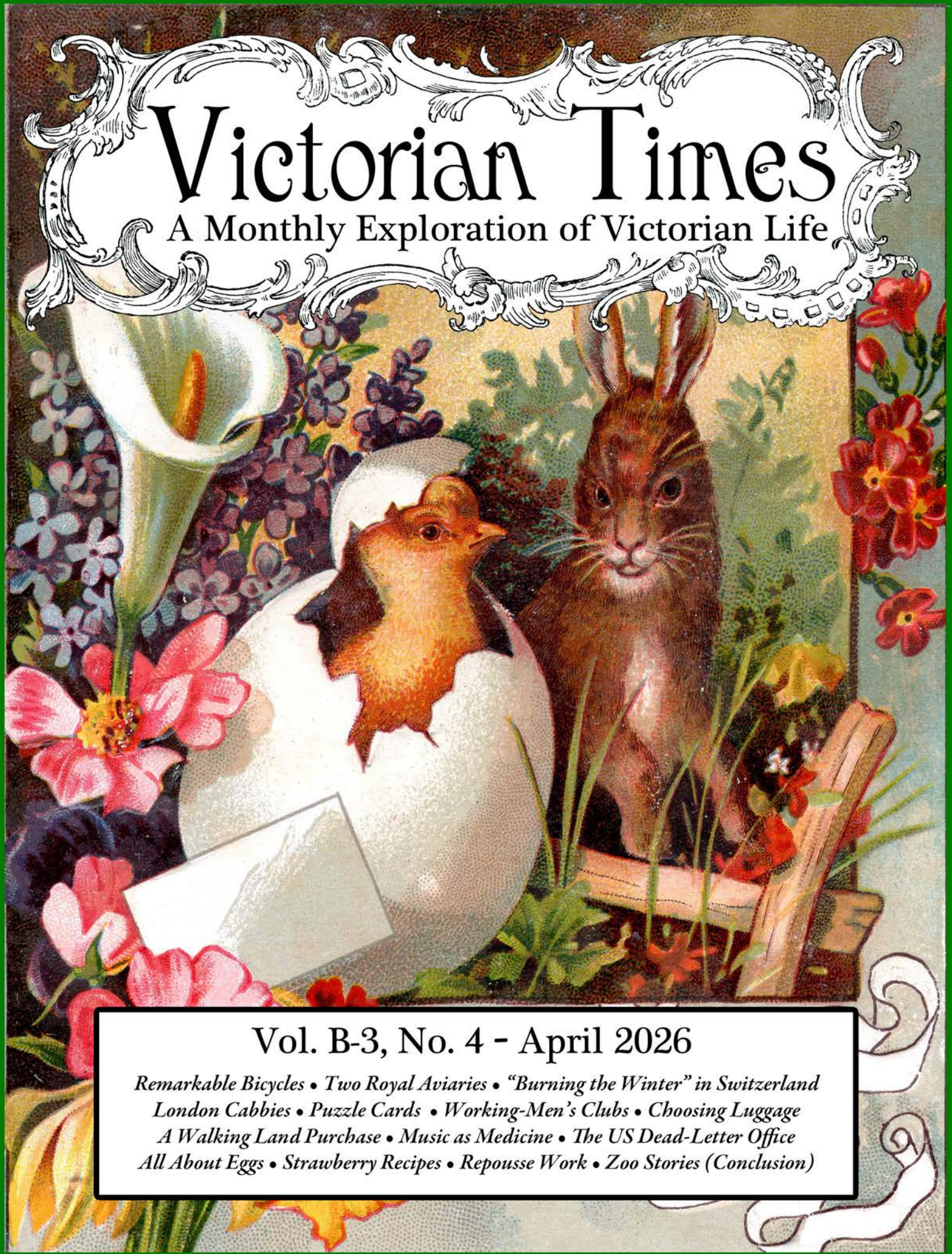
Victorian Times

A Monthly Exploration of Victorian Life



Vol. B-3, No. 4 - April 2026

Remarkable Bicycles • Two Royal Aviaries • "Burning the Winter" in Switzerland
London Cabbies • Puzzle Cards • Working-Men's Clubs • Choosing Luggage
A Walking Land Purchase • Music as Medicine • The US Dead-Letter Office
All About Eggs • Strawberry Recipes • Repousse Work • Zoo Stories (Conclusion)

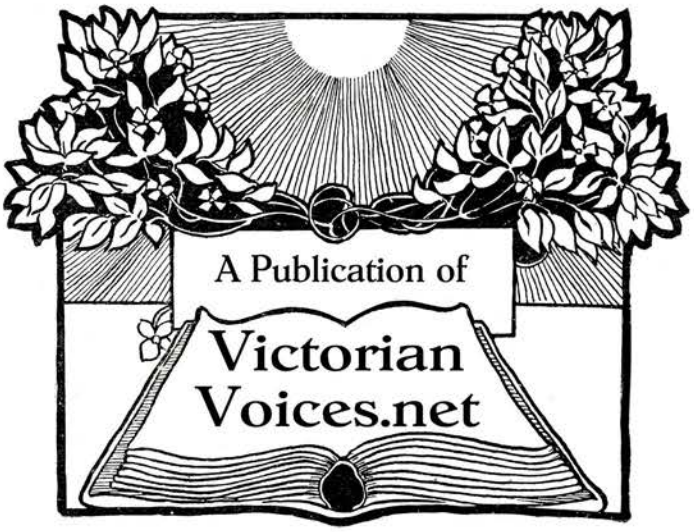
Victorian Times

A Monthly Exploration of Victorian Life

Vol. B-3, No. 4

April 2026

edited by Moira Allen



Visit VictorianVoices.net
for over 12,000 articles from Victorian periodicals and anthologies,
plus:

- Extensive Victorian image collections
- Our huge online Victorian fashion gallery
- Our own original Victorian anthology compilations
- Victorian coloring books
- Victorian & vintage greeting cards & gifts

Find out more at **www.victorianvoices.net**

Copyright © 2026 by Moira Allen
Print Edition Independently Published
Print Edition ISBN 9798247836995
Individual articles in this collection are in the public domain.
This publication may not be reproduced in its entirety by any means, physical or electronic, without the permission of the editor.

If you are interested in reprinting individual articles or images from this publication or from VictorianVoices.net, please contact the editor, as we can usually provide higher resolution versions of these materials that are better suited for publication.

Cover Image: Woolson Spice Company Easter Trade Card, undated.

www.victorianvoices.net • editors@victorianvoices.net

Victorian Times

Vol. B~3, No. 4
April 2026

4 **Editor's Greeting: *Something About Scrap-Books*,** by Moira Allen

5 **Remarkable Cycles,** by Harold J. Shepstone *(UK-The Strand, 1899)*

13 **Old Puzzle Cards** *(UK-The Strand, 1899)*

18 **The Woman Question Once More,** by Helen Watterson *(US-Century Magazine, 1895)*

19 **Music as a Medicine,** by W. Paill *(UK-Pearson's Magazine, 1896)*

21 **The Queen's Aviary at Windsor,** by Ernest M. Jessop *(UK-Girl's Own Paper, 1899)*

24 **Household Hints** *(UK-Girl's Own Paper, 1899)*

25 **The Princess of Wales's Tame Birds,** by Ernest M. Jessop *(UK-Girl's Own Paper, 1900)*

30 **Scrap-Book Making** *(US-Good Housekeeping, 1889)*

31 **"Burning the Winter,"** by James Walter Smith *(UK-The Strand, 1903)*

35 **The Dead-Letter Office,** by Patti Lyle Collins *(US-St. Nicholas, 1894)*

42 **The Walking Purchase,** by George Wheeler *(US-St. Nicholas, 1899)*

46 **The Strawberry in Twenty Ways,** by Olive Lynch Chamberlain *(US-The Mayflower, 1900)*

48 **Luggage Up to Date,** by Dora de Blaquière *(UK-Girl's Own Paper, 1901)*

50 **How Repoussé-Work is Done** *(UK-Cassell's Family Magazine, 1885)*

52 **About London Cabs,** by F.M. Holmes *(UK-Cassell's Family Magazine, 1891)*

57 **Something About Eggs,** by Mrs. S.H. Whitten *(US-Good Housekeeping, 1890)*

59 **Poem: "The Blessings of Self-Denial,"** by Kate Brearly Ford *(US-Good Housekeeping, 1893)*

60 **Seasonable English Dishes** *(US-Good Housekeeping, 1889)*

61 **Thoughts and Observations on Natural History, Part 4,** by H.B.M. Buchanan, B.A. *(UK-Girl's Own Paper, 1894)*

62 **How to Sharpen a Knife** *(UK-Girl's Own Paper, 1887)*

63 **"On the Club"** *(UK-Cassell's Family Magazine, 1875)*

66 **Zig-Zags at the Zoo: 26 - Final,** by Arthur Morrison & J.A. Shepherd *(UK-The Strand, 1894)*

73 **Recipes: Family Cakes,** by Catherine Owen *(US-Good Housekeeping, 1889)*

73 **Pickled Walnuts and Pickled Cucumbers** *(US-Good Housekeeping, 1889)*

Something About Scrap-books

A few years ago, Americans went a bit crazy over scrapbooking. Craft stores became packed with "scrapbook" papers and all sorts of decorative bits and bobs; classes were offered on how to display your memories; and albums began to accumulate in homes across the country. Our "craze," however, was nothing compared to that of the Victorian era!

To understand the Victorian love of scrap-booking, it's important to realize that Victorians had very little color "media." Color photography lay years in the future, and while a book or magazine might offer a handful of color prints, most imagery was still black-and-white. The exception was cards—including greeting and trade cards. These were collected avidly, and form the basis of most albums you'll find today.

American scrapbooks tend to be filled with trade cards, which are often incorrectly referred to as "trading" cards. These were bright, colorful advertisements for products or businesses. Some were custom-designed for the business that distributed them; others were pre-printed, with a space to put your business name and address (which is why you can find identical trade cards for a wide range of businesses). Preprinted cards generally had nothing to do with the product or business being advertised, but might feature a simple bouquet of flowers or a humorous image (such as a line of trade cards that featured people with vegetable heads).

British albums are more likely to be filled with greeting cards, including Christmas, New Year's, and birthday cards. (Oddly, Valentine cards appear very rarely, even though they were quite popular.) In such albums you'll quickly discover that Victorian "Christmas" cards rarely had what we would consider a "holiday" theme; most featured spring flowers, birds, and other non-wintery images.

Scrapbooking was big business. You could buy all manner of beautiful scrapbooks, often with elaborately tooled leather covers; some even had embossed copper images on the cover. Unfortunately, the pages within were usually of cheap, acidic paper that discolored quickly—and also discolored anything pasted on them. Some Victorians, perhaps for this reason or perhaps from thrift, used old ledgers or catalogs for their scrapbooks, and these were much better at preserving their contents.

You could even buy "scraps." Printers sold collections of "scraps" and die-cuts, which are shiny embossed images cut into the shape of a flower, bird, etc. that can be punched out from a larger sheet. Many Victorians included "friendship" cards, those colorful chromoliths that feature birds, flowers, hands, and sometimes a motto or greeting. These are *not* "visiting cards," though you'll find many a Victorian mansion or museum that displays them as such. Visiting cards tend to look a lot like modern business cards—and you'll find plenty of them in scrapbooks as well.

Many scrapbookers collected newspaper articles and poetry, offering a glimpse of long-forgotten snippets from local papers. By the 1890's, color printing had become more economical, and you'll find albums filled with color fashion prints (as opposed to the hand-tinted prints of the 1860's and 1870's), and my personal favorite, the gorgeous prints from nursery seed catalogs. These catalogs themselves are almost impossible to find today, so if you want to collect these amazing floral prints, scrapbooks are the best place to look!

Thanks to the efforts of Victorian scrapbookers, we have a wealth of material today to show us what the Victorian world looked like. It will be interesting to see whether future generations find the scrapbooks of the 21st century an equally valuable source of insight into our own lives.

—Moira Allen, Editor
editors@victorianvoices.net

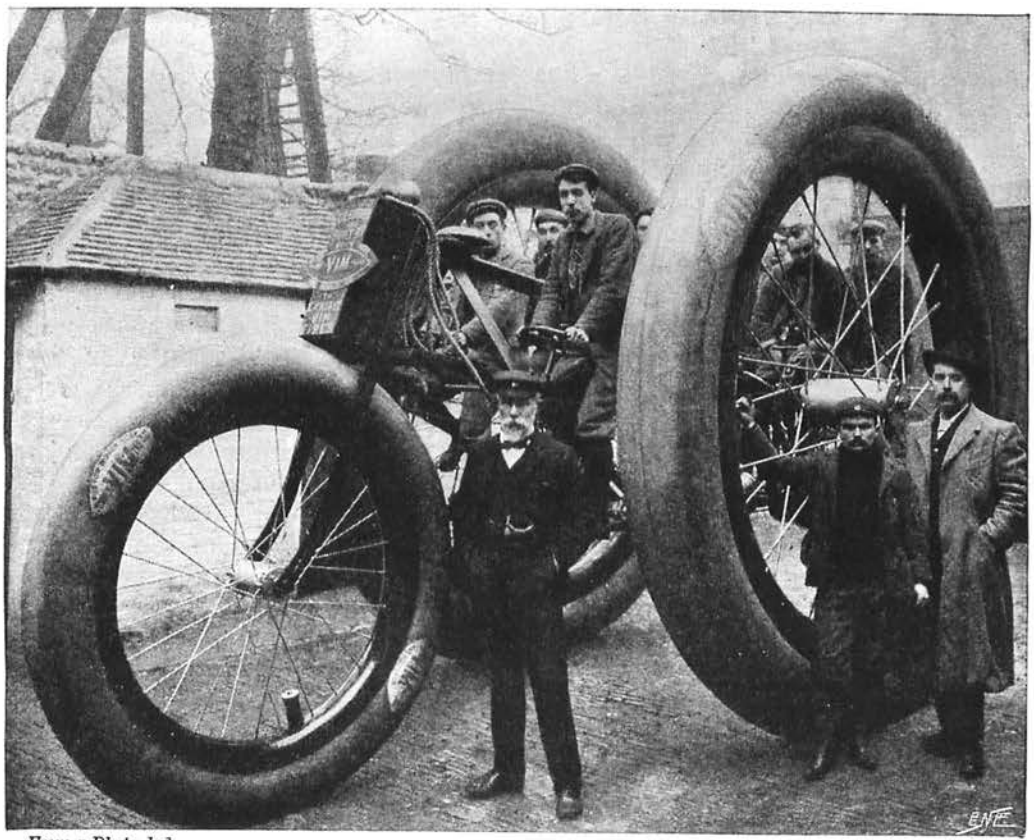
Remarkable Cycles.

By Harold J. Shepstone.

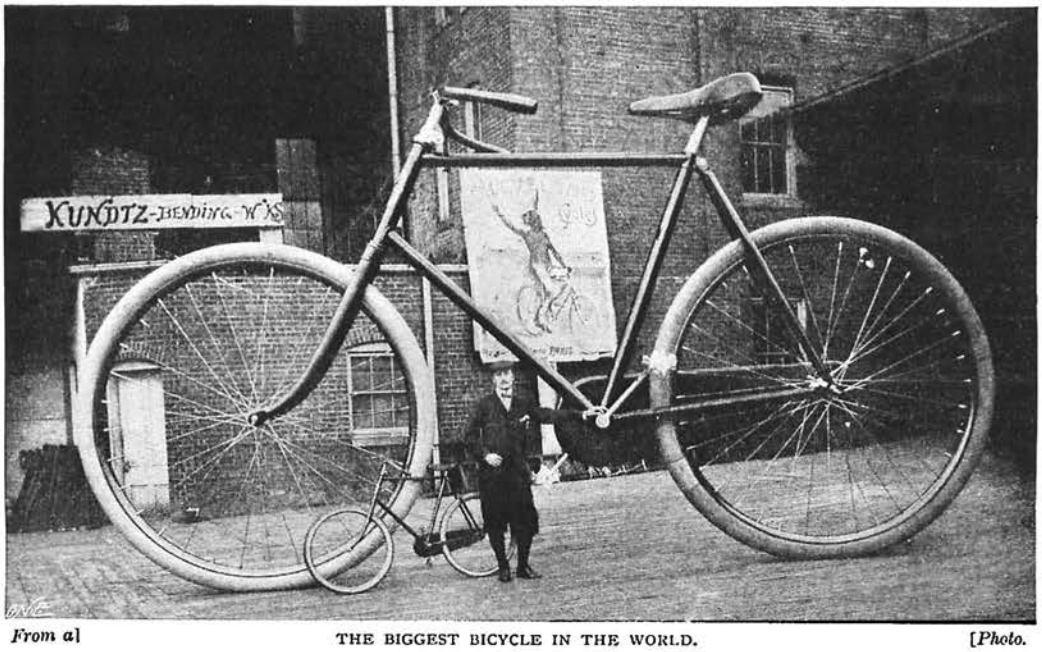
IN no industry, perhaps, have manufacturers so sought to bring their particular wares to the notice of the public by such novel and startling devices as in cycle-making. Such intense earnestness for something entirely new and attractive has been the cause of many curious creations in cycledom, and it is the intention of this article to give a description of some of the most extraordinary cycles which have been built for this purpose. And it cannot be denied that many of them must have called for much ingenuity and skill on the part of their designers and builders, while not a few have been put to very practical purposes indeed.

What is certainly the biggest monstrosity the cycling world has ever seen is the mammoth tricycle seen in our first photograph. It is hardly necessary to add that no one but a Yankee could have conceived the idea of constructing such a machine. It was manufactured for the Boston Woven-Hose and Rubber Company, and was built with the express purpose of advertising the Vim tyre, a tube well known on the other side of the Atlantic. Some two years ago this giant among tricycles was brought to this country, and many will probably recollect it, for it was exhibited in the windows of a well-known cycle store in Holborn Viaduct. It was so large that it was found necessary to take it to pieces to get it into the shop, and the same process had to be repeated when it was removed.

This monster was not built solely to look at, but for touring. It made many trips, and our photograph shows the machine and its eight riders on their arrival at Brighton. The two side wheels are 11ft. high, while the steering-wheel is 7ft. high. It has wooden rims, which are fitted with single-tube tyres, measuring 15in. and 18in. through for the large and small wheels respectively. The hubs on the two side wheels are 18in. in length, and are fitted with spokes of steel ½in. thick. Although the tricycle weighs nearly a ton complete it can easily be pushed along by one person on a level surface, so minutely were the bearings made. It is geared to fifty-four, and requires eight men to pedal it, and another to superintend the steering, which is effected by means of a wheel and chain. Like all modern cycles, however, it is susceptible to punctures, and sustained many of these undesirable mishaps during the course of its travels, and to locate and



From a Photo. by] THE LARGEST TRICYCLE EVER BUILT. *[A. H. Fry, Brighton.*

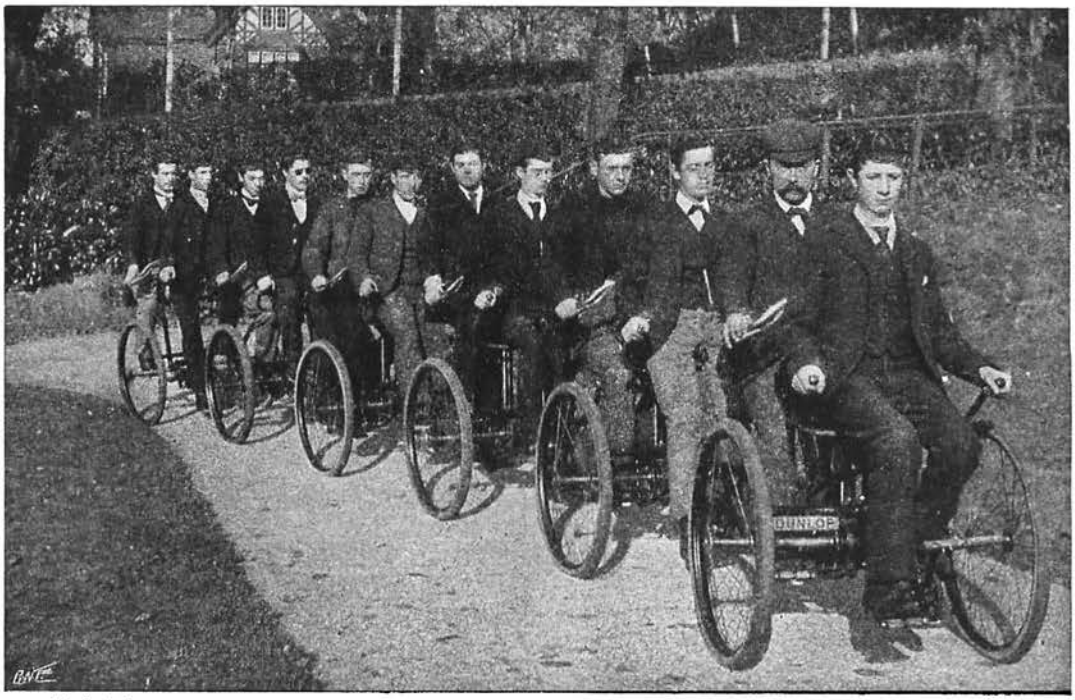


From a] THE BIGGEST BICYCLE IN THE WORLD. *[Photo.*

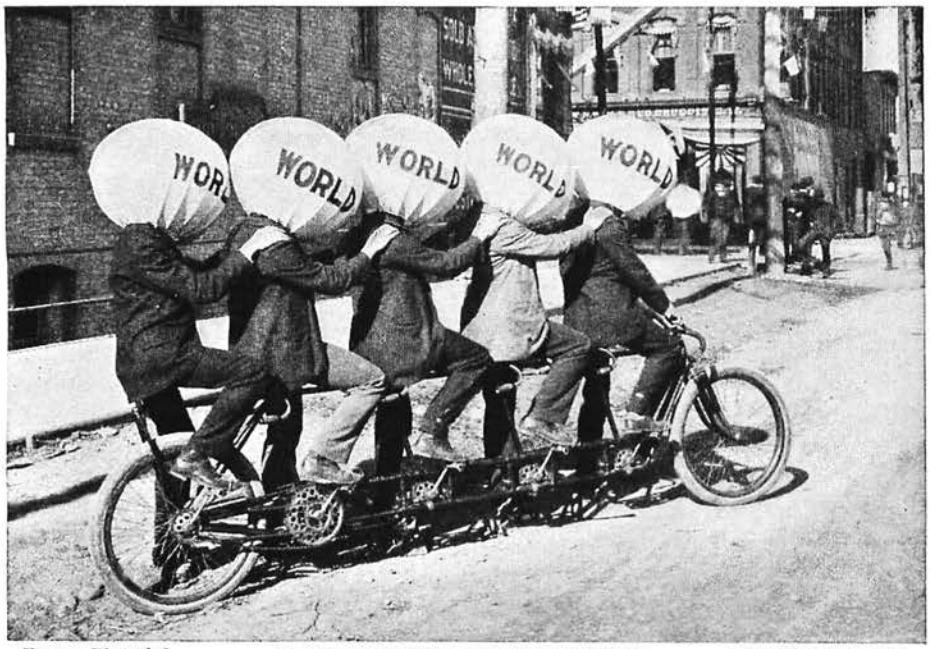
mend a puncture on this enormous cycle was no easy task, occupying anywhere from a few hours to a couple of days.

Although the largest tricycle that the brain of the cycle-maker could create was capable of being ridden, such is not the case with the biggest ordinary two-wheel safety. This machine was built entirely for show purposes, and is the property of Messrs. H. A. Lozier and Co., the makers of the well-known Cleveland bicycles. Our photograph will convey a fair idea of the size of the giant wheel, which is shown so distinctly with an ordinary bicycle and rider by the side of it. The tubing used in its construction had a diameter of 6in., while the wheels have a diameter of 15ft., and, like all American bicycles, are fitted with single-tube tyres, which are 18in. in width. The machine is made to proportion throughout, even the saddle, on which half-a-dozen men could easily find standing room. The spokes are ¾in. thick, while the gear is no less than 360in. Given a giant to bestride it, all existing records, we imagine, would soon be broken.

Having described the largest of cycles it is only natural that we should mention the



From a Photo. by] THE LONGEST CYCLE—USED BY THE BLIND AT THE ROYAL NORMAL COLLEGE. *[Reinhold Thiele.*



From a Photo. by] THE QUAINTEST QUINT IN THE WORLD. *[Arnold Schwin & Co.*

longest, a machine designed to carry twelve riders. It is used in the grounds of the Royal Normal College for the Blind at Upper Norwood, and by the aid of this remarkable "iron steed" many a sightless individual has enjoyed exhilarating spins awheel in the college grounds. It is necessary, of course, for one of the crew to be exempt from this terrible affliction—loss of sight—and the second rider on the machine is the one responsible for the steering—not an easy task, as anyone who has tried to negotiate corners on machines that carry four riders and more very well knows.

Our next illustration shows a quint, a machine designed to carry five riders, and represents the work of Messrs. Arnold Schwin and Co., of Chicago, who claim that it is the only successful multi-cycle ever built. It has certainly done some good work as a pacing-machine at most of the great cycling contests, having been used at various races in Paris, Bordeaux, Brussels, Berlin, London, and in America, and has no doubt done not a little to establish many a cycling "record." It is interesting, however, on account of the novel use to which its owners have since put it, namely, to advertise the "World" bicycle, the name by which their machines are known. As will be seen in the photograph, all the five riders have their heads concealed in globes, inscribed with the word "World." These globes are constructed of light wire and cloth, having a small aperture in front for seeing and breathing. Such a bicycle with such a unique crew careering about the streets could hardly fail to attract even the attention and admiration of the busy, go-ahead American citizen.

The distinction of being the youngest cyclist in the world undoubtedly belongs to Master Clarence House, age seventeen months, who is seen in the photograph reproduced herewith riding his diminutive wheel, which rejoices in the name of the *Tit-Bits* cycle. He caused much attraction at the last Bradford cycle show, where he disported himself on his machine, with evident satisfaction to himself as well as to the visitors. The total length of the little bicycle is but 26in.; when the rider is seated on his machine, the distance from the floor to the top of his head is 2ft. 7½in. The diameter of the wheels is 10in., length

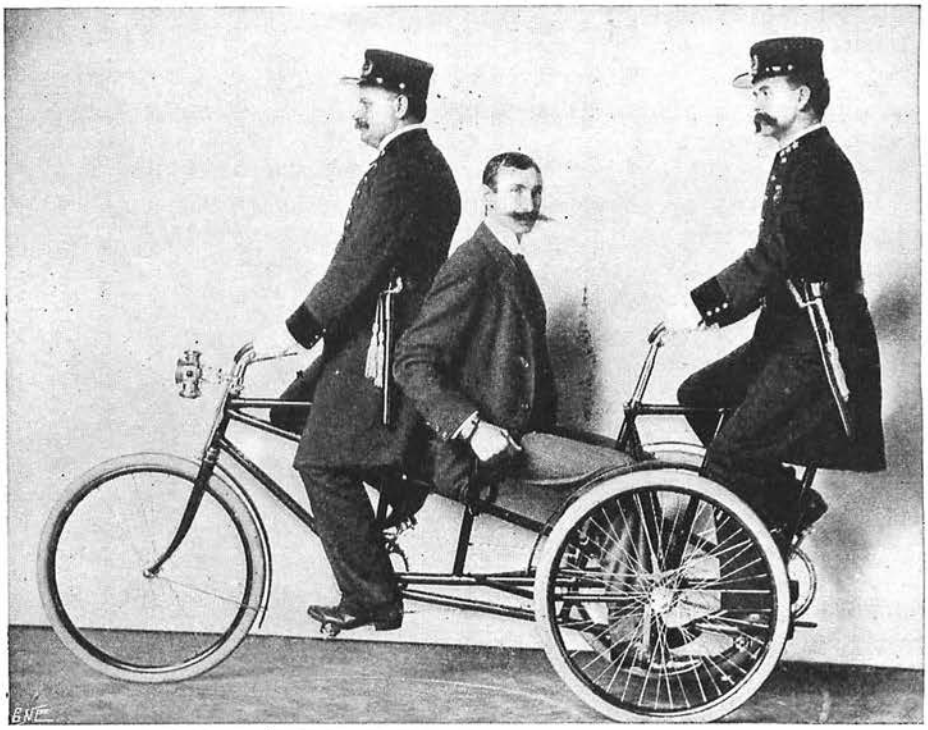
THE YOUNGEST CYCLIST IN THE WORLD.
From a Photo. by Messrs. Fox, Bradford,

THE HEAVIEST CYCLIST ALIVE.
From a Photo. by J. H. Faber, Norfolk, Va.

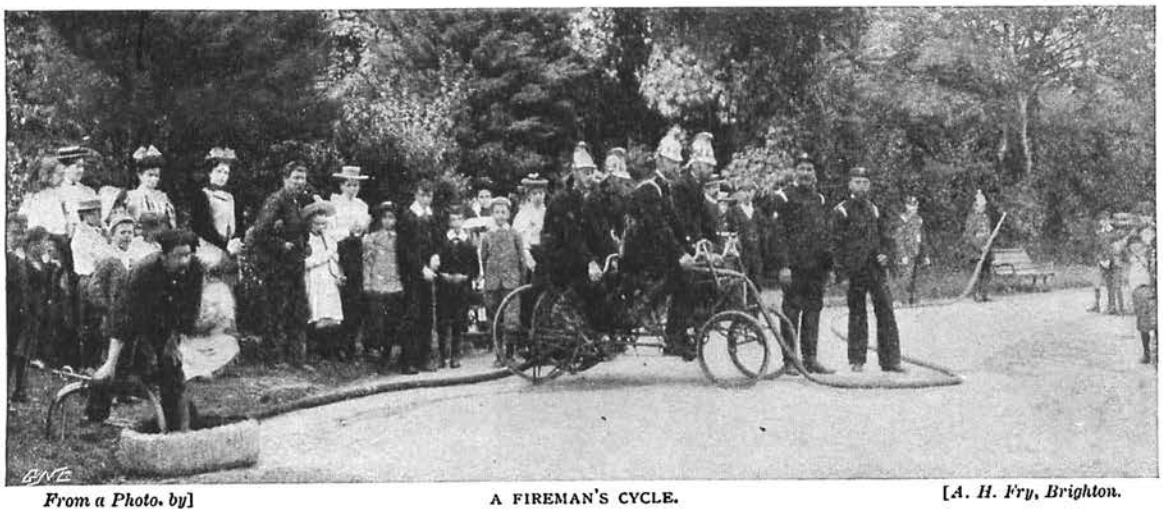
of crank 3in., and gear 22. Every part of the machine was specially made, and it is a perfect cycle in every detail. It is so small that it can be put upright under an ordinary chair, while its rider has often taken cycling excursions under the dining-room table. Little Clarence is a fine big baby-boy, and bicycle and baby together turn the scale at 30½lb. Already he has received recognition as an able cyclist, for he is an honorary member of the Bradford and County Cycling Club, and his father, Mr. Albert House, who is manager of the Bradford Cycle and Motor Company, has just written us to the effect that Mr. Ernest Flower, M.P., has presented our cycling prodigy with a gold medal.

Our next "baby" is a full-grown one in the person of "Baby" Grimes, who declares that he is the heaviest cyclist in the world, a claim which we do not intend to dispute. Our photograph depicts the big "baby" in racing costume, and naturally his plump limbs are very noticeable. Grimes has done a great deal of cycling during the last five years, and has felt no ill-effects through his indulgence in the pastime; on the contrary, he declares that the exercise has been the means of keeping him in health. He turns the scale at about 570lb. He is 6ft. 4in. high, has a chest measurement of 62in., and his calves are 22in. round. His flesh, too, is as hard and firm as that of a well-trained athlete.

Turning for a moment to the more utilitarian purposes to which cycles are now being put, we might mention the Police Patrol Tricycle, which was manufactured by the Davis Sewing Machine Co., of Dayton, Ohio, about a year ago. As will be seen in our photograph, the front and rear seats are occupied by policemen, while the prisoner is seated in the centre, and is unable to give any annoyance by moving, as both his hands and his feet are strapped. This machine,



A POLICEMAN'S CYCLE—AS USED IN SOME OF THE AMERICAN CITIES.
From a Photo. Lent by the Davis Sewing Machine Co.



From a Photo. by] A FIREMAN'S CYCLE. *[A. H. Fry, Brighton.*

the company inform us, is the only cycle ever constructed for such a purpose, and is unique, having been in practical use by various police departments in several of the American cities.

Our next photograph is also interesting, as it represents a quadricycle fire engine. The machine has the appearance of two tandems joined together, and the four riders are mounted two abreast. In the illustration we see the pumps are being worked by the pedals, the back wheels being thrown off the ground. It is believed that in outlying districts and country towns such a device as this is invaluable for getting to the fire quickly, and that it has a great future before it.

Then there is also the railway-track bicycle, another of Uncle Sam's creations, though, so far as the writer can learn, it is not very extensively used on the large American railways. It would appear, too, that it is made exclusively by one firm, the Kalamazoo Railway Supply Company. In most respects it is similar to an ordinary bicycle, with the exception that it has a third wheel of 11in. diameter, while the conventional pneumatic tyres are dispensed with, though the tread of the flat surface of the wheels, which enables it to run smoothly on the steel rails, has a continuous rubber band. These bands enable the bicycle to adhere more closely to the rails, and so lessen the danger of slipping when the rails are wet. Given a clear course, the speed which can be attained on these machines is astonishing, and to get to the scene of an accident, or to reach a far-distant signal station, is a matter which requires little preparation provided one of these bicycles is forthcoming. With a comparatively low gear a speed of twenty miles an hour is easily

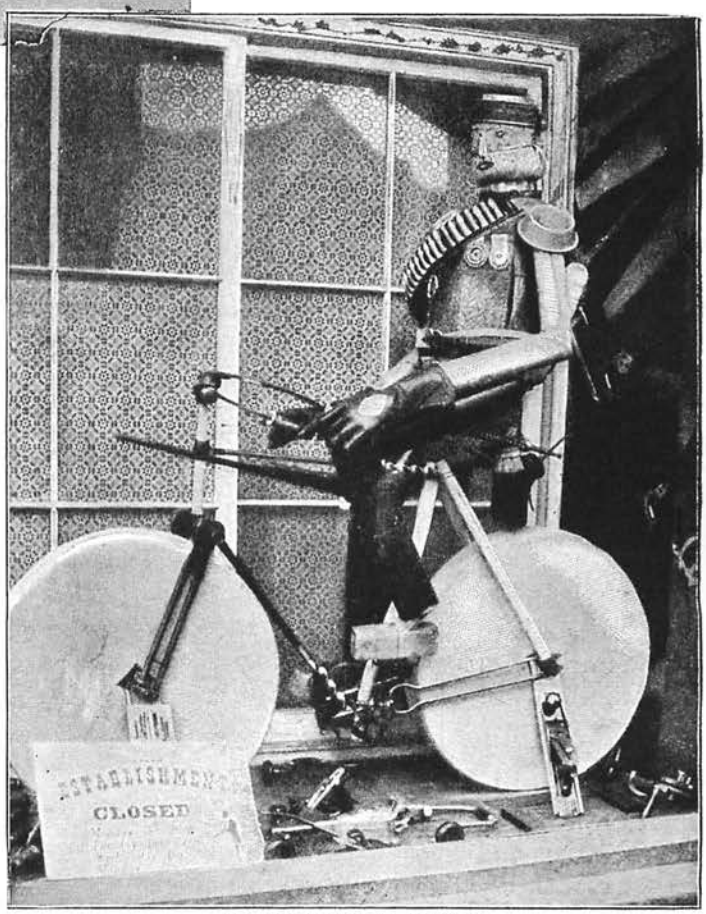
From a] A RAILWAY CYCLE. *[Photo.*

From a] JATHO'S GIANT SOCIABLE. *[Photo.*

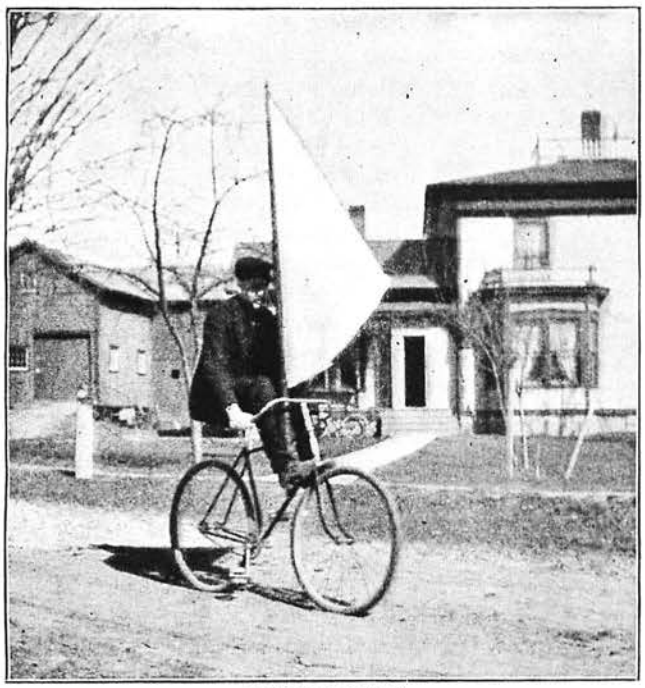
obtainable on the level, for, naturally, riding on a modern railway track is smooth and easy running.

One of the most novel bicycles we have ever seen adaptable for two riders is the Jatho Giant Sociable. The large wheel of this unique machine is 8ft. 6in. in height, and covers a distance of 315in. in one revolution. The little steering-wheel, which is under the control of the male rider, is 16in. in height. The machine is driven by chains running from the right-hand and left-hand bottom bracket to the hub of the large wheel. Mr. Karl Jatho, the builder and designer of this remarkable cycle, is seated on the farther side of the machine, while the other seat is occupied by his sister. They have taken part in many cycling festivals in the principal towns of Germany on this curious "steed," which has never failed to attract particular attention. The machine weighs nearly a hundredweight, and cost £50 to build.

For variety and novelty in its composition, it is doubtful if the "ironmonger's bicycle" can be beaten. The photograph of this curious machine has been sent to us by Mr. J. Nevil Moore, of Semaphore, South Australia, where it was recently exhibited in the windows of an enterprising firm of ironmongers. Every article that finds a place in its make-up can be purchased at the store in question, and this statement alone will give a fair idea of the immense business of this establishment. Two large grindstones do service as wheels, and a couple of reaping-hooks make an excellent imitation of a handle-bar. A pair of gas-tongs form the fork of the "machine," while a truck-wheel and dog-chain combine to supply the propelling mechanism. The pneumatic principle is to be found in the seat, which consists of a pair of bellows, while rat-traps constitute quite the approved pattern of pedals. Fire-irons, bevels, augers, adze and hammer handles, and many other familiar articles find a place in



AN IRONMONGER'S BICYCLE.
From a Photo. by Sanders & Begg, Port Adelaide.



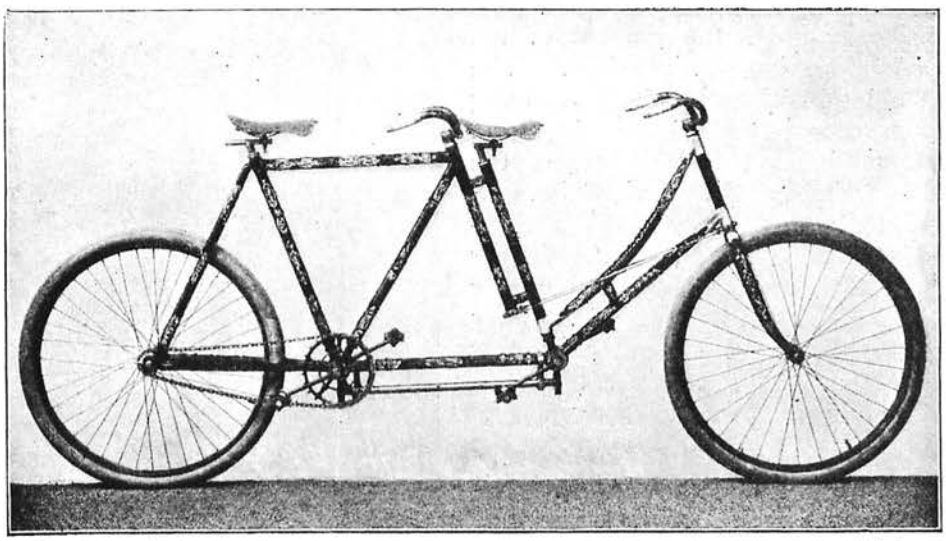
A BICYCLE YACHT.
From a Photo. by L. E. Hudson, Ellisburg, N.Y.

this novel bicycle. The rider is, if possible, more curiously and wonderfully made. His head is nothing more than a ball of binder-twine, surmounted with a cake-tin to represent a cap. The body is represented by a dish-cover, while stove-pipes make excellent representations of legs and arms.

Sailing on dry land has now become a possibility, or at least Mr. L. E. Hudson, of Ellisburg, N.Y., has demonstrated his ability to rig his bicycle with a sail, and so convert it into a "bicycle yacht." The mast is some 10ft. high, and is rigidly secured to the frame of the bicycle about 4in. behind the handle-bar. The sail is made of heavy cotton cloth, and is under the control of the rider by means of a cord which passes along the boom at the bottom of the mast to the handle-bar, and can be kept in check without interfering with the steering of the wheel. Mr. Hudson assures us that it is a very enjoyable sport on a breezy or windy day, and enthusiastically recommends it to wheelmen "who are fond of excitement with just a dash of danger."

Passing on to the more fascinating subject of costly bicycles, it may come as a surprise to many to learn that occasionally cycles have been manufactured which have been nothing else than a blaze of gold and silver and precious stones. One instance which we may mention is that of a lady's ordinary diamond dropped-frame bicycle richly and profusely decorated in silver, the ornamentations suggesting the rococo and Louis XV. styles. The handles are of carved and stained ivory, decorated with silver and jade knobs at the ends. The wheel is equipped with silver brake, solid silver cyclometer and silver bell, while the saddle and tool-bag are also ornamented with this metal. Perhaps the most beautiful accessory of the wheel is the solid silver lamp attached to the handle-bar. It is made after the most approved fashion, with a high-power reflector, and ruby and emerald coloured cut-crystal side-lights. The mudguard is nickel-plated, ornamented with silver and strung with the finest silk, while the whole frame of the machine is most lavishly decorated with specimens of the jeweller's art. This bicycle was exhibited in the windows of Messrs. Tiffany and Co., well-known New York jewellers, and is a specimen of their work. The machine, however, was not on view very long, for it was purchased the first day it was put on exhibition, and, strange to say, by a titled gentleman of this country.

The most costly bicycle ever manufactured, however, was a tandem cycle built by the Elgin Cycle Co., of which a photograph is

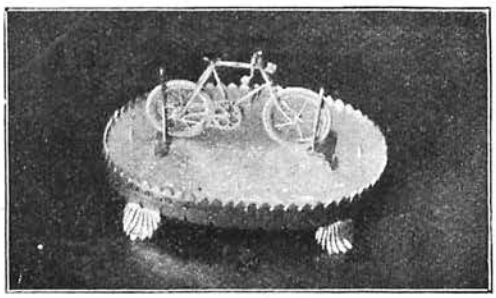


From a] THE FINEST CYCLE IN THE WORLD. *[Photo.*

here reproduced. This one machine represents a small fortune, having cost £2,000 to build. When it is stated that 2,000dwts., or 8⅓lb., of fine gold, and 176 genuine diamonds, ranging in size from one to eight carats each, several hundred rubies, pearls, emeralds, and other precious stones are mounted in conspicuous places on the frame, one begins to see where its value comes in. To photograph a machine of this kind with a view to displaying its costly ornamentations is somewhat difficult, but a glance at our illustration, which is from a photograph in colours, will give a fair idea of the numerous massive gold bands which decorate various parts of the frame. These bands are of solid gold and beautifully chased. Several of the most popular outdoor sports are prominently portrayed carved in solid gold. On the top bar we may notice a bicycle race-track, showing several riders finishing a race in front of a well-filled grand stand. On the lower rear fork a boating scene may be detected, while other racing scenes are depicted on other parts of the machine. The front fork deserves special comment. The decorations are marvellous creations of the goldsmith's art, consisting of floral wreaths, each leaf and flower carved and coloured true to Nature out of solid gold. The sides are finished with two massive gold bands, mounted with twenty-five diamonds, forming a cluster for two diamonds weighing 8cts. each. The Elgin King Crown, which is set with many beautiful gems, is noticeable, while the name "Elgin King" on the drop-bar immediately above may also be discerned. The name is made out of heavy gold letters, the entire design serving as a setting for a large number of precious stones. The tandem is rideable, and the whole idea of loading the machine with such costly gems was purely a device for advertising. A worm gear takes the place of the front tandem chain, and the steering is under the control of the rear rider, but, of course, we can hardly imagine such a machine on the road.

Another beautifully decorated bicycle so far as costly ornamentation is concerned is the "Rambler," which was made by the Messrs. Gormully and Jeffery Manufacturing Company. It was built at a cost of £200. All the enamelled parts of this machine are embellished with silver embossing in the most artistic fashion. The handle-bars, pedals, cranks, sprockets, and hubs are all silver-plated. The brake is covered with gold. The spoke nipples also are of gold, and glisten through rims of highly polished mahogany. Reference may also be made to the saddle, which is of highly polished leather, hand-carved in fanciful designs with gold mountings. The handles are of solid ivory, turned in neat spiral design, and are tipped with jewelled gold ends. The head is crowned with a circlet of pearls, surrounding an immense amethyst, while in every handle-tip are set similar specimens of the violet-blue gem. Turquoise gems may be found set at the end of either rear fork diagonal tube, and also in the head.

In concluding this article on quaint and curious bicycles we may allude to the tiniest of them all, a most interesting mechanical curio, constructed by Joseph Figarotta. This diminutive wheel weighs but two ounces, but is none the less perfect in all its parts; and, what is more, is in perfect running order. No part or appurtenance of the completely equipped wheel is lacking. A dainty lamp, with microscopic coloured lens, rests on its accustomed bracket. Although so small the wheels are fitted with pneumatic tyres, and it is in every respect an up-to-date machine. The height of the frame is but ⅞in., wheel base 1½in., diameter of wheel 1in. The building of this liliputian wheel occupied its owner most of his spare time for two years.

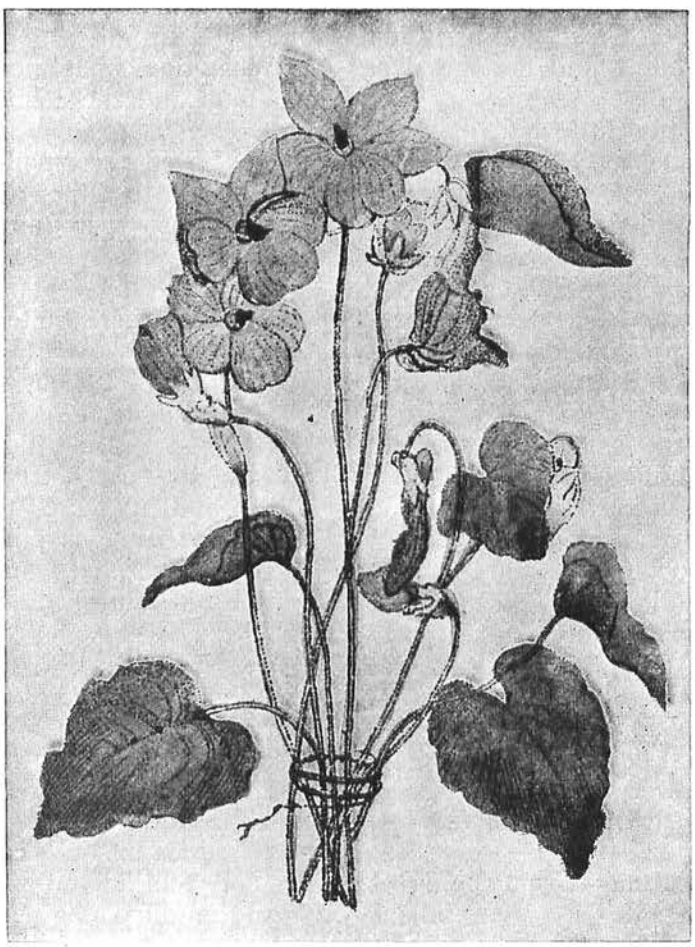


A COMPLETE BICYCLE WHICH WEIGHS TWO OUNCES,
From a Photograph.

Old Puzzle Cards.

PUZZLES, in some form or other, have always been popular, and have provided amusement for all sorts of people from time immemorial, though perhaps they have never been so popular as at the present time, when almost every periodical and paper of any note whatever has its puzzle page.

The puzzles here brought together were intended for the delectation of our great-grandfathers, being chiefly of the latter end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries, when this particular form of puzzle was at the height of its popularity. The majority of them served a double purpose, for, while chiefly designed to amuse, they frequently conveyed some political or personal satire, which in this form gave little or no offence, and was readily understood by the people in general.



1.—"CORPORAL VIOLET"—CONTAINING THREE PORTRAITS.

The designs consisted chiefly of portraits of prominent individuals, members of the Royal Family, great statesmen, naval and military heroes, etc., whose portraits were discoverable among branches of trees, the details of a landscape, or the intricacies of a bunch of flowers; the outlines of an urn or a vase was a favourite resource, too, of these hide-and-seek artists.

Napoleon, being at that time the centre of attraction and the most prominent person in the eyes of all the world, naturally came in for a full share of patronage, and many were the puzzles issued in which his well-known features were discoverable amidst appropriate surroundings or otherwise. One of the most popular forms of these Napoleonic puzzles is No. 1, in which he appears among the leaves of his favourite flower, the violet, a leaf which the draughtsman has ingeniously made use of to form the familiar and historic *petit chapeau*. His wife, Maria Louisa of Austria, may be seen on the left; and their son, the King of Rome, is safely nestling among the tender stems in the midst, while Buonaparte and Maria are watching over him.

When Napoleon was on the eve of leaving France, to take up his abode on the Island of Elba, he said to some of his adherents that he would return with the violet season, and as everyone knows who is conversant with the life of this extraordinary man, he did so. Those partisans who were in the secret of his return to France from his seclusion carried one of the above representations of Napoleon's favourite flower, and always drank at their meetings to the health of Corporal Violet. The simplicity and natural beauty of such a flower never excited the attention or raised the jealousy of the Bourbons, and as the custom of wearing flowers in the dress had always been so popular in France, the wearing of the violet called forth no suspicion of any plot for his restoration.

No. 2, of the same kind, is, perhaps, best explained by the following verses, which dis-

2.—THE ROYAL ALLIED OAK, 1815—FIND ELEVEN PORTRAITS.

plays no fewer than eleven portraits of famous people :—

Behold this oak, whose firm fix'd stay
Doth check oppression's course ;
Whose slightest branch can ne'er decay,
While strong with virtue's force.

Our much-loved Sovereign (George III.) decks the branch,
The highest of the tree :
And peaceful Louis (Louis XVIII.), tho' driven from France,
Among its boughs you'll see.

The Regent's portrait next behold (George IV., below on left),
Whose councils wisdom guides ;
And Russia's noble monarch bold (Alexander I., on right),
Who checked the tyrant's (Napoleon) strides.

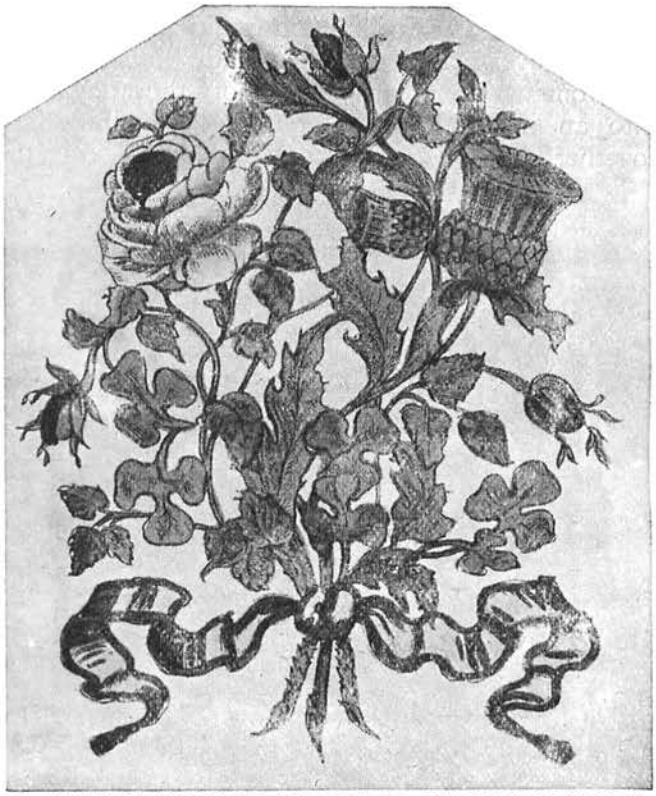
Immortal Wellington next is seen (on left of trunk, at foot of tree),
Whose fame can ne'er expire ;
And vet'ran Blücher's warlike mien,
That kindled Napoleon's ire.

The Mushroom race you have to seek
In weeds about the root,
Who scarce dare at the oak to peep,
Or at its Princely fruit.

Napoleon—largest mushroom at foot of tree ; Joseph Buonaparte, his brother, King of Spain, on extreme left ; Joachim Murat, Napoleon's brother-in-law, King of Naples, on the right ; Louis, Napoleon's brother, King of Holland, smaller mushroom, next to Napoleon ; Jerome Buonaparte, King of Westphalia, across water on left.

In No. 3, a small print of the emblems of the three countries, may be found portraits of eight historical personages. On the left at top is George IV., his face formed by the leaves of the rose and thistle ; on the same side, just below the full-blown rose, is the King of Prussia ; while the portrait of Marshal Blücher may be discovered on the same side of the print among the stems of the rose. On the right side at the top is George III., his face also formed like that of his successor by the leaves of the rose ; below, the thistle blossom and leaf form the portrait of the Emperor of Austria ; and among the branches and leaves at the bottom on the right the portrait of the Duke of Wellington may be seen. The two faces in the centre of the puzzle formed by the leaves of the thistle are, at the top, Louis XVIII. of France, and below Alexander I., Emperor of Russia.

Another form of puzzle, which was also very popular, was the double head, two examples of which are given here. These were chiefly of French origin, and had a hidden significance, which at this remote period is hardly appreciated. These double



3.—THE ROSE, SHAMROCK, AND THISTLE—FIND EIGHT PORTRAITS.

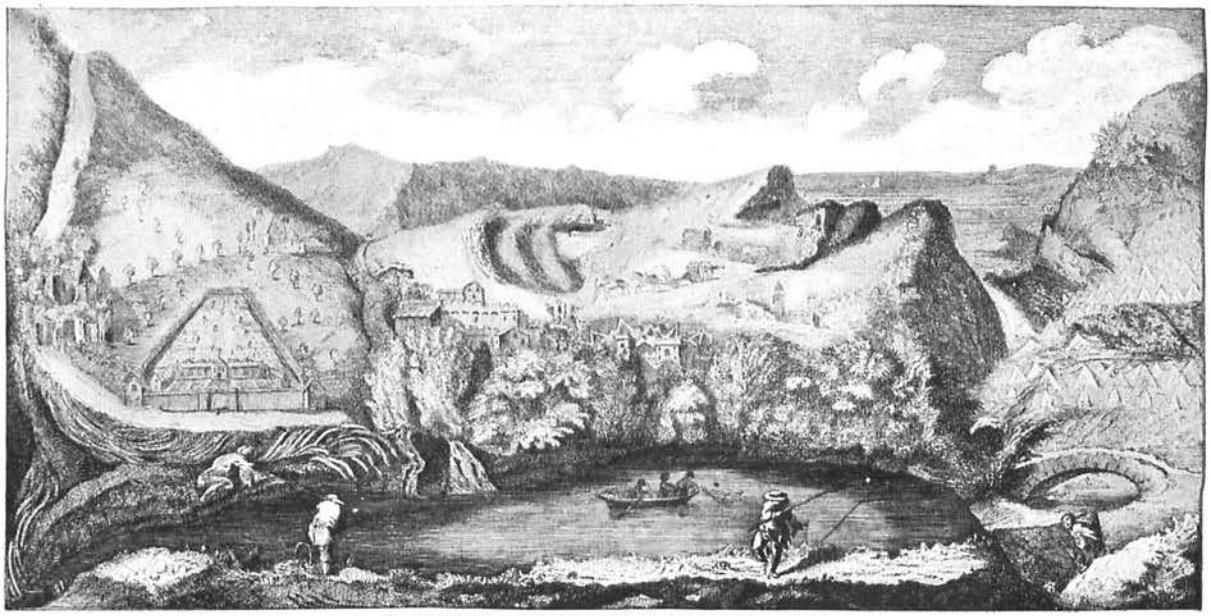
4.—A REVERSIBLE HEAD.

heads have been popular at all times, but they were probably never more so than during the stormy period of the French Revolution and Restoration ; at this time they formed one of the principal means of conveying ridicule or satire, transforming, as they often did, a celebrated politician into a coal-heaver, a fashionable lady into a fish-woman, a great person of the day into an insignificant being ; and coupling together great men and individuals of entirely opposite opinions, as Rousseau and Voltaire, Buffon and La Fontaine, a Jesuit and a Liberal, a pair of lovers into a married couple (as in No. 4), or even (as in No. 5) a portrait of a learned doctor into one, not too flattering, of the reader.

Then, too, there were the curious heads, formed of rocks, ruins, landscapes, rustic scenes, etc., which assisted in popularizing some great hero of the hour. These innocent-

5.—DR. QUILIRA AND ——

looking affairs, in which the casual observer saw nothing more than appeared upon the surface, but which to the initiated revealed the portrait of some particular individual of



6. LANDSCAPE PORTRAIT OF GEORGE III., 1743.

7.—FIND SEVEN CHILDREN.

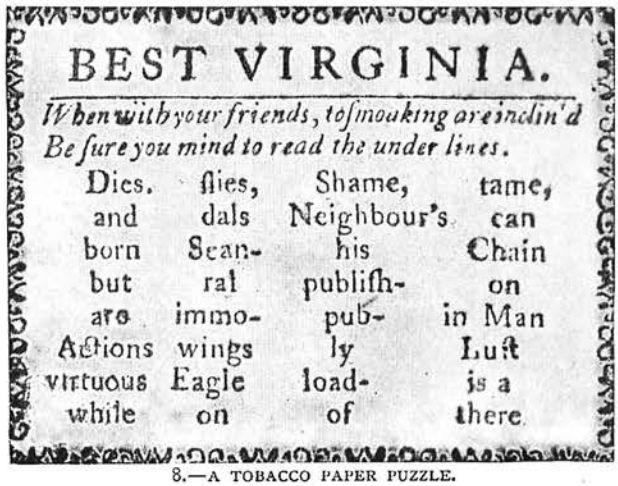
special importance at the moment—how ingeniously they were worked out: trees of pretty growth being transformed into hair and beard, rocks and other prominences into brows and noses, and, as if the transfiguration of so simple a growth were not enough, there were others which had quite a number of faces hidden away in their deep undergrowth and under tufts of verdure, which were discoverable only by the diligent and interested seeker who understood the significance of these curious and ingenious puzzle pictures. No. 6, for example, is an engraving of a landscape of mountains, with a lake in the foreground. Below the design are these words: "This is not given as ye most regular, ye most varied, or ye most noble prospect in the world; it is not doubted but it will pass for the most pleasant, and if it be true as Butler sings—

The real value of a thing
Is as much money as 'twill bring—

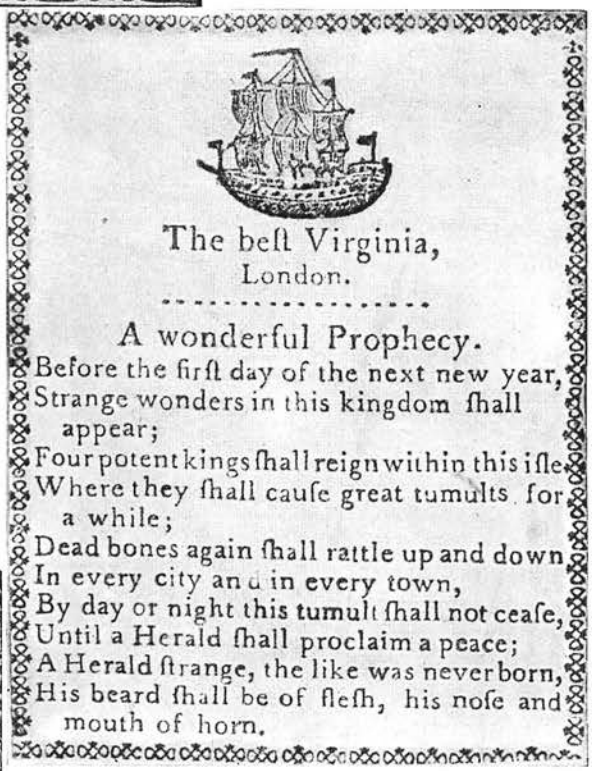
everybody must allow it to be most valuable, because the most costly."

This is a satirical print, issued in the year 1743. It is really if viewed from the right side a portrait of George II., wearing a large Kevenhüller hat. The features of the country represent the face and dress.

No. 7 is a different kind of puzzle altogether. By turning this picture round, and viewing it from different points, it will be found that though at first sight there appear to be but three children in this group, there are really seven distinct bodies.



8.—A TOBACCO PAPER PUZZLE.



9.—ANOTHER TOBACCO PAPER PUZZLE.

No. 8 is what is called a Tobacco Paper

10.—AN EPITAPH PUZZLE, 1756.

our puzzle-loving grandfathers, who were ever on the alert for something new and entertaining, even as their descendants of the present day.

There is a lust in man no chain can tame
Of loudly publishing his neighbour's shame;
On eagles' wings immoral scandals flies,
While virtuous actions are but born and dies.

No. 9 is also a Tobacco Paper puzzle. The solution is as follows: The first four lines describe playing-cards; the next two lines, dice; and the last four, a crowing cock.

No. 10 is another form of puzzle popular at this period, and is upon the same principle as that of Bill Stumps' epitaph, of Pickwickian fame. It reads as follows:—

Beneath this stone reposeth Claud Coster, tripe seller, of Impington, as doth his Consort Jane.

This puzzle is appropriately dedicated to the learned Society of Antiquaries, and the penetrating geniuses of Oxford, Cambridge, Eaton (*sic*), and Westminster. Our last example, No. 11, though not of the same period as some of its predecessors, is very remarkable for the ingenuity of its design. The whole represents the head of the mythological God of Drink and Revelry, whose features and flowing beard upon close examination gradually resolve themselves into the figures of a handsome youth and his lady love in the act of embracing each other.

puzzle, and dates from 1788. This not very difficult puzzle may be solved by beginning (as the Chinese do) at the end. The fashion of giving something of this kind on tobacco papers was very customary at the end of last century, and many curious puzzles were dealt out in this form, some with obvious solutions, while others were evidently designed by ingenious individuals who racked their brains to provide material for

11.—HEAD OF BACCHUS—CONTAINING TWO LOVERS.

The Woman Question Once More.

THERE are the Indian question, and the negro question, and the Chinese question,— and there is the woman question. But has anybody ever heard of a man question, and can any one give a more valid reason for the existence of the one than of the other? When God made man and pronounced his work good, did he leave the woman to be arbitrated upon by the coming race, and, if found worthy, to be stamped with its approval? What is the woman question, and why are we talking about it *ad sudorem?*

Clearly, the woman question must have a real existence: our magazines and journals are filled with its discussion, and our editors do not indulge a propensity for chimeras. Here we have women in law, women before the law, women and social reforms, women and wages, women and Christianity, the higher education of woman, woman in politics, in medicine, in theology — in short, the woman question has resolved itself into a separate question as to woman in every phase of her worth and work. There is no point of observation from which she is not questioned; there is no voice or language where the note of interrogation is not heard.

Now, if we look closely into the mass of all that is written and said on this subject, we find that it gathers itself under two main heads, and may be broadly stated thus: first, the question as to woman's right to live in the world on the same terms as a man does — to work as he works, to be paid as he is paid, to govern as he governs — to use the world, in short, as he uses it, and to be treated by it as it treats him; and, second, the question as to woman's competence to do so.

As to the first question, it would seem that where discussion begins, the question is begged at once. We do not discuss a right. We only assume it. Assertion weakens; nobody insists upon an axiom. It rests not with women to show why they should have all these rights, but with man to show why they should not. "The burden of proof," says Mill, "is supposed to be with those who are against liberty; who contend for any restriction or prohibition, either any limitation of the general freedom of human action, or any disqualification or disparity of privilege, affecting one person or kind of persons, as compared with others. The *a priori* presumption is in favor of freedom and impartiality."

As to the second question,— that of competence,— I beg leave humbly to suggest that this must be settled, not from the outside by talking about it, either in affirmation or denial, but from the inside, by the working of the same law of natural selection and the application of the same practical tests that settle this question for men. The only proof of competence is performance. The world has belonged to those who have taken it, women as well as men.

What have we been talking about all this time, then —a nonentity, a creature of the imagination? Precisely. The woman question is the modern Mrs. Harris, and I am Betsey Prig. "I don't believe there 's no sich a thing." That there is an artificial something, made up of much assertion and many denials, and denominated the woman question, of course I do not deny. But it has a very ghost-like and precarious existence. Stop talking about it, and it will disappear. If I read my history aright, it did not exist in the early development of the race. Mill to the contrary notwithstanding, we are not warranted in supposing that the early condition of woman was one of bondage. In the earliest historical records we find that it was the woman, and not the man, who was the head of the family; from her descent was reckoned, from her honors and inheritance came. In Egypt, at the most brilliant period of its history, woman sat upon the throne and held the office of priestess. Colleges were founded for women, and the medical profession belonged to them. Among the Greeks, the intellectual women possessed absolute freedom, and taught the wise men of their day. The Romans made women their priestesses,— as, indeed, did all pagan nations,— and their civil laws for wives and mothers were most liberal. With the striking picture before us which Tacitus gives of the equal privileges of the men and women of the Germanic nations, of their mutual love and confidence, and of the deep respect shown to the women by the men, one can scarcely believe that the woman question troubled that day. Biblical evidence corroborates that of history — it was the woman, and not the man, who first ate of the fruit of the tree of knowledge.

But as civilization advanced, and refined away the primitive rude strength of the race, woman was seen to weaken more rapidly than man. She grew introspective, doubting, hesitant. One day she failed to meet man's might with equal might. Then was born the "woman question."

Strange as it may seem that there has been occasion for so much warring discussion over a matter logically so simple, it is stranger still that most of the discussion has been offered by women themselves. One would suppose that to the task of convincing mankind of her equal rights and competence, she would scarcely need to add that of first convincing herself. Perhaps the suggestion is not out of place that, since the individual woman has but a given amount of nervous energy, and since, after all, women must come back to be governed by the same natural laws — and iron ones, too — that rule the other sex, it would be wiser to conserve the nervous force expended in hammering assertions of equality of strength and privilege, to be transformed into the higher force of competence. That is the key that unlocks all doors to success. Success in anything she wishes she may have, from poultices to politics; but woman must first be ready to offer for it what man does — the patience, faithfulness, and steady effort that go to make up actual and unquestioned competence.

There may be room also for the second suggestion that, if there is anything left to be wished for in the advancement of this much talked of portion of the human race, since progress is usually found to be not in the line of direct force, but the resultant of several indirect forces, the real impetus to woman's advancement will be given, not by those women who insist on keeping the woman question alive by talking about it, but by those steady, quiet workers who have no convictions of duty to their sex, but only to their work, and who, if asked their opinion on the woman question, would probably have to reply in mild perplexity, as did one to me not long ago: "I have been so busy with my work that I really did n't know there was a woman question."

Helen Watterson.

By W. Paill.

"When the evil spirit was upon Saul, David took an harp and played with his hand; so Saul was refreshed, and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him."

The connection between music and medicine is by no means so remote as it may appear at first sight. Music is the first recorded remedy for the relief of madness, and it is not in the Bible alone that we find early evidence of its efficacy in such cases. Literature teems with instances of its power, and the many legends on the subject to be found among all races, civilised and uncivilised, are without doubt founded on observation of the emotional effects of music.

It was resorted to as a remedy some 2500 years ago, and we are told that "in the time of one Athenæus, a famous Greek grammarian, who lived in Egypt during the reign of Marcus Aurelius, crowds of people at Thebes were cured of divers diseases by the flageolet." It is not the instrument of all others that we should choose as a prescription, and we have known it produce effects quite the reverse of soothing.

Aulus Gellius declares that music was invaluable in the case of bites and stings, and the Athenians, we are told, could banish fever by a song. Asclepiades, one of the nine physicians bearing that name, cured a deaf man by the sound of a trumpet, and Thales, the Greek musician and poet, found that music was better than medicine for stopping the plague.

The effect of music upon human beings varies greatly and in many ways. I have known but one person who was absolutely indifferent to it, and on whom music, whether good or bad, made no impression whatever. I have known many people who, while unable to distinguish one tune from another, were yet keenly susceptible to musical influence.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge was an example. He tells us that "he could not sing a tune to save his life, but yet had the intensest delight in music." This inability to distinguish melodies, although it may be lessened by training, is supposed to be due to a fault in that portion of the brain destined more particularly to receive sound impressions.

If Dogiel, the eminent Russian physiologist, had been with you when you were playing the nice things in last month's *Melody*, he would have told you that music influences the circulation of the blood, and that you had better take a sixpenny dose of *Melody* once a month. He has made a study of the physiological effects of music, and he finds that under its influence "the blood pressure sometimes rises and sometimes falls; that the action of musical tones on animals and men expresses itself for the most part by increase in the beats of the heart; the variations in the circulation consequent upon musical sounds coincide with changes in the breathing, though they may also be observed quite independently of it; the variations in the blood pressure are dependent on the pitch and loudness of the sound and on the tone colour; in the variations of the blood pressure, the peculiarities of the individuals, whether men or lower animals, are plainly apparent; and even nationality has some effect in the case of man."

Dr. Lilley explains more briefly the changes felt by listeners.

The effect of music, he tells us, is transmitted by a reflex action through nerve media to the nerves which govern the supply of blood. The vessels are made to dilate, and so the blood flows more freely and imparts a sense of warmth. By blood supply nutrition is effected. Therefore, to improve nutrition, and consequently health itself, it is important that the stimuli employed should be of a character favourable to this end. And what is there more universally attractive and beneficial than healthy musical influence?

These definite physiological effects of music on healthy individuals give us some ground from which to start our estimate of its possibilities as a remedy. That it should be of the greatest benefit in cases of mental disease is easily conceivable, without the evidence of scientific experiment, and Dr. Lilley believes that in many cases improved nutrition of the brain can be so affected by music that the malady may be cured by this means.

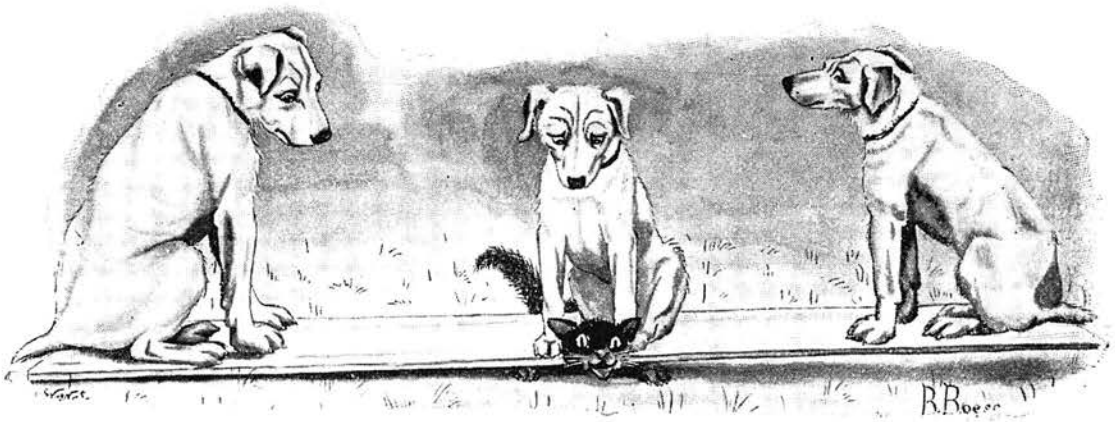
I was surprised, on a recent visit to a private lunatic asylum, to find the patients dancing to the accompaniment of piano and violin. The doctor explained to me that dancing, which really owes its recreativeness to the music, has long been employed with great success in the treatment of the insane, and he was himself firmly convinced of the great value of music, not only in mental maladies, but in bodily ills also.

Although the subject is of such great antiquity, it is only within the last few years that European doctors appear to have given serious attention to it. Actual experiment is, however, rapidly leading them to the conclusion at which the ancients arrived by a sort of "short cut," and some four years ago the Guild of St. Cecilia was formed by a number of influential persons, with the object of providing music in illness, and collecting reliable information as to its efficacy.

The Guild began operations at one of the London hospitals with most encouraging results, and since that time, experiments have been made by surgeons at more than one hospital outside London. Dr. J. Ewing Hunter, of the Helensborough Hospital had a piano placed in the infirmary, with a view to experimenting on the soothing and curative effect of music in disease. A number of ladies formed themselves into a choir, and selected music, vocal and instrumental, of a kind calculated to sooth the suffering.

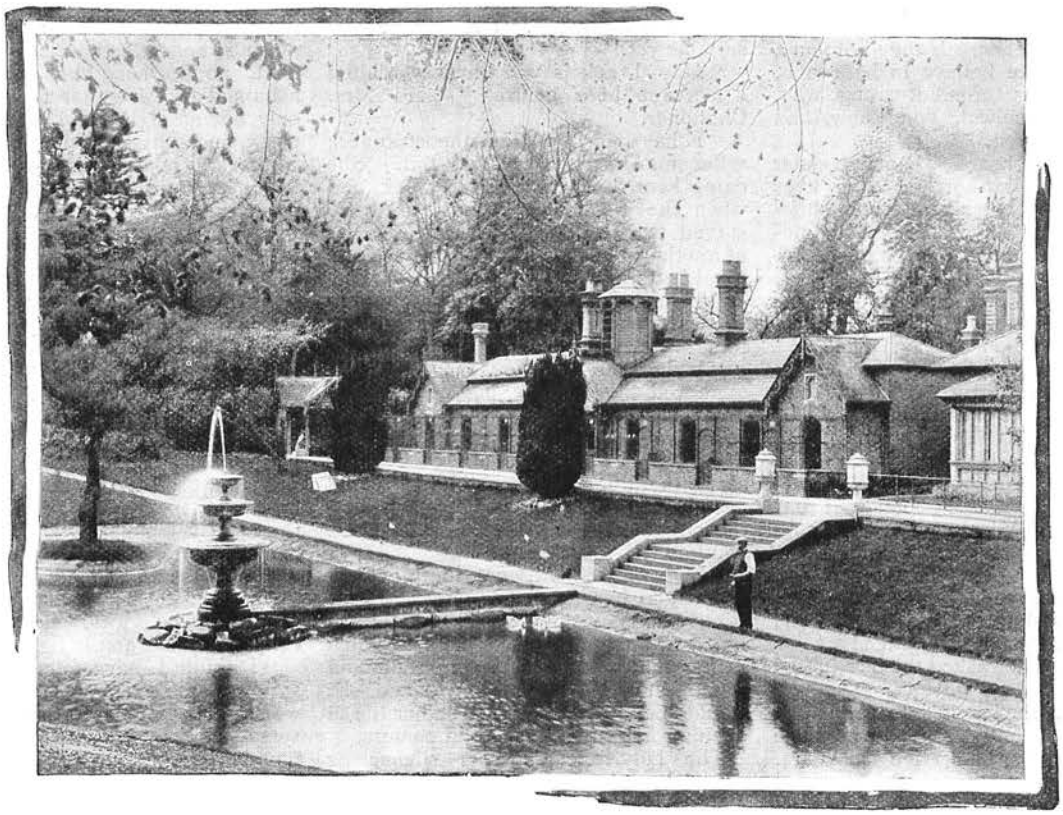
The cessation, or at least diminution of pain, was in many instances most marked, and seven out of ten noted cases were benefited in so far as a reduction of temperature was recorded. Similarly remarkable results were obtained by the house-surgeon of the Bolton Infirmary.

Here is a noble mission for musical people. To be of use, the music must be well chosen, well rendered, and of the best quality; but surely there are in England enough persons with vocal and instrumental ability, willing to give their services for the alleviation of suffering in our hospitals.



THE QUEEN'S AVIARY AT WINDSOR.

By ERNEST M. JESSOP.

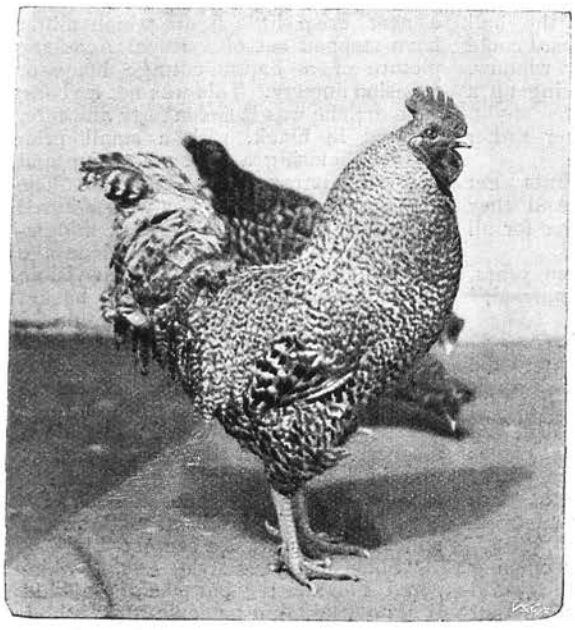


FRONT VIEW OF HER MAJESTY'S AVIARY, WINDSOR.

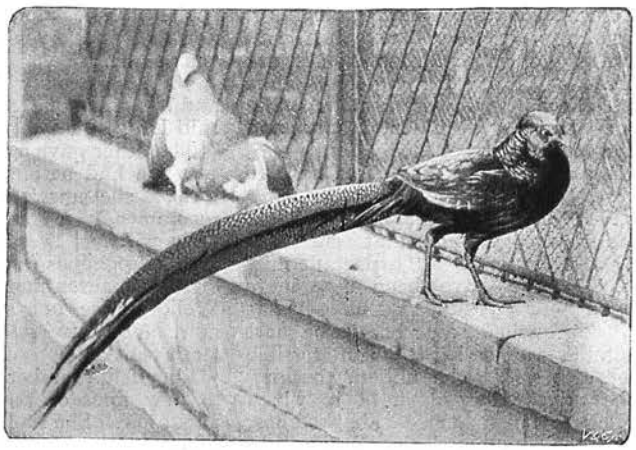
BUT few of the many who yearly stroll through the lovely glades of Windsor Park know or think of the infinite variety of bird life contained within its boundaries. Many and wide apart in nature and disposition are its feathered rovers. From the tiny tomtit to the lordly golden eagle, from the motherly white Dorking to the wild turkey of Canada, all make or have made for them their homes or their nests.

Many years since (in fact, over thirty) signs of the presence of a great depredator were noticed in the more secluded parts of the forest: one day the remains of some luckless rabbits, another a dead or dying lamb. Traps were set, and a strict watch kept for the poacher. Within a very short period was caught a splendid male specimen of the golden eagle. He was promptly housed in a large wooden enclosure near the head keeper's house, where he has lived and flourished for more than thirty years; his eye as bright, his talons as strong, his spirit as fierce as when he roamed at will the emperor of the air.

Some four or five years since a comrade was also caught and placed in a similar enclosure beside him, so that, day after day, when sociably inclined, they can exchange harsh-noted confidences. They have so far got used to the presence of their captors as to allow of a man entering their enclosures to sweep them out; but the boldest keeper in



PLYMOUTH ROCKS.



A GOLDEN PHEASANT.

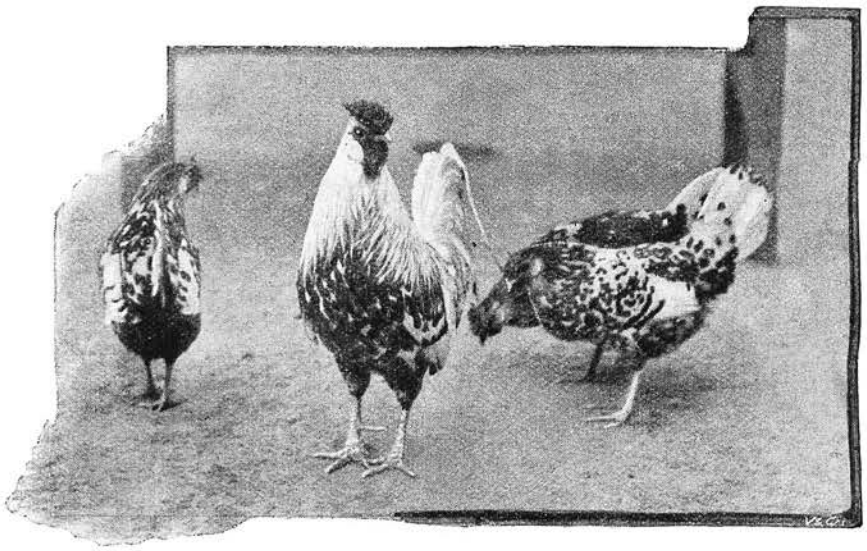
the Queen's employ will not yet venture to touch such fearful wild fowl.

Not very far from the eagles' domain, one may perchance see a flock of Canadian wild turkeys. These birds (almost as large as our toothsome Christmas friends) are more wild in name than in nature, for instead of haunting trees and coverts to be shot in the manner of pheasants at the proper season, they at present insist on being domesticated and partaking of the head keeper's hospitality when the members of his household feed the numerous song-birds which gather around the house for their daily meals.

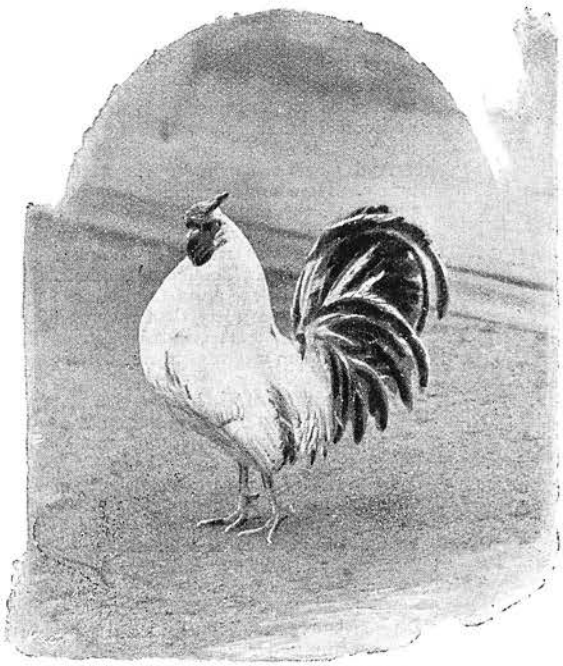
But we must leave the keeper's house with its fascinating surroundings and make for our proper destination, which is the aviary at Frogmore.

Over the verdant turf and under the wide-spreading trees, mainly following the private road traversed every day by Her Majesty when residing at Windsor, past the kennels with their noisy occupants, past the lovely fruit and flower gardens, just outside of Frogmore House, and beside the beautiful dairy, stands the object of our walk.

Below the level of the road in a gently-sloping grass-grown dell is built the aviary. Originally the site was occupied but by some dilapidated outbuildings. The present construction is entirely due to the designs of the never-forgotten Prince Consort. He it was who saw the capabilities of the site, and with his usual forethought added art to utility.



SILVER-SPANGLED HAMBURGHS.



SILVER-PENCILLED HAMBURGH.

Although originally designed for the reception of rare and curious birds presented to the Queen, the aviary has for many years past been mainly used as a miniature poultry farm. Now and again may arrive some showy feathered biped from foreign lands to lead a quiet happy life, well tended and cared for; but in the main ducks and chickens, turkeys and pigeons form the bulk of the population. It is a charming, peaceful little scene to gaze upon, this fine summer morning, the fountain and pond with its fat white ducks in the foreground, behind the well-kept terrace with its summer-house at one end, with rustic seat so often occupied by the Royal couple in days gone by, and a background formed by the neat range of brick buildings and spreading trees.

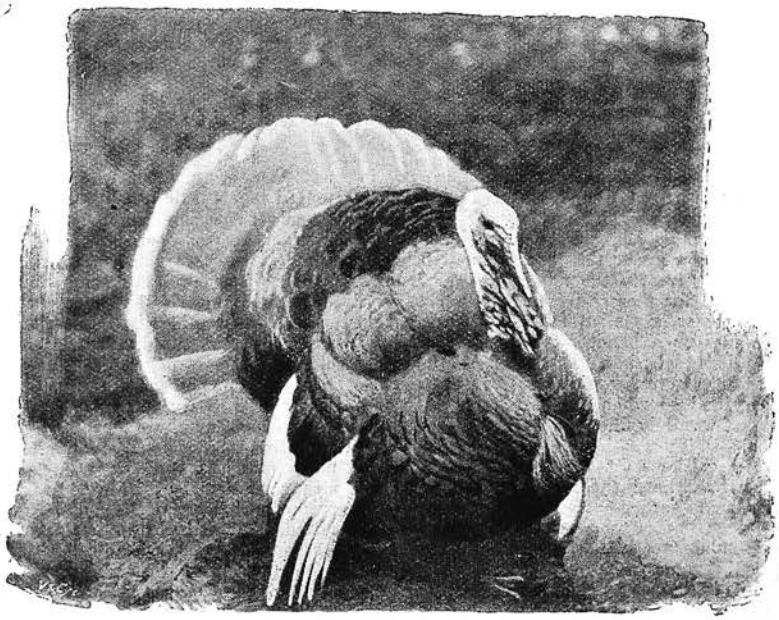
Let us go and interview its keeper. This is a fine stalwart specimen of a retired policeman. Thirty years does Hammond tell us he served in Her Majesty's household police, and now, in the Indian summer of his days, he quietly lays down the law to turkeys, and takes the smallest of chicks and the most amiable of pigeons into custody. Before the advent of Hammond, the aviary, which was for forty years under feminine supervision, had somewhat declined in usefulness; but, as its new guardian is a practical man as well as a poultry-fancier, the whole of his little domain looks well kept and prosperous.

The eighteen pens with brick roost-houses behind, which form the front of the aviary, are mostly occupied by very fine specimens of domestic poultry, the breed of its occupants being indicated by an enamelled iron label affixed to the front of each pen, every breed being kept absolutely separate.

The breeds of poultry kept are too many to describe here; suffice it to say that Hammond thinks his best birds are white Leghorns and black Minorcas. For laying purposes, he prefers a cross between Leghorn and Plymouth Rock; for winter laying, Plymouth Rocks; and for the table, white Dorkings to his mind bear the palm.

The aviary does not supply all the poultry required for the Castle, the first idea being to keep all its pens well stocked with good handsome birds, and to send the surplus to the Castle kitchens. The eggs, ranging between forty and fifty daily, are sent to Windsor Castle, Buckingham Palace, and Osborne House only, the Queen's other residences procuring their supplies elsewhere. About one hundred birds are required each year for stocking the pens, the remainder bred going, as I before remarked, for table purposes. Here I may mention that the only fowls served at Her Majesty's own table are white Dorkings.

After acquiring much useful information on poultry farming, I am taken to the rear of the premises, where breeding operations are mostly



"FIELD-MARSHAL," THE TURKEY.

HAMMOND AND HIS BANTAM "TOBY."

carried on. Incubators, I am told, are not in use or desired at Windsor. Every convenience is, of course, provided for the sitting hens, but with seemingly a natural perverseness they occasionally prefer the oddest of nests chosen by themselves to the most comfortable ones provided for them. Here, for instance, in a dark corner is a stout foster-mother of a hen bringing up a handsome family of ducklings in a bushel basket. It was noticed that her own eggs were invariably laid in this receptacle, and so when breeding time came the basket was duly filled up for her accommodation.

All chickens for the first three weeks of their lives have the run of the pretty old-fashioned garden attached to Hammond's cottage; but as soon as that age is attained, over-indulgence in horticultural pursuits compels their removal.

In addition to chickens some fifty to sixty Aylesbury ducks are annually reared and fattened for Castle use. Some of these are now wandering about with happy and contented looks, little recking of the use of those succulent peas shooting up so tall and straight in their keeper's garden. Here, too, in the yard are a few portly Rouen ducks, the female of which breed some time since distinguished herself by laying an egg five ounces in weight; but, remarks Hammond when relating the incident, "she does not often do it."

In the four pigeon lofts which surmount the roof of the aviary there live at present some forty pigeons mainly of the "Foreign Owl" and "Jacobin" breeds. The youngsters bred and not required for stock purposes go the way of all pigeons—that which leads to pies. At the aviary are also kept some beautiful white doves purchased abroad by H.R.H. Princess Beatrice.

Next I am shown some representatives of the turkey race. These are of a very handsome race known as the Cinnamon turkey. Their native home in Britain is as far north as Caithness; but it is believed the breed was originally brought from the United States or Canada.

The male bird (some three years of age) is of most imposing presence. His colour is a rich chestnut brown, with a black edge to each feather and white wing flights. As he marches to and fro with slow and stately step over a measured track, his prismatic-hued head and neck, combined with his brown and white uniform, irresistibly remind one of the chief hall porter at some stately hotel or theatre.

He is pleased to express his approval of the appearance of my coadjutor with the camera by giving vent to a series of gobbles which sound like the prelude to a solo on the big drum. He then proceeds to disperse the small crowd of humble feathered admirers who have gathered around him, and poses himself for the coming picture.

Sad to relate though, the sharp click of the rapid shutter of the camera quite destroys his self-possession, and he flies for protection behind an old chicken coop, for ever losing caste in the eyes of a small white bantam looking on, who gives vent to his disgust at this craven conduct by a series of ear-piercing challenges.

Some years since, the Queen possessed a beautiful breed of pure white turkeys. Of these there are not any specimens surviving at Windsor, although, as pairs of the birds were given to the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, and the late Duke of Albany, it is possible that the breed is not extinct.

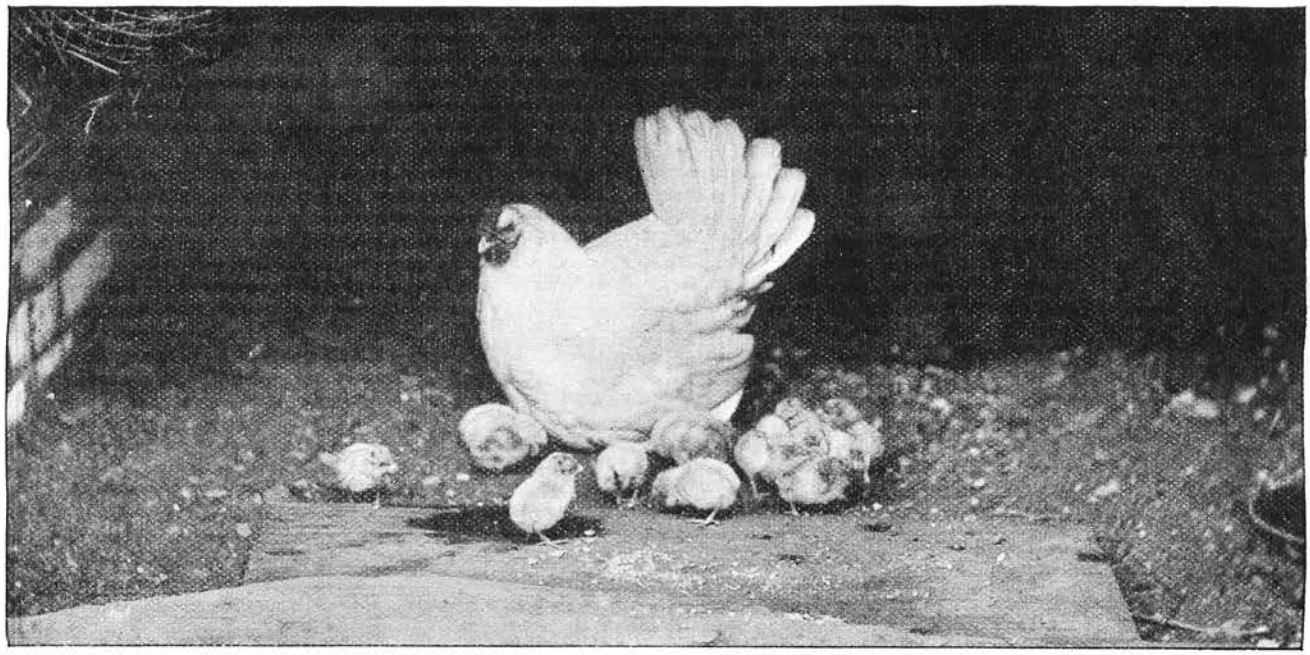
And now once more to the front of the aviary. Here are a splendid pair of golden pheasants, the male bird as he darts about in the sunshine looking a perfect vision of beauty. He was reared at Windsor from parents bred at the Zoological Gardens. The eggs of his mate are given to a sedate hen to hatch, for greater safety than they would get in the nest of their somewhat frivolous mother, who in her turn receives those of a bantam to take care of.

In the same pen with the golden pheasants lives a pretty little family of buff and white pied pigeons—the property of the Queen's Indian Secretary.

Near by one may see a small party of ring-doves assuming the most graceful attitudes as they whisper soft nothings to one another in the bright warm sunshine. These pretty creatures are a living reminder of the innate gallantry of the Irish race. During the Queen's first progress through Ireland after her marriage, as the Royal carriage was slowly passing through a triumphal arch, a pair of ringdoves were gently lowered almost into Her Majesty's hands. It is from this pair that the pretty little family before mentioned is descended. The doves are great favourites with the Queen, who always relates the history of their origin with special pleasure.

Before leaving, one must have a glance at the Queen's room, situated in the centre of the aviary, which remains practically the same in appearance as when first fitted under the superintendence of the Prince Consort. It is a very simple but bright apartment of moderate size, with a big bay window overlooking the terrace and fountain.

The walls are papered with a light chintz pattern, and the furniture is framed in light oak and upholstered with a flower pattern cretonne. The principal ornament of the room is a large case of stuffed birds shot by the late Prince Consort. The case is about six feet in height, and has a rustic oak framework. Its occupants are grouse, black cock, and capercailzie. Carved on the frame of the case is "Taymouth, Sep. 8th and 9th, 1842." All around the walls of the room are other cases of old favourities which in days gone by adorned the pens of the aviary. There is a



"THE FOSTER-MOTHER."

splendid pied peacock, Amherst pheasants, Indian pigeons, a bantam formerly belonging to the Prince of Wales, and many others. One should also notice the head and claws of a gigantic emu, who in his lifetime was the proud representative of Australia at Windsor. In the corridor leading from the Queen's room to the garden stands a group of kangaroo rats, a big bustard, a Muscovy duck, and a splendid peacock, once the property of the Earl of Beaconsfield. This last bird was removed to the aviary from Hughenden shortly after the late Earl's death.

Until the last few years, the aviary was a favourite place for the Royal Family to partake of afternoon tea, and here in the Queen's room is still kept the neat dark blue-and-white Dresden china service which was in ordinary use by Her Majesty. The Queen still drives round the aviary in her daily visit to Frogmore, but rarely alights from her carriage.

Of Royal and distinguished visitors there are many, but not any so regular or so welcome as the children of H.R.H. Princess Beatrice, who seldom allow a day to pass, when staying at Windsor, without "coming to feed the birds"; and right well do those same birds know and welcome the youthful visitors. From the big turkey to the tiny doves, all are on the alert when the sound of carriage wheels is heard, and a universal chorus of approval bursts from the feathered throats as the Royal party distribute their largesse.

The family of the Duke of Connaught also have a special interest in the aviary in the shape of some dozen or so of long-haired white Canadian guinea-pigs (a present from their aunt, the Princess Louise), which live and flourish under Hammond's fostering care.

And now old Time is fast a-flying, so one must think of taking leave; but I cannot, without great discourtesy, omit a mention of one of the most important characters on the establishment. This is "Toby," a tiny white bantam cock with a beautiful rose-coloured comb. Throughout the morning he has carefully followed his master's footsteps, seemingly under the idea that his protection was necessary from the evil designs of journalists and photographers. Too near an approach to the beloved governor was at once resented, while when a halt was called for descriptive purposes, he would stand patiently by with head on one side, crooning his satisfaction with the explanation, and anon darting a sharp look at the man with the note-book as though he would say, "Now, have you got that down?"

So satisfied with our attention is he that at his master's desire he proceeds to show us a small specimen of his talents. Standing on the ground, with Hammond's hands linked together before him, a short run is taken and the hands are neatly jumped five or six times in succession.

Other tricks were to follow, but unfortunately Toby's father just then appeared from behind a coop, followed by a numerous harem. Something cynical with regard to frivolous amusements was evidently said by the newcomers, for without the slightest warning Toby at once proceeded to assault the man with the camera, and, as the bird must weigh a pound and a half, whereas the artist is not more than thirteen stone, we deemed it prudent to say good-bye, and beat a hasty retreat, followed by triumphant crowing from Toby and his sire, who, by the by, gives himself airs on the strength of being a prize-winner at one of the great Norwich shows.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

THE oven door of a kitchen range should be left open at night to air the oven, unless a cat is left in the kitchen. Cats sometimes get into the oven for warmth if it is left open, and that is not advisable.

CARE should be taken when giving fruit to children to remove any pips or core, which might prove dangerous if swallowed.

THE hall door of a house should now and then be set wide open to air the passages thoroughly, someone being at hand to see that no one enters unbidden.

A TABLESPOONFUL of washing-powder in the hot water in which china and silver are washed is of great value; but the water should be very hot.

IN arranging a new house, it is rather a good plan to have distinctive names for the bedrooms, and it is a pretty idea to name them after jewels or flowers, and have the rooms decorated with colours and designs to match, so that there might be the Emerald, Ruby, Turquoise, and Amber rooms, or the Forget-me-not, Rose, and Primrose rooms. The hand-candlesticks, match-box cases, and hot-water cans should be painted to suit each room.

NEVER use any but the best soap for the face. If this is not obtainable or within reach of your purse, use only a little oatmeal in the water. Common soaps produce blotches and skin irritation, especially those that are highly coloured and scented.

BOTH woollen and cotten stockings should be mended with silk rather than cotton or wool. It is more comfortable, resists wear and tear longer, and does not easily discolour.

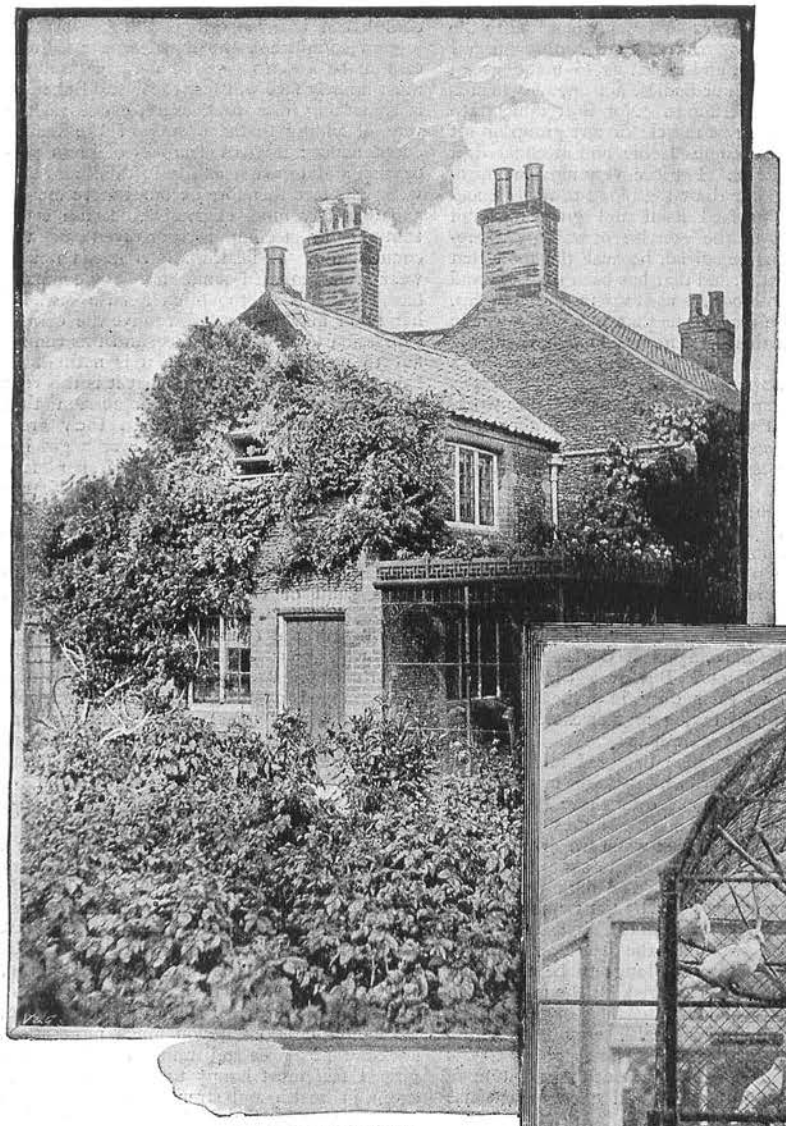
THERE is scarcely anything more injurious to health and spirits than a damp house. Leave it as soon as possible.

FUR worn round the throat has a certain danger, not only that of making the throat delicate, but also that the fine hairs find their way into the stomach and lungs, and become injurious.

IF a kettle or saucepan has to be put away and not used for some time, see that it is quite dry inside, for if put away wet, rust will accumulate and make a hole in the metal.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES'S TAME BIRDS.

By ERNEST M. JESSOP.



THE DUKE OF YORK'S PIGEON LOFT.

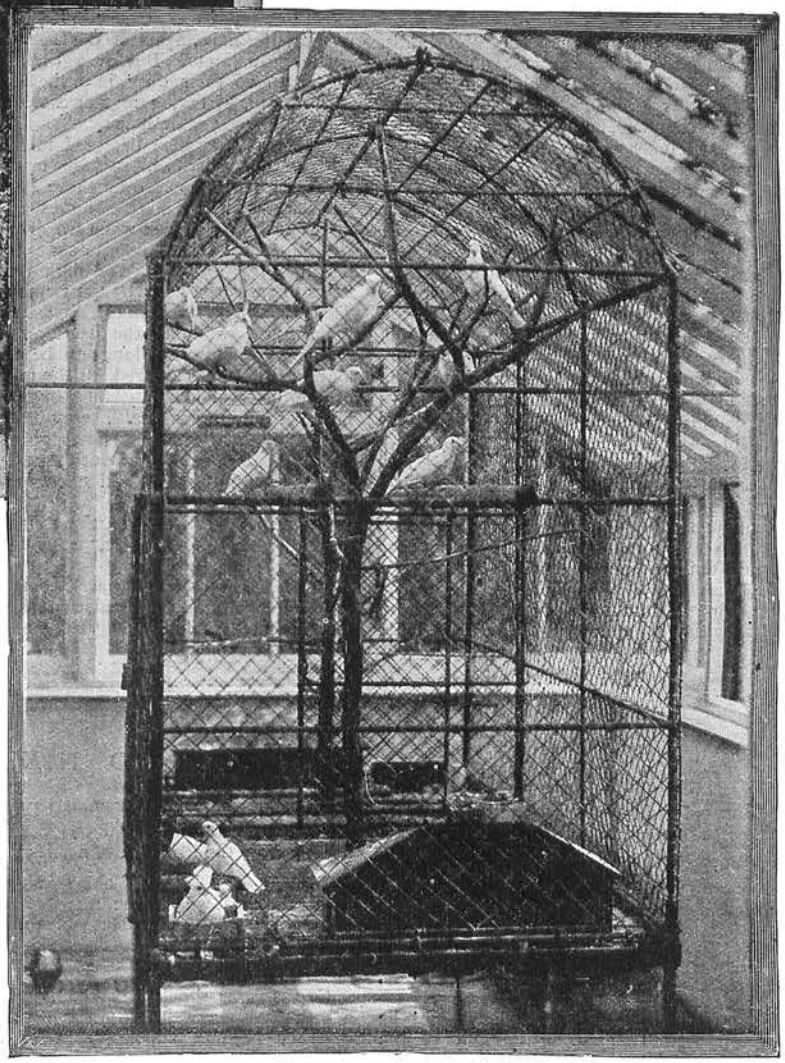
ARMED with the necessary permission of our always gracious Princess, I started from the pretty inn at Dersingham one brilliant morning in mid-September. My companion, a knight of the camera, had his light artillery girded around him, and his baggage in the shape of rapid "plates" swinging by his side. Straight up the wide sandy road which leads from Dersingham village to Sandringham House we strode, with many a pause to comment on the beauty of our surroundings.

The broad stretch of greenest turf on either side of us, backed up as it is with grand trees and thick undergrowth, naturally gives rise to many a pleasant surprise in the shape of domestic scenes of bird and animal life, and it is with the greatest difficulty and only through constant reminder of our appointments that I can prevent the camera-legs being pitched in all kinds of likely and unlikely spots. Here it is a foreign pheasant, looking like a small specimen of an earthly rainbow, showing a gorgeous spot of colour against some dark shrubs; there it is a squirrel taking an early bunch of fir cones *au naturelle* on the spreading branch of an elm, or maybe the happy parents of some half dozen small brown bunnies teaching their offspring the difference between the animal man who does and him who does not shoot: an important branch of education, as this same Dersingham road is the usual wind-up of the big "shoots" with which the Royal owner of the demesne gratifies his guests.

And so we dawdle up the pleasant walk, the pheasants and rabbits scarce troubling to make way for us, an odd village cart or so and a few pleasant-voiced labourers being all the signs of human life we meet with until we find ourselves in front of the stately "Norwich Gates," so called from their manufacture at, and presentation by, that loyal town. Just inside these same gates a sufficiently startling surprise awaits us—this is no less than a stalwart London policeman in full uniform: a being who looks sadly incongruous amid his rural surroundings.

On investigation we find that he is almost the only sign and token of the residence of Royalty on the estate. Here is no fuss and bother, no pomp or state, no liveried menials to demand one's business and put obstacles in the way of its execution. The whole great estate of some 8,000 acres is managed in the simplest but most perfect manner—that manner which the whole world over distinguishes the English gentleman.

Past the gates and their smiling keeper we turn to the left, following the course of an ancient wall seemingly composed of most nutritious materials, as all kinds of vegetation are springing from the interstices between its bricks with apparently no other diet to depend on than a course of mortar. Bending now to the right, past the stables and the lovely green-covered East Lodge, opposite to us we notice a well which in its way is a perfect little picture, with its moss-grown



THE PRINCESS OF WALES'S AVIARY.

WHITE "SILKY" FOWLS.

steps and its curious thatched roof, something of the shape of a lych-gate, overhung by great wide-spreading trees.

Open once more comes that camera stand—in vain. Business must be attended to, and we are now close to the head keeper's house, which is our destination. Still it is hard to pass by without a peep behind the well into the fairy-like glen beyond, where, judging from the sounds, a birds' parliament is just now in full sitting, its deliberations presided over by some splendidly dressed cock pheasants who bar our further progress.

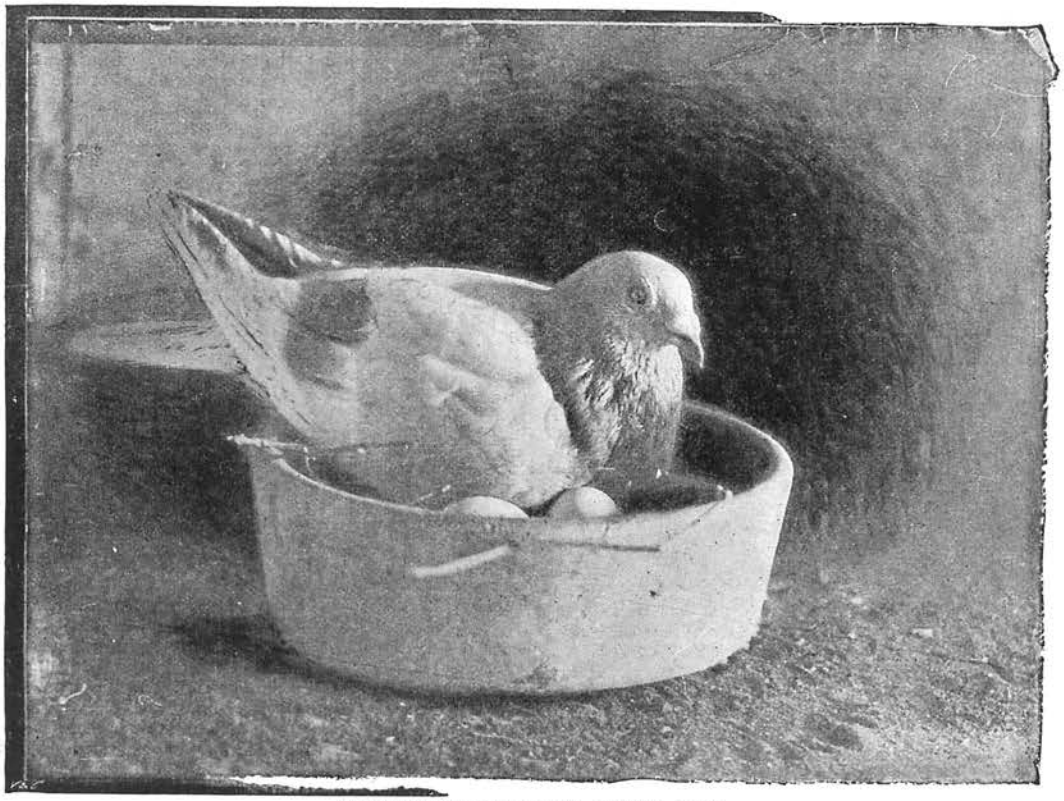
But now out from an opposite gate comes dear old Snowball, one of the handsomest and kindest of pure white collies, and peeping behind him a lovely white cat, two indications that show me, who have been here before, that kindly Mrs. Jackson, the wife of the head keeper, is not far distant. Snowball, with whom I have been on the best of terms since I took his portrait some years since, waves his great white tail and looks at me as much as to say, "Are you coming in?" The cat, who is a comparative stranger, echoes the invitation with a slight "meow" and I at once accept it.

Waiting for us at the door of her pretty green-covered house is Mrs. Jackson, wife of the Prince's head keeper. Always ready to take a helpful interest in one's work is Mrs. Jackson, and our present subject especially commends itself to her. "First of all you ought to photograph 'Willie,' as she is the Princess's special pet dove, and very fond of her mistress she is." Every morning when in residence at Sandringham does the Princess call at Mrs. Jackson's to feed and caress Willie, who on her part does her best with pretty little endearments to repay her kind mistress. Walking or flying about the house as she does, without restraint or fear of cat or dog, on the Princess's arrival she at once flies to her hand or shoulder and rubs her beautiful little head against her mistress with soft bird-like murmurings of contentment, and so loath is she to give up her position that confinement in a cage has always to be resorted to before the Princess can leave her.

By-the-by the masculine name of Willie is somewhat of a misnomer, as the little dove has of late laid some eggs.

But now Mrs. Jackson calls "Willie" by name, and fluttering in at the sitting-room door comes the little pet, so trim and glistening her feathers that she seems to be clothed in white satin, while her ruby-red eyes sparkle like genuine gems. This morning she is in very high spirits, and repeatedly making a sound like a happy little laugh, flies from one to the other of the party, but declines to remain still for a moment.

Although it is very flattering to have so much notice taken of one by such a favoured pet, we badly want a photograph of "Willie," and the poor photographer begins to wear a

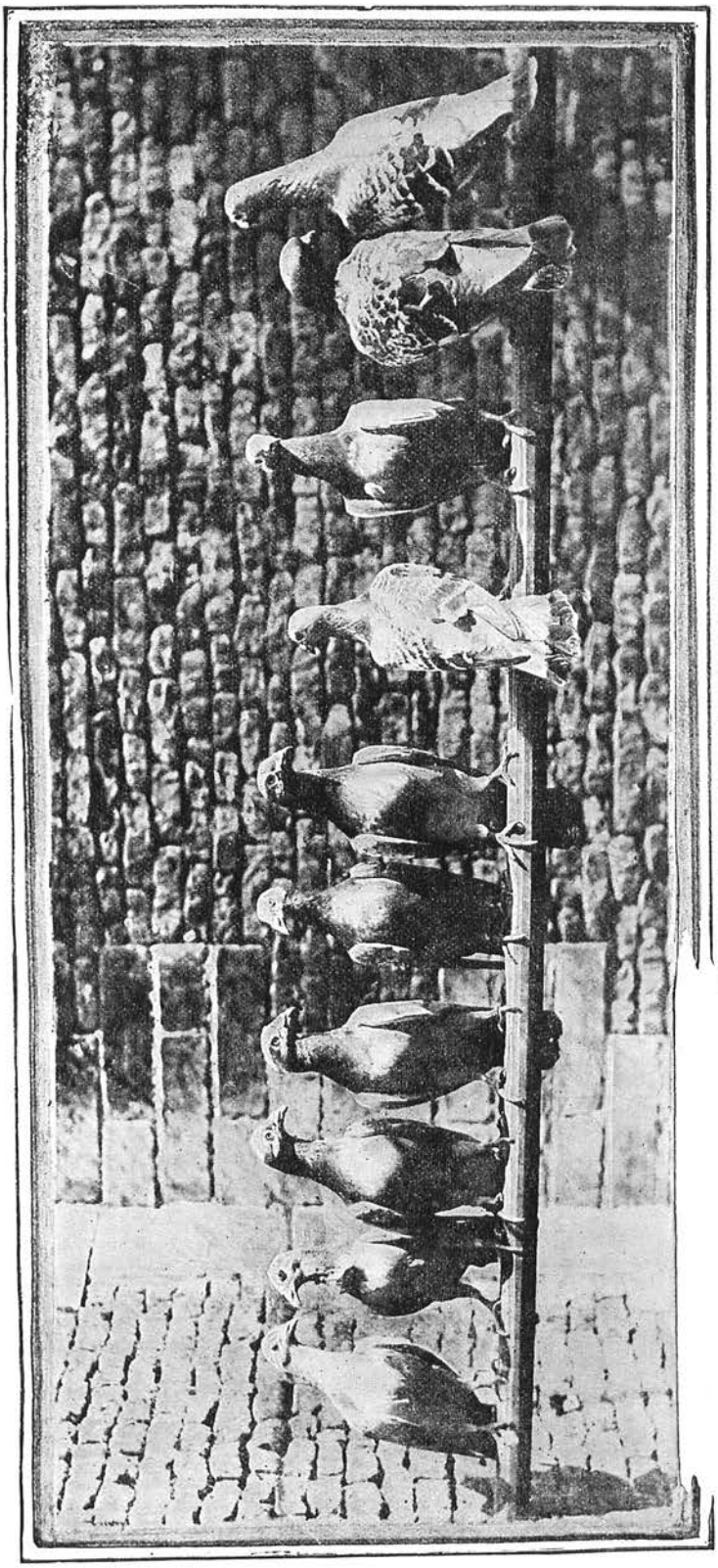


IN THE DUKE OF YORK'S PIGEON LOFT.

worried look as plate after plate is spoiled by her capricious movements. Quite suddenly, however, and without warning she develops a tremendous fancy for me, nestles down on my arm, and with her satisfied little laugh seems to say, "This is the one I have long loved, and here you may take my portrait," so at last all goes well.

With *Willie still on* my arm, and followed by the white cat and dog, we now cross the sunny road to visit some of her friends and relations. Here we find an open door framed in climbing roses, within which is a glass and wire aviary inhabited as to its centre division by some twenty or more white doves. A charming picture they make perched on twigs in the bright sunshine, gently cooing soft nothings to one another. In the left hand corner of the cage may be seen two of them sitting on their own eggs, and probably comparing notes as to future results. All these doves, we are told, are descended from a pair given to the Princess when in Ireland, and they also are special pets of Her Royal Highness, who always feeds them when at Sandringham.

In the side cages of the aviary live (seemingly from choice, as the doors are wide open and they can walk about without let or hindrance) some Australian crested pigeons, very gay in colour and harmonising splendidly with the brilliant but homely flowers by which they are surrounded. And here, as diarist Pepys would say, it is mighty pretty to notice that not any of the birds seem to have the slightest fear of the cat which accompanies us. Mrs. Jackson says it is quite easy to train cats when young not to notice or interfere with birds, and this particular specimen frequently,

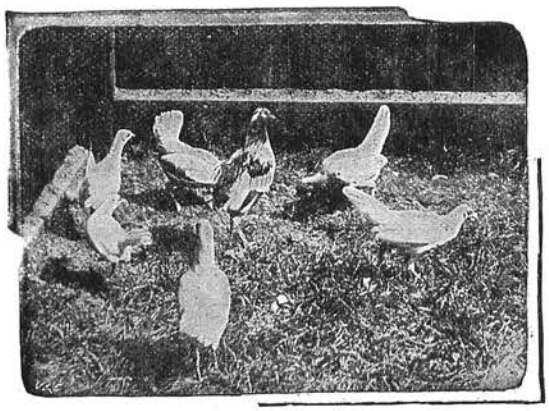


SOME OF THE PRINCE OF WALES'S PIGEONS.

"WILLIE," THE PRINCESS OF WALES'S PET DOVE.

as one may see, lies down and sleeps by the doves, his long white hair mingling with the snowy feathers of the sitting birds. He has his uses, too, as a poor little lame rat, who looks in just now at the door of the aviary, quickly finds himself an example of the doctrine of the non-survival of the unfittest.

This same aviary in which we have been talking was once used as a monkey-house, but in the words of the sailor who, when asked to describe the manners and customs of some aborigines, answered, "Manners they had none, and their customs were abominable," the same was observed of the monkeys, and so they were duly evicted and their places filled by the present pretty



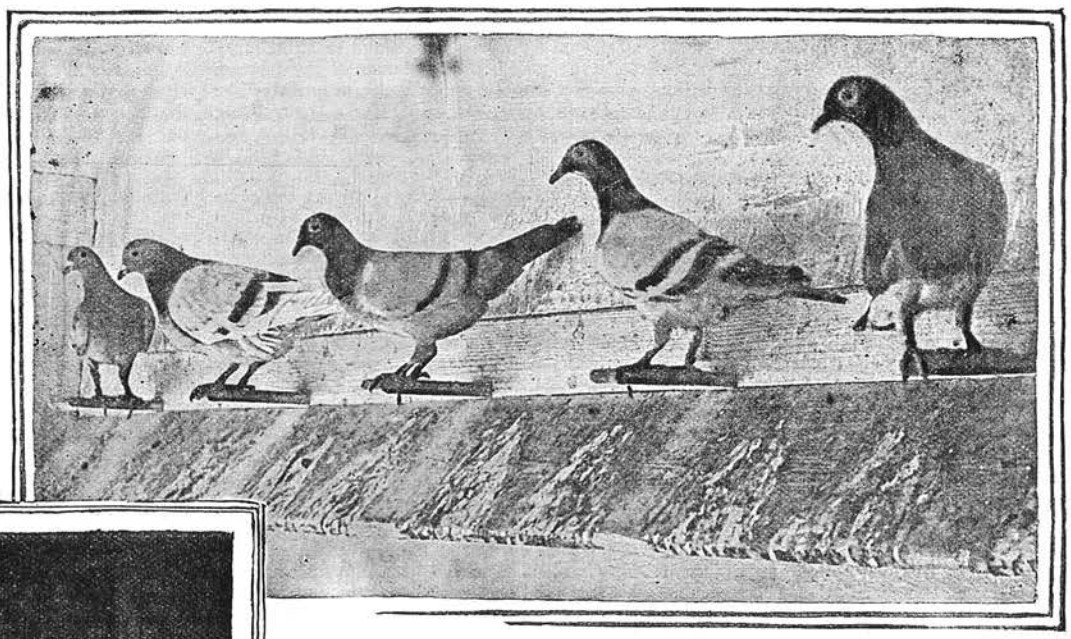
A GROUP OF THE PRINCESS'S PET BANTAMS.

occupants, who, until their removal, had lived in the Princess's own boudoir.

Now Mrs. Jackson hands us over to the care of Robinson, a careful attendant, under whose charge are most of the domesticated birds on the estate. First he takes us to see some small enclosures planted with shrubs and reeds and furnished with little pools of water in which reside, when they please, various kinds of water-fowl. Here may be seen, when they are not wandering about the gardens or otherwise engaged, teal, sheldrake, harlequins and whistling ducks. One old whistling duck has been here

for thirteen years, and earned for herself a unique distinction. It is believed these ducks were never known to lay in England before; however, determined to make a record, lay this one did, sat on her own eggs, and moreover successfully reared four young ones.

Near by we come on a pen containing a sheldrake and duck. These exhibit some alarm at the fixing of the camera, but it is useless to protest as the plates are extra rapid, and the strange instrument is wielded by Mr. Kearton,



SOME OF THE DUKE OF YORK'S PIGEONS IN THEIR LOFT.

COCKIE.

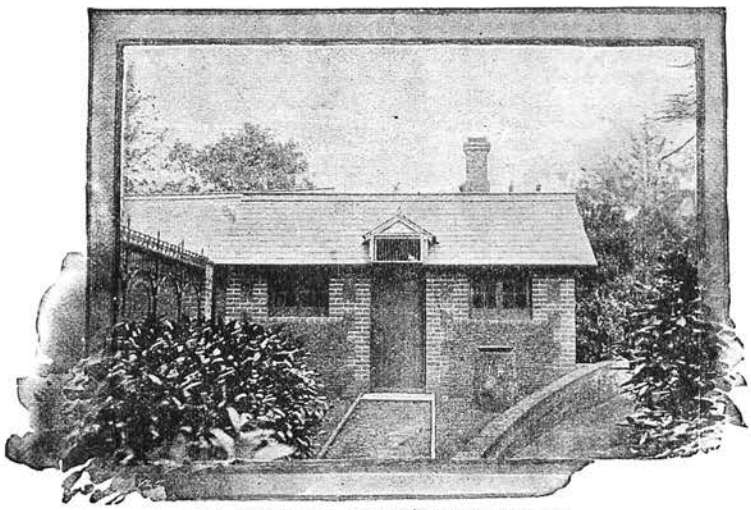
the most accomplished bird photographer in England.

The eggs from which these birds were incubated were found on the borders of the estate and duly hatched out. The young birds were reared by the persevering Robinson, who would walk many miles daily to procure cockles for their delectation. In gratitude for this care, although their movements are quite unimpeded, they seldom wander far from the home of their youth.

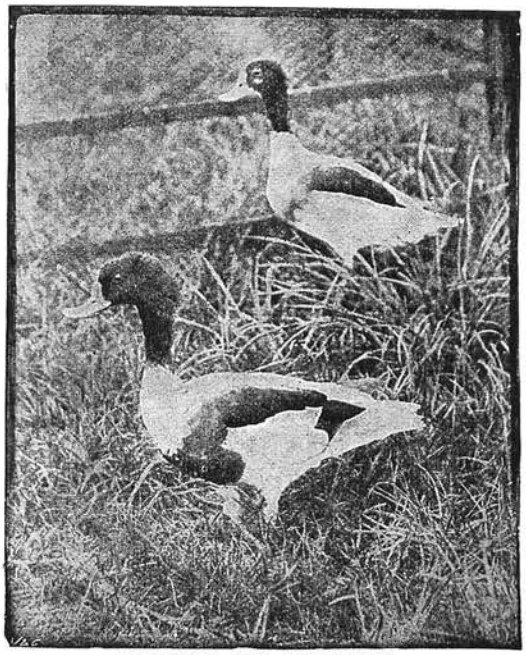
In immediate proximity to these fortunate foundlings are three large, fat and happy-looking mandarin ducks obtained in exchange from the Zoo.

Now we pass through the gates leading to the kennels to visit the most important pet bird on the estate. This is "Cockie," originally a very fine specimen of a white cockatoo with a salmon-coloured crest surmounting his venerable but intelligent countenance. For reasons best known to himself, he carefully removes all feathers that grow within his reach from his person, thereby giving himself somewhat the appearance of a very thin judge, who has commenced his toilet by putting on his wig. At the sight of my friend with his camera, "Cockie" commences to dance a sort of barbarian war-dance on his perch, at the same time making a few remarks in an undertone that I cannot help thinking are criticisms of the most derogatory nature on our personal appearance and belongings. These remarks are punctuated at short intervals by ear-piercing yells of the most unearthly nature.

However, when called to order by Brunsdon, his keeper, he at once assumes his most judicial attitude, feels along his perch as though searching for pens and note-book, and preserves a solemn silence while his history is related, although the way that he raises and lowers his crest at certain points



THE PRINCE OF WALES'S PIGEON LOFT.



SHELDUCK AND SHELDRAKE.

of the narrative, together with an artful wink of one eye, make me expect to hear him break out at any moment with some sharp, cross-examining questions.

He, it seems, has been the property of the Princess for the past twenty-five years, and is exceedingly attached to her. Until the last few years he resided in his mistress's dressing-room, from which he was only banished on account of the increasing power of his lungs. In order to certify to the truth of this statement, "Cockie" here gives utterance to a perfectly deafening shriek. When at Sandringham the Princess pays him a regular morning visit, and as soon as she is near enough to his perch "Cockie" takes her hand with his black claw, rubs his head against her and chatters his best thanks for the kindness he has experienced for so many years. In fact it is sometimes a difficult matter to separate him from the Royal mistress he loves so well.

Much more, no doubt, we should have heard concerning the life and achievements of "Cockie," but the narrative is broken off by that worthy himself, who has for some minutes been regarding the tripod legs of the the camera with a fascinated eye, and now endeavours to acquire possession of them with a view to their utilisation as a portable gymnasium. Some little time is occupied with their rescue, as "Cockie" holds firm with beak and claw, but at last we literally tear ourselves away, followed by an unmistakable yell of derision from the featherless magnate.

Now, with Robinson once more for pilot, we cross the road to the new pheasantry, opposite which live the Princess's pet bantams. Here along a turf-bordered path in the neatest of pens are to be found the Princess's latest fancies. Started from a few birds presented by the Hon. Mabel Sturt, the collection now numbers over one hundred, and includes all the best classes known to fanciers. Japanese Speckled, Japanese White with black tails, Black Rose-combs, Scotch Greys, Duckwing game and Pile game—all have their separate pens with their titles on the gates; and, as Pepys would say, a mighty pretty diversion it is for the Princess and her friends to come from the great house with the proper food carried by an attendant, and feed and watch the ways and manners of the bright and graceful little creatures.

We carry off one successful photograph in spite of the opposition of a pile game cock, who, although not more than about a pound in weight, with the proverbial gallantry of his race, is fully prepared to fight the three of us first and the camera afterwards. However, a small tribute to his prowess in the shape of a handful of grain is sufficient to solace his wounded pride, and we are allowed to depart scathless but amidst a loud crowing of defiance from his friends and neighbours.

In the paddock at the rear of the bantam pens we stop to notice some beautiful white "silky" fowls, so called from their being covered in the place of feathers with a soft thick down closely resembling raw silk in texture. These were reared from French parents and are mainly kept to act as foster-mothers to the young pheasants, of which many thousands are bred every year for sporting purposes on the estate. The "silkies," from their lightness and warmth, it is thought, will entirely take the place of the Dorkings which were formerly used for rearing purposes.

And now we make the discovery that both the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York are pigeon fanciers, so of course our next move is made to see the Prince's loft of homing pigeons. The management of both this and the Duke of York's loft is in the hands of Mr. J. Walter Jones, the head master of the Prince's schools at Sandringham, and from his conversation and the appearance of the lofts, it is easy to see that Mr. Jones is both an enthusiast and an expert, and it is a real pleasure to hear him discourse on his treasured charges. The Prince of Wales's loft contains twenty-one nest boxes, and is usually full. The aviary attached is at present inhabited by fourteen birds of high pedigree, who require a coloured illustration to do justice to their beauty as they preen themselves in the brilliant sunshine. The loft as shown in our photograph is a brick building situated close to the house of Mr. Jackson, the Prince's head keeper. It is divided into two compartments for old and young birds. During the winter season the birds are separated, the hens occupying the young bird portion and the male birds that of the old ones where the nest boxes are situated. About a week before the pairing season commences, say the end of February, the entrances to the nest boxes are opened and each male bird selects the one he fancies. Their mates are then placed in these, and the boxes are for the time being closed. In front of each nest box hangs a drinking tin of an ingenious pattern which always keeps the water clean.

The water supply in the loft is kept in enamelled iron pans with covers, as Mr. Jones has a strong objection to any drinking fountain the interior of which cannot be seen and well cleansed.

Outside the loft is the bath placed in the hollowed trunk of a tree. This is available for the birds both winter and summer, except during the training and racing season, when it is overturned before the return of the birds in order that they may at once enter the loft.

The birds are fed from a hopper, beans being the staple food. Failing the most careful and regular hand feeding, the hopper is considered the best method. The loft is cleaned out every morning and the floor and nest boxes strewn with fine gravel, or silt, to use the local name. This is stated to be the secret of the good health and vigour of the birds: plenty of coarse grit means good digestion, without which good health is impossible. During the moulting season plenty of change of diet is given, Mr. Jones believing that the more nutritious the diet the better the quality of the growing feathers. He notices that with the wild pigeon the moulting season is also the time of plenty and variety of diet.

Some of the pretty birds we are now inspecting have flown home from places as far distant as Ventnor, Cherbourg, London, Chard, Newcastle-on-Tyne and Berwick. The smartest birds in the loft are some pretty "blues" descended from a pair presented by Monsieur A. Jurion. Number five from the right in the aviary photograph was presented by M. Duchateau, president of the National Flying Club of Belgium.

Neither the Prince's or the Duke of York's pigeons are flown with the idea of winning matches, and the interest on race days is mainly at Sandringham as to which of the lofts does best.

And now a short walk over the meadows, past the pretty school-house at West Newton, takes us to the pigeon loft of H.R.H. the Duke of York. It is a charming little place adjoining York Dairy, without a chance of feeling a breath of north or east wind, and surrounded by such an old-fashioned garden full of old-fashioned flowers, fruit and vegetables, as one seldom even dreams about.

The loft consists of two storeys, the upper with fourteen nest boxes, where we get our pretty picture of the patient parent who is known as No. 659; and a ground floor with six nest boxes and an aviary attached which contains some very valuable birds, mainly the gifts of distinguished foreign fanciers. The illustration of the Duke's homing pigeons shows the projecting perches provided for the birds, and my attention is also called to the peculiar trap through which the birds enter the top storey of the loft. This is specially designed to keep stray cats in their proper place, *i.e.*, on the outside. So with a last look at the pretty loft, the adjoining trim-built "Alexandra" model cottages, and with a wish for long life and happiness to the gracious lady to whose fostering care so much of the quiet happiness which seems to pervade all the Sandringham estate is due, we bid farewell to the last of our courteous guides and the lucky birds in their care.

AMUSEMENT, AND ENJOYMENT FOR IDLE HOURS.

Scrap-Book Making.

HERE is a wonderful amount of "solid satisfaction" to be enjoyed in making a scrap-book, as hundreds of people can testify who have experienced it and hundreds more might learn by trial. The pursuit may be varied to an indefinite extent and may be made not only a source of present pleasure, but a resource of future usefulness. Some persons will make a scrap-book of stories, some of poetry, some of stories and poetry, mixed. Some will add bits of useful information or general matter and make a comprehensive melange. Others still will make scrap-books of essays on scientific, literary or religious topics in which they may be interested. But all will find scrap-book making a most fascinating avocation, once they have entered upon it. Young people with home tastes, or who can be encouraged to cultivate home tastes, might spend their time to far less desirable purpose than the making up of scrap-books on any of these plans. It promotes a habit of reading, and better still, creates a habit of attentive reading and discriminating judgment; and for this reason it is a good plan, when selections for the scrap-book are cut from the newspaper or other periodical, to lay them aside for a while and see whether the first impression of their value for preservation may not be changed on a second perusal. Semi-invalids find in scrap-book making a charming recreation and useful occupation, and few persons in any line of life are so busy or so poor in resources that they may not do something of the kind and be surprised at the results they are able to accomplish.

A well-selected scrap-book is as good, even better than a library book, as a source of interesting reading matter for the family or the visitor, while literary, professional or business men, students in any special lines, farmers and gardeners, even mechanics, can make collections of matter pertaining to the field in which they are interested that will be of inestimable value to them and their associates, by carefully preserving articles found from time to time in the newspapers and magazines containing information or discussion on such topics; and the work, if systematically done, need not be a serious tax on time or patience.

The ideal old-fashioned scrap-book is an old ledger or account-book with two leaves out of each three carefully cut out so that the scraps, when pasted in, will not make the book thicker than the back. United States census reports and other strongly-bound books that are not wanted for their original purposes make good substitutes. The writer made in youth a scrap-book, which is still in existence, by folding newspapers to the desired size, sewing them together, and imitating as nearly as possible the binding of a book, having dissected a book to discover the binder's secret. Nice books are prepared by the binders expressly for the purpose of scrap-books. They are to be had in various sizes and styles, and are most desirable for those to whom their cost is not an objection. The old-fashioned way has the advantage, however, that the superfluous leaves need not be removed till they are reached, and the body of the book can thus be preserved in its full thickness while the pasting is going on—an advantage which scrap-book makers soon learn to appreciate.

The present generation does not make so many literary scrap-books as did its predecessor; in fact a "story scrap-book" is a rarity in the household now, where formerly they were quite common. The present rage is for "picture scrap-books," and some delightful work in this line has been done by artistic and skillful hands. Here again those who can command ample and expensive materials are by no means monopolists of the pleasure and satisfaction to be derived nor of the beautiful results to be achieved. Pictures of some sort are plentifully available with everybody, even if no better than newspaper or advertising cuts. Some of these indeed make fine effects when tastefully disposed in picture scrap-books. For the best results a picture scrap-book should have white or plain-colored leaves, but the same books used for scraps can be utilized for pictures, the pages being covered according to the ingenuity and taste of the maker.

A good way, and a cheap way, is to choose a book of broad pages and strong binding and cut out all the leaves, leaving stumps of about half an inch or an inch. Then procure white or tinted paper of as good quality as you can afford, cut to the right size for your leaves, and paste or glue these new leaves, one to every third or fourth stub in your book, taking care to do the work neatly and evenly. It is best to cut away the old and put in the new leaves a few at a time as they are wanted.

Resources for beautiful work in picture scrap-books are almost unlimited. Picture cards, advertising cards and pamphlets, floral catalogues, illustrated newspapers and magazines, lithographed calendars, even almanacs, all furnish more or less available material. Not very many years ago the making of "medley pictures" by dexterous combinations of small and large engravings was a favorite pastime with many, but required too fine taste and too much patient work to be generally popular. The picture scrap-book makes fewer demands on skill and patience, yet offers abundant opportunity for their exercise, and if care and taste are used the book becomes a lasting source of pleasure. It is best, as a rule, not to crowd too much on a page. Study effects and harmonies in color and design. A pretty figure piece with a bunch of flowers at one corner, may often give a better effect than anything more. But the combinations must be studied and experimented upon and the work will do much to develop artistic taste and judgment.

Good glue is best for picture scrap-books, as it is not so apt to warp the page or to "soak" the paper. For reading scraps book-binder's paste, or any good cooked paste, is better than mucilage. Spread the paste thinly and evenly, on the scrap, not on the leaf, and while it is damp lay on an extra sheet of paper (a piece of newspaper) over the page and iron it with a pretty hot flat-iron till it is dry. When nearly dry, the flat-iron may be applied directly to the page, taking care always to look out for the paper or flat-iron sticking to the page. By this means the page is kept smooth, otherwise it will dry in wrinkles. When glue is used no ironing is needed, but a little more care is required in applying it.

"Burning the Winter."

By James Walter Smith.

From a Photo. by] BURNING THE SNOW IMAGE OF WINTER AT ZÜRICH. *[Link, Zürich.*

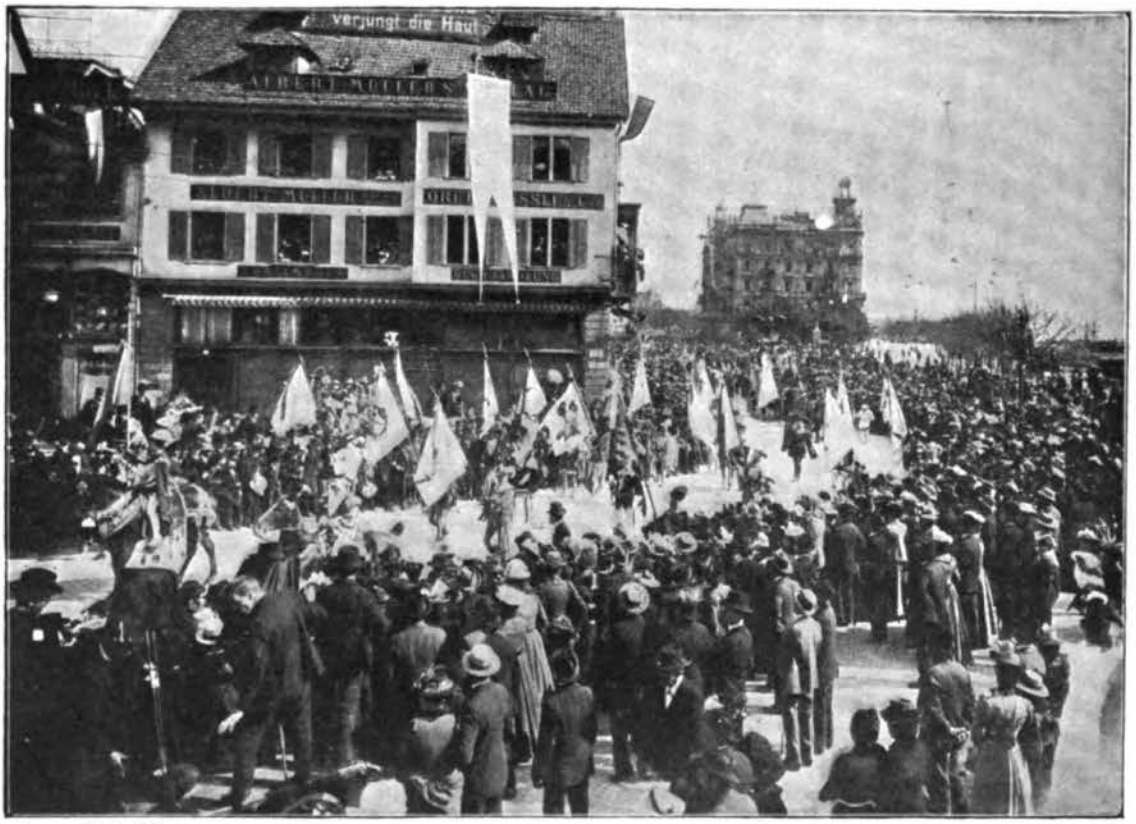
IT' sounds like nonsense, but it is a fact. If you think of it for a moment it will be as clear as daylight. It can hardly mean that a person deliberately puts himself to work to set a calendar season on fire, for that would be arrant nonsense. But you can set on fire and burn up that which represents the winter. You can rig up a dummy snow-man, stuff him with cotton-wool and oil, set him alight, and stand by while he disappears to a rapid death, and then go home with a feeling that winter is indeed dead because you have done away with his image. If you think it can't be done, the answer is, it is.

Of course, it requires a slight stretch of imagination, but where you get an imaginative people, with traditions extending back to times well-nigh forgotten, you make allowance for many things and understand more. Accordingly, if you were to be in Zürich when the so-called "Sechseläuten" festival is celebrated and a snow-man is enthusiastically burned in public to mark the death of winter and the birth of budding spring, you would find that it is the day of days in the Zürich year, when joy is uncontrolled and the hard-working Züricher, with his wife and child, makes holiday from morn till night. *Cafés* and restaurants are open, to be sure, for the Züricher must drink and eat, but shop and factory are shut, and from the confines of city and canton come the people to bid adieu to ill-tempered winter. It is a day of procession and banquetry, banner-clad houses and crowded streets, ending at evening on the waterside of the beautiful lake of Zürich with a scene of excitement and brilliancy to be duplicated nowhere else in the world.

The inhabitants of Zürich burn the winter towards the middle or end of April, when the lessening rigours of climate note the onrush of warmer days. To be consistent with the calendar the ceremony should be observed earlier, at the time of the vernal equinox, but Switzerland is a land of high altitudes, and winter is there loth to give up its icy hold. The stuffed snow-man, however, is but part of the festival. Since olden times—at least, since the golden age of the guilds—it has been a Zürich custom for the bell of the Grossmünster to ring all summer through at the hour of six in the evening, as a signal for the various crafts to stop work. The first Monday after equal day and night was set apart as a holiday, when the bell rang for the first time in the year, and the festal day which it signalized was called "Sechseläuten," the "six o'clock ringing" of the bell. To this day the belfry of the twin-towered old pile in which Zwingli preached performs its time-honoured function, and to the Zürichois tells anew, with each clang of its iron tongue, the history of a sturdy, intellectual, yet pleasure-loving people.

At eight in the morning of the "Sechseläuten" the fun begins with the formation of a procession of gaily-clothed boys and

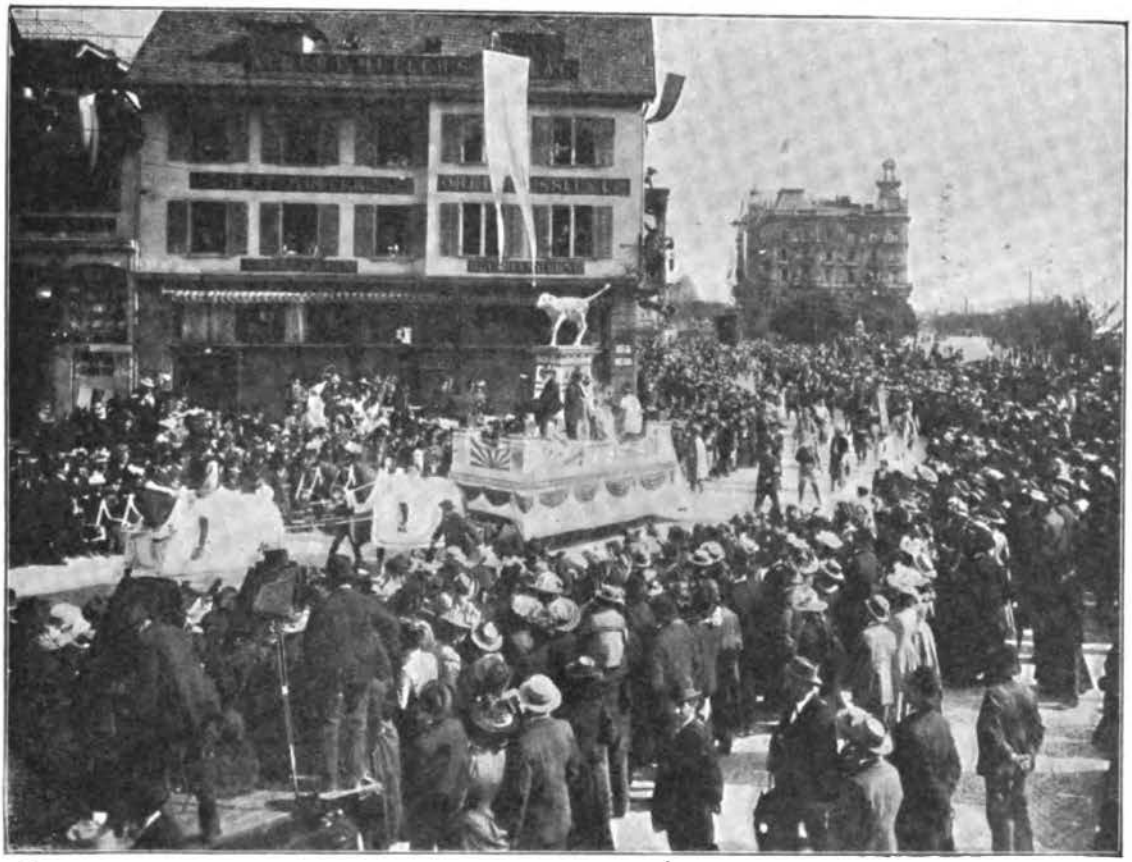
girls of all sorts and sizes, to whom is entrusted the important ceremony of escorting the dummy snow-man to his place of martyrdom. Imagination can hardly recall the variety of the costumes in which these tots are dressed. You can tell, as the procession gets into line with a hubbub of childish cries and jubilation, that the maternal brains of Zürich have been taxed for days with colour schemes and ornamental patterns. The little pierrots—for most of the children are decked out as merry-andrews, with cocked hats, enormous buttons, and bulging pantaloons—have a lively time with the snow-man, getting him into line, for he is a bulky bit of stuffing on a car, surrounded by little fir trees, with a long pipe in his capacious mouth, a broom under his arm, and eyes as black as coal, which they are. The "Bögg," such being the name by which this portly man of white is known to the people, is a giant indeed amongst these little men and women, yet they do not seem to pay him over-abundant respect. He has a lot in him, nevertheless, particularly combustibles; and he starts on his travels through the streets with the knowing air of one who possesses the true fire of a martyr's spirit.



From a Photo. by] THE PROCESSION OF THE GUILDS. *[Link, Zürich.*

At last the procession moves, defiling through the principal streets with slow step, as befits the movements of children who have far to travel, preceded by a motley band of juvenile knights in armour with their squires, powdered marquises with little patched marchionesses, clowns, fishermen and fish-wives, and cowherds of six to eight years, with deceptive pipes in their mouths and pretty *calottes* on their heads. The pierrots drag the car on which the snow-man stands by means of ropes. As he bumps his way along the pavement to his place of doom he is greeted with derision by the crowds in the streets and doorways; but he stolidly disdains to notice the scoffing of the multitude. The real welcome of the crowd is given to the dainty figure of Spring, who, seated on a car amid a wealth of flowers, follows immediately in the centre of the procession. She has a number of retainers, all appropriately garbed, who, with the horde of interested small boys and older people usually to be found on occasions like these, bring up the rear of the procession.

The morning is taken up with this spectacle. The procession ends its long march at the "Stadthausplatz," near which the broad and beautiful lake runs into the Limmat, and, with some ceremony, the



From a Photo. by] THE GOLDEN CALF IN THE PROCESSION. *[Link, Zürich.*

"Bögg" is put upon the top of a huge pile of combustible material. To be more accurate, we should add that he is stuck on the end of a long stick, which is then placed in the middle of the pile, the better to be seen by the crowd. From this high perch the snow-man gets his first and last view of the ancient city and its expanse of neighbouring water.

Meanwhile, the crowd goes home to dinner, for there is more to do in the afternoon, before winter is committed to the flames. The children who have taken part in the procession are given a banquet in the Tonhalle, after which, to the joy of the populace, another and much more ambitious function takes place. This time it is a procession of guilds, something like the Lord Mayor's procession of old, but more carefully and artistically carried out. Here, for instance, comes a corps of workers, with an elaborate banner at their head, each member clothed in the costume of his craft, redolent of the olden time. No sooner do they pass from sight than Santos Dumont appears on his airship—a semblance of a man with stuffed legs astride an elliptical structure of wood. The valiant aeronaut attracts, of course, the major portion of popular attention, and all the cars or "floats" significant of up-to-dateness are greeted with delight. We must not, however, carry our prejudices too far. The "Sechseläuten" is a *Volksfest*, and this sort of procession is what the people like.

A year or two ago it was a tribe of Bedouins and a detachment of Boers who aroused the populace to a high pitch of interest, and, if truth must be told, one or two Continental representations of a British soldier came in, as the procession passed, for a rather hard time. But even the Swiss do not always understand things. One car in to-day's procession represents the Golden Calf, not so artistically made as to be entirely worthy of worship. Prettier still is that on which sits Ceres, the goddess of the harvest, surrounded by maidens and flowers. These and others pass slowly along the public thoroughfares, a long line of marching men and decorated cars, pulled by horses or bullocks. Their progress is met with enthusiasm from the people who line the way, and from the balconies of the adjacent buildings, decorated for the day. For there is hardly a family in Zürich that does not have some son taking part in this procession, and it is a pageant worth going many leagues to see. In many ways it is a lesson in successful

frugality, for, if large amounts of money be not spent upon it, the most pleasing results are certainly obtained by economy in expenditure.

All processions, however, have their end, and the final stage of this one marks the beginning of the end for the snow-man. As the afternoon draws to a close procession and public wend their way to the square overlooking the lake, where the "Bögg" has awaited their coming, lonesome, at the top of the pole. The crowd now gathers round him, standing several thousands strong, ready to give him a pleased farewell. The lake is dotted with boats, and all points of vantage—the trees, bridges, balconies, roofs—are black with people. Beneath him a group of men stand by to put torch to pile when the proper signal is given. The signal is the boom from the belfry across the Limmat, which he, poor man of stuffing, knows nothing of. As the time draws nearer the excitement increases. A band near by begins to tune up for a joyful blast of music, and the little children who brought the snow-man to the square in the morning begin to feel sorry that their day is almost done.

Suddenly the boom of bells and cannon resounds across the square and dies out upon the lake. A flash—and the bonfire is alight. The flames lick their way to the top of the pile, and as the fire increases in volume and brilliancy it stretches upward to the snow-man greedily. The huzzas of the people and the smoke from the burning pile fill the air. Excitement is intense, for if, as sometimes happens, a strong wind prevents the flames from reaching the top of the pole, half the fun is gone. But no one need worry to-night, for the air is still.

At last the end. The flames have not fought in vain. With a savage dart they have caught the snow-man in their clutches, and a loud explosion, which shatters him into a thousand pieces, tells the crowd that winter has passed into nothingness. The cheers are redoubled and the bells again ring out to say that spring has come. The crowd thins and the bonfire drops to a smouldering ruin. Shadow falls upon the lake and the sober Zürichois go home to eat and to bed. Winter has been forgotten, and all that remains of it is a pile of ashes, with, perhaps, a long pole sticking upright from the middle of the pile.

From a Photo. by] THE LAST OF THE WINTER. *[Link, Zürich.*

The Dead-Letter Office.

By Patti Lyle Collins.

EVERYBODY has a good word for the postman. Master and mistress, servants and children, all smile at the man in gray uniform with a leather bag. He is expected with the regularity of the rising and setting of the sun, whether it rains, snows, or shines; and if his ring comes a little tardily, how they fret and fume! A letter is such a distinctly personal matter: it binds us, though apart, to those we love best; it often holds within its folds the issues of life and death; the most trivial social affairs, the most sacred confidences, the most serious business transactions are in turn confided to this silent messenger. And yet, like most of the choicest blessings of life, we accept it without interest or inquiry as to the method by which it is laid in our hands; we might almost say, without money and without price.

An investigation of the Dead-letter Office at Washington affords an admirable idea of our postal system. It has been estimated that during the last year 4,302,789,000 pieces of mail matter were posted in this country — more than in Germany, France, and Austria combined. Taken in connection with this statement, it will be well to remember that the length of railways in the United States nearly equals that of all other countries taken together, and that we have in operation 68,403 post-offices, and our revenue for the last fiscal year was nearly seventy-six millions.

Think of the wonderful power of organization and executive ability required to manage this immense system! Of course the Postmaster-General is the great head center, and he, with his four assistant postmasters-general and their subordinates, plans, devises, and propels the entire machinery. To indicate its perfection it is only necessary to contrast the comparatively small number of letters and parcels that reach the Dead-letter Office during the year with the millions that are delivered.

This bureau is probably visited by a greater number of people than any other in the Government departments. It now employs one hundred and seven clerks, while during the first eleven years of its existence, one small book contained a record of all valuable letters that reached it during that period.

The entrance to the main office is through a museum consisting entirely of articles which for various reasons have gone astray and could not be restored to their owners. Since the mail-bags have become so elastic as to admit the transportation of almost everything, as well as letters and papers, they have grown to be as patient and long-suffering as camels of the desert, probably expecting that the day is not far distant when people who wish to make a cheap journey will have themselves done up in brown

paper, stamped with a few cents, and piled up beside the letter-box.

The museum contains many curious and interesting things. In one case is a mail-pouch with an ugly slash made by a sharp knife, and stained with blood. The carrier returning from Lochiel, Arizona, July 23, 1885, was killed by Apache Indians, who destroyed the mails, leaving this bag on the ground. In another place may be seen five letters that claim an aristocracy of antiquity, being severally stamped 1821, 1826, 1832, 1835, and 1836.

Among the books is a New Testament in Chinese, a life of Ignatius Loyola in Italian, printed in Venice in 1711, and a French volume which dates back to 1687. Near by is the Lord's Prayer in fifty-four languages, and a certificate of character to an apprentice from his master. The certificate is in German, and was brought to this country a hundred years ago.

There are two miniatures apparently of father and son, painted on ivory, which were found in a blank letter from Boston, December 9, 1882, and many efforts have been made by the department to find the owners, but so far they have proved unavailing. Two other miniatures that have attracted much attention are framed in old-fashioned gold settings which bear upon the reverse sides the inscriptions Lucy Randolph, Obiit April 23, 1782, Æ 64 years; and Mary Carter, Obiit Jan. 31st 1770, Æ 34 years.

A crucifix of gold and carnelian on a cushion of velvet in a glass case was found at the close of the war in the Atlanta post-office, and to this day it remains unclaimed. Near it is a sapphire ring set with diamonds, and in close proximity, as if keeping guard over these valuables, is a loaded revolver. The latter was sent addressed to a lady in Indiana; but as she never called for it, it drifted here.

Then, with singular incongruity, but tastefully displayed, upon shelves covered with crimson cloth are to be found a piece of wood from the floor of the room in which Jesse James, the notorious outlaw, was killed; stuffed birds; palmetto-wood; nugget gold; sea-shells; boxes of wedding-cake; false teeth; Easter eggs; bottles of salad-oil, cognac, and perfumes; packages of arsenic and strychnine; an array of bowie-knives; an old English hat-box that looks as if it had circumnavigated the globe; a coffee-pot; a washboard; samples of barbed-wire fence; a baby cotton-bale; and dolls enough for the children of an entire village. There is a fantastic garment stamped all over with cards, kings, queens, diamonds, spades, hearts, and clubs mingled in brilliant confusion. A coat like this is much prized by the Sandwich Islanders, who send to America to have it manufactured, the possession of one being regarded as a badge of distinction. The bright hues of this one are toned down by the companionship of an exquisite feather fan in black and white with pearl sticks.

Several years since, when the steamship "Oregon" was lost, a portion of her mail was recovered, and among the newspapers were found many dozens of pairs of kid gloves which were being smuggled into this country. A few of these now hang behind the glass doors in the museum as a warning to the dishonest.

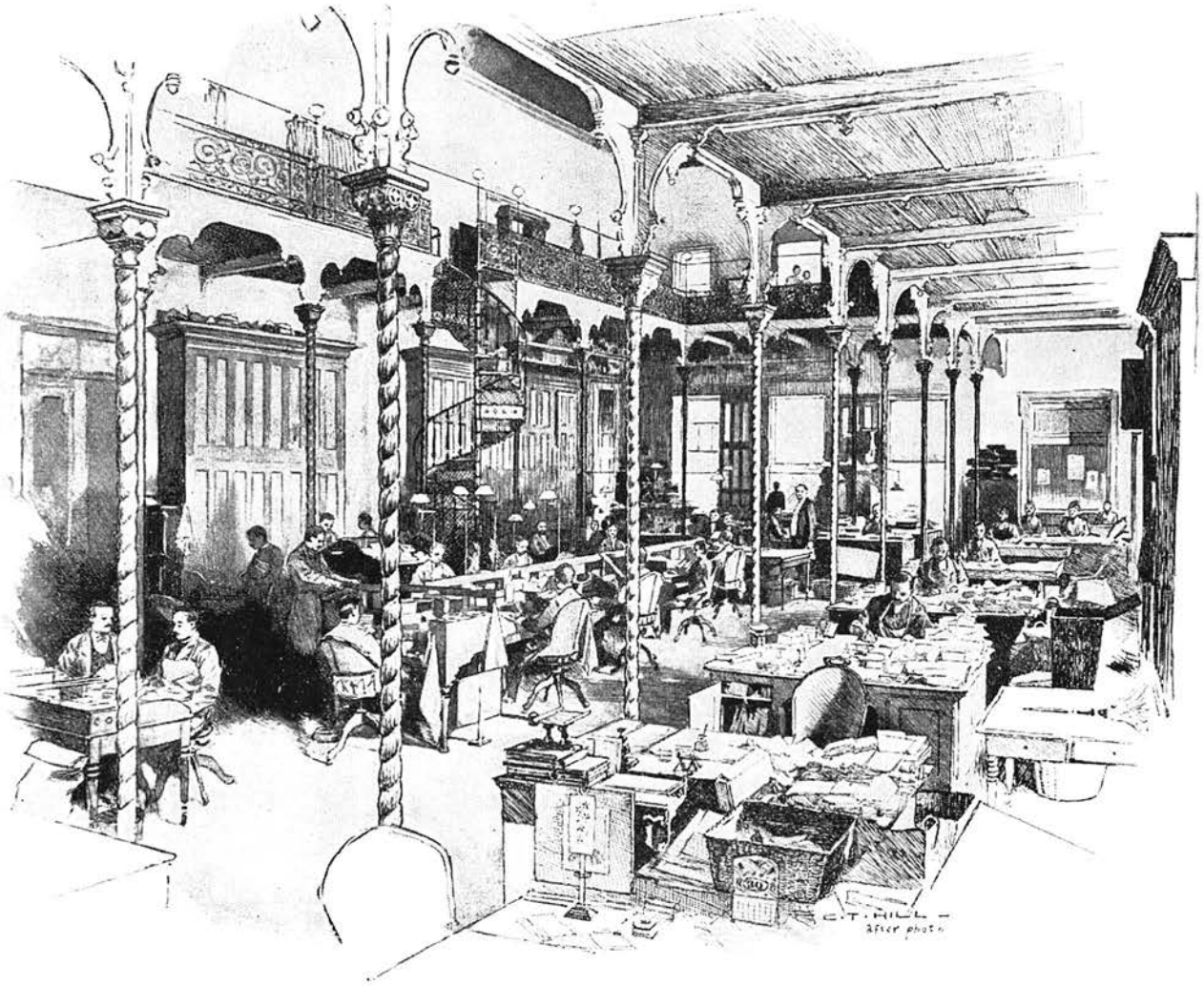
The collection of coins would make the eyes of a collector glisten. The patriarch of the tribe is so old — so many hundred years old — that it would be hazardous to state his exact age, but he began somewhere B. C.

Among the curiosities in the museum is a baby Jumbo with one of his sides gorgeously embroidered in the Stars and Stripes, and the other flaunting the Union Jack, the two united by a golden chain. It had drifted thither, and had been for several years ensconced in its glass case, when a postal exhibit was begged from the department for a church fair, and for the first time Jumbo went out for an airing. It so happened that a lady from New Hampshire was visiting Washington at the time, and went to the fair. To the surprise of her friends, she greeted Jumbo as a long-lost friend. Ten years before she had made him and sent him to her daughter in England, who had married a man named Link — hence the design of the two flags linked together. But she did not claim her possession, and so he has never made his journey across the ocean.

A young lady once sent by mail a ring to a friend; a peculiar moss-agate which she specially valued. It was never received, and its fate remained a mystery for several years, when on a visit to a distant State she was greatly

surprised to find sitting opposite her at breakfast a stranger wearing her lost ring. The ring was so odd that she was sure it was hers. Upon inquiry she found that he had bought the ring at a dead-letter sale.

Besides the money which comes into this office in the ways I have already mentioned,



INTERIOR OF GENERAL OFFICE.

about $3000.00 is received annually, called in official language, "loose money." This money is nearly always in coin, and is gathered from the mail-pouches which are hung on cranes to be snatched off by the passing mail-trains, where they do not stop. The concussion is so great that the wrappers or envelops which contain coin are sometimes broken, with the result that the contents lie loose in the bottom of the bag, and can only be turned over to the hands of Uncle Sam.

In passing, I would say never post a letter to a city without the street and number. Should these be omitted, to show how small is the chance of its ever being delivered, notwithstanding the intelligence and diligence of the carriers, I can offer no better illustration than the statement that the great city of Chicago alone contains within its own limits fifty-four post-offices, eight of that number being of the grade including the largest offices.

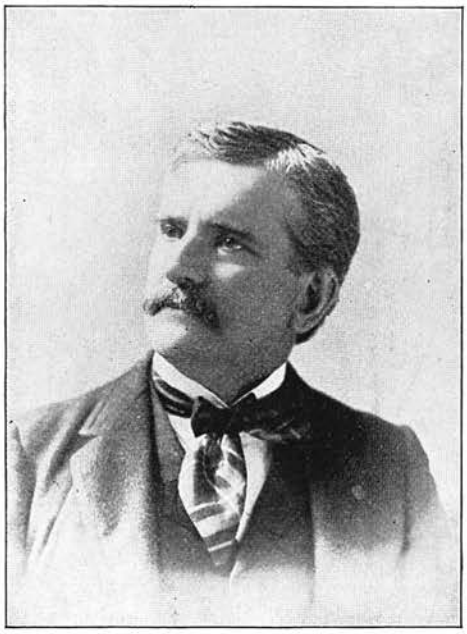
In addressing a letter to a small place, it would be wise to add the county; and always write the name of the State in full, as writing wrong abbreviations for State names sends tens of thousands of letters astray every year. In short, a visit to the Dead-letter Office, and an examination into its daily work, would almost persuade anybody that the wonder is that we receive by mail half as much as we do; and this surprise is generally followed by the

"FOREIGN ROOM."

admission that considering our carelessness even this half is wholly undeserved.

Leaving the museum, the main office is entered by an iron gateway. Formerly, the general public was allowed to come and go at will, but it is now necessary to be answered for

THE "MINOR DIVISION."



D. P. LEIBHARDT, FORMERLY CHIEF OF THE DEAD-LETTER OFFICE.

by some responsible person. Perhaps the best idea of the extent of the work carried on in this bureau may be obtained from the facts in a recent report of work by the Postmaster-General. It shows that during the past year 7,320,038 pieces of mail matter were handled. Letters and parcels to the number of 559,839 were delivered unopened to the proper parties; 633,957 foreign pieces were returned to the country of origin; 29,017 letters contained money adding up to $42,064; while 30,496 containing drafts, checks, or other instruments for the payment of money, to the value of $2,298,688, were delivered to the owners. The revenue from dead letters and from the auction of unclaimed parcels amounted to $13,894.42. Magazines, picture cards, pamphlets, etc., which could not be returned, to the number of 15,890 pieces, were given away among the charitable institutions of the District.

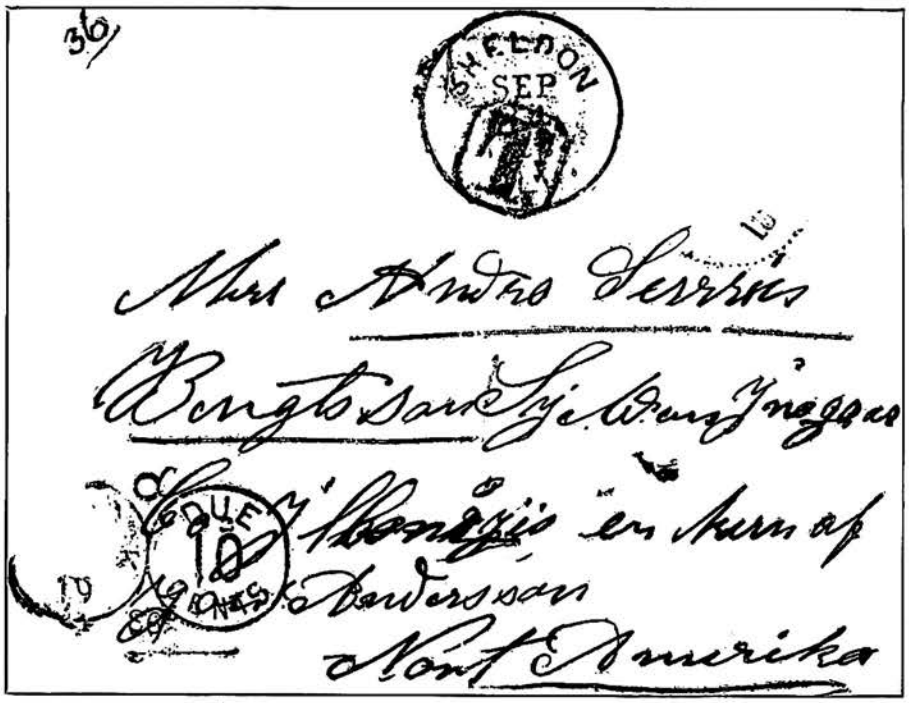
There is a class of letters called "live" letters, meaning those that are not dead letters proper, but are such as have been properly addressed, stamped, and forwarded, but remain unclaimed at their destination. The "live" letters of the dead-letter office, however, are those which have been posted with a deficient or illegible address. These average nearly 2000 daily. When they reach the Dead-letter Office, they are put into the hands of experts who supply the proper addresses. These letters are never opened. Many of the errors occur from ignorance, but quite as many from carelessness. There are a few things before which even the experts hang their heads and confess themselves vanquished, such as a superscription like this: "*For my son out West, He drives red oxen and the railroad goes bi thar.*"

On one occasion the Postmaster-General received a letter from a woman living in the south of England, who requested that he would please find her brother who had left the old country thirteen years before,—during which time his relatives had had no news of him,—and deliver a letter which she inclosed, ad-

OFFICE OF MR. W. S. PERRY, CHIEF CLERK.

FACSIMILE OF A LETTER RECOVERED FROM THE WRECK OF THE "OREGON."

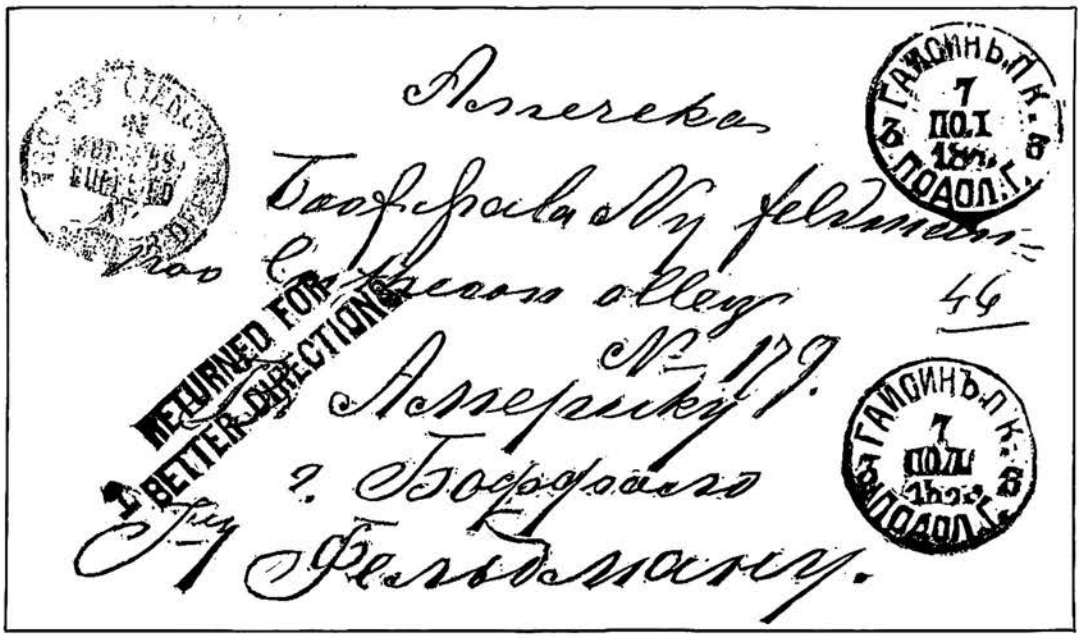
dressed thus: "Mr. James Gunn, Power Loom Shuttle-maker, Mass., America." Suffice it to say that Mr. James Gunn was found at No. 4 Barrington street, Lowell, Mass.; and it was a curious sequel to this, that about nine months afterward another letter came to the Dead-letter Office, addressed: "Mr. James Gunn, No. 4 Barrington street, America," this time even the State being omitted; but the delivery of this was an easy matter, and it was also very plain proof that the thirteen years' silence had been broken.



THIS LETTER WAS SENT FROM SWEDEN AND FOUND THE OWNER AT SHELDON, ILLINOIS.

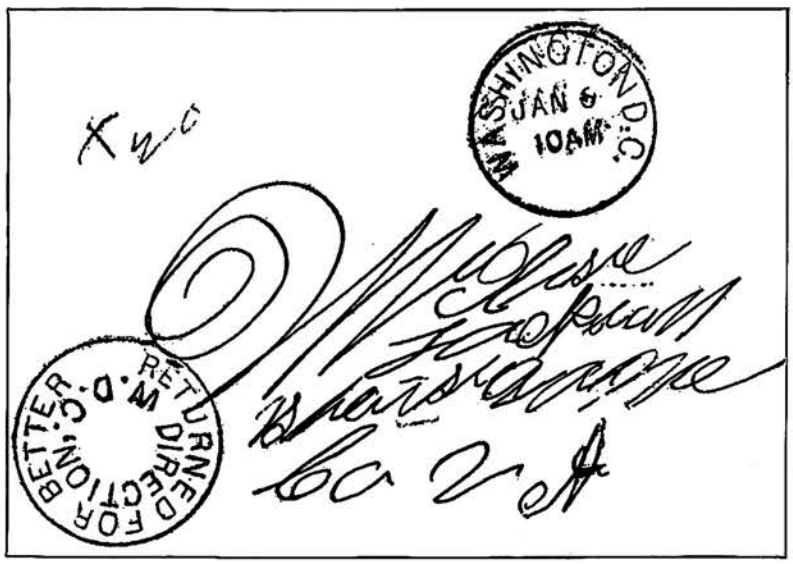
A few days ago a gentleman called at the Dead-letter Office to express his thanks for a letter received by him at Constantinople. It was posted in Boston, and contained a check for $1000.00. The address upon the letter was, "Dr. Washburn, Roberts College." The deficiency in the address, "Constantinople, Turkey," had been supplied in this office, and the letter, notwithstanding the time occupied in its journey from Boston to Washington, and the necessary delay there, reached Dr. Washburn in sixteen days from the time that it was first posted.

Among the curious addresses might be men-



THIS LETTER WAS PROPERLY DELIVERED TO MR. FELDMAN, 179 LUTHERAN (ALLEY?), BUFFALO, N. Y.

tioned one in Greek for Athens, another in Arabic to a missionary in Syria, and such as can be read only by holding them before a mirror. There are thousands written by foreigners in this country, who cannot grapple with "English as She is Wrote," and consequently must spell entirely by sound. Thus, for example, an Italian writes Avergrasson for Havre-de-Grâce; a Hungarian spells New Jersey, Schaszerscie; and a Frenchman abbreviates Rhode Island into Badaland. A not unusual error arises from a certain vague association of ideas; as, a letter plainly addressed Niagara, Pratt Co., Kansas, was intended for Saratoga in that county and State; another addressed Rat Trap, Miss., should have been Fox Trap; and Rising Sun, Colo., was sent to Sunshine. Sometimes a puzzled inquirer invades this particular branch of work, and is eager to learn how the experts can read these puzzles. But the skilled workers guard well the "tricks of the trade," and to all such inquiries reply, "It is our business to know."



TO MRS. LUCY JACKSON, SPOTTSYLVANIA COURT-HOUSE, VIRGINIA.

Mr. David Paul Leibhardt, who recently resigned his position as superintendent of the Dead-letter Office, was for a term of years its efficient head. During his administration, the strictest business methods were applied to every detail of the office-work, from which immediate results of the most satisfactory character were obtained.

In these efforts he was ably seconded by Mr. Waldo G. Perry, the chief clerk, who has been employed in the service for thirty years, and is still an epitome of postal regulations. He is a Vermonter and a Yale man, but above all, a post-office official, and ready at any moment to answer any question pertaining to foreign or domestic mail-matter.

Mr. Leibhardt has now been succeeded by Mr. Bernard Goode.

To the minor division are turned over for treatment all letters containing stamps, receipts,

manuscripts, photographs, passports, and other miscellaneous papers of minor value. As a single item of last year's work, I will mention that 37,735 photographs were received by this division, of which 27,600 were restored to the owners.

All mail-matter sent from foreign countries to the United States, which, for any cause, cannot be delivered, is treated in the foreign division.

In the foreign division is also received matter sent from the United States to foreign countries, found undeliverable there, and returned to the United States for disposition. Records are kept of registered letters, of parcels, of applications made for missing matter of foreign origin, of everything delivered, and finally of all mail-matter returned from foreign countries, the receipt of which is properly acknowledged. The countries with which we thus exchange international postal courtesies are eighty-eight in number, and cover the globe, since many colonies of England, France, and Spain, situated in regions beyond the reach of a regular postal service, are cared for by the mother-countries.

THE WALKING PURCHASE.

By George Wheeler.

In the early twilight of a September morning, more than one hundred and sixty years ago, a remarkable company might have been seen gathering about a large chestnut-tree at the cross-roads near the Friends' meeting-house in Wrightstown, Pennsylvania. It is doubtful whether any one of us could have guessed what the meeting meant. Most of the party were Quakers in wide-brimmed hats and plain dress, and if it had been First-day instead of Third-day, we might have thought they were gathering under the well-known tree for a neighborly chat before "meeting." Nor was it a warlike rendezvous; for the war-cry of the Lenni-Lenape had never yet been raised against the "Children of Mignon" (Elder Brother), as the followers of William Penn were called; and in a little group somewhat apart were a few athletic Indians in peaceful garb and friendly attitude. But it evidently was an important meeting, for here were several prominent officials, including even so notable a person as Proprietor Thomas Penn.

In 1686, fifty-one years before this, William Penn bought from the Lenni-Lenape, or Delaware Indians, a section bounded on the east by the Delaware, on the west by the Neshaminy, and extending to the north from his previous purchases "as far as a man can go in a day and a half." No effort was made to fix the northern boundary until the Indians, becoming uneasy at the encroachments of the settlers, asked to have the line definitely marked. On August 25, 1737, after several conferences between the Delawares and William Penn's sons, John and Thomas, who, after their father's death, became proprietors of Pennsylvania, the treaty of 1686 was confirmed, and a day was appointed for beginning the walk. This explains why the crowd was gathering about the

old chestnut-tree in the early dawn of that day, September 19, 1737.

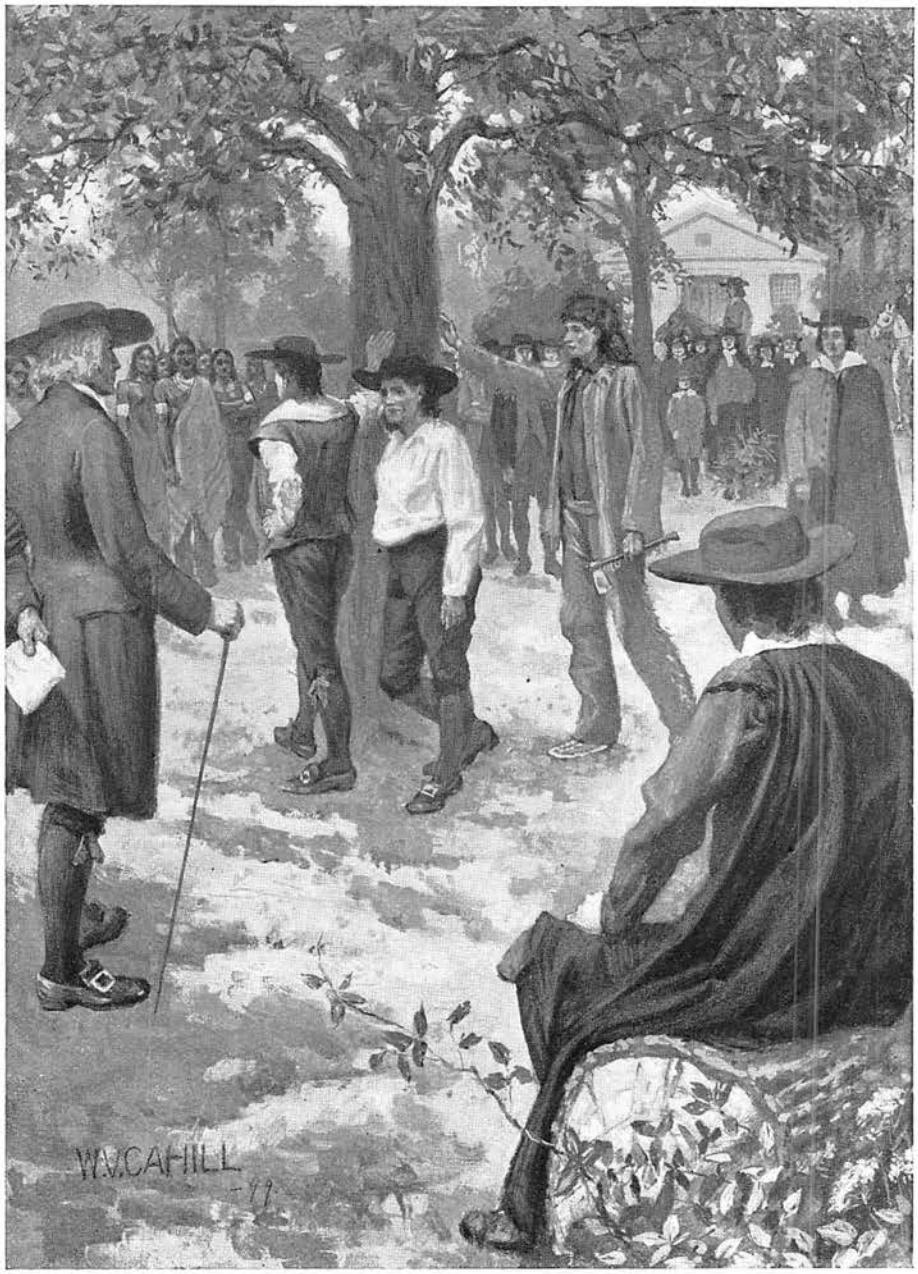
"Ready!" called out Sheriff Smith.

At the word, James Yeates, a native of New England, "tall, slim, of much ability and speed of foot," Solomon Jennings, "a remarkably stout and strong man," and Edward Marshall, a well-known hunter, over six feet tall, and noted as a walker, stepped from the crowd and placed their right hands upon the tree.

Thomas Penn had promised five pounds in money and five hundred acres of land to the walker who covered the greatest distance; and these three men were to contest for the prize. Just as the edge of the sun showed above the horizon, Sheriff Smith gave the word, and the race began.

Yeates quickly took up the lead, stepping lightly. Then came Jennings, accompanied by two Indians, who were there to see that the walking was fairly done. Closely following them were men on horseback, including the sheriff and the surveyor-general. Thomas Penn himself followed the party for some distance. Far in the rear came Marshall, walking in a careless manner, swinging a hatchet in one hand, "to balance himself," and at intervals munching a dry biscuit, of which he carried a small supply. He seemed to have forgotten a resolution he had made to "win the prize of five hundred acres of land, or lose his life in the attempt."

Thomas Penn had secretly sent out a preliminary party to blaze the trees along the line of the walk for as great a distance as it was thought possible for a man to walk in eighteen hours. So, when the wilderness was reached, the walkers still had the best and most direct course clearly marked out for them. The Indians soon protested against the speed, saying over and over: "That 's not fair. You run. You were to walk." But the treaty said, "As far as a man can *go*," and the walkers were following it in letter, if not in spirit, as they



"THE THREE MEN STEPPED FROM THE CROWD AND PLACED THEIR RIGHT HANDS UPON THE TREE."

hurried along. Their protests being disregarded, the Indians endeavored to delay the progress by stopping to rest; but the white men dismounted, and allowed the Indians to ride, and thus pushed on as rapidly as ever. At last the Indians refused to go any farther, and left the party.

Before Lehigh River was reached Jennings was exhausted, gave up the race, and lagged behind in the company of followers. His health was shattered, and he lived only a few years.

That night the party slept on the north side of the Lehigh Mountains, half a mile from the Indian village of Hokendaqua. Next morning, while some of the party searched for the horses which had strayed away during the night, others went to the village to request Lappawinzoe, the chief, to send other Indians to accompany the walkers. He angrily replied: "You have all the good land now, and you may as well take the bad, too." One old Indian, indignant at the stories of how the white men rushed along in their greed to get as much land as possible, remarked in a tone of deep disgust: "No sit down to smoke; no shoot squirrel; but lun, lun, lun, all day long."

Scarcely had the last half-day's walk begun before Yeates, who was a drinking man, was overcome by the tremendous exertions and intemperance of the previous day. He stumbled at the edge of Big Creek, and rolled, helpless, down the bank into the water. When rescued he was entirely blind, and his death followed within three days.

Marshall still pressed on. Passing the last of the blazed trees which had hitherto guided him, he seized a compass offered by Surveyor-General Eastburn, and by its aid still continued his onward course. At last, Sheriff Smith, who for some time had frequently looked at his watch, called, "Halt!" Marshall instantly threw himself at full length, and grasped a sapling. Here was the starting-point for the northern boundary of the purchase of 1686, sixty-eight miles from the old chestnut-tree at Wrightstown, and very close to where Mauch Chunk stands to-day. The walk was twice as long as the Indians expected it to be.

Unfortunately for the Delawares, they knew too little of legal technicalities to notice that the deed did not state in what direction the northern boundary was to be drawn. They naturally expected it to be drawn to the nearest point on the Delaware. But the surveyor-general, to please Penn, decided that the line should run at right angles to the direction of the walk, which was almost exactly northwest. Draw a line from Mauch Chunk to the Delaware so that if extended it would pass through New York city, and another to the point where New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania meet. The first is the Indian's idea of the just way to lay out the northern boundary; the second is the line which Surveyor-General Eastburn actually finished marking out in four days after Marshall's walk ended.

And so the three hundred thousand acres which the Indians would have given to the Penns as the result of Marshall's walk were increased to half a million by taking selfish advantage of a flaw in the deed.

The Lenni-Lenape had loved and trusted William Penn because he always dealt openly and fairly with them. "We will live in love with William Penn and his children," said they, "as long as the sun and moon shall shine." But the wrongs inflicted on them in the "walking purchase" aroused the deepest indignation. "Next May," said Lappawinzoe, "we will go to Philadelphia, each one with a buckskin to repay the presents and take back our land again." It was too late, however, for this to be done.

At last, in 1741, the Indians determined to resort to arms to secure justice. But the Iroquois, to whom the Delawares had long been subject, came to the aid of the Penns, and the last hope of righting the wrong was gone forever.

There seems a sort of poetic justice in the later experiences of the principal men in the affair. Marshall never got his five hundred acres of land, and his wife was killed in an attack by the Indians. Eastburn was repudiated by Thomas Penn, and his heirs were notified that they "need not expect the least favor." Penn himself was brought before the king and forced to disown many of his acts and agents in a most humiliating manner.

But all this did not repair the injury to the Delawares, and they never again owned, as a

"THE INDIANS PROTESTED AGAINST THE SPEED."

tribe, a single inch along the river from which they took their name.

A small monument, erected by the Bucks County Historical Society, marks the spot where the old chestnut-tree formerly stood. In order that this might not seem to condone an unworthy deed, the monument was dedicated, not to those who made or conducted the walk, but to the Lenni-Lenape Indians — "not to the wrong, but to the persons wronged."

The inscription on the stone reads:

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LENNI-LENAPE INDIANS,
ANCIENT OWNERS OF THIS REGION,
THESE STONES ARE PLACED AT
THIS SPOT, THE STARTING-
POINT OF THE
"INDIAN WALK,"
September 19, 1737.

"MARSHALL THREW HIMSELF AT FULL LENGTH, AND GRASPED A SAPLING."

THE STRAWBERRY IN TWENTY WAYS

TO PRESERVE STRAWBERRIES WHOLE

Select firm, entirely ripe berries ; hull and free them from sand. For each pound of fruit allow one pound of sugar, granulated, and for each four pounds one pint of red currant juice. Mix the sugar and currant juice and let it boil until clear and thick. Add the strawberries, only cooking a few at a time, cook them gently until they are clear and tender ; take them up carefully and place in jars, continue thus until all the berries are finished. Cook the syrup until it will jelly, pour over the fruit and when cool, cover and put away.

STRAWBERRY JAM

Put into a porcelain or granite kettle four pounds of strawberries, one pint of red currant juice and two pounds of sugar. Boil the berries and currant juice first ; add the sugar and boil up again, skimming well. Put in jars, cover with paper and keep in a cool dark place.

STRAWBERRY JAM NO. 2

Take equal parts of berries and granulated sugar, mash them together, put into a preserving kettle and cook for more than half an hour. Put in jars and when cold, seal.

STRAWBERRY JELLY

Add one-third currant, or rhubarb juice to the strawberry juice before cooking, and proceed as for other jellies.

STRAWBEERY SPONGE

One quart berries, one-half box gelatine, one and one-half cups water, one cup sugar, juice of one lemon, beaten whites of four eggs. Soak the gelatine in one-half cup of water ; mash the berries and add half the sugar to them; boil the remainder of sugar and the cup of water gently twenty minutes ; rub the berries through a hair sieve ; add gelatine to boiling syrup ; take from the fire and add berry juice ; place the bowl in pan of ice water, and beat with egg beater five minutes, add beaten whites and beat till it begins to thicken. Pour into well wet moulds and set on ice. Serve with cream.

STRAWBERRY CREAM

Mash one quart berries with one cup powdered sugar, and rub through fine sieve ; dissolve one and one-half ounces gelatine in one pint sweet milk ; strain and add one pint whipped cream and the berry juice. Pour in a wet mould and set on the ice to form.

STRAWBERRY FRAPPE

One quart of fine ripe fruit, put through a press, and one pound of sugar ; let stand until the sugar is dissolved, then add a quart of water, and freeze until thick but not stiff.

STRAWBERRY SHERBET

Soak one teaspoonful of gelatine in a cup of cold water fifteen minutes, then add three cups boiling water and stir until the gelatine is dissolved. Cover one quart of berries with a pound of sugar, crush and press through a sieve. Add this to the above water and gelatine and freeze. When partly frozen add the whites of two eggs and freeze thoroughly.

STRAWBERRY SHRUB

Pour three quarts of best cider vinegar over nine pounds of fine, ripe strawberries, let it stand twenty-four hours, then bring it to a boil and strain, add a pint and a half of sugar for every pint of juice, boil together five minutes, then strain again. Put up in self-sealing pint cans. A tablespoonful or two added to a glass of water makes a grateful and refreshing drink.

FROSTED STRAWBERRIES

Beat the white of an egg for a minute or so. Dip the berries one by one into the beaten white, roll in powdered sugar, and let dry.

STRAWBERRY AND RICE PUDDING

Boil half a cupful of rice in milk until done. When nearly cool stir gently in fine, ripe strawberries. Sweeten to taste. Serve with a nice custard or whipped cream.

STRAWBERRY PIE

Into a rich deep under-crust that has been baked put sufficient strawberries to fill, and cover with sugar. Make a meringue of the whites of two eggs and a tablespoonful of sugar; cover the pie with it and brown.

STRAWBERRY CAKE

Bake three sheets of sponge cake. Put layers of strawberries between the sheets of cake, pour whipped cream over each layer and over the top.

STRAWBERRY CREAM TART

Roll good puff paste very thin and lay in a tart pan ; put in a thick layer of strawberries and plenty of sugar to sweeten them; put on a thin covering of the paste and bake quickly. Beat half a pint of thick sweet cream, the yolks of two fresh eggs and a little sugar well together. When the tart is done, cut a neat round hole in the center, into which gently pour the beaten cream. Serve cold.

ORANGED STRAWBERRIES

Place a layer of strawberries in a deep dish, cover thickly with pulverized sugar ; then a

layer of berries, and so on, until all are used. Pour over them orange juice, in the proportion of three oranges to a quart of berries. Let stand for an hour and just before serving sprinkle with pounded ice.

STRAWBERRY PUDDING

To a large teacupful of finely powdered bread crumbs add the yolks of four eggs and a quart of milk. Stir these together, flavor with vanilla and bake. When done remove from the oven and spread on the top a thick layer of slightly mashed and well-sugared strawberries, and over this a meringue of the whites of the eggs sweetened. Return to the oven and brown slightly.

STRAWBEBRY PUDDING

Make a cornstarch pudding, reserving the whites of the eggs, and when it hardens turn it from the mould into a glass dish. Just before serving cover it with strawberries, and over this spread a meringue made with the whites of the eggs, whipped stiff, with three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar.

DAINTY STRAWBERRY FRITTERS

Beat together one cup sweet milk, one egg, and a level tablespoonful sugar. Dip into this slices of stale sponge or other loaf cake, having it cut into neat squares. Fry in hot sweet lard, and arrange on a hot dish with strawberries generously sprinkled with sugar heaped upon each fritter. Serve with either plain or whipped cream slightly sweetened.

STRAWBERRY SANDWICHES

Four eggs, their weight in sugar, butter, flour, and a pinch of salt. Beat the butter to a cream, gradually add the sugar and flour, then the well beaten eggs, and beat all togther for ten minutes longer. Pour the batter into a shallow pan and let it bake for twenty minutes. Let it cool, then spread half the cake with a layer of crushed and sweetened strawberries. Place the other half of the cake on top, press lightly together, cut into finger pieces and ice the tops and sides of each.

STRAWBERRY MANGE

Crush two teacupfuls of very ripe berries with a cup of granulated sugar. Press through a fine strainer to remove the seeds. Beat the whites of four eggs so stiff that the dish may be inverted without spilling the contents. Add gradually half a cup of powdered sugar. Next, beat in the juice by degrees, and continue until the mass becomes so stiff it stands in ragged peaks. Serve with a soft custard, made of the unused yolks, cup and a half of milk, and four tablespoonfuls sugar, cooked in a double boiler till thick as cream. Pour the custard into a pretty dish and slip the mange upon it while the custard is hot.

Olive Lynch Chamberlain, Oregon.

Chatterbox, 1899

Strawberry Plant.

LUGGAGE UP TO DATE.

By DORA DE BLAQUIÈRE.

THERE is nothing in which people differ so much as in their estimate of the amount of luggage they require for all the occasions of life. The general idea of to-day seems to be combination and condensation. The first is carried to such an extent that we do not appear perfectly happy unless we run two things into one somewhere, and our travelling-bags are perfect marvels of condensation.

The progress of new ideas is much marked in our luggage. To-day we rather aspire to dandyism, but a very few years ago it was quite the thing to show portmanteaus and trunks covered with the luggage and hotel labels of the known world, and things could not look too travelled and too battered, so long as they were sound. Their aspect proved that we were the true British globe-trotters. We have changed all that now, and the hotel-keepers have, it is said, to paste on their gay labels on the sly, for people dislike to have their luggage disfigured; and all trunks are now carefully cleaned, and often revarnished or blackened, to restore them to the fashionable appearance of newness.

The old days, when our trunks were carefully labelled "Passenger to London," or anywhere else, have also passed away, and the world of travel declines to be labelled, or even, in many cases, to have an address put on, and I see, in a recent daily paper, that this causes many scenes of confusion at the railway stations, where four people were lately seen claiming one trunk, which was finally carried off by a fifth who arrived late on the platform. This new departure seems absurd, and it is always better to have the initials put on in white paint in a conspicuous place. Many people also add a distinguishing mark, such as a cross, or a band round the trunk of white, or one or two colours. Others are still old-fashioned enough to write a fully descriptive label, with name and destination, and paste it on everything. But I must confess that, personally, I do not like this survival from the antique at all, nor is it needful, if the trunks be properly marked with initials.

The naming of the luggage as a whole has also become a characteristic thing. Many years ago people spoke of their boxes. Now that term is left exclusively to the domestic servant, and the smart woman speaks of her "things," the military man says "baggage" to the end of his days, and the Americans use the same term, the man who attends to it being known throughout America as the baggage-man, luggage being exclusively English. The ordinary person says trunks, or luggage indiscriminately. The dress-basket seems an exclusively English affair, and nothing would induce us to take to the huge American "Saratoga," which is an awful infliction to the suffering porters.

One of the most fashionable trunks of the day is the "state room," as the Americans say; or the cabin trunk, as we say, and this, in various sizes and shapes, is the most used, I think, for Continental travel, as it is portable alike for rail and road, and is not too bulky. It bears knocking about, too, while it does not encourage it from its harmless appearance. One of the variations of the cabin trunk is a small flat one called a visiting-case, which contains just enough for the week's-end visit. Now that the railway companies have begun to tax our luggage this shape is a good one, being flat enough to fit under the seat of the railway carriage, and so will travel scot free. It has attractions, too, for a short Continental visit, where all the luggage is weighed, and where they have been known to take hand-baggage out of the compartment if they considered it too heavy. This was one of our last adventures with our hold-all in a journey through the Italian lakes, and they charged three francs for carrying it in the van.

There seems a consensus of opinion in favour of several pieces of small luggage in place of one big trunk, and the modern Englishwoman practises severe condensation for short journeys, in which she is assisted by the fashion for coats and skirts and pretty blouses. The visitor to the German baths or the French watering-places is obliged to take some finer feathers, and has to enlarge the borders of her trunks.

I think one of the most important things is to have a pretty hat or bonnet, and have a good and recently made bonnet-box, or (as I find people calling them) a hat-box. This should have patent wire shapes upon which to pin the hat. So when purchasing you should look to the fastenings of these, as some kinds are quite worthless. Personally I prefer those that are movable, and take in and out with a spring catch. Choose a good one, however, when you are buying, and do not omit to have a tray at the top, which is a great addition to your comfort, as in it you should carry veils, gloves, and handkerchiefs. The assumption of the pretty best hat or bonnet seems "to crown the edifice," and covers up a less smart frock; but it will not do to carry this too far, as there is an unpleasant Yorkshire proverb about "a ha'penny head and a farthing tail!" But directly you get out of girlhood the bonnet or hat becomes of importance. Some people have adopted the plan of carrying an extra hat-trimming, and some additional flowers for the bonnet, with which they can refresh them, when much journeying has made them look shabby. In this case one hat is enough to take, and you will not need a hat-box. But the weight of a good hat-box is small, and you will do well to have something else behind you.

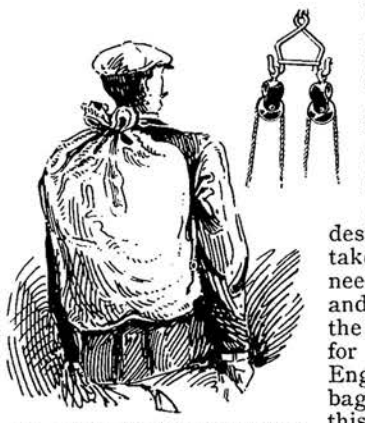
The subject of weight leads me to the compressed cane trunks, which can be had in many varied shapes, and appear to be excellent in their capacity to resist wear and tear. But they are still rather expensive, and many people do not like their colour, though, in the way of lightness, they are wonderful. After all, it seems better to spend liberally on your luggage, for it lasts so much longer, and will do-up more than once to look like new.

One of the traditional pieces of hand-luggage, which is much endeared to the female heart, is the hold-all, and certainly it does do that, with the result that we obtain a most bulky and awkward piece of luggage, weighty and thoroughly difficult and uncomfortable either to open or to close. The English hold-all is made of brown canvas, bound with leather and furnished with stout straps. Inside there are two pockets, which divide the hold-all between them, and in the space between these there are generally placed two small straps, in which the umbrellas and parasols of the family can be secured, which stick out at either end about a foot, to the danger of the people who are travelling with them, and even at the risk of wounding the carrier with their spiky points, and running the chance of breakage. Such bundles are quite impossible to lift down from the nettings in the railway carriages. They are too heavy for a girl to lift, and too big to open if the carriage be full or even partially so. Thus they are only really available at night on arrival. I have constantly seen people cross the Channel in a half-starved condition from lack of wraps, sooner than unstrap the unwieldy hold-all, and have to restrap it in an hour or two.

It was after an experience of our own of this sort that I first attempted to abolish the hold-all, and we have done very well without it so far, and we always have our rugs at hand, because we carry, each of us, our own over our arm, and we have in our bags a sufficiently long strap to go round the two rugs, if we wish to make one parcel of them.

The other contents of the hold-all we pack into the trunks or the bag, and we have invested in a proper umbrella-case in brown canvas, which is tube-like in form, and has a cap at one end, which fastens with a strong strap, and has a handle by which to hold it. Lately these umbrella-holders are more often called golf-cases, because they have been adopted for that game, but they were originally made for umbrellas, and very useful they are, and as a protection for them and the parasols they are delightful. The method of carrying them with a set of straps and no cover resulted in great damage to them both in the way of wear and tear to the silk, and also in the frequent result of broken ribs, for if the straps were drawn too tightly there was nothing to prevent the ribs being broken by the pressure of the straps. So we find the umbrella-case, which is a quite "up-to-date" article of luggage, a great success, and the cost is very small indeed—under ten shillings.

Of the same order of things as the hold-all, the knapsack may be mentioned, which used to be such a favourite article for Alpine travel some years ago, but which seems to have been superseded, now that the post-office in Switzerland undertakes the carriage of luggage, large and small, and is remarkable for its punctual delivery of it at any mountain resort. Last year I was struck with the value of the Austrian "ruck-sack," and saw a great number of them in the Tyrol and in Switzerland. Here in England they can be obtained made of Willesden canvas, price seven and sixpence, and I give an illustration of one, as they are really an ideal companion, and could be carried to their destination rolled up, and taken out and packed when needed. They are lighter and less cumbersome than the knapsack. Next to them for convenience we have in England the lawyer's black bag, to which ladies have this year largely taken as a useful bag, when made of satin or brocade, and it hangs, like the reticule, on the arm. The lawyer's bag is famed for its convenience, and its contents are very varied.



AN AUSTRIAN "RUCK-SACK."

The modern girl is said to be the greatest advocate of the hold-all, which she considers really does hold everything; and as she has all kinds of outfits to carry for cycling, golf, tennis, and croquet, and numberless shoes, the hold-all may be her ideal. But so far as I see, she prefers the Gladstone bag for travelling, just as her brother does; and it is a very comfortable thing to travel with, and holds cloth and serge suits very well. But it has one drawback—that the railway officials will not take it (that is, check it) in some parts, particularly in Italy.

I am not very fond of the fitted travelling bag. I prefer to select my own fittings, and have the empty bag, which must not be too small because it should afford sufficient space for essentials, for, at least, two nights, away from your trunks. The fitted bag is very heavy, and the fittings never seem to be what you require. The small courier-bags, slung over the shoulder, or the waist-bags which are used by American ladies, are always most useful, and hold the tickets, purse, and other necessaries, and save the trouble of opening the larger bag continually. But if in the habit of carrying much money with you, I should counsel you to get a regular money-belt, or else make it for yourself out of wash-leather. A stout under-pocket is also often used and is, perhaps, quite as safe.

Now, no article would be complete without a notice of the useful lunch and tea baskets, which have become so popular that they form a part of everyone's travelling kit. Some of the most delightful of them have been arranged and furnished at home, and these generally answer both purposes, but labour under the disadvantage of not being fitted for boiling the kettle *en route*. This is one of the real comforts of travelling.

And next to them come the hot-water bottle and the air-cushion, and many people travel with a soft pillow. An *en-tout-cas* is more useful than an umbrella for travelling, for it will supply the place of both umbrella and parasol, and is sufficient for short journeys.

Articles needed for travelling are a towel, soap, matches, and a candle. Liebig or Bovril, potted meat for sandwiches, a little brandy, and some simple medicines. Hot water bag, air-cushion, and (if no tea-basket, then) a kettle, and spirit lamp, tea, and biscuits. A small pocket compass, glycerine, sal volatile, seidlitz powders, eau de Cologne, and mustard leaves. Condensed milk, and a tin opener, soap-box, sponge-bag, and sponge. Smelling salts, slippers, a melon cushion on which to rest the head.

Those who travel much should, I think, make a permanent list of the things they require, to help their memories.

Luggage may be divided into the following lists:—

For visiting.—Dress-basket, hat-box, umbrella-case, dressing-bag, flat cabin, or state-room trunk.

Holidays.—A flat visiting case or cabin trunk, hat-box, umbrella-case for umbrellas, mallets and sticks, bathing-gown.

Voyages.—Deck-chair, cushion, rugs, probably a hold-all, fur-lined cloak, and flannel dressing-gown, cabin trunk, hot water bottle, saratoga (if for America), soiled linen bag for long voyage, hot water bag. You had better leave rugs, steamer chair and all heavy clothing at the office of steamer company in New York, as much hand-baggage is impossible in either America or Canada, for there are no porters, and you have to carry everything for yourself, unless the conductor takes pity on you.

And now someone inquires, "What about books?" Well, on the Continent you have the Tauchnitz edition, and in America paper-covered books are cheaper than anywhere else. A recent adviser on this subject says you are to "take the most difficult you have read of George Meredith's works, and struggle with it again." But I am never equal to more than the lightest literature, for I want to rest both eyes and mind, and leave problems and epigrams at home.

Amongst "lost luggage" we may enumerate the yellow tin box, or, indeed, the tin box of any colour, which was a favoured and fashionable trunk for many years, and specially devoted to dress-carrying in the sixties. The yellow tin box is now the servants' property, and is also devoted to family papers and silver; while the army absorbs the japanned boxes, and devotes them to uniforms and cocked hats.

In ancient days, and in ancient novels, we find the heroine arrives with her trunks and "Imperials." The latter denoted that there were no railways, and she travelled in her own carriage, where the Imperial covered the top of it, and is big enough, though not deep, to make modern people stare. I have paid a visit to one lately, which made the "Grand Tour" several times a hundred years ago, and was last used in the fifties.

Amongst other lost properties is the carpet bag, which survives in name for a class of venial politicians in America, but is now unseen in the busy haunts of the traveller, and reposes with the Imperial in the loft. It used to be made of Brussels carpet, and was sometimes extremely pretty, though why they made it of carpet we do not quite know, save that it was a strong material. In the latter days of its life it was devoted to children, and to boots and shoes. It has a recognised successor in the "soiled clothes bag" of brown canvas, used on long voyages; but as they have taken to washing on board many ships, this too, will soon perhaps be a remembrance only. A very pleasant survival of old East Indian travellers is the camphor or cedar-wood trunk, of capacious size, for in it our furs and woollens can rest in safety, free from fear of moth. Safely careened in dark corners of the loft, too, we may find the solid leather portmanteau which was the favourite article of the old

soldier, and is so yet; but they are without the black leather case which distinguished the early ones, and which bore upon it, you may safely assert, the legend "Capt. So-and-So, H.M. 81st Foot." They were Waterloo and Peninsular days when they were used, and I know of some survivals laid up in lavender.

Now when, or where, or wherefore women first began to clothe their trunks in garments of brown linen, with trappings of red braid, I do not know; but there are some people who use them yet, though they may be considered to belong to the Ichthyosaurus or some of the pre-historic eras. When we went to the last Paris Exhibition, one of our party had her trunk arrayed in this manner, and the French porters greatly marvelled at it, and were so suspicious of it that they would have it taken off to see if there were an infernal machine beneath it. These covers were believed to keep the trunk clean, and nearly all trunks had them years ago.

In those days people chose their oldest gowns and their shabbiest bonnets to travel in, and indeed made a regular collection of old clothes for their voyages. It was hardly thought proper to look nice, and the first people who really dressed for travelling were the Americans, who adopted a material called carmelite for a travelling gown, an excellent choice in every way. Since then we English have introduced the tailor-made, and its successor the coat and skirt, but I must warn my readers that this ideal dress even has a tendency to look dowdy, if not carefully made and worn; and there is a baggy look about the back that is fatal to smartness. All coats should fit snugly at the waist behind, and should be made to do so by means of hooks and eyes, or an invisible elastic.

HOW REPOUSSÉ-WORK IS DONE.

DESIGN FOR A SCONCE

WHERE is scarcely any limit to the work in the way of decoration that ladies impose upon themselves nowadays. That which they would have regarded as a laborious undertaking a few years ago, they now consider as a merely pleasurable occupation. Not content with painting the walls of their rooms with subjects of their own designing, with stencilling patterns on the cornices of the ceilings, with decorating the panels of doors and shutters, with executing stained glass windows, with painting tapestry for portières and chair and sofa coverings, they now fill up any leisure time they have at their disposal by making some useful or ornamental article in brass. The work is quite easy, but a little patience is needed, as the metal does not yield all at once to the blows of the hammer and tools, as may be readily understood. And it is certainly not suitable employment for any one who objects to a continuous tapping sound, for that is altogether unavoidable.

Allowance being made for this drawback, repoussé-work is not otherwise unpleasant, indeed it would seem that many amateurs thoroughly enjoy it. In our opinion it is especially adapted for boys, and is an amusement that will keep their brains employed and their hands out of mischief on rainy days and long winter evenings.

Amateurs should commence operations with the thinnest sheet-brass, for there is but slight difficulty in ornamenting that. Take a small square piece first, and hammer out a pattern on it for the sake of practice. It is done in this manner. The design is first drawn in ink on the brass; a block of lead must then be procured on which to lay the brass during the hammering process, or, in lieu of that, a smooth board will answer the purpose. The pattern on the brass is now gone over with a "tracer," which is somewhat like a chisel, quite lightly at first so as only to indicate the outline; this is repeated several times until it is sufficiently defined. It is a mistake to imagine that it might as well be marked out firmly enough the first time to bring the pattern into relief; if the attempt is made it will be found that the lines are bent into undesirable shapes. The tracer makes a number of short marks, and some practice is necessary before they can be joined imperceptibly so as to make a clear perfect line around the flowers and leaves of the pattern.

The outline being now finished, the background is hammered in; a punch having a broad end being used for the purpose. The longer the background is beaten the higher the design will stand out. Smaller punches are afterwards employed to give the ground a rough uneven appearance. Great care must be observed not to make holes in the brass, and it should not be forgotten that the longer it is beaten the more brittle it becomes. A good plan is to work from the edge of the brass up towards the pattern. Thin sheets of brass are apt to curl up during the hammering; to avoid this the edges should be turned over the block. Having become acquainted with the working of thin sheets, the worker can try his hand at the thicker kind. It is more difficult to manage, and the process is somewhat different to that already described. It is scarcely so suitable to lady amateurs, still it is done occasionally, as some are not satisfied unless they understand both styles.

DESIGN FOR A FINGER PLATE.

In thick brass the pattern is hammered out from the back, and for this a pitch-block is requisite. This is a block made of wood or iron, which is raised on a ring of straw or leather; the top of it is covered with prepared pitch, which needs to be warmed before the brass is imbedded in it. The article to be decorated is placed face downwards on the pitch, which when hard yields gradually as the punch is hammered on to the pattern. The pitch should be procured ready prepared, for it is not advisable for amateurs to give themselves the trouble of making it; but it may, nevertheless, interest them to know of what it is composed. Pitch or resin is mixed in equal parts with brick-dust, or plaster of Paris, or ashes, or fine sand, and to this is added a very little turpentine or tallow. The brass will work more easily if a very small quantity of oil be passed over the block, but too much will have the contrary effect, as the metal will not then adhere to the bed of pitch. A flat piece of brass can be hammered into a salver with a mallet with rounded ends; commence in the middle and hammer gradually until it assumes the desired form; it can be made of a saucer shape, or the centre only need be hammered and the margin left flat. It is then to be laid on the pitch and the pattern hammered out from the back. Clean it with spirits of wine and finish off the pattern on the face of the brass.

SALVER IN REPOUSSÉ-WORK.

Having now briefly described the method of working both thin and thick sheets of brass, we will mention a few articles that may be easily manufactured by amateurs. Small trays are made as follows:—With a pair of compasses mark out a circle; within this mark a second circle an inch or two less in diameter, but this will, of course, depend on the size of the tray. Draw a design with ink in the centre of the brass, fill in the background by punching it with dots, or rings, or cross-lines, for punches of various sizes and shapes can be easily procured, so that there is no necessity for monotony even in the background to the ornamentation. Now with a pair of shears, suitable for the purpose, cut the sheet of brass into a round tray, by following the outer circle neatly, and turn up the edge with a pair of round-nosed pliers into flutes or goffers.

A finger-plate for a door is readily made. Its size depends on the fancy of the worker. The edges can be strengthened, after the pattern is finished, by doubling them back, a plain margin having been left beyond the design for this purpose; the work looks better and less amateurish when this is done. Another plan is to get a workman to mount the plates in a brass frame in which there are holes for the screws that fasten it to the door.

Sconces, framed in plush, are fashionable; thin brass is used for these, whilst for unframed sconces a thicker brass should be selected; two or three candlesticks must be screwed, or soldered, on to them. Soldering can be done by amateurs, but it is best whenever practicable to give the piece to a workman to finish in this respect, as it is not worth the time or trouble to do it at home. Then there are letter-boxes, spill-cases, and mirror-frames, besides plaques that can be utilised as decorations for cabinet-doors and the doors of small hanging brackets. The mirror-frames are considered rather difficult to manage, as the brass has to be bent over a wooden frame. Spill-cases can be made in one piece, or two or three pieces may, if preferred, be used in their manufacture; the pattern is hammered out before the brass is bent to shape. Small bellows em-

DESIGN FOR A PAIR OF BELLOWS.

bellished with brass plaques look exceedingly well, indeed they are quite ornamental for hanging at the side of the fire-place, and are especially in keeping when the fire-irons and fenders are of brass. The pattern should be simple and bold; a branch of foliage with one flower or cluster of fruit to form the centre of the design is as suitable as any for the purpose.

Brass may be treated in the same manner as wood, with a fret-saw, patterns being cut out with it. An admirable effect is secured when the upper part of a finger-plate is cut out in a set pattern and the lower portion is left plain. Key-hole scutcheons can be made with the saw, as well as the handles of keys. Most elaborate keys were in use in the old time, the designs on the handles being composed of coats-of-arms, monograms, or crests.

From useful articles let us turn aside for a moment to consider those that are purely ornamental, and bracelets here suggest themselves at once. We should inform our readers that silver can be ornamented after the same fashion as that before noticed for brass, and, although it is harder, it is more agreeable to work upon. If holes are unfortunately made in it, as they probably will be in the first attempts, they must be soldered up by a silversmith. Brooches and earrings can be made to match the bracelet if the worker wishes to wear ornaments *en suite*. Copper is also a suitable metal for repoussé-work.

ABOUT LONDON CABS.

BY F. M. HOLMES.

"HANSOM, SIR?"

"HANSOM, sir? hansom?"

"No, thanks."

"'Ave your own kerridge, sir, and be a toff!"

You laugh at the ruddy-faced, merry-eyed Jehu, and strike up a cheery chat with him. You find he pays about fourteen shillings a day for the hire of his vehicle and horses, and makes rarely more than about two pounds a week profit, working thirteen days out of fourteen—that is, taking rest every alternate Sunday.

He seems a jolly sort of fellow. His philosophy of life is pretty sound. "If you ain't got capital and can't make a thousand a year, why, you must be content with a hundred."

Yes, that is just the point. It is of no use for cabmen or kings to be always crying for the moon. The thousand a year is supposed by the driver to be made by the cab proprietor, from whom he hires. That proprietor is the happy owner of sixty cabs, each having presumably two horses to work it in turns during a long day of about fifteen or sixteen hours. Now if he make but a shilling a day clear profit on each cab and horses, that is in round numbers twenty pounds a week, or over a thousand pounds a year!

So runs cabby's supposition. But to own sixty cabs, costing from eighty to a hundred pounds apiece, or even more, with one hundred and twenty horses, costing—what? twenty pounds apiece?—means the outlay of a good deal of money, and money from which its possessor is surely entitled to expect a return.

The two pounds a week is, we take it, a rough approximate average of a fortunate London hansom cabman's earnings. Drivers of four-wheelers make somewhat less. Again, some men are more industrious than others; but the calling is so precarious and varied that it is almost impossible to give a reliable estimate. A man may take a couple of pounds one week, thirty-five shillings or only a guinea the next.

He drives gaily out of the yard at eight, nine, or ten in the morning, and

"III! WHAT'S THIS?"

does not know whether he will take a sovereign or a shilling during the day. Yet all the same he has to pay his fourteen, fifteen, or sixteen shillings for his day's hire and give coppers to the yardmen.

Night cabmen, that is, men who take out cabs at about eight or ten at night and work but one horse, pay six or seven shillings only for the use of their

THE EARLIEST HACKNEY COACH.

vehicle and its fiery quadruped, and this circumstance may perhaps throw some light on the mysterious reason why certain individuals choose this curious and apparently unattractive method of keeping the proverbial wolf from the door.

They get their cabs cheap and yet have a chance of picking up some good fares. At ten o'clock the places of amusement are not closed, the tide of London has by no means ebbed, while even at one or two in the morning prowlers about Fleet Street, for instance, may find some weary journalist desirous of being conveyed to his distant home.

But the long-day men are not off the street at ten or twelve. Far from it; they begin when they like, say at eight or nine in the morning, and, working two horses, they make about fifteen to sixteen hours. It is a long day. But they are their own masters. That, in our opinion, is to cabby one of the great charms of a cabman's life. When he has paid his proprietor in the morning he sallies forth at the beck and call of no master. He can go where he will to pick up fares.

He is supposed to rank, and not to crawl. That is, he is supposed to wait for a passenger on a place set apart for cab-drivers, and called a cab-stand or cab-rank. But, as a matter of fact, we imagine many cab-drivers would tell you that crawling is better than ranking. In other words, cabby is more likely to obtain a fare by walking his horse leisurely along some well-frequented thoroughfare — *i.e.*, in London slang, crawling — than by standing on a cab-rank waiting for hire. But crawling is a heinous offence in the eyes of the police, and many have been the convictions for indulging in this attractive practice. Nearly five thousand were obtained for this and kindred offences in the year 1889 alone; and the numbers show a marked increase on the previous year.

Certainly the presence of loitering cabs in crowded thoroughfares not only impedes traffic but adds to the dangers of crossing streets—already sufficiently dangerous; yet crawling goes on merrily. It pays, and, in fact, it is a convenience to certain of the public also. A man wanting a cab in Fleet Street or Chancery Lane is almost certain to see one pass soon without troubling to walk to the nearest rank—if, indeed, half the persons who throng such thoroughfares know where that delectable spot is to be found.

It is quite conceivable that cabby might find a ready excuse for his crawling: he is walking his tired horse home; he is returning from a heavy job, &c.; but if a smart young barrister wanted him to catch the "Flying Dutchman" or the North Express, and offered him an extra half-crown for doing so, that horse would no doubt have to discover latent energy somehow.

Well, well, we must not be too hard on cabby; his is a hard life: out in all weathers, if he be as industrious as he should be, and perhaps he has to wait long for fares. Ranking, if it rest the horse and permit the driver to visit his shelter or dine at his ease, is not only apt to be unprofitable for many, but some ranks are placed in dull and comparatively little-used streets. Further, so delightful is the inconsistency of some of our rules and regulations that there is not room on the ranks for anything approaching to the number of cabs licenced.

Of course, full provision is not required. In so large a city as London, and with so many holders of a cabman's licence, many may be at a given time off duty or engaged in driving fares. An improvement in the position of some of the ranks, and an increase in their number, appear desirable. On the other hand, some men persistently rank—and stick to the same place for years—and there they may remain for hours at a time and not "turn a wheel."

Cabs are, of course, the most aristocratic means of public conveyance. Even an archbishop would not despise the gondola of London. There was a capital story told by Archdeacon Smith at the Mayor's banquet at Canterbury last November. Two archbishops—we do not say they were the present occupants of those distinguished posts—entered a cab on returning on one occasion from Convocation. Said one prelate to the other—

"Either archbishops have become a great deal bigger or cabs have become a great deal smaller."

"What is size?" returned the other. "Can we not be comely as well as great?"

"But are we?" was the rejoinder. "Anyone seeing us would say, 'There are two prelates, but there's only one hansom.'"

Hansom is, of course, the name given to the familiar two-wheeled vehicle so common in the streets of London, and so called from the first maker or inventor of the style. He was the architect of the Town Hall of Birmingham, and the patent for the Hansom Patent Safety cab was obtained in 1834. Originally the vehicle had a sort of square body with two wheels the same height as the carriage, some seven feet

and a half in diameter. This was soon improved, but it may be said to have inaugurated quite a new development in such conveyances—which may lead us to the natural history of cabs. First of all, they seem to have appeared in England about the year 1605. As we can imagine to have very likely been the case, these were principally disused carriages of wealthy persons, and a considerable number of years elapsed before they were much improved.

Hackney coach or carriage seems to have been their first name, and a name which still abides—officially, at all events. As to the whence and wherefore of that name, it is something like the "buth" of Thackeray's immortal Jeames Yellowplush—"wropped up in a mistry." It may have come from the old French *hacquenée;* and that learned authority in things philological, Professor Skeat, is of opinion that it came ultimately from two words hailing from Holland, and meaning "a jolting nag." That sounds very likely, and reminds us that the delightful Mrs. Brown roundly characterises the "keb" in which she went with Mrs. Simmons to the throat doctor as "the joltingest thing as ever I got into," which shows that there may not be much difference in that respect between the "kebs" of the past and the present; though with the india-rubber-tired wheels, of which some boast, and asphalted or wood-paved roadways, we ought now to be making some progress.

Once more, however, before we part with the name. Some hold its derivation to be the very simple one, that the first coaches for hire were wont to proceed from the old suburb of Hackney—an explanation that seems very feasible.

As to the term "cabs," that is, of course, the popular short-clipping of the French words *cabriolet de place.* The famous Lord Tom Noddy, in the immortal Ingoldsby Legend, ordered his "cabriolet." But who now would think of calling a "cabriolet" from the cabstand? The short and simple first syllable does admirably.

Now these cabriolets originated with our ingenious neighbours across the Channel. A certain Nicholas Sauvage introduced them about the year 1650, and because he lived at the Hôtel St. Fiacre the cabs of the gay city of Paris are called fiacres to this day. These vehicles of Sauvage appear to have been two-wheeled affairs, something like the hansom of our time, and were taken to Florence, where they quickly increased in numbers, and to England, where we know they have also "caught on," as our American kinsmen might say. They do not seem to have appeared here, however, until 1805, when Messrs. Rotch & Bradshaw had licences for eight of them. Our old friends the vested interests did not like the new cabs, and their numbers were at first very much limited, only a dozen being allowed. Imagine only a dozen hansoms in London to-day! How many are there? Well, according to the latest Police Report, there were in 1889 no fewer than 7,409 hansoms licensed, and 3,966 four-wheelers, or "growlers," technically known as Clarences. The latter, by-the-bye, hardly seem to be decreasing, as in 1887 no fewer than 4,027 were licensed.

But the French "cabriolets" were, it is said, the originals of the Neapolitan *calesso*, the Norwegian *carriole*, and even the *volante* of Cuba. The name of Nicholas Sauvage evidently ought to go down to posterity as the ultimate originator of the useful cab.

What is the great requisite for a cabman? Why, that he shall be able to drive, of course. Yes; but that is not enough. Cabmen have to pass an examination in knowledge of London streets before they can obtain a licence, and this is far more necessary than might be supposed, for 691 men in the year 1889 failed in the examination, and not a severe one at that, while 1,211 were passed.

Then when our candidate has obtained his licence, he must get his cab. Some men have their own vehicles, but the majority have to hire. It is the old story again of capital and labour. Cabs cost money—about a hundred pounds each and more, and the commoner vehicles something less. It is obvious that many an aspiring cabman could not put this money down to buy a cab and a couple of horses—for to work each cab properly, say twelve to sixteen hours a day, a change of steeds is necessary—therefore cabbies, as we have seen, hire from a cab proprietor at rates varying from thirteen to fifteen and sixteen shillings a day for hansoms and ten shillings for "growlers." These prices include the horses and the nosebag containing the animals' luncheon; but in addition the men have to pay halfpence to yardmen. A cabby has to make up his hire money, even if he sell some of the bits of things at home to pay it; though if the times are bad and the owner generous, he may reduce his prices by a

A MODERN MIDNIGHT CONVERSATION.

THE "LONDON GONDOLA."

Fare: "HI, STOP! WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO? YOU'RE ALL WRONG! THIS IS NEVER THE WAY TO THE KENSINGTON MUSEUM!"
Cabby: "KEEP YOUR SEAT, SIR; IT'S ALL RIGHT. YOU JES' LEAVE IT TO ME!"

shilling or so. But charges may vary with the time of year. Prices go up as the London season commences. They begin to rise, say, at early spring and culminate on the Derby Day, when, we have been told, as much as twenty-five shillings has been charged. This question of cab-hire, then, seems much like other similar questions: better vehicles command better prices, as also does the increased demand. A capital improvement introduces a folding hood at the top, so that the cab can be used open or closed.

The number of articles left in cabs is astonishing. During 1889 no fewer than 25,179 articles were taken to Scotland Yard as being left in public carriages. There is a Lost Property Office there, and thither cabby or conductor is supposed to take any article he finds in his vehicle. Of this enormous number, 13,791 were given back to their owners. The rewards to men have been prescribed by Act of Parliament. For gold or jewellery under £10, three shillings in the pound goes to the lucky cabman, and for less valuable goods two-and-sixpence in the pound. For over £10 the Commissioner assesses the reward. And strange things indeed are left in cabs.

Cabmen have themselves largely to blame for the reluctance of some persons to engage them and for altercations about fares. For instance, paterfamilias wishes to convey his family to the seaside. He has not such an amount of luggage as suggested by Mr. Corney Grain when he sings of the children taking their pets—the parrot that squawks, the dog that barks, the beastly little sparrow, and the smelling little mice—but the head of the house has a sufficient cab-load. Like a wise man he bargains with the Jehu to take it to the terminus for, say, four-and-sixpence or five shillings. But on returning, lo and behold! the cabby he thinks of hiring turns up his nose very high at the fare paid before, and loudly demands six or seven shillings! Why? That is a conundrum not easy of answer; yet two explanations may be mentioned: first, that in driving from a suburb to a large railway terminus cabby has a chance of a fare back, while in journeying from a crowded station to a quiet street the reverse is the case. Or it may be that in driving to almost any of the northern suburbs the way lies over rising ground. We do not say these are the reasons, but they suggest an explanation. Also, some cabbies may be able to hold out for higher prices just like other men in different walks of life; but, whatever the reasons, the fact remains that cabmen do vary notably in their charges, or, to put it in another way, in the amounts that will satisfy them.

The legal charges, of course, depend upon whether

the cab is a hansom or four-wheeled, and whether it is hired or discharged inside or outside the "four-mile radius," but a shilling is the minimum fare. There are also certain extras for luggage, &c.; but, as a matter of fact, the exact legal charges rarely satisfy the London Jehus.

In this matter of paying cabbies, as in some other things, the so-called weakness of ladies is often their strength, and, altercation or no altercation, they have the reputation as a sex of paying remarkably low fares.

An incident occurred the other day in a well-known suburb illustrating this. A lady seated herself in a cab on a rank and demanded to be driven to a certain place for a shilling. Cabby refused. She persisted. Cabby was obdurate. The end was that a couple of policemen had to—conduct her, we will say, out of the cab, and she took her seat in another vehicle, the driver of which accepted her shilling. No doubt the lady felt she had vindicated the "rights" of her sex to have their own way. But how shall we explain the reason of the difference in the cabbies' charges. If a shilling would pay one man sufficiently well, why not another? The lady would probably say her offer was thus proved the right fare. But it was suggested that the man who refused was at the head of the rank, and the man who accepted was at the end. Therefore, in all probability, he would have to wait a much longer time than his colleague for a fare. A shilling in the cab was, he thought, better than two in the dim future.

The "bilker" is the cabman's horror, and a mean rascal he or she is. A bilker enters a cab, tells the Jehu to drive to such-and-such a place, and then calmly refuses to pay. At present cabby's only remedy is to sue for a debt: a roundabout and tedious remedy. But often the bilker disappears in a large shop with two entrances, or an arcade, and vanishes from view. Cabby waits. The person who ought to pay is pursuing his mean way elsewhere. Then it dawns on cabby that he has been bilked! No wonder he is tempted to strong language; and sometimes, no doubt, he yields to that temptation!

To obtain a quicker way of dealing with bilkers is one of the objects of the new Cabmen's Union. For, following the fashion of other folk, the cabdrivers have lately been forming a union. The Metropolitan Cabdrivers' Trade Union it is called, and the primary object, as might be supposed, is to secure a reduction in the hire of cabs to drivers. But there are other grievances to be redressed: as the unlimited issue of drivers' licences by the Scotland Yard authorities, the granting of such licences to raw and inexperienced youths, the competition with omnibuses, the privileged cab system at the railway termini, the ease with which bilkers may cheat cabmen of their fares, and the placing of cab-stands where they are least wanted.

These objects, we take it, very well summarise the cabmen's wishes and position at the present time. Take them altogether they are not a bad set of men. There are, no doubt, black sheep among them, as there are, unhappily, in pretty well every walk of life. But we should not fall into the habit—so prevalent, we fear, to-day—of generalising too much from few and insufficient data. Because one meets with one or two, or even a score, of bad, bullying, blaspheming cabbies, it does not follow that all the fifteen to sixteen thousand licensed hackney drivers of London are the same. Yet they have their little tricks, some of them: one is the long distance which perhaps a stranger may find the road to any given place, and the consequent high charge!

A curious legal decision was given in a cab case last December. Drivers, it appears, may sleep while waiting for their hirers in the streets. A cabby drove a certain gentleman to a bank, who told him to wait until he appeared. Time went on, and at two o'clock of those "wee sma' hours ayont th' twal'," Chaplin concluded he had waited a longish time. He rang the bell and discovered that his fare had gone two hours before. A summons followed, and the fare's defence was that cabby was sound asleep and would not wake. Nevertheless, the magistrate decided that cabby should have been made to wake, and the fare lost the case, which, we are bound to say, seems to us to be only in accordance with justice. Cabby had certainly earned a fare.

The Cabmen's Shelters, which were established in 1875, have been of great benefit to the men. Some of these shelters are picturesque little châlets, and answer the purpose almost of little clubs for the men while on the ranks or stands. Here the drivers can sit and read and have their food while waiting for fares. The shelters are great counter-attractions to the public-houses, and have been largely instrumental in promoting sober habits. There are about forty of these shelters studding the streets of the great metropolis.

Cab-driving is a Bohemian sort of existence. Cabby marches off to his yard in the morning, finds his cab ready, pays down his money, and is off for the rest of the day to get what he can. He has, doubtless, some strange experiences; sometimes you will find him gaily tooling a fare along a pleasant suburban road on a bright afternoon, sometimes he may have a sad accident case for a hospital. Paterfamilias conveys his happy family to the railway station in the dull "growler"; the smart journalist rushes in the flying hansom to the terrible catastrophe or pleasing event he is to describe for to-morrow's issue; the aspiring artist, anxious to be "hung," commits his treasures to the sombre four-wheeler; the gay evening dress often travels in the same way. All, all in turn use the familiar cab, which is such a characteristic feature of London street life.

SOMETHING ABOUT EGGS

FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT, ON GOOD FRIDAY, AT EASTER AND ON OTHER DAYS.

THERE is so much to write about eggs and their use that my one fear is of over-stepping all "rules and regulations," and of writing a book. I shall endeavor to restrain myself, however, and tell of the pleasure, profit and health that have been found in my own experience, and that of others, in the use of eggs. The word "pleasure" may cause no small amount of wonderment to many. "Pleasure in eggs? Too absurd!" I hear it said. "Why, eggs were meant to *eat*, to *nourish* us, and —and—well, to fill a place that nothing else will fill."

Perfectly true; although this may not be a good answer as to the use of eggs, if one leaves out the pleasure, for we all like to rise above the every-day necessity of eating, drinking and sleeping, occasionally, and look out and about us for a few of the pleasures of life. Since almost the first thing I knew of eggs, was the pleasure to be found in them, I shall begin there, and pass on to their more prosaic uses, and hope that my readers who have never seen them used in any art but the art of cooking, may, after reading this article, find themselves wiser if not better women.

The Germans think a great deal of the egg, and there are numberless stories—real and imaginary—about eggs, that may be traced to the good Fatherland. So this custom which my good mother brought from her own childhood to her children's childhood can be traced back to and accounted for in the German blood and ancestry of the family. We lived in one of the sleepy towns of our neighboring State, Connecticut. Our mother, being an ingenious woman, made of every recurring holiday some new surprise and pleasure. Now our Easter held as much and was as dear to us as Christmas or a birthday could be. I see now four tiny girls hurrying on Easter Even to the big barn, and each with her bundle of hay find out some secret corner to build a nest; then back slyly to the house, leaving everything in readiness for the wonderful Easter hen that left in the nest of each good girl, eggs in red, blue, yellow, striped, gilded and lettered. Early on that "glorious morn" each would seek their nest with a little basket, and with exclamations and joyous surprises take possession of their kind old friend's gift.

For breakfast, eggs were the chief food; they were cooked in various ways and each child could choose one from her little store to eat and one to give a playmate, thus sharing our joy with others on the bright Easter Day. In several families where there were little ones this grew to be a custom, as well as in our own home. As we grew older we were one by one initiated into the egg mystery, and learned many useful things as to their coloring and decoration. We kept up the practice of egg decoration until the past few years, and many a childish heart has been cheered and made to understand the meaning of our blessed Easter, through the egg as a symbol of that new life beyond the grave.

HOW TO COLOR AND DECORATE EGGS.

For those who may find use for these suggestions, in striving for a happy Easter, I will give a few of the simple and inexpensive methods we had for coloring and decorating the eggs. Place on the stove five tin preserve cans or old pails that can be used no more. In the first drop a handful of logwood for red eggs; in the second, logwood with one tablespoonful of bluing for purple; in the third, two handfuls of onion parings for yellow; in the fourth have some *very* strong coffee for a delicate brown, and in the fifth a small quantity of bluing for light blue. By varying the quantity in each can different shades may be obtained. Fill each can with boiling water, letting it stand five minutes before dropping in the eggs, which should be done carefully. Leave the cans for twenty minutes where they keep very hot but not boiling. Remove the eggs and when dry, while yet hot, grease with a little butter or drippings. This will give to the egg a smooth, shining surface which must be rubbed briskly until thoroughly dry. The name or an appropriate verse of Scripture gilded on the eggs adds to their beauty and value. Those favored with some knowledge of the brush may elaborate upon this work as much as desired.

The unique use of the egg decorated appropriately for the Easter-tide is very suggestive, and with many persons is preferred to the more costly cards which are to be found in the stores for the season's greetings to dear friends. To give the uses of the egg-shell in fancy articles as sachets, chandelier ornaments, flower baskets, etc., would occupy valuable space which this article is not intended to fill.

THE EGG, AND THE PLACES IT MAY "FILL ACCEPTABLY."

The egg is a most concentrated form of food and very nearly a perfect food. Never limit the use of eggs, for though they be high-priced they are cheaper than meat and very nutritious. This does not mean that they should be eaten exclusively or used extravagantly in making rich cakes and custards. They should be served in the numberless ways in which eggs as a food have found no equal. It is very poor economy to use half-cooked flour in an omelet, or soda and cream of tartar in sponge cake, as a substitute for eggs.

The white of the egg, or the albumen, consists of 85 parts water, 12 parts pure albumen, 2.7 parts mucus, and of saline matter 0.3, including soda. The white of egg has scarcely any fat, and in using requires butter, milk or fat meat.

Why does the white of the egg increase in bulk when beaten? The pure albumen is enclosed in cells which break when beaten. Albumen is a glutinous substance; this catches and holds the air and increases its bulk many times. To housekeepers fortunate enough to obtain their eggs direct from the farmer or those having hens of their own, I would caution the use of an egg before it has been laid ten hours; the white has not become set and thick and cannot be beaten stiff. The white of the egg is almost indispensable in clarifying soups, jellies, and coffee, since the albumen, affected by the heat, hardens and draws within itself any solids or impurities and either rises to the surface or sinks to the bottom with them, leaving the liquid pure and clear.

The yolk of the egg contains the same constituents as the white with the addition of oil and sulphur.

The longer eggs are kept the lighter they become; therefore if in doubt about the worth of an egg, try it in a cup of water. If the egg rises to the surface and swims it is not good and should not be used. The shell of a fresh egg is nearly full, but the shell is porous and the water in the egg evaporates while fresh air fills its place and the egg soon spoils.

PRESERVATION.

There are many excellent and quite reliable ways of preserving eggs. Any substance that will fill the pores in the shell and exclude air will preserve eggs indefinitely. Eggs for preserving must be perfectly fresh. Many persons preserve eggs by packing in bran, salt, etc., with the small end of the egg down. This may keep them sound and good if attended with great care; and still I think one can be less sure in this method if one desires to preserve the eggs for any great length of time. My own experience has been that a coating of varnish thoroughly applied will keep eggs for

any length of time. After varnishing and drying, pack in a box of clean sawdust and keep them where it is cool. The varnish has many substitutes, as lard, gum, wax, etc., but white varnish is the more satisfactory as the eggs are always pleasant to handle and the shell will break very evenly. A very good Scotch method is to drop the eggs for two minutes in boiling water. The heat coagulates the membrane within the shell and renders it impervious to air.

I should advise every housekeeper to select her own eggs from the farmer's basket or at the market, remembering that they should feel heavy and full. I would also give a hint to seek the darkest colored eggs out of the lot. They are the best, being richer and having larger yolks than the pale, white eggs.

PREPARATION.

The following are some of the most wholesome and palatable styles of cooking and serving eggs.—Boiled Eggs, Dropped or Poached Eggs, Scrambled Eggs, Omelet, Baked Eggs, Eggs à la Crême. Fried Eggs are not given, as this is the most indigestible form in which the egg can be cooked, and very few persons ought ever to touch them.

Boiled Eggs (soft, the best way).

Put the eggs in a saucepan, cover with boiling water and let them stand ten minutes where the water will keep hot but not boiling. To cook an egg soft it should never be cooked in boiling water; the white hardens before the heat has reached the yolk. Should the shell be the least bit cracked, pierce a few holes in the large end.

Hard-boiled Eggs.

Cook twenty minutes in water just below the boiling point.

DAINTY AND DELICATE WAYS OF SERVING HARD-BOILED EGGS.

1.—Scotch Eggs.

Mix with one cupful of cooked ham (chopped fine) a paste made of one-half cupful each of milk and bread-crumbs, one-half teaspoonful of mixed mustard, a little salt and one raw egg. Remove the shells from six hard-boiled eggs and cover with the mixture; fry two minutes in *very hot* fat. These may be served hot or cold, and are very delicious for picnics, cold lunches, etc. Chicken, veal, lamb or salmon may be used instead of the ham, with seasoning to the taste. Lemon, however, should be used in seasoning the salmon.

2.—Stuffed Eggs.

(*A*) Remove the shells from six hard-boiled eggs and cut lengthwise. Remove the yolks and put the two whites together again. Mash the yolks and add one-half teaspoonful of soft butter and one-half the quantity of deviled tongue or ham. Fill the whites with the mixture and press the halves together. Spread what is left of the yolk mixture on a dish and place the eggs upon it. Pour over a thin, white sauce or veal gravy and sprinkle with buttered crumbs. Place in the oven until a delicate brown.

(*B*) After the eggs are filled, roll in fine bread-crumbs and beaten egg, again in the crumbs, and fry in very hot fat. Drain and serve with tomato sauce.

3.—Scalloped Eggs.

Six hard-boiled eggs. Have one pint of veal or chicken gravy or white sauce. Chop fine one cupful of ham, tongue, poultry or fish. Soften one cupful of cracker-crumbs in one-fourth cupful of milk. Chop the whites of the eggs fine. In a buttered dish put one layer of crumbs, a layer of chopped whites and sauce or gravy, minced meat, yolks rubbed through a fine strainer; another layer of crumbs, and so on until the dish is full. The top layer should be buttered crumbs. Bake till the crumbs are brown.

Eggs a la Crême.

Three hard-boiled eggs. Cut off a slice at each end and cut the eggs in halves crosswise. Remove the yolks and cut into thin slices. Mix with them an equal amount of thin pieces of chicken, salmon or lobster and season to taste. Fill the white cups with the mixture and place on a shallow dish; pour around them one cupful of cream sauce.

Egg Salad.

Cut the yolks of hard-boiled eggs in dice and mix lightly with diced chicken, fish or lobster. Fill the white cups with the mixture and serve on lettuce or cresses with Mayonnaise dressing.

Baked Eggs, No. 1.

Beat the whites to a stiff froth and add a very little salt. Spread roughly on a platter and make a nest for each yolk some distance apart. Season, and bake till the white is a delicate brown.

Baked Eggs, No. 2.

Break each egg into a cup, then place on a hot, buttered dish. Put a little salt on each egg and bake until the white is firm. Garnish each egg with thin strips of fried breakfast bacon, and serve at once.

Baked Eggs, No. 3.

Butter a shallow dish and sprinkle with fine cracker-crumbs. Place each egg carefully on the crumbs and cover with seasoned and buttered crumbs. Bake till the crumbs are brown.

Baked Eggs on Toast.

Cover the dish with poultry or veal gravy and place in it a slice of toast to each egg. Put the platter in the oven over hot water, and when hot drop the eggs on the toast and bake until the eggs are set.

Pannikins.

Warm minced meat or poultry in a cream sauce and pile in the center of a platter. Break each egg in a hot, buttered cup, and bake until the egg is firm; turn them out and arrange around the meat.

Poached Eggs, No. 1.

Break each egg in a cup and slip gently into a pan of boiling water. When the whole is firm take each egg up separately and trim the edges. Poached eggs should be served on slices of ham or toast.

Poached Eggs, No. 2.—Eggs a la Dauphine.

Stew one-half can of tomatoes ten minutes and season with salt and pepper. Break six eggs into a bowl without beating, then slip them gently into the hot tomatoes; lift the white occasionally until it is firm, then prick the yolks and let them mix with the tomato and white. Serve immediately, on toast if desired.

Spanish Eggs.

Soak one-half cupful of rice three hours, then boil in one pint of milk until soft. Season with pepper and salt and place on a platter. Poach the eggs and drop at a little distance apart on the rice.

Scrambled or Quick Eggs for Breakfast.

One tablespoonful of butter in the saucepan; when hot, add four whole eggs and stir quickly until well mixed and firm but soft. Add salt and pepper, and serve hot.

Omelet, No. 1.

To the yolks of two well-beaten eggs add two teaspoonfuls of milk, one saltspoonful of salt and one-fourth saltspoonful of pepper. Beat the whites stiff. Butter well your omelet or small frying-pan and when hot turn in the omelet quickly; remove from the fire when nearly cooked and spread the beaten whites over the top. When the whole is heated fold over. The white will burst out around the edge, giving the omelet a very tempting and delicate appearance.

Omelet, No. 2.

Number of eggs according to the size of family. Beat the eggs until light and foaming. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Add milk in the proportion of one cupful to six eggs. Fry in spoonfuls on a hot griddle, rolling until the egg is firm and browned.

When the family do not breakfast together, this is the best way to serve omelet, as the mixture may stand two or three hours if it is well beaten before each frying.

Cream Omelet.

Three eggs (slightly beaten), three tablespoonfuls of milk or cream, salt and pepper to taste. Heat and butter a pan, and when almost brown pour in the eggs; lift from the center occasionally until the whole is soft and creamy. Brown slightly and serve hot.

Almost any kind of omelet may be made from No. 1, by replacing the white between the omelet with sliced or chopped ham, veal, chicken, clams, stewed or raw tomatoes or sweet corn. These for breakfast or lunch, while for tea-omelet No. 1 may be used by omitting the pepper and adding a large tablespoonful of powdered sugar. When ready to fold spread with cut and sweetened oranges, preserved peaches, or pears, or two or three tablespoonfuls of currant or grape jelly. Sprinkle with sugar before serving.

It would be impossible to enter here upon the use of eggs

in cake, as they are one of the essentials in making good cake, and the list of cake recipes is almost endless. I should like, however, to tell something of how they should be used. For sponge cakes eggs should be beaten very light, and a sufficient number used so that soda and cream of tartar need not be used to make up the deficiency. Always beat the yolks and whites separately for cake, and have them fresh and cool.

Do you know how to break an egg? Of course *you* do; but a competent (?) kitchen girl once applied for a position and professed to know how to cook. She was accepted. Her mistress said afterward that the first egg she saw her break, convinced her she could never fill the place for which she had been intended. Break each egg on the edge of the cup, just enough to crack the shell so that the white will flow out, but not hard enough to break the yolk. With the cracked side up hold over the cup and break apart. Keep the yolk in half the shell while the white drains off. Beat the yolks in a bowl and the whites in a platter unless an egg-beater is used. If any of the yolk mixes with the white it will not froth. Never stop beating the whites until stiff and dry.

EGGS FOR THE SICK.

As has been stated above, eggs are very nutritious; about one-third of the weight of the egg being nutritious matter. This is a much greater proportion than is found in meat. The white of the egg may disagree with the stomach of an invalid while the yolk would be harmless. Raw eggs are very wholesome and will sustain life in a very sick person longer than any other one food. My father lived through some weeks of a very severe illness, with no nourishment but a raw egg in the morning and one in the evening drawn through a stem from the egg-shell.

Egg Nogg.

One fresh egg, beaten in a tumbler with some sugar, to a froth, add two teaspoonfuls of brandy and fill up the tumbler with scalded milk.

This is very good to give in cases of inflammatory diseases. It should not be given oftener than every three hours.

Egg Lemonade.

A very excellent and nourishing drink may be made by stirring the white of one unbeaten egg into a glass of lemonade.

Frothed Egg.

Beat one egg to a froth and salt slightly.

Delicate custards are usually an acceptable food with invalids, and some of the forms of poached or scrambled eggs given above will be found very nice to offer a patient with a returning appetite. They are very digestible and if properly cooked can but be tempting. Mothers will find eggs (not hard-boiled) a proper food for young and delicate children. There is not only nourishment in an egg but it will give animal heat as well; two valuable qualities. I do not mean that a child be fed entirely on eggs, but that they should form a necessary part of its diet. The longer an egg is kept the harder it is to digest; so that only fresh eggs should be offered to a sick person.

THE EGG IN MEDICINE.

In medicine the shell of the egg is used as an antacid being better adapted to the stomach than chalk. The white of the egg is an antidote in cases of poisoning with strong acids or corrosive sublimate. The poison will coagulate the albumen, and if these poisons be in the system, the white of an egg swallowed quickly will combine with the poison and protect the stomach. An astringent poultice is made by causing it to coagulate with alum. This is called alum curd and is used in certain diseases of the eye. The yolk of the egg is sometimes used in cases of jaundice, and is an excellent diet for dyspeptics.

—Mrs. S. H. Whitten.

THE BLESSINGS OF SELF-DENIAL.

It is Lent, you know; and Mrs. Larue
Has decided at length just what she will do.
The flesh she "will willingly mortify;"
And so, for not less than forty long days,
She has made up her mind *to do without pie*,
And thus add self-denial to much prayer and praise

Right here I must tell you that Mrs. Larue
Has a talent for cooking—and eating, too.
Never a day goes into the past
But her table, morning, noon, and night,
Would never so much as hint a fast
To even a small-sized appetite.

Ash Wednesday came—the lady began,—
'Twould have been a task for even a man.
She banished pie of every kind;
An advertisement of "good mince meat,"
Such as a reader is sure to find,
Was destroyed in a manner most discreet.

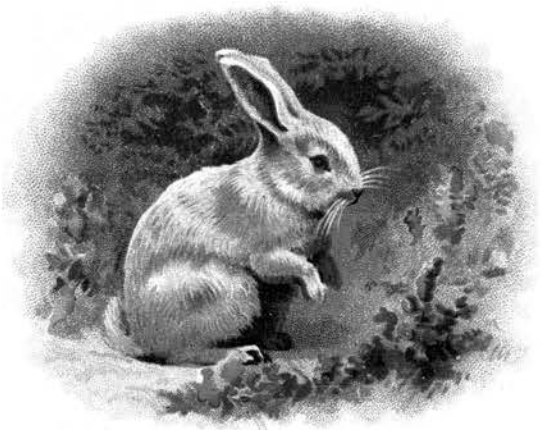
She'd not even *think* of a cocoanut,
Or a lemon with certain surroundings, but
Centered her thoughts on more suitable things
While daily at church, such as what to buy
For Tom's next birthday, and the kind of strings
For her Easter bonnet by and by.

Thursday, Friday, and Saturday
Slowly and solemnly passed away.
Sunday was coming,—what should they eat?
No chicken, turkey, lamb or beef
The church allowed, not even a treat
Of pork and beans, to her great grief.

Finally to the puzzled cook
Went Mrs. Larue with a serious look.
"We'll have lobster salad, and oysters, and trout
With eggs, but no pie—it is such a cross.
Instead, it will be a good plan, no doubt,
To have suet pudding with brandy sauce."

The lady felt like a martyred saint,
And she thought, while her lips made no complaint,
"I am learning the meaning of want and woe;
To the poor in spirit 'tis often given
To suffer in body while here below,—
But theirs at last is The Kingdom of Heaven."

—Mrs. Kate Brearley Ford.



SEASONABLE ENGLISH DISHES,

FOR AMERICAN HOUSEWIVES TO CONSIDER.

FROM COPYRIGHTED RECIPES IN THE "LONDON HOTEL GUIDE AND CATERER'S JOURNAL."

A Pretty Breakfast Dish.

CUT cold toast into squares or rounds. If it is buttered toast, so much the better; if not, butter it with cooking butter. Lay a ring of tomato on this, and some flakes of cold, cooked cod-fish on the top, cover with a plentiful supply of parsley sauce, put it into the oven to warm, and serve hot. The dish is very economical, and serves to use up any stale bread, toast, or fish and sauce which may not be sufficient to present at table a second time. Garnish with parsley and lemon rings.

Potato Cakes and Eggs.

A good supper or breakfast dish may be made by mashing up cold potatoes with a little butter, and adding a raw egg to each one pound of potatoes. Mould into little cakes about two or two and one-half inches across, put these into a hot meat-tray or baking-tin with a small quantity of hot dripping; brown the cakes on both sides, poach one egg for each cake, trim it, and lay it on when the cakes are done. For those who like herbs, the cakes are very nice when mixed with minced shallot, parsley, and thyme. Garnish with parsley.

Oyster Fritters.

Open four or six oysters, drain off the liquor, and strain it into a basin containing two tablespoonfuls of flour; add the yolk of an egg, a saltspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of parsley dried in front of the fire and powdered, half a teaspoonful of black pepper, a pinch of mace, and one tablespoonful of cream or milk; mix into a batter, using water, and whip the whites of the egg to a firm froth, and stir in. Pour a little of this into a frying-pan to form a small miniature pancake, lay an oyster or two in the center; fry, crimping the edges with a knife. Turn over, and just brown for a second, roll up, and serve on a hot napkin. Garnish with fried parsley and lemon rings.

Oyster Omelet.

Put the yolks of three small or two large eggs in a basin, season them with salt, pepper, and cayenne, add a couple of drops of lemon juice; open, drain, and mince six small or four large oysters, and mix in with the eggs. Add a tablespoonful of minced parsley, whip the whites of the eggs to a foam, and stir into the yolks thoroughly. Have one ounce of cooking butter or lard, quite boiling hot, in the omelet or small frying-pan, pour in the mixture, shake it well to free the omelet from the pan, fry delicately, and serve. The fat *must* be quite hot or the mixture will stick and the whole thing be spoilt. Serve with a cut lemon, so that the juice may be expressed over, if liked.

Scalloped Oysters.

Butter the shells, and sprinkle them with finely-sifted bread-crumbs seasoned with salt and pepper. Put into a mortar for every dozen scallop shells four ounces of English or American Gloucester cheese rubbed through a wire sieve, a quarter of a pint of parsley minced fine, wrung dry and measured after being loosened from the towel; a port wine-glassful of strong brown malt vinegar, one teaspoonful of pepper, and two of salt, with four tablespoonfuls (about three ounces) of bread crumbs nicely sifted. Mix these well together, and spread a little in each shell, leaving room for a pullet's egg poached in the center. Place the shells on a baking sheet covered with buttered paper, and bake in the oven for a few minutes. Poach an egg lightly, just to render the white the color of the inside of a mussel shell a bluish-white, not to set a dead or pearl white. Slip it on to the scallop mixture, pour two or three drops of vinegar over, seasoned with salt and pepper, and serve at once, after strewing the top with sifted bread-raspings.

Clear Game Soup.

Take the carcasses of any game that may be left by the carver—hare, pheasant, grouse, etc. If the hare has been stuffed, remove the stuffing and wash it well in tepid water. Shred a red carrot into slices lengthwise, put it into the stock-pot with a leek, a few cloves and allspice, six of each, with a blade of mace to each half gallon of soup; place the bones and a fair-sized bunch of sweet herbs in with a "bowknuckle" of mutton or veal, cost, about 2½*d.* to 3*d.* Fill up with sound stock, simmer and skim well for from eight to ten hours. The bones should be quite brown and dull looking: strain off and leave till next day, clear with raw beef finely minced and run through a soup-bag or cloth. Garnish with cubes of pheasant cut from the breast and divested of skin, also of hare, savory custard, and forcemeat balls poached. Serve one of each kind of garnish in the basin or plate of soup.

Celery Fritters.

Take the tender hearts of white celery, stew them in milk till tender. They should be of equal length and size. If the head is large, cut it into neat pieces after it has been cooked, let it become quite cold, put into a basin two tablespoonfuls of flour, make a well in the center, drop in the yolk of an egg, after putting the white in a dry basin or on a plate, so that it can be whipped to a foam. Use the milk in which the celery was stewed to make the flour and egg into a thickish batter that will cling to and cover the celery. Next season it with salt and pepper and three or four drops of lemon juice. Lastly, just as you require to use the batter, whip up the white to a stiff, rock-like foam, and stir it thoroughly into the batter; dip the celery into this, fry in boiling fat till a golden yellow, drain on wrapping paper, and serve quickly and hot. Do not cover with dish-cover or cloth, as it would destroy the crispness. If they have to be kept warm, put them on a wire meat-stand in the oven with the door open.

Onion Pickles.

Peel the onions, put them at once into jars or bottles, having one tablespoonful of salt at the bottom. When the jars are half full, put in one tablespoonful of pepper-corns, black or white as you may fancy, a few cloves if you like them, and a spray or two of brown ginger bruised; fill up with sound malt vinegar, put another tablespoonful of salt to the half-gallon jar, tie down, and in three days they are ready.

Onion Pickle (Clear).

Choose firm, ripe, little silver onions, peel and throw them into cold water in a stew-pan as they are done; add one tablespoonful of bay salt to the two quarts of water, let it boil (when the onions are all peeled) for six or seven minutes; put the onions on a hair-sieve to drain, slip off the outer skin when they are cold, as it would pucker up; put the bulbs into bottles, strew in a few chillies here and there, fill up with strong, cold, white-wine vinegar; cork, bottle, and dip in resin.

Lemon Ketchup.

Slice spent and fresh lemons. A spent lemon is one from which the juice has been expressed but the rind left intact. Sprinkle them with one-fourth of a pound of salt to each one pound of fruit, place them in a stew-jar, cover them with white-wine vinegar, add twelve cloves, six white peppers, six allspice, six long-peppers, and two teaspoonfuls of coriander seeds to each one pint of vinegar; simmer till the lemons are quite soft, strain through a coarse bolting-cloth; again put the liquor into a preserving-pan, boil up, add one pint of good sherry; when quite cold, bottle. This is used with wild duck. Just score the breast, pour over a few drops, or add a little to a salmi of wild duck, and it will render it perfect.

Fruit Fritters.

Put four ounces of flour into a basin, and in the center drop the yolks of four eggs, carefully letting the whites run into a clean, dry basin. Mix the yolks with a little tepid water just to blend them, and then make the batter with a sweet, white wine. The batter should cling to the spoon, and be rather thick than otherwise. Now whip the whites to a firm rock, so that it will uphold a fair-sized egg; stir this into the batter. Have a frying-pan with two ounces of cooking butter quite hot so that it would brown a piece of crumb of bread; butter a small soup ladle, dip it into the batter, and pour a small quantity out. The pan usually holds three fritters. Put a tablespoonful of currants on one, rasps on another, three cherries on the next, and gooseberries on a fourth, chopped almonds on a fifth, and so on. Pour a little batter on the top; when brown underneath, turn over with a slice. Lay on paper when done, dust with sugar, and serve hot.

THOUGHTS AND OBSERVATIONS ON NATURAL HISTORY.

By H. B. M. BUCHANAN, B.A.

PART IV.

THE oak is the most favoured tree for the attack of the little gall fly. About fifty different species of this fly attack the two kinds of oak, which are found wild in this country, and the puncture of these fifty different species of insects cause the formation of fifty galls differing in shape, size, colour and other characteristics. So here is this wonderful fact that the puncture of each species of fly produces a different habitation for its young, for the gall, as I shall now show, is a house for its young. The insects pierce the young leaves or buds, and lay their eggs in the wound they have inflicted; the irritation thus set up causes the sap food to flow with greater speed than usual towards the punctured part, and this sap over-feeds the cells of the injured part, which in consequence swell and divide with abnormal rapidity, and thus is caused the unnatural growth of a gall. In like manner an oak-apple is formed by the puncture of a number of gall flies. These flies lay their eggs in the places punctured, a growth is then formed in the manner I have described, round each of the eggs, and these growths collectively form the apple. The egg, thus well protected in the gall, in due time turns into a grub (larva), which pierces its way out as a fly at the end of May or beginning of June. The galls are fully formed by the end of May, and having a certain beauty of their own, were formerly used as button-holes on the 29th of May —Restoration Day—whence their popular name of "King Charles's Apple." As the oak-apple gets older, it loses its juiciness, and becomes brown, dry, spongy, and very light, whereas an oak-apple is formed by an unnatural growth around the punctures of many insects.

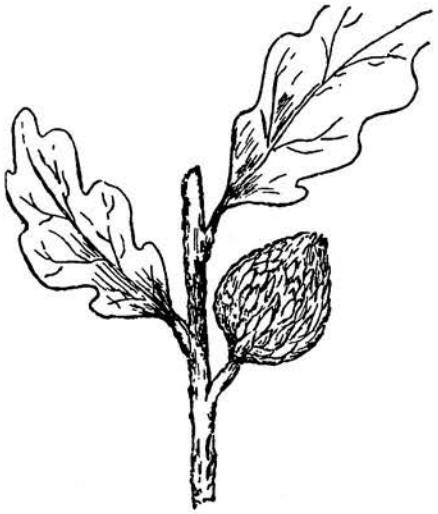
The artichoke gall is formed by a most beautiful growth round the puncture of one insect. This gall is of a pale yellowish green colour, very like an artichoke flower in miniature, and is so symmetrical and regular, that until it is opened and the little grub seen inside, it is very difficult to believe that it is not a beautiful vegetable growth. Galls, of course, can only be regarded as vegetable disorders, tumours arising from overfed and deranged cells, yet in her derangements Nature cannot help being orderly, for the artichoke gall is a modified bud, but modified without distortion, the leafy scales of which overlap one another with perfect regularity, making a rather stumpy conical body, like the head of a thistle. On turning back these leaves, an oval object is seen standing erect, which is hollow, and is the home of the grub of the gall fly. About the end of August this hollow chamber falls to the ground, and remains there throughout the winter, the insect issuing from the gall during the next spring.

Speculations of an Unscientific Age.

The speculations of our forefathers as to the cause of the formation of the gall is so amusing, that I am tempted to tell of a few of them. How an insect got inside a gall, without any apparent entrance, was naturally a matter of the deepest wonderment. Some said the eggs were taken from the ground, and carried by the sap to the gall, that was already prepared and waiting for it; others that the germs floating in the air got fixed to certain parts of the tree, and then the growth of the tree, growing around them naturally, enclosed them; others, that although the insect belonged to the animal kingdom, it was the result of vegetable growth, just as leaves, flowers, and fruit are. And then of course came in the explanation of spontaneous generation, an explanation that was always put forward when every other failed. It was all very mysterious, and so the little insect was made to foretell coming events. The unpierced gall was believed to contain a fly, a spider, a worm. If a fly was found—the fly of course was the fully matured insect and the worm its lava—it prophesied war, if a worm, the price of commodities might be expected to rise, and if the insect turned out to be a spider, then might be expected a terrible time of pestilence and death. It is not so easy to see what was meant by the spider, unless galls containing mites or beetles were referred to.

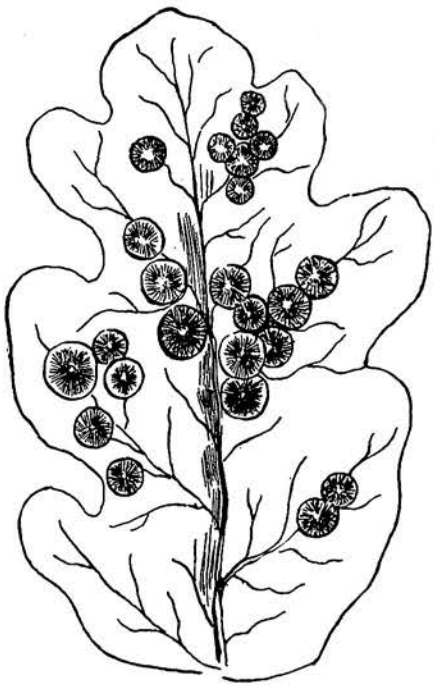
Birds do more Good than Harm.

I have long been under the impression that birds, by making away with more destructive insects and seeds of weeds, than they eat fruit or grain, do far more good than they do harm, and this opinion is, I am pleased to see, rapidly gaining ground, amongst all trained observers. I have heard lately of a celebrated fruit-grower who, for a time, killed birds that lived in his orchards, but after careful observation came to the conclusion that birds who were fed on the premises, although destroying a certain number of buds and eating a certain quantity of fruit, more than compensated for this damage by eating the enemies of the fruit-grower, through all the stages of their existence. At the same time he decided that it was unwise to grow fruit near a wood, as the birds swarm from the wood amongst the trees, when the fruit ripens, and by going back after their feast into the wood again do not destroy a sufficiency of insects as compensation at other times. It has been nearly universally thought that birds of prey do more harm than good, but this popular idea turns out to be false. A body of scientific men in America examined the stomachs of 2212 birds of prey, and it was found that fifty-six per cent. contained mice, twenty-seven per cent. insects, and only three and a half per cent. poultry or game-birds. The great enemy to many of our rapidly disappearing species of birds is the collector. Can any words be too strong to express the vile selfishness of the man who deliberately kills a rare bird whenever he gets a chance. A great living picture, a nobly executed work of art, a soul-elevating piece of music, an energising, deeply-penetrating thought, beautifully expressed in poetry or prose, may be replaced. Yes, and replaced by better, if there be any truth in human progress; but a species of birds, one of God's most perfect handiworks, once destroyed, is gone from the earth for ever; no time can repair the loss, and thousands of weary, city-encompassed human beings have missed the chance of having their dull eyes and pale cheeks brightened up by the sight of the lovely swift moving life. And then when it is in the collection it is no more like the living bird than the poor, still, pale body of the dead is like the moving emotional body of the friend who once walked by our side. Life that gave flush to the skin and colour to the bird, and makes all things beautiful, is gone. Let the birds go free then to enjoy the unhindered life for which they, of all living things, are most fitted. It is



Artichoke Gall of Oak Tree.

Section of Oak-apple, showing cells of Gall-flies.



Portion of Oak Leaf with Spangles.

surely more pleasure to watch and observe them flying here and there as they will, than to see them, with dull plumage and unhappy movement, confined within the bars of a cage, or see them stuffed in a collection, a mockery of their real selves.

A Doe and her Fawn: A Mother's Intelligence.

How often do we notice that the parental instinct develops unusual characteristics of bravery, endurance and intelligence. I once owned a little fox-terrier; she was an absolute little coward, and would not face the smallest mouse; but when this nervous, cowardly little creature had puppies, she became a perfect little fiend; no one could go near her, and she did not seem to fear man or beast; but directly she weaned her puppies, she became as cowardly as before. A partridge by shamming itself wounded, and flying just in front of the dog, will in this manner attract them away from its young. But one of the prettiest acts of great maternal intelligence that has been brought under my notice, is recorded by Mr. Hudson, in his delightful book, *Naturalist in La Plata.*

When hunters and dogs are in pursuit of the common deer and her little one, that are found on the Pampas of South America, the doe will remain quite still, with the fawn motionless by her side, then at a given signal, the fawn will rush some eight hundred or a thousand yards away, and with its little head stretched close to the earth, will hide itself amidst the long grass or uneven ground. The mother in the meantime stands without the slightest movement till the dogs come near her, and then she will start off, pretending to be lame, and by keeping just in front of the dogs, entice them in the opposite direction to her little one.

I do sincerely trust that this act of great intelligence is in most cases rewarded by doe and fawn escaping from the bloodthirsty hunters and his dogs, and rejoining each other again.

HOW TO SHARPEN A KNIFE.

Although a pocket-knife seems most in its place in the hands of a boy, there are many girls who find it a very useful article; and every girl ought to possess a penknife, not that such a knife is much needed now for the purpose its name suggests, but because a small knife is found to be handy in many ways.

But how many girls know how to sharpen a knife when it becomes blunt with use? Not very many, perhaps. Most girls who possess

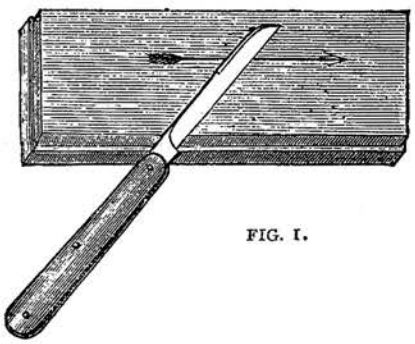


FIG. 1.

knives probably get some masculine friend to sharpen them, or, if living in a town, send them to the cutler's. Still, it happens sometimes that neither the one course nor the other is open to the possessor of a blunt knife, and in any case it is a useful accomplishment to be able to sharpen it for one's self.

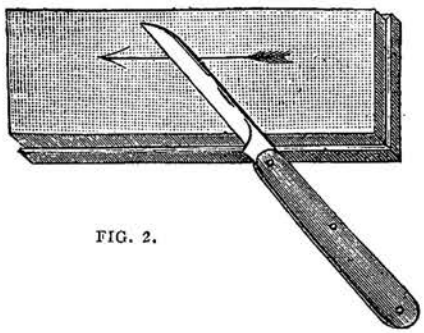


FIG. 2.

In order to do this it is necessary to possess at least one whetstone. It is better to have two, however, one of a somewhat roughish grain, to grind down and slightly roughen the blade, the other of a finer grain for putting a fine edge upon it. These can be purchased at any ironmonger's for a small sum. In many places, especially in the beds of streams and on the shore, it is easy to pick up bits of stone that answer perfectly well for ordinary purposes. When about to make use of a whetstone it has to be moistened with a few drops of oil or a little water. Paraffin oil is said to be about the best, as it does not clog up the pores of the stone.

Some stones are best when used with oil, and others with water. It will be necessary when you buy a stone to ask which is best for the stone you purchase. If you have a choice, it is better to prefer a water stone, because water is always at hand. If you have picked up stones for yourself, you can use water, and if you like to experiment you can try how a little paraffin oil answers; it will do the stone no harm.

After wetting the stone, lay it on a table with a bit of newspaper below it, to avoid stains. Then take firm hold of it with your left hand, in such a way that there will be no risk of cutting your fingers should the knife slip. Take the knife in your right hand, and

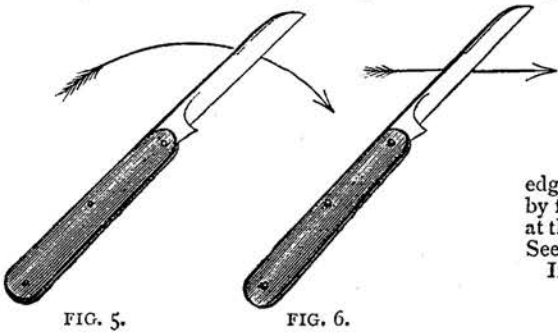


FIG. 5. FIG. 6.

lay the blade flat on the stone, the side of the blade resting on the stone and the edge just touching it, the edge of the knife being held from you. Then, while applying some pressure to it, work the blade along the stone in a straight line from you, and draw it back lightly without pressure. See fig. 1.

After a few passes of this sort, turn the knife and reverse the action. Draw it to you with pressure in a straight line, and push it back without pressure or even without touching the stone at all. See fig. 2.

After there is a sufficiently sharp rough edge on the blade, repeat the same process on your smoother stone, turning the blade in a very small degree more, so that the edge may come more directly on the whetstone. Do not press so hard now, and try the knife every few passes, so that you may not overdo your work, for if you use the smooth stone too long you will take off the grip of the sharp edge altogether. Several things require to be carefully attended to in using a whetstone.

1. If the knife has become very blunt, and the blade is thick towards the edge, you will require to work the knife for a considerable time upon your rough stone, taking care to keep the edge as much as you can off the stone, just touching it and no more, because your object at first is to reduce the thickness of the blade close to the edge.

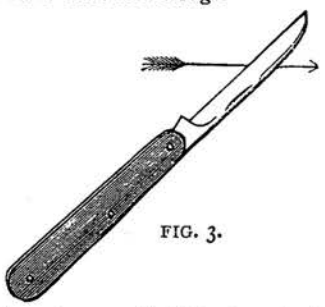


FIG. 3.

2. Never sharpen a knife backwards, that is, making the back of the knife go first, as in fig. 3.

If you do, you will produce a thin, useless edge, which will double up and break off.

3. Be careful to keep the knife always at the same angle to the stone. If you fail to do this you will not obtain a good edge. The reason is that the lines produced by friction on the stone will cross each other at the edge, and destroy it if not kept parallel. See fig. 4.

If we suppose the blade to be transparent,

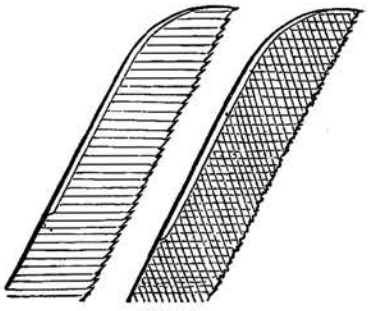


FIG. 4.

you will see in these two figures the effect upon the edge produced by the crossing of the lines of friction.

4. Take care to move the knife backwards and forwards, not with a circular motion, but in a straight line—not as fig. 5, but as shown in fig. 6.

Attend to these directions, and you will find no difficulty in putting a good edge on your knife.

"ON THE CLUB."

THE institution of genuine "workingmen's clubs" has for some time past occupied so much attention that it may be hoped we shall one day see those useful associations established in all our populous districts. At present, however, though the Working Men's Club and Institute Union has been putting forth very earnest effort, and though working men themselves, as well as those who desire to promote their welfare, are advocating the formation of such societies, it would seem that there are certain recurring difficulties which prevent their establishment on a thoroughly independent basis.

Most of the patrons of working men's clubs and societies would like to see everything made subservient to what they are pleased to call mental improvement—they would combine "instruction with amusement"—continually introduce the fly of science into the pot of social ointment, and, worse than all, not only the mental and moral improvement, but the amusement also must be on a pattern which has been ordained by dull respectability as a concession rather than a recognition—an experiment with little hopefulness attending it, rather than as a hearty endeavour to lend a helping hand in a cause common to humanity at large, and enlisting general sympathy.

In fact, there is often a too evident intention on the part of patrons to provide what *they* think will be beneficial to "the working man," without enough inquiry into what his own tastes and recreations might lead him first to appreciate. Perhaps, on the whole, he would be best pleased to have an opportunity of choosing for himself what should be the groundwork of the attractions that are necessary for making his club popular, and giving it an undoubted claim against the attractions of the public-house.

As it is, the first step of the committee, who have obtained subscriptions, is to hire an ordinary house—usually a good deal out of repair, and containing a number of rather awkwardly-shaped rooms. There is no large assembly room—no money to spend even on common decoration or graceful ornament—no funds to provide comfortable and tolerably handsome furniture. For the most part, when the sum subscribed is spent, all that there is to show will be a rather sordid, dull, ricketty place, bare and repellant, and with such a poor list of recreations or of means for genuine social improvement, that there is necessarily an effort to induce the first dozen or two of members to make use of it. It is ten chances to one that these first members by no means represent the artisan or skilled working class. There are a few respectable men of this sort, but the rest are lads or youths working at casual employment, and men engaged in shifting labour, who go in and out wearily and wistfully, not quite knowing what is expected of them. Unfortunately, some of them can scarcely do more than spell out the news in the evening paper; and the "library," which often consists merely of a few spare books sent by people who are rather glad to get rid of surplus copies of dry works, offers few attractions. The place is perhaps altogether better and more comfortable than the ordinary tap-room, but while it is under the control of a patronising committee, there is a feeling of restriction which takes long to wear off; and the advantages

"A DULL, RICKETTY PLACE, BARE AND REPELLANT."

A WEST-END CLUB.

offered are not obvious enough to counterbalance the want of independence which is felt by the very men who would be most desirable as members.

It very frequently happens therefore that the original committee, even when it consists of a majority of working men, is constantly clogged with a sense of incongruity. The actual working men who are upon it cease to attend—with one or two exceptions—and it is quite possible that those who remain contrive to become the hangers-on of one of the patrons who has political or other interests to serve, by making the club itself a sort of committee-room or central association during a public contest in which he is a candidate.

This of course is only an occasional result of the indifference displayed by the real representatives of the working classes of a district, to an association which assumes their name, without meeting their needs ; but the indifference itself is the obstacle which proves to be almost insurmountable.

It will necessarily be so till the first effort shall be to secure a comfortable, spacious, and cheerful place of meeting, a place in itself suggestive of innocent social pleasures, and adorned with objects that are associated with refined taste and purifying thoughts. There should be one large room or assembly hall of this description, and there may be also other cosy rooms, plainly furnished and devoted to special objects ; but they should all be in repair, cleanly painted and papered, and well warmed and ventilated. Whatever may be the nature of the refreshments, they should be of good quality, and served in a neat and attractive manner, without that offensive sense of sloppiness and make-shift which is too often apparent in common coffee-houses, and has been as often adopted by those who, not knowing the working man, think that he prefers it, because he is not very fastidious, nor given to complaining about trifles.

It is certain that until the club is first made attractive in these particulars, it will not successfully contend against the more carefully appointed tavern, nor even against the common public-house, where at all events the sanded floor is clean, the seats tolerably easy, the hearth neat, and the gas bright and cheerful. We are a little too apt to forget that there already exist organisations of which working men form the principal part, nearly all the meetings whereof are held at taverns, except on great occasions, when the gatherings of members are so large that not even the biggest assembly-room would suffice for them.

Several such associations, formed for the express purpose of mutual help, and representing very genuine interests, are still flourishing, after many years of genuine vitality and enormous growth. They are real working men's clubs, and "benefit clubs" too, and though some of them may suffer from a want of close economy, and from that necessity for holding their meetings in taverns which leads to an expenditure by individual members that, if it were added to subscriptions, would represent a vast addition to the funds, they effect a very appreciable work.

There is a definite bond of interest in these societies, an object which appeals immediately to every member, who, in case he should fall ill, or suffer from sudden

"FOR THE GOOD OF THE HOUSE."

accident, has learnt to regard his club, or lodge, or society as a bank on which he has a claim, till he can get to work again.

How much the benefit costs by the time that it is attained may not be easy to calculate, even in some of the widely-spread and best-ordered of these associations, for there are strange fees attending the preliminary inquiries, the visitation of the member who has "declared on the society," the percentages for various charges, all "according to rules and regulations;" while at every weekly meeting the money spent for "the good of the house" where the committee or district assembly is held amounts to a sum that would represent an extra "benefit" at the year's end. It is not our business to quarrel with these arrangements, however, any more than with the banners and insignia, the stars and aprons and costumes that distinguish some associations. The "good of the house" is, after all, another word for the habit brought about by necessity of meeting at a tavern, the only place where there is a large and comfortable room, which may be occupied with entire independence, and is suggestive of the social influences that keep these benefit clubs together.

Unhappily, however, there are scores of so-called clubs and societies held at the public-house, where the opportunity for drink forms the chief attraction, or at all events where the "benefits" derived are altogether subsidiary to it; others again where designing wretches form themselves into so-called societies, taking up their head-quarters at some frowsy tavern, as in a spider's web, where they may lie in wait for the flies who come there to sip.

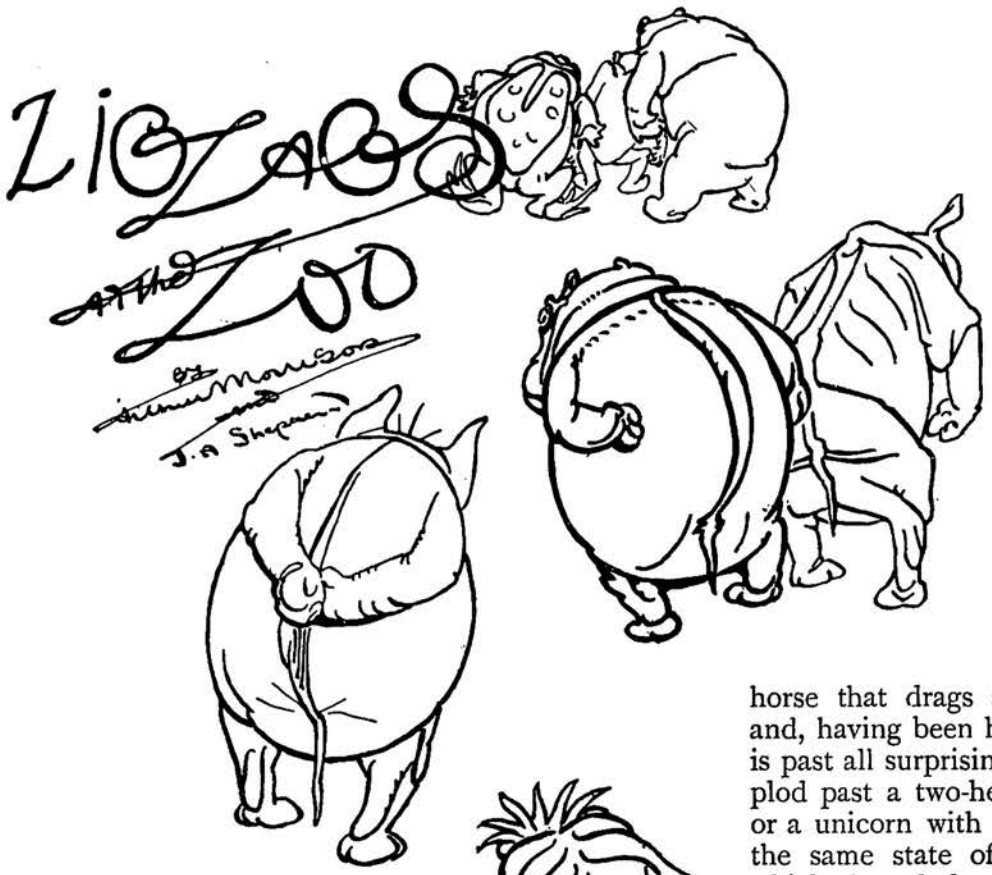
There is no need now to enter into all the dreadful revelations of the iniquities of burial clubs, nor of the awful inducements held out by those societies when they were less amenable to the law than they are now, and infant life was almost at the mercy of the murderer. We have most of us heard of the method by which some shabby attorney with a clerk and the landlord of a tavern have ere now formed themselves into "the board" of a loan or benefit society, and advanced sums at exorbitant interest, with rules giving them power summarily to recover the whole amount in case of any falling off in periodical payments, or to refuse any part of the benefit to defaulters who may have been an hour behind time. The columns of newspapers have given us such examples over and over again, and even now the net of the law is not close-meshed enough to catch all such birds of prey.

What we have to discover is how we may instruct working men and women to form associations for themselves, under competent advice and assistance, and yet without the degradation of a list of subscribing patrons and interposing managers.

The Club and Institute Union may find noble work in showing working men how to make use of increased leisure and higher wages, by combinations among themselves for social improvement, through means of recreation that shall add to instead of detracting from their power in the State, because it will be allied to knowledge that will take them beyond the temporary influence of any noisy demagogue or the misrepresentations of any place-hunter who may seek their suffrages.

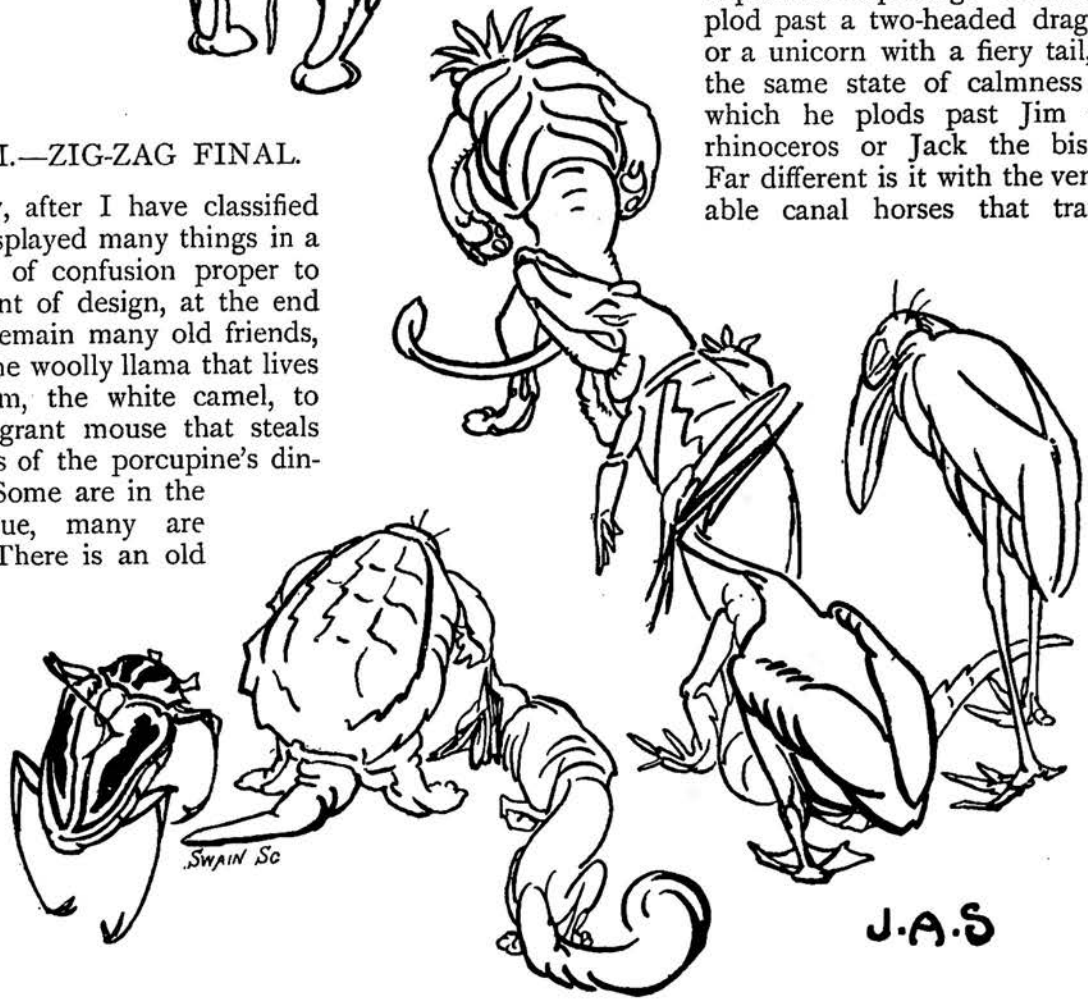
This, too, will be effected not so much by making clubs places for instruction as means of social elevation. It is very doubtful whether classes and lectures on the "ologies" and dry studies—or politics, except as a topic of private conversation, and not in the sense of a debating society—are not all foreign to a club in its true meaning. It is a place for recreation, for pleasant intercourse, for the refined enjoyment of leisure; and though classes for studying certain agreeable acquirements may be a useful accessory, just as a free library is almost a first essential, it should never be confounded with a literary and scientific institution, or it will lack that kind of flavour of *bonhomie*—that personal interest which even a benefit club can command. Indeed it would be well to unite to every working man's club certain beneficial associations, but they should not be essential to it. Let the experiment be tried of instituting a club for working men, not on the present plan of beginning with a subscription list and a number of committee-men, but with a few persons who are in the confidence of a large number of handicraftsmen, earning good wages in a certain district where a building may be found, furnished and decorated, provisions made for refreshments and recreation, and a library placed on the shelves, without a penny of actual contribution, or any liability that may not be well secured by members' subscriptions. When we know what has been done by co-operation, surely this would be an easy task; some of the most magnificent clubs of the aristocracy have been built and furnished on the principle of debentures, and maintained by members' subscriptions and entrance fees; and establishments as significant could be erected for working men, who would not be called upon to pay more than a shilling or a few pence a week for similar advantages.

As regards less ambitious associations, and the necessity that exists for providing large and convenient assembly-rooms for their meetings, it may be hoped that when temperance cafés become conspicuous in the Metropolis, provision may be made—either in them or in some large room adjoining each establishment—for meetings of persons able to pay a moderate sum for the accommodation of holding their weekly meetings, without an additional gin and beer tax for "the good of the house."

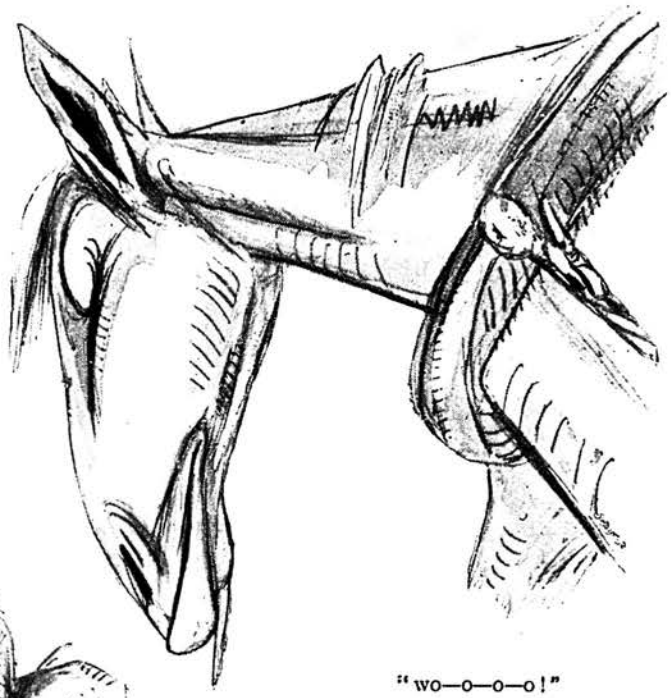


XXVI.—ZIG-ZAG FINAL.

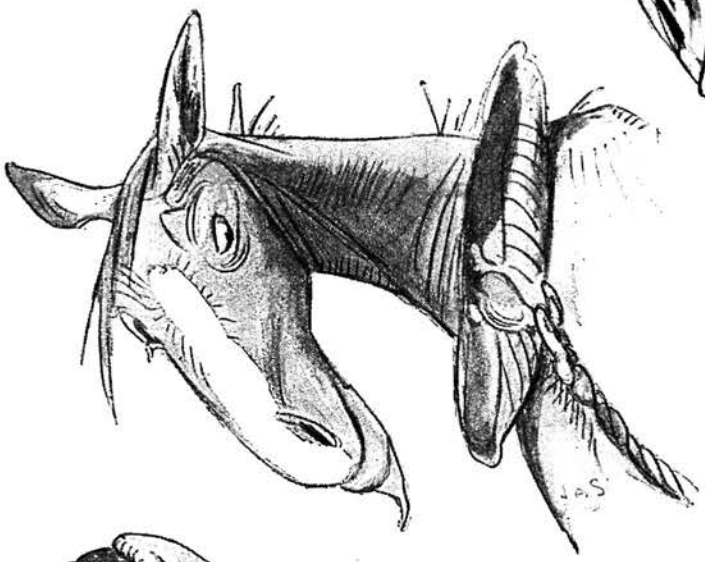
Now, after I have classified and displayed many things in a system of confusion proper to my want of design, at the end there remain many old friends, from the woolly llama that lives by Tom, the white camel, to the vagrant mouse that steals pinches of the porcupine's dinner. Some are in the catalogue, many are not. There is an old horse that drags a refuse cart, and, having been here for years, is past all surprising. He would plod past a two-headed dragon, or a unicorn with a fiery tail, in the same state of calmness in which he plods past Jim the rhinoceros or Jack the bison. Far different is it with the venerable canal horses that tramp



resignedly by the Regent's Canal, where it cuts the Gardens in two. They see nothing, for that costs a shilling, and the Society spend many shillings in fences; but they hear, and most of all they hear the parrots when they hang out for an airing on a warm day. There is a wicked old blue macaw—a fine, big fellow, whose name should be Blue Peter—who tricks the unhappy canal horses all day; shouting "Wo—o—o—o!" at the top of his voice, and chuckling with unholy delight when the angular victim welcomes the opportunity for a rest.

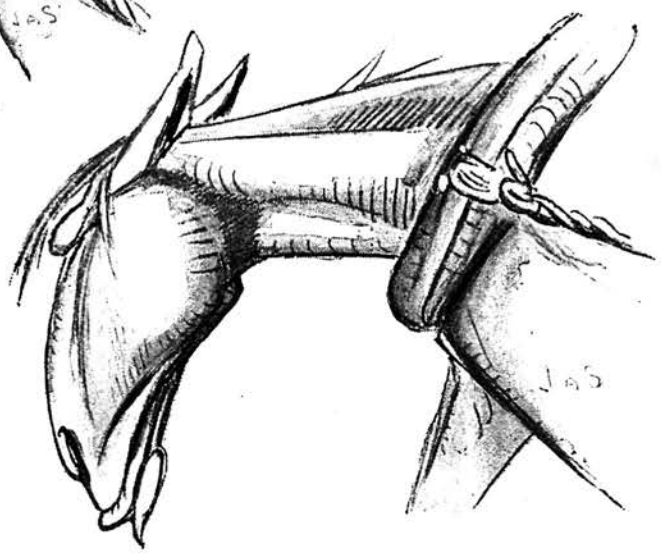


"WO—O—O—O!"



"WHAT! A REST?"

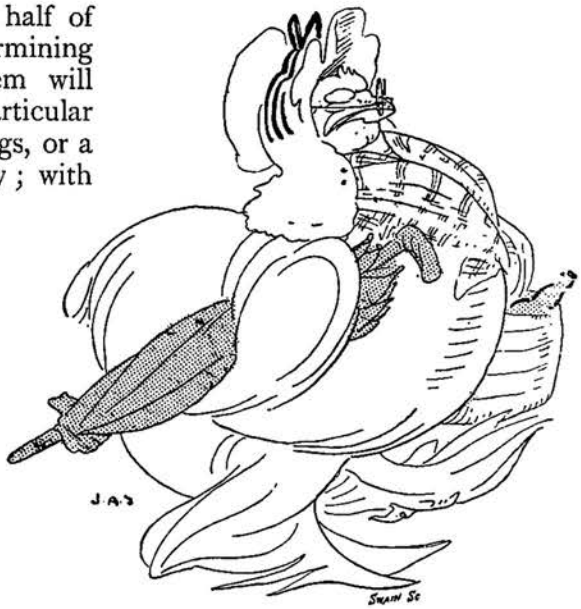
Some creatures there are that are uncatalogued because they hold official positions. Such are Nell, Church's terrier, divers cats, and the matronly old hens that hatch out eggs for rarer birds. The fat importance of one old Cochin hen and the tremendous number and thickness of her garments make out a complete claim on her behalf to be called Mrs. Gamp. Mrs. Gamp's must be a life of surprises. For a respectable suburban hen of the strictest propriety and the most regular and orderly habits is naturally surprised when a long and conscientious sitting results in a brood of spindly cranes or an ear-splitting choir of laughing jackasses. It shocks her sense of the proper and respectable, and confuses her orderly intellect. For in her suburban intelligence what is eccentric is disreputable, and so she trots



ONLY ANOTHER SELL.

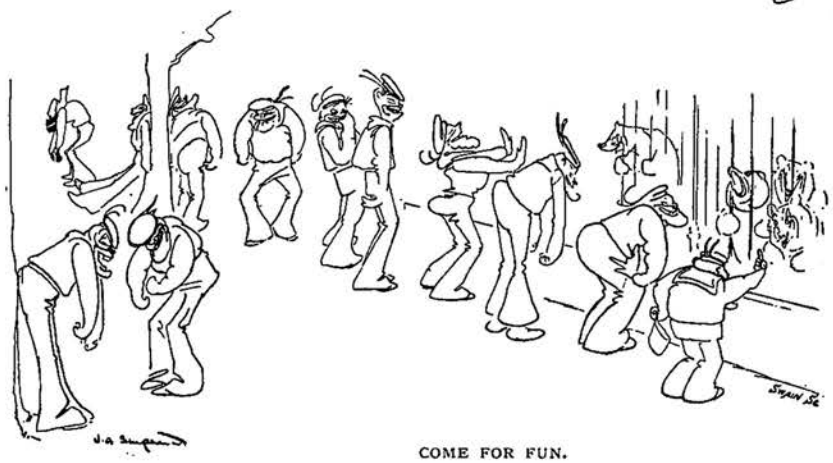
"HAD HIM AGAIN!"

about distracted, half afraid of her family and half of the gallinaceous Mrs. Grundy. The life is undermining her nervous system. No hen's nervous system will stand an eternal uncertainty as to whether a particular egg will turn to a thing all beak, or a thing all legs, or a thing to swim, a thing to run, or a thing to fly; with a reserve possibility that it may turn to a snake or a lizard. There is dignity in Mrs. Gamp's official position, I grant; but it is a wearing work, hatching out a perpetual succession of nightmares.

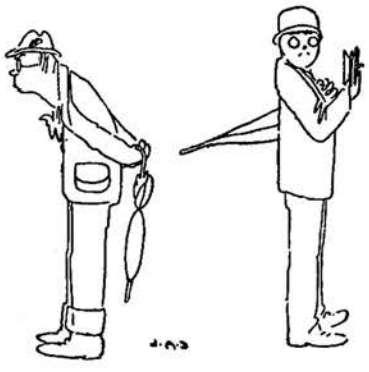


MRS. GAMP.

In the Zoo you may find curiosities on both sides of the bars. On the human side there are, at least, as many as on the other. Maybe a company of sailors, who go to a show for a laugh, and guffaw conscientiously at everything, to the intense scandal of the serious creatures, like Bob the Bactrian and most of the owls: or a worthy group of country cousins, each brimming over with perfect ignorance of any animal more recondite than a cow, and imparting their mis-information to each other with great freedom and confidence. The intelligent foreigner comes here, too, in those peculiar felt and straw hats that only he knows how to get; hats often with little cockades of feathers stuck in the sides of the bands. He begins at house number one, and solemnly and diligently broods over each animal in succession, to the very last in house sixty-four. He is fat of face, and usually wears spectacles. Also there is the unhappy elementary school, sternly marshalled in a trotting column and dragged neck and crop through the grounds for the enlargement of their information and the improvement of their beraddled minds; whom the unbending schoolmaster impels over the gravel paths at the pace calculated to get them out of the gate within the time allowed for their free visit; and whose precise acquisitions in zoology on the run, and impressions of the whole business in general, one would rather like to analyze.

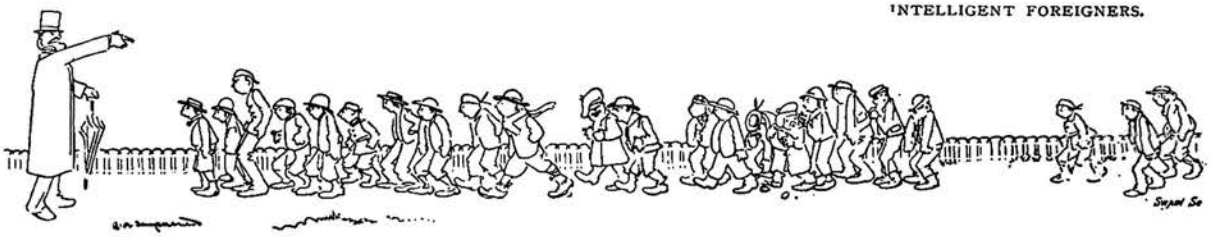


COME FOR FUN.



INTELLIGENT FOREIGNERS.

But pre-eminent, perkiest, cheekiest of all things not in



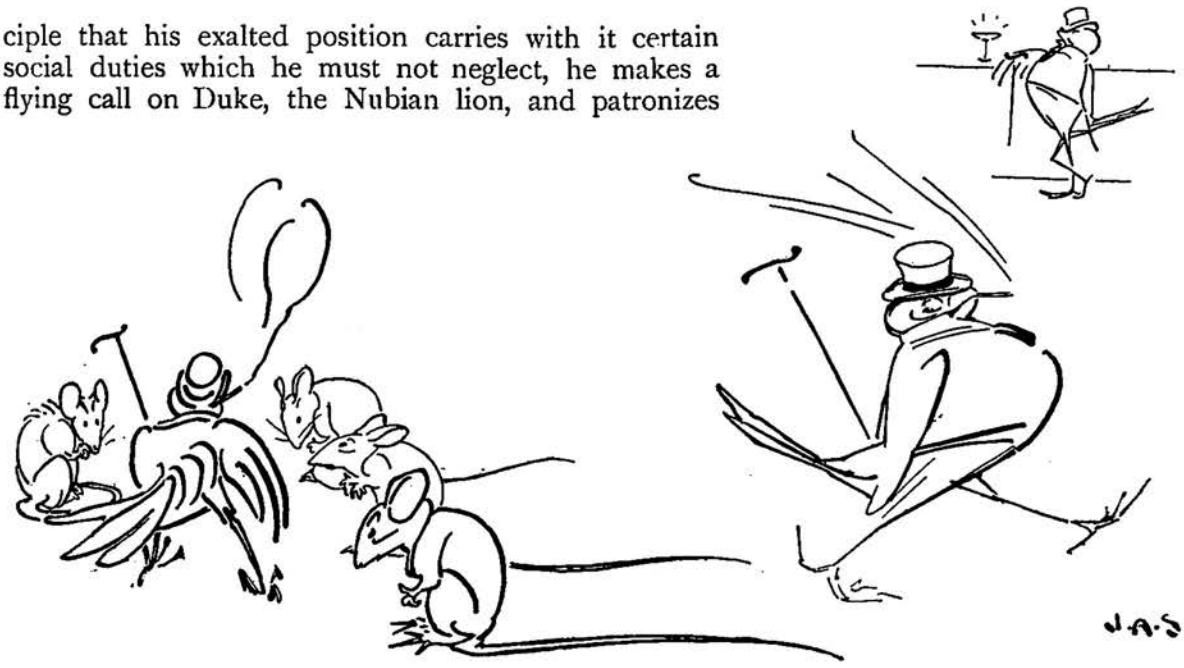
"NOW THEN! HURRY UP BEHIND THERE!"

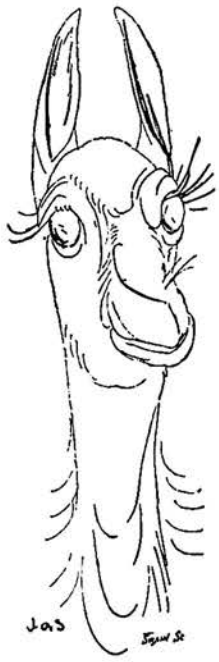
"HOW DO, TOMMY?"

"AH, JIM, DEAH BOY!"

the catalogue, is the sparrow. He flies casually to and fro among wolves, tigers, and leopards, with an airy confidence and self-sufficiency that nothing bigger than a sparrow can imitate. He drops in casually on Tom, the big tiger, as he takes his afternoon nap in his back-yard, and bounces to and fro under Tom's nose, discussing zoological politics on a footing of perfect equality, and disturbing Tom's nap. Feeling his vast importance, and quite recognising the principle that his exalted position carries with it certain social duties which he must not neglect, he makes a flying call on Duke, the Nubian lion, and patronizes

"MORNIN', DUKE! FEEL CHIPPY?"

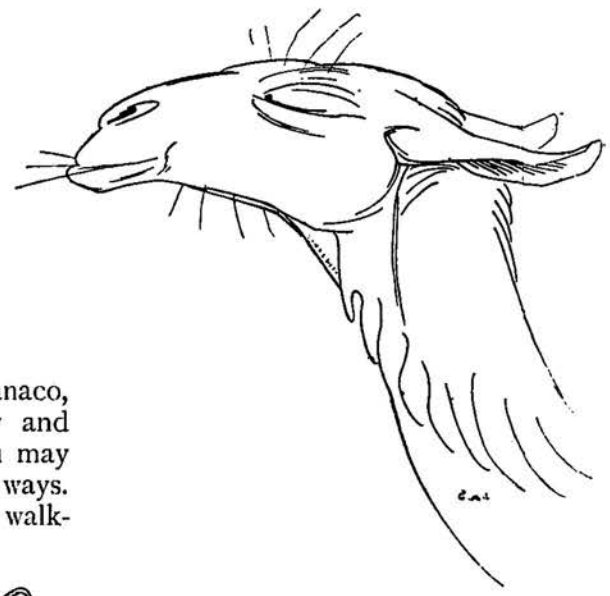




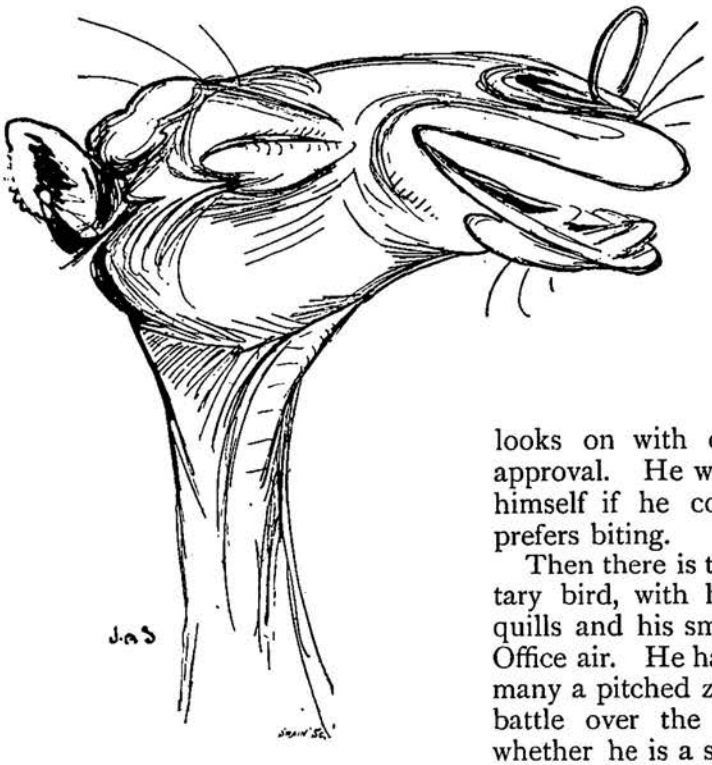
PREPARATION.

him with the proper grace, suggesting various impossible alterations in regimen by way of improving Duke's digestion and mending his temper. He hops across the Gardens and discusses the prospects of the hay-crop with Jim the rhinoceros, who is dietetically interested in the matter; then, having swaggered past the retiring mice who assume a residuary interest in Jim's dinner, he hangs about a little at a bar—partly because it is the nobby thing, and partly because of the crumbs—and so across Regent's Park and off to a cricket match at Lord's.

But there are creatures that have not been spoken of in these pages, yet still have respectable positions in the catalogue. Instance the llamas and guanacos. I am not fond of the guanaco. He spits—and with an accurate aim. Take care how you rouse the ire of the guanaco, for he spits suddenly and without warning. You may rouse his ire in many hundreds of thousands of ways. By wearing a peculiar hat or an ordinary hat; walking quietly or with a swagger, or running or sitting or standing still; by speaking, shouting, or remaining silent, or by existing in the same world; and, his ire roused, he promptly spits, while Tom, the wicked old white camel next door, looks on with delighted approval. He would spit himself if he could, but prefers biting.

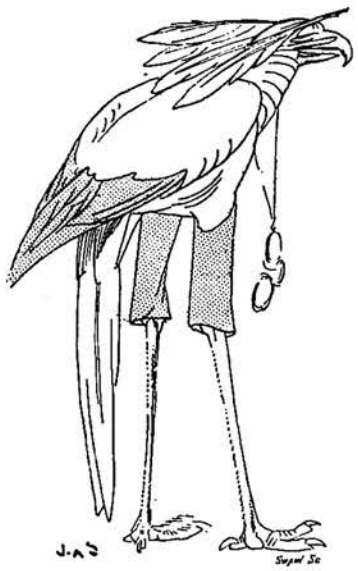


EXPECTORATION.



APPROBATION.

Then there is the secretary bird, with his many quills and his smart, War Office air. He has caused many a pitched zoological battle over the question whether he is a stork or a hawk; and his own battles with snakes cover him with glory and fill him with snake. He struts smartly about, plainly a secretary who knows his business and will stand no nonsense. There are all the stags, finest and largest and most disdainful of all being the wapiti. But a stag is always in a preliminary and incipient state of weeping, in spite of his assumption of



A SMART SECRETARY.

"side," and until he becomes venison is really an uninteresting creature. Some day, perhaps, he will properly make up his mind and have a good cry and get it over. Then he may turn his mind to something else and take a worthy

THE YAK.

"SIDE."

position in society. As it is, the stag at best, if he has any definite character at all, is a hypocrite. He poses as the beautiful, mild, benignant, timid, loving and oppressed creature, and is at heart a savage. Worthy and well-meaning people, with soft hearts and heads of blubber, sob and squeal because he is hunted. He is such a darling, timid, trustful creature, say they, and to hunt him is the act of cowardly brutality. Now, I challenge any of these kind people to approach a group of the mildest park deer, any day late in August, select a quiet-looking buck, and attempt, in the most friendly way, to pat or stroke him. I am not particular as to the sort of deer—big red deer or little roebuck—but I hope the challenge won't be accepted, because the worthy adventurer will probably experience a dig in the ribs that will cause him a ride home on a hurdle. I say nothing of wilder deer. *Verb. sat sap.* Still, the stag is a characterless creature. There is even more character in the yak, just opposite, mild creature as it is, with its old womanish air of coddling in its black silk shawl, and its pathetic grunt.

SAVAGELY MILD.

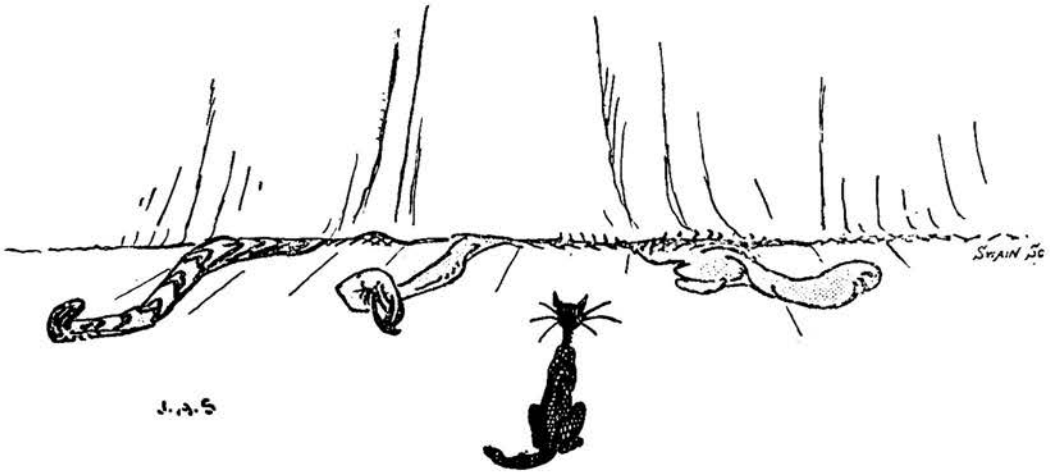
Also there are the Barbary wild sheep, who turn up in all sorts of unexpected corners of the place. There is something truculently timid, savagely mild, about the name of the

NELL.

Barbary wild sheep. It begins like thunder and dies away like a zephyr. It reminds one of Sidney Smith's lethally-preaching Wild Curates.

But behold, I have forgotten some of the most noble of the uncatalogued; chief among them Nell, Church's fox-terrier, who (herself and her numerous descendants) makes deadly war on the uncatalogued, unhoused, uninvited undesired rats, themselves a large part of the population of this place, and a destructive. An excellent official is Nell, honest, diligent, and with quick jaws. But no less worthy in their way are the regiment of battle-scarred cats, terrors among mice and rats both. Chief among these is Mr. Toots, of the camel-house, the intimate friend of Bob the Bactrian; and the elephant-house cat and the ostrich-house cat occupy high positions. But many a stout heart beats quicker at the smell of mouse beneath the fur of the more obscure rank and file of the uncatalogued cats.

UNCATALOGUED.



FAMILY CAKES.

DESIRABLE IN ALL HOUSEHOLDS.

Sand Tarts.

One cupful of butter, one and a half of sugar, two of flour, a very scant teaspoonful of baking-powder and a gill of milk (perhaps a little over); make into a smooth dough, roll out thin, cut with a tumbler into thin cakes, sift sugar over and bake. They should not be brown, only a nice yellow.

Rich Currant Dessert Cakes.

Dry a pound and a half of fine flour; beat the yolks of four eggs till light; beat a pound of fresh butter to a cream with half a pound of powdered sugar; mix the eggs with it; add a glassful of sherry and one of rosewater; stir in the flour and a pound of grocer's currants that have been soaked in wine, and beaten whites of the eggs, leaving one out; make into a paste that will roll out, using a little milk if too stiff; cut into small rounds a quarter of an inch thick, glaze them with the white of egg beaten, sift granulated sugar over them and bake in a moderate oven.

Queen Cakes.

Beat half a pound of butter and a pound of sugar to a cream; add six eggs, one by one, beating well between each; flavor with the peel of a lemon grated, squeeze in the juice of half a one, and then sift in the flour warm and dry. When well mixed, these cakes should be baked in a moderate oven.

Drop Biscuits, Lemon.

Beat eight eggs with a pound of powdered sugar for ten minutes with an egg beater, or fifteen minutes by hand, then add gradually a pound and a quarter of flour and the grated peel of a lemon, with the juice of half of it. Drop the size of a dollar on buttered paper.

Shrewsbury Cakes.

Work half a pound of butter to a cream with a pound of powdered sugar and four whole eggs, flavor with a little grated nutmeg and rose water, then work in flour enough to bring the whole to a stiff paste, about a pound and a half. Roll out thin and cut into cakes with a large cutter.

Portugal Cakes.

An equal quantity by weight of flour, butter and powdered sugar, half the weight of currants; use ten eggs to a pound of flour, leaving out three or four whites (adding them if needed to mix); beat the butter and sugar to a cream, add the eggs and flour alternately, then flavor with a wine glassful of sherry and half a one of rose water. Bake slowly in small muffin pans.

Gingerbread.

One pound of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, quarter of a pound of butter, half a pound of black molasses, a quarter of a pound of brown sugar, one ounce of powdered ginger. Mix the flour and baking-powder thoroughly, melt the butter and mix it with the molasses and ginger, then incorporate the whole of the ingredients, which will form a soft, dark-colored dough. For thick gingerbread, place the whole mass in a shallow tin, well buttered, and bake in a moderately hot oven for from three-quarters of an hour to an hour.

Very Fine Gingerbread.

Half a cupful of the best butter, one cupful of New Orleans molasses, one cupful of cream, three cupfuls of the best flour, three teaspoonfuls each of finely-ground ginger, cloves and cinnamon.

Belvidere Cakes.

One quart of flour, four eggs, three cupfuls of sugar, two ounces each of sweet curd and butter; work the two latter into the flour; beat the eggs and add to them enough new milk to make up a pint, all but half a gill, mix this with the flour, etc.; knead it for ten minutes only, and make the dough into flat circular cakes. Bake them in a quick oven for about a quarter of an hour. A few currants or the grated peel of a lemon may be added to these cakes. When the whole is very well worked add the currants, warmed, and bake in small tin pans, which need only be half filled; glaze with white of egg, sift sugar over them and a few chopped almonds.

Rice Flour Cakes.

Quarter of a pound of rice flour, quarter of a pound of moist sugar, quarter of a pound of butter, two tablespoonfuls of flour, a few currants, one teaspoonful of baking-powder. Mix the rice, sugar, currants and baking-powder in a dry state, then melt the butter before the fire and add half a teacupful of warm milk. Mix together with a spoon, then put into queen cake tins or moulds, and bake in a moderate oven.

Ginger Cakes, cheap, but very nice.

Five tablespoonfuls of flour, three tablespoonfuls of brown sugar, one teaspconful of ground ginger, two tablespoonfuls of black molasses, a good teaspoonful of baking-powder. Mix the flour, sugar, ginger and baking-powder well together in a dry state, then add the molasses with a little milk, stir well together, and bake in a moderate oven in small pattypans.

Eccles, or "Secret" Cakes.

These are old-fashioned English cakes; probably the "secret" originated in the concealment of the fruit. Take some "rough puff paste," roll it very thin and cut it in rounds the size of a saucer, lay each round on a baking-pan, then sprinkle over the center a few grocer's currants, a very little candied citron chopped as fine as rice; sift sugar over very thinly; then roll out more paste, cut out as many more rounds as you have cakes, wet each one slightly, and use them to cover those you have sprinkled with fruit; press lightly together, and make a little slit in the middle, and sift granulated sugar over it; do the rest the same. Bake a *very pale* yellow; they will not take more than five minutes in a good oven. These cakes are delicious, but they can only be made in cold weather and in a cold room, as the whole charm lies in the fact that they "melt in the mouth" and, must not be thicker than the third of an inch when done. The paste ought to be light and full of blisters, but must be pricked if it appears to rise too much.

Cocoanut Cookies.

Mix together two cupfuls of flour, a teaspoonful of baking-powder, and a good tablespoonful of lard rubbed into it; stir in one cupful of sugar, one cupful of grated cocoanut, and beat one egg with a cupful of milk; add a few drops of flavoring and stir all very well together. If the paste is too thick to drop from the end of a spoon, use a little more milk; drop in small cakes and bake quickly.

Currant Cookies,

These are made in the same way as the last, only they have currants substituted for the cocoanuts. Caraway seed, chopped hickory-nuts, citron, or any spice may be substituted for the currants, and the cookies called by the name of the ingredient.

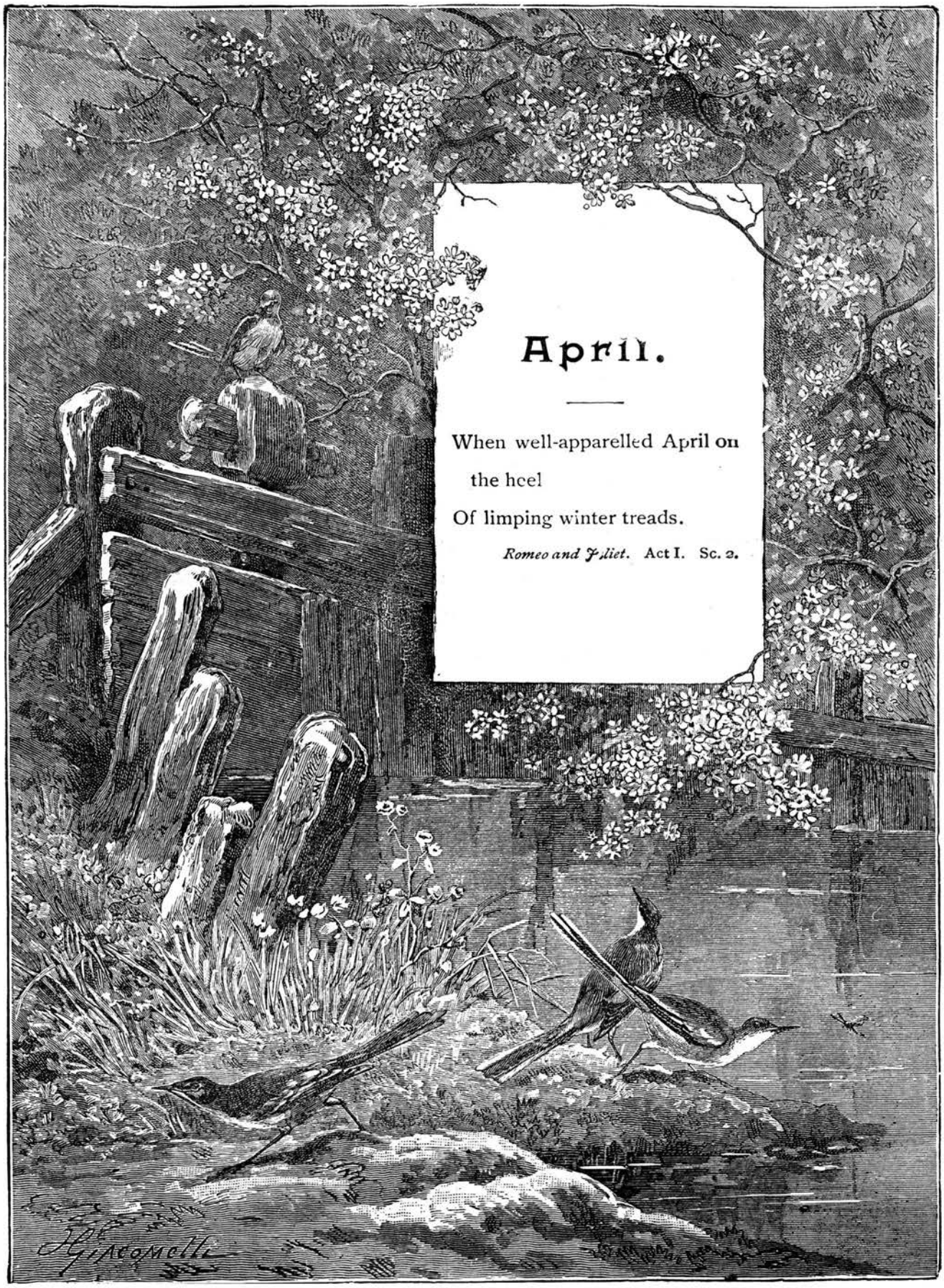
—*Catherine Owen.*

PICKLED WALNUTS AND PICKLED CUCUMBERS.

Editor of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING:

I enclose the recipe for pickling walnuts, asked for by M. C. B., and also one for preserving cucumbers, if it will be of use to you:

PICKLED WALNUTS.—Walnuts, to be pickled of an olive color, must be managed thus: Having gathered your walnuts with the shell not too hard, put them in strong ale allegar (or sour beer) and tie them down under a bladder and paper to keep out the air. Let them stand several months, then take them out and make for them a pickle of the allegar. To every quart, put half an ounce of Jamaica pepper, the same of long pepper, a quarter of an ounce of mace, the same of cloves, a head of garlic and a little salt. Boil altogether five or six minutes, and then pour upon your walnuts. Allow it to get cold, boil it again three times, each time letting it get cold, and pour over the walnuts again. Then tie them down with bladder and paper over the jar, and if the allegar was good, they will keep for several years without changing color or growing soft. You can make very good catchup of the allegar that comes from the walnuts, by adding one pound of anchovies, an ounce of cloves and long and black peppers, a head of garlic, half pound of salt to every gallon of allegar. Boil till it is half reduced and skim well. Then bottle for use, and it will keep a great while. To pickle them green, make use of the large double or French walnuts, gathered before the shells are hard. Wrap them singly in vine leaves; put a few vine leaves in the bottom of your jar, and nearly fill with walnuts, each in a leaf. Take care they do not touch one another, and put a good many leaves over them. Then fill your jar with good allegar; cover them, that the air may not get in, and let them stand for three weeks. Then pour the allegar from them, put fresh leaves at the bottom of another jar, take out your walnuts and wrap them in fresh leaves as quickly as possible. Put them into the jar with plenty of leaves over them, and fill with white wine vinegar. Let them stand three weeks, pour off the vinegar, and wrap as before in fresh leaves, at top and bottom of jar. Take fresh white wine vinegar, put salt into it till it will bear an egg, and add mace, cloves, nutmeg and garlic. Boil about eight minutes, and then pour on your walnuts. Tie them closely with paper and bladder, and put them away for use. Be careful to keep them covered and if any are taken out, and some not used, do not return them to the jar, as you will spoil all the others.



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