian rough-riders and American coach-drivers in confirmation of this statement, not omitting to couple with them the well-established reputation of our jockeys and cross-country riders at home. Our Continental neighbours, especially Frenchmen and Austrians, however, contemptuously refute the assertion. Englishmen, they allow, know how to gallop over hedges and ditches well enough, but of any real scientific management of horses by means of bit, bridle, whip, and spur, they are childishly ignorant; the all-important science of *manége* riding is a dead letter to them.

Into these vexed questions I will not venture to enter. The English may or may not be the finest horsemen in the world, but I doubt whether any other nation—with the exception, perhaps, of the Arabs—are on such thoroughly confidential, friendly terms with their horses as the English. The mutual good understanding is most complete, I think, where but one or two horses comprise the stud: then horse and man are most dependent on each other for their enjoyment and comfort, and observe most closely each other's habits and idiosyncrasies. Most strikingly is this the case when a man or woman has but one hunter; if either the human being or the horse is worth anything, they must become attached under these circumstances. I remember seeing this quite pathetically illustrated some years ago. We were hunting at the time constantly in Devonshire, in a wild rough part of the country, where foxes were plentiful and farmers friendly, and where we thought nothing of riding twelve or fifteen miles to the meet. Amongst the *habitués* of our hunt was an old gentleman, whom I will call Mr. Brown. He had a horse who had been a first-rate hunter in his day, but was now sadly decrepit, yet as keen and fond of sport as his master. Both horse and rider had known better days, yet neither was afraid to face a narrower and harder life. The two used constantly to turn up during the course of the day's hunting, but seldom or never was Mr. Brown to be seen in the saddle. He used mostly to run along by the old horse's side, holding the bridle, and keeping pace with his shambling trot. When asked why he did not ride more, he would say, "No, no; better spare the old horse; we're a long way from home, and we get along very well, don't we, Jock?" and the two would then exchange a glance of mutual sympathy and encouragement. We used to call them "the pilgrims" in the field, for both seemed inspired by the same unwearying impulse in a good cause. At last a day came when old Mr. Brown appeared alone. "The old horse had a bit of a cold," he admitted, and presently after we heard that he was dead. A little fund was soon raised amongst the members of the hunt to procure the old gentleman another mount, but we could not get him to accept it. He felt our kindness, he said, but he was "too old to make another friend like dear old Jock."

Circumstances, of course, are more favourable to friendship between hunters and their riders than almost any other class of horse; but draught-horses, too, are not to be despised as acquaintances, and even the slow matter-of-fact cart-horse will often be found affectionate and responsive. In most cases cart-horses are very gentle and reliable, if somewhat slow



OLD BERRY THINKS SHE HEARS THE HOUNDS.



"THE NOB" AND HIS COMPANIONS.

of comprehension, and they are particularly kindly and considerate to small children. In my youth I was on visiting terms with several, for my grandfather was a country parson in the Midlands, and in those simple Arcadian days of the past, when steam was in its infancy, and American competition unheard of, a clergyman found he could make a pleasant and profitable occupation out of farming his glebe. So there was a large, old-fashioned, delightfully dirty farm-yard, and some four or five cart-horses, with whom I spent many happy hours. One or two of these had known better days, and could have told of rattling runs with a famous pack before advancing years and infirmities obliged them to subside into the peaceful obscurity of the plough or cart-shafts. An old white mare, named Snowberry, was an especial favourite of mine. She had had a distinguished past as a huntress, and had negotiated a park wall on one occasion with singular address. My first ride was taken on her back—a solemn progress of about ten yards, of which my only recollection is of being perched on something very large and very white—a sort of moving Mont Blanc. "Old Berry," as the farm labourers called her, never forgot her hunting days; she seemed to know every year when the season began. In summer she was quiet and sleepy over her work, and could be left alone in charge of her cart during hay-making or harvesting for a while without any apprehension. But as soon as the short autumn days came round she was for ever on the alert, listening for and thinking she heard the hounds; and one day, while engaged in the humble occupation of carting manure, her constant anticipations were finally realised, for she not only heard but saw the hounds, and profited by an unguarded moment to get a real good gallop with her old friends, much to the detriment of her cart and its prosaic contents.

Another of my friends amongst the cart-horses was a handsome dark brown gelding. Though only a half-bred animal, his manners and paces were so good that he was originally bought for carriage work, and his fast swinging trot made him a capital hack, too. I often drove and rode him, and he liked much being talked to and petted, and learned to utter an odd little sound, between a whinny and a grunt, to imply that he wanted a piece of sugar, of which he was extremely fond. We called him "Nature's Nobleman"—a cumbrous title, though an appropriate one, which soon resolved itself into "The Nob." After a very few years' carriage work, the poor Nob developed a hopeless disease of the feet, and though careful treatment pulled him round a bit, he was never fit for the road any more, but was relegated to slow easy work on the farm. It was curious and sad to note how his altered circumstances affected him; he lost all spirit and interest in his work, and regarded his new companions—good commonplace cart-horses—with evident disdain. Yet his old friendship for me never changed, and if I came into the field where he was at work, he would prick up his ears directly he heard my voice, and when I said, "Well, Nob?" would at once utter his odd little sound of greeting, and look for his *gage d'amour* of happier days, the unfailing piece of sugar.

Amongst hunters and hacks my friendships have been many and affectionate—indeed, the only horses I have constantly ridden, with whom I have been on distant terms, were those whose acquaintance I made on a visit to Australia. During a two years' stay in that continent nearly every variety of colonial horse came under my notice: Victorian, New South Welshman, Tasmanian, Queenslander, bush horses, and town horses. All passed under review, but I can't say I found any of them really friendly. Colonial horses are roughly broken and handled, and consequently learn to regard all human beings with more or less suspicion. They are far more mischievous, too, than English horses, and the latent talent for practical joking, which exists in almost every member of the equine species, is much more developed with them. If they don't all buck, they all know how, and the best-trained animals amongst them will what the colonials call "pig-jump" in a most unseating fashion when they are in good heart and condition. Now, one can't feel real affection and esteem for a horse who is capable of launching one, together with bridle

and saddle, into the unknown in a mere impulse of what a departed statesman would have aptly termed "irresponsible frivolity."

But to go back to my English friends: I once owned the rare combination of a good hack and hunter, in the person of a charming little Cornish horse—"Pen Dragon" by name—whom I rode for several years, and who ended his career, full of years and honour, in his eighteenth season. His only fault was self-assertion: he would be first at every fence, if he pulled one's arms off to get there. It became a recognised fact amongst my hunting friends that when he was in the field he was to give every one the lead—which I must say he did in very good style, rarely making a mistake. "Little Drag," as we affectionately called him, was certainly a very remarkable jumper, for on one occasion he undoubtedly cleared a turnpike gate with a two-wheeled basket carriage behind him. He performed this feat under the following circumstances:—He was being driven home by a stable-lad one winter's evening just as it was growing dark. Before long he overtook another horse trotting in front of him; this irritated him, and speedily roused his habitual determination to be first. He accordingly shot forward at a sharp gallop, which presently became a bolt. The turnpike-gate, closed and bolted for the night, then came into view. He saw in it only an ordinary fence, at which he must, of course, be first, so he merely redoubled his pace. The terrified stable-boy shouted loudly; the bewildered gate-keeper, seeing the state of affairs, and hoping to prevent an accident, made an attempt to open the gate, but it was too late, so the unfortunate boy shut his eyes, no doubt mentally "wrote to his friends," and hung on to the reins like grim death. An upward bound, a horrible jolt, a jarring crash, and he found himself neither killed nor insensible, but still in the cart, and safely in the road again, with the gate behind him, and little Dragon sobering into a walk. It seems scarcely conceivable, but horse, cart, and occupant had got over the gate with but little damage to it or themselves. That they had so passed there is no doubt, for though the boy could give no account of himself, the wheel-marks and the splintering of the wood on the top bar of the gate showed that the cart had really gone over it. The startled old gate-keeper, too, added his testimony in the most convincing fashion. "When I saw that horse and them two red lights a-flyin' over me," he said, "why, I knew it must be t'ould gintleman hisself."

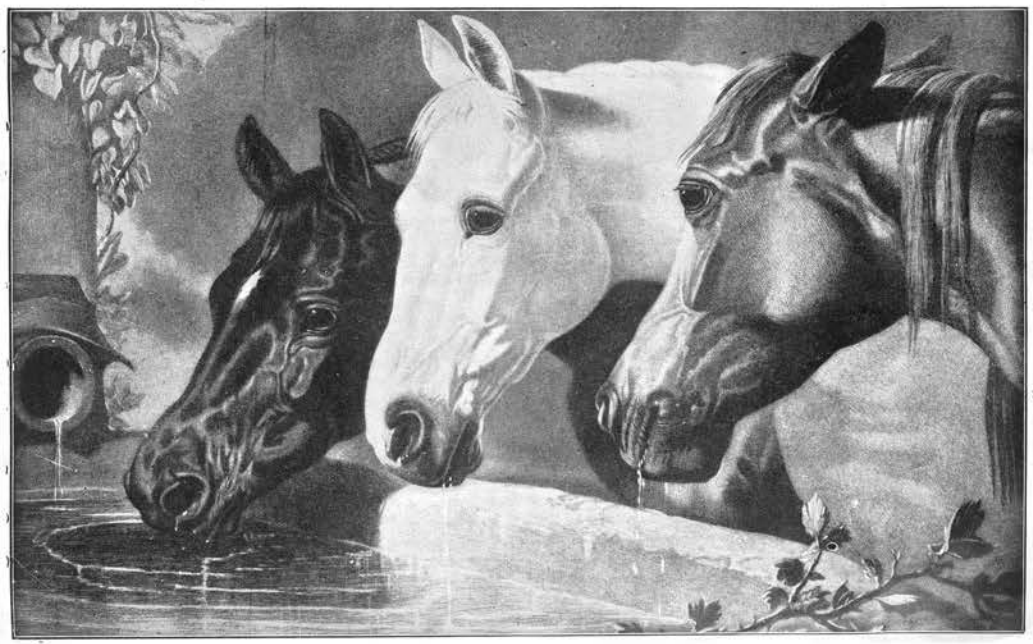
The behaviour of horses in the pursuit of their profession as hunters is very varied. Some do their duty in the most steady business-like fashion, and, if sound in wind and limb, are invaluable to dealers, as they can be confidently advertised, in the jargon of the trade, as "first-rate animals for any timid lady or gentleman to learn to ride hunting on." Others, again, but few in number, are as keen and knowing about sport as their masters, or a good deal more so. These are delightful mounts when they and their riders happen to entertain the same theories about the noble art of being with the hounds, but most exasperating when there is not this mutual understanding, for not only do they insist on choosing as much as possible their own line and pace, but if they and their rider should at any time in the day part company, the chances of their meeting again are very problematical, for such horses always cheerfully pursue the sport on their own account. Then there is another class of hunters—a most disagreeable one—who never settle down, and to whom the presence of hounds and other horses is a perpetual source of excitement and irritation: their heads are always in the air, and as to the ultimate destination of their feet, they seem to

PEN DRAGON TAKES THE LEAD.

have neither thought nor care. Such horses either speedily break down or come to grief with their riders. It was my bad luck at one time to own such a one in the person of a very handsome chestnut mare, who, after being successively named the "Red Princess," "Rowena," and "Firebrand," finally became known as "Fidget," and nothing else, being recognisable under no other title. As a hack, when ridden alone she was pleasant enough, having easy paces and being very free; but the presence of other horses speedily made her foolishly excited, and in the hunting-field she was quite unmanageable. She was not loved in the stable, for she was difficult to clean, would never stand, and when about to be ridden had to be led about at some distance from the house, and only brought round just at the moment when her rider was ready to jump into the saddle.

But she was so handsome and taking in appearance, that among the inexperienced she had many admirers. One of the latter, a somewhat complacent young man, named Grey, who fancied himself greatly as a horseman, came to stay with us one season when we were hunting in the New Forest. My husband offered him a mount for the day, giving him his choice amongst two or three horses, and he agreed to "run his eye over our cattle" and make his selection. Some conversation soon after took place about "Fidget" and her idiosyncrasies, and, finally, nothing would satisfy young Grey but to be allowed to ride the mare, and to show us how he, at all events, could make her a steady, clever huntress. Remonstrance was useless—he knew all about the mare: we did not; besides, was he not the youngest, and therefore, necessarily, the most infallible of us? Well, he had his way, and I hope he enjoyed himself. We drove to the meet, he riding on first, alone. When we reached the tryst, nothing was to be seen of him, so we mounted and moved off to cover. About lunch-time, while we were drawing a large fir plantation, a dusky mounted form appeared on the sky-line. It could not be young Grey: he had started in irreproachable pink, and white leathers; and "Fidget" was bright chestnut. Nevertheless, as the figure came closer there was no doubt that it was he, for he feebly hailed us, but both horse and rider were so thickly coated with good rich bog soil and water as to be quite unrecognisable.

And then came a piteous tale, for poor young Grey was so tired and depressed as to be for once absolutely truthful. He had arrived, it seemed, all right at the meet, but the appearance of the other horses and the hounds had, as usual, quite upset "Fidget." She reared, plunged, and finally bolted madly off across the Forest. A long chain of bogs loomed in the distance, and into these she wildly plunged. Happily, none were very deep; but she speedily unseated young Grey, and they floundered after one another for some time before they reached sound ground. When they did, she allowed herself to be caught, but not mounted, and then followed a dreary scramble over the heath-lands, during which Grey kept making vain efforts to get on her back. At last, when he was going to let go of the bridle altogether in despair, she got into another bog, and while she was once more floundering, he succeeded in regaining the saddle, and presently got her on to sound heather again. Then, finding her at last somewhat manageable once more, he endeavoured to make his way home, determining at all costs to avoid the humiliation of displaying himself before the field. But it was in vain; he kept seeing us everywhere in the distance, but met no one else of whom to ask his way. The flask and sandwich-case had been lost in one of the bogs; he was wearied out, his pride temporarily quite invalided; so he humbly surrendered at discretion, and begged us to tell him his nearest way home.



From a Victorian Scrap Album

OUR FRIENDS THE HORSES.

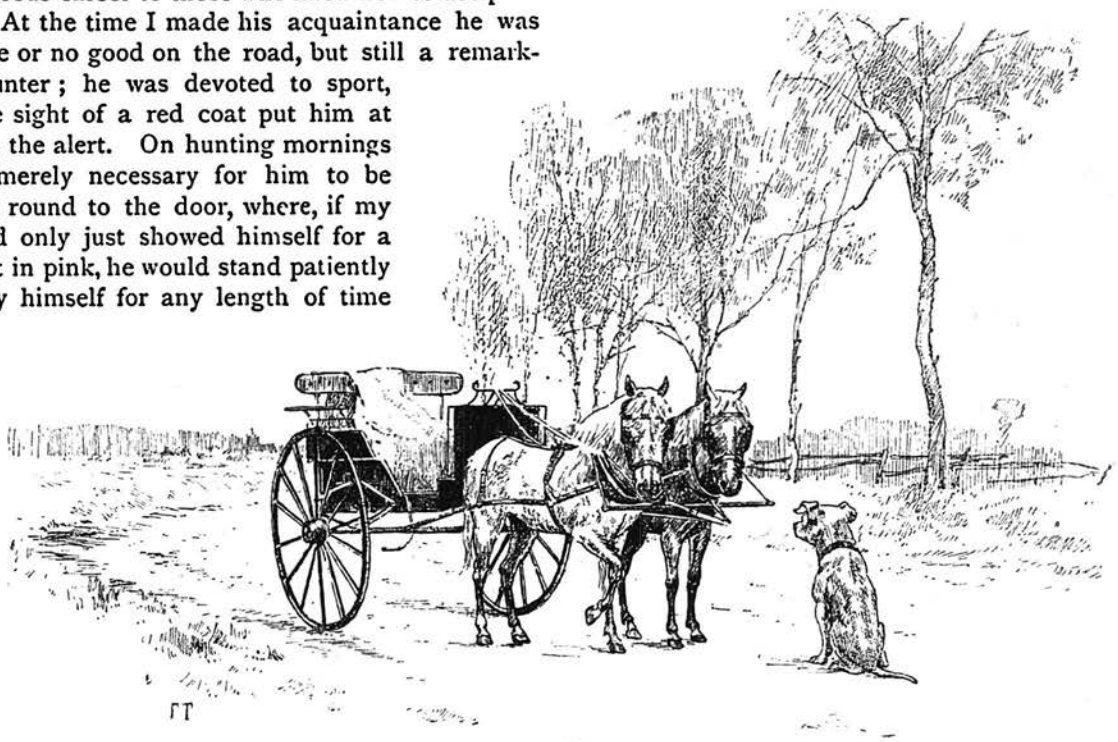
IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

"'TO THINK OF LOVING 'EE!'"

A HORSE of quite a different stamp was my husband's hunter, old "Axeine." When I first made his acquaintance he was quite a veteran, for he had been my husband's first real hunter, acquired at a time when a boyish enthusiasm for "Guy Livingstone" had suggested his rather foolish name. He was a remarkably plain horse, and, moreover, carried enough scars upon him to establish his reputation for audacity and a good constitution to the end of time. One of his nostrils was curiously deformed from an accident over some wire fencing, and this gave him an odd roguish expression; his hind-legs were ornamented with fluted spiral lines from too close acquaintance with the same wire; his fore-legs were covered with singular nobs and bosses, which, however, never prevented his going; and odd scars and marks on his whole body presented an interesting synopsis of his adventurous career to those who knew how to decipher them. At the time I made his acquaintance he was but little or no good on the road, but still a remarkable hunter; he was devoted to sport, and the sight of a red coat put him at once on the alert. On hunting mornings it was merely necessary for him to be brought round to the door, where, if my husband only just showed himself for a moment in pink, he would stand patiently quite by himself for any length of time until we were ready to start, in a state of animated expectancy very amusing to watch. On these occasions nothing could disturb him; other horses might trot up, carriages stop under his nose, dogs bark at him, it was all the same: his whole mind was set upon his rider, whom he fully depended on to give him what he most enjoyed—a good day's sport with the hounds.

Lubin, a young bull-dog, was our constant companion on many a pleasant driving tour; sometimes he trotted behind the carriage, but he liked best to sit up between us, comfortably ensconced in rugs. He had a remarkable, and, in the opinion of connoisseurs, a very beautiful face. In the towns we passed through on our journeys he was always admired, butchers invariably appreciated his points, and innkeepers made us substantial offers for him; but in the country a more stunted sense of beauty prevailed, and he was generally looked upon with contempt, mingled with fear and aversion. I shall not forget the consternation with which he was regarded by an old turnpike-woman in the wilds of Dorsetshire. The dog was sitting up, as usual, comfortably between us when we stopped at the gate, and the good lady forgot for a moment to take the toll or ask for a ticket, or do anything, in her amazement at his strange appearance. "To think of loving 'ee!" she said at last, with a snort of contempt, and as we drove off she stood watching us with a



JESSIE, RAMSAY, AND THE HOUND.

grin of mingled surprise and pity at "some folks' taste."

The mention of driving tours reminds me of several friends among ponies, for our journeys were generally made with these "little people" of the horse world. Next to riding, there is no more delightful pursuit than driving a pair of fast, spirited ponies, and a curricle is certainly the best vehicle to drive them from: it is so admirably light and easy, and its management requires just enough care and judgment to make it a matter of interest to the occupants. Many a mile of the pleasant country of our Southern counties did we traverse in this fashion with a pair of Irish ponies. These ponies were chestnut, with cream manes and tails, about thirteen hands high, and a very good match. They came originally from the wild west coast of Ireland, in the neighbourhood of Achill Island, and were bought after a pleasant three months' stay in that district. They were united by very tender ties of relationship. being mother and son. Both were fast and gentle and devoted to each other; but Jessie, the mother, was the most perfect little pony I ever knew. Such a confiding, lovable little mare she was! So fond of being coaxed and talked to in the stable, welcoming you as warmly without the carrot as with it, and looking so wistfully after you with tender brown eyes when you went away. In harness she never needed a whip, and it is my belief she would have gone as well without reins—she seemed to understand and be guided so completely by the voice. She would stand, too, unattended for any length of time; but her son, Ramsay, was not so dependable. We used sometimes to leave them in charge of a clever half-bred dog we had, distantly related to the mastiff breed, who hailed from the Dogs' Home, and was always known as "the hound." "The hound" was very obedient, and would sit patiently for an hour or more in front of the ponies'

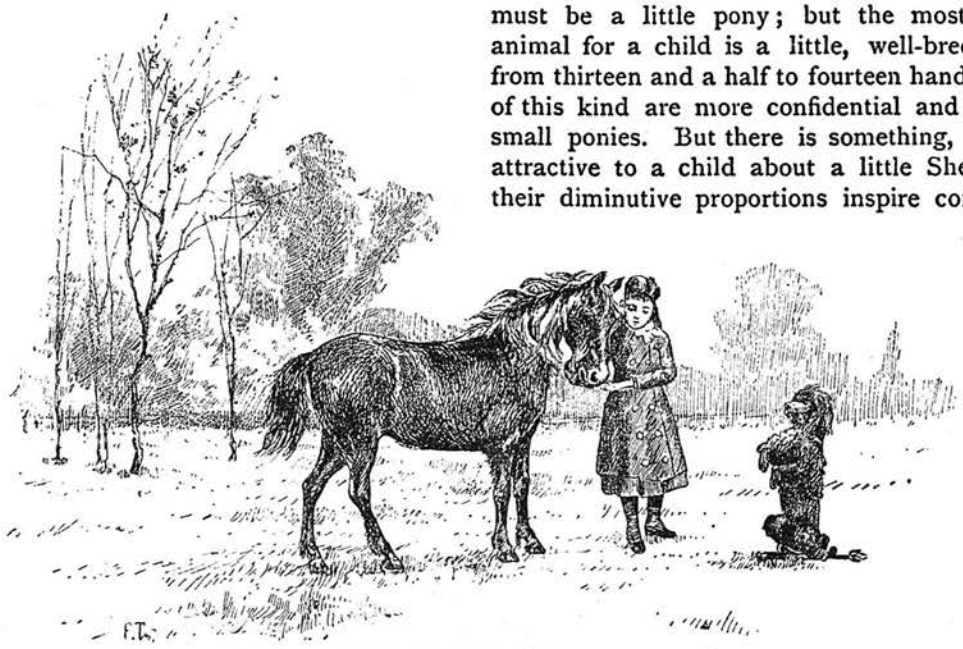
"GOING FOR A *REAL* RIDE WITH MOTHER."

noses if told to do so. Jessie quite understood and entered into this arrangement, but Ramsay would become restless after a time, and begin furtively to paw with a fore-leg; a growl from "the hound," however, generally reduced him to submission again. Another pair of ponies we had were as complete a contrast to the gentle little Irish "people" as could well be found. They were strawberry roans, fourteen hands high, nearly thoroughbred, and we called them "Venus" and "Adonis" on account of their really remarkable good looks. In spite of their beauty and close resemblance to each other, they were not a good match; both were fast and free, but whereas Venus had a mouth like iron, and could only be driven in safety with the sharpest of bits, Adonis was so sensitive in the jaw that the least touch of the curb made him rear up like a begging dog. Many and startling were the adventures we had with these ponies before we settled into friendly terms with them. For the first half-dozen times we drove them Adonis invariably performed part of the journey with one of his fore-legs over the pole—the usual sequel to a little fit of rearing—and Venus generally contrived that they should both

bolt as soon as he was freed from the obstacle. They jibbed up-hill, they galloped down, they shied at the most homely objects at the most inopportune moments, and under their erratic guidance we formed intimate acquaintance with the bottoms of many a hitherto unexplored duck-pond and muddy ditch. Nevertheless, no serious casualty luckily ever befell us when driving them, and the only occasion on which Adonis' peculiar disposition threatened a serious catastrophe was when he was being ridden. We understood when we first bought them that Adonis did not, as the dealer expressed it, "ride well," and it so happened that during the two years we had them no special necessity presented itself for putting a saddle on him. A sojourn abroad obliging us to part with the little pair, it was thought they would more readily find a good home, as well as fetch a fair price, if they could both be described as "quiet to ride and drive." Venus we knew was a tolerable hack, so it only remained to make Adonis the same. A groom mounted him first. A sharp rear, followed by some practised pig-jumping, soon disposed of this rider, who professed himself too bruised to care to continue the pony's education for the saddle—for that day, at all events. An experienced rider amongst our friends then took him in hand. Adonis repeated his previous attempts to unseat his rider, but this time without success. Our friend had had experience of real buck-jumpers in far lands, and the pony's vagaries only amused him. After a tedious round of rearing, plunging, and kicking, Adonis at last settled down, and consented to trot quietly round the exercising field. Our friend then thought it well to take him into a larger field adjoining, where the ground sloped considerably, so as to try him up and down hill. In the centre of this field was a deep stone quarry. The pony made his first circuit of the field well enough, but when it came to going round the second time, his obstinacy was roused again. He stopped short, gave vent to his ruffled feelings in a fresh bout of rearing and plunging, and then suddenly, without any warning, made a violent bolt forwards down the hill, his head between his legs, making straight for the edge of the stone quarry. His rider made every effort to turn or stop him, but in vain—the pony seemed maddened, and only increased his pace. The next few moments were a horrible experience to the spectators, and I frankly confess to not knowing quite what happened. Only after what seemed an interminable interval I saw Adonis on his back rolling on the ground, a few yards from the edge of the quarry, and our friend standing up with very torn clothes, and laughing. What had he done? What had happened? "Why, I upset him, of course," he said gaily. "Got his head up, pulled it round to the near side, and swung all my weight over to the off. Bound to tumble him over that way, you know; and he don't seem a bit damaged either, I am glad to say—only a trifle startled. Still, I suppose you can hardly call him quiet to ride."

Venus and Adonis shortly after found their way into a dealer's hands, and though he set forth their qualities in a glowing advertisement, we took care that Adonis' qualifications as a hack should be confined to the single statement "has been ridden by a gentleman."

How far ponies are suitable mounts for children is a vexed question—as vexed as the question whether little children should ride at all. The dangers incident to "infants in the saddle" are constantly being brought forward, and many good riders contend that boys and girls should not be put on horseback until they are at least fifteen or sixteen years old. As far as my own experience goes, I think if the child is healthy and plucky he or she may begin to ride when he likes. Those who learn to ride early are able to enjoy the exercise into quite advanced life; those who only take it up when fully grown-up are apt to find riding a trouble, rather than a pleasure, when youth has passed. Of course, when the child is very small, his first mount must be a little pony; but the most satisfactory animal for a child is a little, well-bred, quiet cob, from thirteen and a half to fourteen hands high. Cobs of this kind are more confidential and reliable than small ponies. But there is something, I admit, very attractive to a child about a little Shetland pony—their diminutive proportions inspire confidence, and



TOPSY AND HER MISTRESS.

they seem to belong naturally to the child's world. One of these fascinating creatures was the first mount of a little girl, a friend of mine. "Topsy," as they called her, had the sweetest and most engaging manners in the stable or the field, would allow herself to be coaxed and fondled like a doll, and would wander all over the enclosure for a piece of sugar from her little mistress, who devoted herself to her entirely, thereby arousing the lasting jealousy of her poodle dog, who begged in vain for notice on these occasions. But when it came to riding her, Topsy did not prove by any means such a treasure. She played a hundred mischievous little tricks with the child, shying, twisting, and jumping in all directions, and giving her in all nine tumbles, happily none of them the least serious, but enough to prove that the pony had too keen a spirit for practical joking to be suitable for so young a rider. Topsy accordingly was wisely relegated to a little two-wheeled cart, which she conducted with gravity and decorum, and my young friend became possessed of one of those charming confidential little cobs which seem to me so suitable for children. I made a sketch of her on this pretty little animal as she said good-bye to us one day, starting on her first "*real* ride with mother," as she called it. The ride was a *real* one, she explained, because the leading rein had been finally and entirely abolished.

As my little friend said good-bye to me, so must I now say good-bye to my readers, whom I have already detained too long with these every-day reminiscences of our friends the horses. Still, those who are riders themselves will, I hope, pardon my prolixity. They will know how gladly one lingers over the happy memories of days spent in the hunting-field, or of wanderings through pleasant lanes with two little ponies showing us the way, or of solitary rides through forest glades and over wide downs and moors —especially when these days belong to a past beyond recall: memories of "glimpses which have made us less forlorn," memories of days when the complexity, the weariness, the worry of life still seemed strange and far away, when existence was simple and comprehensible, and enjoyment centred itself in a free bounding gallop over grassy slopes under sunny skies.

BROKEN ENGAGEMENTS.

IS a promise to marry a really binding engagement? Put in this simple form, the question seems as if it admitted of but one answer. Nine persons out of ten would say, "Of course it is." But the fact is that on this subject, as on many others, the bonds of morality have been stretched, if not altogether loosened, within the last century. The all but universal impatience of any tie which restrains a man from doing what he pleases has greatly weakened the popular conception of the binding character of the most important engagement into which a man can enter. In their heart of hearts a large number of men and women believe that a promise to marry ought not to be kept if—to use plain language—the promiser would rather not keep it. It need hardly be pointed out that a promise which is only to be fulfilled if the person promising does not change his mind is no promise at all.

As usual, modern laxity seeks to justify itself on the ground of superior morality. "No woman," it is said, "worthy of the name, desires to marry an unwilling bridegroom"; and there is in the minds of many people an unspoken conviction that the girl who would be so false to her higher nature as to wish to hold a man to his promise, when he desired his freedom, is an unwomanly kind of creature, who deserves to be left in the lurch.

The truth is that this view of the matter does away with betrothals in the proper sense of the word. It is precisely the resolution and the pledge that changing moods of feeling, changed circumstances, are not to affect the engagement which constitutes its sacred character.

Is there, then, it may be asked, no distinction in point of obligation between a promise to marry and the marriage vow itself? There certainly is a difference. The nuptial vow is absolute; a lover's vow is a

simple promise, which depends for its fulfilment on various circumstances. The husband takes the wife, the wife takes the husband, "for better, for worse"; but no one would contend that if, during an engagement, either party should fall under the power of a vice, such as a craving for alcohol, or become afflicted with an incurable disease, or suffer any great degradation, such as conviction for a crime, the engagement should necessarily be kept. All that is contended for is that a promise to marry is a true promise, as distinguished from a mere declaration of an intention. It ought, therefore, to be kept, even at the sacrifice of personal predilection. There are many who would admit this in principle, but hesitate to advise anyone to carry it out in practice. They would rather try to find an excuse for throwing on the other party to the engagement the burden of saying whether it should be kept or not—not a particularly straightforward or manly way of dealing with the difficulty. There are some who would go so far as to say that no change of inclination, no waning of affection, should be concealed from her to whom faith has been plighted, and that any change of feeling is enough to warrant either party in seeking a release. This is only another way of saying that a promise to marry is, unlike other promises, one which entails no obligation of keeping it.

It cannot be denied that there are states of feeling so well defined, so unmistakable, that it would be madness, and an injustice to the other party to the engagement, to treat them as non-existent. If a man, being engaged, conceives a violent passion for someone else, if—justly or unjustly—he takes a strong dislike to the woman he has promised to marry, or if he entertains an honest and certain conviction that the contemplated marriage would produce, not happiness, but misery, he would generally be justified in seeking a release from his promise, or even in refusing to fulfil it. And for a girl under such circumstances the rule would of course be the same. But changes of feeling are not generally of this violent or decided nature. To take a very common case—two young people meet, and are mutually pleased with each other; they have similar tastes, sentiments, and occupations; they are thrown a good deal together by the force of circumstances; they respect and like each other; and they become engaged, with no great strength of passion on either side. As time goes on the affection of one—say of the girl—increases. She is happy in her engagement, and looks forward to her bridal with joyful anticipation. The young man, on the other hand, does not feel that his affection for his sweetheart is increasing; on the contrary, it seems to be declining. He wishes he had not been so precipitate. He, on his side, looks forward to the wedding-day as to a day which will forge for him, if not fetters, at least shackles which will restrain his liberty all his days. He does not positively dislike the girl, but he would rather retain his liberty than marry her. Many men and most women would say that in such a case the engagement ought not to be kept—at least, there is a strong tendency in society to look leniently upon a man who under such circumstances asks, or takes—the distinction is seldom material—the liberty for which he yearns. But a man of good principle and sterling honour who found himself in such an unpleasant predicament would not seek to be set free. He would not simulate affection that he did not feel, but he would strive to love his betrothed as he ought to do if he were already married to her. He would remember that he could not, be he ever so willing, place the girl in the position in which he found her. He would remember that a man's pledged word means something, and that it cannot be broken without loss of honour. And, as a rule, a man who acts thus will find that he is happier in his marriage than if he had followed his own impulse. It is the nature of men—of very many men, at all events—to be fickle, to be dissatisfied with what they have, and to send forth wistful glances at what is beyond their reach; and it seldom happens that the gratification of such longings brings real and permanent happiness. Many an engagement has been broken for no better reason than that one of the parties felt a capricious and unreasonable desire to be rid of a promise voluntarily and deliberately made. If the general tone of social morals had been higher and more chivalrous than it is, these engagements would have been kept, and there is no ground for supposing that marriages so formed would not have been happy ones. Constancy in the betrothed, as in the married state, is very much more under one's control than some people care to believe. A man may not be able to keep his fancy under complete subjection, but he may restrain his thoughts, his looks, his desires. He may decline perilous invitations, and avoid such occasions as are likely to lead his heart astray. So much is his duty, and the probability is that he will gain, not lose, by following it.

There is one privilege of the upper classes which might well be extended to the great middle class of this country, and that is the publicity with which the betrothal of their daughters is attended. One cannot lightly withdraw from the fulfilment of an engagement which has been chronicled in the *Morning Post*. The mere knowledge that if the engagement is broken the fact will be made public in like manner exercises a wholesome deterrent influence on a man's wayward impulses. In Germany the same result is attained by the sending out of cards, and a sort of rite, which might be described as a rehearsal of the wedding ceremony. In England it too often happens that a girl's friends, or even a girl's parents, or even the girl herself, do not know whether she is bound or free. Such a thing as a secret engagement, or a quasi-engagement, or a conditional engagement, ought not to be tolerated. It is always unfair to the girl, and generally ends by bringing her more or less of disesteem and unhappiness. If it were the custom that a betrothal, like a wedding, should be celebrated by some public act, such as a feast, men would be more careful about forming such a tie; and having formed it, would find it more difficult to break than they do now. Few will be found to deny that this, at all events, would be a change for the better.

EASTER EGGS.

VERY pretty articles for presents can be made out of Easter eggs. In the northern counties of England the reciprocal giving of Easter eggs is a general custom and expressive of good-will, and everyone vies with the other to produce the prettiest. Get scraps of ribbon of all sorts, old and new—dark, bright colours are best. Wrap them round and round the eggs, and sew them up tight. Boil the eggs as many hours as you like, with or without a little alum added in the water. Take them out, and unroll them. Most of them will be dyed like the ribbons. They do not all succeed. Take an old strawberry basket and sew it all over thickly with moss, like a bird's nest. Or make a cardboard basket, and cover it with moss. Put three or more eggs of different colours in the nest. This is a pretty present; but single coloured eggs can be given.

Fig. 1.

An Easter egg forms a still prettier gift if you scratch on it landscapes, or comic figures, or kindly mottoes, executed neatly with a sharp penknife. We have seen many of these scratched eggs made beautiful works of art. Choose a brown, crimson, or violet egg for this purpose, or at least one rather dark in colour, as the device appears in white. Fig. 1 is a guide for a landscape. Another way of making Easter eggs is to boil them very hard; cut each egg in half; remove the meat. Gum on a piece of silk, satin, or ribbon, with the top drawn up previously like a bag, with a frill and strings, and put a strip of prettily-embossed gold paper over the join of the silk and the egg. Fill the egg-bag with sweetmeats, or any little present you wish to make—such as a ring or a thimble, laid at the top of sugar-plums. Eggs dyed may be cut in half, and then scratched prettily; the meat afterwards removed, and a bag added.

Fig. 3.

Fig. 2 illustrates the egg-bag; Fig. 3 is a second design for a frill.

Or boil and cut off three-quarters of the egg in the way described; paint over the shell with white of egg. When that is dry, draw a garland, or device, or motto surrounded with flowers, using water-colours and a fine camel-hair or sable brush. If all the colours are well mixed with flake-white before using them, the effect will be superior. A very little gum should also be added in the mixing. Have a silk or satin bag ready to gum on when the drawing on the egg is quite dry. Those who are not skilled in drawing can ornament Easter eggs by means of garlands and small scraps of prints for décalcomanie.

Fig. 2.

Eggs may also be hard-boiled in dye, instead of with pieces of ribbon, only the ribbon brings out each egg a different colour, and by dyeing them the batch would be all alike. Of course only one coloured ribbon is used to one egg; although a ribbon in itself variegated often produces a beautiful egg, two coloured ribbons wrapped round an egg would be likely to create a confusion of colour.

Another way of making an Easter egg is to boil one very hard. Cut it in half lengthways; bind the edge of each half with gold paper; gum a ribbon across the hollow of each, leaving ends at both sides. Sew two ends together, in a bow, to make a hinge; fill the egg with sweetmeats, or some little gift, and, having closed it, tie the ribbon-ends.

TOILE INDIENNE CHINA.

A VERY good substitute for the most rare and expensive china may be produced in a simple and inexpensive manner by the following process:—To imitate large china vases, procure at one of the best colonial or Civil Service warehouses an empty grape jar, or one of any size or pattern preferred. When brought home, have the jar thoroughly cleansed; then, with good oil-colour, paint it, inside and out, the colour that the ground of the china is desired to be—black, white, pale sea-green, red, &c.; when thoroughly dry, varnish the paint with two or three coats of the best varnish to bring it to a good gloss and substance, allowing each coat to dry previous to adding the others.

Purchase at a first-class upholsterer's some of the best and finest chintz, selecting colours and patterns suitable to the style of china to be copied; it will be best to get a small piece of several patterns, so as to mix them, the large with the small, but care must be taken that the same style of pattern is adhered to. A Chinese pattern must not be mixed with one suitable for French china, but Chinese flowers may be introduced among Chinese pagodas and landscapes.

Cut out the chintz with a fine pair of scissors, so as not to leave any of the groundwork of the material beyond the colours of the pattern; carefully gum the backs of the pieces cut out, and stick them on the jar, being careful that the edges of the chintz are perfectly fixed, and the whole of each piece flat; press them with a soft dry handkerchief, and do not allow any moisture to injure the glaze of the chintz. When the pattern is all arranged, the jar must be again varnished all over (the chintz also) with copal varnish, and left to dry in a room free from dust.

Before the last coat of varnish is added, the handles, top and lower rims of the jar, may be gilt with shell-gold, or painted a colour different to that of the jar. The gold can be purchased at an artist's colour-shop, either in the little mussel shells or saucers, and is applied with a moistened camel-hair pencil.

The chintz patterns may also be touched with gold previous to the varnishing for some china.

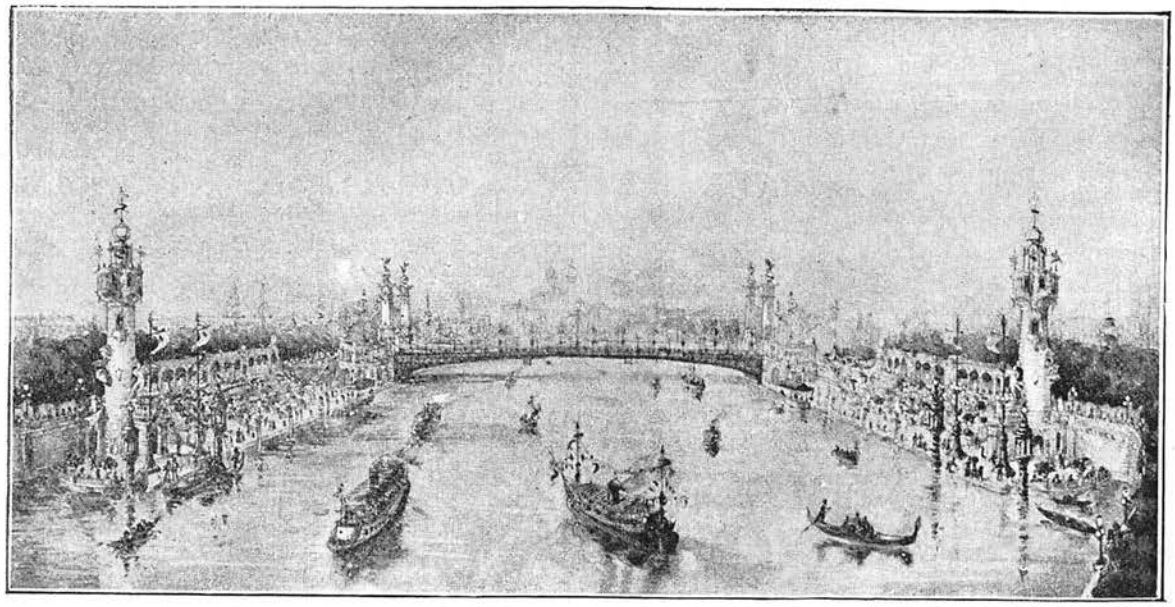
Flower-pots for the room, and any china or earthenware ornaments, may be treated in the same way.

If painted the colour of terra-cotta, coloured chintz or patterns cut out in black paper may be fixed to jars, &c., to give the appearance of Egyptian and Assyrian porcelain, but gold must not be added to these patterns. Similar designs to those given in the article "Etrusco-Egyptian Flower Pots," HOUSEHOLD GUIDE, vol. iii., page 189, will be useful for this purpose.

Square earthenware summer-house seats, and large outer garden pots, where chipped or worn, can be nicely renovated by this process.

Very large jars to fill the corners of the drawing-room, when thus treated, look very well, the full clear outlines of the patterns of the chintz having a stronger and more defined effect than that produced by décalcomanie.

If the jar is painted a blue-white, chintz of an entire blue pattern should be used, without gold, and it will be well to take notice of the jars that are to be imitated, so as to arrange the patterns as near to those of china as possible.



A VIEW OF THE NEW BRIDGE.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION OF 1900.

A Private View of the Marvels of the Next Great World's Show.

By M. Griffith.

The Paris Exhibition that has been, will be eclipsed by the exhibition that is to be. In 1900 the "Gay City" will become serious. Paris has an ambition. This ambition is to sum up within its walls, within, in fact, an area of 270 acres, the career of civilisation. To include each triumph, to give a conspicuous place to every masterpiece, to allow no achievement to escape unnoticed, to do this is to produce a world in miniature.

The wonders of every country will be found represented at the exhibition. It will be the concrete sum and substance of a hundred years of strenuous thought and labour—the birth gift offered by the old century of attainment to the new century of illimitable possibilities.

To anticipate the end of this decade, to forestall the opening ceremony, to gain a prophetic insight of the exhibition in all the freshness and splendour of its completion is an alluring privilege.

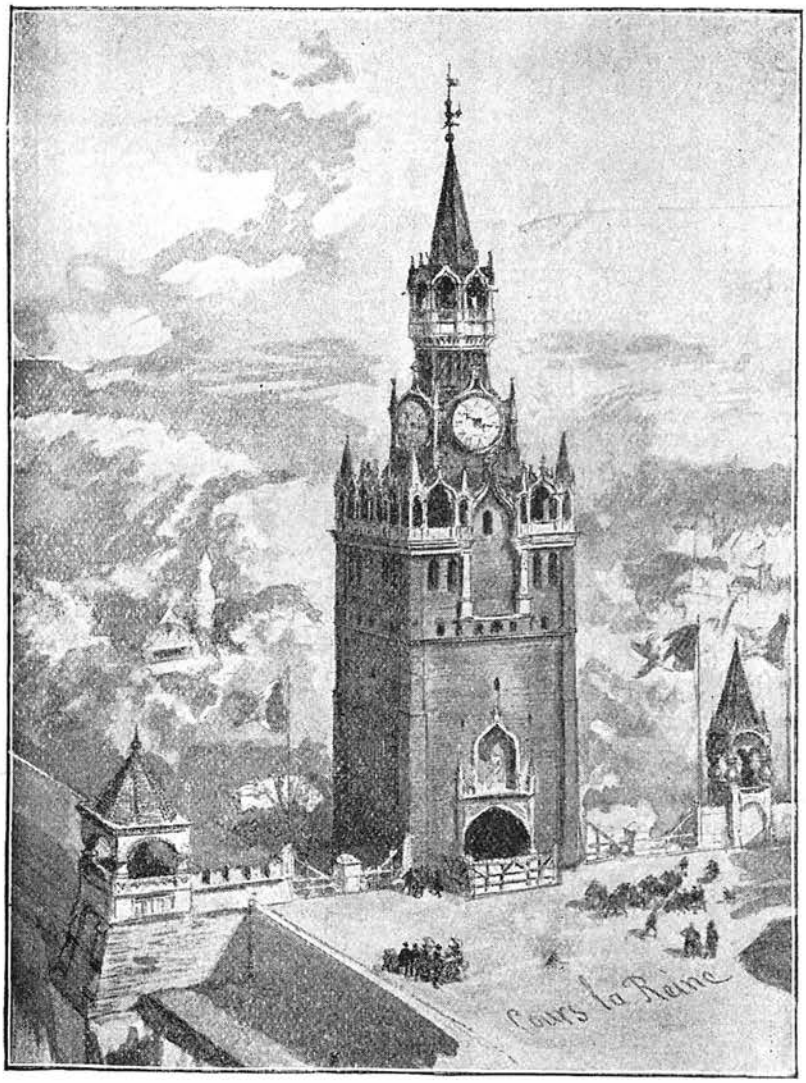
Thanks to the courtesy of the directors, thanks to details obtained at considerable cost, the readers of Pearson's Magazine are invited to enter. For them the exhibition is ready, all is achieved, the doors are open.

The principal entrance is in the Cour la Reine and Cour de Conference, near the Place de la Concorde. Let us stop to notice a coincidence. The scene of bloodshed at the beginning of one century is transformed at the commencement of the next to a place of joyous re-union for all nationalities. The exhibitor has taken the place of the executioner. The turnstile has superseded the guillotine.

The main entrance faces a large planted avenue, free from buildings and lateral to the river. It is crossed at one point by a magnificent new thoroughfare formed by connection of the Champs Elysées with the Esplanade des Invalides. To do this a huge bridge has been constructed, itself among the wonders of the Exhibition. This bridge is one vast elliptical arch of moulded steel. The decoration of the embrasures resembles delicate metallic lace-work, which glitters in the sun like burnished silver.

By the sacrifice of the Palace de l'Industrie the vista has been lengthened. In fact the lovely perspective of the Seine, with the background of hills, the grand old sycamores and chestnuts, the verdure all round form the crowning glory of Paris, the envy of less favoured cities, a permanent souvenir of the Great Exhibition.

The graceful outline of the Eiffel Tower still stands out in skeleton relief against the sky. The marvel of one exhibition is tolerated at the next. As if, in fact, to lend zest to its dimmed attractions the summit has been linked with the distant Tower of the Trocadero by means of an endless cable bridge. To journey at this dizzy height from



KREMLIN ENTRANCE OF THE EXHIBITION

one end of the grounds to the other with nothing but the frail structure of an open sedan chair between one and the Lilliputian world below is a performance to make one hold one's breath, almost to close one's eyes to the enchanting panorama afforded by a bird's-eye view of Paris.

Yet this is not the only sop that is offered to satisfy the sensational appetite of the public. An engineer, even more enterprising than Eiffel, has arisen. Under his directions a gigantic pivoted tower has sprung into being. In telescope fashion it comes to the ground to receive passengers, then gradually extends itself to its full height, and, after remaining stationary for a few minutes, swings round like a huge crane, and, collapsing again, safely deposits its human load on the opposite side of the exhibition grounds.

Such an eccentricity of engineering skill, entailing colossal cost and in reality serving no useful purpose, is singularly typical of our age. It would, indeed, be hard to provide posterity with a better illustration from which to gauge the taste of the public during the declining days of the century. But this tower was considered the best of five hundred remarkable projects, offered to the directors; it was chosen before the plans for "Hanging Gardens of Paris," that would have surpassed those of Nebuchadnezzar, and was preferred to an elaborate scheme for building a "Temple of Literature," constructed of bricks, composed of the compressed pulp of rejected literature contributions.

Close to this tower stands the Wooden Horse of Troy, no longer a travelling barrack, but a hall for entertainment, and within a stone's throw a smaller tower made of chocolate bricks, and cemented with some white sweet-meat.

Among the features of the exhibition is a world in miniature; a terrestrial globe on which appear mountains, seas, rivers, and valleys on an accurate, although of course mathematically reduced, scale. A miniature railway encircles the globe. In this way it is possible to go round the world in sixty minutes.

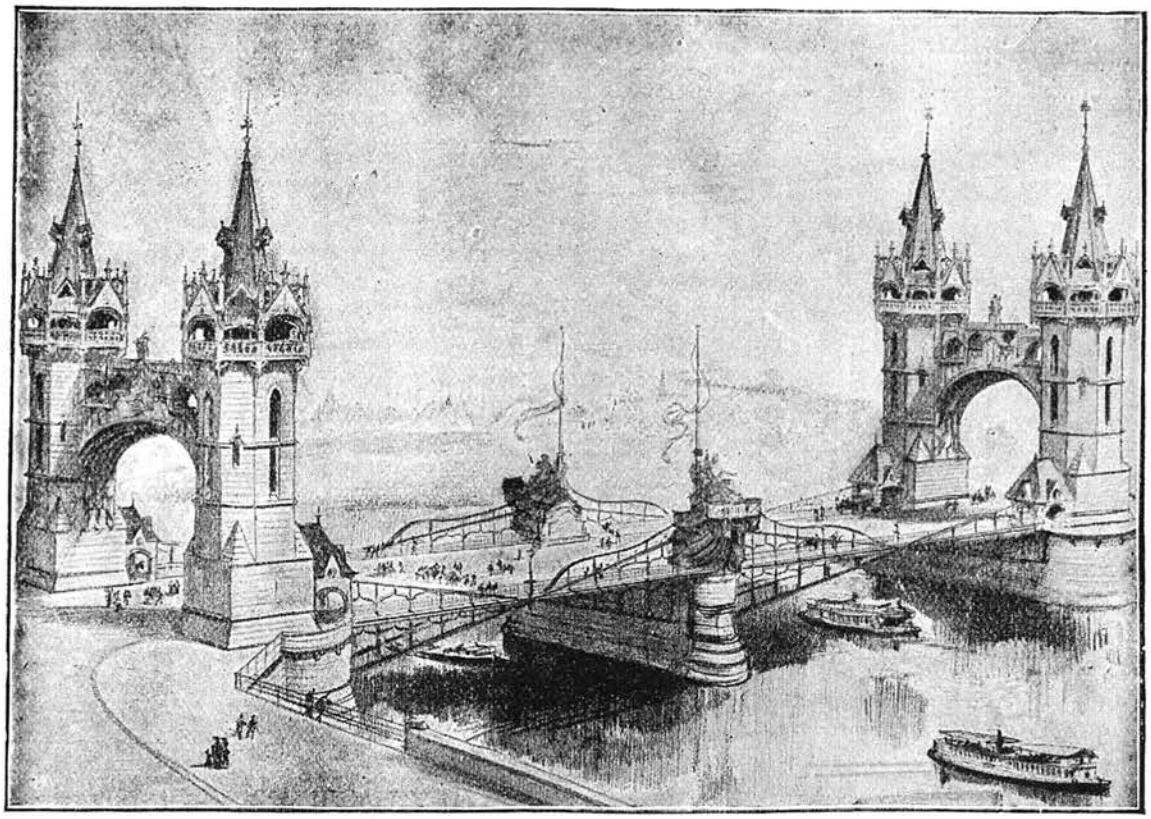
The journey is made without experiencing any variation of temperature. To pass from

the North Pole to the equator, from the depth of winter to the heat of summer, one must leave this miniature world, and find one's way across the exhibition grounds to where an enormous shaft with radiating galleries has been sunk into the earth. This pit is as deep as the Eiffel Tower is high, and, like the Eiffel Tower, it is provided with a lift.

As you descend every variety of climate is experienced. Added to this the four elements are represented. From a region where aërial navigation is the chief attraction, where, in fact, one may hire a pair of wings and become for the nonce a bird, one passes to the torrid zone with its tropical vegetation and its birds of gorgeous plumage. Here one may peep into volcanos, and, becoming venturesome, ride on elephants and camels, and refresh oneself after the exertion on curries and delicious fruits served by dusky attendants in snowy white.

In defiance of all geographical possibilities the North Pole is barely a step from the Equator. The transformation is extraordinary. The splendour and luxury of the Oriental world have disappeared. Reindeer and dogs take the place of the elephants and camels, luxuriant foliage gives way to ice and snow, the white turbans of the Hindoo are superseded by the fur coverings of the Eskimaux.

In spite of Dr. Nansen's enthusiasm over the food and drink of the Polar Regions the blubber that the fur-bemuffled attendants serve fails to be appetising after the refreshments of more congenial climes. To regale himself on the national beverages, on the smoked and melted snow, on a decoction of herbs in milk, on oil obtained from fish, or on barley water flavoured with tallow, and, if circumstances will permit, the blood of the rein-deer, would be the last resource of the thirsty visitor.



THE MONUMENTAL BRIDGE.

Below this region of snow, with its vast ice palaces, its polar bears, its seals, its icebergs, beneath this land of pigmy humanity, is the sea. This vast sea is full of life. Miniature ships of all nations from the brown-sailed junks of China to the British man-of-war are floating in the water. Finny monsters come

lazily forward to stare at each intruder, curious fish dart hither and thither among the coral banks and the exquisite flora of the ocean deep.

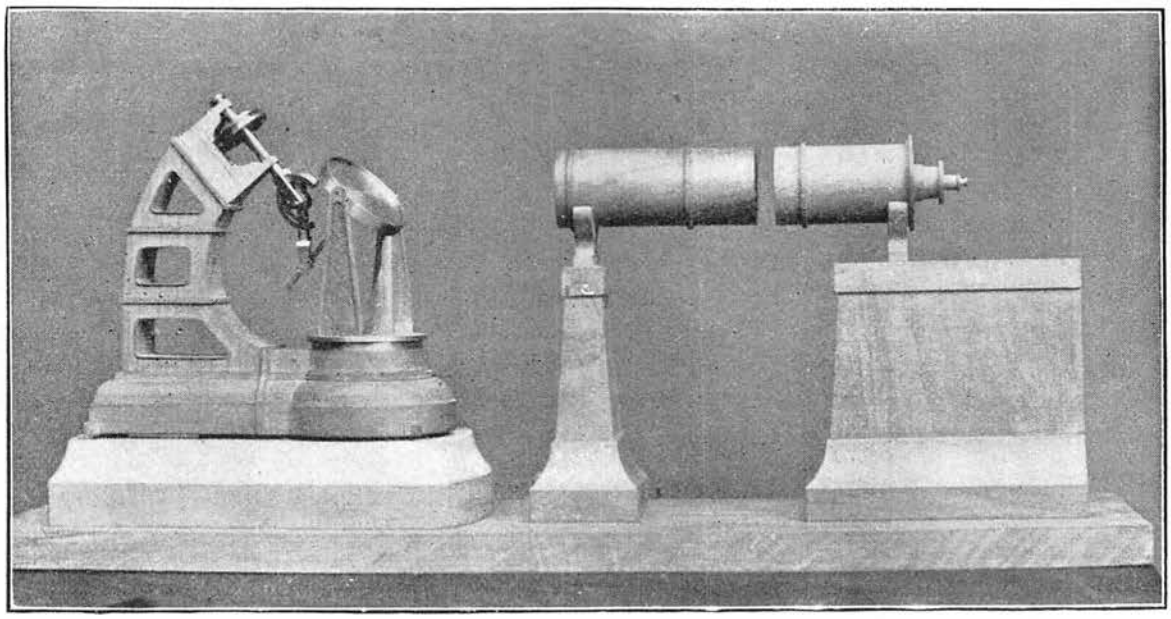
It becomes necessary to undergo a terrible ordeal. These waters have to be explored. If the diving suit is too formidable one cannot at least refuse an excursion in a torpedo boat. In fact, it is a relief that below the sea the shaft does not penetrate to where the interior fires of the earth are burning. Otherwise the cooking for the restaurants of the Champs des Mars might have been performed cheaply and conveniently over subterranean fires.

The visitor, terrified at the enterprise he has undertaken; the visitor who has been flying in the air one moment, and the next hobnobbing with the fishes, is already anxious to leave the shaft, and to find himself once more upon *terra firma*. The rabbit hole, which led Alice to her Wonderland, was, in fact, insignificant beside this pit in the exhibition grounds of Paris.

Fiction, moreover, is destined to be outdone in another quarter, since the crowning wonder of 1900 is the gigantic telescope, that will, we are promised, bring the moon within a mile of the earth. In this way planetary space will be annihilated. To spy upon the inhabitants of other worlds, to watch their movements, to prepare ourselves for possible invasion by these mysterious creatures, will be almost feasible. At present, however, it is venturesome to attempt any forecast of the discoveries that astronomers will make.

As to this telescope, we may describe it briefly. It is, in the first place, 180ft. in length, while the diameter of the object glass is 4ft. 3in., the largest in the world. Since it were impossible to direct such an immense tube heavenwards, it is placed in a horizontal position in a magnificent theatre, large enough to accommodate 500 or 600 people.

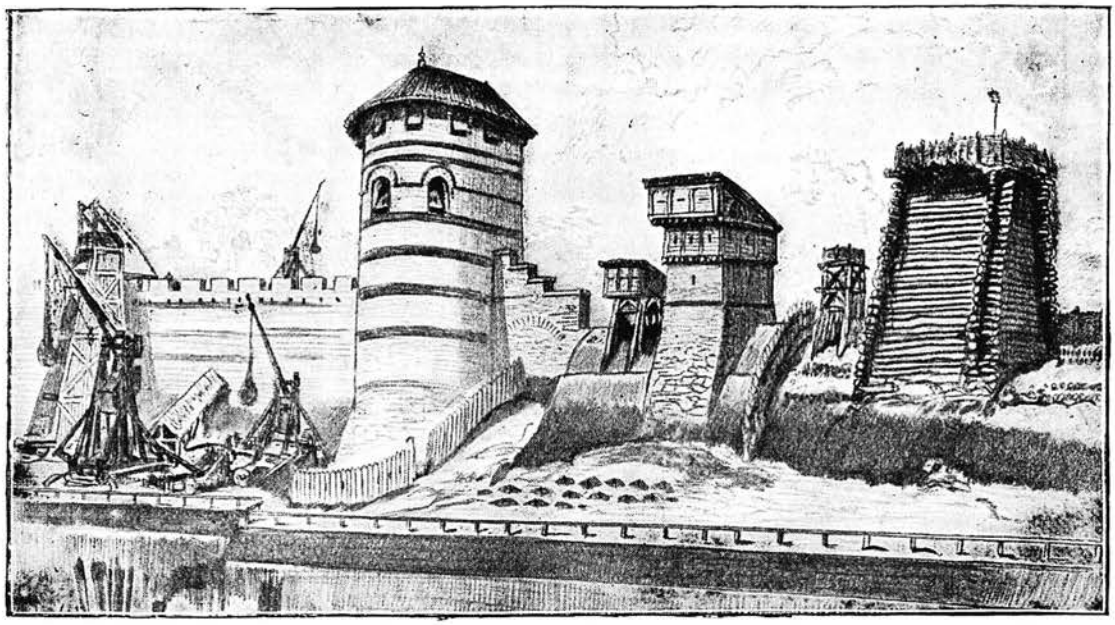
The image is reflected in a level mirror, 6ft. 3in. in diameter, and of great thickness. This is mounted as a siderostat, a position allowing an astronomical image to be reflected on a screen simultaneously with the reception of the impression by the telescope. By this arrangement it is possible for the entire body of spectators to make their observations together, as they might in watching the exhibition of a magic lantern.



THE TELESCOPE WHICH WILL BRING THE MOON WITHIN A MILE OF THE EARTH.

The banks of the Seine, in one place transformed into Venetian gardens, have in another been given up to a display of buildings and appliances, illustrative of peace and war.

Forts, ramparts, and colossal earthworks frown across the river at the peaceful scene opposite. Here are the rough defences of the Gauls, the field-trench and outposts of



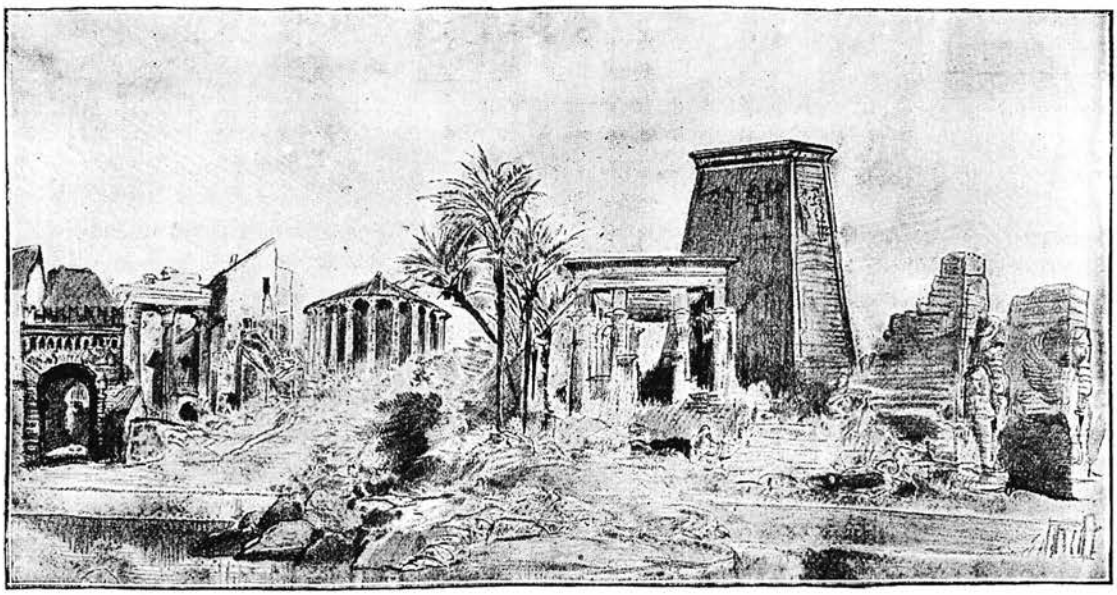
ANCIENT FORTS AND WEAPONS OF SIEGE.

the Roman camp. A Gallo-Romanic tower boldly defies a tower of Gothic build surrounded by impenetrable walls, and serving as background for the besieging apparatus by which the most impenetrable wall was scaled and the most defiant tower invaded.

Beside a rampart of the sixteenth century is erected a small metal fort battery, half buried in the earth—the legacy of the warriors of the nineteenth century to the soldiers of the twentieth.

In full sight of these siege batteries, facing the guns and earthworks, the visitors to the Exhibition, who were Parisians at the time of the German investment of their city, will take their meals, peacefully, contentedly, but perhaps with a taste of rats' flesh in their mouths, and a recollection of the aroma of stews in which, for lack of dogs and horses, old boots and shoes played a prominent part.

The restaurants which face the military section of the Exhibition are characteristic of almost every nation in the world. One can breakfast in Holland, lunch in England, and sup in Spain; the disciples of gastronomy

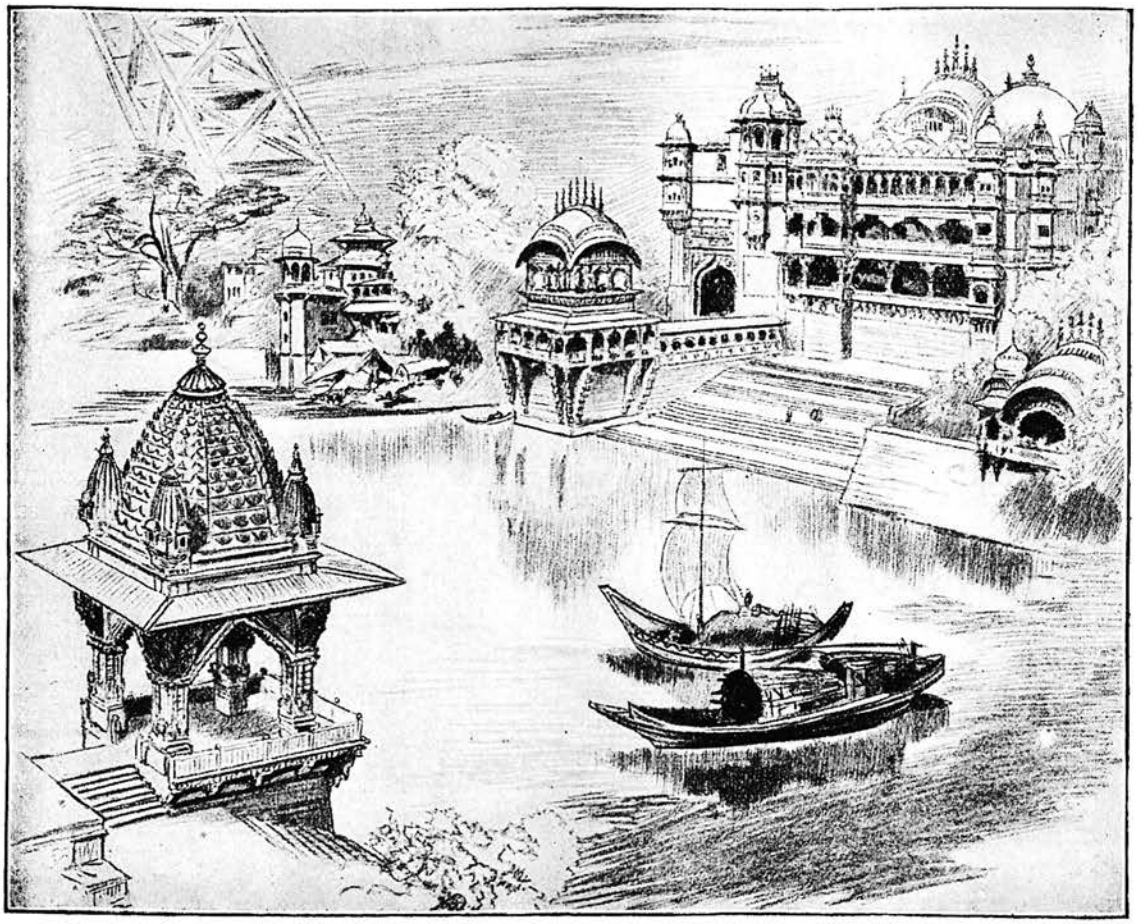


BITS OF ROME, ATHENS, EGYPT, AND ASSYRIA.

may pick and choose between the living of the Eastern and Western hemispheres.

That no fault may be found, the surroundings are all in keeping with the food. There is the Dutch inn, with the inevitable windmill standing by; the Spanish eating house, grimy perhaps, but picturesque, and much cleaner than would be its prototype on its native soil, and better adapted to the wants of hungry visitors, for in Spain an eating-house is characteristic of the Parisians that what they undertake is done thoroughly. There is even a bare caravanseray—as grim and uninviting as any which ever held out hospitality to the wearied traveller in the East. There is the tent of the Maoris, where shark's flesh is the prevailing delicacy, and the tiny hut where the flower-crowned women of Samoa serve their national drink.

One may momentarily forget one's aching



HINDOO PALACE.

usually provides water only to wash down the food which travellers bring with them; the cosy English hostelry; the Swiss châlet, with its background of snow-clad mountains. In a Hungarian public-house a motley crew are making merry and disturbing the placid drone of the professional story teller, who is beguiling the time of the visitors to a Turkish café on the Bosphorus what time they sip delicious coffee and enjoy the subtle delights of hookah or nargheel.

At the same time this is not everything. It limbs and parched throat partaking of a Japanese feast of twelve courses, picking the flesh from fowls, whose legs and beaks have been gilded in one's honour, and tasting the divine salad of chrysanthemum blossoms and mushrooms; one may end a tiring day by a supper of edible birds' nest soup in a Chinese restaurant or a Bornean dwelling. To have done this is not to have been to the Paris Exhibition for nothing.

These restaurants, which are merely a corner of the great whole, the gigantic towers,

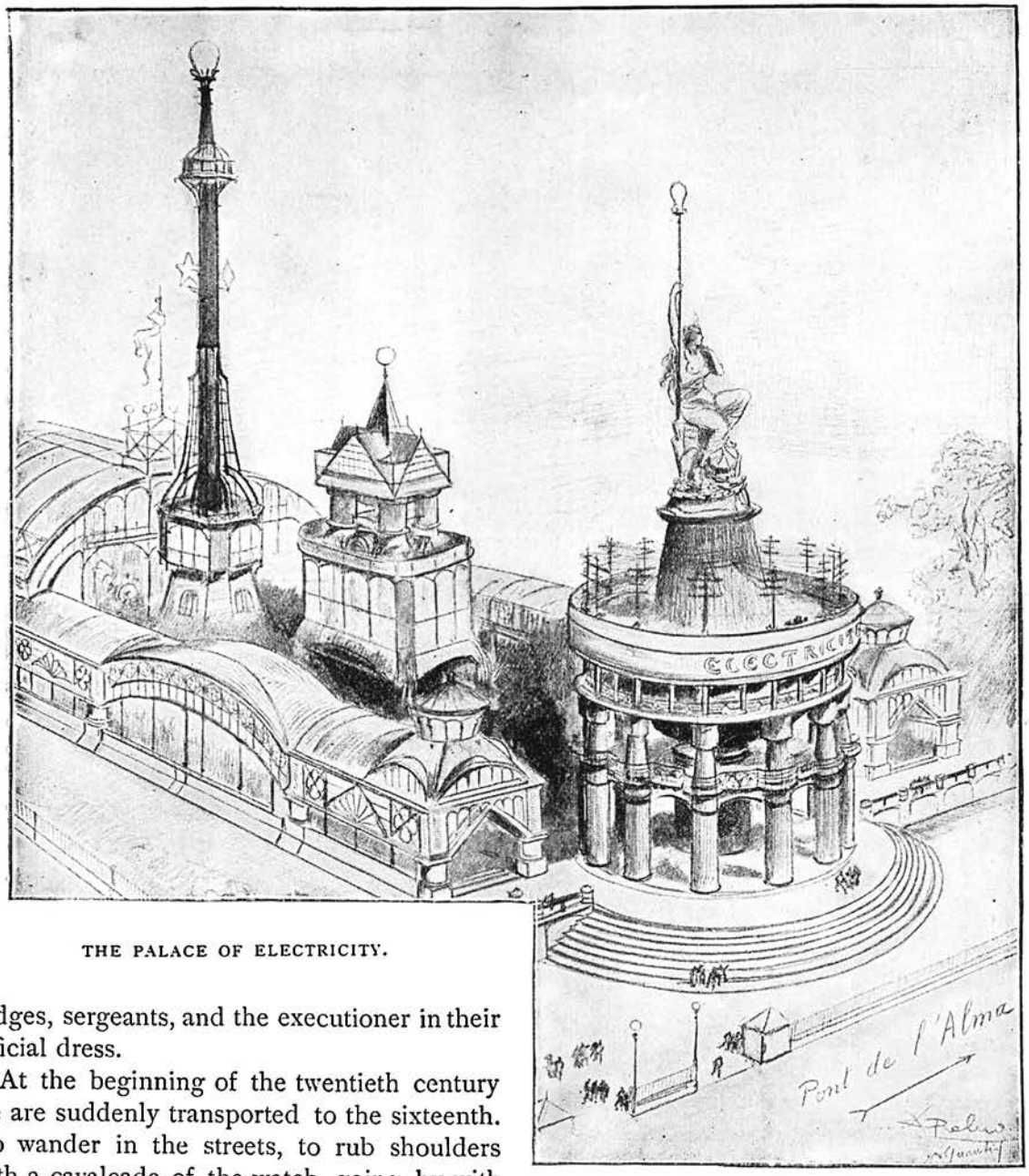
A CORNER OF OLD PARIS.

the mysterious shaft, like a giant cocoon from which one of these strange growths might have shot up into the air, stand in the midst of delicious lawns and flower-lit gardens. Between the tall trees along the riverside one catches glimpses of buildings in endless form and shape, with their outlines reflected in the placid water —outlines which at night are lost in a blaze of dazzling light. To sum up in one word, it is fairyland.

Merely to make a tour of the grounds is a prodigious undertaking. They are like a gigantic maze, a labyrinth of wonders, to provide which the whole world has been drained.

Here the progress of architecture is closely followed ; there is old Paris, a heterogeneous mass of form and colour, a co-mingling of every style and every period, condensed, complete, the history of a vast city summed up in an acre.

We begin with a few rude huts of prehistoric Lutetia, then houses of the Gallo-Romano style, then Gothic buildings, and the windmills, which at one period dotted the banks of the Seine. Finally there is Paris of the sixteenth century. There is the Grand Chatelet, with its gloomy rooms, paved cells, and Judgment Hall. We may even see the



THE PALACE OF ELECTRICITY.

judges, sergeants, and the executioner in their official dress.

At the beginning of the twentieth century we are suddenly transported to the sixteenth. To wander in the streets, to rub shoulders with a cavalcade of the watch going by with their lanterns, to see life in palaces, houses, shops, and taverns, as it was five hundred years ago, is to run a risk, for the moment, of losing one's identity.

In the very centre of the exhibition is the Palace of Nations. The central façade belongs to France, a fact which is indicated by two pavilions, fac-similes of the Law Courts at Rouen, and the Paris Exchange. England is symbolised by a building in the Tudor style, and a reproduction of the Clock Tower of Westminster.

Russia, Italy, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Sweden, and Norway, Turkey, Egypt, and the United States of America, as well as the East, with its Oriental richness of colouring and design; and Central Africa, with its startling natural marvels, strange dwellings, and barbarous people — all are faithfully represented.

The entrances themselves are replicas of some of the most famous gateways of the world. Here is the Holy Gate of the Kremlin, the historic Tower of Nesle, the Gate of St. Paul of Basle, the Sun Gate of Toledo, the Victory Gate of Cairo, the St. James' Gate of London, the Gate of Delhi, the Roman Gate of Trèves—beautiful land-

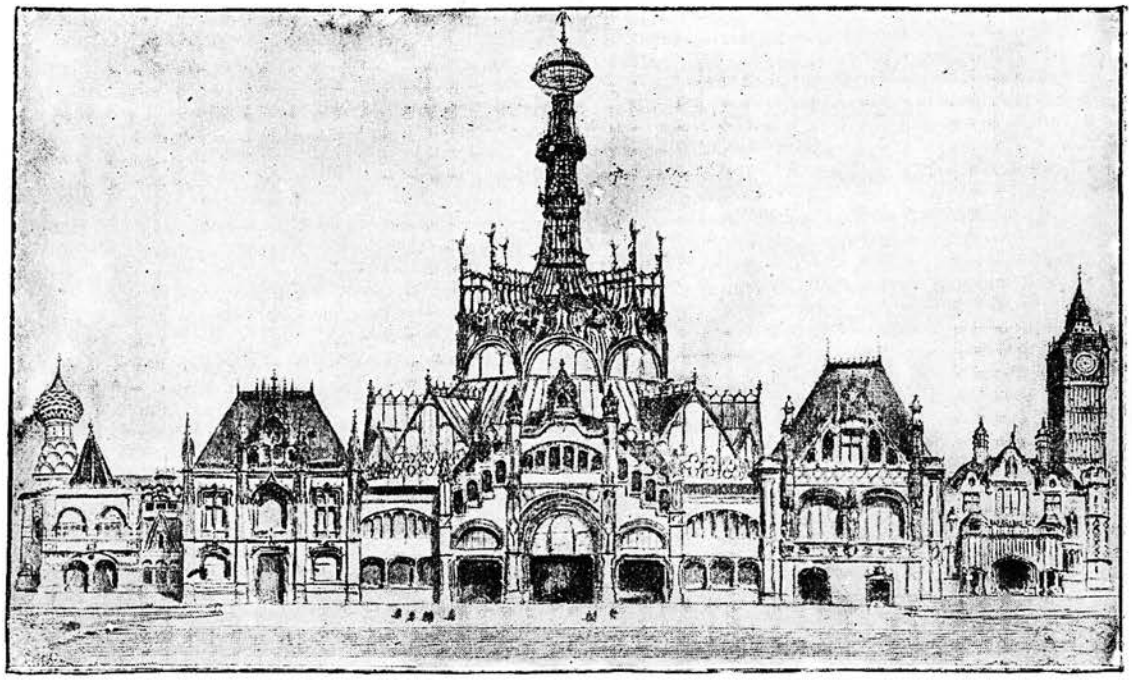
marks of the past, the choicest treasures of the most picturesque cities in the world.

And outside the Seine meanders lazily between terraced gardens on its banks, and echoes to the soft swish of the Venetian gondolas that glide from one side to the other.

The Paris Exhibition of 1900 has been brought together at a cost of £4,000,000. Of this, the most sanguine directors only estimate that £2,400,000 will be refunded by the money taken at the gates. One hundred and eight plans for the Exhibition were originally selected, and placed on view in the Palais de l'Industrie. From among these that of M. Bouvard was finally chosen.

Since the resources of electricity render it unnecessary now to have all the heavy machinery in one building, greater harmony is possible in the grouping of the exhibits. The raw material, the process of manufacture, and the finished article are all together, and the public can watch the successive transformations from the first crude product to the manufactured article.

This exhibition, which five years will suffice to complete, is in reality the work of ages; it is a monstrous draft upon the resources of the culminating era in the history of the world's development.



PALACE OF THE "CHAMP DE MARS."

GO TO SPAIN!

BY HENRY GILLMAN.

LITTLE thought I,
When I looked at the sky,
That the day would bring tempest and rain,
And I said, when I saw
The violent flaw,
"Get you gone! Get you gone into Spain!

I WANTED this day
Nice and bright for my stay
At The Maples. And now, it is clear,
It does not intend
To the last to amend;
And my pleasure is over, I fear."

SAID Herbert—"'Tis plain
The poor land of Spain
Must be deluged by this time, at least,
If your wishes come true.
Consider, Miss Sue,
What ruin for man and for beast?

BESIDES, you must know,
Not a green thing would grow
In our fields but for rain and the dew.
These plenteous showers
Bring the beautiful flowers—
Pinks, roses, and lilies for you."

WELL, Bert, I relent,"
I said,—"truly repent;
But, really, you must let me say—
'Unfortunate rain,
Pay a visit to Spain,
And come back some convenient day.'"

A Pair of Passionate Pilgrims.

IN the spring a star of hope and promise gilds the earth. In the spring the Atlantic beckons with her many diamonded arms, like the lying sorceress she is. In the spring the Swiss mountain-tops beguile, and the English lakes bewitch; the Welsh mountains weave their mystic spells, and French watering-places their magic. In the spring the young man's thoughts lightly turn to love, but everybody else's to Europe.

Ah me! the unutterable longing of those tens upon tens of thousands who hunger and thirst for old Europe's wealth of historic, legendary, artistic, and picturesque possessions, and hunger and thirst unavailingly!

Since my long years of unsplendid, but interesting and fruitful experience in Europe, it has been borne in upon me that a great deal of this hunger and thirst that seems unavailing is not necessarily so. I know, by my own experience and that of others, that Europe is not unattainable to limited purses; and it is limitation of lucre that keeps the most of the famishing at home.

I have in my mind, at this very moment, almost a baker's dozen of American women who, strengthened by an absorbing desire, have taken "unattainable" by the throat and drawn every one of its teeth. In other words, they wanted to go to Europe, and they went!—under circumstances that keep tens of thousands of more timid ones at home.

Let me give you the instance of two single women who spent a summer in London and a winter in Paris for not a cent more than their expenses would have been at home, after their ocean passage was paid. They are people of some social position, and their expenses at home do not include board money. Gloves, ribbons, party-dresses, matinee tickets, dainty laundering, and ever-gulping *et cæteræ* are the little foxes that eat up their vines. Such expenses cannot possibly be shirked, although the hearts of these two friends are not in society at all, but in books and art and picturesque and spiritualized nature.

They were of the vast army of those who longed for Europe, and longed—they thought—hopelessly. For how could they reach their Canaan with only such money as kept them well dressed at home?

As spring after spring rolled by, as society grew less and less attractive, and they grew more and more "old maids," I think they grew desperate. I do not know what finally precipitated them into their adventure, for they were already in it when I knew them in London. They had come over with not a cent more, *in esse* or *in posse*, than society cost them at home; but they had come willing to wear men's raiment and accept anchorites' fare for the sake of Westminster Abbey and London's treasures of art and story.

I jotted down at the time what they told me of their manner of outwitting fate, and I repeat it here for any who may find it interesting. They came over on one of the "tramp" steamers—fellow-passengers with a noisy herd of Western cattle. They were two weeks on the water, and so maddened with impatience for the glorious city of their dreams, that more than once they called upon each other to "get out and walk." They had a state-room to themselves, and they paid forty dollars apiece for it. The scent of their fellow-passengers was borne in at their port-holes with every gust of air, and the sound of their lowing was the incessant bassoon-like accompaniment to the flute-like music borne from caves of Æolus across the billowing deep. They did not fare like king's daughters on that rolling tub, and they did not expect to. And what matters it that they have loathed, with loathing unutterable, baked potatoes and boiled beef ever since? Is not London better than beef? Is not Paris more satisfying than potatoes?

It must be understood that these "glorified spinsters" did not come to Europe to see people; that is, not live ones. They had come for an innumerable company of ghosts,—of Thackeray and his people, of Dickens and his, of ghostly Elizabethans, of Georgians and Victorians, as well as of more ancient ones. They had not a party-dress with them, and

they asked to go nowhere where a traveling suit was not admissible.

Arrived in London they sought the cheapest quarters they could find in a house unobjectionable on the ground of respectability. They found what they sought in one of the dull streets of Brunswick Square, a gloomy street of dingy lodging-houses, and maids and mistresses more or less frowsy—generally more. There were lodging-houses that could boast of virtue more unsullied than their front door-steps, of reputations cleaner than their entrance ways; but the beds were decent, and the bedding. An obliging landlady had a room thoroughly cleaned for them for an extra half-crown, and they took possession of, and occupied for six months, a very decent-sized room under the roof, at an expense of two English shillings (or fifty cents) a week apiece.

While they lived in this room, scouring London from one end to the other, seeing sights and learning lessons that would be a marvel to the most veteran and sentimental London literary tramp, they expended for food and shelter only $3.50 a week apiece. This sounds like a Munchausen yarn, and I must confess that—old Londoner that I am—it staggered me; but they showed me how it was done, and proof is more than argument.

Now of course, being women, they dabbled somewhat in cookery. In the first place, it was economy to thus dabble; and in the second place, they liked it. It was jolly fun, they thought, to get their own breakfast in a thoroughly aired room, and to sit cosily by their tea and rolls and leisurely read the morning paper and study up their guide-books, laying out their routes for the day and figuring their expenses. They had a little oil-stove, of course, or they couldn't have kept house so cheaply. Their stove was furnished with a tin oven, and from that oven every morning came hot rolls, bought from the baker the day before. Their landlady furnished a pennyworth of milk every morning; their tea they bought and brewed themselves. And who that ever bought and made a cup of tea in England does not feel like assuming the attitudes of the sepulchral figures of our great-grandmothers' samplers, over teapots and tea-cups in every other clime of the world?

When they chose, these "glorified spinsters" added something more to their matutinal repast: an egg, a Yarmouth bloater, a sausage or two. There was an open fire-place in their room,—as in all London bedrooms, no matter how high or how small; and with the oil-stove upon the hob all odors floated airily up chimney, leaving none of the stale memories behind that are usually obnoxious concomitants of poverty. As they boasted themselves, they managed never to smell like "poor old maids in a garret," even though their whole wardrobe hung less than a grasshopper's leap from their cooking-stove and pantry, the latter a bureau drawer.

Every morning, after breakfast was over, these two Passionate Pilgrims started forth upon their illuminated way. They were good walkers, and London streets were paved for them with gold and precious stones, gathered from their wide reading, and arched over by the dazzling sky of their own imaginations. They overcame long distances with omnibuses and the underground railway, using cabs only when it was proven not speculative economy to do so; and they learned every picture-gallery by heart, could direct you to the haunts and the tomb of every distinguished dead Londoner, could picture for you every temple and every shrine, and guide you to every spot celebrated for wassail or for sacrifice. London was an open book to them, and they turned as many of its myriad leaves as could be turned by honorable enthusiasm and high-minded energy; more, it is safe to say, than any two American "old maids" had ever turned before since the last Briton squatted on his haunches and tried to "shoo" invading Northmen away from London's thatched and mud palaces.

Lovers of Dickens must have an abiding memory of the "cook-shops" of London. I remember that, as a child, one of my most fervent and fervid aspirations was to go to London and riot in its cook-shops, as David Copperfield and Nicholas Nickleby wished to do and could not. I must confess that my experience of the Dickens cook-shop has been infinitely less magnificent than my fancy painted it. But I know that those cook-shops still exist, and that their viands are tempting to healthy appetites. All over London you may find them, and there, if pride or prejudice bar not the way, one may eat and be filled at less cost than at any restaurant, no matter how inexpensive. At these cook-shops one receives a plate and knife and fork over the counter. No ceremony of napkin and tablecloth is there and to be charged for. If you ask mustard with your slice of boiled ham, mutton, or beef, you may serve yourself from the general mustard-pot and wooden spoon. Do you crave a dash of pepper or salt, there they are, at your service, provided David Copperfield is not just shaking the bottle, or young Nickleby reaching out for the cruet.

Our Passionate Pilgrims always lunched at a cook-shop, and their lunch rarely cost them more than sixpence, often less. They always found a cook-shop on their way, no matter to what heights of imaginative beatitude that way led them; for, in London, Temple and cook-shop are cheek by jowl, and historic monuments are nested in them.

Like all the rest of fashionable London, our Pilgrims dined at night. They could not spare the time from the meridian hours, and they wanted all their strength for something else than digestion. For they *could* digest, and thus were better off than piquant, delightful Jane Carlyle.

Sometimes our Pilgrims dined in their own room. Then were saturnalias of Boston baked beans at eightpence the can and re-heated in the tin oven! Then were Lucullian orgies of prepared soups, and meats potted and unpotted, of hot ham-and-chicken pies at thrip'nce, and Welsh rarebits at not even the price of a headache, after and before such vigorous exercise! There were bowls of nourishing, thick chocolate, with bread broken in it, to utilize all their crusts; for the Draconian law of the *ménage* was, "Not a crumb or drop wasted." And when funds were low, or outgoes had been reckless for theatre tickets and library subscriptions, there were always cheese sandwiches for dinner, "wery fillin' for the price," and so cheap that not even parsimony could cast a squint beyond them.

At the greengrocer's where they bought their butter and eggs, they noticed a shopman weighing out crumbs of cheese by the penn'orth. By judicious questioning they learned that thus were disposed of the fragments and crumbs that fall beneath the cheese-cutting knife. For the price of half a pound of cheese in comely slices, they could have a whole pound thus. So thus, thereafter, they bought their cheese, and with it upholstered slices of crisp toast.—two slices, together with pepper and mustard, forming a sandwich.

The numerous vegetarian restaurants all about Oxford Street and Tottenham Court Road, where a dinner may be had for sixpence, were of welcome and frequent service to them. So, too, were those even humbler resorts, mostly frequented by sewing-girls and shop-women, where the patron takes her own provisions with her, and pays a penny for having them cooked over a general fire in the room where they are eaten. Oilcloth-covered tables, with furnishing more for utility than to titillate any æsthetic sense, are provided for customers, and included in the penny. Tea and coffee are sold at a penny a cup, and the whole man-

agement is clean and respectable, but utterly innocent of frills.

After six months of London, our Passionate Pilgrims went to Paris. One of them spoke French well, therefore was at infinitely superior advantage over other P. P.'s who cannot speak it at all. What they did there, and how, I have never been told; and I never have seen them since I saw their faces framed in a window of a third-class carriage at Victoria Station. They were then bound for Paris. They are bound there yet! For last week I received a letter from their home out West, saying: "Do go with us this summer. We are bound to do it all over again."

DELIVERANCE DINGLE.

THOUGHTS AND OBSERVATIONS ON NATURAL HISTORY.

BY H. B. M. BUCHANAN, B.A.

III. REFLEX ACTION—INSTINCT—INTELLIGENCE—INDIFFERENCE.

FROM time to time in these notes I shall relate instances of animal intelligence as I notice them, or as they are brought under my notice by well-trained observers. Therefore it will not be out of place if, according to the present state of our knowledge, I relate as simply as I am able what scientific men say is the difference between reflex action, instinct, and mind or intelligence. It is apparent to anyone who has observed and thought that these three headings glide so imperceptibly into one another, that it is almost impossible to define where one ends and the other begins. But broadly speaking, reflex action is illustrated by a machine, that when in order is always set in motion when the proper stimuli are applied to it, without consciousness or choice.

Another illustration from the human body: A man breaks his back so as to sever the nervous connection between his legs and his brain. His feet on being tickled will be drawn away from the irritation; but he will not be conscious of any feeling, as the cord is damaged by which the sensation of tickling is conveyed to the brain, where alone it is translated into the feeling of tickling.

Instinct is reflex action become conscious, but a consciousness that has no necessary knowledge of the relation between means and ends—a consciousness that under frequently recurring circumstances always acts in the same way.

Reason or intelligence is a consciousness that has a knowledge of the relation between means and ends, a consciousness that will not always act under the same circumstances precisely in the same way. In other words, a consciousness that will learn from experience. A dog is hungry, his nose supplies the stimulus that urges him to eat the meat put before him—this is instinct; but if his master has taught the dog not to eat the meat till he gives a certain signal, then the dog has learnt from experience, and shows the beginning of intelligence or mind. So we can say that wherever any animal, bird, or reptile learns from its own individual experience, we must infer the beginning of intelligence. We argue in this manner in dealing with the world of men, and justice and logic compels us to argue in the same manner when reasoning about the creation inferior to men.

THE SQUIRREL.

I was sitting reading and thinking in the pine woods of the beautiful Frensham district one very hot day this exceptional summer. The air was very still, the birds were silent, the pine trees stood grimly upright without movement, and the only sound was the hum of innumerable flies and insects, when through the stillness I was startled by a noise resembling the deep cluck of a hen. After a little time I discovered that it came from a squirrel who had seen me, and appeared in a great rage that I should be there. He jumped on to the tree under which I was seated, swaying his tail and body violently about from the effort of the noise he was making. The bold little red thing then, much to my surprise, descended the tree, and I verily believe would have jumped on to me had I not knocked the trunk of the tree several times with my stick, which drove him reluctantly up again, still making his angry noise. Then, catching sight of another squirrel, away he went in chase, and a right glorious chase it was, a perfect miracle of swiftness and agility, from tree to tree, from branch to branch, from twig to twig, long jumps, short jumps, never missing, never making a mistake. The exciting chase being amongst pine trees I could watch it for some few moments till the squirrels both disappeared. I have noticed the squirrel on pine trees more often than any other tree, and the wary little things when watched will keep the trunk or branch between you and them in the most aggravating manner. When sitting in these pine woods, with no sound of a bird about me, I was suddenly surrounded by numbers of tits, who with cheery chirp and body downwards, searched branch and twig of each tree for food, and then passed on as rapidly as they had come, leaving me alone with the silence again.

Defence against Enemies.—It is interesting to notice the various weapons of attack and defence that the world of living things have developed through time. The elephant and deer, its tusks and horns; the lion, tiger, and dog their teeth; the horse its speed of foot; the bird its wings; the snake its death-dealing venom; the butterfly its nasty taste; the caterpillar its hairy indigestible skin; the tree its poison; the bramble its thorn; in others the power of imitating the colour of the ground or surrounding vegetation, and by this imitation escaping the watchful eye of the pouncing bird of prey or the cruel teeth and claws of the beast who lives on the life of others. I have noticed specially how partridges, rabbits, hares, seem to know instinctively the patch of ground that is like their own living bodies, and by crouching down in it make themselves so like their surroundings that they often escape detection. I remember once seeing a brood of quite little partridges running along the side of a bank. I walked after them, and directly I came up to them, they flattened their little brown bodies against the brown bank, and appeared as one with the bank, so that I certainly should have passed them over had I not been following them.

A pheasant is an imported bird from countries where the hot sun brings out the richest tints of vegetation colour, and amidst these bright surroundings the beautiful bird has developed its striking plumage.

One day I was gazing in dumb admiration at a copse; the trees had been cut down, the undergrowth was not thick, and the whole ground was a mass of wild flowers of every variety of species; no painter's pen or poet's lines could exaggerate this mass of varied harmonious colour. And amidst it all there stalked a majestic cock pheasant; as he stepped along with his slow proud step, he seemed to be conscious that his plumage and these wild flowers were a goodly match. Seeing me watching, he remained still and crouched; and then I could barely distinguish which were flowers and which was pheasant—so alike was the bird's plumage to the blaze of colour that surrounded him.

Perhaps one of the most interesting examples of how insects can imitate and so preserve themselves is shown by a certain insect that lays its eggs end-on to each other in single column, so that they resemble the flower of the ordinary stinging-nettle; when the eggs are hatched out the little insects show their gratitude for this protection by feeding on the nettle.

A few Facts about Birds.—I noticed one day a parent sparrow teaching two little sparrows to fly. First the mother flew from the ground on to the palings, where she would wait till the little ones flew to her side, then to a higher paling, then to the water-spout, then on to the roof, then across the roof, the mother always waiting till the little ones reached her side. The impulse that evidently made the young sparrows follow their mother was that of hunger, as they alighted by her with their wings flapping with expectancy, as is the custom with young birds when hoping to be fed. It reminded me of a child learning to walk who is not quite sure of foot, and only wanting a mother's anxious hand now and then to prevent a fall.

For a marvel of grace, swiftness, and precision, nothing that I have seen can beat a swallow feeding her little ones that have fled from their nest, and are perched in the open. I watched them one day in a hayfield three in line on a paling. The parent-birds, with their wonderful swift and happy flight, went in merry chase after the flies. Now with wings steadied dropping to the earth, now with a few flaps ascending into the blue sky, now with many rapid flaps making headway against an adverse wind, now with outstretched wings gliding with great speed before a favourable current of wind, turning to the right, turning to the left, with no pause or sign of weariness. The little ones always knew of the nearing approach of their food, and with flapping wings and quick chirps received into their open expectant mouths the insect that the old swallows placed there with unerring precision and with hardly a pause in their rapid flight.

Housekeeping on a War-ship

By Minna C. Hale

THERE is one thing about the daily work on board the vessels of our navy that is widely different from that in the homes ashore; it is system. Everything is done according to an unalterable law of time, application, and cleanliness. From the hour of waking in the morning till every duty is performed, and the sailor slings his hammock and is rocked to sleep by the motion of the ship, the systematic routine is maintained.

The cleaning of a man-of-war is a daily, almost an hourly, task. The quartermasters, having charge of the different quarters of the ship, oversee the men as they begin the day's work. Hammocks are rolled and packed away, and the cleaning and washing of the decks begin. The answer of the custodian of the British Museum, when asked how they managed to clean all the articles, might be repeated here: "We never allow them to get dirty."

The force on a large cruiser or battleship varies, but the maximum number is about five hundred, thirty-five of whom are managing officials and thirty servants,—not including those employed in the cooks' department. The captain's suite of rooms comprises bedroom, bath and dining room, where he dines in solitary state. The captain is, *ex officio*, the head of the household, but he is not obliged to see that any of the housekeeping is performed, this being left to the discretion of his officers, the quartermasters, and the many men who work under their orders. Each gun-captain has charge of his own gun, and between himself and his crew the engine of death and destruction is kept as bright and spotless as a baby's toy — in time of peace.

The officer of the day has charge of matters belonging to the deck, and as he walks about in methodical attention to his duties, while the sweet bugle call breathes peace and good will, it is almost impossible to realize that, a few months ago, men and ship were in the midst of a terrible hail of death.

It is the wonderful systematizing of the work that appeals to the housekeeper who visits a man-of-war. Every one has his duty, and it must be performed thoroughly. No excuses are accepted for neglect, and they are seldom offered. There is no time of semi-annual house-cleaning, for the ocean house is *kept* clean. There are many different kinds of business on board, in constant use in connection with the work of the ship,—such as plumber's, printing office, machine repair shop, barber's, tailor's, laundry, library, hospital, electric light plant, ice plant, grocery, bakery — and a jail.

In the officers' bedrooms, in spite of their necessarily small size, everything is kept in compact neatness, and constant care is taken in cleaning, dusting, and polishing. In the sailors' quarters the large rooms appear to be as free from bedding and clothing, during the day, as if they were merely comfortable lounging places. The hammocks are out of sight, the long, black bags holding their clothing are hung in even rows, and the floor is absolutely clean.

On washing day, each sailor is a "washerman," and the long array of costumes flapping on the lines from the masts look like the bodies of attenuated Jackies. Not much attention is given to ironing aboard ship, except in the laundry where the washing is done for the officers. In every duty the men are overlooked by the officer having them in charge, each infringement is observed, and disobedience or insubordination reported. When it becomes necessary to discipline a refractory man, the marines — the police of the navy — are ordered to make an arrest and he is confined in the brig, or ship's jail, till his time is up.

The articles for use on the ship are purchased in large quantities ; including a supply of cloth which the resident tailor models into sailor suits with true tailor finish as ordered, household necessities, such as brooms, brushes, pails, soap, etc. The paymaster of the ship has charge of a store that is opened once a month. Like the old-fashioned country store, everything can be purchased here from a suit of sailor clothes to a piece of soap. The lowest amount paid to the men, per month, is fifteen dollars ; and from this they must pay for their own clothing, shoes, towels, soap, knives, and forks. The paymaster and his clerk attend to the payment of the wages once a month, after which, like the maids ashore, the men are anxious to "have a day out." Unlike the maids, however, they do not often get it.

As with other commodities, the food is bought in such quantity that we can scarcely believe even the five hundred men could manage to dispose of it all. In one month are used, 1,000 pounds of coffee, 300 pints of condensed milk, 3,000 pounds of sugar, 1,000 pounds of butter, 15,000 loaves of bread, 100 pounds of tea, 8,000 pounds of fresh beef, 1,800 pounds of salt pork, 900 pounds of ham, 300 pounds of sausages, 800 pounds of liver, 800 pounds of tinned meat, 1,200 pounds of salt beef, 35 pounds of yeast, 200 pounds of fish, 400 bushels of potatoes, 800 pounds of rice, 300 pounds of macaroni, 120 quarts of clams, 12 bushels of onions, 20 bushels of turnips, 600 heads of cabbages, 300 gallons of beans, 240 pounds of cheese, 300 pounds of pickles, 30 gallons of sirup, besides condiments, lard, flavoring, and many kinds of fish.

Remembering that this is only the consumption for a month, it may be imagined that the duties of the cooks are not among the lightest of those performed on the ship.

The officers' cook, with several assistants and many waiters, succeeds in having the meals prompt and orderly, with varied menus of food well cooked and well served. Each officer except the captain takes his turn in catering to the table for a month, sometimes longer, and all subscribe a certain amount which the caterer expends on food, outside of the ship's supply. Thus the officers can have their table served either frugally or luxuriously.

Breakfast, the first formal meal of the day, is served at twelve o'clock, but the principal efforts of the cooks are reserved for the dinner. Soups, fish, meats, vegetables, desserts, fruits, coffee, and ice creams are then furnished, and it is only on rare occasions, such as the prolonged watching outside of the harbor at Santiago, that the officers are obliged to use the canned foods.

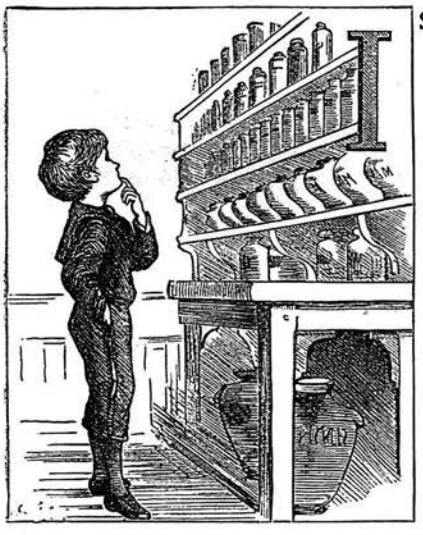
The ward-room — as the dining room is called — extends the entire width of the ship, is lighted by large port holes, and ornamented in somewhat grim fash-

ion, by the immense torpedo tubes, lacking the long, black cartridges that rest in iron racks in the passage outside the doorway. The walls, painted an innocent white, are of corrugated iron, and the bare effect is lightened by a few pictures. The long, polished table, handsome chairs, and a buffet brightened by a fine display of silver, give a look of cheer and comfort. The executive officer, next in rank to the captain, occupies the seat at the head of the table, the caterer for the month the one at the foot. Well-trained servants move noiselessly about, and the effect is not unlike that of a restaurant where a score of good comrades have met to talk over old times.

When one realizes the number of rooms that have to be kept in perfect order, the floor space to be cleaned, the amount of brass work to be polished till the sun's reflection is cast back to him, the different machines to be kept in order, and the many duties for which there is no special name, besides the large task of cooking for ward-room and galleys, every housekeeper must marvel that so much work can be accomplished in so short a time, and be so well done. Enforced duty is responsible for much of it, certainly, but to the perfect system is due most of the credit for the virtues of housekeeping on board a man-of-war.

HOME-MADE SWEETMEATS.

BY PHILLIS BROWNE, AUTHOR OF "COMMON-SENSE HOUSEKEEPING."



SUPPOSE that there are not many grown-up people who have not, at least once during the period of youthful days, indulged in the supreme delight of "boiling toffee." We can all remember doing it: first laying our plans, then persuading the cook to admit us into the kitchen, then obtaining possession of the requisite saucepan and ingredients, and after a time, when the house was filled with a scent suggestive of a sugar refinery in flames, producing a compound burnt and sticky and horrible, which yet was "sucked" with appreciative gusto, and presented in minute portions to intimate friends as a conclusive and valuable proof of esteem and regard.

We have grown wiser since those days, and have come to understand that confectionery is one of the fine arts, and is not to be taken up and practised at a moment's notice. Perhaps we have been favoured with a view of French sweetmeats, and have seen the chocolate creams and liqueur bon-bons, the flavoured tablets, the almond and pistachio soufflés, the Psyche's kisses, and the brochettes of dried fruits, the brilliant rosolios and imitation fruits, the bouchées and the prâlines of Parisian manufacture. These have affected us much as a picture by Millais would, or a sculptured figure by Woolner, or a brilliant pianoforte performance by Rubinstein. We acknowledge the beauty of the performance and the wonderful genius which it displays, but we feel that it is something quite beyond us, and that if we were to attempt to imitate it we should be sure to fail most ignominiously, and, more than that, our good materials would be wasted and destroyed.

It must be confessed that when a good confectioner is at hand, ordinary people, who only require his elegant fanciful trifles in small quantities and at uncertain intervals, will find it more economical and more satisfactory, as well as more convenient, to buy what is wanted ready-made, rather than to attempt to make the things at home. Still there are a few simple sweetmeats which do not present so many difficulties as the rest, and these may be attempted without fear of failure. They will be very useful for dessert and supper dishes, as well as for treats for the children; making them will afford a pleasant variety to the ordinary business of the kitchen; and they will be sure to be appreciated.

And first for our old friend the toffee. To make this 1 lb. of very finely powdered sugar should be procured; the kind which is called by confectioners castor sugar is the best for the purpose. This should be put into a perfectly clean saucepan with a teacupful of cold water, and placed on the fire till it is dissolved. Then 4 oz. of fresh butter, which has been beaten in a bowl with the hands or with a wooden spoon till it looks like cream, should be stirred into the syrup, and the mixture should be kept stirred until it will "set"—that is, until a little dropped into cold water becomes at once crisp and hard. It will be necessary to try the toffee frequently, as it quickly passes from the "done" to the burnt stage; just before it is ready five or six drops of the essence of lemon should be added to it. The preparation should be poured upon an oiled or buttered tin and left till cold, when it can be easily removed and broken up into convenient pieces. If liked, it can, when it begins to set, be marked in squares, into which it can afterwards be broken. Four oz. of blanched almonds, which have been split into strips, can be thrown into the toffee instead of the lemon flavouring, if preferred; thus almond toffee will be produced.

Barley sugar is another sweetmeat that may, with a little practice, be successfully made. It is a great favourite with children, and when quite pure is very wholesome; and, of course, there need be no anxiety about the purity of home-made barley sugar. For this, 1½ lbs. of fine loaf-sugar should be broken into small lumps, and boiled over the fire with a pint of water. It should be skimmed carefully till it looks like glue, and when dropped into cold water becomes brittle and will snap. The juice of a lemon and six drops of essence of lemon should now be added, the sugar boiled up just once, and then the bottom of the pan should be placed in cold water till the first heat has subsided. The preparation should then be poured upon a marble slab which has been slightly smeared with butter. It will, of course, spread out, but it should be drawn together with a knife, and kept as much as possible in a lump.

As soon as it is cool enough to handle, pieces about the size of an egg may be cut off, rolled to the form of round sticks, and twisted slightly, as barley sugar usually is bought. These should be put on an oiled sheet and left till they are cold and stiff, when sugar should be sifted lightly over them. They should be stored either in tin canisters or closely stoppered glass jars, and kept in a dry place.

Burnt almonds, properly called prâlines, are delicious and favourite sweetmeats, and they are not particularly difficult to make. For these it will be necessary to have any quantity of good Jordan almonds, say half a pound. These should be rubbed in a clean cloth and shaken in a sieve, to free them from dust and broken fragments, then put before the fire to get slightly warmed; three-quarters of a pound of sugar should now be boiled with half a pint of water, till the surface looks like large pearls or globules, when a few drops of prepared cochineal, a few drops of vanilla, or any other suitable essence, and the almonds should be thrown in, and all stirred gently together with a wooden spoon, to detach the sugar both from the bottom and sides of the saucepan. The almonds should be kept from sticking to the bottom of the pan, and should be thoroughly turned over and over, so that they may be well coated, or, as it is called, "charged" with sugar. As soon as they give out a crackling noise the pan should be removed from the fire and still gently stirred, until the sugar has the appearance of being grained almost like sand, when almonds, sugar, and all should be turned upon a wire sieve and covered with paper for five minutes.

At the end of that time the almonds should be picked out, and the grained sugar put again into the sugar boiler with just enough water to dissolve it, and when it is again boiled to the point it had before reached, the almonds should be thrown in again, and stirred again until they have received another coating, being careful only to keep them entirely separate. The operation may be repeated a third, and even a fourth time, when they will probably be double their original size and are done. It is to be expected that a little additional sugar flavouring and colouring will have to be added before they are finished. They ought to have a rugged uneven surface, to be of a light pink colour, and to be crisp and hard when bitten in half. They may either be used as they are or wrapped in fancy papers.

If it is wished to impart a glazed appearance to burnt almonds, they should, when prepared, be dropped into a little thickly dissolved gum-arabic, boiling hot, and stirred lightly till they are covered with the gum, then turned on a sieve to dry.

Cocoa-nut rock, that favourite with the youngsters, may also be managed with comparative ease. For this it will be necessary to procure the ingredients in the proportion of 1 lb. of cocoa-nut to 1 lb. of loaf-sugar, a half-pint of milk, and the whites of two eggs. Grate the cocoa-nut and boil it in the milk with the sugar until the syrup seems to be about to become solid sugar, then add the well-whisked whites of the eggs and beat all thoroughly. Have a Yorkshire pudding tin already buttered, spread the mixture in this about three-quarters of an inch thick, and put it in the oven to dry. The oven must be of a gentle heat, and the door had better be left open while the rock is in it. Cut the preparation into squares and store in a dry place.

Preserved fruit is such an indispensable article when sweet dishes of various kinds are to be prepared, that the skilful housekeeper will be very certain to prepare a good store of jam and jelly when fruit is in season. Yet it must be confessed that the practice of preserving fruit is becoming more and more uncommon, especially in large towns. Our grandmothers would be horrified could they see how their degenerate daughters buy jam instead of making it. This is the more to be regretted because bought jam, however good it may really be, cannot for one moment be compared with good home-made jam, made from freshly gathered fruit, boiled with refined sugar, and stored in a dry well-ventilated closet.

MAKING TOFFEE

And if it is becoming more and more uncommon to boil jam at home, it is still more unusual for housekeepers to bottle fresh fruit. The process of jam-making is very generally understood. Very few people would think of boiling fruit that was broken, or that had been gathered in wet weather, and it is almost universally acknowledged that the best sugar is the most economical for making jam. The trouble and fatigue of the work is the real reason why fruit is not so extensively boiled at home as it was once upon a time; not because housekeepers do not know how to set about it. But this cannot be said about bottling fruit. The process is a very simple one, and it involves comparatively little trouble. It requires only that great attention should be paid to small details, for if these are neglected, failure will certainly be the consequence. Then bottled fruit is most delicious. In it the original flavour of the fruit is preserved better than it is either in jams, jellies, or fruit-paste. It furnishes a convenient and excellent delicacy for winter use. Pies and tarts made with it afford a pleasant variety to those made with jam; and last, but not least, the fruit prepared at home will cost about one-third less than that which is bought at the shops.

It is true that the bottles take up a good deal of room, and where space is limited this is a disadvantage; but if this difficulty can be got over, the thrifty and economical housekeeper will find it well worth her while to make the bottling of fresh fruit one of the methods by which she lays up stores for her household.

In order to do this it will be necessary that she should have the fruit, some tall wide-mouthed glass bottles, corks to fit them tightly, string or wire to fasten them down, bottle-wax or a little beeswax to cover the corks, and a stock-pot or some other large vessel of sufficient size and depth to hold the bottles.

The fruit must be fresh, sound, and not over-ripe; and it must have been gathered in the morning and in dry weather. The stalks must be picked without bruising the fruit, and any that are at all blemished must be rejected. The bottles must be perfectly sound, without crack or flaw of any kind, and they should be of equal thickness throughout. They must, of course, be thoroughly clean and perfectly dry inside and out. The corks should be soft and new, and entirely faultless. They must fit so tightly that they will have to be forced into the bottles, and should be soaked in tepid water which has a little sugar dissolved in it for an hour or two before they are wanted. The string should be thin, but strong, and there should be plenty of it, so that the corks may be well tied down. Wire is sometimes preferred, principally because it looks neater than string. When wire is used there is a danger that it will cut through the cork, and therefore it is necessary to lay a circular piece of tin between it and the cork. Gloves, too, should be worn when handling wire, otherwise there may be a good many wounds and bruises to deplore at the end of the day's work. Bottle-wax may be bought of any oil and colour shop. It should be melted in an earthenware pipkin, and beeswax stirred with it in the proportion of an ounce of beeswax to a pound of bottle-wax. When buying bottle-wax it must be remembered that green wax is poisonous, and should not be used for fear of accidents. The other colours are harmless.

When all is ready, put the fruit into the bottles and shake it down till it is closely packed, but not in any danger of being bruised. Fill up the bottles with a thin clear syrup, cork them tightly, and tie them down securely. Put a wisp of hay round each one to keep the bottles from knocking against each other, place them standing upright side by side in the vessel, and pour cold water round them nearly up to their necks. Lay a wet cloth upon them, put on the lid

over this, and put the pan on the fire. Let the water come to a boil, draw the saucepan back and let it boil gently for a few minutes, then lift the pan quite off the fire and leave the bottles untouched till they are cold.

When ready to be taken out they should be lifted up carefully and the corks examined. If, as is very probable, any of the corks have burst out or become loose, they must be re-corked and tied down again. The nozzle of each bottle must then be dipped into the melted wax, which should, however, have been allowed to cool a little, or it may crack the glass. The bottle should be turned about gently so that the wax may run all round the cork, and when all are finished the bottles may be placed in a cool cellar.

The time that the water should be allowed to boil must depend upon the nature and size of the fruit. Currants, raspberries, strawberries, and ripe gooseberries require about eight minutes' gentle ebullition; cherries and apricots must have twelve minutes; while for green gooseberries and the larger stone fruits, such as greengages and peaches, a quarter of an hour will not be too much. To make the syrup with which the bottles are to be filled, put a quart of water and a dessert-spoonful of the white of egg with every three pounds of loaf-sugar. Whisk all together in a sugar-boiler over the fire, and let the syrup boil gently for five minutes. Throw a table-spoonful of cold water into it once or twice while it is boiling. Strain it through a napkin, and when cold it is ready for use.

Very agreeable sweetmeats may be made by preparing compôtes of fresh fruit. Compôtes are simply fruit stewed in a thin syrup and intended for immediate use. The fruit should simmer gently in the syrup until it is tender but unbroken; the syrup should be perfectly transparent, and should be poured over the fruit when cold. These preparations are delicate in flavour and very wholesome. They are very refreshing too, and are much more economical than tarts and puddings. They will not keep very long, indeed the quantity of sugar which they contain is not sufficient to preserve them in good condition for many days; but they can be kept in a cool larder for a day or two, and even longer if they are gently boiled up a second time.

Compôtes may be made of all kinds of fruit—apples, pears, rhubarb, cherries, strawberries, raspberries, currants, plums, apricots, peaches, pomegranates, green figs, pineapples, melons, cucumbers, chestnuts, green walnuts, oranges, lemons, barberries, crab-apples, cranberries, prunes, and grapes. They can be dished in various ways, but they should always be both neat and elegant. The ordinary way of serving them is to put the drained fruit into a compôtier, or glass dish, a few minutes before it is wanted, and to pour the syrup over it. Sometimes a thin circular sheet of clear colourless jelly is slipped over after they are dished and garnished, and this greatly increases their brilliancy. Round fruits are usually arranged with one piece in the centre and the rest round it in a circle.

The surface may be decorated with ornamental shapes cut out from angelica, coloured jellies, preserved cucumbers, the red peel of apples, orange and lemon rind, chopped pistachio kernels, &c.; or, if preferred, pastry stamped out into fanciful shapes; or plainly boiled rice or macaroni may be employed both as a garnish and an accompaniment.

The quantity of sugar used for the syrup must depend upon the nature of the fruit; it must be remembered that the sweetness should not overpower the flavour of the fruit or destroy its agreeable acidity. In a cold or wet season more sugar will be needed than in a warm dry one. For the majority of fruits a syrup made by simmering 5 oz. of sugar with half a pint of water for ten minutes will be sufficient for 1 lb. of fruit. The finest loaf-sugar should be used for the purpose, and it should be broken into small lumps, not crushed to powder. If powdered sugar were used the syrup would be less brilliant.

USEFUL HINTS.

Sally Lunns.

Put a pint of warm water into a quart jug; add two ounces of German yeast, break it up into the water; add also a tablespoonful of flour, and the same of sugar. Mix them well together. Put the jug in a warm place. When the ferment is risen and just going down again it will be ready. In the meanwhile put two pounds of flour in a basin, rub six ounces of butter into it, also six ounces of sugar, including what you put in the ferment; then pour the ferment into the basin; add one egg. Mix them into a dough, and leave it in the basin for about forty minutes, then place a few small hoops, according to the size you want them, on a flat tin; mould them in pieces that will half fill the hoops, then let them prove nearly to the top of the hoops, and bake them.

A Good Soda Cake.

Take two pounds of flour, one ounce of carbonate of soda, rub it in the flour, also ten ounces of butter; then add one pound of loaf dust and one pound of currants and a little mixed peel; then make it into a dough by adding one pint of milk and six eggs.

Dundee Mince Cake.

Make first a plain paste; take half pound flour, add three ounces of butter, rub it in the flour and make it into a dough by adding about a teacup of water, roll it out and fold it over twice; then roll it out and put it on a flat tin; spread some mincemeat all over it, about half an inch thick. Then make some cake dough as follows:—Take four ounces of butter, add four ounces of loaf dust, beat them well together with the hand, add two eggs, mix them in, also add half pound flour. Spread this dough all over the mincemeat about the same thickness as the mincemeat. When the cake is baked and cold, make a little white icing, as follows—Take one white of an egg, add four ounces of loaf fine sugar (this sugar must be as fine as flour); beat them well together with a whisk until it gets thick, and then spread it all over the cake thinly. When the icing is dry, cut the cake across each way so as to make square blocks suitable for the table.

Victoria Sponge.

Mix two eggs, three tablespoonfuls of white moist sugar, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, three tablespoonfuls of flour. Add a piece of butter size of a walnut previously melted, mix well together; divide in equal parts, bake on two dinner plates well buttered, in a moderate oven. When cold spread a layer of jam, and fold together. Cost, fourpence; time to make and bake, twenty minutes.

Almond Rock Cakes.

Take two pounds of flour, rub six ounces of butter into it; add also twelve ounces of loaf dust and one pound of currants and a little peel, with one ounce of almonds, chopped up. Add three-quarters of an ounce of carbonate of soda and half an ounce of tartaric acid; then half a pint of milk with six eggs, and three drops of essence of almonds. Mix it, and make it into a dough; get a table fork and fork pieces out about the size of a small egg, place them on a tin or paper, and put them in the oven.

Chatterbox, 1893

THE CAB-STAND.

THE cab-stand, as an institution long established in London and in other large towns, must be familiar to most of our readers, though few of them, probably, regard it as an object of any peculiar interest. A string of cabs in single file, each with its "speculative" steed, drowsily resting his weary legs one at a time; a few drivers, some asleep on the box, others in straggling groups, exchanging rough compliments, or, with hands buried in their pockets, and coats buttoned to the chin, padding the sloppy ground, and peering wistfully about for customers; some fifty yards of macadam in solution, or of granite paving-stones ankle-deep in mud, on the surface of which lie fragmentary whisps of hay and patches of scattered chaff, with here and there a pewter pot and scraps of tobacco-pipe; such, and nothing more, is the cab-stand to the common eye. Perhaps, if we look at it a little nearer, we may see a little more. Let us try.

The cab-stand which is the subject of our contemplation stands a little way in the suburbs—it matters not in what direction—and its site runs parallel, not with a row of shops, of private houses, or even with a brick wall, but with the wooden palings which divide the garden-grounds of a nursery-man from the public road. The vehicles, in close rank, touch the kerb, and the long narrow avenue between that and the palings is, to all intents and purposes, cabbie's private domain and park; the "public in general" having by tacit consent made it over to him, and chosen the other side of the way for themselves. We have noticed, for years past, that this particular Stand is a favourite with the professors of the whip, and that, let the weather be what it will, and though the cabs may have vanished from all other Stands, you are pretty certain to meet with one there. There are, in truth, more reasons than one for this preference. In the *first place*, the spot is rural and pleasant; in the second place, it is situate at a point just over the mile from the two great railway stations, and therefore is hardly liable to the abomination of a sixpenny fare; in the third place, the beer at the neighbouring "public" is of the kind for which cabmen have a predilection; and fourthly, the Stand is not plagued by a table of fares and distances stuck up on a board, which at other places is apt, by its gratuitous information, to mar the speculations of the members of the brotherhood. We might add, as another reason, that the site is almost clear of the omnibus routes, and thus the cab-drivers suffer little from the competition of conductors.

The above reasons may perhaps account for the partiality of the cabmen for this particular Stand. At any rate, here you will find them in considerable force all the day long, and, for the matter of that, all the night too. What they do in the pauses—and they are very long pauses sometimes—between the fares, it is not easy to declare. There is a good deal of barter going on at times; we have seen exchanges of a rather singular kind take place, which have quite puzzled our powers of valuation; such as two capes from a many-caped coat, in compensation for a dog-collar—a catch-'em-alive rat-trap against a nose-bag—a pair of gaiters, rather shreddy from wear, for a curry-comb—and a razor, not by any means warranted to shave, in lieu of a tobacco-box. The occupations of an industrial kind are many, but are all pursued in an off-hand kind of way, as though it did not much matter if they were neglected *in toto*. There is polishing of plate harness, a little greasing of wheels, some dusting of cushions, ditto cleaning of panels and muddy spokes, with a show at least of sweeping out and ventilating their vehicles, which are, for the most part, sadly in want of renovation. Then there is the plaiting of whips, and the renewal of whip-ends, and much chaffering on the score of whip-handles. But the chief pastime of all is conversation, and exchange of ideas on matters public and private. We are of opinion that it would be extremely difficult for any other than a cabman to come at the real sentiments of the fraternity, even if he were admitted to these open-air but private conclaves; because the discussions are carried on in a phraseology so wonderfully abbreviated as to be intelligible only to themselves. Their utterances are the veriest samples of the *multum in parvo* ever met with. Take a specimen which we overheard accidentally the other day.

"Seen Brimble, Ned?"

"Reyther!"

"How about his old 'ooman?

"All right—four o'clock 's mornin."

"Bwoy?"

"Gal."

"That makes five on 'em?"

"Six."

"Wh-whew!"

Thus is the narrative of Mr. Brimble's domestic felicity shorn of its fair proportions on the cab-stand, and thus curtly is expressed the brotherly sympathy in his paternal embarrassments. There is a valid ground, however, for this brevity of speech, and it will be found in the peculiar cir-

cumstances of the man who drives a cab. He cannot dwell at any length upon details, or indulge in the luxury of exordium or peroration, for a very obvious reason: he is liable to be called off the Stand at any moment to take up a fare. The cry of "Cab—cab!" or the uplifted finger of a patron a furlong down the street, would cut short his argument, however long, and spoil his logic in an instant; so he steers clear of such contingencies by avoiding circumlocutions, and talking plump at the bull's eye. He deals much in monosyllables and in significant ejaculations, and will express himself at times in a kind of short-hand, which is partly speech and partly gesticulation, but all wonderfully comprehensive and perfectly intelligible to the initiated. When on duty at night, however, he can afford to relax a little, and wag his tongue at any length he likes. Truth to say, he is apt to do this rather too much on occasions, and to expatiate with a warmth inconvenient to the slumbering inmates of the genteel dwellings over the way; and the police have been more than once obliged to interfere to abate these nocturnal discussions.

Part and parcel of the Stand is the waterman, who, however, is anything but a fixture, and is given to sudden appearances and disappearances, and who has a scarecrow of a deputy in the shape of an unkempt lad, who makes a show of doing duty in his absence. Waterman, we suspect, is a pluralist, keeping this ragged curate as temporary *locum tenens;* we happen to know that the man of tubs has a connection in the carpet-beating line, and have, further, caught him in the act both of putting up and pulling down shutters in the long business street round the corner, which runs at right angles with the road. Then he is not above sweeping the crossing, or making his deputy do it, when foul weather renders it impassable to clean boots, and there is a chance of remuneration for the job. If you do see our waterman at the Stand, it is because there is something to be done there, though he is often unaccountably absent even at a busy time.

Far more of a fixture than the waterman is the Stand dog, Smut. Smut is an ill-looking mongrel, close-haired, and of a black-brown hue, whom the refinements of civilization have deprived of the best part of his tail, while the chances of war have rent his flap ears into shreds. He belongs to the Stand in general, and to nobody in particular. How he became naturalized there originally, we cannot say; probably a born vagabond, doomed to wander the world without a master, he found among the scraps and leavings of the cabmen, who are of necessity often diners-out, a solace for his hunger, and beneath the shelter of their wheels a substitute for what he had never yet possessed—a home. Be that as it may, Smut has long been free of the Stand, and a privileged favourite of the drivers. In fine weather he roams the neighbourhood on foraging expeditions, or starts on a hunt for vermin over the palings and into the nursery-ground. When the season is inclement, he is given to leaping up to the foot-board beneath the driver's seat, where, pillowing his ugly head on a nose-bag, he will doze away as much of the dreary time as he may. One thing will rouse him from his lair, and bring him down like a tiger, and that is, the intrusion of any other vagabond dog on his peculiar domain: trim spaniels, genteel puppies, lapdogs, and promenading pets, he takes no notice of, knowing well enough that he needs expect no rivalry from them; but should any stray mongrel or unmastered cur come prowling that way, woe betide him if he want either pluck or power to defend himself, for Smut will descend upon him like an avalanche, and he must either fight or run. If Smut happens to be asleep when the cab in which he has taken shelter rolls off with a fare, the motion wakes him up, and then no blandishments will induce him to retain his position; down he leaps, and returns to the Stand, of which he has constituted himself the guardian.

On a close tropical day in July or August, the picture of our Stand is one of almost still life. Look down the long avenue, and you see the drowsy cabbies, with the doors of their vehicles opened on the shady side, each sitting on the step, (if he does not happen to be curled up asleep inside,) smoking his short pipe and spelling over the columns of a cheap newspaper. The waterman is absent, perhaps thrashing away at some dusty carpet; but there lies his tattered deputy, fast asleep and snoring, with his back against the rails. Smut, whose tongue has been hanging out to dry all day, comes lazily up to the water tubs, laps a mouthful or two, and, curling himself round, snores in his turn. But let that black cloud sail up from the horizon, and the big spattering thunder-drops come splashing on the pavement—and lo! what a sudden change. Up leaps Smut, shaking his remnants of ears and barking in triplets; up jumps the deputy, and begins detaching the nose-bags from the heads of the mumbling hacks; up jumps every cabman to his box, whip in hand; the whole rank is galvanized into sudden motion; there is a clattering of hoofs, a jarring of rusty axles, a creaking of panels from one end of the rank to the other, and a slow progressive motion of the vehicles forward and forward, as one moves away after the other, and the whole site is clear; the avenue has vanished, and all that is left of the Stand is three or four tubs of water, the ragged deputy counting his coppers over and over, and Smut wagging a forlorn stump of tail in the midst of his desolate home.

There is no power so effectual in the clearance of a cab-stand as a sudden and drenching shower. Other causes, such as the break-up of a popular assembly, or the advent of its hour of meeting, may diminish its numbers more or less; but a good tempest of rain is the grand blessing for the cabman, who laughs at the wetting of his skin that comes with the silver lining for his pocket.

Such are some of the aspects of our Stand. There are other aspects, however, presented by the Stand, wherever it may be, which may not be of so picturesque a character. When Brimble, for instance, with his "six young 'uns," dependent on his whip, "puts on" at the tail-end of the rank in the morning, only to move off after he has worked up to the head, the Stand can hardly appear so amusing to him as it does to us. What will Pro-

vidence send to-day for him and his little ones? After waiting an hour or two, when his time to move off *does* come, to what sort of a tune will he have to drive his cab? He may have to trot away for sixpence, or he may do business to the amount of as many shillings. Brimble, it is plain, must regard the Stand as very specuiative ground; and it need not be wondered at if with him and his congeners there should be prejudices and predilections in regard to lucky and unlucky Stands, as we have good reason to know there are; nor need we marvel that, weary of the fortune of some unpropitious Stand, Brimble, recalling to mind his hungry family, dashes out of the Stand in despair, and, albeit it is contrary to the regulations, commences crawling the road for customers, and competing with the omnibuses along their routes.

Meanwhile, it is time we should pull up, and come to a stand ourselves.

CHIMES UPON THE BELLS.

FEW more forcible pictures have been drawn than the one by Cowper, representing the solitariness of the shipwrecked Alexander Selkirk, cast on an uninhabited island :—

"But the sound of the church-going bell,
These valleys and rocks never heard;
Never sigh'd at the toll of a knell,
Or smiled when a Sabbath appear'd."

Still, there may be a "church-going" people without a bell to summon them to its porch, being quite unable to procure one. This was the case for half a century or more with many of the Episcopalian emigrants to the Trans-Atlantic colonies, who provided themselves occasionally with odd or incongruous substitutes. In some parish accounts of the date of 1711, an entry occurs, which has at first sight a puzzling appearance. "For the minister £50; for *beating the drum* £1; for the clerk £1." But the lines of a local rhymer of the time explain the discordance :—

"New England's Sabbath-day
Is heaven-like, still, and pure;
Then Israel walks the way
Up to the temple's door.
The time we tell,
When there to come,
By *beat of drum*,
Or *sounding shell*."

But the most curious substitute for a bell, of which we ever heard, belongs to Old England, and originated with the inventive genius of a parish-clerk in Wensleydale, Yorkshire. That district, from which a recent peerage has its title, consists of wild moorlands and a thin sprinkling of population. Its condition was primitive in the extreme half a century ago. There was a small church, very solitary and very ruinous, to which a handful of peasantry gathered from miles round on Sundays. The breezes found ready entrance, likewise the rain and the snow, through broken panes of glass and gaping holes in the roof. A rotten door fell from its hinges, and a thorn bush was substituted for it to keep out the sheep. The bell dropped from its perch, and was hopelessly disabled. But, not to be conquered by difficulties, the official in attendance hit upon the expedient of poking his own head out of the belfry window, at the appointed time, lustily bawling *ding-dong, ding-dong*, imitating the hushed voice of the charmer.

Pleasant and soothing is the sound of bells, heard at a distance in the still calm eventide. Moore, in some well-known lines, refers to the peal of Ashbourne Church, Derbyshire, to which he often listened with delight in his cottage garden, while residing at the neighbouring village of Mayfield.

"Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their music chime."

An evening bell, the curfew, or *couvre-feu*, is famous alike in the story of our social life and in our literature. It was rung at sunset in summer, and about eight o'clock in winter, as a signal for the people to put out their fires and go to bed, in order to diminish the risk of extensive conflagrations at a period when houses were almost entirely built of wood. It has been commonly asserted that William the Conqueror introduced the custom into England, with the view of more effectually enslaving his new subjects. But it was known before his time as a common police law in Europe, designed for the object stated, as well as to prevent nightly conspiracies; and the Norman sovereign only enforced its stricter observance. By a statute of Edward I. persons were forbidden to be in the streets after *couvre-feu*. Our poetry abounds with pleasing allusions to the usage. Thus Gray writes :—

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me."

Milton has a sonorous and musical couplet on the subject :—

"On a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow, with solemn roar."

A suggestive poem also, by Longfellow, deserves notice :—

"Solemnly, mournfully,
Dealing its dole,
The curfew-bell
Is beginning to toll.

"Cover the embers,
And put out the light;
Toil comes with the morning,
And rest with the night.

"Dark grow the windows,
And quenched is the fire;
Sound fades into silence,
All footsteps retire.

"No voice in the chambers,
No sound in the hall!
Sleep and oblivion
Reign over all!"

Dante, in the "Purgatorio," makes the curfew weep for the day that is dying. It is not known when the practice ceased as a legal observance; but at present "the knell of parting day" is rung wherever there are funds to pay the ringer. No law against nightly locomotion being now in force, it is common after dark, in the northern capitals, during the reign of King Frost, to hear

" The sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to winkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically swells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells!" —

But return we from the sledges to the steeples.

Superstition early seized upon the belfries, and attributed to them great potency in driving away sprites and evil spirits, while allaying the storms and tempests they were supposed to brew. An eminent ritualist affirmed that "the church, when a tempest is seen to arise, rings the bells, that the fiends, hearing the trumpets of the eternal King, may flee away, and cease from raising the storm." But we will let the metal speak for itself upon the subject, by the monkish jingles commonly inscribed upon it in the middle ages.

"Vivos voco—Mortuos plango—Fulgura frango."
"I call the living—I mourn the dead—I break the lightning."

"Funera plango—Fulgura frango—Sabbato pango."
Excito lentos—Dissipo ventos—Paco cruentos."
"I mourn at funerals—I break the lightning—I proclaim the Sabbath.
I urge the tardy—I disperse the winds—I calm the turbulent."

Many parish accounts have entries respecting bread, cheese, and beer provided for the ringers during thunderings. But in the year 1718, during a dreadful storm on the coasts of Brittany, in France, the lightning seemed to enter a protest against the superstition, and shook popular faith in it in that locality. It was noticed that some of the churches which made the greatest uproar were struck, while those discreet enough to hold their tongues were spared. As high towers are specially in danger, while bell-ropes, moistened by the humid atmosphere, are capital conductors, the practice of bell-ringing in thunderstorms led to many fatal casualties. A German *savant* of the last century calculated that, in the space of thirty-three years, 368 towers had been injured, and 121 ringers killed. Hence, the King of Prussia interfered to prohibit the usage in his dominions; the same was done in the Palatinate; and in 1844, the prefect of Dordogne, in France, repeated the order. But so recently as the year 1852, the Romanist bishop of Malta ordered all the church bells of the island to be rung for an hour in order to quell a violent gale.

A wild story of the middle ages relates how the good city of Prague was delivered from a whole army of ghosts by the great bell of the cathedral. Thus Longfellow poetically records it:—

" I have read in some old marvellous tale,
Some legend strange and vague,
That a midnight host of spectres pale,
Beleaguered the walls of Prague.

" Beside the Moldau's rushing stream,
With the wan moon overhead,
There stood, as in an awful dream,
The army of the dead.

" White as a sea-fog, landward bound,
The spectral camp was seen,
And with a sorrowful, deep sound,
The river flowed between.

" No other voice nor sound was there,
No drum, nor sentry's pace;
The mist-like banners clasped the air,
As clouds with clouds embrace.

" But when the old cathedral bell
Proclaimed the morning prayer,
The white pavilions rose and fell
On the alarmed air.

" Down the broad valley fast and far
The troubled army fled;
Uprose the glorious morning-star—
The ghastly host was dead!"

Many a terrible conflict with demons had St. Anthony, as the legends say, during his long eremitical life; and he is commonly represented in the figures drawn of him carrying a bell in his hand, or suspended from his staff. The foolery was exposed by Latimer in very happy style at the Reformation. "I tell you," said he, "if the holy bells would serve against the devil, or that he might be put away through their sound, no doubt we would soon banish him out of all England: for I think, if all the bells in England should be rung together at a certain hour, there would be almost no place but some bells might be heard there, and so the devil should have no abiding place in England."

The passing-bell grew out of the superstition noticed. It was rung when persons lay a-dying, in order to chase away the evil spirits, supposed to be hovering near the bed-side of the patient, waiting to take captive the liberated soul, and ready to engage in a fray with good or guardian angels, for its possession. Scenes of this kind seem pictorially displayed in some of the oldest remains of Etrurian if not of Egyptian art. Dissociated from its original purpose, the passing-bell was retained for some time after the Reformation, and tolled to excite the living to pray for the person about to depart. Often must its tone have sounded sadly upon the ears of the party most directly concerned in the event, with those of friends and relatives. But instances of remarkable composure are on record. In 1567, when Lady Catherine Grey was dying in the Tower, she overheard the governor say to an attendant, "Were it not best to send to the church for the bell to be rung?" and immediately replied herself, "Good Sir Owen, let it be so." The usage has long been abandoned; and belfries are confined to the announcement, either that a death has actually occurred, as in the instance of the notable, or that a funeral is in process. We make room for a verse from Schiller.

" From the steeple
Tolls the bell,
Deep and heavy,
The death-knell!
Guiding with dirge-note—solemn, sad, and slow,
To the last home earth's weary wanderers know."

No mistake can be made by the toll sepulchral, like that which occasionally, though rarely, attended the passing-bell. Old Fuller relates the very curious case of two divines, who, while in health and strength, agreed that the survivor should preach the other's funeral sermon. An apparently mortal illness seized one of them, and the bell was set a-going. The other remarked to a visitor, as an excuse for leaving him, having mentioned the compact, "Hear how the passing-bell tolls for my

dear friend Dr. Felton, now a-dying; I must to my study," to ruminate upon text and sermon. But though nigh unto death, the sick man rallied, and actually lived ten years after, preaching the funeral sermon of him who had listened to his passing-bell.

Doleful is the sound of the death-bell, yet is it the jubilant signal of everlasting joy to many a spirit. Let the passing-bell remind us of the shortness of time, and of the need of that Saviour, to hear the glad tidings of whose grace the church-bell has so often served as a merciful invitation!

Thus far chimes have been noted respecting unmistakeable bells—those of the visible, touchable, and ponderous class. Now for some relating to the invisible and impalpable.

Delighting in the marvellous, it pleased our ancestors to suppose, with those of other nations, that no startling event could come to pass without premonitory intimations of it; and among others, a warning bell is often mentioned, under circumstances where either no actual bell existed, or there were no hands to toll it. Thus the ballad devoted to a dark domestic tragedy says:—

> "The death-bell thrice was heard to ring,
> An aërial voice was heard to call,
> And thrice the raven flapp'd its wing,
> Around the towers of Cumnor Hall."

Rogers alludes to the same fancy in lines on an "Old Oak."

> "There, once, the steel-clad knight reclined,
> His sable plumage tempest-toss'd;
> And as the death-bell smote the wind
> From towers long fled by human kind,
> His brow the hero cross'd."

Uhland has a poem called "The Lost Church," which opens as follows, according to Lord Lindsay's version:—

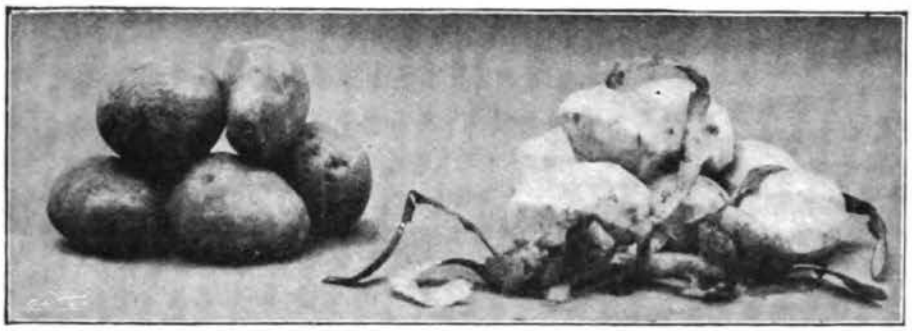
> "Oft in the forest far one hears
> A passing sound of distant bells;
> Nor legends old nor human wit
> Can tell us whence the music swells.
> From the Lost Church 'tis thought that soft
> Faint ringing cometh on the wind:
> Once, many pilgrims trod the path,
> But no one now the way can find.
>
> "Not long since deep into the wood
> I stray'd, where path was none to see;
> Weary of human wickedness,
> My heart to God yearn'd lovingly.
> There, through the silent wilderness,
> Again I heard the sweet bells stealing;
> Ever as higher yearn'd my heart,
> The nearer and the louder pealing."

There is a tradition current among the Arabs of the Sinaitic peninsula, to which Uhland seems to refer, to the effect that a monastery once existed there, which suddenly disappeared, and has never since been seen, though the bells are often heard ringing as usual, at the canonical hours. How have such fancies originated? It is a matter of common observation, that in certain moods of mind the senses are apt to be imposed upon by the sounds of nature; and the misinterpretation of realities has doubtless given birth to many a phantom bell. In the very district named, there is the mountain of the bell, *Jebel Narkous*, so called from sounds being emitted by it, sometimes resembling musical glasses, and anon like two pieces of metal struck against each other. The probable explanation is, that there are interior caverns communicating with one another, or with the atmosphere, by means of small orifices, so that any considerable difference of temperature may occasion currents of air to pass through the apertures with sufficient velocity for producing sonorous vibrations. Humboldt listened to similar music from mountains on the banks of the Upper Orinoco. Nothing is more natural, in the dense woods of Guiana, than for a stranger to imagine a belfry at hand, or, finding none, be lost in wonderment, upon hearing the snowy-white bell-bird utter its note, sounding like the toll of the curfew every four or five minutes in the depths of the forest. Very possibly, also, actual bells have often suggested the idea of the supernatural, owing to their sound travelling to enormous distances under certain circumstances, as from the shores over an unbroken expanse of sea, in favourable states of the atmosphere. On one occasion, when seventy miles from the coast, the church-bells of Rio Janeiro were distinctly heard by a ship's company.

The "Lay of the Bell!" Such is the title of the greatest of Schiller's lyrics. A reference to it will form an appropriate close, especially as the centenary of his nativity has recently been celebrated, favoured with the brightest autumn weather, November 10, 1859. There were gatherings in almost all the capitals and chief towns of *Europe* in honour of the man; and in most the poem was either recited or sung. At Stuttgart and Leipsic, foundry-men guided a cart with a bell that chimed in the procession. The piece was composed about the commencement of the present century; but two years elapsed before the final touch was given to it. Often did the poet visit a neighbouring foundry, to make himself thoroughly master of the mechanical processes which he applied to ideal purposes. The "Lay of the Bell" is the lay of man's life, depicting with equal truth and splendour the casting, completing, and uses of the bell, and the birth, progress, and duties of the human being. Sir Bulwer Lytton and Lord Francis Egerton have produced translations of it. We give the opening and closing stanzas.

> "Fast, in its prison-walls of earth,
> Awaits the mould of bakèd clay.
> Up, comrades, up, and aid the birth—
> The Bell that shall be born to-day!
> Who would honour obtain,
> With the sweat and the pain,
> The praise that Man gives to the Master must buy;
> But the blessing withal must descend from on high.
>
> * * * * * *
>
> Slowly now the cords upheave her!
> From her earth-grave soars the Bell;
> Mid the airs of heaven we leave her!
> In the music-realm to dwell!
> Up—upwards—yet raise—
> She has risen—she sways.
> Fair Bell to our city bode joy and increase,
> And oh, may thy first sound be hallowed to Peace!"

The prayer for peace was peculiarly pertinent at a time when one of the Napoleonic wars was wildly raging in Germany. Never again may the bells of our own land have to utter notes of alarm, or sound the pæans of victory, but be always jubilant of peace on earth and goodwill to men.



A Potato-Peeling Competition.

By H. G. Holmes.

THIS is an age of competition and the survival of the fittest. Individuality is regarded as the *sine quâ non* to win success. No matter what the position, from Premier of an Empire right away down to Champion Potato-Peeler of a mighty city, the struggle to reach either lofty pinnacle only varies comparatively.

Such a reflection was almost certain to occur to the spectator of one of the most novel and withal amusing contests ever organized in London.

The well-known catering firm of "Pearce and Plenty" owns the distinction of providing food on a marvellously cheap scale to a certain class of the vast London public. The number of "sausages and mashed" which the score or so of "Pearce and Plenty" establishments are daily called upon by their hungry patrons to serve over the counter is—well, appalling! Other similarly satisfactory dainties are quite beyond counting. But it will be sufficient for the purposes of this article to state that over 2,500 tons of potatoes are cooked and sold by this firm alone in a year.

Each of the many depôts of delectable dishes has its staff of lads, whose sole work throughout the day, from nine o'clock in the morning until seven in the evening, is potato-peeling. They are paid about 8s. a week, with an allowance for each hundredweight of potatoes they may peel in the six days. Pearce's employ about eighty boys to peel their potatoes, of which about fifty tons are used in a week, while some of the boys can peel 70lb. in an hour.

As an additional inducement to make nimble fingers acquire more speed, once a year there is held a competition, open to the smartest of the potato-peeling brigade. Only those who have seen the boys at work in such a contest can form an adequate idea of their dexterity.

It was on a wintry evening that the writer made the best of his way to "Pearce and Plenty's" depôt in Clerkenwell Road. It was past the hour when customers are served, and although the great hall of "'a'penny mugs and doorsteps" was almost empty, there still hovered around the place an air of activity. Attendants hurried from mysterious cupboards and passages, each laden with a huge bucket of tubers *en route* for the scene of the coming battle. Outside the doors groups of boys, competitors and their mates, waited restlessly for the signal to enter and start business. There was no mistaking the lads who had been chosen to display the activity of their muscles in the gentle art. Each carried his expectant anxiety written plainly on his features—for were not the prizes worth winning? A bright golden sovereign for the champion and five other amounts of less substantial value for runners-up.

"You'll win that quid, ole man!" each knight of the scraper was solemnly assured by his particular chums.

Soon the arena was ready, and, at a word, the boys filed in to their seats. They numbered fourteen, coming from all parts of

London, north, south, east, and as far west as Charing Cross. Not more than two boys were allowed to enter from any branch restaurant.

When they had stripped and got into war-paint they looked a smart, determined lot of youngsters. Before each were two buckets, one packed with 28lb. of potatoes "in their jackets," the other gaping open to receive the tubers peeled and ready for the boilers. A special knife, guarded to prevent wastage in peeling, was gripped in the right hand of each eager competitor. Around them on every side were visitors, come to look on and enjoy the scene. At the backs of some of the young scrapers stood a friend, ready with wise counsel and cheery chaff to encourage his "pal." Outside in the street an excited "gallery," for whom there was no entrance to the show, could be heard yelling cries of inspiration to their more favoured companions.

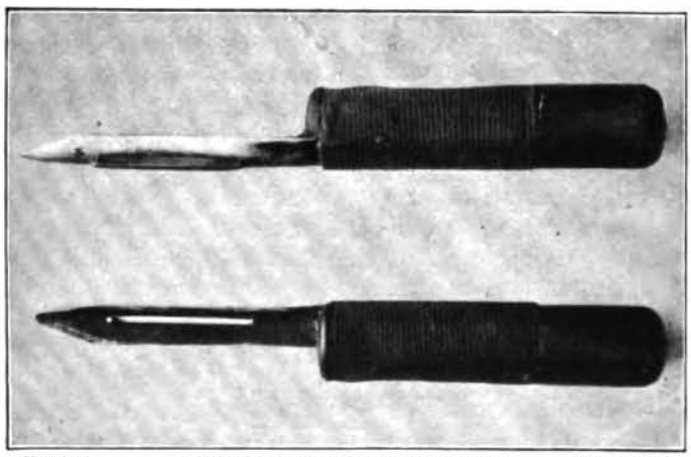
EACH OF THESE BUCKETS CONTAINS THE 28LB. OF POTATOES TO BE PEELED BY EACH COMPETITOR.
From a Photograph.

A hush came over everything as Mr. Pearce, senior, stepped into the space separating the two long rows of competitors, and read the rules. The winning of a prize not only depended on speed, he pointed out, but there were two independent judges present who would afterwards inspect the work done, and award points to those whose potatoes were well peeled throughout, leaving no "black eyes" or other blemishes.

Precisely at eight o'clock Mr. Pearce gave the word to "go!" Swift as the race-horse at the fall of the flag fourteen pairs of willing hands shot into action. The battle had begun! The invisible gallery outside, in some mysterious way becoming aware that the fun had started, cheered boisterously.

Splash — splash — splash! No sooner had the boys gripped their tubers and set their scrapers flying than it appeared to the spectators that the creamy spheres and oblongs began to drop into the yawning buckets of water that stood before every boy. The chippings of peel flew about in showers. To and fro flashed the knives in the expert hands of the young shavers.

"Splash, splash, splash!" went the peelings into the water, into which they continuously dropped from the hand that gripped another "brownie" almost as soon as the peeled one had left it. Fourteen deft young hands whirled the sharp scrapers, sending forth fourteen showers of peelings. Could they possibly keep up such marvellous dexterity throughout the entire task of a quarter of a hundredweight of "nobbly ones"? It certainly seemed to be impossible.



From a] KNIVES USED IN THE COMPETITION. *[Photograph.*

It was interesting to notice the styles of some of the various boys. Some people imagine that there is only one way of peeling a potato. There are at least half-a-dozen. A boy who moved his scraper like a needle of a sewing-machine at work, and

From a] WAITING FOR THE WORD "GO!" *[Photograph.*

who proved to be the fastest peeler in the company, gripped each potato with his left hand and placed it against a bit of board fitted into the top portion of his apron, just below the neck. Holding the potato firmly against the board, he scraped inwards with a stroke as unerring as a steam-hammer. A large potato, weighing 2lb., passed through his hands in 4 3-5sec. This youngster's dexterity in extracting "eyes" was wonderful. A few taps of the point of the knife, and hey, presto! "eyes" flew about the place like a hailstorm. This youth, whose name is Hazell, and who came from Pearce's Lambeth Hill branch, must prove an excellent example to his fellow-peelers.

From a] THE CONTEST IN FULL SWING. *[Photograph.*

Another style of peel-removal to be seen was the holding of the potato firmly against the lower part of the bent right knee, scraping inwards. This position gives more leverage

to the arm, but necessitates the bending of the body, the operator being almost doubled up. Such a style must prove ruinous to the physique of a young lad if practised through-

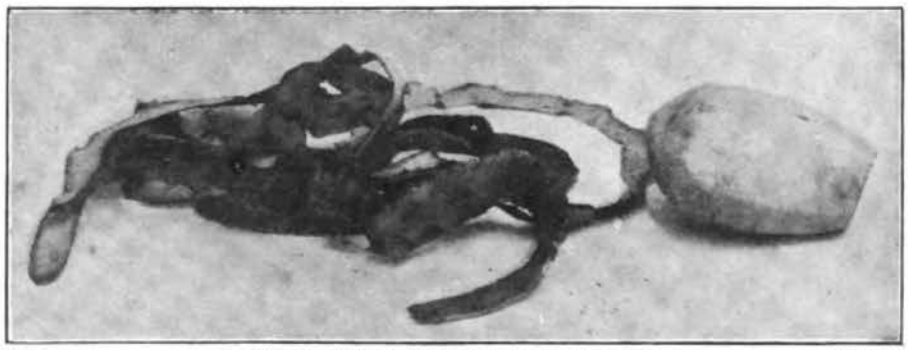
THE POSITION ADOPTED BY J. GODDARD, THE FIRST PRIZE WINNER.
From a [*Photograph.*

THE POSITION ADOPTED BY W. PRITCHARD, THE SECOND PRIZE WINNER.
From a [*Photograph.*

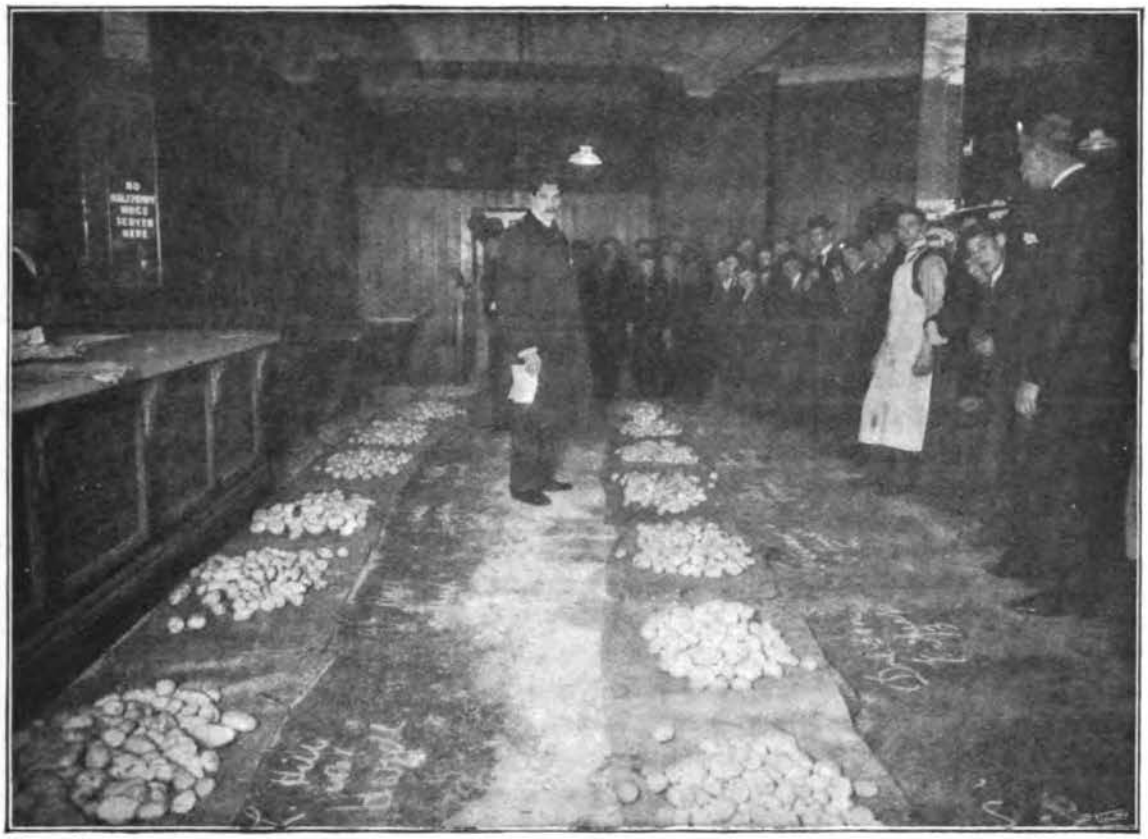
out the length of a working day. It gained the boy a first prize, however, so it is certainly rapid and cleanly.

Another dexterous style is to hold the tuber upon the upper portion of the leg, paring outwards to the right. The style chiefly practised during the evening by many of the boys was the old-fashioned method—adopted with success by the second prize winner—of gripping the potato in the left palm and paring the peel towards the wrist. Others held the "nobbly ones" in the left hand and pared outwards as a man whittles a stick.

There was tremendous excitement amongst the competitors, and a yell from the invisible "gallery," when the boy Hazell, with a triumphant chuckle, turned his empty bucket upside down and shouted, "Done, sir!" He had peeled 28lb. of potatoes in 18min. 25sec. Truly, a wonderful spell of work. His face was scarlet and the perspiration streamed from his brow as he finished. As, however, his peeling hardly came up to the standard of cleanliness, he was only allowed the third prize. The second boy, Goddard, of Victoria Hall depôt, completed his 28lb. one minute and a half later, the others follow-



From a A POTATO PEELED BY THE FIRST PRIZE WINNER. [*Photograph.*



From a] THE JUDGE DECIDING ON THE BEST-PEELED HEAP. *[Photograph.*

ing at intervals varying from one to five minutes.

When all had finished, each boy's work was turned out for inspection by the judges, who duly decided that for excellence in clean peeling, irrespective of time occupied, J. Goddard, of Victoria Hall, was entitled to first place, and W. Pritchard to the second.

Although there was no band to play "See the Conquering Heroes Come" as Goddard and Pritchard made their way to the street, they received a vociferous round of applause from the combined forces of the invisible "gallery" and the visitors.

J. GODDARD, FIRST PRIZE WINNER (ON THE RIGHT), AND W. PRITCHARD, SECOND PRIZE WINNER.
From a Photograph.

The writer desires to acknowledge the courtesy of Mr. Pearce in enabling the accompanying photographs to be taken under difficult circumstances.

WASHABLE GOLD EMBROIDERY.

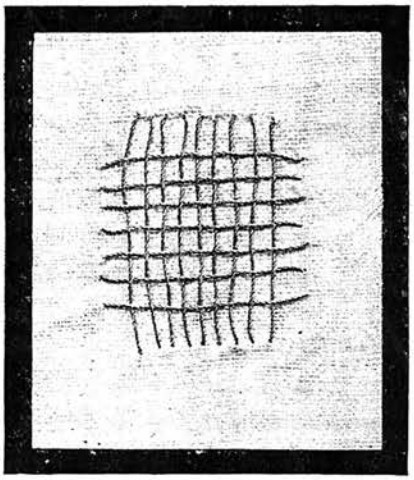


FIG. 1.—DARNING WITH GOLD THREAD.

ONCE the prejudice against the use of tinsel upon linen and cotton materials is removed, there are many effective and handsome embroideries to be executed with the new washable gold thread, but the best advice I can give those who are proposing to employ this thread is, "See that you get it," as the advertisements say. It is not every shop that supplies this particular make of gold thread, and in many places, owing more to the ignorance of the shop assistants themselves than to a desire to impose, the purchaser is put off merely with a finer make than usual of the Japanese or Chinese threads. By the exercise of a very small amount of intelligence it will be seen that these threads cannot possibly bear any rough wear, much less washing, for many of them are made simply of gilded paper twisted over a core which is cotton in the commoner sorts, silken in the better. Of course the first time this is wetted, the paper becomes reduced to pulp. The washable gold thread, when closely examined and unravelled at the end, will be found to consist generally of three strands, which, when they are untwisted in their turn, will be seen to be composed of a very slender metal wire wound round a silken or cotton core. The Comptoir Alsacien de Broderie, of 15, Avenue de l'Opéra, Paris, and late of New Bond Street, supplies a specially good make of these washable threads, which generally costs about twopence or threepence a yard, according to the number, there being three sizes. The postage of sample skeins costs but little. It is very pure, and so can be depended upon never to tarnish unless brought into contact with sulphur. For this reason it is better to employ it upon linen that is unbleached rather than upon such as is dead-white in tint, as the chemicals used in the bleaching are very apt to disturb the brightness of the metal. To use with this, the same firm provides spangles which are also guaranteed to wash, and, as everyone appreciates a certain amount of brilliancy in fancy work, they are likely to become very popular on embroidered tea-cloths, table-cloths, dainty serviettes, pillow shams, and sideboard slips.

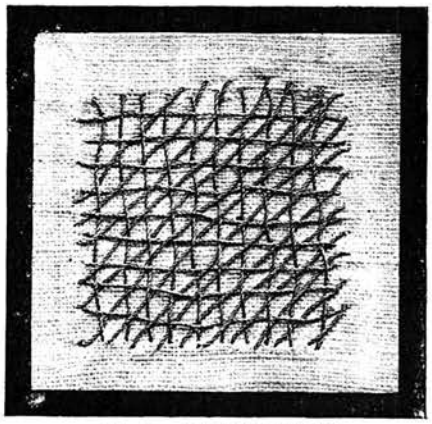


FIG. 3.—LACE DARNING.

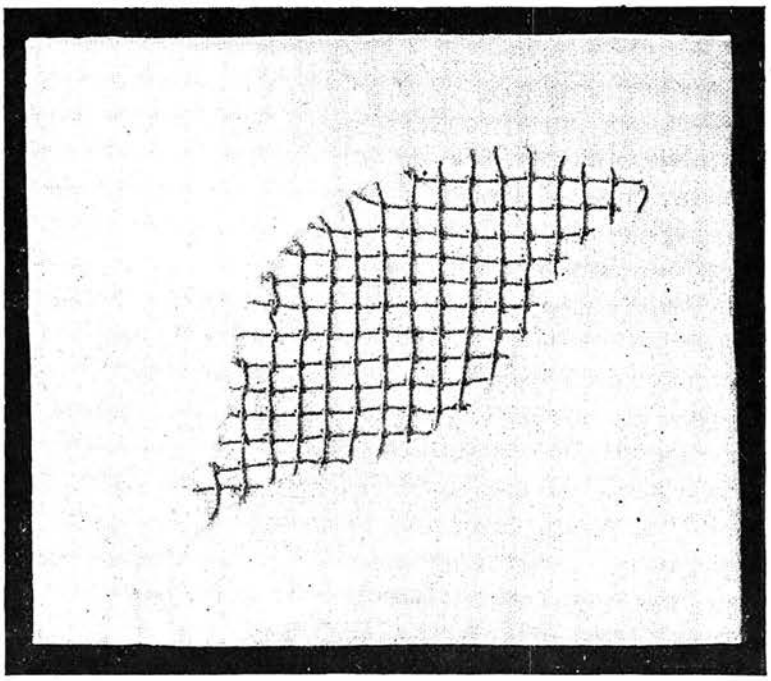


FIG. 2.—SIMPLE LATTICE STITCH.

Turning now to the use of the tinsel threads, I will give first a few details of the stitches for which they are most suited. There is the ordinary lattice-work darning (Fig. 1), which serves as a filling for almost any size and shape of design. The strands may be put nearer together or further apart, as desired, according to the size of the pattern, the lattice being sometimes large enough to admit of a small spangle being sewn in the middle of each square. Then there is the lattice given in Fig. 2, where an agreeable touch of colour is added by the stitches which secure the strands and in the French knots which may be placed, if space permits, in the middle of each open space. In Fig. 3 is given yet another form of darning, in which three sets of threads are interlaced instead of two. The two sets of horizontal and vertical threads are here laid first,

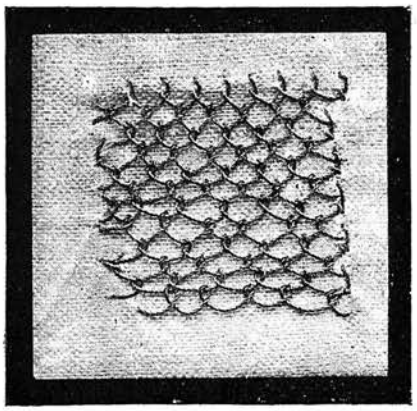


FIG. 4.—POINT DE BRUXELLES.

and are crossed with lines taken across them diagonally. All these varieties of a simple stitch lend themselves as well to the filling of a ribbon-like design as to that of any particular leaf, scroll, or flower, and, when evenly executed, an uncommon appearance is given to the work, as of a gold gauze ribbon among the more solid portions of the

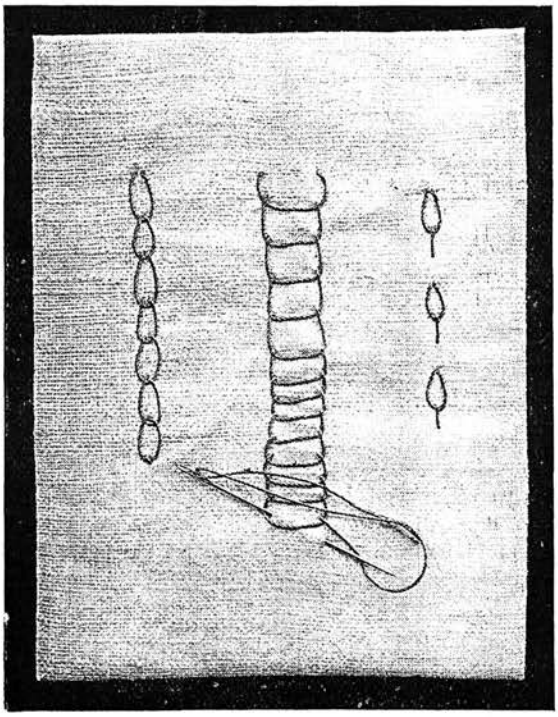


FIG. 5.—CHAIN, OPEN STEM, AND PICOT STITCHES.

embroidery. It is a pretty idea also to use one gold strand only in the darning, and to alternate this with a thread of colour.

Few fancy stitches are more effective than the simple lace filling, point de Bruxelles, given in Fig. 4. Most workers know how to work this, but when gold thread is employed, it must be left even looser than when silk or cotton is used. Instead, too, of taking each buttonhole stitch through the linen, it is better only to catch it through those in the preceding row, securing, of course, the end loops in the usual way. Should the work seem at all likely to slip out of place when thus executed, it is easy to catch the gold down here and there with an invisible stitch of gold-coloured horse-tail silk. Chain-stitch loosely worked answers well in gold thread, because the wiry nature of the tinsel allows the stitches to set well open, like miniature rings upon the work. A few chain-stitches are worked towards the left of the detail in Fig. 5, and picot stitches, which are executed in the same way, are given at the right. Open stem-stitch, as in the middle of Fig. 5, is similar to chain-stitch and more effective in certain positions. It is worked somewhat in the same fashion, but, as shown in the example, the needle is put into the loop, and brought across diagonally at the back of the work. Some little practice is needed to get the stitches all of the right degree of tightness, but they may be placed quite close together, as shown in the lower end of the detail, or far apart, as at the top. They may also be worked of almost any width. Hence the stitch may be employed for broad stems, for narrow leaves and petals of flowers. In leaves that are wide

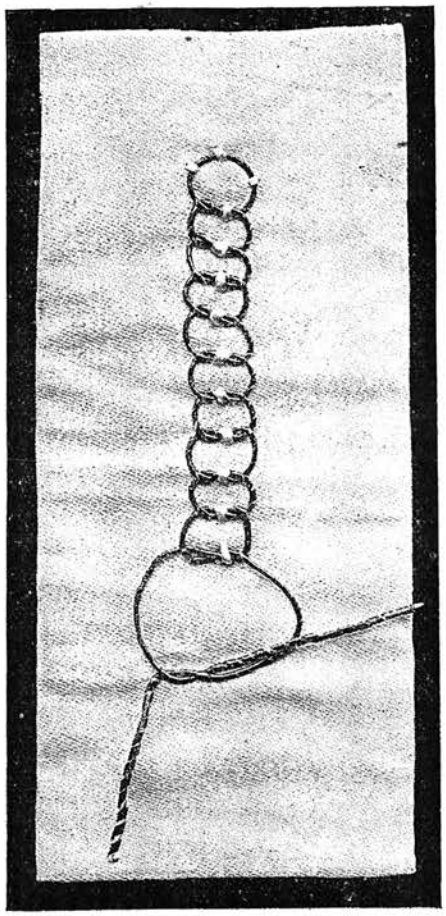


FIG. 6.—THE LINK STITCH.

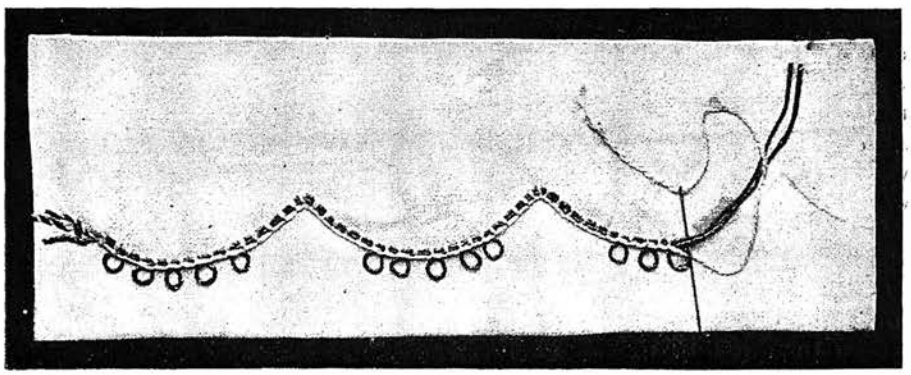


FIG. 7.—SCALLOPS EDGED WITH PICOTS.

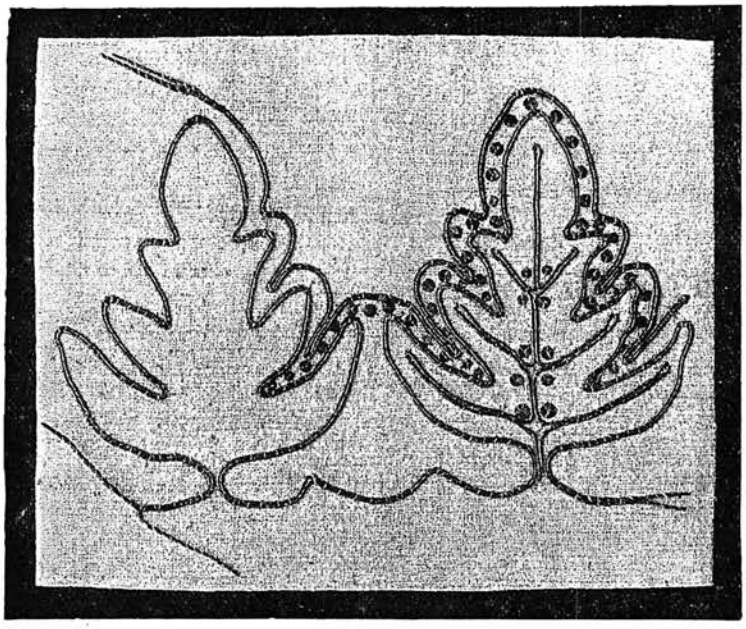


FIG. 8.—BRAIDING DESIGN EXECUTED WITH SPANGLES AND GOLD THREAD.

enough to allow of it, a great improvement may be made by running three lines of darning down the middle by way of veining, and if the stem-stitches are rather wide, these will help to keep them in place.

A very pretty and simple stitch, for covering narrow stems and straight bands along the edge of a piece of work, is that in Fig. 6. To work it, it is advisable to pin out the material taut to a heavy cushion or to execute it in a frame. Use two strands of gold, and sew down the ends about a quarter of an inch apart, but side by side. Then take a thread in each hand, and tie them once as if an ordinary knot were to be made. Draw up the tie till it is about a quarter of an inch from the beginning of the work, and, after seeing that it is even on each side, catch it down with a stitch worked with gold-coloured horse-tail silk. Then make a second tie a quarter of an inch from the last ; sew this down, and continue till sufficient are made. Some care is needed to get the links exactly even and all the same size, and twisted in the same direction, but otherwise there is little difficulty in the matter. A variation may be made by leaving larger spaces between the rings, and sewing a spangle in the middle of each.

A pretty way of finishing off the edges of a tea-cloth, or almost any other piece of work, is given in Fig. 7. A series of scallops is traced on the material, and these are followed with a double line of gold caught down with button-hole stitches which are worked from left to right. In the middle of the scallop the outermost strand of gold thread is twisted into five loops. To do this, after making a button-hole stitch, give the strand a turn to make the loop of the size required and support it under the thumb of the left hand while a button-hole stitch is made close to the loop and on the right hand side of it. This holds it down firmly to the linen. Make another button-hole stitch in the ordinary way, and then another picot, or loop. In the example there are only five picots for the sake of clearness, but they may, if desired, be placed along the whole curve of the scallops, the two which set in the angles between two scallops being interlaced. The button-hole stitches, if worked tolerably close together, give a sufficiently firm edge to the embroidery to enable the linen to be cut away beyond it, when the picots have a very pretty lace-like effect.

Many of these stitches have to be worked by drawing the thread through the material instead of couching it down upon the surface, as is the case with the coarser makes of gold. A large round-eyed needle is required, and not too great a length of tinsel at the time. Also, as it does not very readily slip, only a very short piece of thread need be drawn through the eye of the needle ; then if this becomes chafed, and breaks in its passage through the linen, merely a small piece need be cut off when the needle is re-threaded. Economy, even in such a minor way as this, tells in the long run when a large piece of work has to be executed. The ease with which the thread can be drawn through the material enables it to be used for a great variety of the fancy stitches generally worked with silk or flax.

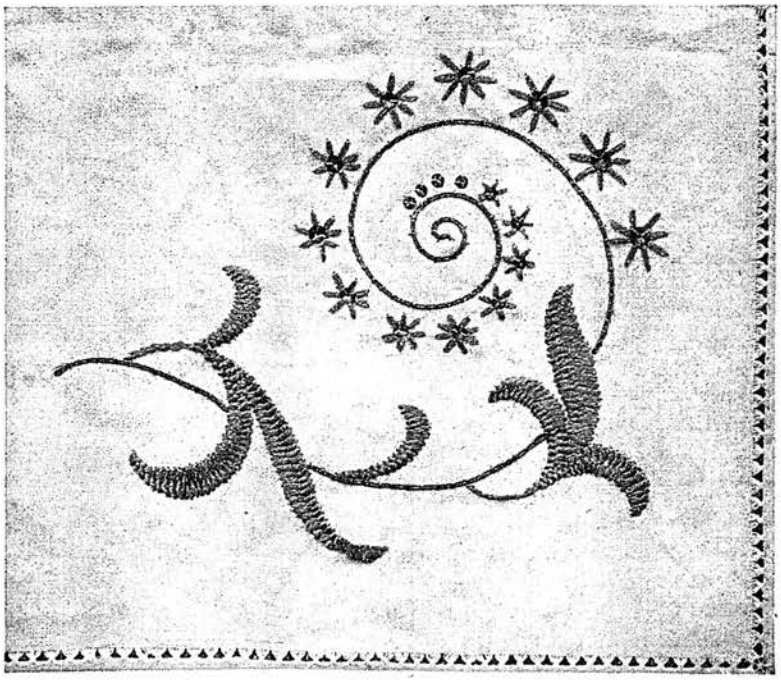


FIG. 9.—TRAY-CLOTH WORKED WITH WASHABLE GOLD THREAD AND INGRAIN FILOSELLE.

A particularly easy way of getting a good effect by the use only of gold thread and spangles is shown in Fig. 8. Here a double strand of tinsel is simply couched down to the material, a design somewhat similar to many used in braiding being selected, and having sufficient space between the outlines to allow of sprinkling the ground with spangles. A good selection of fancy articles traced for working in this way is always to be had from the Comptoir, and the worker may judge whether she prefers such as are carried out merely with gold to such as are mixed with coloured embroidery of the usual kind. Sometimes the metal is itself sewn down with a colour, the stitches being only large enough to cover the two strands exactly. The spangles are generally caught down with three stitches carried over the edge, and through the hole in the middle. The largest spangles require four of these stitches, or they will be apt to curl up at the edges when they have been in use for some little time.

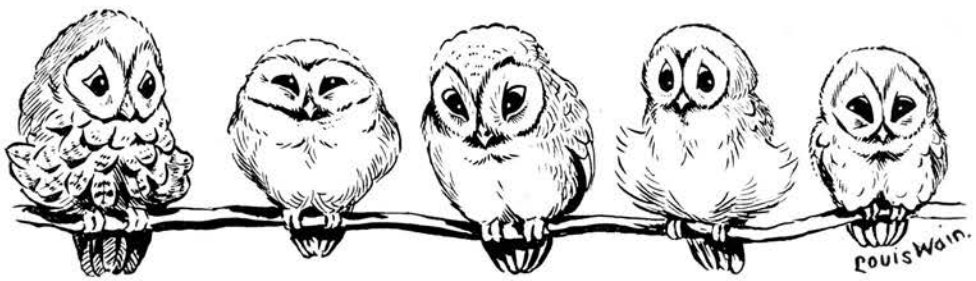
FIG. 10.—DAMASK OUTLINED WITH GOLD THREAD.

An example of the use of the washing gold thread with ingrain filoselle is given in Fig. 9. The tray-cloth shown here is one of those to be had at any fancy shop—in this case of Messrs. Vicars and Poirson's design—and has a pattern traced on it that was specially well adapted to the work now under consideration. All the longer stems are followed with a double row of gold, and the little stars that are dotted about the sprays have each a spangle by way of centre. The design requires that these should be graduated in size, and where they near the tip of the spray the smallest of all are used by themselves without any encircling stitches of silk.

Another pretty embroidery that may be done with these threads is the outlining of the designs on damask. This is a style of work that has been very popular when carried out with silk or flax threads, but a set of fine satin damask doyleys is by no means to be despised when ornamented with a delicate outlining of gold thread interspersed with the glittering spangles. The finer portions of the design need but one row of thread, especially when the damask is of a good and fine make. In the little doyley shown here (Fig. 10) there is no convenient place for spangles, so the gold thread is used by itself. For the more slender veinings and markings of leaves and flowers the gold thread is untwisted and each strand, used separately, is worked in outline stitch in the customary fashion. The gold, from its very nature, can scarcely be expected to set as flat against the material as do silk or flaxen threads, but the work will not be injured by being pressed on the wrong side with an iron.

Yet another washing fabric for gold embroidery is single-thread canvas; and beautiful and artistic handkerchief sachets, book-covers, and other things can be made to look very "old world" and quaint if the gold is mingled with good and subdued colours of silk. The task of drawing the tinsel through the canvas is a very pleasant one.

ELLEN T. MASTERS.



SIX DON'TS FOR HOSTESSES.

In Search of "The Soul of Hospitality."

1. *DON'T invite company unless you want them to come.* This most important maxim for hostesses was burned into my soul twenty years ago and the scar is there to-day. I was visiting, by invitation, in a neighboring city for a day. My hostess gave me a cordial invitation to repeat the visit at some future time and make a longer stay, assuring me that if I would only notify her of my coming it would suit her at any time to receive me.

It chanced that the following fall a meeting of a synod was held in the city, and an uncle and aunt of mine, who were related to the lady by marriage, were to be in attendance and be entertained by her. Knowing of my invitation my aunt urged me to go at this time, and in an evil hour I consented. The plan was for them to go one day in advance of me and announce my coming.

I arrived just before tea-time, full of pleasant anticipations; but alas! No sooner had I entered the house than I found I was an unwelcome guest. Without overt rudeness my hostess contrived to show me by every word and act that my coming was an indiscretion, and when she began in my presence to plan changes in the sleeping arrangements to accommodate me the indiscretion took the proportions, in my eyes at least, of a crime.

I doubt if there was ever a more forlorn and wretched being than I was for the hour that intervened before supper. I was in a strange city, with no friends upon whom I had stronger claims than upon these, and the last train was gone. A strange feeling of shame prevented my asking advice of my aunt, who I found years afterward was much mortified at the result of her indorsement of the invitation.

Of course if I had been then as old as I am now I should simply have said, "I see that your house is filled and that it is inconvenient for you to entertain me at this time. I will go to the hotel for the night." And then *I should have gone.* But the thought of going to a hotel at night in a strange city does not come naturally to a girl of eighteen who has never been to one alone in her life, and I felt that there was literally nothing to do but to accept the grudging hospitality for the night and go home in the morning.

I had little appetite for the elaborate supper to which we sat down. How much I would have enjoyed a slice of bread heartily given! My host was very polite to me and treated me during the meal with a kind courtesy for which I felt in my forlornness almost pitifully grateful.

Supper over, we all went to church. I heard little of the sermon for I was too much occupied with plans to escape going back. At the close of the service a lady and her two daughters, residents of the city, whom I had known formerly, came directly to me and after a cordial greeting gave me a most pressing invitation to go home with them. The lady said, in her kind, motherly way, "Now, my dear, we have more claim on you than Mrs. B. has, and she really must give you up to us. I will arrange it with her."

It was an inexpressible relief! I could have put my arms around her and cried from excess of gratitude. Here was a deliverance! Here was somebody that wanted me! To this day I never hear that good lady's name without a rush of love and tenderness in my heart.

I "arranged it" with Mrs. B. by saying simply that I had been invited to go with the other lady and had accepted. And a more charming visit I never had. I have been back to that city many times since, and twice have been invited to dine with Mrs. B. but I *have never been able to accept the invitation.*

I know now that it was an inopportune time to make a visit; that a general invitation should not have been expected to cover this particular case, and I have often wondered that my mother allowed me to go. But, after all, what right had this woman to betray me into such a position with her false proffers of hospitality? If she didn't want me, why did she ask me to come? The trouble, I think, was just here. When she gave me the invitation it was sincere, but when it was accepted the conditions had changed and her feelings had changed with them. The moral is this: Never give an invitation unless you are sure of your feelings under all circumstances.

I said this little episode left a scar. I never hear an invitation of this kind given without wondering what the reception would be if it were accepted at an unfortunate time. It is a sad thing to make distrust begin at eighteen!

2. *Don't give general invitations, but if you do, don't recall them.* There is a most admirable custom in some parts of the country of specifying the date and length of time for which an invitation is given. This obviates all doubt as to whether it "will suit," and all fear of overstaying the time and thus wearing out the welcome. Moreover, such invitations, sent early enough to be of use, are much more apt to be accepted than those of the "glad-to-see-you-at-any-time" kind. I have a friend in a distant State who writes to me when she finds I am contemplating a visit, "I shall expect you to spend at least two weeks with me," and I find that I begin to plan the summer's visiting around that two weeks—because it is definite.

There is a feeling among some persons that this is limiting one's hospitality. It really is only bringing it to a focus. Such an invitation is a good thing for both guest and hostess; it gives the former an opportunity to plan her visit in accordance with her hostess's convenience (a thought which will immeasurably enhance the pleasure of it) and it sometimes saves the latter from the infliction of a much prolonged visit, or oftener from one of undefined length.

There is another custom prevalent in some parts of the country, while almost unknown in others, of postponing at one's own pleasure the visit of a friend. One lady writes to another, in response to a general invitation, "I shall be with you on Thursday next for a week's visit."

Her friend, having in view the house cleaning which she had planned for that week, replies, "It will not be convenient for me to entertain you at the time you have set. Can you not postpone the visit for a time?"

It may be that the would-be visitor is so situated that a postponement means a relinquishment, but there is one comfort, the house is cleaned at the calendar time!

Where this is practiced it is considered a perfectly legitimate way of dispensing hospitality, but it must be confessed that to those unaccustomed to it it seems at first rather a cold-blooded performance. Of course there are times when it is only just to the guest as well as one's self to decline a visit. No right minded person would feel at all comfortable knowing that she had inconvenienced the family. But in regard to such trivial pretexts for changing the plans of a guest, the question naturally arises, Why should I ask to my house a person for whom I would not willingly postpone my wash-day or hurry up the semi-annual cleaning? Would it not be better to give fewer general invitations and do less recalling, thus lessening the quantity but improving the quality of our hospitality?

3. *Don't make hard work of entertaining.* There is a certain amount of labor involved in every visit received, but it may, by good management and a right conception of what hospitality is, be reduced to the minimum. If we could once get hold of the idea that what our visitors want is not our fine surroundings nor our loaded tables, but

ourselves, it would do much to lessen the work of entertaining. Where the hostess spends her time concocting elaborate dishes that the cook could not manage alone, the guest must have a feeling that her coming has brought labor and weariness and both will be inevitably though perhaps secretly glad when the visit is at an end.

If, instead of this, the hostess had prepared for her visitor as much as possible before she came, and then, making up her mind to have simple, home cooking, had settled herself to enjoy the visit and let the visitor enjoy her, how much better and more restful it would have been,—and how much truer hospitality! Not only do we overdo in the matter of cooking, but sometimes of entertainment, as well. A story appeared recently which illustrates this. A city niece was entertaining two elderly country aunts. Determined that nothing should be left undone that could be done for their comfort and pleasure she gave them rich dishes which their simple habits had not prepared them to stand nor their simple tastes to enjoy. She dragged them, exhausted but heroically compliant, to park, zoological garden, picture gallery, and music hall; and finally wound up by giving in their honor a formal reception, than which a more trying ordeal could hardly be devised for two retiring, timid old ladies? How much wiser hospitality it would have been to have entertained them in their own quiet way and saved all this for gayer, younger guests! As it was both entertainer and entertained were worn out when the visit ended.

4. *Don't try to manage your guests.*

Some persons are born managers. With the best intentions in the world they no sooner hear a plan than they seek to improve on it, perhaps to the upsetting of several contingent plans. Such hostesses are not as agreeable as a less active kind. You promise during a visit to spend a few days with another friend in the same place. Your hostess says, "I can't let you go now; you can go later." You appreciate her pressing hospitality, but you are inconvenienced by it, notwithstanding. Or you want to return some calls, and your entertainer says, "Now this is your last day and I don't want it spoiled by having to make calls," and you go away with the uncomfortable feeling that your friend's friends will think you unappreciative or ignorant of the claims of etiquette. A better way is to leave no doubt in your guest's mind of the genuineness of the welcome and then let her make and carry out her own plans.

5. *Don't obtrude in the domestic machinery.*

A wonderfully small thing will convey an impression that a wonderfully large amount of argument will not remove. Guests are sometimes made very uncomfortable by little remarks thoughtlessly dropped in their hearing in regard to household affairs. Your hostess speaks of her immense weekly washings, and you think at once of your towels and sheets that must be added to it. She remarks that chickens are scarce and dear, and you remember with dismay that you helped to eat one at dinner. She comes in from the kitchen telling how hot and uncomfortable it is over the stove, and you wonder if she would have been obliged to be there if it hadn't been for your visit. She doesn't know that she is putting you on nettles; she means perhaps only to make you feel that you are as one of the family. She would be shocked and grieved to learn that anything she had said had given you such an impression; but still you can't help feeling that your being there is a trouble—an invited, wished-for trouble it may be, but a trouble nevertheless.

As I write of this imaginary household there arises before me in contrast a real one in which the wheels of the domestic machinery are so nicely adjusted and evenly run that you could almost delude yourself into thinking that here the work does itself. The house is put in order and you never know when; breakfast, dinner and supper, irreproachable in quality, come and go and you hear nothing about it; when one hostess (for there are two) absents herself, the other takes up the conversation, and there are no excuses for absence when the missing one returns, consequently attention is not called to it. Everything moves on smoothly and quietly, and from the moment you enter the house you get the delightful impression that things are not going to be disturbed by your coming, that they are heartily glad to have you there, and you go away saying with everybody else, "Isn't it the nicest place in the world to visit?"

One more illustration of good management: I once made an unannounced descent (owing to the miscarriage of a letter) upon an intimate friend in the country. There were four of us and we were re-inforced on the way by a brother of the lady. When we reached the house, just before dark, we found a sister-in-law, a brother-in-law and his *bride* there before us—just arrived. The house was small and the family large, and if there was ever excuse for planning before the guests this was the time. But not a word did we hear but the most cordial welcomes. Just before bedtime I said to my friend in a distressed aside, "What in the world will you do with us?" In the cheeriest possible tone she replied, "Don't trouble yourself at all about that. I have it all arranged and everybody will be comfortable." The guests certainly were, and if the family were not no body ever heard of it.

6. *Don't forget that the soul of hospitality is the welcome.*

A friend came to my house for a visit once just as supper was on the table. I was overjoyed to see her though my principal dish was *beans*. I said, as we sat down to that limited repast which I could not by any possibility change then, "If I had known you were coming I should have given you a better supper, but you are *just as welcome to my beans* as if they were scalloped oysters."

"Yes," she replied, "you are one of the few persons I know who are able to give a warm welcome *on beans*." And being sure of my feelings, do you suppose she mourned over the oysters?

We cannot always entertain as we wish to. In this democratic country we who are poor often have friends who are rich. Shall we, on account of this disparity and because we cannot entertain them in their way, deny ourselves the pleasure of entertaining them at all? Indeed, no. Let us rather give them of "the best we have in store" and with it a welcome that shall make amends for all deficiencies.

I have been entertained in homes where all the comforts that wealth could buy were lavished upon the guests, where carriages were placed at their disposal and trained servants anticipated every wish. I have forgotten the details as the years have gone by, but the memory of the welcome is as sweet and fragrant to-day as then.

I visit from time to time a country home where my hostess and her own fair daughter minister to my comfort and I am allowed to enter the simple home life of the family. The luxuries and conveniences of the city are beyond their means, but they give of their own in their own way with such free-handed hospitality, they welcome me so cordially and show me in so many ways that my stay is a pleasure to them, that I never go away from the house without feeling that I have been royally entertained. Ah! the welcome is indeed the soul of hospitality!

—Caroline H. Stanley.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

With a Review of Some Conditions Then Existing.

THE familiar lament about the "good old times" comes very readily to our lips; but were they **really** "good" for the housekeeper? I fancy that were a modern housewife carried back to the days of her grandmother, and forced to keep the house in order with the very limited conveniences possessed by her less-favored ancestress, **we would** have, from one housekeeper at least, fewer longings for the fascinating glories and comforts of those "departed days."

She would look around her in vain for electric lights; for illuminating gas, at home and in the streets. Instead of even kerosene, she would find at best sperm, and chiefly the cheaper sorts of whale oil; she might indeed be deemed fortunate if she found herself a little beyond the "good old days" of wax or tallow candles. Anthracite coal was rare; furnaces were unknown. As a matter of sentiment, open wood fires are charming, and used as auxiliary to the furnace, or steam radiator, nothing is more cheery or delightful; but forced to depend on a fireplace to heat a room of even moderate size, which of us will not confess the immense superiority of the furnace, or even the much-abused coal stove?

Not only was the average housekeeper of sixty years ago compelled to keep her house warm, and do all her cooking by means of an open wood fire, but that commonest of all modern conveniences—the lucifer match—was a thing unknown to her! Her fire once out—and we who are familiar with the perversity of kitchen fires feel certain that was no infrequent occurrence—her sole resource was the laborious tinderbox, or live coals from some accommodating neighbor. The thought of it makes one profoundly grateful that she was not her own grandmother!

Then the sewing. Not only were there no sewing machines, but in the great majority of cases the cloth itself was not only woven, but spun at home. It was somewhat better in the cities, but for some strange reason most of our grandmothers and great-grandmothers seem to have lived exclusively in the rural districts, and not only wove their own linen, but cultivated the flax from which it was made. This venerable progenitor of ours made, besides her table and bed linen, blankets and woolen cloths of various kinds,—not even throwing them away when they were worn out; but, like the thrifty soul we know she was, making them over into those hideous combinations known as rag carpets.

Then think of the infinitude of modern labor-saving inventions which the housekeeper of our day imagines she couldn't possibly do without! All of which were absolutely unknown to our unhappy forerunner. Imagine the amazement of a dear old soul of those good times of the past, at the sight of our carpet sweepers, egg beaters, hot and cold water pipes, oil stoves, and all the numberless contrivances to lighten the labors of women. She had no canned goods of any sort, and would doubtless have regarded them with contempt if she had; no condensed milk (which it is possible she was better without), no tomatoes, no ice. When on rare occasions, and with infinite labor, the old lady wrote a letter, she had no steel pen—still less one of gold, or the wonderful fountain pen—no envelopes, no postage stamps.

The difference between the food of the olden time and ours is especially striking. The well-nigh countless preparations of cereals and health foods were not yet invented. Our progenitors, by some miraculous intervention, survived enormous quantities of hot and heavy bread and biscuits, salt pork prepared in various ingenious ways, pork and beans, and buckwheat cakes, codfish—raw, fried, stewed in cream, picked and hashed with potatoes—and many similar indigestible dishes. Such was the bill of fare without change, winter and summer, in many country families. What wonder that the warm days of spring brought bilious afflictions of all sorts, and spring fevers as well?

Then it was that our busy grandmother called for help on the good old family doctor; unless in full reliance on her own long experience, she poured down the reluctant throats of our parents, appalling doses of castor oil, rhubarb, salts and senna, and—most awful of all ancient medicaments—ipecac! Sometimes these common remedies would be varied by a dose of calomel in the form of a blue pill. That was surely the day of the "survival of the fittest" or the strongest; the wonder is that any lived!

When our grandmother went to meeting—which she did religiously every Sunday, summer and winter—she never failed, in cold weather, to carry with her a little tin stove, or foot warmer, which alone kept her from literally freezing. This was filled with coals before starting, and was kept under her feet during the long service. The meeting house was a perfectly plain edifice, unadorned with any of the embellishments of modern taste in matters of church decoration; any frippery of that sort would have been regarded with pious horror. There was no organ nor any paid choir. Fancy the feelings and emotions of the old lady on entering a modern city church with its stained glass windows, its softly carpeted aisles, its glorious organ, its easy seats; and, had she chanced into a church of the Episcopal order, its robed minister and vested choir! There was no more moderation in their public worship than in their use of medicine in those days, and it would almost seem that one must have been quite as unpalatable as the other.

One long sermon in the forenoon was far from sat-

isfying their religious needs. After a cold luncheon, usually eaten in the adjacent graveyard, they hurried back to hear another long sermon in the afternoon. How much more sensible would it have been for our honored grandfather to have taken his wife and her inevitable brood of small children straight home after the first long sermon, and thus have given the old lady one afternoon's rest in the week!

If our grandmother had a taste for reading, and time to indulge it, how restricted was her choice in the literature of those days! The few newspapers of the day were dry and uninteresting, containing little save items of local, religious and political importance; families taking regularly a single paper were the exceptions. In our country magazines were almost unknown; and besides an occasional annual, more showy than useful or interesting, our grandmothers had to content themselves with the few religious books they possessed—the Old Farmers' Almanac, and the Bible.

How full must have been the days for her—not alone her everyday work, dish washing, bed making and the like, but the care of the dairy, the soap making, cheese making, and many other labors utterly unknown to her granddaughter. No wonder that she often bequeathed to her descendants to the third and fourth generations, meager proportions, feeble constitutions and nervous prostration!

But it would require an encyclopædia, rather than a brief magazine article, even to enumerate the items wherein we have so greatly the advantage over our forefathers and foremothers of the "good old times." The greatest of living poets said in his youth,

> "Surely all pleasant things have gone before
> Low-buried, fathoms deep beneath, with thee,
> No more!"

There is indeed a poetry in the memory of the past which we look for in vain in the busy, bustling present; but we are dealing just now with the practical rather than the poetic; one may indeed be supposed to hold a brief for the present as contrasted with the past of sixty years ago.

Take, for instance, the general health of the present day as compared with that of the vaunted "good old times." So materially has the death rate in the country towns of New England been reduced by modern discoveries and appliances, that the possibility is almost suggested of a millennium into which death shall only enter in the guise of euthanasia—a gradual and painless wearing out of the physical machinery.

Besides the inventions of comparatively recent days, to which reference has already been made, think of all the other labor-saving contrivances in common use; those which give us articles made of india rubber, overshoes and outer clothing; machines for threshing, mowing and reaping, for which our grandfathers knew only the clumsy flail, the slow-moving sickle, and the picturesque but laborious scythe. Consider the iron steamers, the great steam war vessels, armed with tremendous engines of destruction, the very conception of which would have appalled the peaceful farmers of sixty years ago. Think of the immense range of discoveries in the realm of philosophy and the arts; of the phonograph, the telephone, the application of electricity, and perhaps greatest of all, its use in the marvelous telegraph.

Incidental mention has been made of the furnace used for purposes of heating; think of its effect as concerns the general health, and recall those "good old days" when the artificial warming of sleeping rooms was almost unknown, and the family—little ones and all—went directly from the warm fireplace into an atmosphere unhealthily chilled and, not infrequently, dangerously damp. The scope opened to us by an analysis of the "good old days" which our grandparents thought they enjoyed, and which a certain type of the chronic croaker is often heard to lament, is indeed illimitable!

We cannot leave the subject without a glance at modern great reforms—the cure of public and social evils for which our ancient progenitors found, and scarcely suggested, any remedy. Think of the abolition of American slavery. Remember the beneficent asylums for the blind, the deaf and dumb, the idiot and the insane; the vast improvements in the system for the management of prisons and houses of correction.

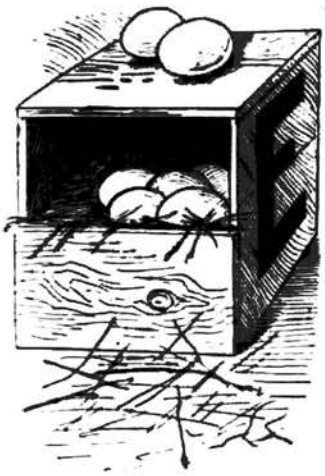
Last, but by no means of smallest concern, call to mind the blessed amelioration accomplished in the consideration and interpretation of Divine truth. Is it not indeed reason sufficient for solemn gratitude that where once the prevailing motive for moral excellence and personal piety was the fear of an angry God, the chief and noblest incentive in these better days is faith in the universal love and goodness of a Heavenly Father?

The good old days! Well, in many respects they were good, as—heaven be praised!—our grandfathers and grandmothers were good. But while human nature remains so much the same, let us, in a measure at least, be grateful for the immense opportunities of these latter and better days, which, unimproved, must leave with us a fearful weight of responsibility—us "*on whom the ends of the ages have come.*"

—Helen Russell.

EGGS FOR LENTEN DAYS.

Omelets, Salads, Pickles, Etc.



EVEN those people who have no religious principles concerning the church observances of Lent, in many cases appreciate the hygienic value of a radical change in their menu at this season. Great are the nutritious properties of eggs, and numerous the appetizing methods of preparing them. Baked or "shirred" eggs are delicious. Break the eggs into well-buttered egg cups and bake, season with pepper, salt and butter. Serve hard boiled eggs, shelled, on lettuce or parsley, or on small plates, garnished with celery leaves, placing a tiny stalk or two beside each egg.

For a novelty poached eggs may be served on well-buttered hot Graham toast. Scrambled eggs are pleasingly varied by the addition of stewed tomatoes or corn, or a different flavoring used, a little lemon juice is appetizing.

The number of omelets is legion. Peas, corn, or tomatoes, codfish, salmon, celery, oranges, onions, etc., all these may be used and the omelets are often baked instead of fried.

Roman Omelet.

One teaspoonful of butter, four tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, a few leaves of parsley and shallot, chopped; nutmeg, and two tablespoonfuls of white wine. Stir these ingredients constantly. As soon as the cheese melts, break and stir in five or six eggs. Have a slow fire. Garnish with parsley. To a plain omelet add celery and parsley or bay leaves, chopped.

Omelet.

The yolks of six eggs with two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, vanilla; beat. Now beat the whites and mix both parts of the eggs together, fry in hot butter that has not browned, and roll. May be served with jam, and have powdered sugar sifted over it.

Our Spanish friends, as well as many Americans, enjoy the following:

Spanish Omelet.

Chop a very little garlic and fry in olive oil. Add one cupful of sliced mushrooms and one-half cupful of stewed tomatoes, pepper and salt. Spread the above combination on a plain omelet just before folding over. Serve very hot.

Eggs may also be scalloped. One method requires a layer of bread crumbs, then one of sliced, cold, hard boiled eggs; repeat, and finally bake, adding pepper, salt, parsley or celery salt, and a generous allowance of butter. In place of butter a white sauce is suitable. And the eggs are sometimes scalloped with alternate layers of sliced mushrooms.

Curried Eggs.

Slice and fry two small onions, then add two cupfuls of stock and two teaspoonfuls of curry powder. Cook a few minutes, thicken a half a pint of cream and cook again. Then slice six or seven hard boiled eggs into the curry and simmer gently.

Eggs with Mushrooms.

Cut into halves a can of mushrooms. Stew the mushrooms in a little hot butter ten or twelve minutes, season with pepper and salt. Next drain and place the mushrooms in a shallow baking dish. "Break sufficient eggs to cover over the top." Scatter a few bread crumbs over these, dot with butter, pepper and celery salt. Bake a very few minutes.

Stuffed Eggs.

Cut in two hard boiled eggs. Remove the yolks and "rub" and mix thoroughly with a little sage or thyme, pepper, salt and butter. Next refill the eggs, pour over a generous amount of melted butter, and stand in the oven several minutes.

Egg Salad.

One cupful of chopped cold potatoes, pour over it three tablespoonfuls of hot vinegar, seasoned with white pepper, cayenne, mustard, salt and butter. Five eggs boiled hard. Slice the whites first and remove the yolks. Make a dressing for the salad. Arrange a layer of lettuce, add the potatoes, drained. Place tastefully the "egg rings," and over all pour the dressing.

Devilled Eggs.

Boil the eggs until very hard, shell and cut a small piece or "cover" from the small end. Remove the yolks and prepare them by mixing thoroughly with pepper, salt, lemon juice, a little mustard and oil. Put the mixture into the eggs.

Pickled Eggs.

Cut hard boiled eggs in two lengthwise. Mix a little melted butter, pepper and salt, with plenty of vinegar, and pour over the eggs.

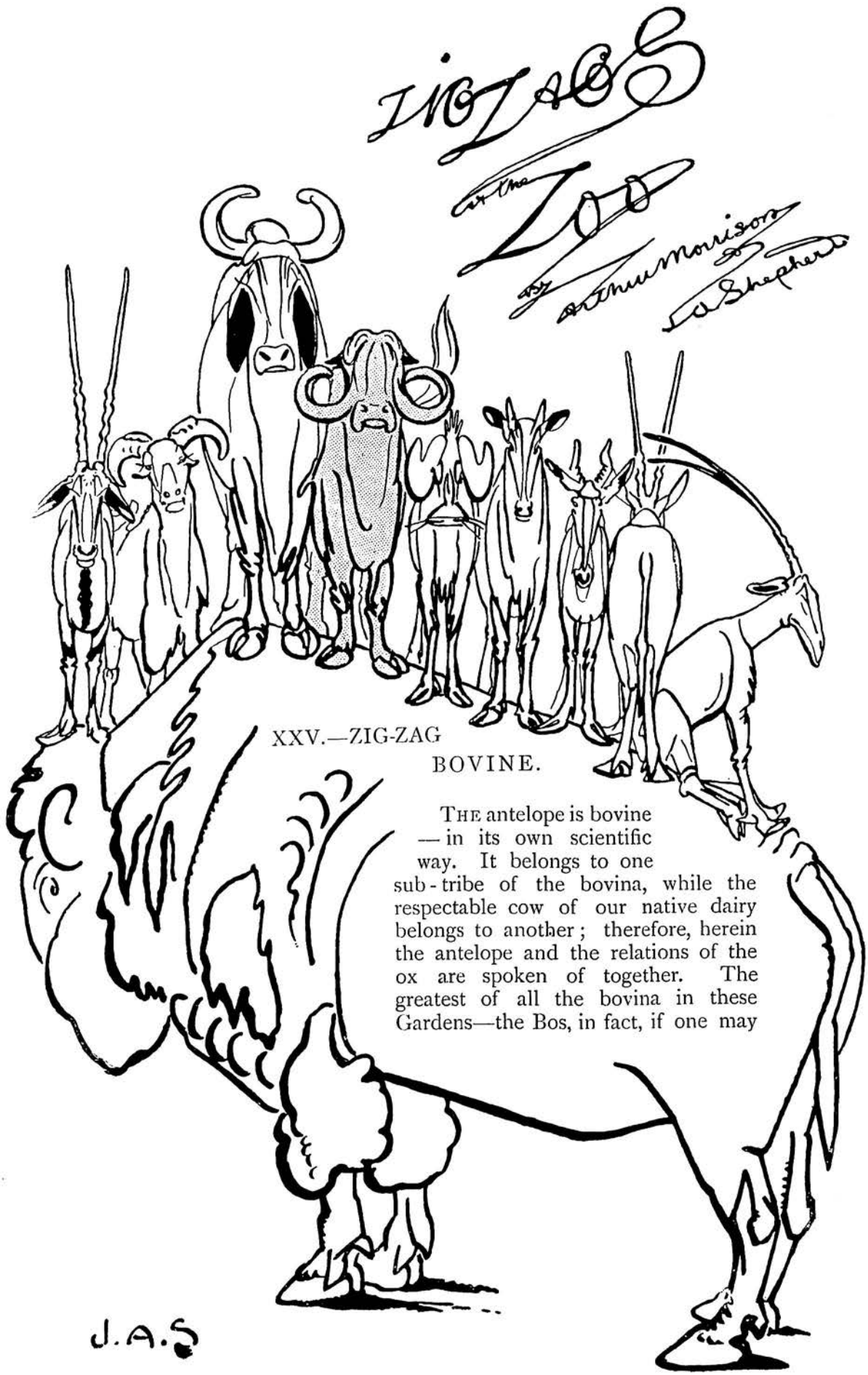
—Adele K. Johnson.

Original in GOOD HOUSEKEEPING.

IN BUYING FURNITURE, TABOO

Shams.
Soft woods.
Fanciful shapes.
Showy ornament.
Tables without sturdy legs.
Glittering brass bedsteads.
Lamps that are not to be lighted.
Sofas that are not low and broad.
Pretentious low-priced sideboards.
Heavy dining chairs without casters.
Screens that are not actually needed.
Over-stuffed furniture in small rooms.
Easels if there is room to hang pictures.
Dining chairs with arms for small rooms.
Wood bedsteads with towering head ends.
Chairs that are not comfortable and strong.
Gaudy upholstery, cheap fringe and brass nails.
All furniture that is not simple in design and well made.

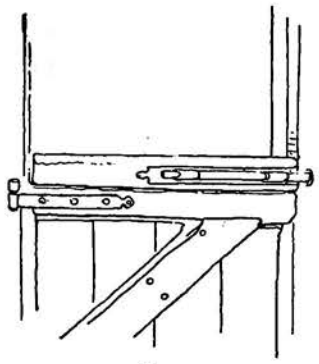
—K. B. J.



XXV.—ZIG-ZAG

BOVINE.

THE antelope is bovine — in its own scientific way. It belongs to one sub-tribe of the bovina, while the respectable cow of our native dairy belongs to another; therefore, herein the antelope and the relations of the ox are spoken of together. The greatest of all the bovina in these Gardens—the Bos, in fact, if one may



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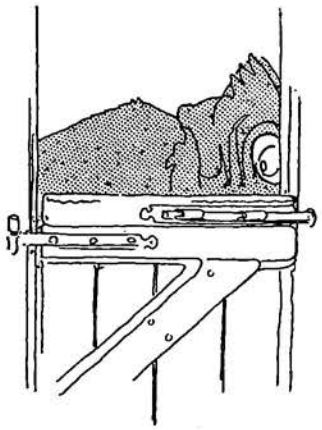

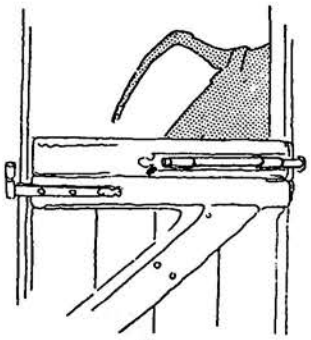

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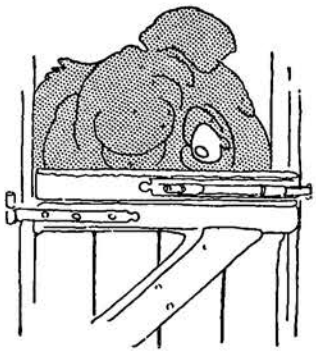
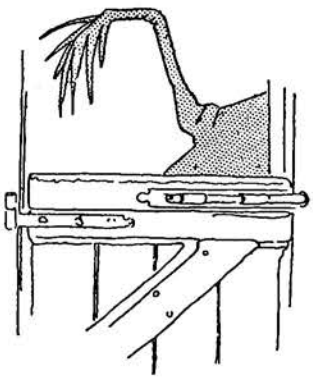


4.

make a Yankee-Latin pun—is Jack, the American bison. There is a deal of beef behind Jack's skin, and dear beef, for there will never again be seen such another bison as Jack, and he is worth a deal of money. The bison which once paved the prairies with many miles of beef is now all but extinct—soon will be.

Jack is not as friendly as he might be. I cannot claim to have slapped Jack on the back, as I have slapped many creatures that may seem wilder than any mere cattle. As a matter of sober truth, Jack is about the most dangerous brute in the place. In the course of the preparation of this paper he has been found a disconcerting animal to sketch — if the attempt be made from the door of his residence, while he takes his walks abroad in his front garden. For he has strong opinions in the matter of trespass, and turns them over in his mind as he stalks past, afterwards communicating them to



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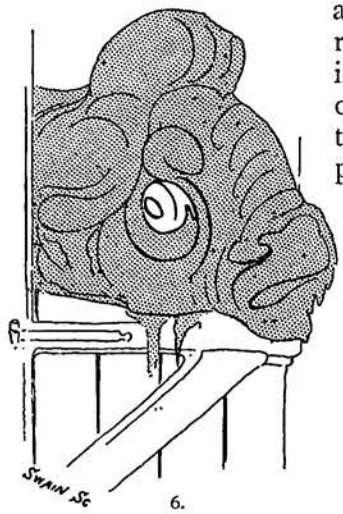

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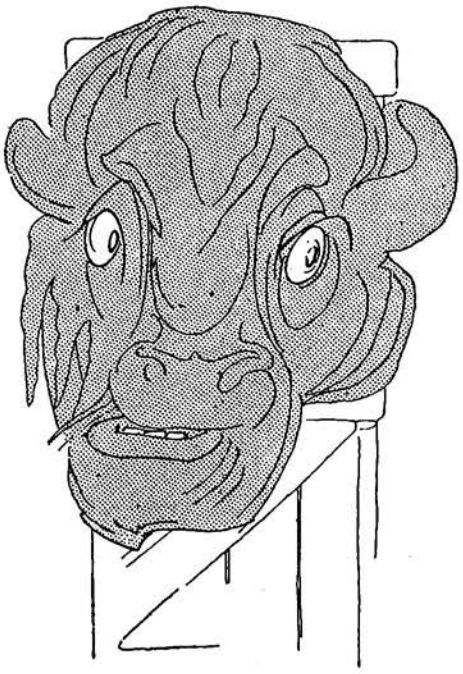
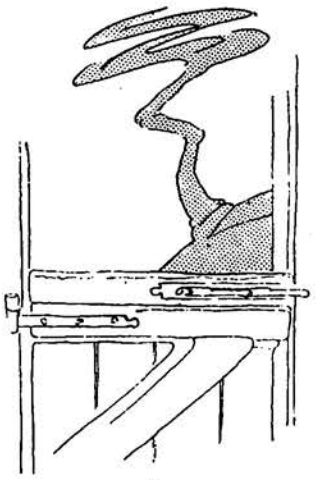
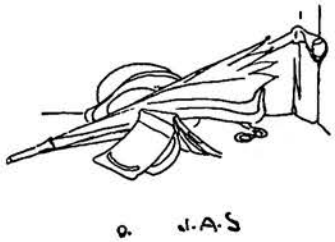
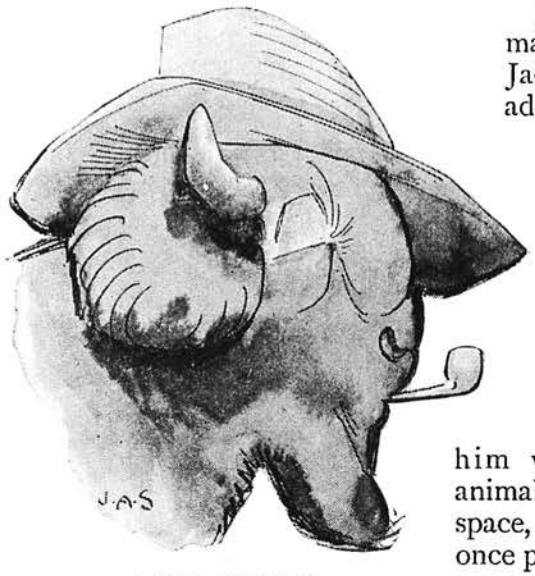




7.

the trespasser by sundry glares of the eye, brandishings of the tail, sudden approaches of the spacious countenance, and threatening snorings; so that often the trespasser is fain to fall in with Jack's opinions suddenly, and get out without wasting time on ceremony or picking things up.





A SHAM BOHEMIAN.

Jack is not amiable, even to relations. It is all a matter of space. Among his other strong opinions Jack has one, especially strong, on the question of adequate breathing and exercise area for a healthy bull. Anything smaller than the space here at his disposal he regards as unhealthy for more than one animal, and is apt to maintain his opinion by indisputable demonstration. Place him with another animal in a restricted space, and you will at once perceive that the arrangement is extremely unhealthy — for the other animal. Jack puts down his head, and in a very little while his companion will probably be found dead from overcrowding. The most fatal sort of overcrowding I know of is Jack's. His front garden is of a size that satisfies his notions, and he willingly allows the presence of Nell, his spouse, and a calf; but if either of these ventured into his private sanctum behind, she would be overcrowded to a pulp in five minutes.

CLERKLY ATTENTION.

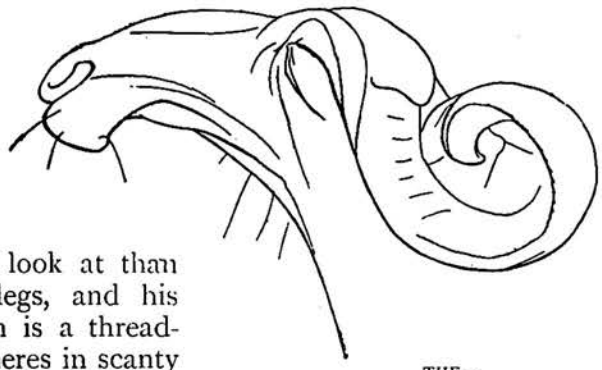
Jack's outline—if you forget the tail—is grand,

A SERIOUS PERSON.

but his constant attitude of readiness to deal with a question of overcrowding gives him an air of clerkly and impartial attention, ignominiously suggestive of the Civil Service. His shaggy head, though, inclines him more to the aspect of the sham Bohemian. Still, however his appearance may strike the individual fancy, there is no doubt possible of the fact that he is for ever absorbed in profound meditation. Mere questions of air-space and overcrowding, I am convinced, affect him with only a passing interest. In general he is pathetically brooding, with bowed head, over his nearly approaching extinction. Not that

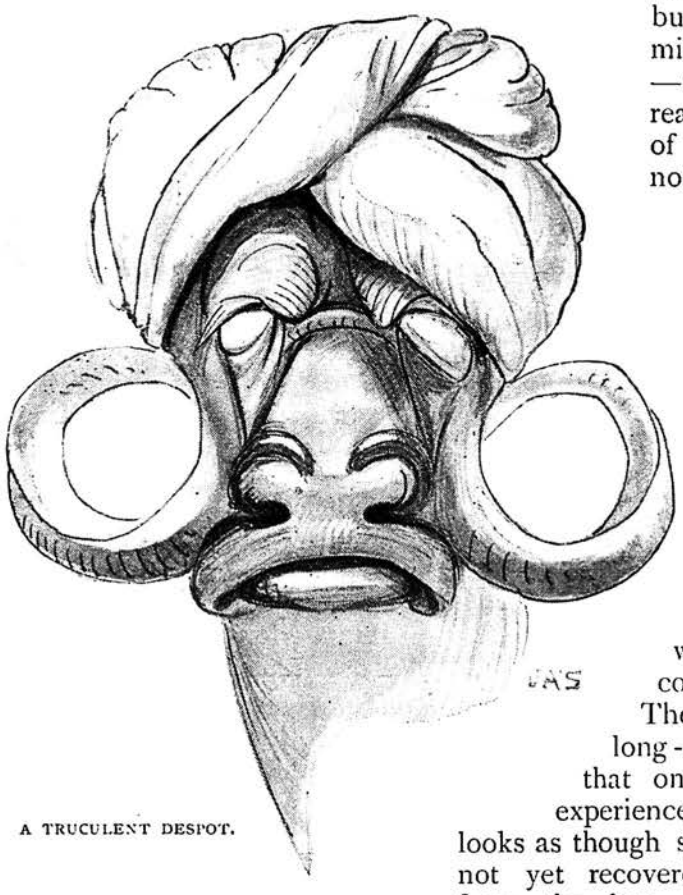
DOOMED.

extinction is an unpleasant fate—for is it not a rare and envied dignity? But he laments that he will drag into nothingness with him the last fragments of the old joke about the Indian resolved on skinning the bison to make his wigwam, and the bison making the Indian's wig warm without waiting to be skinned.

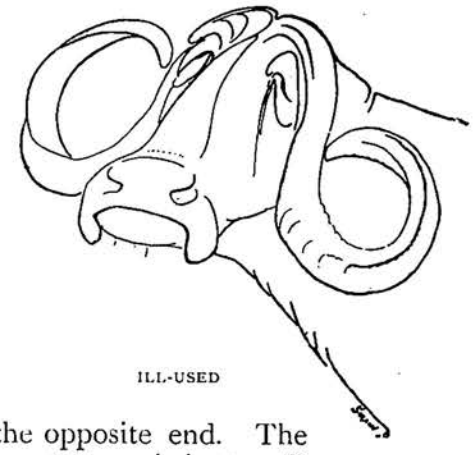


THE—

Jack's fore-end is by far more imposing to look at than the rest of him. He has neat, well-bred legs, and his steely muscles fill his skin well; but that skin is a thread-bare piece of upholstery, and the nap only adheres in scanty patches. I would respectfully suggest to the authorities that a new skin for Jack (of good quality and permanent nap) be included in the next estimate for repairs. If, at the same time, the question of a new tail were considered, something would have been paid of the large debt of gratitude owing to the ox tribe for the many things—shoe-leather, horn coat-buttons, some part of what we buy for milk, ox-tail soup, beef-tea, and bull's-eyes—that it gives to suffering humanity. Jack really does want a new tail. He grew out of the present small fitting long ago, and now it presents a ludicrous want of balance with the opposite end. The commonest pump is better off.

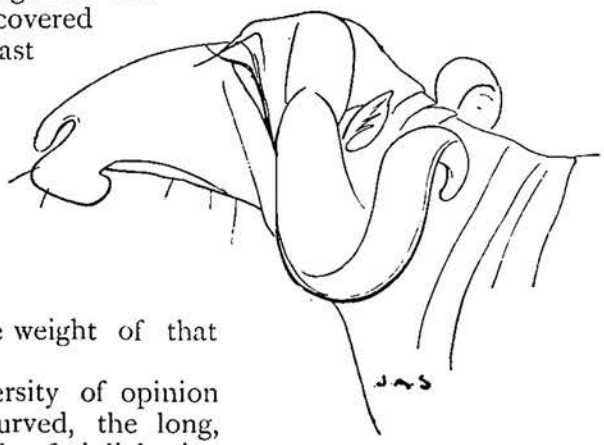


A TRUCULENT DESPOT.



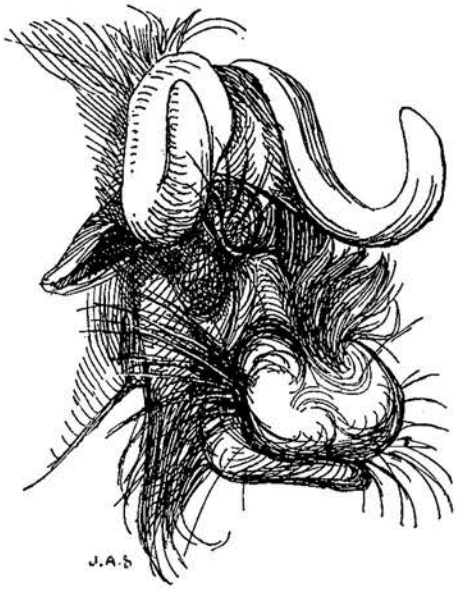
ILL-USED

The Indian buffalo, close by, is such a long-suffering and melancholy-looking cow that one immediately infers bad matrimonial experiences. She looks as though she had not yet recovered from the last connubial thrashing. Fortunately her husband is somewhere far away in Asia — and a truculent despot he probably is. For tearfully and mournfully as his ill-used spouse regards you, it would be inadvisable to tempt her too far in the matter of overcrowding. It is a sad and a pathetic face, but I shouldn't like it to hit me full-butt in the stomach with all the weight of that wealth of Bengalee cow-beef behind it.



WIFE.

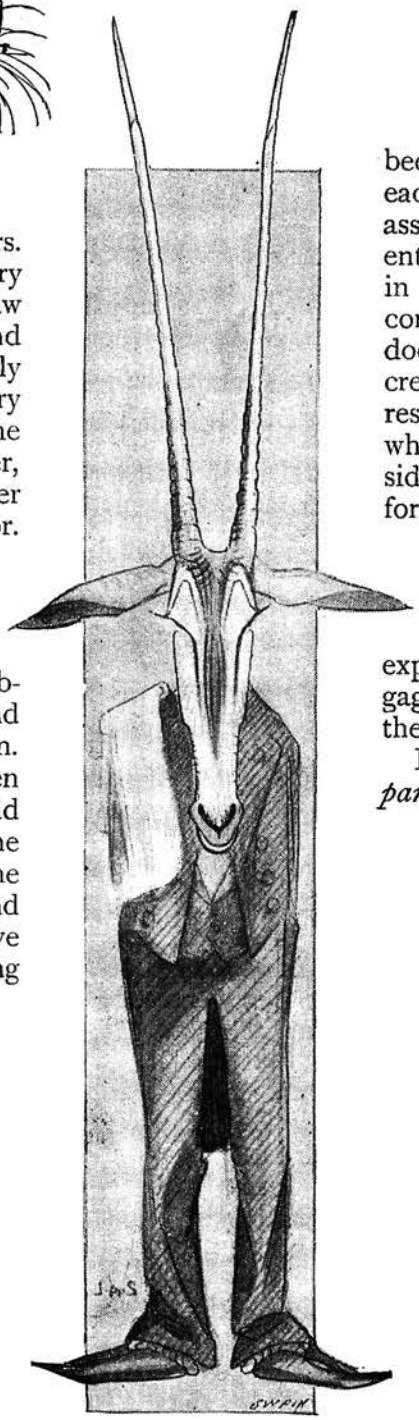
Over in the antelope-house there is a diversity of opinion in the matter of horns. The straight, the curved, the long, the short, the regular, the barley-sugar, and the fork-lightning

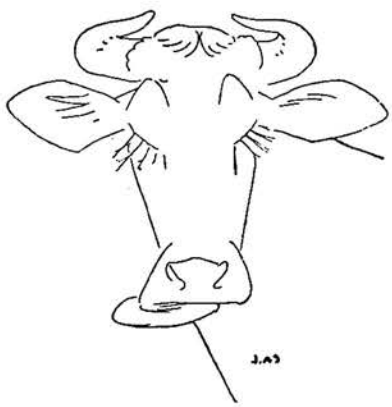


ANIMATED JOKES—THE GNU HUMOUR.

pattern—all have their wearers. And every antelope is very serious—no antelope ever saw a joke. They meditate and take life with the melancholy characteristic of the solitary waiter who is left here at the refreshment-rooms all the winter, to make strange visitors wonder what he is being punished for. All but the gnus. The gnu is an animated joke in himself, and is apt to be struck by a sudden remembrance of his own absurdity, and to go tearing round his paddock enjoying the fun. The gnu seems to have been built by way of using up odd scraps of material after the completion of the bull, the horse, and the donkey; and his fore-end and hind-end have an eternal air of never having been properly introduced to each other, and of each loudly asserting that the other is an entire stranger, like two hatters in adjoining shops with "no connection with the shop next door." Still, the gnu is not a creature of even temper, in this respect resembling the nylghai, whose repartee to any ill-considered joke is apt to take the form of an awkward drive in the ribs. The nylghai is a well-groomed looking fellow, who perpetually chews the cud at double express speed, as though engaged in a perpetual match for the ruminating championship.

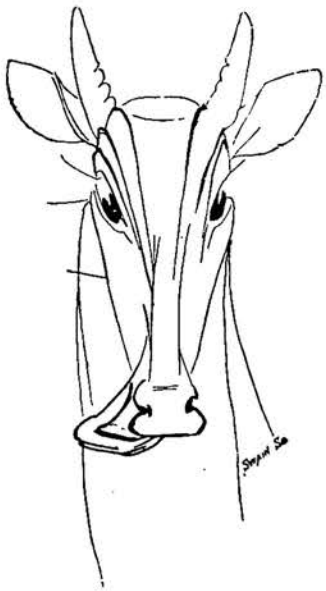
But the low-comedy merchant *par excellence* of this department



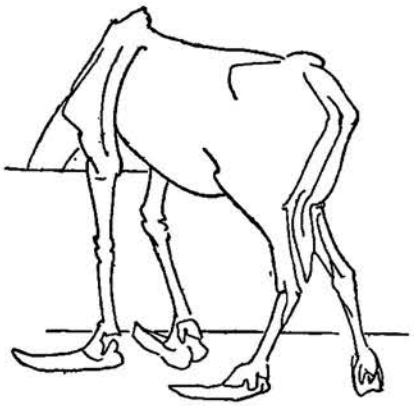


A MERE PLATER.

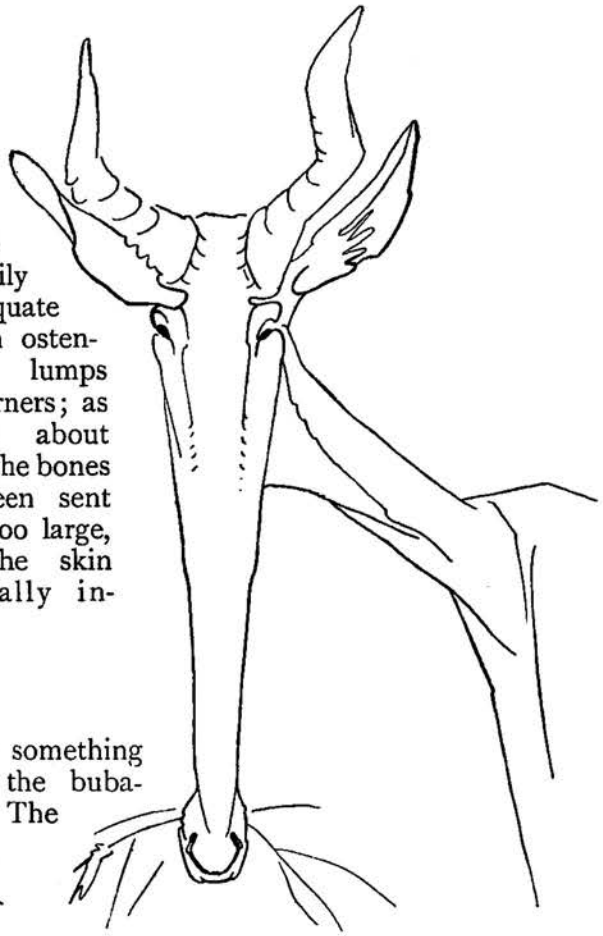
MELANCHOLY.

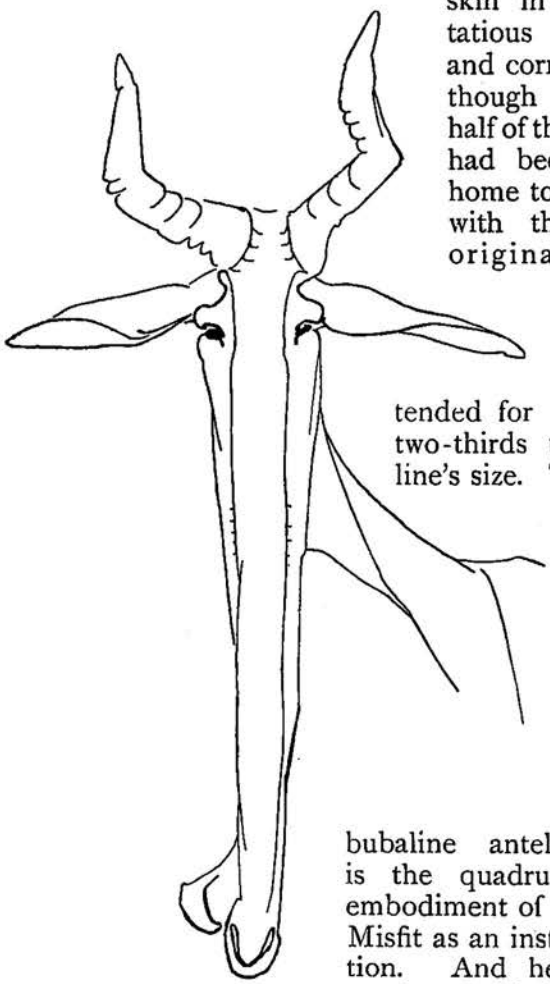


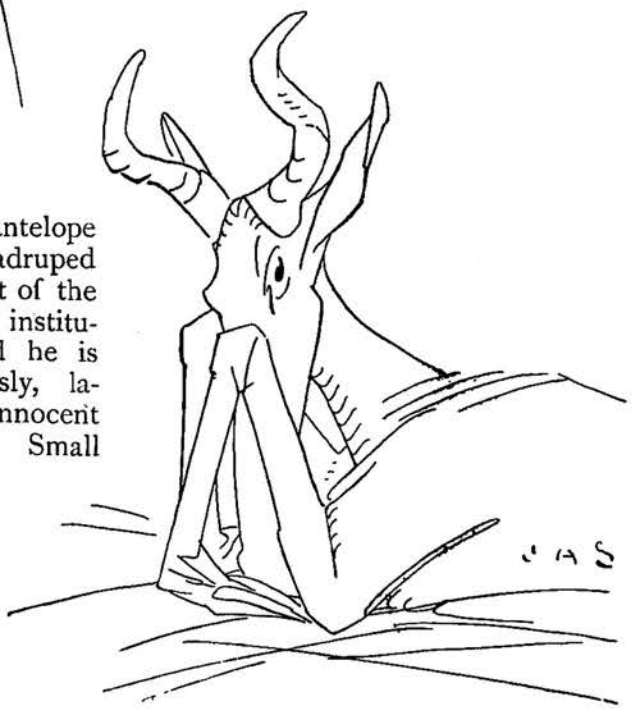
THE CUD CHAMPION.



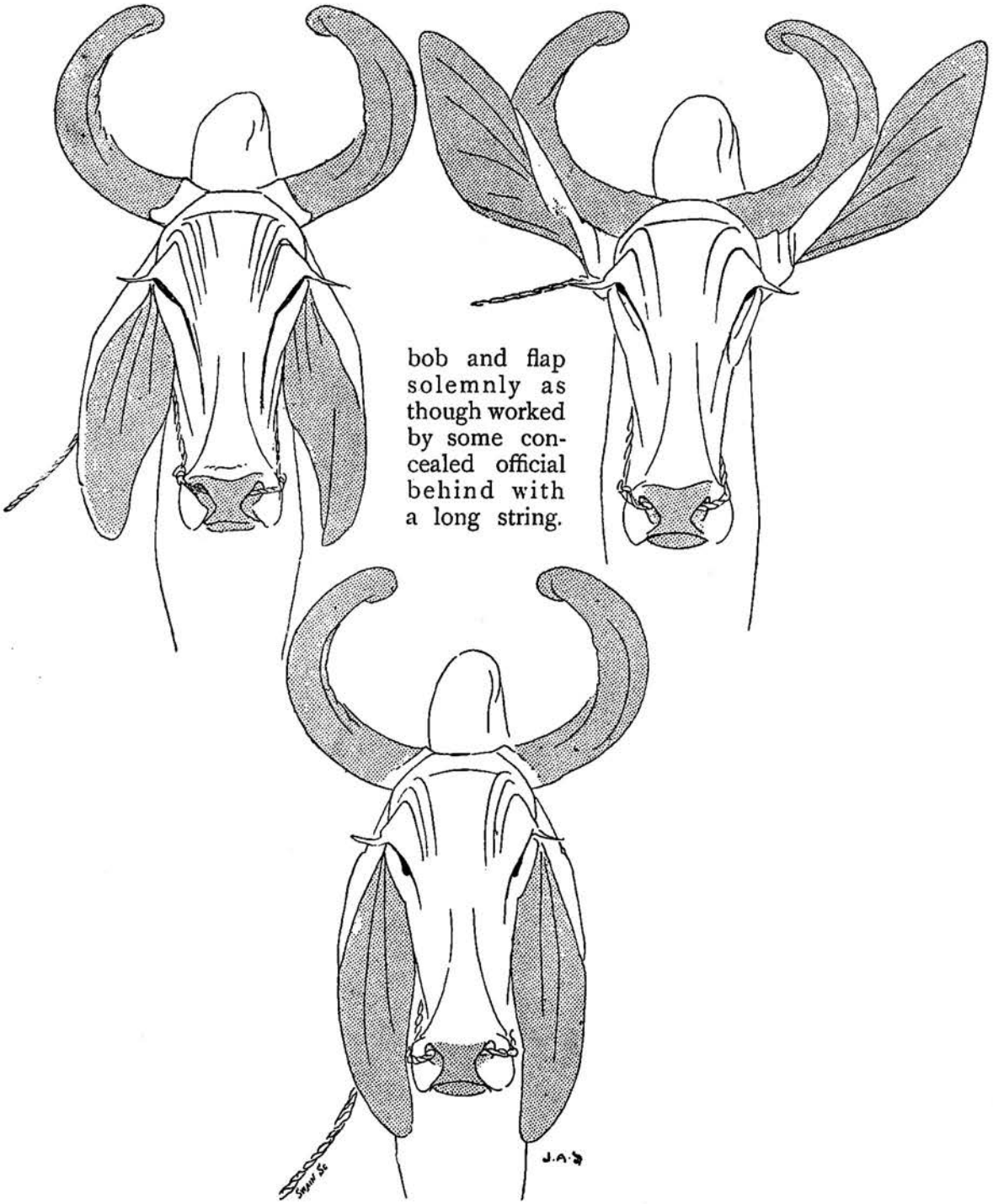
is the bubaline antelope. His hoofs spread out before his shins like long boots, his horns are of the loudest thunder-and-lightning pattern, his ears are of the wildest donkey-design, his head is that of a cheap tack-hammer, and his nose—but, there; there is no describing that nose—it puts the ant-eater to shame. His bodily framework asserts itself through the inadequate skin in ostentatious lumps and corners; as though about half of the bones had been sent home too large, with the skin originally intended for something two-thirds the bubaline's size. The bubaline antelope is the quadruped embodiment of the Misfit as an institution. And he is so hopelessly, lamentably innocent and unconscious of his eccentricities! Small boys stand before his den and scream with laughter; the bubaline looks at them with a mild and grieved surprise. He has heard hundreds of visitors laugh like that, and could never understand why it was done. What can it be? Any animal with a sense of humour







would at least cover up that nose. Over in the house where once the giraffes lived, solemnly ruminate the stately zebus. The zebu is a grand piece of scenery, and looks as though it might carry with it some excellent cuts of beef. But it is not active, and only its ears betray the fact that the whole thing is not stuffed. And those ears



BANANAS.

OF LARGE FOOD VALUE AT LOW COST.

THE banana has long been known as a tropical fruit in this country and counted among the luxuries of life, yet its more important use, that of a food, has received but little attention in modern times, though it was in common use for this purpose in the early part of the sixteenth century, and in tropical countries it takes the place of our cereals, forming a very important food. Its composition is about the same as the potato, and like that esculent it is an imperfect food by itself, but very valuable in combination with something more nitrogenous, such as lean meat or fish. Prof. Johnston says that in tropical America six and a half pounds of the fruit, or two pounds of the dry meal with a quarter of a pound of salt meat or fish form the daily allowance of a laborer. It is said to yield a larger supply of food than any other known vegetable, from a given amount of land, and according to Humboldt a space that would yield four hundred and sixty-two pounds of potatoes or thirty-eight pounds of wheat would produce four thousand pounds of bananas, which makes it a valuable crop to cultivate. After the tree bears one bunch of fruit it dies down and others spring up around it, but a single bunch weighs sometimes from seventy to eighty pounds, though the average quantity from a tree is but thirty to forty pounds. It is the bread of the tropics, for while unripe the fruit is filled with starch cells. In this state it is dried in the oven, when it tastes very much like bread and will keep a long time. When the fruit ripens the starch changes to sugar and it becomes sweet as we eat it. Some sages have thought the banana and not the apple caused Adam's fall, poets even perpetuating it through ages, as for example,

"Fruit like that
Which grew in Paradise, the bait of Eve,
Used by the tempter."

A recent writer has said that "the banana, when ripened in the tropics, possesses the flavors of all other known fruits, and when fully ripe it fills the air with richest scents." They have become a very important article of commerce, the imports of the banana having in a few years nearly trebled. Some years since a consignment of four thousand bunches was thought a large cargo, but now steamers are constructed to carry this fruit alone, and from eighteen to twenty thousand bunches is an ordinary load. Importing them in such quantities has tended to reduce their price and from selling at fifty cents to one dollar the dozen, they are now within the reach of the smallest purse and can be bought from twelve cents a dozen to twenty-five, the latter price being for large fine ones. As their cost is low, and their food value large, they should often appear on the table in various forms, so that we can increase the variety that gives zest to appetite, and yet makes the change that is so desirable to prevent one from feeling surfeited, from even too much of a good thing. They are good for breakfast or at dessert when they are ripe, in their natural state, or for a change in banana sponge, a salad, jelly, etc.

Banana Sponge.

Soak one ounce of Cooper's gelatine in a pint of cold water ten minutes, add to it the juice of one lemon and a half pint cupful of granulated sugar, set over the fire and stir until the gelatine is thoroughly dissolved,—it will take but a couple of minutes if put in a shallow pan. Do not let it boil. Strain through a wire sieve into an earthen dish and set away to get cold; if in winter weather, out of doors. Take three bananas, whip them to a fine cream with an egg beater, whip as stiff as possible the whites of two eggs; add to this the banana pulp and beat again until well mixed; now, if the gelatine is cold and ready to stiffen, add to it the rest, a little at a time, beating all the while with an egg beater; it should stiffen in fifteen minutes beating. Set in a cool place until wanted and serve with a custard sauce.

Custard Sauce.

Heat to the boiling point one pint of milk, then add the two yolks well beaten, two tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar and a half teaspoonful of vanilla. Do not let it boil, only come to the boiling point, and when as thick as rich cream the yolks are cooked and it is done.

Banana Jelly.

Soak one ounce (a half box) of Cooper's gelatine in half a pint of cold water ten minutes; add to this a full pint of boiling water, the juice of two lemons and a half pint of granulated sugar. Stir it well together and strain through a jelly bag or fine wire strainer. Pour this an inch deep in a mold, add a few slices of banana and set out doors in winter, in the refrigerator if summer, until it hardens, keeping the remainder in a warm place. As soon as the first stiffens put another layer of jelly and bananas, again putting away to harden until all is used. This makes a very sightly dish when served with whipped cream around the base.

Banana Jelly No. 2.

Make as above, using the juice of one lemon only and three large fine oranges. Cut the latter in half crossways, taking care to remove the inside so as to leave the skins whole. With sharp scissors cut saw-teeth around the top edge of each half. Put in each skin a spoonful of jelly and two pieces of banana and a candied cherry. When it hardens fill up each half with jelly, adding three more slices of banana and a couple of cherries. After it hardens again put a small spoonful of jelly over the top of each half, so as to completely cover the fruit. These look very handsome when done. Serve one-half to each person. Three oranges, two bananas and one lemon, with five cents' worth of candied cherries from the confectioner's will be the fruit required.

Banana Jelly No. 3.

Another variety of this fruit jelly is to make as in number one, then peel and cut crossways in thin slices three oranges, quarter each slice, peel and slice three bananas, and when the jelly is cold put a layer of oranges on it, one of bananas, then the jelly and proceed as before.

Banana Fritters.

These are very fine. Beat with an egg beater the yolks of two eggs light, then add, cut in pieces, two large bananas or three small ones, and beat again until the two are mixed to a light pulp; now add a teaspoonful of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of melted butter, a scant half cupful of milk, the whites of the two eggs beaten stiff and a cupful and a half of flour with a scant teaspoonful of baking powder. Beat all well together with an egg beater. Drop from a spoon in deep hot fat and fry a light brown. They should be like a puff-ball. Serve with a whipped sauce.

Whipped Sauce.

Beat to a cream a half cupful of butter, now add to it a cupful of powdered sugar and beat well together. When this is well creamed add a few drops at a time, beating all the while, a half cupful of cream and a half teaspoonful of vanilla.

Fried Bananas.

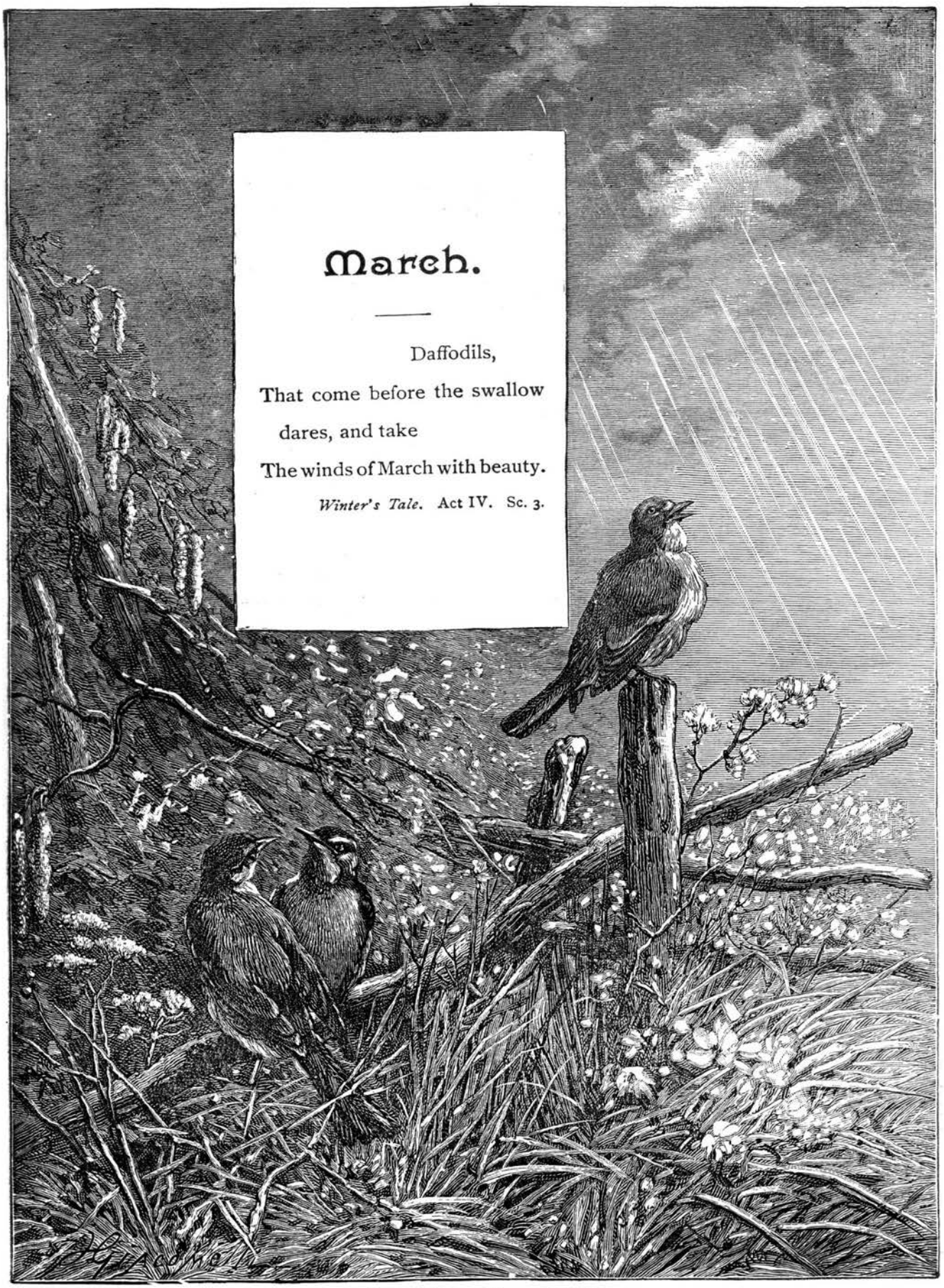
Cut in half lengthwise, mix together a tablespoonful of flour and sugar, beat an egg very light with a tablespoonful of water, dip the slices of banana in the egg, then roll in the flour and sugar and fry in deep fat a delicate brown. Sift powdered sugar over them and serve. Bananas that are rather green are very good served in that way.

Banana Salad.

This is a good dish for Sunday night tea. Cut a half dozen bananas in slices, also a half dozen oranges; mix them well together. Over all squeeze the juice of a lemon and sprinkle it well with powdered sugar.

—Emma Keeler.

WHEN we are gone
The generation that comes after us
Will have far other thoughts than ours. Our ruins
Will serve to build their palaces or tombs.
They will possess the world that we think ours,
And fashion it far otherwise.—*Longfellow.*



Logan's Home Manual, 1899

Create the Perfect Easter Greeting...

Whether you're looking for bunnies, eggs, crosses, flowers or traditional themes, you'll find them in our holiday clip-art!

victorianvoices.net/clipart/seasons/holidays.shtml

Plus, check out our gorgeous selection of printed Easter cards from Zazzle.com - visit victorianvoices.net/bookstore/easter.shtml