Victorian Times

A Monthly Exploration of Victorian Life

Vol. B-3, No. 6 - June 2026

American Boom-Towns • *London's Market Gardens* • *River Birds* • *London Trams*
A Visit to Land's End • *Ladies of Old* • *Victorian Wedding Customs* • *Royal Weddings*
An American Country Fair • *Summer Travel Tips* • *Dinners in Society* • *River Birds*
A Cat Named Pussinella • *Medical Electricity* • *Cycling on the Railroads*

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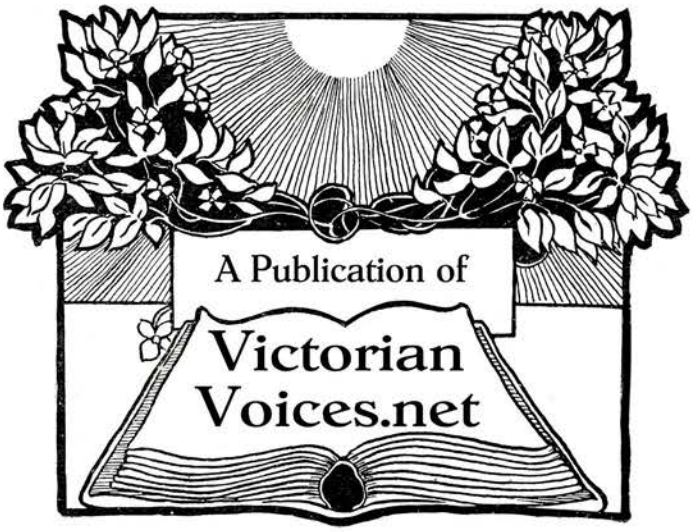
edited by Moira Allen



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Cover Image: Fashion print from a Victorian scrap album (probably from an 1890's *Delineator*)

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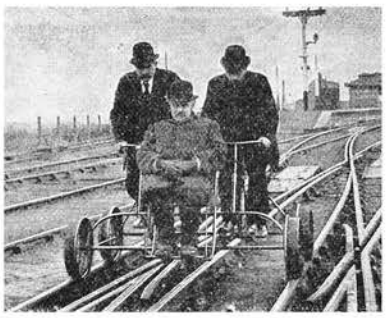

More About Paper

Last month, I talked about the value of paper as a means of storing and sharing information. Due to the explosion of publishing in the 1800s, the Victorian era encountered yet another controversy surrounding "paper"—the issue of rights. Who *owns* the words on the paper?

The 1880s saw a lengthy battle over the question of copyright and piracy (yes, that word was being used in the 1880s!) between the US and the UK, each country being guilty of stealing the works of the other. For example, needlework articles published in Britain's *The Girl's Own Paper* regularly turned up in America's *Godey's Lady's Book* a few months later, under a different byline.

Today, the Internet has made it easier than ever to steal another's works and publish them as one's own. When my Writing-World.com website was more active, I regularly dealt with such issues on behalf of contributors—and often heard the excuse, "Well, so-and-so should be *glad* I republished the article; I'm giving so-and-so more exposure!" (Trust me, so-and-so was *never* glad of this sort of theft.) Today, with the growth of AI, writers are more worried than ever about the unauthorized re-use and misuse of intellectual property.

Even though printing became economical in the Victorian era, that didn't mean it was cost-free, and so a certain amount of what we call "gatekeeping" today stood between the would-be author and the eager reader. Publishers chose what would make it into print; some published the books they loved the best, even if readers might be few, while others published what they hoped would be most profitable. Today, many writers deplore the idea of publishers "controlling" what is published, and consider the ability to self-publish electronically to be an immense freedom.

Self-publishing isn't a new thing. Many Victorian authors chose this road, including Mark Twain. One self-published book I found particularly interesting was *Modern Persecution*, by Mrs. E.P.W. Packard. Mrs. Packard expressed different views from her husband—and because of this, her husband was able, on multiple occasions, to have her confined to a mental asylum. Packard self-published her story—and her crusade led to reforms of the laws that made such abuses possible. It's well worth reading (and, yes, you can find it online at Archive.org).

When books are printed on paper, both the author and the reader have certain rights. The author holds the rights to the *words*, but the reader owns the physical book. You can do what you like with that book—keep it, give it away, sell it, destroy it. The only thing you can't do is make copies.

Today, those rights are changing on both sides. As a writer, you may not own the rights to your blog or your posts; instead, they are "owned" by the platform on which you post them. As a reader, you don't "own" a Kindle book; you simply purchase the license to read it. You can't share it, give it to a friend or even your own child, or sell it. Today, we often pay just as much for electronic content as we would have for a physical book or video—yet we have far fewer rights to that item.

This might seem trivial, except that it means that a small handful of gigantic corporations literally control our right to read, for their own profit. If you think your mother or your best friend would love the book you just read, you can *recommend* it—but you can't *give* them the book, or donate it to a worthy cause. Those same companies work hard to steer you in the direction of the books *they* want you to read—whereas, in the old days, we would wander through a bookstore and make discoveries for ourselves.

I doubt printed books will vanish from the earth anytime soon—too many of us still love them. But it's worth remembering that as we move further into our new, paperless world, we're not just losing physical objects, or even the information that they contained. We're losing rights.

—Moira Allen, Editor
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ABOUT THE MARKET GARDENS.

LIKE outposts left by the country to cover its retreat, stand the market gardens. But it is a forlorn hope, a vain struggle; for the mighty town stretching out its great arms in every direction moves ever onward with silent, solemn, irresistible energy, like those armies of locusts which devour every green thing in their destructive progress.

At your favourite suburban retreat where you have been nursing the fond hope, always, however, with a sort of nervous dread, that it will escape the clutches of the modern villa builder; where on every side stretch fields of the succulent lettuce, the wholesome cabbage, the rhubarb, potato, the delicious strawberry; where the air is laden with the scent of carnation and cornflower; where in the grassy lanes you may listen to the lark, the cuckoo, and even the nightingale, and fancy yourself anywhere but within five or six miles of the very heart of the great town —you will see one day with an aching heart a trap drive up where such a noble vehicle has hardly been before, the occupants in dreadfully solemn black, smelling of little dingy city offices, and foreshadowing the funereal business they are about to perform.

These are the undertakers. They are coming to bury the country. You will see them take out tape and measure its coffin. The men in the field hoeing the cabbages rest upon their hoes in a body, and look upon these intruders. The women with their coarse aprons and rusty dresses, weeding the lettuces, stop to wonder. The market gardener's children, barefooted, bareheaded, and almost the colour of the earth they are playing on, cease their games to stare at the strangers. The old grandfather, whose working days are now over, who still clings to his smock, sits by the door of the old house with his bit of short clay pipe, and heeds but little the beginning of the work which will destroy the old home where his father and grandfather before him lived. His next move will be to the far-off country.

But the men in the sable costume have driven away, the hoers and weeders have resumed their work, the children their play, and yet though the sun shines brightly and the thrush in yon hedge is singing his sweetest songs, and the grassy lane with its straggling hedges and clipped elms is most inviting, you heed them not. Your heart is filled with sadness—they have found your retreat. In a few days you will see the great black board with its staring white letters announcing to the world that the Cedars or the Oaks, or the Manor Park (or whatever it may be) estate is to be cut up into roads for desirable building sites. When the navvy comes in the market gardener goes out.

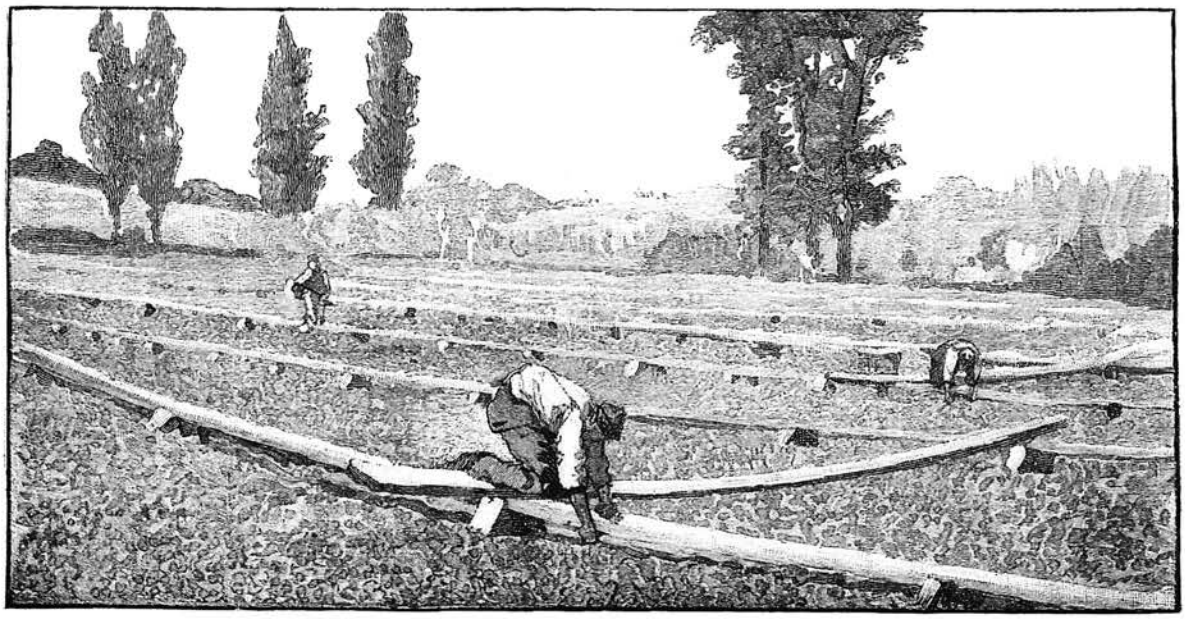
Where formerly went the plough is now the road lined with its modern villas. 'Arry and Mary Ann have to come a little further for their Sunday outing. The bird-catcher must seek other fields to spread his nets.

This neutral zone, neither town nor country, which surrounds London for miles and which is devoted to supplying the great city with those wholesome vegetable adjuncts of a well-ordered table, is ever varied in its aspect from the level ground of the south and west to the rolling hills of the south-east and north, but the intention is everywhere the same. Here, only waiting for the roast duck or lamb, are acres of peas, and near by the long lines of solemn mint. There are endless rows of cabbages and carrots for the boiled beef—fields burning with the crimson of the scarlet runner, onions for the boiled rabbit, broccoli, Brussels sprouts, cauliflower, the tropical-looking artichoke, the tender green of the cos or cabbage lettuce, potatoes everywhere. Then there are the fields of strawberries, the fruit gardens, the medicine fields where are grown the lavender, the camomile, parsley, mint, and other herbs.

In parts of Essex and Surrey are the flower gardens, where acres of roses are cultivated for the scent, where carnations and pinks, picotees, cornflowers, wallflowers, are grown to be sold in market bunches in London. These flower-fields, with their endless variety of hue, filling the air with delicious fragrance, with the busy figures of men, women, and children plucking them, make a most pleasing picture. Who has not welcomed the advent of the primrose-girl? Long before the swallow has thought of returning from his southern home, she, in her faded plaid shawl and rusty hat, appears with her basket of primroses to tell us of Spring.

On some of the southern roads leading into London these picturesque women may be seen in groups, in the cold grey light of a February morning, trudging along with their baskets of primroses, and some with babies suspended by a belt from their shoulders.

As the season advances, so they vary their wares, now selling the primrose, now the wallflower, or the violet, now the water-cress.

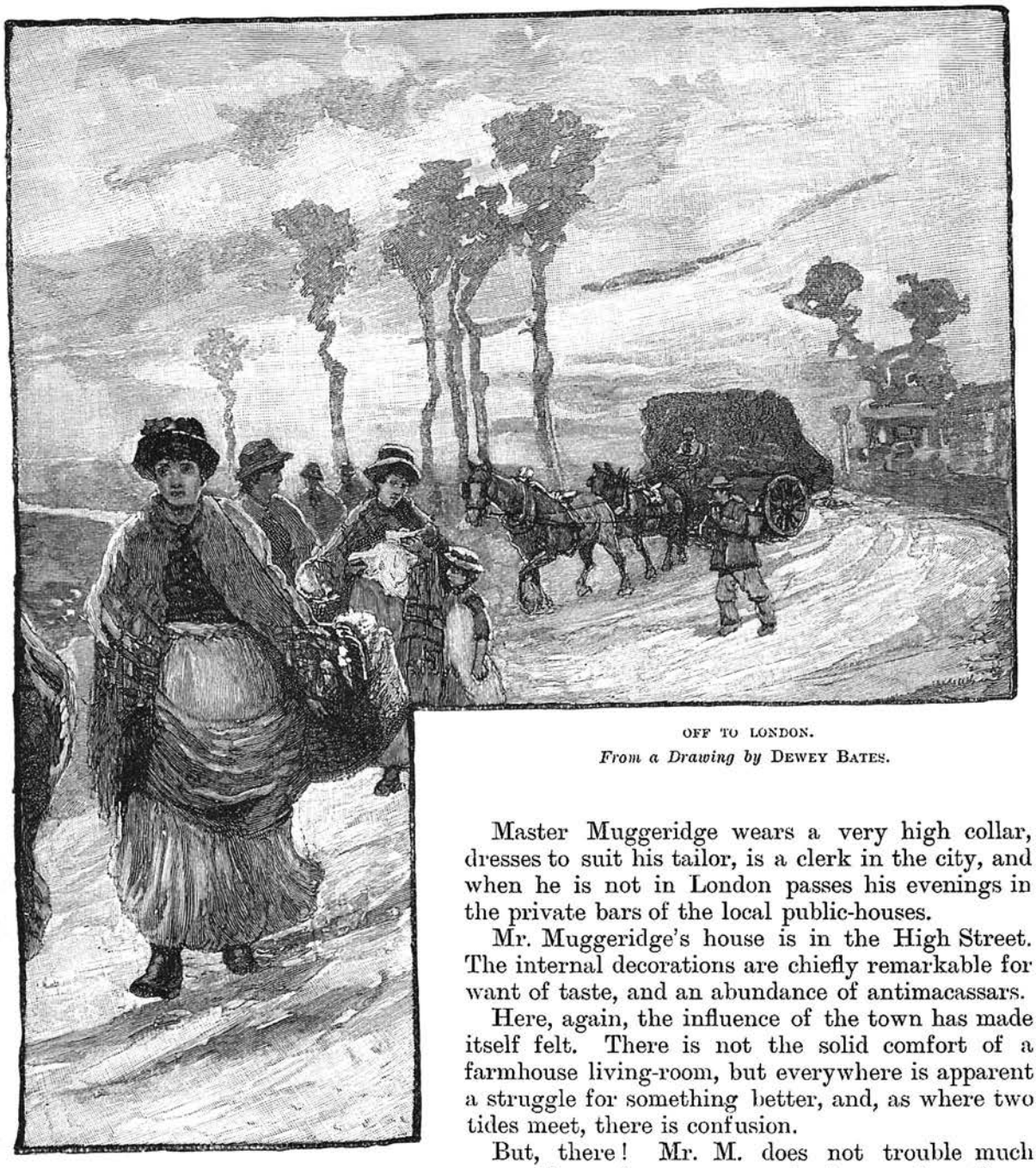


WATER-CRESS BEDS.
From a Drawing by DEWEY BATES.

This latter rival of the shrimp on the popular tea-table has a care devoted to its culture which would seem to testify to the favour in which it is held.

The beds, as they are called, are a series of canals, divided by little dykes, as it were. Planks are thrown across these to enable the gatherers to reach the plants in the middle.

In the same way that the ground devoted to these market gardens is a sort of neutral one between town and country, so those engaged on them occupy an intermediate position between the genuine yokel, who has never been to London, and the artisan class. The market-garden proprietor lives in the shadow of the town. He is not Farmer Muggeridge, but Mr. Muggeridge. He is



OFF TO LONDON.
From a Drawing by DEWEY BATES.

continually mingling the soil of his acres with the mud of London. While his great waggon-loads of cabbages or other produce are slowly wending their way through the night and early hours of the morning along the London roads, he is driving up in his neat trap to arrange about their sale.

Mrs. Muggeridge wears a seal-skin jacket, goes to Eastbourne, has her bread, milk, eggs left by the tradesmen—knows nothing about the mysteries of farming; while the Misses Muggeridge play and sing the songs of the day, have been taught French, have painted in water-colours, and are shining lights at the penny-readings.

Master Muggeridge wears a very high collar, dresses to suit his tailor, is a clerk in the city, and when he is not in London passes his evenings in the private bars of the local public-houses.

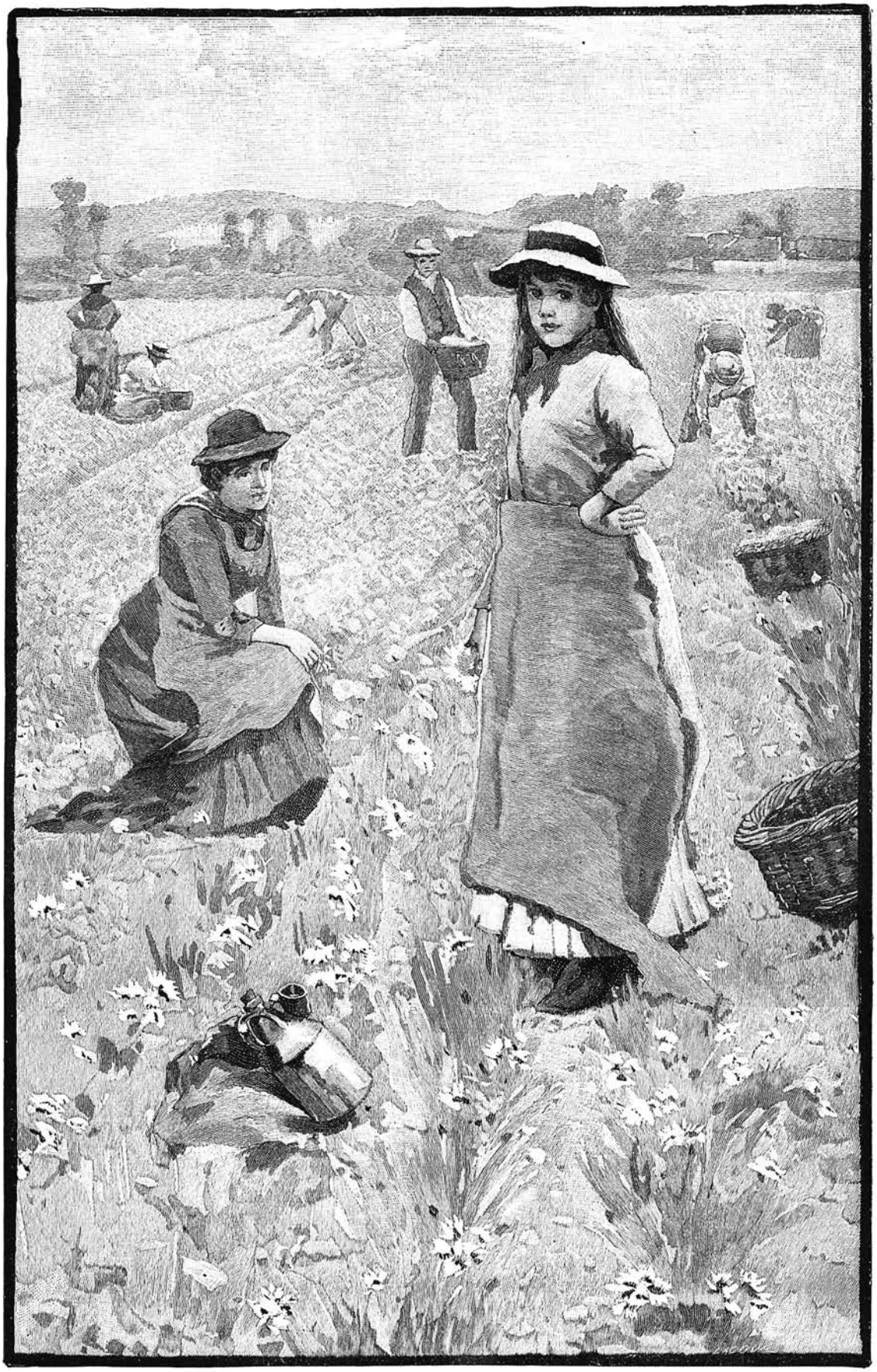
Mr. Muggeridge's house is in the High Street. The internal decorations are chiefly remarkable for want of taste, and an abundance of antimacassars.

Here, again, the influence of the town has made itself felt. There is not the solid comfort of a farmhouse living-room, but everywhere is apparent a struggle for something better, and, as where two tides meet, there is confusion.

But, there! Mr. M. does not trouble much about these matters; he leaves the wife to reign supreme in the drawing-room. When he gets home he is glad to get his boots off, and have a quiet pipe over his glass of whisky-and-water before going to bed.

And it is not in Mrs. Muggeridge's drawing-room that Mr. M. smokes his pipe. Mr. M. even approaches that sacred chamber with a sort of awe.

An eternal twilight reigns there, and as you open the door there is a faint musty odour as of the dead bones of past gaieties. How solemn the chairs all look, draped in their antimacassars; they seem to have grown in the places where they are standing. Who could imagine a fire crackling in



PINK GATHERING.
Engraved by O. LACOUR, *from a Drawing by* DEWEY BATES.

that grate now so cheerlessly formal with its ornament of strips of vari-coloured papers?

The china figures and glass vases on the mantlepiece; the family Bible and album on the table; the two enlarged coloured photographs of the market gardener and his wife, taken when the honeymoon was full, and of which the flesh colours have faded into sickly green hues, while the blues and reds of the dress seem to have become more vivid; these, with the few other decorations of the room, seem to be under a spell like that of the castle of the Sleeping Beauty, and Mr. Muggeridge is not the prince to break the charm.

He is far more at home when away from it. He is happiest whilst on his rounds through his fields. The whistle of his plough-boy has more charms for him than the singing of his daughters. He prefers the green of his cabbages and his lettuces to the decorations of his drawing-room, and the brown mould to his Brussels carpet.

It is more than probable that beyond matters relating to his own business, he has few strong convictions, except on one point. He has vague notions as to the advantages of an aggressive foreign policy. Meetings of emperors interest him but little. As long as he can sell his produce, affairs at St. Stephen's have no charms for him. His sore point is the School Board. Mention this, and it becomes at once with him a *casus belli*.

Although he himself, from his manner and speech, is the best argument in favour of what he condemns, nothing can induce him to alter his opinions.

He can't see why he should have to pay to educate other people's children; and then in his imagination he summons up a Wagnerian picture of the future—a woful picture of the results of popular education when his fields will be choked with weeds, for he can get no women to weed them; when his potatoes will be ruined for want of men to hoe them; when his flowers will wither and fade with no girls to pluck them.

He sees his horses and plough abandoned in the furrow, while Tom, the ploughman, is reclining under a hedge, following with Virgil the fortunes of Æneas, or with Homer invoking the gods before Troy.

He surprises his flower-women with sketch-book and colour-box in hand, lost in the delicate windings of a contour, or oblivious to all else save the pearly greys of his carnation fields.

While at home no dinner awaits him, for Mary, the servant, has been beguiled from her kitchen to try over a rhapsody of Rubinstein, or forget her duties in a valse brillante of Chopin.

He knows the advantages of training and care in his own business. He knows, too, that no amount of attention will improve a plant which has not previous capabilities, that it will always remain the same stunted, hapless growth, while its neighbour will develop into the fulness of perfection, but he has not the power of applying this reasoning.

But to leave the master for the man.

Chiefly through the instrumentality of the painter, the field-labourer of the day has been elevated to a position of which

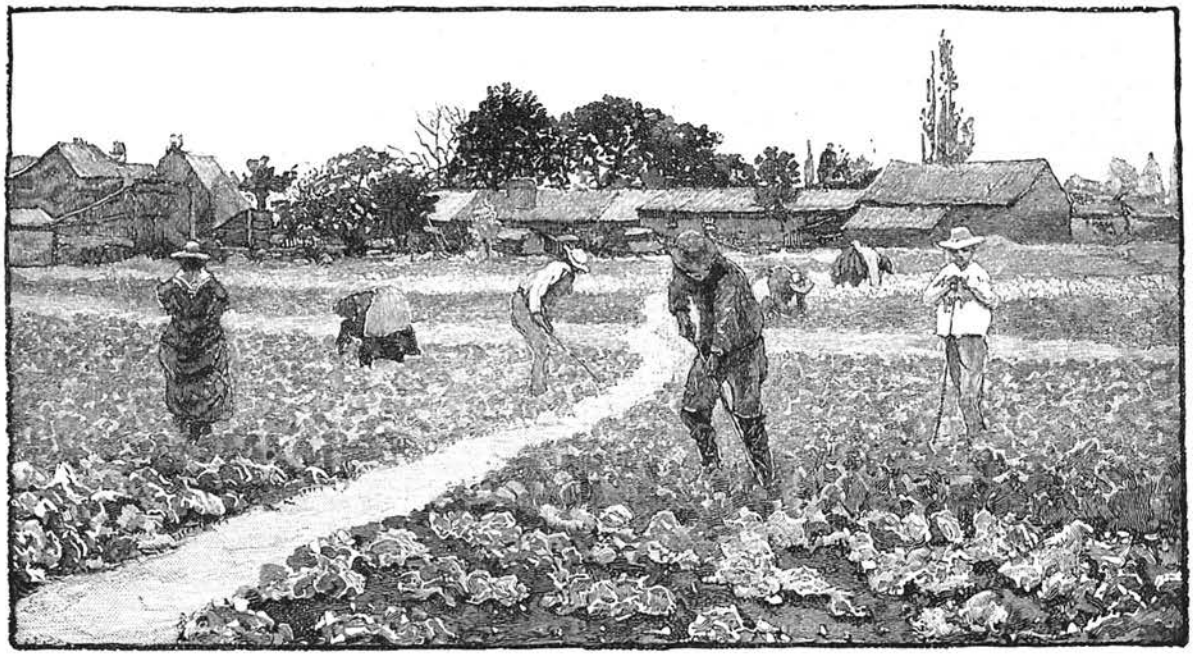
TAKING THE DINNER.
From a Drawing by DEWEY BATES.

he, fortunately, is totally ignorant, and which, likewise, he is quite unable to appreciate.

For the poetry of the peasant lies in the eye that sees. There is an indefinable and mysterious charm about the picture by Millet, of the French peasant drawing on his coat as the twilight is fading from the sky. Israels has invested the Dutch peasant with a similar feeling. But when they open their mouths they are quite as prosaic as the English labourer.

When in the cold, grey twilight of a February evening, with the silvery crescent moon just showing between the long, grey cloud rifts, the only sound the cawing of the rooks as they seek their nests, when the dark mould is heavy with moisture, and

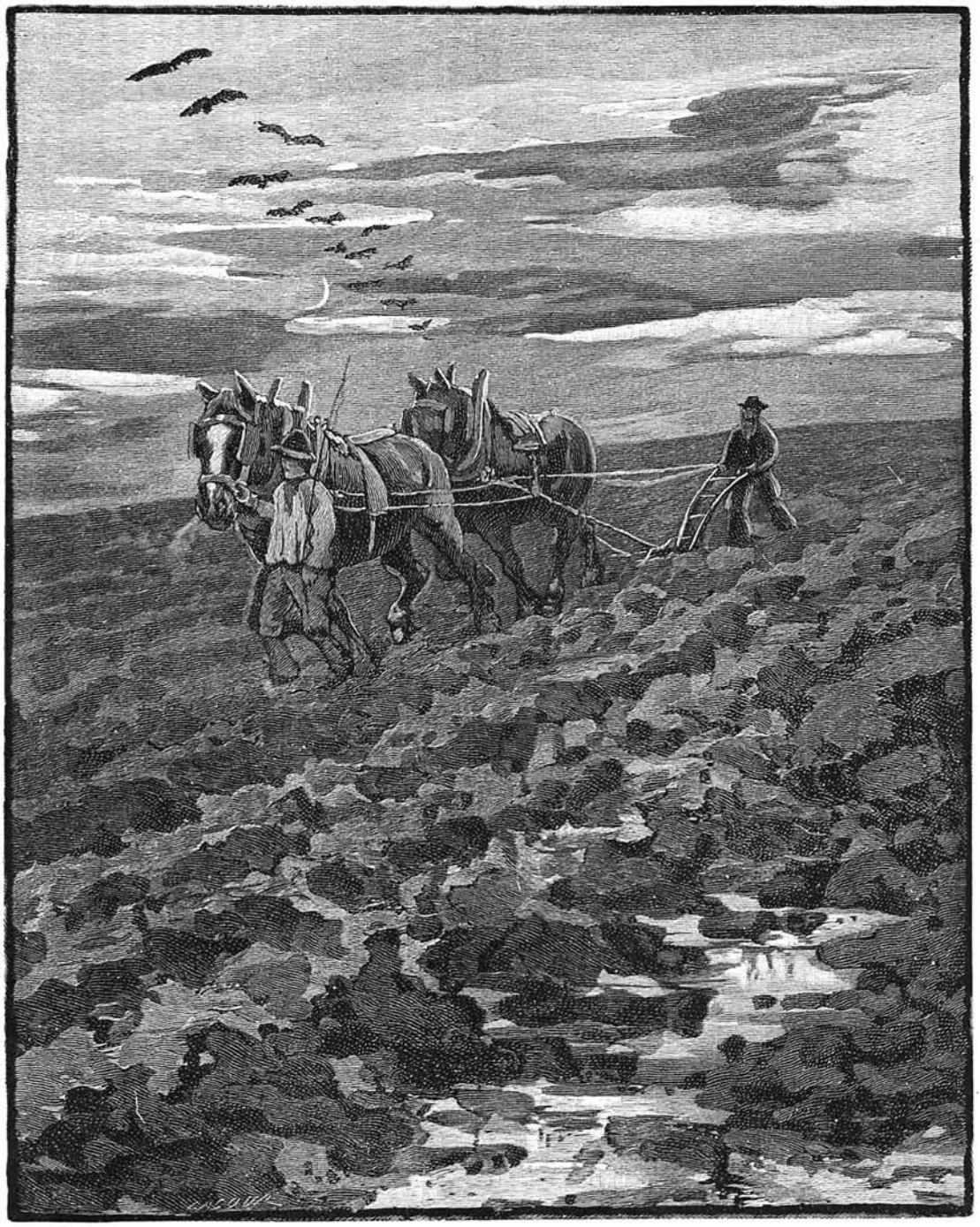
In a quaint old book published in 1668, and entitled *A Way to get Wealth*, there are several "books" or chapters devoted to market-gardening as it existed at that day. "The Gardener," the author says, "had not need be an idle or lazie Lubber. Weeds are always growing, the great mother of all living creatures, the Earth, is full of seed in her bowels, and any stirring gives them heat of Sun, and being laid neer day, they grow: Moles work daily though not always alike: Winter herbs at all times will grow (except in extreme frost). In winter your trees and herbs would be lightened of Snow, and your allies cleansed: drifts of Snow will set Deer, Hares, and Conies, and other noysome beasts



HOEING CABBAGES.
From a Drawing by DEWEY BATES.

slowly the plough and steaming horses come over the brow of the hill down the last furrow; although the scene is laid only six miles from the heart of London, there is an impressive poetry about it of infinite charm; but, let not the ploughman call to his horses, for the vigour of his English expletives would frighten away the most courageous muse. The poetry, in fact, of the English market-gardener's life is to him the prose. He looks best to us when at work in the fields with his corduroys tied at the knees, and his weather-stained coat and hat, while he, meanwhile, perhaps, is thinking of the Sunday, when in his horridly-fitting broad-cloth and his most brilliant neckerchief, he will take his sweetheart for a walk and look the love which he is unable to tell.

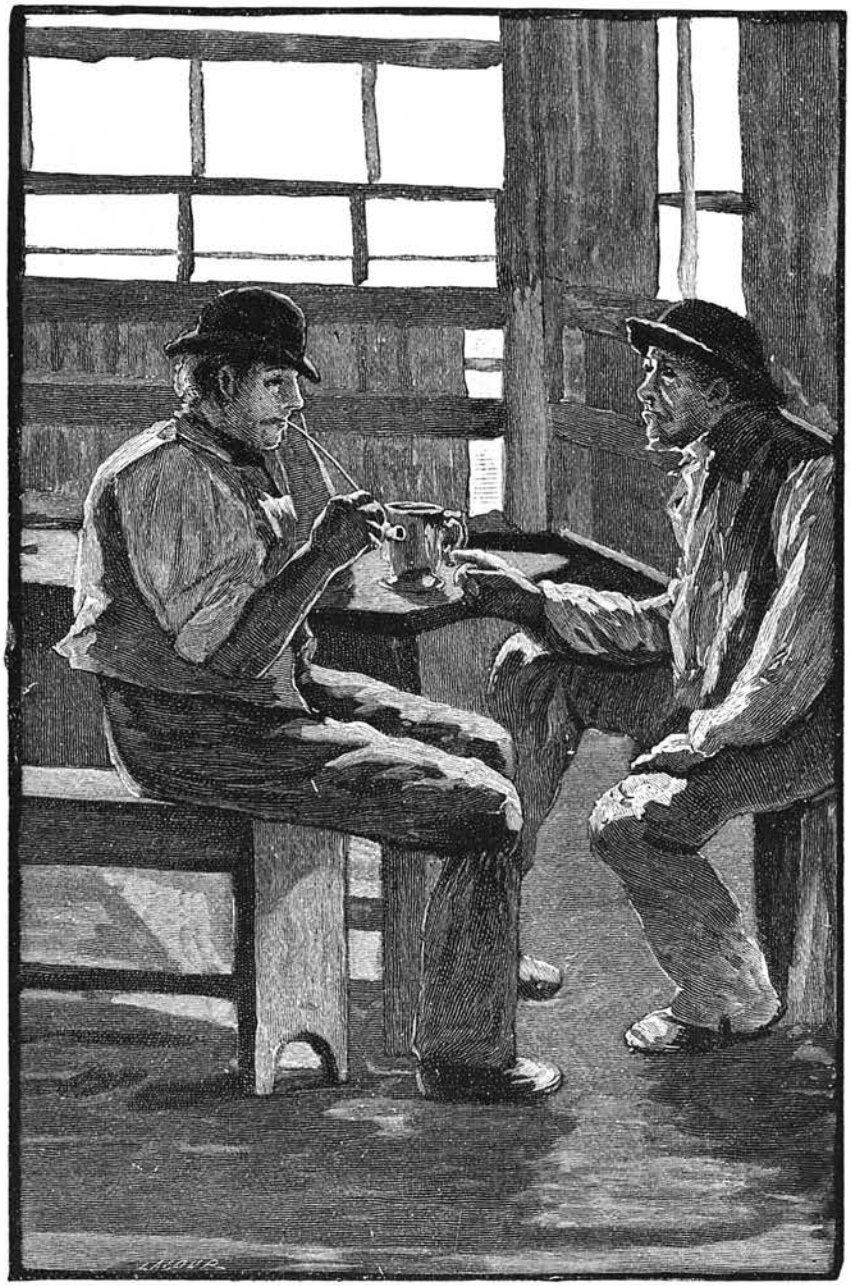
over your walls and hedges. When Summer cloaths your borders with green and speckled colours, your Gardener must dress his hedges, and antick works, watch his bees and hive them. Distil his Roses and other Herbs. Now begin Summer fruits to ripen, and crave your hand to pull them. If he have a Garden (as he must needs) to keep, you must needs allow him good help, to end his labours which are endless, for no one is sufficient for these things." This description of the market-gardener of two hundred and fifty years ago, with his duties thus summed up in a curiously concise manner, concludes with the rewards which shall be his, "God shall Crown the labours of his hands with joyfulness, and make the clouds drop fatness upon your trees, he will provoke your love, and earn his wages



WINTER PLOUGHING.
From a Drawing by DEWEY BATES.

and fees belonging to his place." The enumeration of the products of a market garden of two centuries ago is but little different from that of to-day, although some of the most common vegetables are absent, amongst others the potato and rhubarb, and from some of the amusing descriptions of the uses to which certain of the vegetables and herbs are to be put, it might be inferred that they were not very common. Thus *Lettice* is described as "usual in sallets and in the pot." Of strawberries, "the use is, they will cool my Housewife well, if they be put in Wine or cream with Sugar." Anniseed is "good for opening the pipes." Burrage and Bugloss are two cordials "most comfortable for the heart and stomack." Camomile "is sweet smelling, qualifying head-ach."

In speaking of carnations or pinks, the writer says, "July-flowers, commonly called Gilly-flowers or clove July-flowers (I call them so because they flower in July) they have the name of Cloves of their sent. I may well call them the King of flowers



AFTER WORK.
From a Drawing by DEWEY BATES.

except the Rose, and the best sort of them are called Queen July-flowers—of all flowers (save the Damask Rose) they are the most pleasant to sight and smell. Their use is much in ornament and comforting the spirits by sense of smelling."

In comparing the profits to be derived from market gardens and orchards preference is given to the latter, but now a days when our markets are flooded with foreign fruits this would hardly be the case. "It is to be granted," says the author of *A Way to get Wealth*, "that the Kitching garden doth yield rich gains by Berries, Roots, Cabbage, &c., yet these are no way comparable to the fruit of a rich Orchard : but notwithstanding I am of opinion that it were better for *England* that we had more Orchards and Gardens, and more large."

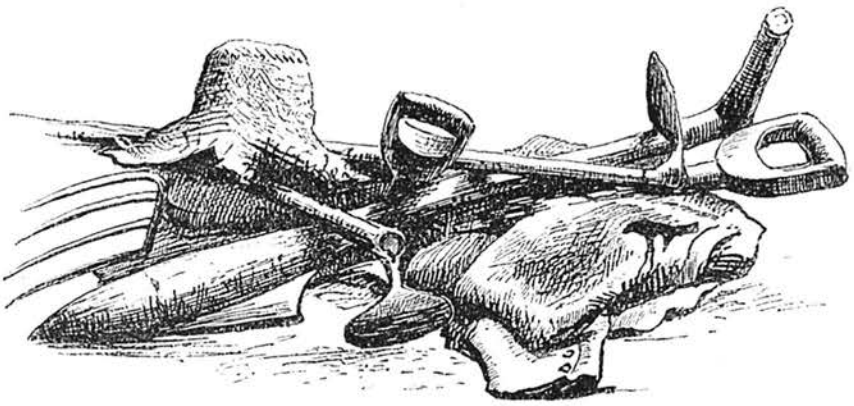
In the way of amusements the market gardener of the past seems to have had a greater variety than his modern successor. For we have a long account of such sports as hawking, bowling, angling, cock-fighting, hunting, coursing, the long bow, and "not inferior to these sports either for health or action are the Tenise or Baloon—the first being a pastime in close or open Courts, striking a little round ball to and fro, either with the palms of the hand or with Racket." The market garden labourer of to-day certainly indulges in few of these. Instead, he will probably form part of the gallery audience of some South London theatre of a Saturday night, or he will have an occasional game of cricket on the village green, or, what is most likely, he will pass his evenings or part of them in the tap-room of his favourite Red Lion or Three Kings, with his clay pipe or "policeman" and his pot of four ale ; playing dominoes or "shove halfpenny," varying these amusements with a "sing-song" where the strong, lusty throats make up in force and enthusiasm what they lack in skill, while for excitement in his suburban home he must rely upon Cheap Jack or the infrequent allurements of a travelling show, for the village fairs have become almost things of the past.

Of course he is thoughtless of the fact that he is engaged in an industry of the greatest importance—that of supplying those great hives of busy workers and drones with green food and medicinal herbs. This industry

has been steadily increasing since the system was first introduced into England from Flanders. In Mitcham parish alone there are 300 acres devoted to medicine plants, such as lavender, mint, parsley, camomile, liquorice; although the lavender fields, for which the place is renowned, have retired further south to give way to more paying herbs and vegetables.

Upon the market gardens are dependent several other industries, one of the most important being the manufacture of the baskets and punnets for the carriage of strawberries, cherries, sea-kale, salad and other produce; one of those little heard of industries which require considerable ingenuity and give employment to many; for these thin, interwoven strips of wood which enclose and serve as a means of conveyance for the delicious berry or cooling lettuce, have come from across the seas, from the forests of Russia or the wildernesses of America, the American spruce being generally preferred to the Russian fir. With these laden with the harvests of his fruit trees and plants, or with great waggon loads of larger produce, the market gardener starts from his home in the late hours of the night, moving slowly along the now silent and deserted roads to vary his otherwise monotonous life in the exciting bustle and confusion of the great market centres.

DEWEY BATES.



THE LADIES OF THE OLDEN TIMES.

IT has been justly remarked that "a woman's work is never done," if she be the mistress of a household, even in these days, when provisions are so easily attainable, articles of clothing sold ready made, and shops and markets often within a stone's throw. From the hour she rises till the lights are extinguished at night, domestic duties must occupy her thoughts and hands, in common with those outside the homestead, where, amongst her neighbouring associates, her relatives, and her pensioners, there are extra claims on her time and thoughts.

But if under circumstances so conducive to the furtherance of her work and her prospective arrangements she find her hands so full from morning till night, imagine what the pressure of her duties must have been, and what the tax of her powers of forethought and judgment in the olden times of this once "merrie England"!

Let us take a retrospect of what housekeeping was, as carried on in our great houses, *in* the Middle Ages.

No railroad nor coach communications lent their timely aid; no express office nor parcels post conveyed her household supplies; no shops nor markets invited a weekly visit, within a few miles' drive of her own door, unless, indeed, her domain chanced to be situate in or near the metropolis, or one of the great cities of those times, which were "few and far between."

Yet, circumstanced like this, consider the far wider range of a lady's field of work compared with the limits assigned to her now!

The great independent middle class, with which our country is now crowded, I may almost affirm did not exist in the times of which I write.

The population was mainly divided into the titled and untitled aristocracy and their retainers. Certain merchants and professional men were to be found in the chief cities, and ecclesiastics both regular and secular; the former living in large communities, as did the "religious" of our own sex. But all the same, the vast multitudes of independent respectable people, who have inherited the fruits of their own or their ancestors' industry or speculations, or who have not yet retired from professional or commercial business, and hold a special and honourable place of their own, in a country "whose merchants are princes"—this middle class exists nowhere else in Europe in such stupendous proportions, and was almost unknown in England in the Middle Ages.

The great castles of the nobility contained on an average some forty or fifty persons each, not to speak of the retainers and poorer folks immediately attached to them, in the small dwellings that were grouped together under their shadow. So also in the old country seats and halls of the untitled gentry the several households consisted of some thirty or forty persons, both male and female.

Imagine, therefore, what it must have been to provide for all these when a twelvemonths' stores had to be laid in. Meat had to be procured and salted at Martinmas; salt fish of various kinds in considerable quantities, barley and oatmeal likewise; baking for the whole community being then accomplished at home. They had no sugar, so honey was stored in lieu of it; and no coal, so firewood had to be cut down, chopped up, and piled ready for use; carpets being unknown for many centuries in these feudal halls, rushes were in great requisition, and had to be gathered and dried in great quantities, as the spacious floors needed a continual renewal of this primitive covering.

It was the practice in those times to observe many days in commemoration of various sacred or traditionary events, to which certain viands, as well as curious customs, were consecrated. Thus the important cake for Twelfth Night needed almonds and raisins; the Christmas posset, cinnamon, ginger, and

nutmegs; Sheer Monday its furmety; Palm Sunday its figs; All Hallows Eve its nuts; Good Friday, spices and currants for the hot cross buns, and many other days their respective commemorative esculents.

All these things had to be remembered, and provided for in suitable quantities, and in so doing not merely was the great household to be counted head by head, but the poor were never forgotten. The very title "lady," derived from the Saxon *Hleafdian*, or *l'æf-dig*, from *Laf* or *Hlâf*, a loaf, and *dian*, to serve, explains her title by her benevolent office of bread-server, it being the custom of ladies not only to carve for their family and guests, but to distribute food to the poor at their doors at stated periods.

Over and above all this there were no gin palaces and beer breweries supplying the country at large; but the mistress of each such mansion or castle had a still-room of her own, and manufactured the wines and cordials, as well as the herb teas, balsams, and perfumes, and brewed all the beer which served for every meal, and which has since been substituted by tea, coffee, chocolate, and cocoa. Of course the calculations necessary for procuring the component parts of all the above-named productions of the still-room required for such a multitude of persons, and then the superintendence of their manufacture, and the giving out day by day of the quantities necessary, must have increased the work and responsibilities of her who was indeed the guide of the house.

The paragon housewife described by Solomon in a period of the world's history far more remote very correctly as well as graphically describes the arduous and most extensive nature of the duties devolving on our own English ladies till within some two hundred years ago; for those which have been enumerated by no means filled up the sum total of all that devolved upon them. The clothing of the enormous household demanded the consideration of the mistress of the house from first to last. Beginning with the selection of the several qualities of yarn, and calculation of quantities to the completion of each garment—all devolved on her. She purchased the flax and the wool (cotton yarn was not manufactured in this country till about the year 1772, although calico was imported from India in 1631); and the carding, spinning, and weaving, the cutting out and making into every description of male and female attire, all had to be begun and completed at home. With the exception of the very costly articles, which could be purchased ready-made, if not always convenient to embroider them with her own and her maidens' hands, the whole community located in and around these feudal mansions were clothed in homespun, in the literal sense of the term.

Nor were the labours of the lady-in-chief completed with making a provision for some thirty or forty persons in the matter of food and clothing; for at least during the reigns of Henry VII., Henry VIII., and throughout that of Elizabeth, the castles of the nobility and gentry were academies for the youthful sons and daughters of families of gentle birth. The study of the dead languages, which was at one time confined to the ecclesiastics, spread among the nobility and gentry, and as young girls were placed in these baronial halls with the view to their obtaining a liberal education, as well as an introduction into the highest society in the land, the necessary supervision of their studies, their dress, manners, and introductions, constituted no trifling item amongst the duties of the lady of the house.

These young people were expected to learn and occupy themselves with the daily avocations of their patroness, assisting and attending upon her like daughters; and many of them remained permanently attached to those families. Languages, both modern and dead, music, including harp and lute, "siferinge," "wrightinge," "drawinge," tapestry work and all kinds of decorative stitchery, as well as spinning and plain-sewing, were all taught them freely in these ancient mansions during the fifteenth and seventeenth centuries; besides all the mysteries of the kitchen, still-room, and other extensive offices.

Thus the great ladies of those primitive times were models for their successors. If living in an age of much superstition, at least we trace in every letter of theirs, or other record of their sentiments, that God's good providence was ever acknowledged; their faith was simple, and unclouded with the materialism and scepticism of modern days; and they proved themselves indeed the nursing mothers of their country.

Before dismissing the subject of education, perhaps I should anticipate the inquiry of some reader as to how it was carried on at a still earlier period than the centuries specified during the three reigns before named.

In those still more remote periods the work was carried on in the great convents, which were subsequently assisted, and still later substituted, in the work by the great patrician houses. These conventual establishments were very different institutions from those at present existing, although respectively varying at that time in importance and wealth.

Here again on the lady-in-chief the great responsibilities of a large community of men and women devolved, over whom she ruled with little less than sovereign power. You will the better realise this when I tell you that an abbess presiding over one of these conventual houses exercised manorial jurisdiction, held a manorial court, and had a seat in Parliament. She had seneschals, esquires, gentlemen, yeomen, and (excepting the archers and other men-at-arms) she had the complete establishment of a baronial castle. As regards her women, she had nuns, lay sisters, an infirmaress (who was a medical practitioner and spiritual adviser), a cellaress who acted as steward, a præcentrix, who not only led the choir, but united with this office that of librarian. There were also ladies who resided in the convent as boarders, all the scholars before-named, and servants both male and female.

As these great conventual establishments grew up all over the kingdom from the time of the mission of Augustine, they became, like the monasteries of the monks, the great seats of learning, the convent colleges for ladies being sometimes called "Shee Schools." The education given was of an extensive and very superior kind; and as the institutions were well endowed, no charge was made for it. The teachers were women of the highest reputation, and looked up to with extreme respect. One of the distinguishing characteristics of the ecclesiastical institutions was the fact, to which a passing allusion was made, that not only could scholars come and go freely, but there was no rule constraining ladies who desired an asylum within their walls to take religious vows. Thus, multitudes took refuge under the powerful protection of the abbeys, in those lawless and stormy days, to escape from undesirable marriages, the hands of unscrupulous enemies, or for the luxury of a quiet retreat in times of great affliction, where seclusion might be enjoyed at will.

These convent colleges gave place, more or less gradually, to the private academies into which our great ancestral mansions were constituted, as I have already described; and well was the work carried on till after the days of Elizabeth. Then ornamental needlework declined. Here and there it was practised, but it ceased to be an essential part of education. Time passed on, and a deterioration commenced, till in the early part of the eighteenth century idleness, frivolity, extravagance, and worse evils in their train, including profanity, characterised for a time the debased descendants of their virtuous, Godfearing, industrious, and learned predecessors.

In confirmation of what I say I need only bid you look at the pictures of the headdresses of the eighteenth century, to show how utterly frivolous and useless members of society were a vast proportion of the ladies, and no less so the men, of that degraded period. More than this, I may remind you of the fact that an appeal was made to the editor of the *Spectator* to encourage greater industry amongst the girls of that deteriorated generation, which resulted in a recommendation that no girl should receive a man's addresses till she could appear in a suit of her own embroidery; nor be married until she had worked her pillows, and had made a child's mantle with her own fingers.

Happily there were those amongst them that rose superior to the times in which they lived, and a great alteration for the better was ushered in by the nineteenth century. A remarkable change has likewise gradually developed in the growth of the enormous independent middle class of society, of the schools and colleges, and the comparative poverty of the collateral branches of the nobility and gentry. This latter fact has greatly changed the style of housekeeping, and the power of the mistress of each reduced household is limited to providing for her own children and two or three servants. Nor has she assistants to aid her in the accomplishment of duties more extensive than those that Providence has laid upon her shoulders under the modern *régime*. Art in economising is one which in these latter days she has to learn: and a hard and painful lesson it is. And although her jurisdiction over a household is of a comparatively limited character, viewed in connection with that exercised by the great ladies of bygone times, a woman's work even now, if thoroughly done, is "never over," from morning till night.

For a summary of this work I would direct your attention to the article entitled "The Duties of Wives and Mothers."

Many of my readers are doubtless well acquainted with the foregoing facts, culled from our ancient records; so I must ask their indulgence for the sake of others less privileged than themselves.

With clearer religious light, stricter laws for personal protection, clothing and food ready prepared for use at their doors, and facilities of communication that decrease all a modern housekeeper's difficulties—the position of a matron of the higher classes in the present day is not without its due proportion of compensations.

The heavy tax which a free benevolence imposed on the ladies of olden times, in behalf of their poor retainers and others, is succeeded now by national poor rates; and the small subscriptions of a vast multitude of persons to charitable institutions of every description relieves the much impoverished gentry of a certain amount of pressure without the walls of their private dwellings.

We have, therefore, one and all, much cause for thankfulness to Him who appointed the little niche for us each; nor is a lady's condition so very inferior in comfort now, though the times be so greatly changed, as would at first sight appear. Our duties, whether married or single, are sufficiently numerous and onerous; and the wise amongst us would scarcely aspire to heavier responsibilities; and whatever our social position may be, may it be ours some day to hear those ineffably joy-giving words, "Thou hast been faithful in a few things . . . enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

SOPHIA F. A. CAULFEILD.

A Day at the County Fair.

By **CLIFTON JOHNSON,**

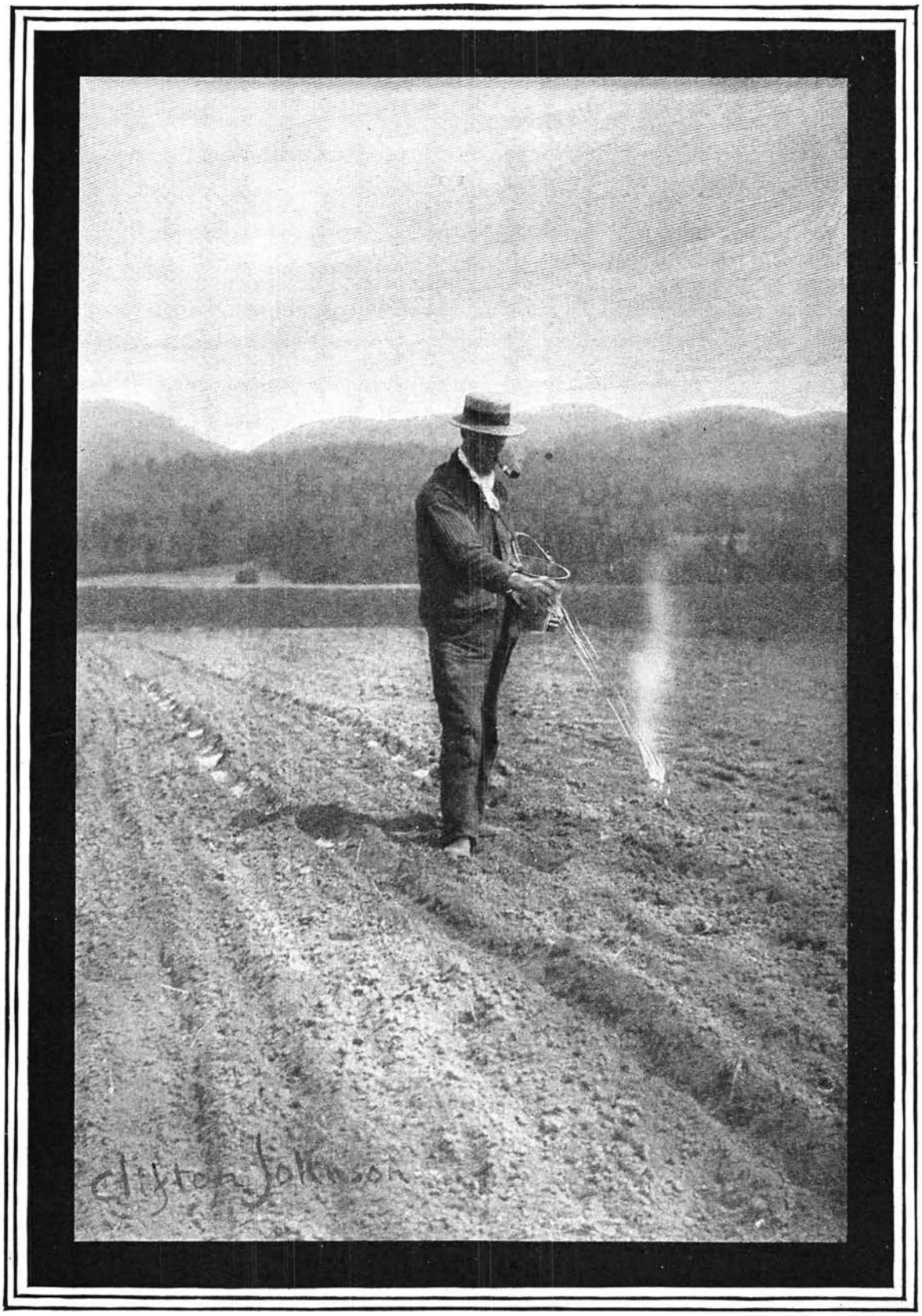
With illustrations by the author.

IN New England's purely farming districts the cattle show is the one event of the year that attains to genuine greatness. It is in such districts you see it at its best—a rural picnic that draws to it the people of all the countryside. The towns and villages roundabout are depopulated. I am not sure that the ministers go, but the church elders are on hand with their fat cattle and all the varied farm belongings in which they take pride; and so are their wives and daughters and other members of the family, even to the hired man.

It is the social element which gives the fair its most vital attraction. The people come not so much because of the races, the exhibits and the pleasure-making contrivances, as because of the certainty of meeting all their friends and acquaintances. In the two days of the show they pick up more news than they would in months of ordinary days. "I ain't seen you sence the cattle show last year," you will hear one woman say to another. "Why don't you come and make me a call once in a while? It ain't but eight miles." And when the preliminary whys and wherefores have been settled to mutual satisfaction they fall to detailing the happenings of the

past twelve months, lingering with especial minuteness over the ravages of death and disease.

Perhaps there is no better place to see the country fair than at Cummington, in western Massachusetts, a town



The beginning of a new crop.

that possesses the double distinction of having the cattle show grounds of the district, and of being the birthplace of William Cullen Bryant. It lies among the tumbled hills which abound in that part of the State, and is far from railroads and large centers of population. The region for many miles around is one of scattered farms and little villages. Probably no town tributary to the fair contains much over one thousand inhabitants, and some fall a good deal short of that number.

The fair is held the last of September. Autumn comes early on the hills. All the corn is cut and stacked in the fields. Nature's year's work is about finished. Nearly all the banditti weeds and flowering plants of field and wood are weighted with seeds, or the seeds have flown and only empty husks remain.

The road by which I approached the fair grounds led much of the way through the woodlands, orange and yellow with turning leafage. The last few miles of the way I did not lack company. There were teams before and teams behind—a long string of them climbing the final hill, bumping over the "thank-you-marms" one after the other. Most of them were family teams of two or three seats, but there were many top buggies cleaned up for the occasion, each holding "a fellow and his girl." Then there were the confirmed old bachelors, who rode alone; and there was the more pronounced jockey element represented by men who usually brought along a single male companion. As I neared the grounds I began to see teams hitched to the trees along the roadside. The owners were careful not to leave anything of value in their vehicles, and every man who had a whip that was worth stealing insured its safety by taking it along with him. Whenever and wherever you met him later in the day you would find him with the whip in his hands.

If you arrived after things got well going you struck pandemonium the moment you passed through the wide wooden gates. "Fakirs" and traveling tradesmen had been coming by every road all the day before, and the center of the grounds was now full of booths and tents, with an intermingling of peddling wagons and stands and amusement paraphernalia. The place was a great human beehive. Those who had come to make money strove to attract trade by continual shouting, and a brass band played enlivening strains at frequent intervals, while the crowd itself was in constant motion, and there was a never-ceasing undertone of voices talking, calling and laughing. It was a motley throng, including people of every age, from babies and toddlers up to nonogenarians. Many of the folk were dressed tastefully and in modern styles, but others, by reason of carelessness or isolation or poverty wore garments that were very antiquated. Then, too, there seemed to be a curious difference of opinion as to whether winter or summer apparel was the more appropriate.

Some of the attendants were strange-looking people, suggestive of caricature—raw, long-haired boys, gnarled men with quaintly-trimmed beards, and faded women, the lines and expressions of whose faces brought up before one visions of olden times. On the other hand, there were present more or less city folk, to whom a rural jollification of this sort was a genuine pleasure. Another class of outsiders was that of the gentry politicians of the county, who had come to pull wires in anticipation of the approaching election, and to pose in the eyes of the public as genial good fellows.

Wherever the crowd gathered thickest there hovered peddlers of popcorn, peanuts, grapes, peaches and five-cent cigars—the standard price at cattle shows. There, too, you found the man with the bunch of colored balloons. While in his hands they pulled jauntily skyward, but once transferred to the children they were very apt to soon burst or droop to earth. The itinerant hawker and distributor of happiness who seemed to be most successful was one who carried little striped whips and squeaky whistles with rubber sacks on the end. "Catbags" was the expressive name of these whistles. You blew and

The noon hour in the rear of the restaurant.

distended the rubber, then took away your mouth and the thing emitted a long, wailing, piping quite enchanting to the ears of childhood, but to older people the noise was rather distracting, after they had heard it continuously for a few hours.

Cattle show gets its name from its exhibit of farm creatures, and these, either in pens or tied to lines of railing, occupied an acre or two on the inner borders of the racecourse. About them the men gathered in force to discuss the merits of the various animals. Hence, in that vicinity you got a concentrated essence of Yankee smoking, spitting and dialect such as it would not be easy to match the world over.

The center of interest for the women was a large barn-like, two-story hall, the most prominent structure on the grounds. In it were exhibited a thousand and one products of housewifely art, and of agricultural success. One section was devoted to flowers from home flower-beds. Some were in pails, some in pots and some in cheese-hoops and soap-boxes, and, besides, there were cut-flowers in extraordinary bouquets—decorative erections that were certainly ingeniously and fantastically contrived if they were not as beautiful as the designers and constructors believed them to be. A few steps farther on and you were among the fruits and vegetables. Here was a great concourse of plates with fine apples, pears, peaches or quinces on each. Then there were grapes, plums, strings of onions, heaps of beets, carrots, cabbages and such things, and a squash calculated to make one gape with wonder at its immensity. Next in order was an exhibit of butter and of cheeses, the latter brown and wrinkled and rather unattractive outwardly, yet at the same time suggestive of a certain ripeness and inner richness. There were pickles and cans of preserves and loaves of bread, all hopeful of prize honors, and, set against the windows to show their color and translucence, were bottles of maple syrup and jars of jelly.

The display in the lower room of the

hall was distinctively of the fields and kitchen, while that of the room upstairs was as decidedly an exhibition of the arts of the sitting-room and parlor. The array of fancy work was such as might rival the show-window of a drygoods store. Every inch of space on the long tables was full, and many articles were tacked up on the walls or draped over lines as if hung up to dry indoors after a rainy Monday's wash. Patchwork quilts were favorites for demonstrating a woman's prowess with the needle and taste in making combinations. Some of them contained so vast a number of tiny pieces it made one weary just to look at them and think of the labor involved. Yet therein lay their merit. Such a quilt is a monument to the patience and skilful industry of the maker, and as such will be a source of pleasure to her as long as she lives.

Other favorite articles shown at the cattle show were elaborate rag rugs, sofa pillows, home-knit mittens and stockings, worsted slippers, delicate doileys and quantities of crocheting. "Mary Stevens done that," said a woman, picking up some of the most intricate of the embroidery and calling her husband's attention to it. "Ain't it remarkable how she can do such a lot with her needle, and she a cripple that can't put her hand up to her head, and not even feed herself!"

Art pure and simple was represented by a number of hand-painted plates and silk banners and several pictures in oils, water-colors and pastel. The subjects which the artists chose to depict were usually either flowers or impossibly romantic landscapes. But, though the pictures received their due share of admiration, they did not stir the hearts of most as did the long-houred intricacy of the fancy needlework.

One corner of the upper hall was reserved for a children's department, and here was a six-year-old's loaf of bread occupying a place of honor amid a whole table full of cookery and canned fruits and jellies and pickles, the handiwork of other housekeepers of tender years. The children showed, too, a collection of small hen's eggs, several plates of fruit, some very large cucumbers and some very small pumpkins, and there were exhibited many child efforts at patchwork, splashers, cushions and a variety of pufferies and vanities in the needlework line, for which my vocabulary has no names. The shining light among the boy exhibitors was one who showed sixty different kinds of beans of his own raising. If he did not get a half-dollar prize I do not think the judges did their duty.

The prize committees I saw at work had the air of feeling a due sense of their responsibility, and I suppose they worried out their decisions as fairly as they could, though these were sure to be regarded with critical dissent by the owners of the goods that did not find favor in their eyes. Still, the distinction of being one of the judges to some degree compensated for the grumbling of the dissatisfied—and, besides, the committees felt at liberty to sample freely the more toothsome things that fell under their judicial care, so that in certain cases the things judged well-nigh disappeared in the process of having their comparative merits settled.

The exercises on the racecourse began at eleven o'clock with a "Grand Cavalcade of Oxen." Oxen have largely given way to horses on the New England farms, but there are still plenty of them among the hills, and the cavalcade was impressively long and slow and sedate, except for a couple of little steers at the end of the procession who did not agree with the boy in charge of them as to where and how they should go. They kept the lad in turmoil all through the march, and put him to shame before the multitude. A touch of humor was given to the sober trail of the oxen by a long-legged farmer who rode astride of one of the creatures. Another man, known to everyone as "Cephas," furnished merriment by riding in one of the ox-carts and playing a little organ with a crank. As Cephas was rigged up like a true clown in an outlandish costume of all the colors of the rainbow this was a very popular feature of the parade.

By the time the cavalcade of oxen had gone the rounds it was noon, and thought turned dinnerward. Some re-

sorted to the eating tents, but the large majority went to their wagons and resurrected from under the seats various boxes, baskets, tin cans and bottles, and made preparations for an open-air feast. The food was generous in quantity, and it had a holiday flavor in that there was coffee for everyone.

Immediately after dinner the folk began to resort to the "grand stand." This was just across the track from the judges' two-story pagoda, whence these dignitaries viewed the races. The only thing grand about it was its name, for it was nothing but a few lines of unplaned plank seats turned up a hillside. The seats were soon filled, and the overflow accommodated themselves on neighboring stones and hillocks. An old gentleman with a blue sash over his shoulder was cantering up and down on a big black horse, trying to keep the crowd off the racecourse. This man was the marshal. "All go across that want tew," he would call out, "but we can't have you blocking the track."

He and two young fellows who assisted him made feints of riding down the crowd, but with all their efforts they could not keep the course clear. Several pairs of oxen were making ready to draw a load of stone on a stoneboat, and the crowd was bound to get close up, even if they stopped the whole performance.

"What an ugly craowd there is here!" remarked the man next to me. "They're baon' to git on the track. Someone ought to send the band daown here an' let 'em blow them fellers aout!"

"I wisht they'd quit their foolin' and begin," the man continued, after a pause. "This stun I'm settin' on ain't gettin' any softer. If I don't bring a seat with me tomorrer then I'm a liar."

But now the oxen were drawing. They only dragged the stoneboat a few feet, but it made the great creatures pant and twist painfully. The contest was between two yokes, and after the first had been successful in its effort the second tried it. They, too, succeeded, and then more stone was added. So the trials went on and the stones were piled higher till one pair or the other found the load beyond its strength to move. It seemed like cruel work, yet the friend at my elbow, regarding the final struggles of the champions, imperturbably said, "They handle it pretty good naow, but I don't see haow any farmer can work cattle—they're so blame slow. We ain't had none on our place sence I was a boy."

Some of the oxen were presently attached to carts and driven about to show their training, and one of the drivers got up in his cart and invited the lookers-on to ride with him. "Don't stan' there star-gazin'," he called out, "when you got a chance to ride with a goodlookin' man." So a dozen chaffing young fellows clambered into the cart and sat around on the edges, and took a turn or two up and down the track.

Later in the afternoon there was an exhibition of horses and colts, and the day ended with a bicycle race.

The second day of the fair was distinguished from the first by being called "the horse-show." There were frequent trotting matches on the racecourse, both morning and afternoon, and the crowd was even larger than on the day previous. All the fakirs were on hand, and the uniformed brass band furnished enlivenment with its bursts of music. In short, there was for the pleasure-seekers all the din and dust and turmoil that contribute to make the occasion notable and interesting in its strong contrast to the country quiet and repose of the rest of the year.

The races were not professional, and were the more attractive on that account. We were not watching a contest between mere racing-machines, and every driver and horse had a readily perceived character of their own. The two races which overtopped all others in the interest aroused were the two which were most picturesque and amateurish. In the first a woman drove in the class set down on the program as "Carriage Horses." She was a pleasing, modest-looking little person, with a fur muffler about her neck. The sympathies of the onlookers were hers from the beginning, and she drove in such a steady, determined way that, though

her horse was not in first it never made a break, and she did the neatest driving of any of the contestants. Everybody cheered when the judges fastened the blue card to her horse. That meant she had taken the first prize.

The other race was open only to lads under fifteen and misses under twenty. There were three entries, a dark-haired girl, stout and tanned, her poverty evidenced by a hat three or four years out of date; a light-haired girl much more ladyfied and smartly-dressed than the other, and a freckle-faced boy. None of them had much to boast of in the way of a horse, but as it was to be an exhibition of skill rather than speed, the looks of the animals did not much matter. They lined up before the judges' stand and at a given signal they all jumped from their buggies, hastily unhitched their horses and took off the harnesses. Then they as hastily restored the harnesses and put the horses into the shafts again. All three were nervous and excited, and their feelings were shared to a considerable extent by the people intently watching them.

Now the light-haired girl was through and leaped into her buggy and was off. The boy was only an instant behind, and it looked as if the dark-haired girl who started last had no chance. Round the course they went, and on the second circuit, which was the final and decisive one, it was seen that the dark-haired girl was gaining. Near the close she was about to pass her rivals when they laid on their whips and their steeds broke into a gallop and left her to come in belated and alone. The judges had already descended from their elevated stand to look into the manner in which the three had accomplished their harnessing. Only the dark-haired girl had done this perfectly. The other two had slighted details in their haste, and on the course they had not kept their horses in good control. The first prize escaped them, and the light-haired girl, who had felt sure of it and had decided just how she would spend the money, wept with the bitterness of the disappointment.

For the hungry there were dining tents set with long tables, and having at the rear improvised open-air kitchens. Eating resorts of a humbler sort were the booths where you could get a quick lunch of rolls and "Frankfort sausages—Coney Island style," and walk off with the repast in your hand. The "Coney Island style" was always emphasized by the vendors, and it was clear they thought it added vastly to the attraction.

All the vendors were shouters, but the man who made the most noise was a whip merchant. He stood in the tail of his wagon with his stock in trade in a rack at his side, while down below was a post about which he was continually snapping the whips to show how good they were.

"There," says he, "is a whip you couldn't buy in the stores for less 'n a dollar and a quarter (snap, snap, snap) and, gents, I'm goin' to let you have it for seventy-five cents (snap, snap). There's good timber in that whip. See —you can bend it like the old Harry! Seventy-five cents! Gosh, it's terrible, cuttin' the price that way, but I can't be here doin' nothin', so I offer inducements (snap, snap). Grandpa (pointing to an elderly man who is fumbling in his trowsers pocket), you're goin' to take this whip, ain't you?"

The old man shakes his head, and instead of money extracts a generous bandana handkerchief and blows his nose. This was a disappointment to the whip man, but he promptly took up the thread of his discourse and said: "Well, boys, now I'll tell you what I'll do. Here's a little red bird (picks up a whip with a strip of red on the handle) and here's a little yellow bird. Now I'll put them with the seventy-five center, and one dollar takes 'em all."

So he keeps on till someone buys, and then he says he will make up a lot of six. "Here they be," he calls out. "No, there ain't but five! I'm gettin' cross-eyed so I can't count. Well, there's another. Now I'm goin' to let you have the whole six for a dollar. You can't afford to go out and cut a stick when you c'n buy 'em like that;" and, between his eloquence and the merits (somewhat uncertain) of his whips, he

found many purchasers in plenty.

One of the tents was a photograph gallery, where you could get your tintype taken for twenty-five cents. "Right this way," the rowdy-looking proprietor was shouting from the door, "we're on earth big as life and twice as natural."

His next neighbor was expatiating on the unparalleled charms of "Conkey's Great Mechanical World—perfect working figures—constantly in motion —free to all—we don't ask for money —just walk right in, ladies and gentlemen, and pay ten cents when you come out if you are satisfied—if you are not satisfied don't pay anything."

Such as succumbed to this enticement found that the tent contained a platform on which were a number of miniature buildings and people made to represent a real village, while for a background there was a painted canvas depicting a fine assortment of blue cliffs, waterfalls, green fields, villas and distant towns. But one's attention was chiefly absorbed by the busy inhabitants of the hamlet. They seemed rather rheumatic and stiff in the joints, yet there was not a single idler in the whole lot. The chief mansion of the place was undergoing repairs, and a Lilliputian man sat on the peak of the roof shingling, a mason was everlastingly putting the final bricks on the chimney, and a painter was at work on a balcony. In the yard below was a man mixing mortar, and three carpenters at a bench were nailing, sawing and planing. A woman churning on the piazza and another woman at the well drawing water represented the domestic side of the home. In other parts of the village were a blacksmith's shop, before which a horse was being shod, a sawmill going full blast, and a railroad station with the officials all attending to business. Every thirty seconds a train rushed through the hamlet. It came from a hole at the left and disappeared into a hole at the right, labeled "Hoosac Tunnel." I paid ten cents when I went out.

Another chance for amusement was furnished by a man with a blacked face and clothing stuffed out ponderously with hay. He stood at the farther end of a little fenced-off space, and let any man throw three balls at him who would pay five cents for the privilege. If you hit him you could have a cigar.

One booth that was much patronized was known as the "fishpond." In its open front was set a shallow tank of water, wherein were floating many little slips of wood, or "fish," each bearing a concealed number. On the walls of the booth were all the articles it was possible to draw numbered to correspond with the fish in the tank—and there were no blanks, the proprietor said. Everyone got his money's worth and you might draw the grand prize —a pistol or a gold watch. Most of the articles were valueless trinkets, but among the rest hung the pistol and the gold watch, with naught between you and possession save a lucky ten-cent piece, and many a dime was staked fruitlessly on the will-o'-the-wisp chance.

All things have an end, and cattle-show is no exception. As the afternoon of the second day waned and the exercises on the racecourse were drawing to a close a growing restiveness was manifest in the crowd. Dispersion began about four o'clock. The vendors of perishable fruits and eatables dropped their prices and the work of taking down the tents and booths and packing up commenced, a tinge of forlornness and desolation crept into the scene and the fun was over. People were in a hurry to depart, yet they were not in such haste as to neglect to drive around the racecourse before they went out the gate. This spin on the track adds a final touch of completeness to the occasion, as no man who has any pride in his team neglects to make the circuit at least once.

So ends the cattle show, though its memories with the meeting of friends, the excitement, the half-dozen whips for a dollar, the many circulars gathered free, and a colored advertising yardstick, not to mention the children's cat-bags, last a long ways toward the fair of next year.

FAMOUS WEDDINGS AND BRIDES.

IN most ages of the world's history, weddings have been celebrated with all the pomp and display that circumstances would admit of, and the bridal dress has even played an important part in the ceremonial.

The actual meaning of the word "bride" is one owned or purchased, but whether the woman resigns her personal freedom willingly or unwillingly, she signalises the relinquishment as a gala-day. Marriage by capture passed away with the Dark Ages, giving place to marriages by purchase, which yielded in time to marriages of inclination, though pre-nuptial settlements and intriguing mothers sometimes take the memory back to the former state of things.

We have learnt to consider white as essentially bridal costume, but it has not been always so; and even now the Bokhara bride wears a rose-coloured veil on her marriage-day, and in the modern Greek islands the bridal veil is of red silk—a custom which has descended, no doubt, from the "flamen," or red bridal veil of ancient Greece; the Romans in old days wearing yellow veils. The Armenian bride, on the most important day of her life, appears in what closely resembles a sack made of rich silk, completely enveloping the figure, feet, and head. The face is further hidden by a linen veil, over which falls another of gold tinsel, and a part of the ceremonial is for the priest's wife to dye the nails of the bride a deep red with henna. In Turkey, the bride appears in rich white satin brocade, shot with silver, and bedizened with pearls, a jewelled girdle round her waist, her face painted—a crimson patch the shape of a heart on her chin, the rest of the visage a mass of white, except the black-pencilled eyebrows.

Our marriage ceremonies are remarkable for their antiquity, and have varied but little. The wedding-ring, which the Puritans repudiated as a Satanic bauble, has been worn from time to time on the right or left hand, the reason for its present assignment to the latter being a tradition, whether authentic or not, that some vein in the third finger of the left hand has a special connection with the heart. Our bridal veil is no modern introduction, though it is said to have replaced the Anglo-Saxon custom of the bride wearing her hair floating on her shoulders. For many years nothing but the wreath was worn over loose tresses. Bridal favours are said to be of Danish origin, and at one time these were made not white, but in the bride's own colours, whatever they might be.

History and tradition have handed down to us wonderful accounts of the magnificent ceremonials and the gorgeous raiment which have signalised the weddings of bygone days, though some of the high-born dames of old have stood at the altar simply apparelled. When Louis XIII. married Anne of Austria, her robe was white satin, and her hair was simply dressed, without crown or wreath; but Isabella of Portugal, as the bride of the Duke of Burgundy, wore a dress of splendid embroidery, a stomacher of ermine, tight sleeves, a cloak bordered with ermine falling from her shoulders to the ground; but she had no ornaments, and her head-dress was of white muslin. When Anne of France, finding the Archduke Maximilian tardy in his wooing, gave herself and her dominions to Charles VIII., she appeared at the imposing ceremonial of her marriage in a robe of cloth of gold, with designs in raised embroidery upon it, and bordered with priceless sable.

James I. nearly ruined himself in order to celebrate the marriage of his daughter, the Princess Elizabeth, and great and determined was the opposition shown by his subjects to the marriage-tax he raised to defray the £53,294 it cost. The ceremony took place at Whitehall with so much pomp, that it has formed the precedent for all other royal weddings in England which have followed. The train of the bride's dress, which was of silver cloth, cost £130. Her hair floated on her shoulder, intermixed with pearls and diamonds, and a crown of gold was on her head.

Perhaps, however, the marriage of Henry I. with Matilda of Scotland carries off the palm, as far as outward splendour is concerned. Bishop Anselm performed the ceremony in presence of all the beauty and chivalry of the realm. The marriage of Edward I. in Canterbury Cathedral was little less magnificent. Margaret Tudor, when married to James of Scotland, stood proudly at the altar as her noble lineage warranted, a crown on her head, her hair hanging beneath it, covered only by a cap of gold, and pearls about her neck.

The ill-fated union of Philip and Mary was solemnised at Winchester Cathedral, as befitted the sovereigns of two great countries; Charles I. was married by proxy at Notre Dame; and George III. signalised his marriage with Queen Charlotte, which took place at St. James's Chapel Royal, by abolishing many of the practices which then held good, but which were opposed to modern taste and feeling.

St. James's Chapel Royal has been the scene of more royal marriages in modern days than perhaps any other edifice, though it is cramped and small. Queen Anne and William IV. were wedded here, and here George IV. was married at ten o'clock at night, and Queen Victoria on the 10th of February, 1840. It is needless to say that this was an occasion of great splendour, but the unpretentious building was more

metamorphosed when, on January 25, 1858, the Princess Royal espoused the then Prince of Prussia, now Crown Prince of Germany. It was elaborately hung with crimson silk velvet and massive bullion fringe, the old pews were swept away, the aisle enlarged, four rows of seats rose on either side, crowded with ladies in full court dress—in fact, every nook and corner was occupied with uniforms and gorgeous toilettes. The programme of one royal wedding differs but little from another, but the Queen's eldest daughter having been married at seventeen, in the lifetime of her father, there was no drawback to the brilliancy of the pageant. I remember what a bright winter morning it was, and how early the streets were filled to see all there was to be seen! The Queen with her procession, the bridegroom with his, and the bride with hers, all passed severally into the chapel, moments of breathless expectation preceding each arrival. Lord Palmerston, in the full ministerial dress, was a notable figure in the brilliant throng, where royal pages and functionaries of every degree, high and low, contributed to the gay vista costumes of more or less brightness. The old Duchess of Kent was a witness of the ceremony, and the King of the Belgians. The bride's father escorted her and gave her away, and twelve daughters of dukes, marquises, and earls, held her train of silvered moiré, the dress being covered with Honiton lace, worked with the shamrock, rose, and thistle, as was the veil, which was worn off, not over, the face. The myrtle, the German wedding emblem, mingled with the orange-blossom of her wreath. The bridesmaids were arrayed alike, in white tulle and trimmings, and wreaths of roses. But though the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by many bishops and high church dignitaries, performed the ceremony, and no item of state magnificence was wanting, and the witnesses were among the highest in the land, both English and German, that one touch of nature which makes the whole world kin was in no way wanting. The ceremony over, amid smiles and tears, the bride was duly kissed by bridegroom, mother, father, and mother and father-in-law, while the elders exchanged congratulations, and as the bride and bridegroom passed down the colonnade to their carriage, the flushed face of the Princess had a smile of quiet happiness upon it, which augured well for the future.

The Prince and Princess of Wales were married amid much pomp at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, the Queen witnessing the ceremony from the Royal Closet, in a widow's deep mourning. Our beautiful Princess wore a richly embroidered white silk, and a train trimmed with white and silver, her eight bridesmaids being all in snowy white. The Princess Louise was married here, also, in white satin and Honiton lace; and only some two years ago the bride of our Queen's second son was warmly welcomed with regal fêtes at Windsor. The festivities which had signalised the marriage in Russia occupied many days. Two ceremonies, one according to the rites of the Greek, and another of the English Church, were necessary, and the heavy silver embroidery which adorned her satin dress, and the velvet train bordered with ermine which had to be worn so long a time, seemed to tire the young, girlish bride, who looked pale and ill ere she took her place at the banquet. The ceremony which Monsignor Bashanoff performed according to the Greek ritual, in the Winter Palace, was peculiarly interesting. In the course of it the bride and bridegroom held lighted candles, drank from the same cup, and walked three times round the altar hand in hand, and for the greater portion of the service Prince Arthur held a gold filigree crown over his brother's head, the bride's brother, Prince Alexis, relieving him when he was tired, and Prince Vladimir held another one over his sister's head.

Most of the fashionable weddings in London at the present day are solemnised at St. George's, Hanover Square; St. James's, Piccadilly; or St. Peter's and St. Paul's, Belgravia. The *modus operandi* is much the same in all cases. The bride arrives at the church with her father, is followed to the altar by eight to twelve bridesmaids dressed alike, her mother bringing up the rear of the procession. The bridegroom is accompanied by his best men, but groomsmen are ignored in polite society. Their existence originated, no doubt, in the so-called "bride-knights," who, wearing the bride's colours, their silken sleeves tied with rosemary, in ancient times conducted the bride to church. The addresses to the newly-married which, as at Miss Edith Wynne's recent wedding, and on other occasions of late, have followed the service, are a revival of the wedding sermons, which in Elizabeth's and subsequent reigns were an indispensable part of marriage.

A white satin dress trimmed with lace, a tulle veil, and a wreath of orange-blossom, form now the most fashionable attire for brides. Wedding-breakfasts each year lose some item of splendour, the subsequent speeches diminish in number, and in fashionable life the guests rarely sit, but stand to partake of the feast.

Now and then Westminster Abbey has been the scene of some of the most brilliant weddings. Only a year or two since, two daughters of a duke were married there on the same day, the Prince and Princess of Wales and other members of the Royal Family being present; and Christine Nilsson was also married here amid a brilliant *entourage*. The bridal procession makes its way down the nave, the organ pealing the while some of the finest of our sacred music. The ceremony is partly performed in the body of the church, and concluded in front of the altar and new reredos.

The marriage of the Marquis of Bute and the Hon. Gwendoline Howard was solemnised at the Oratory at Brompton, with equal splendour, and amid exquisite music. Monsignor Capel officiated, and at the conclusion of the service delivered a most memorable address on marriage duties, which was listened to with breathless attention by a large congregation who had followed the incidents of the service with deep interest.

ARDERN HOLT.

AN OLD-TIME COOK-BOOK.

And the "Plain, Simple, Healthful Food of Olden Times."

We have lately received a legacy of a very old cook-book—so old that its recipes should surely be most valuable, for it is well-known how much housekeepers prize old recipes, ones that have been handed down in a family from generation to generation. By the title-page, there is no doubt as to the antiquity of the recipes; as to their usefulness, the reader must judge:

The Compleat

COOK:

Expertly Prescribing
The most ready Ways,
Whether { Italian, Spanish or French. }
For Dressing of Flesh and Fish, ordering of Sauces Or making of

PASTRY.

✣✣✣

✣✣✣

LONDON, Printed for *Obadiah Blagrave* at the Sign of the Black Bear in St. Pauls Churchyard, and R. Harford at the Angel in Cornhil, near the Royal Exchange, 1683.

Our grandmothers speak of the plain, simple, healthful food of olden times, scoff at the "new-fangled" dishes of today, and call the recipes in our modern cook-books, elaborate, fussy, expensive. In looking over this old book one wonders how cooks ever made anything "fit to eat" by its directions. The mixed language of the rules, as well as the manifold mixtures of their ingredients, appall us. Compare this "Bisque" with the many simple yet delicious ones given by *our* noted cooks:

To make a Bisque of Carps.

Take twelve small Carps, and one great one, all Male Carps, draw them and take out all the Milts, flea the twelve small Carps, cut off their heads and take out their Tongues and take the fish from the bones of the flead Carps, and twelve Oysters, two or three yolks of hard Eggs, mash all together, season it with Cloves, Mace and Salt, and make thereof a stiff searse: add thereto the yolks of four or five eggs to bind it, fashion that sirst into balls or lopings as you please, lay them into a deep dish or earthern pan, and put thereto twenty or thirty great Oysters, two or three Anchovies, the Milts and Tongues of your twelve Carps, half a pound of fresh Butter, the Liquor of your Oysters, the juyce of a Lemon or two; a little white-Wine, some of Corbilion wherein your great Carp is boyled, and a whole Onion, so set them a stewing on a soft fire, and make a hoop [soup?] therewith; for the great Carp you must scald him and draw him, lay him for half an hour, with the other Carps heads in a deep pan with so much white-Wine Vinegar as will cover and serve to boyl him and the other heads in; put therein Pepper, whole Mace, a race of Ginger, Nutmeg, Salt, sweet Herbs, an Onion or two sliced, a Lemon; when you boyl your Carps, pour your Liquor with the Spice into the Kettle wherein you will boyl him; when it is boyled put in your Carp, let it not boyl too fast for breaking; after the Carp hath boyled a while put in the Head, when it is enough, take off the Kettle, and let the Carps and the Heads keep warm in the Liquor till you go to dish them. When you dress your Bisque, take a large silver dish, set it on the fire, lay therein Sippets of Bread, then put in a Ladle full of your Corbillion, then take up your great Carp and lay him in the midst of the Dish, then range the twelve Heads about the Carp, then take the searse of the Carp, lay that in, then your Oysters, Milts and Tongues, then pour on the Liquor wherein the searse was boyled, wring in the juyce of a Lemon, and two Oranges; Garnish your dish with pickled Barberries, Lemons and Oranges, and serve very hot to the table.

The "Spanish Cream" *is* simple, truly, but look at the accessories! One must be in the country to make it at all, and it is almost necessary to be a milkmaid as well:

Spanish Cream.

Put hot water in a Bucket, and go with it to the Milking, then pour out the water and instantly milk into it, and presently strain it into Milk-pans of an ordinary fulness, but not after an ordinary way; for you must set your pans on the ground and stand on a stool, and pour it forth that it may rise in bubbles with the fall; this on the Morrow will be a very tough Cream, which you must take off with your skimmer, and lay it in the dish, laying upon laying; and if you please strew some Sugar between them.

"To make a posset the Earl of Arundels way" is really tempting, cream, nutmeg, ale, sugar and sack entering into its composition, to be taken warm.

"A Capon larded with lemon" is a novelty.

"A Pumpion Pye" has, besides ten eggs and a modicum of "pumpion," rosemary, parsley, thyme, sweet marjoram, verjuyce, white wine, all kinds of spices; thin, round slices of apple "currans" and a row of "*froiz.*" What *is* this last?

"To make an Out-landish dish" is the name of one recipe, but the dish itself does not appear to us any more outlandish than many another in this little book.

To make an Out-landish Dish.

Take the Liver of an Hogg, and cut it in small pieces about the bigness of a Span, then take Anniseed, or French seed, Pepper and Salt, and season them therewithal, and lay every piece severally round in the Caul of the Hogg, and so roast them on a Bird-spit.

"To make Pyramidis Cream," Hartshorn, gum-arabic and gum-dragon are required, with many other nice things, including "musk and amber-greece," to make the "gelly," turned out in the shape of pyramids.

Another "Harts-horn gelly" uses, besides six ounces of Hartshorn, three ounces of "Ivory"! "boyled" in two quarts of water, with three "walms," sugar and spice.

Two recipes for cooking snails are given, one ("they are no way so as in Pottage") is a soup with every imaginable thing in it besides the snails; by the other rule the snails are boiled, taken from the shell, soaked an hour in pepper and "sallet-oyl," *replaced* in the shells, each shell then filled up with sallet-oyl and herbs, stewed on a gridiron over a "soft" fire. "Serve warm."

A "Quaking Pudding" is really delicate with a large pint of cream, ten eggs, rose-water and a tiny bit of "fine flower," "boyled."

"To fricate Calves Chaldron" sounds unpleasant.

"To fricate Champignion" is more to our liking.

"To *murine* Carps, Mullets, Gurnet, Rocher or Wale" (whale?) sounds mysterious, but is only "potting," just as we do it, in jars.

"To make the best Sausage that ever was eat!"—modest.

"A singular Receipt for making a Cake" begins with half a peck of "flower," and is a solid sort of fruit-cake.

"To dress a Pike," we are told to "rub off his skin while he lives with Bay-Salt." Horrors!

"To boyl a Capon with Ranioles" has pages of ingredients, the "Ranioles" being made of a little of everything, from Beet-leaves to "Naples-Bisket and Pomecitron."

"Frumity" is a really appetizing dish.

"Spanish Pap," "A Portugal Dish," "The Jacobins Pottage," attract attention.

"A Carp Pye" is marked, "*This is meat for a Pope.*"

"A Spanish Olio" is an Olio indeed; "a couple of Hog's ears," one item.

After telling how "To souce a Pig," one is informed "it is a necessary Dish in any Gentleman's house."

We add a few interesting, mayhap, useful recipes:

To make a Green Pudding.

Take a penny Loaf of stale bread, grate it, put to half a pound of Sugar grated Nutmeg, as much Salt as will season it, three quarters of a pound of Beef-suet shred very small; then take sweet herbs, the most of them Marigolds, eight Spinages; shred the Herbs very small, mix all well together, then take two Eggs, and work them up together with your hand, and make them into round Balls, and when the water boyls put them in, serve them with Rose-water, Sugar and Butter, or Sauce.

The Lord Conway, his Lordship Receipts for the making of Amber Puddings.

First take the entrails of a young Hog, and wash them very clean, and then take two pounds of the best Hogs fat, and a pound and a half of the best Jordan Almonds, the which being blanched, take one half of them and beat them very small, and the other half reserve whole unbeaten, then take a pound and a half of fine Sugar, and four white Loves, and grate the Loves over the former Composition, and mingle them well together in a Bason, having so done, put to it half an ounce of Ambergreece, the which must be scraped very small over the said composition, take half a quarter of an ounce of Levant Musk, and bruise it in a Marble Mortar, with a quarter of a pint of Orange-flower-water, then mingle these all very well together, and having so done, fill the said entrails therewith.

This Receipt was given his Lordship by an *Italian* for a great Rarity, and has been found so to be by those Ladies of Honour, to whom his Lordship has imparted the said Reception.

To make a Chicken or Pygeon Pye.

Take your Pygeons (if they be not very young) cut them into four quarters, one sweet-bread sliced the long way, that it may be thin, and the pieces not too big, one sheeps-tongue, a little more than parboyled, and the skin pulled off, and the tongue cut in slices, two or three slices of Veal, as much of Mutton, young chickens (if not little) quarter them, Chicken-heads, Lark, or any such like, Pullets, Cocks combs, Oysters, Calves Udder cut in pieces, good store of Marrow; for seasoning, take as much Pepper and Salt as you think fit to season it slightly; a good store of sweet Marjoram, a little Thyme, and Lemon-pill fine sliced, season well with these Spices as the time of the year will afford, put in either of Chestnuts (if you put in Chestnuts they must first be either boyled or roasted) Gooseberries or Guage, large Mace will do well in this Pye, then take a little piece of Veal parboyled and slice it very fine, as much Marrow as meat stirred amongst it, then take grated Bread; as much as a quarter of the meat, four yolks of Eggs, or more according to the stuff you make, shred Dates as small as may be, season with Salt, but not too salt, Nutmeg as much as will season it, sweet Marjoram a pretty store very small shred, work it up with as much sweet Cream as will make it up in little Puddings, some long some round, so put as many of them in the Pye as you please; put therein two or three spoonfuls of Gravy of Mutton, or so much strong Mutton broth before you put it in the Oven, the bottom of boyled Artichokes, minced Marrow, over and in the bottom of the Pye after your Pye is baked; when you put it up, have some five yolks of Eggs minced, and the juyce of two or three Oranges, the meat of one Lemon cut in pieces, a little white and Claret Wine; put this in your Pye being well mingled, and shake it very well together.

The Countess of Rutlands Receipts for making the rare Banbury Cake, which was much praised at her Daughters (the Right Honorable the Lady Chaworths) Wedding.

Imprimis.

Take a peck of fine flower, and half an ounce of large Mace, half an ounce of Nutmegs and half an ounce of Cinnamon, your Cinnamon and Nutmegs must be sifted through a Searce, two pounds of Butter, half a score of Eggs, put out four of the whites of them, something above a pint of good Ale-yeast, beat your Eggs very well and strain them with your Yeast, and a little warm water into your Flower, and stir them together, then put your Butter cold in little Lumps: The water you knead withall must be scalding hot, if you will make it good paste, the which having done, lay the Paste to rise in a warm Cloth, a quarter of an hour or thereupon; then put in ten pounds of Currans, and a little Musk and Ambergreece dissolved in Rose water, your Currans must be made very dry, or else they will make your Cake heavy, strew as much Sugar finely beaten amongst the Currans as you shall think the water has taken away the sweetness from them, break your Paste into little pieces, into a Kimnel or such like thing and lay a Layer of Paste broken into little pieces, and a Layer of Currans, until your Currans are all put in, mingle the Paste and the Currans very well, but take heed of breaking the Currans, you must take out a piece of Paste after it hath risen in a warm cloth before you put in the Currans to cover the top, and the bottom, you must roul the cover something thin, and the bottom likewise, and wet it with Rose-water and close the bottom of the side, or the middle which you like best, prick the top and the sides with a small long pin, when your Cake is ready to go into the Oven, cut it in the midst of the sight round about with a Knife an inch deep, if your Cake be of a peck of Meal it must stand two hours in the Oven, your Oven must be as hot as for Manchet.

To make Angelot.

Take a gallon of stroakings, and a pint of Cream as it comes from the Cow, and put it together with a little Rennet; when you fill, turn up the midst side of the Cheese-fat, fill them a little at once, and let it stand all that day and the next, then turn them, and let them stand till they will slip out of the fat, salt them on both sides, and when the Coats begin to come on them, for the thicker the Coat is the better.

To make a Marchpane: To ice him, etc.

Take two pounds of Almonds blanched, and beaten in a stone Mortar till they begin to come to a fine Paste, and take a pound of sifted Sugar, and put it in the Mortar with the Almonds, and so leave it till it come to a perfect Paste, putting in now and then a spoonful of Rosewater to keep from Oyling; when you have beaten them to a perfect Paste cover the Marchpane in a sheet, as big as a Charger, and set an edge about as you do about a Tart, and a bottom of wafers under him; thus bake it in an Oven or baking pan, when you see your Marchpane is hard and dry, take it out and ice it with Rosewater and Sugar, being made as thick as Batter for Fritters, so spread it on it with a wing-feather, so put it into the Oven again; and when you see it rise high, then take it out and garnish it with some pretty conceits, made of part of the same stuff, stick long Comfits upright in him. So serve it.

— L. K.

SUMMER VEGETABLES.

VEGETABLES may be regarded from two different aspects, namely, the French and the English. To illustrate what we mean, we will commence by quoting from the translation of a little treatise on French cookery, published in Paris in the year 1846. The original work was called *La Cuisiniére de la Campagne et de la Ville ; ou, Nouvelle Cuisine Economique.*

Green Peas.—Put two quarts of shelled peas into a stewpan with a quarter of a pound of very fresh butter, a bunch of parsley, and, if you like, a lettuce heart or cos lettuce, three or four small onions, a little salt and sugar; stir them about, and let them stew for an hour over a gentle fire; then take out the parsley, add a piece of butter rolled in flour, and serve. It is best to tie the onion, lettuce, and parsley together, and take them out before serving.

This receipt is followed by another one, which has the following heading :—

Green Peas à l'Anglaise.—Put a saucepan of water on the fire; when it boils add some salt, a bunch of chives, a small bunch of mint, and the peas; boil them till done, strain them quickly in a colander, and serve them on a dish with a piece of fresh butter which will melt of itself on the peas.

These two receipts explain better than any words we could use the two different aspects in which vegetables are regarded by Frenchmen and Englishmen. Nine times out of ten, and indeed we may say ninety-nine times out of a hundred, an English housekeeper regards every kind of vegetable as something to be eaten with the meat. On the other hand, a Frenchman regards a vegetable as a dish distinct in itself, to be eaten by itself, or with the accompaniment of a piece of bread. Thanks to the increasing intercourse between the two countries, we are beginning to learn from one another. An Englishman in Paris will find his favourite boiled potato handed to him with his meat, while on the other hand, in this country we seem to be on the eve of the discovery that we should be perhaps better in health if we ate less meat, and made far more of our vegetables than we have hitherto done.

The idea of boiling peas in water to a Frenchman seems so strange, that he names the dish "Peas English fashion." On the other hand, we fear that the vast majority of English women cooks have never heard of cooking green peas in a little butter without using any water at all; and we remember on one occasion, after suggesting the idea, a fairly good cook expressing her surprise in the following terms: "Lor, who'd have thought it, now!" At any rate, it is very obvious that peas cooked this way would be quite unsuited to be served with meat, as, for instance, our famous English dish of duck and green peas. Duck at all times is somewhat rich, and to serve peas stewed in butter with it would be almost as bad as adding butter to bacon.

Of late years, although we are not likely to be a nation of vegetarians, there is undoubtedly a strong tendency towards vegetarianism, and the change is undoubtedly one for the better. We must bear in mind, however, that hitherto all our modes of cooking vegetables have been as a rule with a view of serving them with meat. If the meat be withdrawn, and the vegetables served as a course by itself to be eaten with bread, we must in very many instances vary our method of cooking. For instance, we all know the form in which in this country the following vegetables are sent to table—Carrots, turnips, parsnips, cabbage, Brussels sprouts, cauliflower, French beans, etc. They are all thrown into boiling water, salted, drained off in a colander, and sent to table dry, to be, as we have before said, eaten with hot meat. Were we to eat them plain with dry bread, served in this form they would be very far from palatable; in fact, if we may so describe it, each mouthful would have a tendency to what is called "stick in the throat." We will endeavour to describe how to cook all these vegetables and a few others, so that they will form a palatable and agreeable dish by themselves; and if the new method entails a slight extra expense, we must bear in mind that we save, perhaps, five times this extra expense if our new method enables us to dispense with the meat altogether.

Before commencing our new receipts, a few words of general instruction on our old method will not be out of place. There are a few *general* principles in boiling all vegetables which cooks are sometimes apt to overlook. First.—Nearly all vegetables, especially green, should be thrown into *boiling* water. Second.—Vegetables should be cooked till they are tender, but *not longer*. Third.—Vegetables should be served *immediately* they are taken out of the water. The most common mistake that cooks make in regard to vegetables is the same that they make in cooking game: they almost always begin to cook them too soon. A cabbage that has boiled too long, and then been kept hot after being strained off, is simply a cabbage spoilt. One more general principle in boiling vegetables which we may refer to is, that if you wish to keep the vegetable a good colour, you must let the steam escape while cooking, or, in other words, do not keep the lid on the saucepan.

The most common form of green vegetable in this country is cabbage, and as we shall have to refer to cabbage served as a distinct dish, and the first process is to boil it in the ordinary way, we will commence our practical instruction by describing

How to boil a Cabbage.—A cabbage consists, as we all know, of a thick bundle of leaves with a stalk at one end and very thin leaves at the other. The usual plan is to cut a cabbage in half or quarters, throw the pieces in whole, which has the effect of taking the water off the boil for a considerable period, and when the water does boil the cabbage has to be pressed down with a spoon. Too often the result is that the stalk is too hard to be eaten. If the stalk is tender the green part is over boiled and sodden. Suppose we try as follows, for just as there is "reason in the roasting of eggs," so can mind triumph over matter in boiling a cabbage. Let us cut the cabbage crossways, and when we do this how far easier is it to wash the cabbage free from every kind of impurity, leave alone caterpillars. We have our saucepan full of boiling water, salted, and the larger the saucepan the better. First take the stalk after cutting it into four pieces and throw it into the saucepan. Now wait till the water boils again. Next take the part that may be described as half stalk and half leaf and throw that into the now boiling water. If necessary press it down and wait patiently till the water boils again all over the saucepan. Now throw in the remainder, the thinner and greener part of the leaves. As soon as the cabbage is tender, strain it off; and be very careful that you get rid of all the green water, as nothing is so disagreeable as seeing two or three tablespoonfuls of green cabbage water in a vegetable dish. If this cabbage is intended to be served with meat, send it to table *immediately*, and whatever you do do not put it in the oven to keep it hot while you what is called "see to the joint." You can see to the joint first and strain off the cabbage afterwards. By this means we have all parts of the cabbage equally tender, without any one part being overcooked. Remember also, do not pour the green water down the sink.

We will now suppose that we are going to have our vegetables served as a course by themselves, to be eaten just as they are with plain bread, and we will commence with what in this country is probably the cheapest form of green-meat, the cabbage. Suppose we want to send a nice white heart cabbage to table separate. We must proceed exactly as we have described above in boiling the cabbage, and we will suppose a sufficient quantity has been cooked for six persons. Place the cabbage in a very hot vegetable dish and place on the top of it about two ounces of butter cut up into four or five pieces, add a little pepper and salt, and what may be called a suspicion of nutmeg. Toss the cabbage lightly together with a couple of forks till the butter is dissolved and the cabbage looks oily, and while tossing it together, give an occasional shake over it with a flour dredger. You must be very careful not to add too much flour. A teaspoonful in all would be ample, but the effect of the flour is to make the butter and cabbage keep together. Recollect that a very very little is sufficient. What we want to avoid is, that when the cabbage is sent to table, suppose you were to tilt the vegetable-dish sideways there must not be any oiled butter run into the corner of the dish, and it is surprising how very little flour will prevent this.

Another point to be borne in mind, and which applies equally in principle to every direction given in similar cases by-and-by, is that this must be done *quickly*, as otherwise the cabbage will get cold. It should be the work of a few seconds rather than a few minutes. In France, where cream is plentiful, it is customary to pour a little drop of cream over the top; also, if the cabbage is very white, you can sprinkle about a saltspoonful of chopped parsley over the top, which gives the dish a pretty appearance.

French Beans form a nice vegetable served with fried or toasted bread. Wash the beans thoroughly and remove the strings, and if the beans are thick, cut them longways into three or four strips. Now throw them into boiling salted water and let them boil till they are tender. Directly they are tender strain them off, and throw them into cold water in order to preserve their colour. This is probably new to the majority of English cooks, but is and was universally practised in France even fifty years ago. After a few minutes drain them once more and dry them in a cloth. We will suppose the quantity throughout to be sufficient for six persons. Now place them in a small stewpan or saucepan with two ounces of butter, and add nearly a desertspoonful of chopped parsley. Before chopping the parsley plunge it into the water in which the beans are boiling. This is what is called blanching the parsley, and is more important than many people think. If we want high-class cooking which is quite compatible with

very strict economy, we must take pains in little things. Add this parsley to the beans, a pinch of flour or one or two shakes out of the dredger, some pepper and salt, two or three scrapes of nutmeg on the nutmeg-grater, and the juice of half a lemon. When the beans are thoroughly hot, serve them with fried or toasted bread round the edge of the dish.

Before going any further we must have a few words to say about *White Sauce*. As a rule English women cooks have a very vague idea on this subject. Housekeepers also have a mistaken notion of economy in regard to the use of butter and eggs. If we go without meat we require a substitute. Six persons would require six mutton chops, which would probably cost three shillings. If we have one or two vegetables to be eaten with bread instead of the chops, we must not grudge sixpence to make a sauce. In summer a very wholesome dinner can be made by commencing with some cheap kind of fish and potatoes, followed by one or two vegetables served by themselves. We will quote from the French work we have already mentioned, published in Paris in 1846, and which had then reached a circulation of 80,000 copies. The receipt they give for making white sauce is as follows:—

"Put into a saucepan a quarter of a pound of butter, and mix with it a spoonful of flour and a glass of water. Set it on the fire and keep it turned. Take it off, set it aside, and salt it. If your sauce be too thick add a little water; if too thin, a piece of butter rolled in flour, and turn it afresh. Just before serving you may beat up the yolks of two or three eggs to stir in, and put in a dash of vinegar."

We may here add, by way of explanation, that the glass of water would mean what we call a claret glass, or about half a tumbler, the spoonful of flour a tablespoonful. If butter is sixteen pence a pound, and eggs a penny each, this sauce costs about sixpence; but then it is the sauce that enables us to eat the vegetable alone, just as a quarter of a pound of butter would enable six persons to enjoy their breakfast, which they would not do if they were to eat dry bread. This white sauce should be rather thick, and of the consistence of very thick cream. We should be able to pour it over the vegetable, and yet the sauce must be thick enough to stay and cover it.

We will now run through a few of the cheaper kinds of vegetables which can be served by themselves, thanks to the assistance of this sauce.

Cauliflowers before boiling require soaking in salt and water. Cut off the stalk at the bottom so that they will stand upright. If you have several small cauliflowers, they ought to be served in the same dish, pressed close together, with the flower part uppermost. Throw the cauliflowers into boiling water. When they are tender take them out very carefully in order to avoid breaking them, and drain them very thoroughly by placing them on a cloth. As soon as you have got rid of all the moisture, place them upright, the flower part of course uppermost, in a vegetable dish, and then cover them over with this white sauce, taking care that every part of the flower is covered with the sauce.

Young Carrots should be thoroughly washed and trimmed, the stalk cut off, and the string at the point. Throw them into boiling water, and when they are tender drain them. In France they generally stew them again in a little butter, and then send them to table with some white sauce. This, though an improvement, is not absolutely necessary. As soon as they are tender they can be drained very thoroughly, and when all the moisture has been absorbed, they can be served up in a vegetable dish, a little white sauce being poured over each. Fried or toasted bread can be served with them.

Young Parsnips can be treated like young carrots in every respect, but as they are white or yellowish-white, a few specks of green parsley can be sprinkled over the sauce, in order to make the dish look more pretty.

Jerusalem Artichokes should, if possible, be treated something like potatoes as far as boiling is concerned, and it is advisable to try and pick them as much as possible of one size. Old artichokes must be placed in cold water at starting, and require a lot of boiling. Young ones can be thrown into boiling water, and will not take more than five and twenty minutes. When tender, place them in the vegetable dish and pour a small spoonful of white sauce over each artichoke. Shake a little chopped parsley over each, and if you wish to make them look very pretty, you can colour a pinch of bread crumbs pink with one or two drops of cochineal, and shake these over as well. Place a piece of fried bread or toasted bread between each artichoke.

Young Turnips are not very suitable to be served by themselves, but when they are they can be treated just like the artichokes, viz., boiled till tender, the only difference being that it is an improvement to add a very little powdered sugar.

Brussels Sprouts can be cooked in two different ways. In both cases they must be first boiled till tender or nearly tender, then drain them off, and put them in a stew-pan with a little butter. Toss them lightly about till they absorb the butter. Add a little pepper, salt, nutmeg, and lemon juice, and serve them with toasted or fried bread. The other method is to boil them till tender, drain them off, sprinkle a very little powdered sugar over each, and cover them with white sauce. Sometimes in France, Brussels sprouts are served in gravy.

Broad Beans are usually served with bacon, but of course can be served separately. Broad beans require some kind of fat, and if we do not have any bacon, we shall require rather an extra amount of sauce, which of course consists chiefly of butter. While the beans are boiling throw sufficient parsley into the water for a minute to make when chopped about a desert-spoonful. Mix this with the white sauce, pour it over the beans, and mix the beans and sauce together, so that the beans are moistened all over.

Vegetable Marrows should be peeled, cut into quarters, and all the pips removed. These pieces are thrown into boiling water, and should be removed directly they are tender. The common mistake in cooking vegetable marrow is to overboil it. A large piece of toast should be made, and laid at the bottom of the vegetable dish. The pieces of marrow should be allowed to drain on a cloth before being placed on the toast. They should then be placed with the convex side uppermost, and the white sauce poured or spread over the top. Small triangles of toast should be placed round the edge, in addition to the pieces of toast placed underneath.

Leeks are very nice indeed served separate. A thin slice should be cut off the root, and the green part cut off from the top. In serving leeks it is very important to drain them thoroughly from the water in which they are boiled, as this has a rank and unpleasant taste. After draining them in a colander in the ordinary way, let them drain on a cloth, and hold up each piece perpendicular so that the water in the leek has an opportunity of running out. Then place the leeks on a piece of toast, like the vegetable marrow, and pour some white sauce over the top.

Stewed Celery is one of the nicest of all vegetables, but only the white part should be stewed. Suppose we have two heads of celery, cut them into pieces of equal length, and let the stalk part near the root boil for about five or ten minutes longer than the other parts. When the whole is tender, drain off the celery and place it on toast, and pour some white sauce over the top. If you have any soup, or gravy, or stock, in the house, do not throw away the water in which the celery was boiled, but add it to the stock.

Another very nice way of serving celery separate is to cut the celery into pieces about four inches long and boil them till they are tender; drain them off, and let them get quite dry. When they are dry, flour the pieces, then dip them into beaten-up egg, and bread-crumb them. Now fry these pieces till they are of a nice golden brown colour, and dish them up on a folded napkin with some fried parsley.

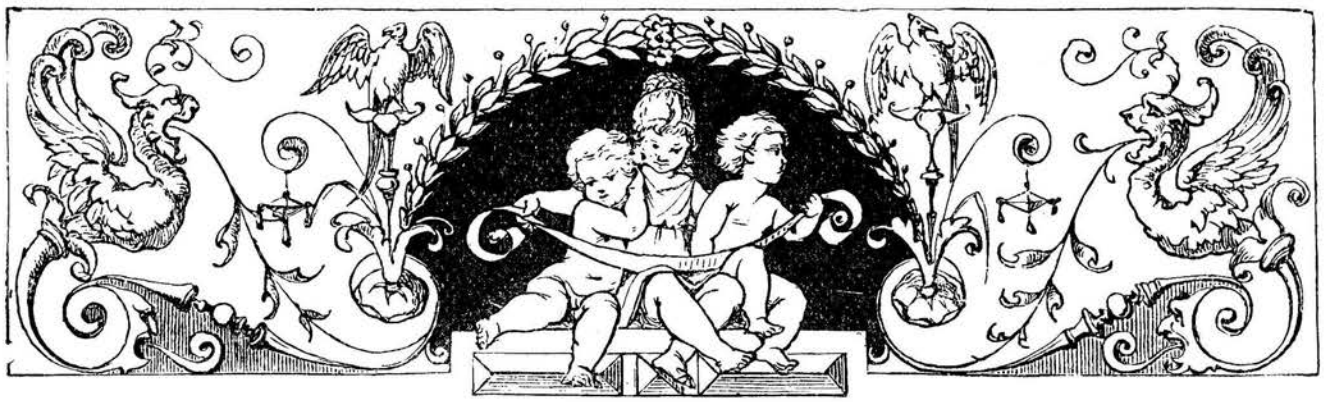
Sea Kale can be treated in the same way as celery. But as sea kale has a very delicate flavour, it is sometimes best to send the white sauce to table separate in a tureen or butter boat.

Asparagus is a vegetable like spinach, more often served in this country by itself than with meat. The first point to be borne in mind in cooking asparagus is, that all the pieces should be the same length. In order to ensure this, we must place the asparagus on the chopping-board and arrange them so that all the green points are in a line, and then with a knife make them of equal length by cutting off the thick ends. In doing this we must be careful not to cut away too much, and thus waste the asparagus. Some people tie the asparagus together in small bundles, and put these bundles upright in the saucepan, and pour in only sufficient water to reach about two-thirds up the asparagus, leaving the green part out of the water altogether, in order to avoid having so much of the stalk being uneatable from being so hard. It is worth trying, but we are not altogether in favour of the plan. When the asparagus is tender, drain it off and place a piece of toast at the bottom of a vegetable dish. Then divide the asparagus into two parts. Rest the stalks on the side of the dish, and let the green points rest on the toast half one side and half the other. Be very careful in draining off the asparagus to keep all the little green tops that may have come off in the boiling, as these are the best parts. Of course these tops can be thrown on to the green part in the middle of the toast. White sauce should not be poured *over* the asparagus, but served separate in a tureen.

Spinach requires first of all careful washing. A deep pail of water is best for the purpose, as the leaves float and the dirt sinks. Throw the spinach when clean (it requires several waters in washing) into boiling water, and then, when tender, cut it up very fine indeed with a knife, add a little piece of butter, and make it hot in a stewpan, stirring it all the while to prevent it burning. Then put it in the vegetable dish, smooth the top with a spoon, and ornament it with hard-boiled eggs cut in half, showing a white rim with a yellow centre.

Poached eggs can be served instead of hard-boiled eggs. For this purpose the eggs should be poached rather hard. Take the poached egg out of the water with an egg slice, using your *left* hand, and trim these eggs very neatly with a knife before placing them on the spinach, and squeeze a little lemon juice into the water in which they are poached. If you wish to make the spinach perfect after chopping it up, rub it through a wire sieve. Allow one egg for each person.

Turnip Tops can be treated exactly like spinach, and when rubbed through a wire sieve and served with hard-boiled eggs, they make a very cheap and excellent imitation.



THE MEDICAL SIDE OF ELECTRICITY.

By "THE NEW DOCTOR."

THE profession of all others in which the quack can reap handsome profits is the profession of medicine. For the medical quack is in an unusually fortunate position, which he has obtained partly by his own industry and partly by the help of the general public, the law, and even the medical profession itself. And of all the means which have been practised by medical quacks to fleece those who are foolish or ignorant enough to become their victims, none has proved such a mine of wealth as the "cure" of disease by electricity.

If we had been writing against quackery as a whole, we should scarcely have mentioned electricity at all, but should have confined our attention to the many dangerous poisons which are sold indiscriminately to the public under the name of patent medicines. For the person who lives by selling sham electrical apparatus to the believing public is only a criminal in so far as he fleeces his victims out of their cash; unlike the vendors of so many patent medicines, he does not affect the health of the individuals on whom he practises. For most of the electrical appliances which are offered to the public are harmless and useless.

We say that these appliances are useless, and we base our assertion on two facts that cannot be gainsaid: first, they do not produce sufficient electricity to have the slightest effect upon the body, and secondly, because if they did produce electricity, the electricity produced would be no good.

"Electricity is life." How often do we see this above advertisements for patent belts, rings, corsets, boots, etc.! "Electricity is life." No statement could be more utterly false than this. Electricity is not life, nor are the processes of life at all like the phenomena of electricity, nor is the fundamental principle of life in any way to be compared with electricity.

Yet we must remember that this utterly false assertion did not originate from the quacks themselves, for they obtained it from a long forgotten chapter in the history of physiology, when that science was in its early infancy. For certain of the old physiologists believed that the phenomena of the central nervous system and the processes of the mind were the outcome of electrical force. We now know that this is untrue, although we can follow their reasoning much closer than they could themselves, because we possess a much greater knowledge of all departments of science. And the mistake which was made by those who believed that life was electricity, was the same mistake that has been made in every science at every age—the mistaking the effect for the cause.

The contraction of a muscle is a most elaborate phenomenon. It is associated with one of the most complex chemical reactions with which we are familiar, and by the discharge of physical energy in the forms of work, heat, sound and electricity. But the electricity which a muscle produces during its contraction is no more the cause of that contraction than is the sound or the heat which is produced at the same time—it is one of the by-products which result from the discharge of vital energy.

It is the same with all the processes of the mind and of the brain; they are all accompanied by elaborate chemical and physical conditions, but it is neither chemical nor physical force which produces them, but a force which we term vital energy, the nature of which is unknown.

That life is not electricity and that nervous impulses are not electrical impulses have been proved to the complete satisfaction of everybody by physiological experiment. We have told you that the quack electrical appliances are useless, for two reasons, that they do not generate sufficient electricity to penetrate the skin, and, even if they did, they would still be of no good. We will now detail to you the reasons on which we have based these two dogmatic statements.

The human skin offers a great resistance to the passage of electrical currents. The amount of resistance varies very greatly both in health and disease, but it is always considerable. To give you a practical example of the resistance of the skin to electricity we have just been trying a few simple experiments. An electrical battery which gives sufficient current to light a two candle-power incandescent lamp will not penetrate the skin. That is, a battery giving a current of eight volts will give sufficient electricity to light a small lamp, whereas the two terminals may be grasped by the hands without the least effect being produced.

The amount of electricity which is given off by alternating discs of copper and zinc is very small, many thousands of pairs of discs being required to produce any appreciable current at all. Most of the electrical appliances sold to the public consist of a few strips or discs of copper and zinc, and so although it cannot be said that they give no electrical current, it may be stated as an absolute fact that it requires the most sensitive instruments to demonstrate that there is any current, and that the current is many thousands of times too weak to have the slightest effect upon the human body.

The action of electricity upon the body is a peculiar and an ill-defined one, and as a life-giver or energiser or suchlike it is as useless as is anything else.

But although the introduction of electricity into medicine bred a whole host of quacks, it has nevertheless given us many valuable appliances to help us in the legitimate cure or relief of disease. The electrical currents, both constant and faradic, are the most valuable measures that we possess for the treatment of diseases of the nervous system. Many and many a case of hysterical disease has been cured by electrical treatment, and many of the far graver organic diseases of the nervous system are rendered far better by its application.

Then electricity has given us the electro-cautery, and the still more valuable means of

illuminating the internal parts of the body by the introduction of the small electric lamp and suitable arrangements of mirrors.

Electrolysis has also proved of great value, and in the hands of many able surgeons has been extensively used to destroy birth-marks and other blemishes. But like all other electrical methods, it has been grasped at and misused by quacks and charlatans of all kinds. The hopes which we had from electrolysis have not been realised, and its application to medicine and surgery has fallen far short of what was prophesied for it. For cosmetic purposes it is very extensively used, and with a certain amount of success in certain cases, but here again it is not what it is said to be, and it has but limited scope.

The chief object which we had in view when writing this article was to introduce to your notice the application of the Röntgen rays to medicine and cosmetics. We hope in this article to forestall you against the machinations of the quacks, for in many departments of cosmetic medicine there is such a vast proportion of fraud that what is real and genuine is often lost sight of altogether.

We do not yet know where to class the wonderful discovery of Röntgen. We are undetermined whether or not it is an electric phenomenon, but as it is produced by electrical means we feel quite justified in introducing it into an article dealing with medical electricity.

The first application of the Röntgen rays to medicine was to determine the nature of injuries and diseases of bones by means of skiographs or shadow photographs. The reason why bones are brought out clearly by the Röntgen rays is because bones consist mainly of salts of calcium, a metal which the rays are unable to penetrate.

Like everything else that has ever been introduced into medicine, it has failed to give the results which were expected of it; it is not always trustworthy; it has but a limited application, and it has produced a great opening for the unscrupulous.

Anyone who is familiar with the science of "Radiography,"*or "Röntgen Ray Photography," can readily appreciate these grave drawbacks, and he can clearly see how difficult, if not impossible, it is to remedy them. In that the results fall short of the expectation, Röntgen photography but follows a line from which there are few exceptions in science. The idea that a Röntgen photograph—an exact representation of nature—can be untrustworthy would be scoffed at by everybody who knows nothing about it, but is almost an axiom to him who has any experience of the subject. Ordinary photography distorts, but the Röntgen photographs distort a great deal more, for they are not focussed like ordinary photographs, but are shadows cast by opaque substances, and they only resemble the original to the same extent as the shadow on a wall resembles the object which casts it.

Those of you who have seen exhibitions of shadows cast on a screen are in a position to understand how exceedingly erroneous a shadow can be, and they alone will be fully competent to understand us when we say that a skiograph may give you information which is absolutely false.

Probably all of you have read of persons taking legal proceedings against surgeons for malpraxis in not treating a broken limb correctly, the evidence against the surgeon consisting in a Röntgen ray photograph showing some swelling or displacement of the bones at the point of fracture.

In former days a man was contented if he recovered from a broken bone with a limb as useful as the surgeon thought it possible to obtain, but now he must needs have a skiograph taken and abuse the surgeon even if the result is better than anyone anticipated. As a matter of fact, a broken bone never completely recovers its former symmetry, and in very many fractures perfect apposition of the ends of the broken bones is quite impossible. Moreover, the Röntgen photographs frequently grossly exaggerate any deformity, and so the person who imagines that his leg is as good as ever is greatly mortified to find that it is deformed and irregular. He then takes proceedings against the surgeon, of course loses his action, and makes himself wretched for the rest of his life.

The application of the Röntgen photograph for the recognition of diseases of organs other than bones is still in its infancy, and though it will probably never do very much, it may help us to lessen the almost insuperable difficulties of medical diagnosis. We need say nothing of the enormous value of this method for the detection of bullets and other foreign bodies, for during the last few months you have all heard a great deal about its application on the battlefield.

The light given out by the apparatus used for Röntgen photography is a very peculiar one, and those who have taken up "Radiography" as a profession have noticed certain effects produced upon themselves by the action of this curious light. From this has developed a new department of medical treatment which is especially applicable to diseases of the skin and certain microbic diseases, especially tuberculosis.

We do not know who started the idea that the Röntgen rays were inimical to the tubercle bacillus, nor do we know whether the opinion rests upon any scientific basis, nor even whether the rays do kill the bacilli. Nevertheless, there are now several institutions on the Continent where tuberculosis of the lungs (consumption) and of the skin (lupus) are treated by this means.

As far as our limited experience of cases treated in this way goes, we may say that we have not seen the least result from the treatment of the phthisis cases, and that in the lupus cases there has not been sufficient improvement to induce us to recommend the treatment to others.

But in connection with these and with other applications of the Röntgen rays, it must be remembered that the treatment is but a few days old, and many years must pass before anyone may dogmatise upon them. Here we can only give you our impressions based upon a few cases which we have ourselves seen, and upon the opinions of others whom we considered as reliable authorities.

To the reader of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER the chief interest in the Röntgen rays lies in its application for the relief of certain blemishes of the skin. It has been tried for many conditions, such as superfluous hairs, acne, acne rosacea, freckling, etc., and a certain amount of success has undoubtedly been obtained.

The treatment for superfluous hairs is so very unsatisfactory and so surrounded with fraud, that one feels sceptical at the outset when a new method for their removal is suggested. And, so far, results have justified one's scepticism, for all forms of treatment are unsatisfactory. Yet, for all that, there does seem to be something in the treatment of superfluous hairs by exposure to the Röntgen rays. The treatment is far too recent to give any definite records, and all that we can do is to discuss the possibilities of the treatment becoming successful and to discover the nature and force of its drawbacks.

The treatment is carried out in the following manner. The whole of the face—except that part upon which the rays are to act—is covered with a metal mask. The light from a machine is then allowed to play upon the part exposed for so many minutes or hours at a time. This is repeated every day until the condition is remedied, the subject has lost her patience, or the result is an obvious failure.

The Röntgen rays do destroy the hair, probably by interfering with the functions of the hair-roots. But the question to decide is whether the treatment is permanent. No man can give a definite answer to that question at present because the first cases treated are still too recent, but there is the strongest reason to believe that the relief is only temporary. It is almost impossible to believe that any treatment for any disease which does not remove the cause can produce any lasting benefit, and it is exceedingly unlikely that this new treatment will prove an exception to the rule.

The only case which we have seen of superfluous hairs treated by Röntgen rays was a failure—the hairs returning in two months.

Possibly there may be a way of permanently removing hairs by this method, and as every other form of treatment for the condition has failed, it should certainly be given a fair chance.

We have introduced this to your notice to let you know that it exists, and if there are any of you who feel disposed to spend the necessary time and money to try the experiment to be rid of unwelcome hairs, you will soon find out for yourselves whether or not there is anything in the treatment. Only see that you get proper treatment from a reliable person.

The Röntgen rays can do harm to the skin, as they sometimes produce eczema and other forms of skin disease, and occasionally they produce alterations in the pigmentations and texture of the skin.

In connection with the treatment of acne rosacea by the Röntgen rays, we may say that the only case with which we are acquainted was very successful indeed, and we believe that the improvement was more than the mere change of air and regimen would have accounted for. In other words, we believe that it really was due to the Röntgen rays.

*X-rays

PUSSINELLA.

By F. W. H.

As no animal, however intelligent, can write letters, is it not only right and just that some one should speak for them, in a language which their best friends, the children, can understand? It seems so to me, as it does to the little mistress of the petted favorite whose pretty Italian name you see above. "Pussinella" is only a big, white Angora cat; and yet she has a good claim to our notice, for she is great and beautiful, and of wonderful intellect. The parents of "Pussinella" had been brought from Bagdad by the Prince of Naples to his mother, the good and beautiful Queen Marguerite of Italy. And a most original gift it was; for these two cats, though very beautiful, were as wild and ferocious as young tigers, and not at all disposed to take kindly to captivity, though their prison was a royal palace, and their keeper the gentlest and loveliest of women. When the cage in which they had traveled so far was opened, they were nothing daunted at finding themselves at court and right in the presence of royalty, but hissed and raised their backs, and showed their displeasure in the most decided way. The king and queen and many of the ladies even got down on their knees and made all sorts of overtures of peace; but it was of no use; the strangers were not to be cajoled into even a semblance of good-will, and at last were carried off, still growling and protesting, to the queen's own apartments, which were for the future to be their home.

Now you might certainly think they would be well content! but not so; they longed for the freedom of their native wilds. Perhaps there they were king and queen themselves, and had ruled right royally over a mighty kingdom. Who knows?

In time they became accustomed to the queen, and submitted without protest to her presence. It is seldom that kindness and gentleness do not overcome the wildest heart. But with the king they were ever the same as at first. They always growled and snarled, and raised quite a rebellion against his coming into any room where they might be.

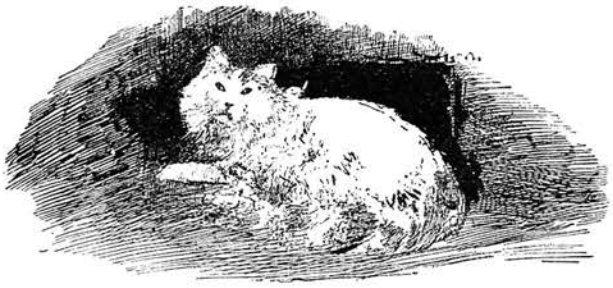
After a while two little kittens came to make them feel more at home. Pussinella was one of these, and, as you see, first opened her eyes in the queen's own bedroom, surrounded by every mark of respect and royalty. Is it strange that her heart swelled with pride and coldness toward the less favored world; that the majestic wave of her tail showed a consciousness of superiority; that she demanded and accepted as simply her right the best to be had? Remember, she is only a cat; might not many a little boy or girl act in a way that was quite as unreasonable?

Pussinella was the prettier of the two kittens: a little, soft, pure white ball, with long, silky hair, beautiful, big gray eyes, and a tail not like any ordinary cat—no, indeed! Pussinella's tail is as big as the end of a boa, and of a soft dove-color; and she has also one spot of the same pretty gray right in the middle of her back. This is now about the size of a fifty-cent piece, but when she was little of course the spot was little, and a source of great annoyance to vain Pussinella, who spent much time licking and licking and licking with her little pink tongue, trying to wash off what she thought a blemish upon her beautiful white coat; but it stayed nevertheless, and it is a very pretty spot, indeed.

When Miss Pussy was old enough to leave her mother, the queen sent her one day as a gift to the little daughter of one of the aides-de-camp of the king, her husband. This little girl had everything that heart could desire, and was much like the little prince that history tells us of, whose nurse found him one day crying "because he wanted to *want* something!" But such a gift as this was quite novel; and when

the pretty basket, with its top of blue satin like a bonbonnière, was opened and showed the dear little pussy-occupant nestled within, you can imagine the keen delight of this happy little girl.

Here was a plaything truly worth having, a real live one, and her joy was unbounded. But,



alas for Pussinella! — she could not share this pleasure. She had been taken away from her mother, and, in spite of caresses and dainties, for many days she did nothing but cry piteously and refuse all comfort. It is a cat's nature, however, to accommodate itself to circumstances; and before very long she seemed to forget her home in the Quirinal, and the softest cushions, and handsomest chairs, and warmest corners in her new quarters seemed to compensate her for the loss of her former grandeur.

At first, of course, she was too young to eat anything, and would not lap the milk from a saucer as do other kittens; so she had to be fed like a baby, with a spoonful of milk at a time poured into her wee pink mouth. For this she had her own little spoon and little silver cup. This latter had belonged to the mother of her little mistress when she was a baby, and Pussinella grew so fond of it that she took it as her own especial property, and for several years, long after her milk-days were over, would never touch a drop of water given her in anything else, but would turn from glass or saucer and cry and mew until the chosen silver cup was brought.

While still very young, Pussinella traveled all the way from Rome to Genoa; for the father of her little mistress is a general, and Pussinella now found that she had entered upon a military life with all of its inconveniences as well as its pleasures. Poor little kitty, this first journey was a great trial to her, as indeed it was to every one else who went with her; for, what with fright and discomfort, and general rage at thus being hurried off against her will, she cried lustily all night, neither sleeping herself nor allowing any one else to do so. In time even this was forgotten, and Pussinella settled down to a very pleasant, contented existence, having everything her own way, and ruling the whole household with such imperiousness that she soon gained for herself the amusing title of "*Padrona della Casa*," which means Mistress of the House.

Notwithstanding the fact that Pussinella was born in captivity, and brought up with the most tender loving care, she inherited a wild fierce nature which nothing seems able to tame or domesticate. So far as any one can contribute to her comfort, so far she permits their presence; but she allows not the slightest familiarity; a touch, or in fact a steady look, is always met with glaring eyes, tail upraised and waving like a plume, and such savage growls that the stoutest heart might well quail.

Only one exception she makes, and this is for her *padronchina*, or little mistress, whom she loves with a passion and complete absorption as strong as her nature is wild. Never have I seen such devotion, even in a dog, for it is all centered on just one person, to the exclusion of the whole world, and resembles more the love of a baby for its mother, than that of an animal for its master. At night she always sleeps very quietly on the bed of her padronchina, until seven in the morning, when she gets up, cries for some one to open the door, and then goes out on the terrace, which in Genoa is always on top of the house.

Here she stays in the warm, bright sunshine until her mistress appears. Then they usually have a gay romp together, for Pussinella is very fond of play and will spend hours dancing round on tiptoe with her shadow, or a leaf, or perhaps a little lizard, that she will catch in the cracks of the walls, and pat and paw and play with as if it were a mouse.

Sometimes, however, she wants more amusement than can be found by herself, and then she will run up to her padronchina with a peculiar coaxing purr, and, having attracted her attention, will dance off sideways in a graceful fashion. She repeats this over and over, until

the little girl lays down book or doll or sewing and joins in the sport. When her little mistress goes out, Pussinella seats herself in the antechamber and there waits her return, with all the impatience of a child; and when she hears her step on the stone stairs, or the roll of the carriage to the door, she begins an excited cry, which does not cease until she is clasped in the arms of her dear mistress, whom she holds tight round the neck with her soft paws, purring all the while in a perfect ecstasy of content that her beloved companion is at home again.

PUSSINELLA'S WELCOME HOME.

On one occasion she was left at home while her padronchina went away on a visit of some weeks.

Pussinella was inconsolable, and would not allow any one to come near her; she forsook her sunny terrace, sat all day under a chair in a dark corner, and never washed herself once during all this time. Her grief was indeed great, and when the little girl returned it was a sad, forlorn pussy that flew to meet her, with her "feathers," as her little mistress always called the long silky fur, all ruffled and dirty, and a general unkempt appearance that would have rendered her scarcely recognizable had it not been for the fervent affection of her greeting.

Pussinella's every whim and humor are considered, and she has many, especially about her eating; no princess was ever half so fastidious or exacting, or gave so much trouble by her capricious appetite.

One day she will have only cooked meat, another only raw, still another none at all, but only fowl or birds. In Genoa, she had her own particular corner in the dining-room, with a little carpet on which her plate was set; but she did not always eat there — no, indeed! If the day was bright and sunny, she preferred the terrace, or the drawing-room, as her mood might be. She would walk ahead, looking back to see if she were being followed, until she got to the spot where she wished her meal, and there she would stop. She was always obeyed as respectfully as any royal queen, for her commands were usually enforced by such frantic cries or ominous

growls, that all feared to gainsay her, or preferred to keep the peace.

The kitchen was in the upper story of the house, and when Pussinella wished anything extra to eat, she would go upstairs to the door, put her head in and mew, and then turn and walk down, while the cook followed with the food. The *kitchen* was no place for so noble a lady to take her meals! I have seen five plates of different meats brought one after another, before she could find what suited her taste. I often wondered that the cook was so good and patient, but he admired her beauty and he feared her claws, so the result was complete obedience to her every whim.

One pretty habit of hers is always to cover anything left on her plate with an end of her carpet or anything at hand; she will scratch and soratch until she gets an end over the meat, and then walk contentedly away, though to what purpose no one can tell, as she never will eat anything once left. Many pages could be written about her tricks and her bright intelligence; how she opens doors for herself, recognizes her mistress's voice and step, even in another room, and scratches at the door, like a dog, for admittance, or, if she is not allowed to enter, sits quietly before it and never moves until the one she loves so much comes out. She is full of curiosity, and will never allow even a paper parcel to come into the house, but she must run and smell and scratch, to see what it is; and, if she cannot find out herself, she will cry and cry until some one comes and opens it to let her look in. And most remarkable is her intense jealousy of all children, at whom she will hiss and snarl whenever they come to share her little lady's play.

But I am sure I have said enough to convince you that Pussinella is a very remarkable cat, and though she has many faults, you must, as I said, remember she is only a cat and has no mother to tell her what to do, and no brothers and sisters with whom to share her cake or chicken.

Then, too, she has always been petted and pampered and allowed to have her own way, and this, I am sure you will agree with me, is not very good, even for a cat.

She and her little mistress have now traveled again far to the south of beautiful Italy, and here, I fear, Pussinella will soon grow very fat and lazy in the warm, bright sunshine, and perhaps forget how to dance and catch lizards; though I am sure she will never forget to kiss and pat and love her dear padronchina.

PUSSINELLA AND THE LIZARD. (FROM A DRAWING BY MME. HENRIETTE RONNER.)

RIVER BIRDS.

KINGFISHER AND OUZELS.

A TOWNSMAN — even a dweller in the country who has not specially studied ornithology—has little idea of the diversity of birds on different rivers. Such persons would expect ducks and water-hens to frequent every river, and there in all probability their knowledge would end, just as the proverbial bride can only order legs of mutton and beef-steaks. The lover of birds must first be told the character of a stream and its locality, when he will be able to form a tolerably accurate list of its birds; for the birds which haunt an estuary or tidal water are quite distinct from those found on midland rivers, and both, again, are different from those which affect a mountain stream in Wales or the Borders.

The season makes another important difference in the number and species of birds found by the river's brim. In summer swallows and immigrants enliven the copses which skirt a river; while in autumn all these are gone, and northern species have replaced them, ducks and waders being conspicuous, and snipe flying up from every marsh or wet corner. His walk down the river-side is at every time of the year delightful to the naturalist, and in the autumn he easily finds fresh friends to supply the loss of those which have of late succumbed to the laws of bird-life and sought sunnier lands. The robin succeeds the swallow—the teal ousts the robin in its turn. In a severe winter the teal is replaced by wild geese, perhaps by wild swans. There is then a lull in the tides of bird-life during the dead part of winter, and the succession begins again.

During the winter months the estuaries of many rivers, where immense mud-banks are left bare by the receding tide, offer a congenial home to countless mul titudes of waders. Immense activity prevails among these at morning and evening, while flights of ducks and of night-feeding birds seek the estuary from the neighbouring country with early dawn. These love frequently to ride off the mud-stretches on the waves, first taking the precaution of setting a careful watch, and at evening again fly inland to haunt ponds and ditches.

Gulls generally pass the night at sea, and fly past these flights of returning ducks at dawn, as they, in their turn, seek the ploughed fields, to return about four in the afternoon to their beloved waves. Stints, dunlin, and the like, haunt the shore in amazing flocks, which fly, like those of starlings, as by one common impulse, now wheeling to the right, and then again circling towards the left, while their white feathers flash as they turn like drifting snow-flakes. That cunning marauder, the greater black-backed gull, beats up and down such estuaries, and all manner of flesh is grateful to its maw.

On the eastern coast the Royston crow, in little parties of six or ten, frequents these muddy flats and industriously devours all it comes across, from the stranded star-fish to the carcases of wretched sheep which have been flung overboard from some ocean-sailing steamer. A daily visit to such an estuary with a good glass will teach a man more ornithology than all the sages and their books. Even then, unless he be a wild-fowl shooter, he cannot realise the suspicion and timidity of all these birds at the presence of man. They almost seem to be in a retreat here, and to dread the very sight of man. With the breeding season and their own softened feelings, confidence returns. Alas! that often it should be so misplaced.

Birds of prey are seldom seen at a river side. The hen-harrier may quarter the adjoining marshes like a well-trained pointer; but as a rule the reeds and brushwood near water afford too much shelter to small birds, and their rapacious foes wheel off in disgust. Marsh titmice may be seen among the alders and willows in such localities. In spring the trout-fisher marks the wren, justifying its name of *troglodytes*, by creeping in and out of the tangled rods on the river bank The

THE HERON AND REED SPARROW.

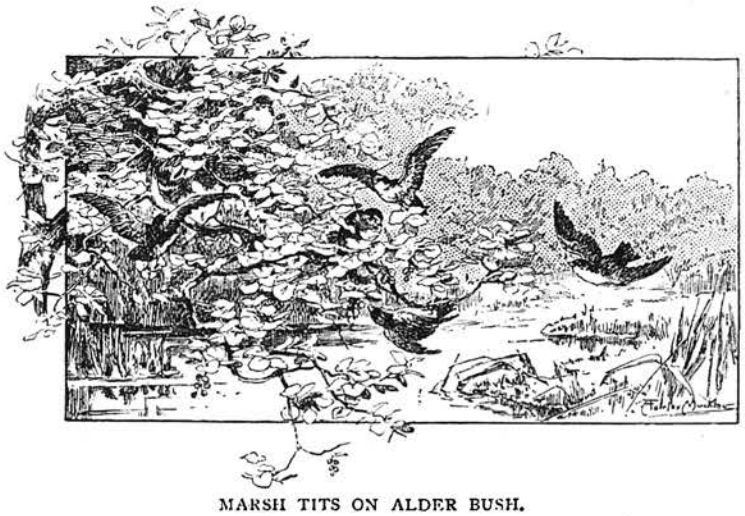
chaffinch in such situations, on a warm day, turns into a fly-catcher for the nonce, and can frequently be seen fluttering off the willow branches to catch flies hovering over the stream ; while from an adjoining hedge the tree-pipit rises and falls during early summer in its exquisite ecstasy of song.

That throughout the spring and summer flights of swallows and martins succeed each other as they dash down the streams goes for granted ; the swifts swoop down upon the water with their unearthly cries (which in Nottinghamshire have earned them the *soubriquet* of "devilins"), while the sand-martins, having a colony in the red clay bank, are naturally more domestic, flutter round their holes, and do not appear to take such long rambles in search of food as their *congeners*. The carrion crow struts on the narrow margin of the river or over the far-reaching flats at low water—an object of deep hatred to the keeper.

THE ROYSTON CROW . . . FREQUENTS THESE MUDDY FLATS.

During summer the night-jar and cuckoo are heard, especially towards evening, from the copses near water, while the green woodpecker every now and again seeks the decrepit willows by the banks, and, much to its satisfaction, extracts grubs from the decayed wood. Of course, writers of fiction invariably plant bitterns in the marshy ground by rivers. As a matter of fact, the bird is now very rarely seen in Great Britain—perhaps in a severe winter only. As for its "booming"—though it undoubtedly can do so, and has thus earned its bull-like name, *botaurus*—very few living Englishmen have ever heard it. Sir Walter Scott is said to have been the last literary man who could from actual knowledge describe the bird's unearthly note. During open weather in winter there are few prettier sights for an ornithologist than a party of siskins flitting in and out of a group of alders in the low ground by a river. They chirp and flutter round each other as they feed off the seeds of the alder and crack open the cones of larches, and probably form the most cheerful picture he will see during his walk.

Characteristic and beautiful as are all these birds, winter brings a few more to most river sides which are eagerly sought by the sportsman. Thus the wood-pigeon and pheasant are fond of searching for late berries and seeds by running water. Little grebes often dive at the corners where the river forms a pool, and bushes dip down to it. The common sandpiper is a summer bird ; but snipe, golden plover, and lapwings constantly haunt open spaces by a river's bank, while wild duck, widgeon, and teal flap up and offer hasty shots until frost has somewhat dulled their activity.



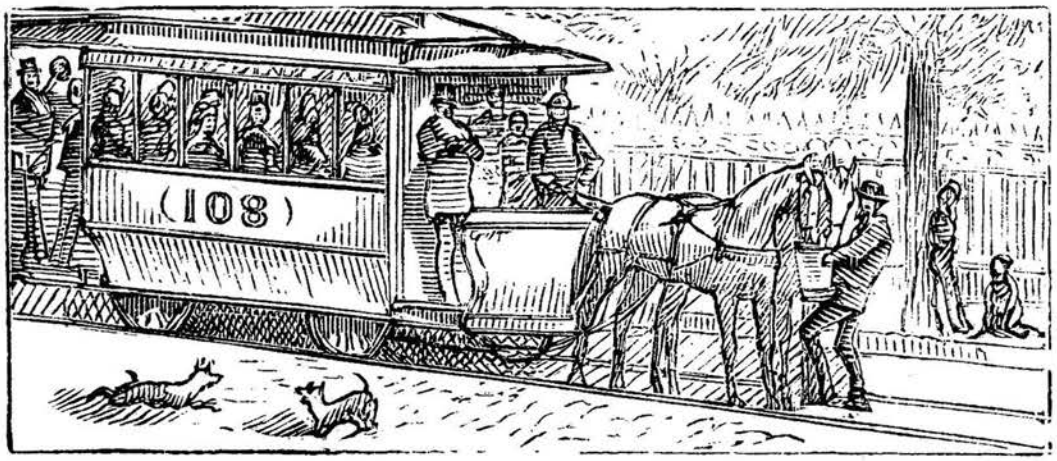
MARSH TITS ON ALDER BUSH.

The birds usually associated with river scenery are few in number, but all of them possess striking plumage and singular habits. The water-rail, coot and moor-hen are found on most rivers—perhaps the last-named in all. Like a flash of emerald light the kingfisher

darts by, and it is pleasant to think that the Act establishing a close season for wild birds has benefited this bird. Many more have been seen of late years in their favourite haunts. The heron and the dipper are the birds of the river side *par excellence*, the former always eating trout and eels and any hapless small fry that approach its dreamy watchfulness; the latter singing amid the broken water from some boulder, and slandered by keepers as a destroyer of trout-spawn. Why it should perpetually wag its tail is a mystery—which it shares, however, with the wagtail family. The most familiar of these about the water-side is undoubtedly the grey wagtail. It is far more yellow than grey, and is a good example of a partial migrant, being found on one stream one month, and the next migrating to a far distant one—probably on higher ground.

Enough has been said to show that a river with wooded and shrubby banks forms a delightful hunting-ground to a lover of birds. How many additions to his pleasant "History of Selborne" would not White have written had a river flowed near that village! And perhaps at no time is there so much to observe by a fair-flowing river, and nowhere such a feast of beauty to be obtained, as in golden autumn.

M. G. WATKINS, M.A.

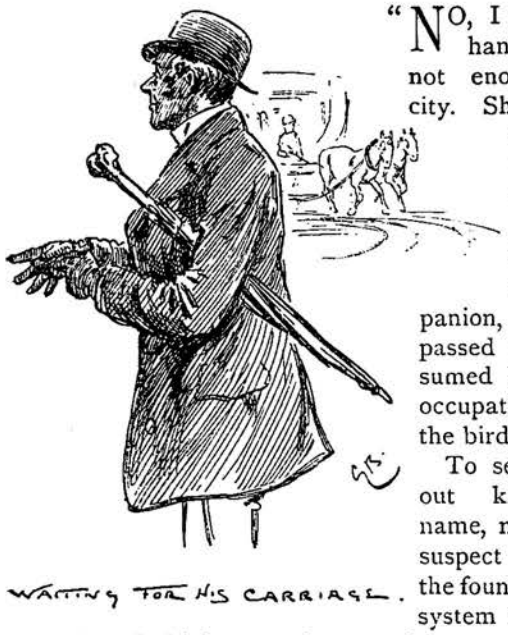


Harper's Monthly, 1873

STREET CAR.

ABOUT TRAMS.

BY F. M. HOLMES.



WAITING FOR HIS CARRIAGE.

"NO, I never shake hands; I have not enough electricity. Shaking hands takes away one's electricity!"

And looking askance at his companion, the speaker passed on, and resumed his harmless occupation of feeding the birds.

To see him without knowing his name, no one would suspect him to be the founder of a great system of travel, the results of which are to be seen in many cities.

Yet so it is. The harmless old gentleman who in his later days, we have been told, loves to feed the birds in the New York public gardens, and refuses to shake hands, is none other than Mr. George Francis Train, the introducer—or the populariser—of street tramways as we now know them.

And we know them very well. It is only twenty-one years since the Tramways Act of 1870 was passed. Yet we have nearly a thousand miles of road open, and millions of capital invested in them. All kinds of people use them: from the grimy coal-heaver to the neatly attired lawyer—from the tawdry "'Ariet" to the elegantly dressed matron.

"Yes, I always say that my carriage is at my door," exclaimed a popular public man jocosely to me one day, as I was taking leave of him; for outside his garden gate ran a line of tram-cars, by which he could easily and cheaply be taken to many parts of the city where he lived.

"When I was getting better," said another, who had recovered from a long illness, "I used to take the air on the top of a tram;" and a capital method no doubt he found it. This particular line ran from a certain point in the north of London to Euston Road, and he was wont to ride as far as the car went, and then return by it. In the pleasant sunshine, and

with the varying panorama of London streets spread out before him, he would find it an agreeable change.

Damsels who work appear to patronise the convenient cars very largely; and numbers of them always carry baskets. What those mysterious baskets contain we cannot conceive, unless it be sandwiches or bread and butter—perhaps pickles: for some of the London work-girls seem to love the pungent pickle very much. The work-girl delighteth in her little basket, with its shut-up lid, even as her wealthier sister loveth the dainty reticule or the pleasant purse. And if the car be full when work-girls enter, one bulky person will probably deposit herself in the lap of another. Whereupon there is hilarity!

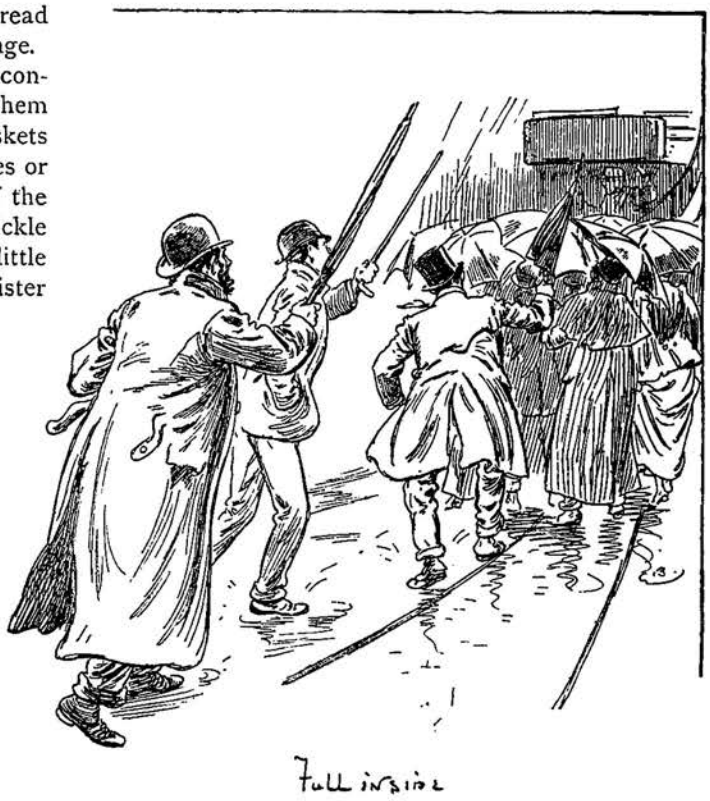
"Hold tight!" sings out the conductor as a new passenger grasps the rail or commences to climb the stairs to the top. "Hold tight!" and he pulls the gong-strap with a will, and on jogs the car. He has to keep time, and he does not want to lose some of his precious minutes of rest at his journey's end, nor does he want an accident; so "Hold tight!" has become quite a phrase of tramway travel. Perhaps this is partly due to the numbers of women who now ride on the roof. The tramways themselves have played their part in a marked change in social habits, for the easy ascent to the roof has led many women to enjoy the breeze on the top; and indeed it sometimes seems that the position of affairs is reversed, and that more men now ride inside and more women on the roof. Yet the prejudice against women riding outside lingers, for we know a certain hospital which has a rule forbidding the nurses so to demean themselves.

"Quite a different class of people on that line," vouchsafes a conductor to us, mentioning a certain route; and much more unpleasant, we suspect, he found them to get on with. Indeed, he went on to hint that the managers punished a man for slight derelictions of duty by taking him off his own line and placing him on that route.

On the one, the people would be quiet, orderly, and well-behaved generally. Should they exceed the distance of their fares, they pay directly their attention is called to it, and a passenger changing cars at the junction sometimes finds himself in quite a different social atmosphere.

For on the other there might be loud talking, roughness, drink sometimes, and grumbling little manœuvres to ride farther than the fare paid for. What is a wearied conductor to do, when, late at night, a man sticks his hands in his pocket, and resolutely refuses in strong language to pay more? On, on jogs the car, and every minute brings him nearer his goal. The passengers stare gloomily, the defaulter asserts roundly he never paid more than a penny to so-and-so.

Conductor pulls the gong; car stops; deadlock worse than ever. Driver, impatient outside, roars that the man must pay or turn out. Is the conductor to take the man by the shoulders and turn him out? Is he to call a policeman? The defaulter generally yields after the tram has stopped, because he cannot compel the car to go on, and he is not now nearing his journey's end. He sheers off, and the car jogs on with objurgatory remarks shouted as the distance between them increases.



Sometimes a woman is the defaulter; with much volubility she shrilly declares that she always had been to such and such a street for the penny, and the conductor points to his table of fares and argues in vain. Perhaps the car has to be stopped in her case also, but she, too, in time departs, vociferating.

But of the number of persons who daily use the popular trams, how many know or care as to their origin or the cause of their name? Even the doctors disagree—a charming little way they have at times—upon the latter point. Who invented the trams? and how came they to be called by that strange name?

Well, one opinion is that "tram" is an abbreviation of the surname of Benjamin Outram, who, about the year 1800, improved railroads for vehicles used in the north. Certainly, if they were called Outram roads, or ways, the descent to "tram" is likely enough.

But there is an explanation even more feasible. Tram, it appears, was an old provincial word for waggon, and these roads being for waggons to run upon more easily, might very naturally come to be called tramways or tramroads.

Nevertheless, there is a reason even still more likely. Tram is an old word for a wooden beam, and of wooden beams the rails were originally made. So the word tramway would be literally accurate.

Thus we have three explanations, and we can select which we please, or regard them all with equal favour. For ourselves we incline to the last of the three. It throws some light on the early history of trams—and

appears closely connected with the origin of tramways themselves.

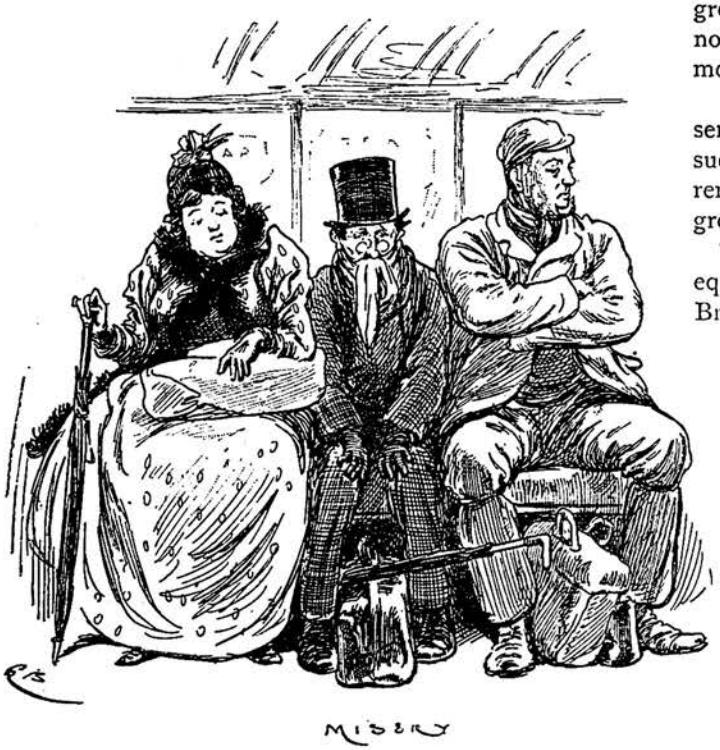
For in the early part of the seventeenth century a contrivance came into use in Durham and Northumberland rendering easier the carrying of coal from the mine to the river. This contrivance was none other than the laying down and fastening on the ground of lines of wooden planks or beams, having flanges to guard the wheels against slipping. It was found that on these beams, or trams, a horse could draw double the quantity of coal with as much ease as before, and gradually the use of these tramways—as they could most naturally be called—spread to other mining neighbourhoods.

The tramways were run over fields, the owners receiving rent for the "way-leave," as it was termed; and in those simple, yet efficient, contrivances we see the origin of our popular tramways and giant railroads. Further, these tramways appear to have originated in the stern needs and circumstances of the day. Heavy weights had to be drawn, perhaps, through thick soil; place then something solid and smooth under the wheels! Who was the first village genius who did this or suggested it? Those early tramways seem to have been chiefly the work of obscure and illiterate men.

Now comes the next step. Of course, the wooden beams wore out; so someone or some set of men placed iron slips on the beams of wood. But this achievement was not reached until about the year 1700, and it was not found to be the height of success.

So, some forty years afterwards, rails of cast iron were substituted, fastened on cross-beams or sleepers of wood. This kind of tramway became general in mining neighbourhoods after the famous year of the rebellion of 1745.

But canals soon after came into favour, and their supporters viewed the tramway or railway with jealousy. Although, therefore, the ideas became adopted of putting flanges on the wheels instead of on the rails, also of fastening three or four waggons together and hauling them by horses, yet the railroad had to wait in sullen silence until the genius of the good fairy George Stephenson touched it into jubilant life and spirits with his magic wand—the locomotive. Then the railway went ahead with rushing speed, and it was the turn of the canal to become slow and sullen.



But the street tramways had to wait for their George Stephenson—in the person of Mr. George Francis Train—some thirty years longer. Toubât, an engineer from France, constructed a tramway in New York in 1852, and others were soon after laid down in some other cities of America. With these operations Mr. Train appears to have had much to do.

The rails, however, were not exactly as we know them now, one side of the groove being higher than the other. Then came the step-rail, one part being raised about an inch higher than the remainder, which was smooth. On the latter the wheels of ordinary vehicles could run, while the tram-car wheel ran on the higher, the "step" down being for the flange.

This does not seem a very acceptable form for preventing accidents, and we are not surprised when Mr. George Francis Train endeavoured to get an Act through the British Parliament for this sort of tramway in London that he failed. However, he obtained the consent of road authorities at Birkenhead in 1860, and there—so far as we can discover—the first street tramway, as we now understand the term, was laid in Britain. The rails had a three-quarter inch step. Soon after one with half an inch step was laid in Victoria Street, London. The flat part of the rail, however, was slippery, and with the "step" caused great inconvenience and many accidents. So we are not surprised that the tramway was removed in a few months.

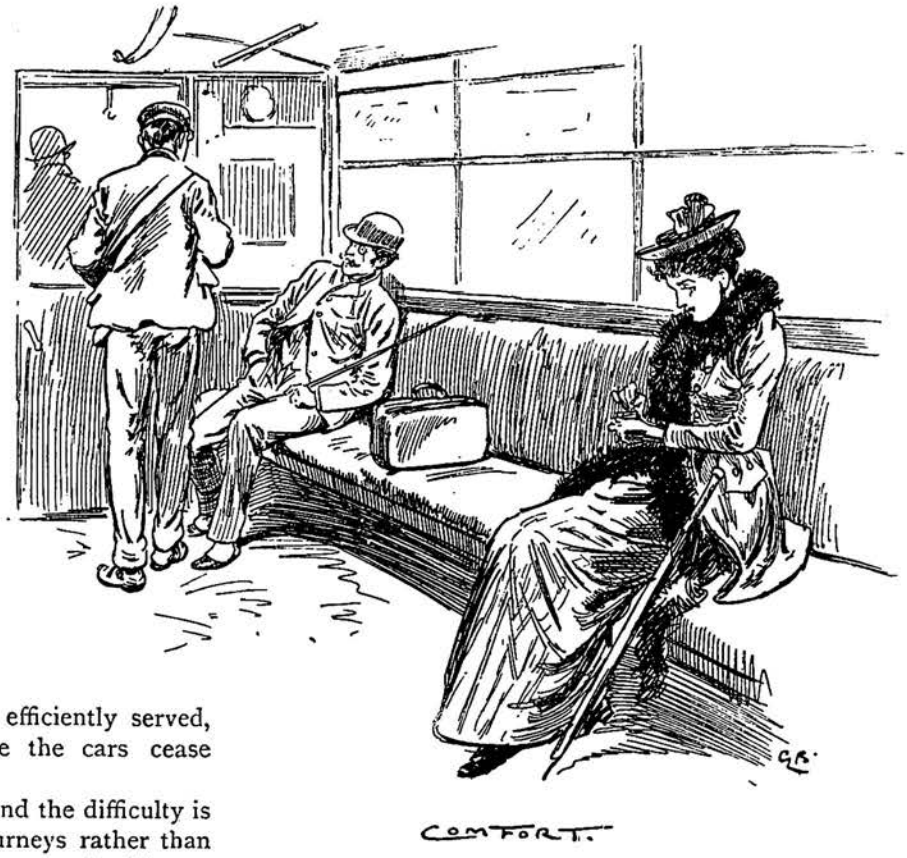
Nor was it entirely due to insular pride and Conservatism: indeed, one tramway was indicted with success as a nuisance. But in Birkenhead the rails remained, until in 1864, after an experiment with the grooved rail, the whole length was re-laid with it.

That grooved rail, with the sides of the groove equally high, made all the difference to the careful Briton. The rail, too, was placed even with the road, so that the danger of accident was reduced to a minimum, though the step rails are still used in some places in America. The tramway was a failure here until that grooved rail appeared. An Act of Parliament in 1868 authorised nearly seven miles of tramway to be constructed in Liverpool, and two years later the Tramways Act received the Royal assent, empowering the Board of Trade to authorise the making of tramways, with consent of local authorities. Since that time an immense vested interest has grown up in tramways.

At the end of 1889 there were about 950 miles of tramway open, and the capital expended

had been £13,700,000. The Act of 1870, however, provided for the purchase by local authorities of tramways after a lapse of twenty-one years.

To speak broadly, the cars in London are running for sixteen hours daily: that is, from about eight in the morning to near midnight. But the men have periods of relief, so that a day of about twelve-and-a-half to fourteen hours is made. One Company—the London Tramways Company—has reduced its working day to twelve hours, and also increased the pay of its servants. This twelve-hour day is the object at which the men's Union aims, and the only way in which it can be arranged is by introducing additional men to take certain journeys; for the public must be efficiently served, and would not be content to see the cars cease running at ten o'clock at night.



Perhaps the best way to understand the difficulty is to regard the matter as one of journeys rather than of time. Thus, on some lines the cars make thirteen journeys, of an hour and a quarter each; on others a few less, according to distance, bearing in mind that a journey is the travelling of the car to its destination and back. Now, it will be clear that the only way to give a man fewer hours is by releasing him from a certain number of journeys. He cannot, like the happy tourist, break his journey at given points; he must accompany his car throughout, and if he be a conductor, perhaps have to wait at night to pay his money in.

Curiously enough, it seems to be easier to effect the relief journeys on the tramways than on the 'buses. And the reason throws an interesting light on tram and 'bus life. The 'bus driver does not like his horses driven by an unknown hand. He grumbles that his steeds are spoiled by improper treatment or unskilful driving. But it is much easier to guide the jogging pair of tram horses along their beaten track. With them, there is no zig-zagging from one side of the road to the other. There are no briskly careering cabs to evade, no heavy waggons to canter round. No; other vehicles must make way for the steady-going tram-car. The driver whistles shrilly, and the lumbering coal cart must get off the track; and as for the smart cabman—why, he touches his horse without deigning to look round, and away dashes his hansom, showing a very fast pair of heels to the stolid slow-coach behind.

The wages of a tram-car man appear to be about thirty shillings a week. They are certain and steady. The work, no doubt, is often troublesome, and in inclement weather very trying; but it will compare not unfavourably with other forms of slightly skilled labour. The time for a man to learn his work in driving or conducting a car appears to be about four months, during which time one Company at least pays him four-and-sixpence a day. There are few other forms of labour for which a four months' apprenticeship would be considered sufficient.

On the other hand, a day of ten or twelve hours, with its periods of six to twelve minutes' rest at the completion of journeys, should be aimed at by the management, and certainly the granting of one day's rest in every seven. The London Tramways Company appears to follow this wise arrangement, and by its scale of payment its servants attain to a wage of a little over £90 per annum, with an opportunity of rising to the ranks of superior officers. Now, if one Company can make these wise arrangements, why not others?

No doubt the directors have a difficult task. They have to keep running for about sixteen hours daily a constant and regular service of cars: they have to pay shareholders a fair interest for their money: they have to consider the welfare of hundreds of men. Further, there are the horses and their forage to be looked after. One Company had no fewer than an average of 3,254 horses during the first half of the year 1891, and of these, at the close of the year about eighty were reported unfit for work. This speaks well for the care bestowed on the animals and their satisfactory state generally. But the public are not perhaps aware of the vast difference the varying price of food makes to the Companies. As compared with the preceding half year, the six months ending June 30th, 1891, made a

difference to the Company in question of nearly a shilling per horse per week—to be more precise, the difference was 11·02d., or, in round figures, about £160 per week for the entire stud : *i.e.*, about £4,000 for the half-year. The great difference in price appears to have been in maize.

In truth, the two greatest difficulties with which tramway directors have to deal are both beyond their control : viz., the price of food for their horses, and secondly, the weather. In consequence of the bad weather in the early part of 1891, the receipts of this same Company went down in the half-year some £13,000 : that is to say, while in one half-year the earnings were 10·38d. for every mile covered by the cars, there were only 9·55d. in the half-year in question. That small difference per mile yet made this large total named. Thus in six months this Company may be said to have lost no less than £17,000 from the two causes mentioned.

In bad weather, of course, Tommy's mother and the last new baby do not take a penny ride to see Tommy's grandmother, and show her the new tooth, and hear how fares she with her rheumatics, and listen to the misdeeds of Juliana, her next door neighbour. Neither does Mrs. Aspyringe Mynde convoy her fond husband from Brixton to Kentish Town to excite her sister's envy by showing how completely she has brought her "lord and master" under control. The tram-cars have to travel, even though Sarah Jane goeth not forth to wander with Richard in London's lovely open spaces, and capture him with seductive arts and the wiles of the eye. No ; many and many a penny is lost to the Companies in bad weather, and the pence mount up to many pounds. Then in the snow time—that decks the earth with its white beauty, but is deemed an intolerable nuisance in tramway land—four horses have often to be harnessed to the slow moving car to urge it on its wild career ; salt has to be thrown down to make a disgusting slush through which the wheels can pass, but into which the pedestrians plunge with dreadful shuddering ; terrible also is the destruction to boot-leather !

And in the foggy days, when the horses are rendered jocund with bells to warn other travellers on the route, the lamps burn hazily all the day long. All these aids to the working of the tram-cars cost the Company money. And if rain should drive into the cars frugal passengers, who otherwise would walk, yet the balance is heavy on the adverse side.

It is on these wet evenings that the cars are seen at their worst. Crowded to excess, with a line of passengers standing up in the middle, with the close air made closer yet by the steam from damp raiment, everybody seems more or less in a terrible state of crotchetiness, and the aspect of affairs is not inviting. The disgust of the gentleman in the spick and span new coat is scarcely veiled at being crushed between a bulky coal-heaver in damp and greasy attire and an expansive female, also damp and greasy, and both seem to take delight in spreading themselves out and trying his patience. Some woman has probably a portentous bundle which she persists in nursing on her knees, to the great discomfort of those about her. To the polite suggestion that she should place it under the staircase outside, she returns a supercilious stare, an insolent answer, or a turned-up nose and a curled lip.

Equally trying is the position of the neat young lady clerk or shop-woman who finds herself sat upon by a burly bricklayer, wet and dirty, smelling of beer, tobacco of the rankest, and perhaps also unsavoury with stale onion! So the tram-car jogs slowly on through the mud and the rain, the passengers anxiously trying their eyesight through the dim windows for their moment of release, the conductor working his way through the crowd with his bell-punch to issue and mark the tickets, or answering inexorably to some weary would-be passenger: "Full inside, lady ! Full inside !"

THE GARDEN SEAT

Quite another view is presented on a fine morning, or even in the middle of most days. Then, after the rush to business is over, there is usually plenty of room. Of the forty-two passengers the cars may seat, there are perhaps not above a score. Now there is ample space for damsels to spread out their skirts, and to raise their arms to touch up their back hair : a proceeding in which many of them seem greatly to delight.

In hot and sunny weather a green blind and open windows endeavour to keep the car shady and cool. And if a refreshing breeze is blowing it may be enjoyed on the roof, and the varied sights of London's streets surveyed.

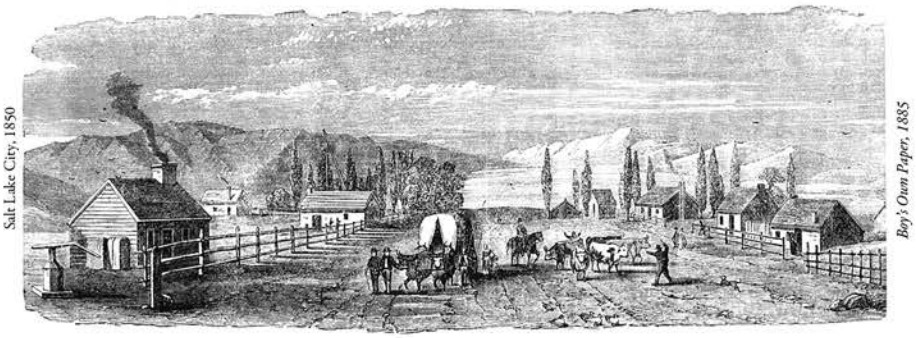
Of late the garden seats have come much into vogue. These are seats placed on the sides of the car roof, but all facing the front, and capable of holding two persons each. Certainly they divide the travellers much more

than the old knife-board—as the one seat running the length of the vehicle is called, and on which the passengers sit back to back. But the garden seats are much heavier, and persons seated on them offer much more passive resistance to the air than on the knife-board. Thus in two ways the garden-seated cars are a much greater tax on the horses ; in fact, this was given by the chairman of one Company as the reason why the expense of horse renewal was rising.

The introduction of electricity as a motive power appears likely to be another great help to the development of tramways. In the States the electric car seems everywhere. Steam appears to be a failure. It is both noisy and dirty, and moreover, a menace to the equanimity of that timid animal, the horse ; although the engine is boxed round, and looks something like a huge square block of iron advancing on the rails. But it is believed that the quiet and clean electric car can be run for threepence per mile cheaper than steam trams ; and three midland towns, Walsall, Wednesbury, and Darlaston, have agreed to adopt electricity in the place of steam.

As we are likely to see a great advance in the use of electricity in the propulsion of tramway cars, we may briefly sketch various methods of applying it. There is first the conduit system, in which the electric power is supplied from a pipe or conduit along the track and below the cars ; then there is the accumulator principle, in which each car contains its own electric power, hidden in accumulators or stores placed under the seats ; third, there is the overhead plan, where lines like telegraph-wires run beside the track, and the electric power is transmitted to the car by a travelling line or a contrivance called a " fishing rod."

The last is said to be the best for suburban districts and rural roads, and is largely used in America. The second system is to be adopted by the North Metropolitan Company when they can get Parliamentary permission. In this case the accumulators are charged or stored with electricity at a central station, and then can run for about half a day without further attention. An electric car for fifty passengers does not fill nearly so much space in the road as a steam or horse car for the same number. It is strange that despised East London should lead the way in the use of these electric cars, which appear destined to become so popular ; yet so it is. Accumulator cars are already running on the Barking Road, and in Birmingham the electric trams, where they run side by side, so to speak, with cable, horse, and steam cars, have been very successful. It is possible, therefore, that if the electric cars prove to be really cheap and reliable in working, as well as elegant and comfortable for passengers, they may solve some of the most pressing difficulties of tramway directors, and lead to a great development in this form of public transit. We shall then be treated to the curious spectacle of numerous cars gliding silent and spectre-like through crowded thoroughfares without any visible means of progression.



Salt Lake City, 1850

Boy's Own Paper, 1885

BOOMTOWN.

In its early days, before there were any houses upon its streets, and when the streets themselves were indicated only by the surveyor's pegs, Boomtown was known as Boom City upon the gorgeous map which heralded its future glory. But cities, like college graduates, grow more modes as they grow old, and hence its present compacter title. Not to afflict the reader with a multitude of geographical details, I will simply say that the Boomtown of to-day is situated in the great Northwest. While it is probably south of the British boundary, it may be above the same ; for there are thousands of our English and Canadian friends whose hearts are so loyal that they would rather be swindled under her majesty's flag than grow rich on Yankee soil. For a time their opportunities for speculation without expatriation were limited to the city of Winnipeg, in Manitoba, and it is chiefly to this fact that the town owes its celebrated prosperity of 1881 and 1882.

The great Northwest is entered through the gateway of St. Paul. There the traveler first hears of Boomtown,

the "Portals of the Sunset," the "Favorite of Fortune," the "Gem of the Great Golden Northwest," the "Loveliest Spot in the Land of Light," the "Plucky Pioneers' Paradise upon the Productive Prairies." Not only are the allurements and advantages of Boomtown advertised in alliterative prose, but the real-estate man also drops into poetry, and relates how the place has grown: —

> "From a village in a vale
> To a city strong and hale,
> Ere three harvests tell their tale."

In prospectus this city is the focus of all railroads that are ever to be built, the future capital of the future State, the garden spot of the farmer, the sanitarium of the invalid, the speculator's paradise, the land of golden grain, where the wheat grows in forests and the oats in impenetrable jungles. Should our arrival in St. Paul be opportune, we learn that an auction sale of Boomtown lots is one of the entertainments of the evening, and we are sadly lacking in the tourist's proverbial enterprise if we do not attend. Bands of music, inviting us to the scene, play lively tunes, calculated to intoxicate the buyer and loosen the strings of his purse. Like the spies sent out by Moses to report upon the land of Canaan, and who returned bearing between them that famous bunch of grapes from the brook Eshcol, the Boomtown syndicate have also brought with them the products of their land, and challenge Canaan itself to show an equal display of No. 1 hard wheat, tastefully arranged in sheaf and jar; enormous potatoes, each one a dinner in itself; and luscious fruit, which, however, owing to the undeveloped state of the country, is yet in a state of papier maché.

The sales are made by that most loquacious of auctioneers, the "Marquis of Mud," who has fairly earned his honorable title. He exhorts the people to catch on to the Boomtown boom, which has surely set in to stay. Then, with the sensitiveness of the true boomer, he corrects himself, and says that this is not a boom at all, but a healthy and regular growth. The people catch on. In the fever of the moment, those buy lots who never bought before. Some buy in confidence, and some in fun. Some think that kind of a lottery as good as any other, and some invest for the privilege which it gives them of occasionally putting on the air of a capitalist, and referring, in careless tones, to their real estate up in Boomtown. They buy for that satisfaction which the mere possession of property gives. Where lives the man who has not bought a dog or a dressing-gown, an opera-house or a newspaper, for similar reasons?

Having purchased his lot, the traveler feels a natural desire to look at it, and proudly stand upon the base of his pyramid of dirt, whose apex is at the centre of the earth, three or four thousand miles away. Since Boomtown is an inland city, and the climate, he has been led to believe, is just wet enough for the farmer and just dry enough for the consumptive, he is greatly shocked to find that his destination is surrounded by a waste of waters. Only the repeated assurance that this is an exceptionally moist spring restores confidence to his soul. The steamboat upon which he has crossed the prairie unloads its passengers at the veranda of the second story of the hotel; and when, on the following day, the investor starts out in a row-boat to hunt up his real estate, he finds that he had unwittingly sailed across it as he came into town. The exact location of his lot, however, cannot be determined without a diving-bell. The corner-stakes, which were only waist-high, are under water, and he hears the surveyor, who is his pilot on this occasion, mutter to his assistant that it will be necessary to make his pegs as high as lamp-posts hereafter.

The flood subsides at last, as all floods must, and then the voice of the boomer a-booming is heard in Boomtown. This individual, who is an optimist of the most sanguine nature, has been the subject of many descriptions of late; but none have been more graphic than that which, in plain American, defines him as a "rustler." He travels with a map under his arm, hope in his heart, and, to say the least, exaggeration upon his lips. Early and late his cheerful tones are heard prophesying great things of the new city, and seductively offering a few lots for sale in the most promising part of the town. In his mind's eye he sees paved sidewalks, street railways, court-houses, orphan asylums, and other city improvements dotting the barren surface of his unsold property, and if he is a good boomer his confidence is contagious.

Not Paris herself is more cosmopolitan in her population than Boomtown, as witness this extract from a report of the sheriff of that city: —

"Jail full, — three Indians, one negro, eight white civilians, and three soldiers. I am rustling now for a Chinaman, to complete the assortment."

Social distinction is not hard to achieve in Boomtown. Rank, talent, and birth are of no importance there. Money to invest is the thing. Who would be lionized there should enter the city with the careworn brow, light grip-sack, and modest dress of the solid millionaire. Let him ask a few discreet questions about the prices of property here and there; then let him be seen pacing off the frontage of lots marked "For Sale," as if to determine their extent, and let him thoughtfully bore his cane into the soil, as if to ascertain its fitness for foundations, and his success is assured. Rumor is swift to make a magnate of him. Real-estate agents send in their cards. The hotel clerk transfers him to parlors on the first floor. Newspaper reporters solicit his opinion upon the city of their pride; and when he answers, in terms of ordinary compliment, that its growth is wonderful and its future metropolitan splendor is beyond question, his words are printed as oracular utterances. Committees of leading citizens call upon their distinguished visitor, and give him a free ride in a hack over the avenues and boulevards which are to be; and the boomer tells him pretty stories, as they sit together over club-house dinners and champagne suppers innumerable. By all means, the tourist to Boomtown should affect the thoughtful air of the capitalist with money to spend.

One hears in Boomtown the same old jokes that have furnished amusement to the Western traveler since the days of Bonneville and Bridger, and he comes at last to wonder if new witticisms are really as rare upon the frontier as in the minstrel show and circus ring. Funny stories that were printed in Beyond the Mississippi and Roughing It, years and years ago, are told as actual occurrences of yesterday or to-day, and the exasperated listener is considered a stick if he does not join in the laughter which accompanies them. They say that the climate of Boomtown is so healthy that they had to shoot a man to start a graveyard with; the legend and adventure of "Pike's Peak or Bust" are adapted to "Boomtown or Bust;" and telling you of the dainty Englishman who, calling for a glass of sherry and an egg, was given whisky in a tin cup, and made to drink it at the revolver's muzzle, they give local color to this thrilling incident by describing the exact saloon in Boomtown in which it occurred. The man in good clothes who travels through the West is sure to be taken for a tenderfoot, and treated to a rehash of Western humor. To avoid this infliction there is perhaps no safer way than to fight fire with fire, so to speak, and, anticipating your companion's jokes, tell them to him before he has a chance to begin.

Nothing so disgusts a *raconteur* as to be thus dosed with his own medicine.

The enterprising newspaper, which appropriates and retails the anecdotes of the popular lecturer, has also made common property of the mulewhacker's vernacular and the scout's adventure. A man in Arizona says a good thing, a newspaper correspondent from New York puts it in circulation, and in a month all of the people of Montana are repeating it as original material. The tourist who is writing a book will do well to ponder these things. He travels over the same routes, employs the same guides, hears the same stories, sees the same scenery, and receives the same impressions as a dozen authors who have gone before him; and when his volume appears it will be easy to prove that it is plagiarized from the works of his predecessors. He should therefore, before going into print, read all kindred existing literature, and prune his own notes accordingly; but such a discipline will leave him scarcely anything worth publishing.

Travelers arriving in Boomtown by rail will observe upon the platform at the station a person picturesquely attired in buckskin, with fringes down the legs of his pantaloons and a silver cord around his white felt hat. His hair is long and redolent. His mustache is terrible. Mexican spurs jingle at his heels. He is girt about with a whole armory of pistols and knives, silver-mounted, and his whole appearance is calculated to send the cold chills of awe over the beholder. Being questioned, this piratical individual admits that he is celebrated as an Indian slayer, was General Custer's favorite scout, and is known to fame by some such euphonic title as "Grizzly George," or "Sure Pop Peter." Yes, he will condescend to take a drink with his questioner, from whom the death-dealing terror borrows five dollars, at the close of the interview. In short, he is a fraud, as the average hunter and trapper of the railway station is very liable to be. His appearance is purely theatrical, and his acquaintance with the Indian question entirely theoretical. The genuine hero of the plains and mountains does not oil his hair and stand in public places awaiting an invitation to drink. Nor is he known by any display of scalps in his belt, or hyperbole in his conversation. More likely, he is a plain and silent man, dressed in ready-made clothes, with a stoop in his shoulder and a patch on his knee, with no visible weapons except a well-worn butcher-knife in his boot-leg, and, taken altogether, not easily distinguishable from the most unheroic of us. This may be sad news for the boys of America, who have constructed a different ideal of the plainsman and mountaineer, but nevertheless it is true.

To return to the all-absorbing topic of this region, the tourist should be warned that it is not always safe to buy Boomtown real estate *à la carte*, or as it appears upon the map. The enterprising boomer has been known to purchase a tract of land some miles out on the prairie, plot it in its true position on the street, and then, cutting out the broad strip of territory between his property and the town, slide his suburban addition up to the heart of the city, and paste it there. The buyer who, guided by this fraudulent map, selects a lot in apparent proximity to the high school, penitentiary, and other conveniences of civilized life is greatly grieved to discover that his future home is situated somewhere out among the wheatfields.

Whenever the boomer meets with an objection on the score of price, he asks the permanent question, —

"Do you consider yourself the biggest fool in the great Northwest?"

The buyer is naturally averse to placing himself at the head of the category of great Northwestern fools.

"Then," replies the boomer, "buy

this lot, and sell it to some bigger fool, when you meet him. That's what I am doing."

"But it is not worth the money you ask for it," protests the cautious purchaser.

"Who cares what it is worth? Intrinsic values don't count here. We don't buy lots for what they are worth in Boomtown. We buy them to sell again."

The investor, notwithstanding the advantages offered him, will not be long in Boomtown before he wearies of the hollow mockery and unsubstantial wealth of this city in the air, and, becoming homesick and hungry, he is willing to sell his ground at the very low figures of its cost, namely, two hundred dollars. He is astonished that buyers should look askance at such a bargain, and refuse it. His fault lies in not charging enough. Speculators cannot reasonably be expected to snap at land which does not advance in value between sales.

Now mark the ways of the boomer, who has an adjoining lot of equal value. Going to the same group of timid investors, he offers it to them for two thousand dollars. The audacity of the proposal charms them into listening, while he explains that this piece of ground has cost him but two hundred dollars one brief year ago. Selling it for two thousand, as he is now doing, he is realizing a profit of nine hundred per cent. on his investment. There is no reason why property should not continue to rise in value at the same rate for at least another year, when they can sell this lot for twenty thousand dollars. His logic is not to be gainsaid, and there is strife among the by-standers to secure this very profitable bit of realty. As the boomer closes the bargain, he is heard to remark sententiously, "I did not come to Boomtown for my health."

So goes the craze. Speculators arrive from all parts of the world. Gas companies are organized, and electric lights are hung freely about the town. Street railways are planned before there are any people to ride. Water-works are contracted for while whisky is yet the staple beverage. The boomer points to these improvements as additional inducements to the honest settler, who does not stop to realize that it is such as he that must pay for them, and that his share of the civic debt may be easily greater than the value of his property. More than one aspiring city has thus found itself bonded for more than it was intrinsically worth, and, if sold at auction, would not bring enough to satisfy its creditors.

For a month, or a year, the fever rages. The value of property is not computed on the solid basis of its usefulness for building purposes or market gardens, but on the fickle standard of what it can be sold for to-morrow. The world looks on in amazement, and says the Boomtown folks are mad. But they are not more mad than gamblers in general. When the old Dutch speculators bought a tulip bulb for ten thousand florins, it was for the unæsthetic reason that they expected to sell it soon for fifteen thousand, and not because they anticipated an equivalent amount of comfort or happiness to result from its possession. So it is with the gamblers at Boomtown; and if they could only foresee the precise date when distrust shall take the place of confidence, timidity follow boldness, and panic crush speculation, all would be well. Unhappily the time of this inevitable turn in fortune's wheel cannot be foreseen. It comes truly like a thief in the night. Even while town lots in the suburban cow pastures are auspiciously selling for one thousand dollars a front foot, a feeling of fear, coming from no one knows where, palsies the hearts of the community, arrests the voice of the bidder, and the panic begins. Travelers on the railway put their heads together, and tell each other that the bottom has fallen

out of Boomtown at last. The bootblacks on the street volunteer the information that something is going to drop in Boomtown. Newspapers in distant cities print the warning, "Stand from under in Boomtown!" The winds whistle it, the brooks murmur it, and even the golden wheat-heads on the plain seem to nod, with a sagacious air, "I told you so."

The history of Boomtown is repeated in many a new settlement in the West, which in its youth enjoys an exaggerated importance as a railway terminus, or an outfitting camp, or a depot for the mines. The bubble of its greatness is inflated rapidly to the bursting point, when there is a sudden collapse in values. Fortunes which were made in a month are lost in a day. Mortgages are foreclosed without ceremony. The town is dead for a time, in that stupor which follows the exhilaration of drunkenness. The hosts of speculators and young doctors and lawyers decamp to other places of metropolitan promise. After the panic comes the enduring period of slow and healthy growth, in which settlers come to stay, and property is bought and sold for useful purposes alone. But though they grow a hundred years, these towns will never again see the glory of their early days, nor will they reap such prices for town lots as were paid in their brief golden age. The country is dotted with dilapidated villages which are the wrecks of the speculator's hopes. A brick mansion, a corner store, a capacious warehouse, and a half dozen faded frame dwellings are all the fruitage of so much blossoming. Yet it was at one time demonstrated beyond a doubt that each of these villages was destined to be the "New Chicago;" and wiser folks than you or I, dear reader, have believed it to their cost, and have learned too late that it does not profit a town to be at the head of navigation of a river which is not navigated, or the queen of a harbor which the ships do not visit, or the agricultural centre of a district which is not cultivated, or the shipping-point of a mine when the deposit is exhausted, or the gateway of a region which nobody enters.

Sometimes there are booms within a boom, as there are wheels within a wheel, and now one section and now another of Boomtown is selected as the future Broadway or Murray Hill of that city. The opening of a new avenue, the building of a fine business block, the extension of a street-car line, the location of a suburban railway station, a popular church, or a fashionable family, are all potent influences in the development of a city; and so many and powerful are these secondary springs of growth that the natural advantages of a town site are well-nigh offset by them. Sometimes a first settler seizes upon the most favorable ground of a coming city, and holds it at an exorbitant price, under the impression that the town must and will have it, at any rate. Rather than receive no profit from his property, while awaiting its sale, he permits the erection of such temporary structures as saloons, Irish shanties, livery stables, and circus tents, whose moderate rental will help him to pay the taxes, which are keeping him "land poor." Meanwhile the city finds room for itself elsewhere. The railway builds a depot in the swamp. The banks and business houses perch on the side-hill, and the fine residences seek other suburbs, while the best natural ground of the city's site becomes disreputable and correspondingly valueless. As the Western citizen is esteemed in proportion as he contributes to the building up of his city, it is needless to say that this style of boomer is never sent to Congress.

Such booms are not confined to the West, as the people of the East doubtless know. When George Washington established the city which bears his name, it was his design that it should

be built upon the fine plateau east of the Capitol; but the property-holders of that quarter, appreciating the monopoly held by them, charged such prices that they repelled the buyers to the unhealthy and unfavorable localities now occupied.

One does not have to travel far, in the West, before he meets the man whose father or uncle was offered the ground upon which Chicago now stands for a pair of boots. Many are the regrets that he wastes over his ancestor's stupidity in not closing the bargain. But if this pioneer had bought the land for a pair of boots, and if he could have foreseen its glorious future, he would undoubtedly have held his property at so high a figure — perhaps a whole suit of clothes — that the city builders would have selected some other spot upon the lake-shore for their enterprise. It is not an easy task to corral the city of the future, although the founders of the new town of Odessa, in Dakota, claim to have accomplished that feat by locating it upon that narrow strait of Devil's Lake to which all railways must converge in order to cross.

While very few of the dealers in Western real estate lay claim to the title of philosopher, they do a vast deal of solid philosophizing in attempting to determine which is the coming street of the coming city. So many and diverse and conflicting are the causes at work that they are obliged to confess that luck as well as judgment plays an important part in their transactions. While the shrewdest often go to ruin, they see some bull-headed investor enriched by one of fortune's freaks, and endowed henceforth with the reputation of being a far-seeing man. The wise boomer "gets in on the ground-floor" at Boomtown; that is, he is one of the original purchasers of the town site, and buys the land by the acre or by the section. Cutting this up into lots, he sells them easily at a fabulous profit; for, while we are so constituted that a hundred dollars an acre seems a handsome price for land, the same sum for a small portion of that acre, in the guise of a city lot, seems very reasonable indeed.

Where the railway owns every alternate section, and thus has the power of locating its stations, with their accompaniments of offices, shops, and cattle-yards, upon its own land, the boomer may find the ground-floor closed to him; but he has nevertheless been doing a flourishing business in the second story of late, especially along the line of the Northern Pacific. Here that migratory city, Boomtown, almost as fugacious as that other unstable point, "the end of the track," which it closely follows, has halted successively at Fargo, Jamestown, Bismarck, Glendive, and Billings. Now it rests at the foot of the mountains, at Livingston, whence the branch railway diverges to the Yellowstone Park. Although this is the speculator's last chance on that line, the railway, warned by experience, cruelly appropriates to itself the cream of the profits by charging one thousand dollars a lot before the town is begun. The boomer sadly realizes that not the ground-floor, but the attic, has been reserved for him in Livingston; but still he buys, with an abiding faith in the enthusiasm and cash of the young capitalists from the East, whom the summer season is bound to bring forth.

According to the theorists, the western bank of a navigable river, at a railway crossing, is an excellent spot for a city. They argue that every city receiving its goods from the East is the source of supply of a fan-shaped area lying to the westward of it; and of course the centre from which the leaves of this fan radiate should, for the sake of convenience, lie on the same side of the river with the country which it covers. Mandan, the new city opposite Bismarck, on the Missouri River, bases its hopes of future prosperity on this principle, and, in support of the same,

it points to the opposing towns of St. Louis and East St. Louis, Minneapolis and St. Anthony, Omaha and Council Bluffs, Fargo and Moorhead, etc.

The presence of a rival community near at hand has always proved a wholesome restraint upon the city which is undergoing the booming process. A skeptical editor or two across the river, who cry "Ah ha!" to their neighbor's extravagant boasts of population and prosperity, are a check upon those tendencies to exaggeration to which the unfettered mind is prone. Otherwise, the city would grow — upon paper — with the rankness of Jonah's gourd. Real-estate agents and newspaper men vie with each other in adroit computations and estimates, in which the laws of arithmetic and truth are alike violated, and by which the population is shown to be at least double its real number. In the columns of material progress is printed the cost of magnificent edifices which are as yet but castles in the air, the ground for their foundations being still unbroken. Were it not for the periodical visits of that miserable pessimist, the census-taker, who pulls the people down from the clouds and stands them on the solid ground of reality, there is no telling to what ridiculous extremes the boomer might be led by this silly habit of self-magnification. The census-taker is the opposite of the boomer: one is a sordid groveler among facts; the other is a brilliant master of imagination. The census official is not a favorite in Boomtown. His methods are condemned as picayunish, the accuracy of his report is impeached, and abuse and obloquy are everywhere his portion.

Shall we invest our little stake in Boomtown interests? Well, government bonds are just as safe, even though they may not be so exciting. We cannot all be boomers; some of us, in the language of the land, must be suckers. The widows and orphans and dry-goods clerks and other small capitalists of the East will perhaps do as well to speculate, if speculate they must, in some more familiar field nearer home, such as Newport, Long Island, or the oil regions. The world is addicted to looking on the bright side of things; we hear full reports of the great fortunes made in Boomtown, but other fortunes, equally great, which are lost there go unnoticed. So far as luck is a factor in the making of money, the chances of the outsider are equal to those of the native, but in judgment and experience the latter has decidedly the advantage. Even the infants cry for real estate, there. You pass a group of school-boys on the corner, but their talk is not of marbles, bicycles, and other topics of juvenile interest; they are telling each other what particular lots they would buy if they had a hundred thousand dollars apiece. You meet a trio of maidens on the sidewalk, and as they pass you hear the unmaidenly words "a hundred dollars a front foot." Such a people may be conquered, but not in a real-estate transaction. In the old game of spider and fly, the spider, it will be observed, is always at home, while the fly is the tourist visitor. When there is a prize to be picked up, it is safe to conclude that the old resident, who has watched the fluctuations of values for many years, will take advantage of it. The agent may guarantee you a thousand per cent. profit on a proposed bargain; but when we see real-estate agents rolling in wealth, as a result of taking their own advice, we may accept their words as gospel truth.

Nor is the speculator from abroad welcomed by the solid sense of a growing city. The builder is received with open arms, and ground is often given him upon which to build; and even a handsome purse is made up for him if he will erect a mill or a hotel, or in some other manner supply the community's needs. But woe unto the non-resident who buys for a rise in values, and, in

the long years that he is awaiting this advance, permits his block of ground to become a camping-ground for the refuse population of the city. The municipal authorities have no mercy on the stranger, but tax and assess him right and left, for grading, paving, sidewalks, gas, water, and sprinkling. His property increases in value, but not in proportion to its expenses; and when his desperation is such that he fain would sell it for what it has cost him, the city licks up the finest portion of his estate for a park or a pleasure-drive, and assesses him anew for the benefits he is supposed to have derived from this public improvement. They even tell the story of a man whose lot was entirely obliterated by a new street, and whose benefits therefrom were computed to exceed his damages; but this is probably an error.

Frank D. Y. Carpenter.

HOUSE CLEANING.

The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year,
Of cleaning paint and scrubbing floors and scouring far and near.
Heaped in the corners of the room, the ancient dirt lay quiet,
Nor rose up at the father's tread nor at the children's riot;
But now the carpets all are up, and from the staircase top
The mistress calls to man and maid to wield the broom and mop.

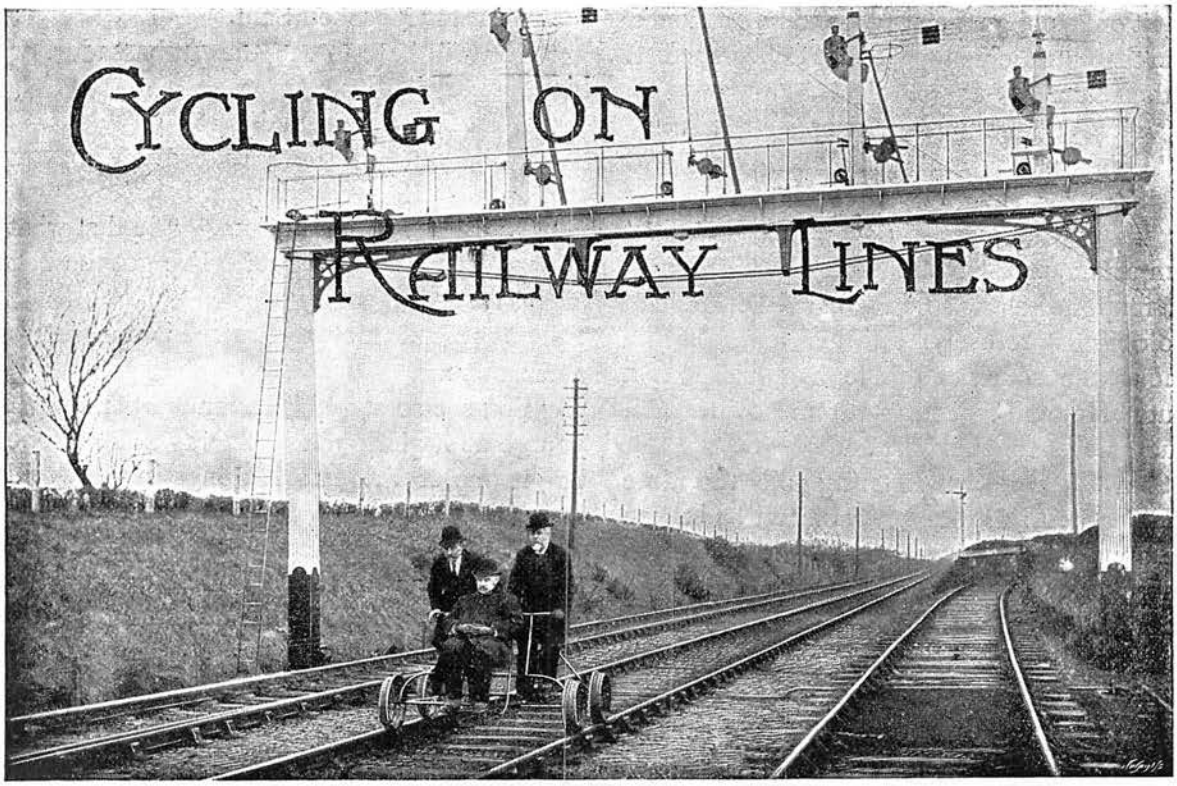
Where are those rooms, those quiet rooms, the house but now presented,
Wherein we dwelt, nor dreamed of dirt, so cozy and contented?
Alas! they're all turned upside down, that quiet suite of rooms,
With slops and suds and soap and sand and tubs and pails and brooms;
Chairs, tables, stands are strewn about at sixes and at sevens,
While wife and housemaids fly around like meteors in the heavens.

The parlor and the chamber floors were cleaned a week ago,
The carpets shaken, windows washed (as all the neighbors know),
But still the sanctum had escaped—the table piled with books,
Pens, ink and paper all about, peace in its very looks—
Till fell the woman on them all as falls the plague on men;
And then they vanished all away—books, paper, ink and pen.

And now when comes the master home, as come he must o'nights,
To find all things are "set to wrongs" that they have "set to rights,"
When the sound of driving tacks is heard, the rooms strange echoes fill,
And the carpet woman's on the stairs (that harbinger of ill),
He looks for papers, books or bills that all were there before,
And sighs to find them on the desks and in the drawers no more.

And then he grimly thinks of her who set this fuss afloat,
And wishes she were out at sea in a very leaky boat,
He meets her at the parlor door with hair and cap awry,
With sleeves tucked up and broom in hand, defiance in her eye;
He feels quite small, and knows full well there's nothing to be said,
He holds his tongue, and drinks his tea, and sneaks away to bed.

—Old Scrap Book.



By Marcus Tindal.

When Lieut.-General Baden-Powell built his railway around Mafeking, a wag suggested that the gallant officer's idea was to defend the town, when the Boers pressed hard, by sending express trains racing after each other over the line, so that anyone who attempted to cross would be cut to pieces. Though not exactly as in the way suggested, this line, as a fact, was used for defence purposes, and armoured engines and trains were frequently out on patrol duties.

The case of the Mafeking Railway shows very clearly what good work might be performed in time of war by a railway cycle —a cycle, that is to say, designed to run on railway lines, which will carry three or four men, and which will travel at high speed, and in perfect silence. For the purpose of patrolling a line, it would form a very superior substitute for the armoured train.

The armoured train probably received its death-blow when those used by the British forces in South Africa, time after time, were so disastrously shelled by the Boers. The train is a veritable death-trap; a stone will derail it—it is at the absolute mercy of any man behind a heavy gun hidden within range. Yet of such an advantage is it to be able to send a few men at high speed over the railway lines in time of war, that even these clumsy contrivances have been used for lack of something better.

Where a train could not be concealed, the cycle might often pass unheeded. The noise of a train may be heard for miles, but the cycle runs silently; and whereas you cannot lift an armoured engine from the rails and hide it in the bushes, the cycle, weighing less than 100lb., may be lifted on a man's back, and carried for miles away from the line if necessary; or it may be folded up into small size, and hidden in the first bush that offers concealment.

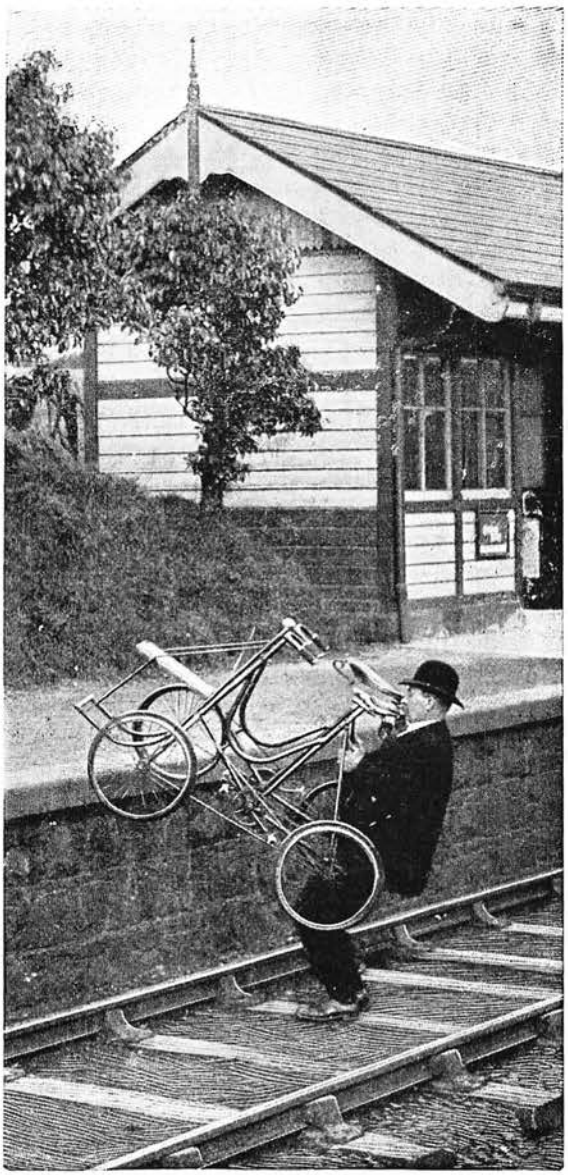
The British Army authorities in South Africa have in some degree realised the advantages of railway cycling, and Lord Roberts himself has been in communication with Mr. John Milliken, the British agent for the company that manufactures this type of machine. A local maker was also called upon to design several scouting cycles, and rose to the occasion with an ingenious machine, consisting of two ordinary racing quadruplets lashed together, with steel flanges

bolted on to the wheels, which eight men could propel at upwards of twenty miles an hour on the railway lines.

Although the military uses of the railway cycle are still in the experimental stage, there is no doubt about their advantage in civilian work, and many large railway companies, especially in America, have now taken up this style of machine.

The inspection of permanent ways is one of the most important duties that falls to the lot of railway engineers. Every yard of a line must be examined periodically; the minutest flaw, passed over undetected, may bring about disaster, so slight are the causes that suffice to wreck a train.

In the old-fashioned type of three-wheeled railway cycle the rider's seat was over one wheel, so that the weight was unevenly balanced, and the machine, therefore, would easily become derailed. In the newest type of railway cycle—that produced by the Light Inspection Co., of Indiana, U.S.A.—the rider's weight is evenly distributed between four wheels, and his position is midway between the two rails, so that he has an uninterrupted view of both, and can readily detect any "deflections," "spreads," "juts," or general unevenness.



District Inspector lifting the car on to a platform.

The leading companies of no fewer than thirty-five different countries have now adopted the "Inspection Cars," as the cycles are called, the demand being greatest in America and in Ireland, where seven different companies run the cycles over their lines for inspecting purposes. In England the cars are used on the Great Western, the London and South Western, and the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railways. In the British colonies also the cycles are highly appreciated by railway men, and they are used on the New South Wales and Victoria Government Railways, the Lagos Railway, the Cape Government Railway, and on the British North Borneo Co.'s line. They are especially valuable on lines in course of construction, like the Uganda Railway, where several are now at work, for they afford engineers a pleasant and easy method of travelling from one part of a line to another to superintend their workmen.

The double-seated car made by the Indiana Company is the swiftest railway vehicle in existence, excepting those run by steam or electricity. This is the ideal car for inspection purposes, for the two riders abreast are able to devote their sole attention each to the rails on his side.

A ride on a railway line under these conditions is a pleasant way of doing business, for conversation is as easy as when driving in a carriage. The manufacturers do not forget to provide a receptacle for a substantial luncheon basket, so that the officials may picnic in comfort when they reach a suitably pretty spot on their line.

Passing through the station.

The signalmen treat the cycles just as they would trains. The officials know when trains are due, and are careful to lift their car off the line in good time; while in any case so silently does the machine run that the approach of a train is easily heard.

If two railway officials riding on a double-seated car should wish to give a friend the experience of a run on the lines, an adjustable seat is attached in front for a third person, and so ideal are the conditions for cycling that the car will still run almost as easily as if it were a single machine.

As to speed, twenty miles an hour is easily made, and the rider will not find it necessary to dismount for gradients of one in thirty. Expert riders mount grades of one in twenty; and on falling grades, with a favourable wind, make the pace at something like thirty miles an hour.

Owing to the flanges on the 17in. steel wheels there is no chance of derailment even when passing through complicated junctions and "facing points"; there has, indeed, never yet been a case of derailment known. The wheels are fitted with corrugated rubber tyres, for otherwise, on slippery rails, the rider might turn his pedals at record-breaking speed and still make no progress. As it is, the rubber tyres bite so well that he may ride on lines covered with snow or ice. The machines, by the way, are usually geared to sixty, but this is a matter of choice.

A unique record of railway riding, and one that probably no road cyclist has ever surpassed, has been made on a railway cycle by a solicitor to a large insurance company, riding on American railroads. So smoothly does the railway cycle run that this gentleman rode 15,000 miles on his car without having to spend a penny on repairs. Would that the ordinary cycle had such respect for our pockets!

Nowhere are the advantages of cycling on railway lines so appreciated as in America. On British railways only the railway officials themselves ride on their lines; but on American roads, in addition to superintendents of workmen, engineers, road-masters, travelling auditors, and claim agents, such laymen as solicitors, doctors, telegraphists, and, in fact, almost any persons who wish, are allowed to make use of railway lines independently of trains.

A doctor, for example, whose practice is among the coal miners of Western Virginia, travels daily from one camp to another on his machine, and is able to visit in half a day as many places as trains formerly enabled him to visit in two days' wearisome travelling. A newspaper firm in Tacoma, Washington, again, sends out men on railway cycles to raise the circulation of its paper by selling copies in out-of-the-way districts, the men sometimes carrying as much as 800lb. of paper on the double car, and making better time than would be possible if trains were depended upon.

With the enormous traffic on the crowded

and comparatively limited lines of Great Britain, it might be difficult to arrange that cycles should be used on the railway lines unofficially. But the immense advantages of the inspection cars to the officials themselves will be readily seen when the British system of line-inspection is understood.

Perhaps few of the millions who travel in the United Kingdom realise that every inch of the 21,657 miles of railway track is walked over, every morning, before the first train passes, by a man who is called the foreman plate-layer or ganger. It is the duty of this man to examine the permanent way in every detail, to note carefully all defects, and to report these to the inspectors. The length of each man's distance varies from three to four miles.

Over every section of from twenty to sixty miles of line is a permanent-way inspector, a carefully selected man, who is largely responsible for the safety of his company's passengers. Over the permanent-way inspectors are district inspectors, who are in charge of sections varying in length from 200 to 400 miles; and it is these higher officials who at present make most use of the inspection cars.

In the ordinary way, the inspecting official goes on his rounds on the foot-plate of an engine. When it is remembered that to keep an engine in steam for one day represents to a company a cost of from £3 to £5, it is clear that a great saving is effected by cycling.

The inspection cars have been found exceedingly useful in cases of failure in what is known as the Electric Tablet or Train Staff system, in use on single lines to prevent collisions and delays to passenger trains. The delicate telegraph instruments employed in this system, to prevent one train from entering a section of a line where another train is already travelling, frequently get out of order and are damaged, and it is necessary then that a pilot-man should be appointed before a train may be allowed to proceed. Long delays to traffic are thus often caused, but they are greatly minimised at places where an inspection car is held in readiness for instant dispatch should the Tablet System fail, as is the case on some of the Irish railways, notably on the Cork, Bandon, and South Coast line, the most up-to-date block-worked railway in Britain.

Then there is another advantage which recommends the cycles to inspectors, though for the same reason they are looked upon most unfavourably by the workmen on the lines. When an engine is used for inspecting purposes, it is always necessary to send out what are called "train notices," to warn all concerned on the line that is to be inspected. These notices afford the milesmen an opportunity of knowing when a visit from an inspector is pending.

When, however, the cycling car is used—the silent, stealthy car—the inspector gives his workmen no warning of his approach. Knowing that at any moment they may be surprised, the men are imbued with a wholesome dread of the inspector's cycle, and consequently work all the better for their wage-payers, and for the safety of the travelling public.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Acorns as Chimney Ornaments.—Half fill two white hyacinth-glasses with clean water; procure two thoroughly-ripe acorns; take the cups from the fruit, and put a needle and thread through that end of the acorn which fitted the cup; pass the needle through a bung, or cork, which must exactly fit the neck of the glass; fasten the thread on the top of the bung, long enough to suspend the acorn close to, but not to touch, the water; drop a little piece of sealing-wax on the thread where the needle has perforated the cork, so as to make it thoroughly air-tight.

To clean Gold and Silver Lace.—In an earthen pipkin put some finely-sifted alabaster; put it on the fire to boil, stirring it often with a stick. When sufficiently boiled and well stirred, it becomes very light. Lay the article on a piece of flannel, and strew the powder over the lace, beating it with a hard brush. When the lace is sufficiently bright, dust the powder off with a soft brush. Silver lace may be cleaned with calcined hartshorn; and warm spirits of wine, applied to tarnished gold of any kind with a soft brush or flannel, will restore it to its proper colour.

Hints for the Laundry.—A great deal of soap is often needlessly wasted, for want of a simple provision, of the cheapest kind. The washerwoman finds she loses much time, and is often annoyed, by her soap slipping from the sloppy bench, and so keeps it in the water, where it of course is wasted. A little wooden bowl is very inexpensive, and should always be provided. The saving effected will very soon pay the cost of several such bowls. A black bottle of ox-gall, procured from the butcher at a very small cost, should be kept in the laundry, as, in washing coloured things, it will preserve the colours clear and bright. You may scent the gall, if you object to the smell, with a little musk.

To scour Boards.—One part of slacked lime to three parts common sand; scour the boards with a hard brush. It will destroy vermin and whiten the boards.

Coffee Starch.—This is excellent for starching dark clothing—much better than that ordinarily used, as it does not lessen the richness or depth of the colour in the black. Take a cup of strong coffee, made in the usual way, and add to it two tablespoonfuls of the best starch, mixed with enough cold water to make it a smooth, soft paste. While the coffee is boiling fast, add the starch, stirring all the time. Let it boil for about a quarter of an hour, and give it a stir round with a spermaceti candle. Turn it into a pan, and, when nearly cold, pass your dark-coloured or black clothes through it.

To revive Gilt Frames.—One ounce of soda beaten up with the whites of three ounces of eggs. Blow off the dust with a pair of bellows from the frames, then wash them over with a brush dipped in the mixture, and this will render them fresh and bright.

To wash new Black Worsted or Lambs'-wool Stockings.—Let them be soaked all night, and then washed in hot suds, with a tablespoonful of ox-gall to half a pint of water. Rinse till no colour comes out. Iron on the wrong side.

SYMPATHETIC INK.—One of the best known kinds of sympathetic ink consists of a weak solution of chloride or nitrate of cobalt. Writing executed with such a solution is invisible until it is warmed, when it appears green or bluish, disappearing on exposure to moist air; the explanation being that the anhydrous chloride and nitrate of cobalt are deep green or bluish, whilst the hydrated salts are very pale pink—invisible in small quantities of salt.

HOUSEHOLD DECORATIVE ART.

CONE-WORK.

WE now propose to offer a few suggestions for adding to the decoration and attraction of home—the result chiefly arising from the experience of a rather lengthy residence in the "Far West." The young ladies of America understand well the art of turning everything to account, as well for ornament as for use. And what has hitherto by ourselves in England been considered as of no value, has by American taste been converted into pretty and useful articles, which make not only pleasing additions to one's own home, but provide an acceptable gift to a friend. The collecting the necessary materials for the execution of this work will be found an interesting pursuit, and will add much to the pleasure of a ramble in the woods. The best season of the year for procuring the requisites is in the autumn. Make up a party to go off on an exploring expedition, and do not forget the children, for they as much as any will enjoy a day in the woods, coupled with the important commission of filling their little baskets. Make as varied a collection as possible of cones, or, as some say, "fir-apples," the husks of the beech-nut, acorns, with and without the saucer part, oak-apples, the cone of the cedar—and, indeed, of all coniferous trees; nuts of different kinds, including the pea or ground-nut; but this particular kind can, we believe, be only obtained in this country by purchasing of a fruiterer. Even the knotted ends of small twigs mix in very nicely—the greater the variety the more pleasing the result. You will be surprised to learn how much lies at your feet of interest, beauty, and use, which hitherto you have trodden upon as worthless, and which is available for domestic ornamentation.

Having collected a goodly stock of what the woods and lanes can give you, the next step is to prepare your supply for working. It is a good plan to sort the different things, putting each kind in a little box or basket: this method will be found to expedite matters considerably. The large cones must be pulled to pieces—that is, strip off singly each scale, as they are needed for the foundation of the work. Take care of the extreme end or point of the cone, as you will find it come in nicely to add to the variety.

We will commence our lessons in cone-work by giving instructions for making a card-basket. Procure some strong cardboard, which cover with brown paper by means of glue or paste—the former is to be preferred; then, having chosen a shape, say Fig. 1, cut out of the cardboard shape A, Fig. 2, about nine inches by seven; by carefully cutting with a knife you will save the centre piece, B, which forms the bottom; a straight strip about an inch and a half wide, and the length of the circumference of B, the centre piece being cut out, will give C. The handle can be straight, or shaped according to taste, as also the height. These several pieces must be strongly stitched together, the straight strip round B on its edge thus forming a sort of tray. Now take C and sew its inner edge to the upper edge of the tray; in all cases sew over and over, and as strongly as possible. After this is complete, with the fingers gently bend margin C, so as to make it curve downwards, which adds much to the gracefulness of the shape.

You now proceed to ornament your pasteboard basket. Begin by stitching, with strong black thread, all round the edge of C, the scales which you stripped off the large cones; they must be put on singly, and should overlap each other slightly. A second row must be added; then two rows the reverse way. You will now have a space uncovered with these scales, on this you must stitch all the various kinds you have in a rich wreath or border—the greater the variety the better. It will, of course, entirely depend upon the taste and ingenuity of the

worker whether a well-arranged border round the basket be the result or not.

Care must be taken to entirely cover the cardboard, as spaces showing the framework would look bad. Many small things can be put in by means of glue; as, for instance, an acorn here and there, a tiny oak-apple, the extreme point of a cone, besides other things which will doubtless easily occur to the fair operator. A little ingenuity will suggest many ideas, which will all tend to the perfection and beauty of the work.

The handle requires to be done in the same way as the other part of the basket; but one row of the scales stitched at each edge will be found to be sufficient; and in making the wreath the smallest of the cones, &c., should be used, taking care to select the variety which has already been brought into use in the basket. It is a good plan to stitch a round bonnet wire along the under side of the handle, which will strengthen it considerably, as well as allow of its being bent to a prettier, or the desired form.

Having proceeded thus far, the next thing to be done is to varnish your work, for which the best copal varnish must be used, applied with a camel-hair pencil of a moderate size, the utmost attention being paid to insert the brush into every little crevice; do not omit any part. Having thoroughly varnished your basket, put it away in some place entirely free from dust, and let it remain a night, so that it may be perfectly dry before lining it. You may now make the lining, which should be of silk or satin, the colour, of course, as taste dictates; some bright colour looks best, such as amber, brilliant green, rose, or blue. If intended for a gift, it is wise to choose a colour which will harmonise either by contrasting or matching the furniture of the room it is going to be placed in. Amber does well for almost any other colour, and contrasts admirably with the brown tints of the cones. Having made your choice, cut a piece of wadding the shape and size of the bottom of the basket, and also of the strip going round. Cover these on one side with the silk, and then stitch neatly together in the form of the basket. Put round the top a quilling of narrow satin ribbon, the same shade as the silk, and after having done the handle in the same way, and stitched it very strongly to the basket, put in this lining, which will fit without any further sewing. The underneath part of the basket must have paper pasted over it to hide the stitches, and render your work perfectly neat and tidy. The basket will now be complete.

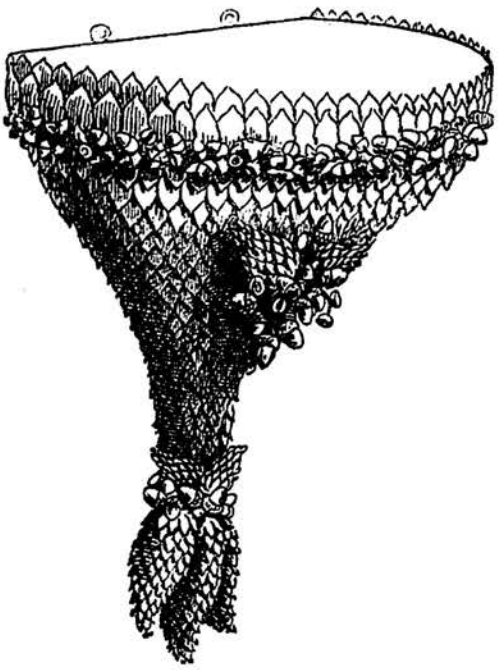


Fig. 3.

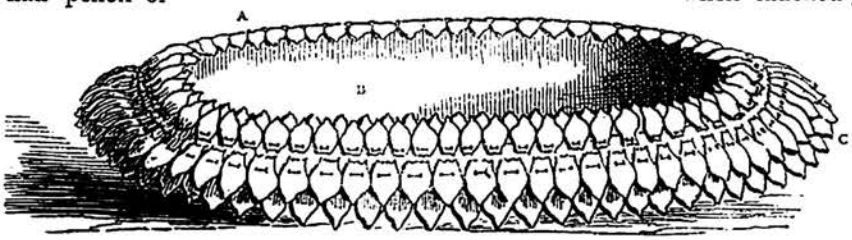


Fig. 2.

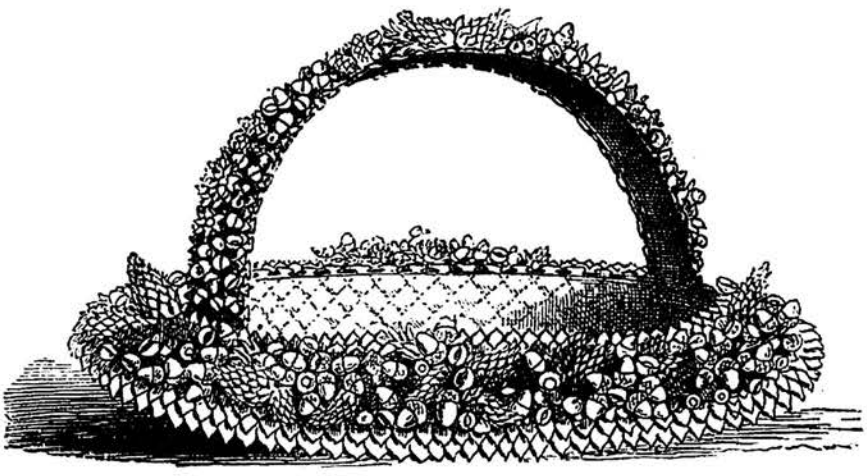


Fig. 1.

A variety of both useful and ornamental articles can be produced in this interesting and elegant work, possessing, as it does, the charm of novelty, in being composed of the productions of Nature. One of the nicest things to be made in it, is a bracket for the wall, which will have the appearance of carved oak. We will give instructions for making one, which will serve as well for other articles where the groundwork requires to be wood.

When you have selected a suitable and tasteful design, get the foundation made in common deal, unplaned will answer quite well, but have it stained a dark brown. Then, with some very strong glue, stick on the different kinds of cones, acorns, nuts, &c., in a tasteful manner. Fig. 3 will give you an idea as to how a bracket looks when finished; but the arrangement must rest with yourself — a cluster of acorns designed to represent a bunch of grapes looks well — care must be taken to entirely cover the wood or foundation of the bracket. Of course, as in the case of the basket, varnish must be applied at the completion of the article.

Very nice spill cups can be made in precisely the same way, using empty wooden boxes. Very handsome boxes for envelopes, stereoscopic slides, &c., can be made by tastefully covering old cigar-boxes. Stands for hyacinth glasses, or vases of flowers can be produced by covering empty boxes in which gentlemen's collars have been kept. In this case the cones must be stitched on, as was done in the basket, using the "scales" as the foundation. In fact, the cones may be applied to the decoration of a great variety of articles which would be otherwise useless, and perhaps meet the fate of household rubbish generally.

Wrens Learning to Sing.—A wren built her nest in a box, so situated, that a family had an opportunity of observing the mother-bird instructing the young ones in the art of singing peculiar to the species. She fixed herself on one side of the opening in the box, directly before her young, and began by singing over her whole song very distinctly. One of the young then attempted to imitate her. After proceeding through a few notes, its voice broke, and it lost the tune. The mother immediately recommenced where the young one had failed, and went very distinctly through with the remainder. The young bird made a second attempt, commencing where it had ceased before, and continuing the song as long as it was able; and when the note was again lost, the mother began anew where it stopped, and completed it. Then the young one resumed the tune, and finished it. This done, the mother sang over the whole series of notes a second time with great precision; and a second of the young attempted to follow her. The wren pursued the same course with this as with the first; and so with the third and fourth. This was repeated day after day, and several times in a day.

DINNERS IN SOCIETY.

Perpetual solicitations on the part of the correspondents of this magazine to be further instructed in the usages of "polite society" must plead my excuse for the revival of a subject so trite and uninteresting to those no longer "girls."

Without further introduction, I will suppose that you are engaged to dine out, to meet a considerable assemblage of friends. Commence your preparations in good time, and let your dressing be completed a few minutes before the carriage is announced. To keep your elders waiting is most disrespectful; they have to choose between leaving you behind, or keeping your hosts and others waiting—spoiling their dinner, and perhaps of giving the horses cold also.

On being announced by one of the men-servants at the door of the vestibule or anti-room, you will find that your hostess awaits you, close at hand, within. Look at no one else, supposing that she had moved further into the drawing-room to lead some guest to a seat. Make a very slight curtsey as you give her your hand, a little act of politeness always observed in the upper ranks of society on formal occasions, and which needs to be practised, as it should be naturally and gracefully done. If not directed to a place, select one as little conspicuous as possible; not on a sofa, nor a large arm chair, unless desired to do so.

In ordinary society the ten minutes preceding the announcement of dinner are found to hang somewhat heavily on hand. Hungry, chilly, and possibly shy, or else naturally dull and uninteresting, people often appear to have nothing to say. I am, however, only writing for girls, who are not the proper leaders of general conversation. But they may speak to a next young neighbour without an introduction. After dinner you may assist your hostess in entertaining fellow-guests, though careful not to put yourself forward ostentatiously, so as to attract notice. Nothing could be in worse taste than to appear as if "doing the honours" (as people call it) of another person's house; instead of merely acting as a helper to her. Offer your small services, and follow her directions. I have seen young girls running about all over the room in a most forward and unseemly manner, taking the entire direction of the entertainment without the excuse of being daughters of the house.

But much may be gracefully and effectually done in a gentle, quiet way. Collect your thoughts before any kind of reunion, and be prepared with any little subjects of interest to form topics of pleasant conversation. Neither receive visitors at home, nor accept the hospitality of others, without making it a point of duty to return their kindness by making yourself agreeable. Do not sit silently scanning the dress of your neighbours, and saying nothing; nor answer in mere monosyllables, nor start when some one addresses you, as if you had just wakened up out of a nap. This is apt to occur in the case of young people who have few opportunities of mixing in society. Keep your hands still; do not move uneasily in your chair when first addressed, nor fiddle with the buttons of your gloves. Buttoned once they do not require to be touched again. Apart from any other objections to tricks like these, your awkward shyness presents a painful spectacle.

The dinner is now announced, and as the lady of the house has already signified to each of the gentlemen to whom he should offer his escort, and introduced to each other the pairs hitherto unacquainted, they all proceed to the dining-room according to the order of their respective precedence. With this matter—if ever a hostess yourself—you will have to make yourself thoroughly acquainted. Where there is no rank of birth nor professional position, age will always be your guide, which should never be overlooked.

I may here observe that "the girls" seem strangely solicitous about "which arm" a gentleman should present to the lady whom he conducts to the dining-room. Why they should feel so distracted about it I am at a loss to divine. One rule is enough for you,—whichever arm your cavalier presents, accept it. Circumstances must guide him. Englishmen generally give the right, and foreigners the left. Where large entertainments are given the stairs are broad, as in our old country seats and stately town mansions. But in the humble dwellings of poor gentlemen and professionals, the narrow stairs have often an awkward turning at a sharp angle, leaving scarcely a ledge whereon to place the foot. Let the young man having a lady under his charge take due note of the stairs, and act accordingly.

You are now seated at table. Immediately after "grace" has been said, unfold your dinner-napkin, lay it across your lap, and remove both your gloves. Put the latter in your pocket, because if they fell from your lap under the table, your companion would have to dive under it to recover them on your rising to leave the room.

If you take soup do not crumble nor break your bread into it, except in the privacy of home, where a small dinner might be thus supplemented. Fried toast will be served with it if suitable. Take the soup from the side of the spoon—do not turn round the point to your mouth; make no noise in drawing in the liquid, nor in the act of swallowing it. If this offer you any difficulty practise the art at home. Lastly, do not hold up the plate on one side, nor make a scraping with the spoon; you can finish the soup easily without raising the plate.

Fish will next be handed round. Be careful in removing the bones with your fish-knife and fork, because a choking fit at dinner would not be an agreeable diversion to your neighbours; and to remove anything objectionable from your mouth at any time, whether of bone or gristle, is by no means a pretty exhibition. So put nothing in that is to come out, however cleverly and privately contrived. At small dinners given by persons of limited means, who may have no silver fish knives, you must only take your fork in your right hand and a small wedge-like crust of bread in the left, with which to assist the fork. Again, I must impress on you the impropriety of making a noise when eating, showing what is in your mouth by keeping your lips apart; and drinking before you have swallowed what you have been eating, or without wiping your mouth both before and afterwards.

Various courses follow that of the fish. Should curry chance to be one of the dishes, use both fork and spoon, but not your knife; and if helped to a tart containing stone fruit, remove the stones neatly from the plums with your fork. It is quite unnecessary to perform that operation in your mouth.

Possibly, at a private dinner, a hostess may press a guest to try some viand which she does not like. Of course the obligations on a hostess are even more strict than those on a guest, simply because the latter is dependent on her wishes; and so long as she remains under her roof, her comfort and feelings, in every way, should be consulted. Thus, to press her to eat or drink after she has declined, is an act of ill-breeding. At the same time it would be gross rudeness to show a distaste for any dish laid before you, or to persist in refusing it, were it pressed upon you. Self-denial is a Christian grace. Amongst half-civilised nations it is a mark of distinction conferred on any guest for a chief to roll up some morsel of food in his hands, and insert the greasy pellet with his own unassisted fingers into the mouth of the visitor. To decline it—because by no means an appetising morsel—would be a reflection on the good taste of the host, and an evidence of ingratitude for the distinction intended. Moreover, your rejection of the *bonne bouche* might cost you your head, or purchase the novelty of a javelin through your heart!

Apropos of controlling your fancies at table or elsewhere, rather than cast a reflection on one who wishes to please you, I will mention a little incident told me long ago by one to whom I owe much of my own early training in the usages of society. Now a very aged and venerable man, his parents had lived much about the Court of the old King George III., having been honoured with his personal inti-

macy. He himself had lived and visited amongst the grandees of the Court of the Prince, as Regent and King, and was regarded as a man of most accomplished manners. Thus, I have no hesitation in giving my young readers advice derived from such competent authority.

The Prince Regent was styled "the first gentleman in England," for, like our own Prince of Wales, few had so keen an intuitive perception of the principles that govern all rules of good breeding. On one occasion he had indulged in taking snuff, and turning to a lady beside him, he presented his open box and invited her to take a pinch likewise. Alas! the good woman was not equal to the occasion; she was not in the habit of taking snuff—perhaps she disliked it; in fact, she had not learnt her lesson in good manners. So she thanked him and declined. Of course he felt as if charged with an indiscretion; but, always self-possessed and dignified, he simply turned to another lady and made her the same offer. This time he had met with a woman who was not out of her place in a palace. She thanked him graciously for so distinguishing her, and took the snuff, just sufficient of course to smell, but not to produce a sneeze. Her act justified that of the Prince, who was only testing her good manners, and he showed his recognition of her conduct by presenting her with the beautiful jewelled box, as a memento of the occasion.

Again I must conduct you back to the dining-room. Observe how highly-bred people eat asparagus. They feel with the knife where the soft part ends, and dividing the stems, they eat with the fork. It is a disgusting spectacle to see people draw out a mangled end from their mouths reduced to a ragged fringe. Never eat peas with a spoon. You may change the fork into your right hand and use it as one, or you may press the peas with it—still in the right hand—making them adhere conveniently together. Excepting at a private dinner, where little variety, if any, is provided, never ask for a second help from the same dish.

Take care to keep your hands off the table. Never fiddle with the salt, nor the spoon, knife and fork, and make no crumbs with your bread. Avoid coughing, and the use of your handkerchief; having a cold you should remain at home. If disposed to sneeze, from pepper or mustard, contrive to hold your nose with your handkerchief for a moment, to stop it in time, but do so unobserved if possible. After the game, cheese is carried round, and its usual accompaniments of butter and biscuits, &c. If you take butter, do not scrape off a piece against the rim of your plate, turning the face of the knife downwards, as if you were cleaning a putty-knife on the edge of a piece of glass. Contrive to loosen the butter, so as to place it fairly in the plate at one side. Should you also take cheese, butter a small piece of bread or biscuit, place a piece of cheese upon it, and convey it to your mouth in this way. To do so with the blade of a knife is highly objectionable, and contrary to all rules that obtain in the upper ranks of society, though many, otherwise well-bred people, may be seen careless in this respect in private, and elderly people also allow themselves much license in trifling matters, which they do not mean to form an example to younger people. Such little infringements of the orthodox rules should not be criticised by young people. Advancing life sometimes brings lassitude and indifference about them; and, moreover, what would evidence much selfishness and greediness in youth, is only to be regarded as the consent of an infirm person, with a poor appetite, to be suitably nursed and provided for.

Dessert is now served, and the finger-glasses and d'oyleys are removed from all the plates by their respective owners. Fruit often presents difficulties to the consumers; what with the stones, skins, shells, or rind, it is not always easy to eat in a delicate and refined manner. Half-bred people may be seen inserting pieces of orange into their mouths and drawing out the peel again, showing the remains of the pulp on their plates. Pomegranates present some difficulty amongst other fruits. They are full of juice, and equally so of stones, too large to be swallowed wholesale. Cut one in two, and with the spoon press the stones within, as in a cup, extracting and taking up the juice with it.

Having taken what fruit they require, each lady dips her fingers in the finger-glass, and touches her lips also with the water, dries them, and puts on her gloves. She then lays the napkin on the seat of her chair. The lady of the house watches to attract the notice of the chief guest, seated at her husband's right hand, and smiles and bows to her, and they rise simultaneously, followed by all. The host opens the door, the chief lady walks out first, the rest according to their respective precedence, and the gentlemen stand until all have retired to the drawing-room.

In conclusion, I have a word of advice to offer on the subject of dinners at home, or after a homely fashion. Observe what dishes are being used, and those on which there appears to be a kind of "run," and never ask for that of which there is little, to the deprivation of any one yet unhelped. When there is a tart or a pie uncut, there being sufficient of some other dish, show some little consideration for your hostess. The expenses and difficulties of housekeeping in families of small means are great. Keep your eyes about you. Remember the invalids, or those advanced in years. Some small delicacy at the table may perhaps have been prepared for them. Try also to supplement the efforts of your hostess. However hospitable, and ready to give you anything you would like, she would appreciate a thoughtfulness on your part, that would leave something nice for one who is always last helped, or would spare an unbroken dish for the following day, without making the reason too apparent. Would you wish her to replace a sort of wreckage of all in her small larder, in return for her kindness to you?

S. F. A. CAULFEILD.

A Woman's Rights.

BY SARAH A. KING.

THE theme of my discourse, dear friends,
Is rather trite and common;
We hear it everywhere we go—
About the "Rights of Woman."
And though perhaps some rights she claims
Are laughed at and disputed,
She has a host of glorious rights,
Which cannot be refuted.
So, lest the former shall engage
Too much of her attention,
I thought the latter might receive,
Just here, a passing mention.

A WOMAN has a right to act
Up to her best convictions;
To fill her post of duty
Without hinderance or restrictions.
A right to strive, a right to toil,
To own her field and till it;
A right to claim the highest place,
If she can only fill it.

SHE has a right to enrich her mind
With learning's varied store,
And drink from wisdom's well the draught
Of knowledge and of power:
A right to rise above the mists
That shut out half her light,
And, from life's mountain tops, obtain
A broader, clearer sight.

A WOMAN has a right to be
True to herself, and never,
By lack of purity or strength,
Retard her high endeavor;
Firm in her purposes of good,
Noble and strong of mind:
'Tis sad when she is false or weak,
This *mother of mankind*.

A WOMAN has a right to be
Fearless and independent;
Her nature has a right to shine
With truth and grace resplendent.
Not arrogant, or proud, or vain;
Aggressive, or defiant;
But in her own integrity
Secure and self-reliant.

SHE has a right to do and dare,
And ask consent of no man;
It is not what she does *not* do,
That makes the noble woman:
But earnest words, and worthy deeds,
And lofty aspirations.
The character is poor and small,
When made up of negations.

A WOMAN has a right to be
Awake and up and doing:
The prize that life holds out to her
Is worthy of pursuing.
Shake off the bonds of slothful ease,
Of folly, and of sin:
The loftiest aim is hers to reach,
The grandest goal to win.

THEN let the women of our land
Learn their own rights and use them.
The rest will be at their command.
Whenever they may choose them;
For all that's truly excellent
And beautiful and good,
Finds its best representative
In perfect womanhood.

SOCIETY.

WEDDINGS, WEDDING-BREAKFASTS, ETC.

IT is customary for the bridal breakfast to be given at the house of the bride's parents, and the cost is defrayed by them. If the house is not large enough for the purpose, or any other objections exist, it is not unusual for the breakfast to be given at some hotel that has a connection for similar entertainments, and where as much seclusion is enjoyed as attends meetings of the kind in private life. The Crystal Palace, for example, has become quite a favourite place of resort for bridal parties, where, in the beautiful suites of rooms newly decorated in the south wing, the appointments usual in a well-conducted establishment are scrupulously observed and carried out. The order for similar entertainments should be given some time previously, and the number of guests specified. The rate at which the contract will be taken should be expressly understood. Having made all necessary arrangements, the host and hostess should refrain from alterations, either in the number of the party, or the description of wines, viands, &c. It is in these heedless changes that disputable charges are liable to be made, converting what otherwise might have been an occasion of unalloyed pleasure into a source of unpleasant reminiscence.

Having decided on placing the management of the breakfast in the hands of competent professional purveyors, the host and hostess need have no personal trouble in the matter. All that is usual to be done on such occasions will be done, and the latest rules observed in the various details subject to the dictates of fashion.

Concerning wedding-breakfasts in private houses, some practical suggestions may not be unnecessary.

Immediately on leaving the vestry, the bride and bridegroom repair to the residence of the bride's parents, or wherever the breakfast may be appointed to take place. In the drawing-room are usually displayed the presents the young couple have received. This fashion is of questionable taste; but, being in vogue, the practice cannot be dismissed without a word of comment. Some people carry the display to the extent of announcing the names of the donors of the respective gifts by having written cards affixed; or by placing the ordinary visiting-card of the donor, or the letter that may have accompanied the present by the side of the offering. Some little time is usually passed by the guests in inspecting the presents and bestowing their congratulations on the bride and bridegroom. If, however, any period of time longer than half an hour should be required to elapse before descending to breakfast, biscuits, tea, coffee, and (if in the summer) ices should be handed round to the company.

The precise time at which breakfast is to take place, as also the hour for solemnising the marriage, and the name of the church, should be written on the card of invitation. The following is the usual form of invitation :—

"Mr. and Mrs. ——— request the pleasure of ———'s company at breakfast on ———, at —— o'clock.
"St. ———'s Church, at —— o'clock."

The blanks should of course be filled in with the names, dates, &c. The address of the intended host and hostess should be written on the top of the paper.

People who wish only to go to the breakfast may please themselves without any offence being taken—religious faith and practice being beyond the control of ceremonious social observances. Many members of Protestant denominations object to entering a Roman Catholic church, but would be glad, nevertheless, to offer their congratulations in person at a breakfast; to such, the course is quite open.

The hour at which the breakfast takes place is generally regulated by the departure of the bride and bridegroom for the wedding-tour. It is the custom for the bride to leave the table to exchange her bridal costume for a travelling suit, and not to return to her friends' company. The earlier the departure the better, it is considered, according to present etiquette.

The order of arranging a wedding-breakfast is as follows :—Everything must be bright, clean, and in good taste. As many flowers as can be conveniently used—not to the detriment of the guests' comfort at table—should be introduced. Flowers may abound everywhere. Tea and coffee should be served from a side-table, and, if required, should be handed to the guests in teacups, leaving milk and sugar to be added to taste. On the table everything intended to constitute the repast should be spread *at once*. No changes occur at wedding-breakfasts. The only additions not on the table are ice pudding, which should be handed round towards the end of the meal. The favourite viands for wedding-breakfasts are such as are in vogue at first-rate ball-suppers; viz., cold joints, poultry, game, lobster salads, ham, tongues, savoury patties, jellies, creams, fruit, &c. &c.

The wedding-cake is an important feature at a wedding-breakfast, and should be placed opposite the bride. At that stage of the repast when the appetite for solid fare has been satisfied on the part of the guests, the principal attendant presents a dinner knife to the bride, requesting her to cut the cake. If the cake be large and thickly iced, this is a task of no slight difficulty, and the bride's task is considered ended by simply placing the knife in the centre of the cake. The servant then removes the cake from the table, and finishes the work, cutting the cake into pieces about two inches square, and presenting them on a separate plate, accompanied by a small fork, to each guest.

The handing round of the cake, as in everything else connected with the service of the table, commences with the bride. She is throughout the most honoured guest, and is served first, although at her father's table.

Cake having been offered to every one, the business of toasts begins. This is a very tedious and unsatisfactory affair generally to every one concerned, and it is to be wished that considerable restrictions were enforced in the matter. As things stand, the usual plan is for the oldest friend of the family to propose the health of the bride and bridegroom. If he is sensible and considerate, he will not suffer the enthusiasm of the moment to inspire him with extravagant praise of the fair bride, such compliments being received by the most indulgent of friends at the precise value of their worth; allowing a bride is more interesting on her wedding-day than at any other period of her life, that should be no reason for lavishing on her eulogiums unwarranted by common sense.

In return for the above health, the bridegroom rises and tenders his thanks for the honour done. A very few well-spoken words are sufficient for this purpose, no one expecting him to make a speech upon the now so personal a matter as the excellent qualities of his wife.

Some friend on intimate terms with the family then proposes the health of the parents of the bride, to which the father, or his representative, returns thanks. A similar compliment is then paid to the parents of the bridegroom, with the same response, from the oldest friend on their side.

The clergyman's health, if he be present, is then proposed and responded to. Finally, the health of the bridesmaids is proposed, generally by some familiar friend, a married man. The honour of returning thanks for this toast is reserved for the "best man," the bridegroom's friend.

The final toast having been honoured is the signal for the ladies to retire, the bride leading the way. During the progress of the toasts, a very pretty occupation properly falls to the lot of the first bridesmaid, and as it is one which is conducive to a good deal of well-timed complimentary attention, should not be suffered to fall into

oblivion. The task alluded to is the distribution of the bride's bouquet, as wedding-favours, to the assembled guests. These favours, being considered of particularly fortunate omen, are much valued. The bride having selected the flower she wishes especially to preserve as a remembrance of her wedding-day, passes the bouquet to the first bridesmaid, who forthwith begins to loosen the flowers and distribute them quietly to the assembled guests. Every one present should have a flower of some kind given. Of course the privilege of selection is reserved to the bridesmaid, and she does not give the worst to the most esteemed friend present.

The departure of the bride and bridegroom should be arranged to take place without unnecessary delay, immediately after their leaving the breakfast-table. Parents and friends wishing to take a particular and tender farewell generally contrive to enjoy a few minutes' privacy, no emotion or visible depth of feeling being considered appropriate in a scene of festive enjoyment. All agitation of the kind is very disturbing to every one, and if sincerely felt is best concealed, or indulged in out of sight of less sensitive observers. Every one can understand that parents are moved to the heart at parting with a cherished son or daughter, but it is not necessary to excite undue comment on such an occasion as a marriage.

Directly the bride and bridegroom have left, the general company are expected to disperse. Their carriages should be waiting, ready to be called immediately after the departure of the bridal pair. It is not unusual for the bride's parents to receive a larger number of friends than could have been accommodated at breakfast, to celebrate the event in the evening. The ordinary evening party is certainly the most suitable form of entertainment. Sometimes the family and most intimate friends go to some place of amusement for the rest of the day.

In another article we shall refer to the subjects of licenses and banns; wedding dresses; cards or "no cards;" ceremonial calls, and other matters connected with the interesting event.

COOKING.

FRENCH DISHES

Sauce pour le Poisson d'Eau Douce (*Sauce for Fresh-water Fish*).—Add some onions, mushrooms, and a clove of garlic to a bottle of red wine. Boil them down to one-third of their former bulk, and add a glassful of *jus*. Strain the liquid through a jelly-bag, and squeeze it together strongly, to obtain as much of the fluid as possible. Cut in pieces and bruise two anchovies in a mortar, and add them to the sauce, with some butter, before sending to table.

Sauce au Mouton Rôti (*Sauce for Roast Mutton*).—Boil the gravy of the cooked meat with salt, pepper, nutmeg, an anchovy cut up small, and a glassful of white wine for a quarter of an hour. Thicken it immediately before it is used with some flour and butter. Before serving at table, squeeze the juice of half a lemon into it.

Sauce de Kari (*Sauce with Curry Powder*).—Melt in a stewpan a piece of fresh butter the size of an egg, and mix with it half a spoonful of curry powder. When the butter has begun to change colour, add some *fonds de cuisson*, *velouté*, or *jus*. This sauce should not be skimmed.

Sauce à la Crème (*Cream Sauce*).—Take some parsley, chives, shalots chopped up, salt, nutmeg, pepper, butter, flour, and cream. Boil them in a stewpan for a quarter of an hour, care being taken that only a moderate heat is used, and that the preparation is continually stirred.

Mending.—Whenever it is intended to mend broken earthenware, care should be taken that the edges are not chipped or rubbed, and the pieces may be reunited by boiling the article in skim milk; or a very strong cement may be made by boiling slices of skim milk cheese into a paste with water, and grinding the paste with quicklime in a marble or Wedgwood mortar.

SOCIETY.

WEDDINGS (*continued*).

MARRIAGES if performed by licence, must be solemnised in either parish wherein one of the persons has been for the preceding fortnight resident. The church where the marriage ceremony is to take place must be named in the licence. The parties themselves are not obliged to take out the licence personally, provided that whoever undertakes the office takes oath that both the bride and bridegroom elect are of full age, and, if minors, have the consent of their parents and guardians. Marriage licences may be taken out at the proper office at Doctors' Commons. The cost is £2 2s. 6d. Special licences differ from the ordinary licence in permitting the parties to be married at any place not named, and at an hour different from that which is otherwise compulsory. Marriages, without a special licence, can only be solemnised between the hours of eight o'clock and twelve in the forenoon of the day.

When a licence is not obtained, the banns must be published on three successive Sundays by the officiating clergymen of the parishes where the persons reside. The banns are generally read after the second lesson in the morning service. Any person knowing of an impediment to such marriages is bound to disclose it. The declaration may be made privately to the clergyman in the vestry. The marriage must be solemnised in one of the parishes where the banns were published, and the clergyman officiating at the ceremony must be furnished with a certificate of the publication of the banns in the other parish.

Nearly all dissenting places of worship are licensed for the celebration of marriages; but it is necessary that the registrar of the district should be present. Marriage, without any religious ceremony, at the registrar's office, is legal, and comparatively inexpensive, the fees being small and fixed: but the great majority of persons consider marriage a religious as well as a civil contract.

The number of bridesmaids chosen to attend the bride to the altar depends on the style of the wedding. If it is intended to be a very gay and brilliant affair, any number from four to six or eight bridesmaids would be appropriate. If only a quiet wedding, two bridesmaids are sufficient. In the latter case it is considered complimentary to invite an unmarried sister of both bride and bridegroom to discharge the office. The principal bridesmaid is generally either a sister or a very intimate young friend of the bride. If many bridesmaids are to constitute the bridal *cortége*, and there be young children on either side of the family, their presence is sometimes considered an ornamental and appropriate addition to the group. In village weddings, amongst the upper classes, little children are often chosen to scatter flowers along the path of the bride as she leaves the church.

It is usual for the bridegroom to present each bridesmaid with some token of the joint regard of himself and bride, in memory of the happy event. Lockets, rings, and bracelets are the most popular emblems of the kind. Of late years, crystal lockets, set with a few plain stones, as turquoise, &c., have been in favour as bridesmaids' gifts. All should be alike, and no difference of cost entailed. The bridegroom gives a bouquet to each bridesmaid, even if he does not present any gift beyond.

Bridesmaids' bouquets are composed of coloured flowers of the season. The bride's bouquet, which is also the gift of the bridegroom, should be composed exclusively of pure white flowers.

Beyond the gifts described, the bridegroom has no expenses whatever to incur in connection with the wedding. The bridesmaids' dresses are purchased at their own cost.

The selection of the bridesmaids' dresses rests with the bride. Her taste is generally guided in the matter by the pecuniary circumstances of the parents of the bridesmaids, since upon the latter the expense necessarily falls. Silks are not considered appropriate for bridesmaids' wear, unless the wearers be past the bloom of youth. Grenadine is a favourite material, but its expensiveness causes it to be little worn except by the wealthy classes. Plain white muslin or tarlatan are the most appropriate, least costly, and generally becoming dresses worn by bridesmaids. Endless varieties of trimmings may be called into use, to vary the costume according to the fashion of the day and season of the year.

Veils are now so generally worn that very few words need be said in their favour. The rule to be observed is whether the bride wears a bonnet or veil, because the bridesmaids invariably follow her example. Veils are both inexpensive and becoming to a young girl, hence their general acceptance by bridesmaids. The veil worn by the bride should cover her face; those worn by the bridesmaids should be fastened at the back of the head, and only fall over the back and shoulders. A coloured wreath of flowers, or bows composed of ribbon to match the trimmings of the dress, completes the head-dress of the bridesmaids. Bridesmaids' veils may be composed of plain tulle, unhemmed, or very soft silk gauze. The bride's veil, if composed of either of the above materials, should be finished with a hem about one inch and a half wide, edged or not with blonde or lace, as may be chosen; lace, however, is generally in favour for brides' wear; and the veil thus chosen forms a useful addition to her wardrobe as a shawl afterwards.

The material of the bride's dress is liable to vary with change of fashion, but white is the usual shade. Elderly people and widows generally wear silver-grey, but young people should wear white. From the plain muslin to the richest *moiré* the range of choice may extend. Low bodices are not in much favour for a bride's dress; the more becoming fashion of high-necked and long-sleeved costume is daily gaining ground. In strictly private weddings greater latitude of choice exists.

If people have carriages of their own, the question of conveyance to church is easily settled. If they are not so situated, the bride's family finds the carriage for the bridesmaids and bride, and the bridegroom finds his own. The carriage which conveys the bridegroom to church is used to convey the bride with himself home to breakfast. Grey horses are generally chosen for bridal occasions. Liverymen usually charge extra for wedding-parties, and it is sometimes found more advantageous to hire the required conveyance for the day instead of for the ceremony only.

In going to church, the bride, with her parents and one bridesmaid, should go in the same carriage, the other bridesmaids having preceded her by some few minutes. The bridegroom goes to the church attended by his "best man," and should be in the vestry some little time before the arrival of the bride. When all the party has assembled, and the officiating clergyman has taken his place at the altar, the wedding-party instantly approach the altar, the bride on her father's arm, or on that of his representative, and the bridesmaids, with the rest of the party, following. Immediately on the clergyman leaving the vestry, the bridegroom, attended by his best man, should follow to the altar, in order to be there somewhat before the bride. The bride takes her place at the altar to the left of the bridegroom, with her first bridesmaid within reach at her back, and to her she consigns her left-hand glove and bouquet during the ceremony. The bridegroom removes the glove of his right hand. Some clergymen require the bride to raise her veil during the ceremony at the altar, and it is better not to dispute the point.

On leaving the altar the bride takes the left arm of the bridegroom, and proceeds to the vestry. The signing of the register takes place in the vestry, and is usually witnessed by the bridesmaids and others desirous of signing.

The amount of fees paid to the officiating clergyman, clerk, and others is decided rather by the social status of the principal persons than by legal rights. Some people pay the exact fees, and nothing beyond, others give more. The legal fees vary according to the diocese, and should be ascertained beforehand. A copy of the register should always be taken by the bride, for which the usual fee given is half-a-crown extra. All fees and charges are paid by the bridegroom's best man, from money supplied by the bridegroom for the purpose.

In returning from church the bride and bridegroom go unaccompanied in the bridegroom's carriage. They are the first to leave the church. The rest of the party follows in the best order possible, under the confusion which generally ensues in leaving church after a grand wedding.

Wedding favours are found by the bride's family, and are distributed in the vestry immediately after the ceremony. The coachmen and servants are supplied with favours outside the church during the progress of the service.

The final duty of the first bridesmaid consists in sending cards to friends of the wedded couple. The cards should be previously enclosed in envelopes and addressed. Elaborate cards, attached with silver cord and similar bridal associations, are out of fashion. Either a card is sent, bearing the name of both bride and bridegroom on one card; or two cards, with the address of the joint residence on the card of the bride only. Of late years the custom of sending cards has been generally discontinued, and when such is the case, the advertisement inserted in the public journals announcing the marriage conveys the notice of "No cards." The reason is, that certain people may not take offence at not receiving cards.

As a general rule, all persons invited to the wedding-breakfast, when no cards are sent, call at the residence of the bride and bridegroom immediately on their return home from the wedding-tour. If a wedding is designed to be of a quiet nature, without breakfast, the parents of the young couple sometimes send invitations to the church only. The latter is a French fashion that is coming into vogue in England, and is found sufficient notification of good feeling towards old friends and acquaintances. All persons receiving such an invitation are expected to call on the young couple on their return home. Such calls are of course returned, in the order observed in visiting, generally.

Formal "At homes" after marriage are now almost dispensed with. The most simple and generally observed plan is for the bride, or her representative, to inscribe in her own handwriting, on the card, "At home after ——," filling in the blank with the date. The ceremony of calling is then observed just as any other morning call might take place.

A succession of entertainments generally follows upon the marriage of a young couple. At all these the bride takes precedence over ladies of superior age and station to herself. Thus, the bride would be escorted to the dinner-table by the host, and the next most distinguished lady present would be assigned to the bridegroom's care.

When the round of visiting, entertainments, &c., is at an end, it becomes the turn of the young couple to receive their friends at home.

MYTHS OF THE PRECIOUS STONES.

War having been, from time immemorial, the chief pastime of kings and nobles, it was sufficient to give the diamond its first rank among stones, that it was supposed, perhaps as the result of a false derivation from *a* and *damao*, to render its possessor invincible in war, and to enable him to repel an enemy; besides having the minor virtues of averting bad dreams, poison and insanity, which are all three the peculiar dangers of royalty.

But the diamond was far from being the only stone that was useful for those who wished to combine safety with bravery in battle. The amethyst was another; for the physician Camillo Leonardus, who wrote the "Mirror of Stones" (*Lapidum Speculum*) for Cæsar Borgia speaks of it as the preserver of military men and the giver of victory over an enemy. Other stones all had their virtues, derived in many cases from the most remote days of paganism. The chrysolite could drive away evil spirits. The heliotrope conferred the gift of prophecy. The onyx dispelled sadness, but was a multiplier of strife and quarreling. Coral kept off storm and thunderbolts from fields, or houses or ships.

Next, or perhaps equal in importance, to the value of a stone as a pledge of victory in battle with an enemy would stand its capacity to insure to its possessor the fulfilment of his prayers addressed to the immortal gods. This is what stands out in the poem of Onamakritus on stones, the oldest extant, as their chief interest and purport. The great virtue of the crystal, the adamas, the tree-agate, the jasper, the topaz, the opal, is that the gods cannot resist the spell of their influence. Only let a man go to a temple with a crystal in his hand, and none of the immortals will refuse to hear his prayer.

Did, then, the same belief in the power of minerals to influence the gods in favor of their petitioners, pass from pagan into Christian thought, and even into the service of the new religion?

A decree of Innocent III., in the twelfth century, ordained for the future the sapphire should always be the stone used for the rings with which bishops, at their investiture, were wedded to the Church. The question then arises, Why the sapphire? It has been suggested that the use of this stone had some reference either to the harmony of its color with the rest of the priestly vestments, or to its supposed efficacy in assisting those who were pledged to celibacy in the due and proper observation of their engagement.

One of the principal virtues of the ancient sapphire was that of its inducing the gods to lend a favorable ear to their petitioners. "When sacrifices were offered," says De Boot, "and responses sought from Phœbus, it was thought that he was better pleased, and that it was easier to get anything from him if the sapphire were exhibited, as it were a sign of concord." But Marbodius certainly meant our sapphire when he spoke of it as called the holy stone, and ascribed to it the following virtues among others:

> "Educit carcere victos,
> Obstrictasque fores et vincula tacta resolvit,
> *Pacatumque Deum reddit precibusque faventem.*"

We may, therefore, conjecture that the reason why the sapphire became the episcopal stone was, because it was thought to have the same efficacy in regard to prayer that was attributed in ancient times to it.

It is strange, then, that the sapphire, which, in addition to its other merits, possessed that also of keeping a man safe from the influences of fraud, or fear, or envy, should have come in modern superstition to hold the position of an unlucky stone. It is not easy to account for this change of feeling, for nothing is so conservative as superstition, or less liable to freaks and fluctuations. The same is true of that most glorious of all stones, the opal. If any stone deserves worship for its beauty it is the opal; and so rightly valued at its proper worth was the opal in olden days, that after ages admired the Roman senator who, when Marc Antony coveted his opal ring, went into voluntary exile, preferring to part with his country rather than his gem. Yet in these days there are numbers of people who will refuse the gift of an opal or sell any they may possess, on account of its bad reputation as a bringer of bad luck and dispeller of affection.

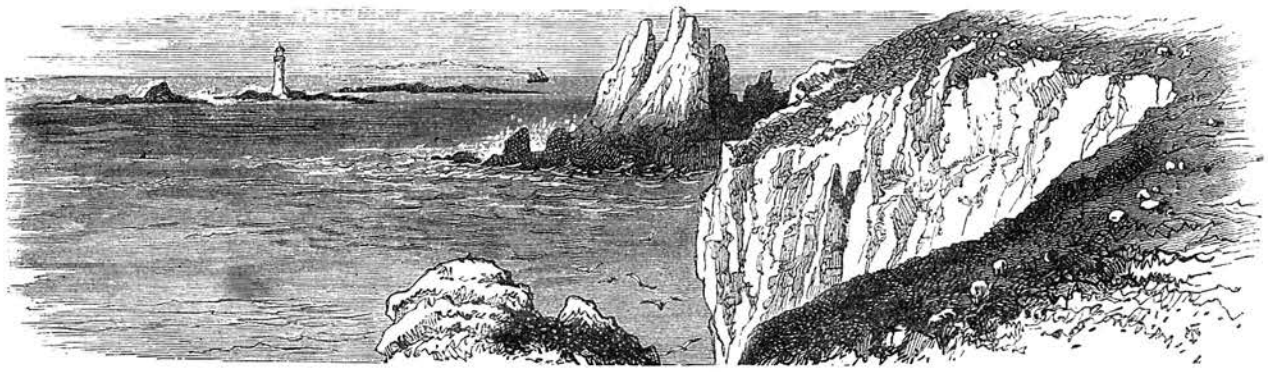
Yet it was the reverse of an inauspicious stone in former days. According to Onamakritus, it was one of the stones that would insure the efficacy of prayer. According to Berquem, the opal made its wearer lovable, and conciliated love; it rejoiced the heart, preserved from poison and infection, dissipated melancholy, and strengthened the sight. What, then, could be more desirable, either as a gift or a possession?

Whence, then, arose the bad reputation of the opal? Barbot, in his "Treatise on Precious stones," says that it is evidently due to its connection with the legend of Robert the Devil, without explaining further; whilst sometimes it is traced to the story of the opal in Sir Walter Scott's "Anne of Geierstein." It will be remembered that in the weird tale of Anne's grandfather, the Persian lady whom he married possessed a marvelous opal which, on the day of the christening of their child, when some holy water came in contact with it, first shot out a brilliant spark, and was the next instant "lightless and colorless as a common pebble." The Persian heroine fainted and died, and was followed by her husband, Herman of Arnheim, three years afterward; and their granddaughter, referring to the story, said that she had heard of the opal growing pale, it being the nature of that noble stone to do so on the approach of poison, and Hermione having been thought to have been poisoned by the jealous Baroness Steinfeldt.

But it is evident that there is not enough in either of these tales to account for a total change of popular superstition; neither the legend of Robert the Devil nor of the Persian Hermione having ever been sufficiently known to have had the slightest influence on common opinion. Till, therefore, some better explanation can be thought of, the wrong that is at present done to that fairest of all gems, the opal, must be set down as one of those freaks of superstition which are absolutely without justification or reason.

A very pretty jewel-case and handkerchief-box combined may be made out of a cigar-box. Line the inside with pale blue or pink silk, by pasting on with flour paste. Cover the outside with a pale blue quilted satin with the monogram on the cover in blue and pink floss silk. Line with pink and blue ribbons an inch wide.

The throne of England, so splendid when covered with silk, velvet and gold, is, in fact, only an "old oak chair," over 600 years in use for the same purpose. Its existence has been traced back to the days of Edward I. The wood is very hard and solid; the back and sides were formerly painted in various colors, and the seat is made of a slab of rough-looking sandstone, twenty-five inches in length, seventeen inches in breadth, and nineteen and one-half in thickness, and in this stone lies the grand peculiarity of the chair.



MY TRIP TO THE LAND'S END.

IT is early morning, and I am at Paddington Railway Station. The year is well worn into summer, but there are no signs of the season here, beyond the heat, and this comes with smoke and odours that are not agreeable. There is a dull movement of half-awakened porters, and the usual mixed and monotonous noises are beginning for another day. These things do not oppress me much, for I am walking beside a train that will start in a few minutes and carry me with it. I am going to the Land's End. My traps are stored in their places, and in my pocket I have a ticket for Plymouth, where I intend to break the journey. Therefore, although I am in London, I am not thinking of shops, and crowds, and office matters, but of streams and blue skies, and moors and seas; and now and then of the cool, sweet cider that is made in the West, and of strawberries and Devonshire cream—the kind of cream that will not run out of the cup, though you turn it upside down.

At last we have left the station, and rattled past bewildering miles of dingy houses and grim-looking work-places, and now we are gliding amongst fields and trees green with grass and new leaves. I have a fellow-passenger. He too is going to Plymouth, but no further, and his errand is one of business. We talk of holidays, and he speaks to me of the places he has seen. He tells me he has already had his annual term of pleasure, and this year he has been content to stay in his own country. He has been fishing and walking for a month in the North. He smiles as he confesses that, although an Englishman, he knows but little of England beyond its lines of rail and centres of business. He has had an idea that it is necessary to go over sea to find scenery that can be really enjoyed, but now he is willing to admit that there is a good deal of delusion in this. He has been thousands of miles to commence walking tours, and can speak of his rambles in half a dozen countries; and yet there are scores of beautiful spots in Great Britain that he has not seen. Well, he is at least frank in saying so. There are, perhaps, many people who could tell a similar tale, but who would not care for the task.

A day in a railway carriage generally seems very long, but we have passed the hours pleasantly enough. While we have been talking or reading we have been carried through county after county, until now we are at Exeter, and really in the Western land. The train moves again, and in a little while we are at Dawlish, enjoying the most pleasant surprise of the day—the first sight of the sea! The waves are breaking within a few yards of us. I begin to have great holiday expectations, but while I am thinking of the few enjoyable days in store for me I fall asleep, and when I awake the train is coming to a standstill on the ticket-platform at Plymouth. When I attempt to use my legs again, I realise how thoroughly tired I am; and my only desire now is to have my traps in a cab, and go to supper and to bed.

SHAKING THE LOGAN STONE.

Morning is here again, and I am enjoying an early breakfast near an open window. The sun is lighting up the white table-cloth, and I am thinking how fortunate I am in the weather, considering how many rainy days the people of Plymouth suffer in a year. I am not going to the Land's End until to-morrow, but all my little holiday movements have been carefully planned, and I know perfectly well what I am going to attempt to-day. I shall walk about the neighbourhood until noon, and then I shall go on board an

excursion steamer, that will carry me thirty miles up, perhaps, the grandest river in Great Britain—the Tamar.

My quarters are close to the Hoe, and my walk thither only runs away with a few minutes. What a glorious place it is! Surely there could scarcely be a finer promenade. From this Hoe, or hill, I can see the land and the water for many miles. Below is the Sound, with its merchant vessels at anchor; and there are emigrants and ironclads, and foreign ships of war; and amongst them move the smaller white-winged craft, with seaward and homeward-leaning sails. To the right is the ever-charming Mount Edgcumbe, and further to the right the spires of Devonport. To the left are Staddon Heights and Mount Batten; and further to the left, and far away, the wild hills of Dartmoor. Turning to the water again, I see Drake's Island, and about three miles away the Breakwater, stretching across the entrance to the Sound, where it meets the shock of the sea and protects the vessels in the great bay in the roughest weather. The waves are beating against it, and running over its granite floor in white sheets that shine in the sun. Beyond the Breakwater is a crowd of sail. These are trawlers on fishing-ground, and they will come home, perhaps, heavy with mackerel, or mullet, or conger, or "hook-and-line whiting." Beyond the trawlers may be clearly seen the Eddystone Lighthouse, fourteen or fifteen miles away.

While I am strolling away my thoughts are disturbed by the booming, tearing noise of cannon. Turning to the Sound again, I notice a vessel about a mile off, half hid with smoke. Another flash leaps through the cloud, cracks, and groans away in echoes—another, and another, and another. This is the salute of a foreign man-of-war that has just come in. The salute will be returned from the Citadel, which stands at the eastern end of the Hoe. After a pause the return firing begins, from cannon I can see where I stand.

How this warlike sound recalls the past history of the place!—Drake, Frobisher, Hawkins, and Howard going out to meet the Spanish Armada; the men in the *Mayflower* looking for a new land, and justice; Edward the Black Prince on his way to France, and victory at Poictiers; the arrest of Sir Walter Raleigh; the landing of Catherine of Arragon; Drake going on board his little vessel to sail round the world; Captain Cook looking for his great work, and starting for a thousand adventures in the world; and, about sixty-two years ago, the *Bellerophon* sailing into the Sound with the dreaded Napoleon on board.

"AN EARLY BREAKFAST"

Full of these thoughts I walk through the Hoe Park, to spend an hour or two in Plymouth streets with their soldiers and sailors. When I am tired of this recreation, I rest a little while, and then make my way to the steamer at Mill Bay, to spend the rest of

the day on the water. I am pleased to find that there are not many of us on board, and that the weather is indeed worthy of summer. We move away in good time, and soon leave behind the Sound and its ships, Keyham and its Government works, and the fairy-land of Mount Edgcumbe. And now we are in the middle of the Hamoaze, with all kinds of craft about us. Especially noticeable are the old wooden line-of-battle ships. Here they rest in their ruin, full of suggestions, and crowded with history. They have lost their war-paint, their little guns and big sails, but even now they are more picturesque than such modern giants of the sea as the *Minotaur* and the *Thunderer*. Our steamer passes quickly by, as though the old ships were of no account, and we have not time to see much of them. An "old man of the sea" is so roused by the sight of them that he cannot hold his peace, but must needs do his thinking aloud. "There was some seamanship wanted in working vessels of that kind," he says. "There was some credit in bringing them into action. That's how we won our old victories, in getting round the enemy—it was seamanship. Now it's all hammering and engineering, and a matter of who's got the thickest plates and the heaviest guns."

Now we are leaving the Hamoaze, with its sleeping ships and summer shadows, and are nearing waters that are more quiet, between banks that are less busy. There are the houses of Saltash, "straggling up the hill;" and below them is Brunel's great work, the Albert Bridge. When we have passed under the bridge we have the first undisturbed and romantic view of the river. It spreads before us, broad and peaceful, like a great lake of light. Far away, and stretching for miles around, are hills on hills, and between them fine touches of colour. Looking nearer home we may notice the residence of some rich man, proud of his ancestral acres; or a church tower, "half covered up with leaves;" with here and there an orchard, and now and then a cottage.

A bend in the river brings us to the glorious woods about Cothele, with trees from the top of the hill to the water's shelving brim; and in the shadow of full-leaved, sun-lit branches, the river seems cool, and we can see far into it. Amongst the trees and behind the hills for miles, there are many quaint and curious legend-laden places that cannot all be seen from the steamer, nor visited in half a day. Away we go for miles, the river bending in all directions, and showing us sequestered nooks as fair as ever crow flew over. We have passed Calstock, and are coming to the end of our ride. The river is gradually narrowing, and now it is not wide enough for our steamer to turn in. The wash from the paddle-wheels bends down the reeds on the banks, that are so near we could almost jump to land. In a few minutes the steamer stops, and we leave it for a ramble before returning to Plymouth.

Two or three of us find a cottage, where we have tea and cakes, and cream and strawberries. The countrywoman, who gives up her best little room, is full of thanks for our custom, and smiles as though great fortune had come at last to her. The next undertaking is to walk about a mile up a wooded hill in search of the Morwell Rocks. The underwood is thick with ferns and wild flowers. There are patches of ground blue with bluebells, and the trees are covered with small ivy. At last the Morwell Rocks are about us. We suddenly stop, for we are at the edge of a precipice. Below is a green valley with a river flowing through it. We have gone as far as we can, and we make up our minds that here we will sit till Time says we must return to the boat. What an enchanting spot! More like the most beautiful parts of the Rhine than perhaps any other bit of river scenery in this country, but unfortunately it is as yet inaccessible by railway; it is said, however, that one of the two great companies which divide the district is meditating some extension in this direction. All I can say is that if it be done it must open up a large tourist traffic.

I am beginning my third day while most people are a-bed. I am once more in a railway carriage, and on my way to the Land's End, hoping to breakfast in three or four hours at Penzance. The trains do not move very quickly on this line, and I am glad to know this, seeing that to a great extent it seems to be made up of viaducts that are not suggestive of safety. It is a strange country—bleak and barren; and yet it has beautiful woods and waterfalls, and between the hills many sheltered nooks that almost defy the seasons, showing their blossoms all the year round, in spite of directions given by the calendar as to when they should blow.

Penzance is a charming little place, and St. Michael's Mount, the "craggy ocean-pyramid" that once stood in a forest and now stands in the sea, reminds one of a picture in the fairy part of a pantomime, or a painting on a drop-scene. I have engaged an open carriage to take me the ten miles to the Land's End, and I am already moving over the ground. I have no one to speak to but the driver; still "solitude is sometimes best society." He handles his whip like a lecturer using his stick at a panorama, pointing to this place and to that, and giving me plenty of information in few words. The fleecy clouds throw their gliding shadows over the lanes, and white cottages with the sun on them make blinding patches of light on the hill-sides. The sea looks at us from one side and then from the other, and I am so conscious that I am going to the Land's End, that I begin to have an absurd feeling that I am being driven out of the world altogether.

Much of the land is divided only by mounds of soil and stones, topped by old scraggy hedges. Here and there, however, are stone walls, but they are without mortar. There are plenty of wild flowers, and there are strange birds about that may not be found in any other part of England. The road leading to the great headland of the Land's End slopes gradually towards the sea, and then the descent is suddenly steeper to the rugged precipice.

I leave the driver to take out the horse and entertain himself at "the first and last inn," whilst I go alone, with such guidance as I have gleaned, to

explore the awe-inspiring wonders about me, thinking of Druidical rites and the mighty, mysterious doings of Cornish kings. Time has "written no wrinkles" on the land here any more than he has on the sea. In the depths of this unsullied grandeur there are no suggestions of progress or civilisation, nor any traces of man whatever. The weather-beaten cliffs appear very much as they did thousands of years ago—as they did when the victorious Roman saw them. They are not crowned with walls, nor windows, but by lasting tons of granite, untouched by trowels, and where never plummet fell.

Here the waters of the Channel meet the thundering shock of the Atlantic. What a magnificent sweep of tumbling waves! The sea in places is green, and now and then brilliantly blue, the sun and clouds blending a thousand tints on its surface, and the lights and shadows coming and going with strange, fantastic charms. Who shall give an idea with pen or pencil of the enchanting confusion made up of a thousand sounds and changing colours, and waves maddened out of all order into spray, and the swelling sea plunging and clutching at the rocks, and reeling back defeated to rage and roar again at the calm old enemy of granite that is for ever "laughing the siege to scorn?"

Leaving the tumult for a calmer scene, I find a towering cliff, and looking over I can see the waters breaking gently enough on a smooth shore, and halfway down sea-birds are sailing, but—

> ——————— "the murmuring surge,
> That on the unnumbered idle pebbles chafes,
> Cannot be heard so high."

About twenty-five miles away may just be seen the Scilly Isles, like a mist; and nearer, about two miles away, is a lighthouse called the Longships, that keeps "the stately ships" from the rocks. I find the Logan Stone, which is poised on a stupendous group of granite rocks. It weighs between sixty and eighty tons, yet a man with his hand can easily make it rock. When I have visited Porthcurno Cove and the splendid headland known as Tol-pedn-Penwith, I find the driver, who congratulates me on returning alive, as though I had been sent to recover some priceless gem from an enchanted cave guarded by monsters of the deep.

When I have refreshed myself, I am ready for a comfortable seat in the carriage, and a pleasant ride to Penzance. Now that I have been satisfied, I am glad to think that I shall soon be again in the land of the living; ay, even the land of trains, and crowds, and newspapers.

GUY ROSLYN.

THOUGHTS AND OBSERVATIONS ON NATURAL HISTORY.

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

PART VI.

THE rays of the sun are beginning to stir up movement everywhere. The birds that migrate from far distant countries disband their flocks, spread over the land, and those that mate afresh choose their partners, build their nests, and sing. The catkin-bearing trees are topped with the yellow male pollen, and the little embryo leaves that formed at the end of last summer are ready to cast off their winter covering and burst forth into the pure fresh green of spring. The squirrels and hybernating animals, that went to sleep for the winter, with a store of fat collected through the summer to feed on during their rest, are waking up lean and gaunt (they will be wise, and at first eat but little). Insects will soon fill the air with their comforting hum, and the swallows, after their 6000 miles migration flight, will chase and capture them in innumerable numbers. The wayside flowers are brightening up the foot of the still dead-looking hedge, and shafts of quivering green appear here and there. There is a feeling of expectancy in the air, a prophecy of never-dying life, of life ever renewed. The beams of the great solar giver of light and heat are warming the surface of the earth, which causes the air to rise, and the cold wind from the north to rush in to fill the void; bitter blasts they are, from over tracts of country that have lain for months under the stillness of snow and ice. The sun's warmth in a sheltered spot, and the blast of the cold east wind in the open, seems a contradiction, as if life and death were struggling for the mastery. But life, fuller and more abundant, is destined now to be king.

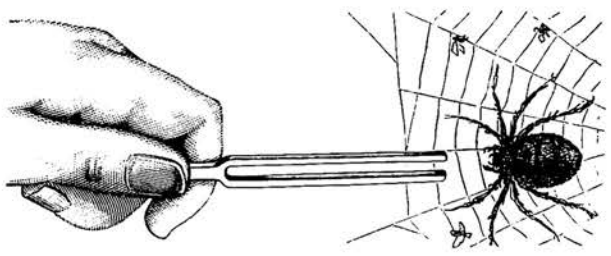
Life, the great and inscrutable mystery. Life, that is made visible in all outward forms, in worm and man, in weed and waving tree; the unnumbered and endless varieties of living things that manifest the life of the great world. The iron is extracted from the iron ore, and the refuse is thrown into huge black banks, and soon life appears there. The big stone is raised from the roadside, and there appears under it creeping lowly forms of life. In all corners, in all crevices, on land and sea and in the air too, is life seeking to burst forth.

Life, deeper and fuller, is the solemn and awful command of the ages; all things administer to it, and when the contribution of any part to this great law has been completed, death removes it with unfailing and merciful hand.

THE SPIDER AND THE TUNING-FORK.

A friend of mine one day sounded a tuning-fork within an inch or so of several spiders' webs, and found to his astonishment that in every case the spiders came for the fork in an attitude of attack. I could give him no explanation for this, as it had not come under my observation. Since then, I have learnt from naturalists who have studied spider-life, that a certain species of spider will attack the tuning-fork in the manner my friend described to me.

There are three species of spider common to our hedges and gardens. The one a big



one, which can be seen in the autumn in great numbers, sitting in the middle of its web, and the other two of a smaller and more graceful build; they all three spin webs of different patterns. When the tuning-fork is sounded over the web of the biggest spider, it will at once raise its forelegs to snatch at the instrument; when sounded over the smaller ones, one will drop at once by a single web to the ground, while the other will retreat to the furthest end of its web. Is it the vibratory movement of the tuning-fork that is communicated to the web, and felt by the spider through its legs, or does the spider hear the sound? Opinions are divided, but hardening in the direction of the spider hearing the sound. This is not so interesting, however, as Mr. Boys' explanations as to the reasons why the spiders act in the manner I have stated. Mr. Boys thinks that the sound of the tuning-fork is mistaken by the spider for the buzz of its natural enemy, the wasp. The big spider knows from experience that it can kill or keep off its enemy, and so springs forward to the attack. The smaller ones, on the other hand, know equally well from experience that, unless they can escape, they will be snatched by the wasp from their nest, and so they retreat, the one dropping to the ground, and the other seeking the shelter of the far corner of its web.

A spider looks to me such a calmly cruel and merciless insect; think of the tortures of the fly when it gets entangled amidst those deadly gossamer strings, the more it struggles the more completely does that web of death entwine it. But I am glad to learn from Mr. Pocock, that death to the fly after the spider's bite is very quick. Mr. Pocock made several experiments, by placing bees in different spiders' webs that spin amongst furze-bushes, and found that in every case the spider took good care to keep out of the range of the bee's sting, while encircling the unhappy insect round and round with its endless length of web, till all hope of escape was over. The spider then cautiously approached the bee, gave it one bite in the leg, and retreated to the corner of its web to watch the result. The struggles of the doomed thing got less and less, till within one minute of the bite they ceased altogether. The poison of the spider had done its work very speedily. Dr. Dallinger, who for many years has been making a close study of the ways and doings of spiders, speaks very highly of their intelligence, and considers it of a more superior order than has usually been imagined. But all observers are now telling the same story of that particular form of life which they have sympathetically studied.

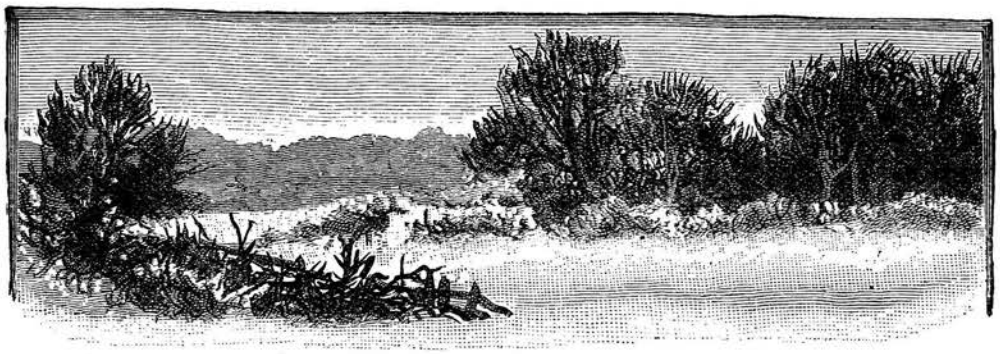
A Skunk's Weapon of Defence.

"Poor old dog," was my comment, as I read from a letter that a beautiful-looking spaniel, with great, loving, trusting eyes, that I knew in England, had, in the innocence of his heart over in America, gone on the trail of what he thought was probably an English rabbit or hare, and coming up to the animal was seized by the nose, causing the poor old chap to howl with might and main. His master got him free, when the skunk sent over man and dog that awful spray of defence. Mr. Hudson, who has had experience of it in South America, says:—"Crushed garlic is lavender by comparison; it tortures the olfactory nerves, and seems to pervade the whole system like a pestilent ether, nauseating one, until sea-sickness seems almost a pleasant sensation in comparison."

The skunk of America is about the size of a large cat, and so awful is the effects of its spray, that no living thing—unless by mistake—will attack it, and in consequence it is quite fearless and will hardly get out of the way of man. Mr. Hudson tells of how a foolish eagle vulture, pressed by hunger, tried to seize that menacing tail, but immediately afterwards, began staggering about with dishevelled plumage, tearful eyes and a profusely woe-begone expression on its vulture face. After a dog has once experienced those few dreadful drops of perfume, it will hardly ever be induced to attack the little fiend again. But if after much persuasion and banter, a poor brute, bolder than the average, is urged to the attack, and can seize the skunk by the back, then the victory may lie with the dog; but if the spray reaches the dog before it can do this, it will fall down as if shot, and not recover for days. A drop on a man's coat will render it quite useless for further wear. For the preservation of life, man has his developed brain, the elephant its tusks, the tiger its claws and teeth, the deer its fleetness of foot, the snake its poison, the stinging nettle its sting, the bush its thorn, and the skunk its drops of deadly perfume.

A Cobra's Intelligence.

It is a belief in Ceylon and India that certain of the cobra carry about in their mouths a small shining stone, which they place in the grass after dark, keeping careful guard over it by a quick swaying to and fro of their dangerous heads. For a long time this was thought by Europeans to be a foolish delusion (I fear many scientific men are too apt to consider many things foolishness of which they have had no experience, and which does not come within the restricted laws known to them), until Professor H. Hensoldt was shown by a native the stone shining from the midst of the grass, and the cobra keeping guard over it, by a quick swaying to and fro of its spiteful-looking head. The stone was secured by a clever device on the part of the native and given to the professor, who examined it, and found it to be a semi-transparent water-worn pebble of yellowish colour about the size of a large pea, which in the dark, when previously warmed, emitted a greenish phosphorescent light—a rare variety of fluor spar. Professor Hensoldt gives the following explanation of this curious behaviour on the part of the cobra. The female fire-fly sits on the grass and emits an intermittent glowing light, as an attraction to the male fire-flies, that in consequence fly about her. The cobra is particularly fond of fire-flies, and uses the fluor spar stone as a decoy for the males, and as the males fly round the stone, which they mistake for the female, the cobra, by the rapid darting to and fro of his neck, catches them and makes a good dinner on them. Professor Hensoldt also suggests that the cobras made the discovery by accident, as they noticed how night after night the fire-flies gathered about the shining pebble. Several snakes would then gather, and it would require no great reasoning powers for the cobra to learn that the nearer it got to the stone the better chance would there be of its catching fire-flies, and so the law of competition would lead to the snake's seizing and carrying off the stone, and the habit thus slowly learnt from experience has become hereditary.



HINTS FOR TRAVELLERS IN SUMMER.

It is not an exaggeration to say that a full half of the population of our country is on travelling thoughts intent when July and August come round. From the baby in arms to the grey and white-haired grannie, all are seeking a "change" by means of methods more or less wise. That they do not all return the better for that change is largely due to the fact that a false tack is followed by them from the start.

Some people set out with the idea that very "simple" faring and any sort of lodging, provided it be respectable, will suffice for their needs, and that to "rough it" will be wholesome for them. This may be a salutary change for the strong and sturdy, but it is not one by which children and those past their best strength will benefit. Others again are afraid to travel ever so short a way without an array of impedimenta comprising many unnecessary articles. For these travelling

becomes a penance, and the time of their stay in any place an infliction to whosoever takes them in.

Perhaps the happiest travellers are those who can successfully combine a modicum of comfort with a minimum of material, but to do this involves the thinking out beforehand, even to details, of every possible contingency and requirement. Where little children form part of the party this forecasting becomes doubly necessary. Few people are able to ensure having a railway carriage to themselves even if their party be a large one, and it is well to remember that even good children may seem troublesome in strangers' eyes, for few children can endure with patience a long confinement in a train, and sometimes the motion of the train creates sickness with a delicate child which makes it most difficult to deal with. The excitement of a prospective journey is often sufficient of itself to upset a child, and, at any rate, it invariably keeps all but the most imperturbable from eating properly before the start, hence the necessity of a lunch-basket to be produced afterwards, although eating whilst on a journey is to be deprecated for many reasons.

To strike a medium course, and avoid those after-consequences that invariably follow when sweets or cakes have been indulgently given as a pacific, involves some care in the packing of the lunch-basket. If the food and drink it contains are as nearly as possible what would have been given to the children at that hour if at home, the least upsetting of digestion will be ensured.

Too many sweets given during a journey produces acidity of the stomach, and thereby causes discomfort and fretfulness, while the child, really hungry, cannot be induced to eat proper food.

Let us, to be practical, see what may and should be found in the lunch-basket that accompanies the young family party on their journey to the distant seaside.

First of all see to it that it is nicely packed, using plenty of fresh white wrapping-paper, and empty cardboard-boxes for holding sandwiches, bread and butter, and cake, as this precaution keeps them from growing stale or "messy." Also small packages of everything are more tempting than to see a quantity together. For sandwiches there is nothing so nice as potted beef, or potted meat of any kind. It is moister, it spreads evenly, and quite does away with that disagreeable feature belonging to some sandwiches when the meat comes away at the first bite, leaving the bread and butter behind. Some little plain buns cut open and spread with lemon curd make nice sweet sandwiches. Eggs boiled hard and sliced thinly, sprinkled with salt and pepper, and spread between brown bread and butter, make another variety of the genus sandwich.

Pastry is rather to be avoided, although a few simple cheesecakes are not harmful.

Fresh fruit is always acceptable, and a silver knife and fork to cut or pare it should be put into the lunch-basket.

Plain, seed, or raisin cake should be added to the basket, but keep out all currant or rich plum kinds.

What to drink is always a difficulty; in warm weather and in a dusty carriage everyone grows thirsty, the little folk especially so. Sterilised milk will carry well, but it is too substantial a food to serve as a thirst quencher. For the latter purpose there is hardly anything to equal home-made lemonade, that is lemonade made by pouring boiling water over sliced lemons and some lumps of sugar, adding a few crystals of citric acid, and letting it stand several hours. Strain and pour off into large flasks or bottles, putting a small piece of ice into each. Cold weak tea, without either sugar or milk, makes a refreshing beverage for older folk.

A few soda-mint tablets should be taken where there is any tendency to nausea; they quickly relieve the disagreeable feeling and are invaluable when travelling on board ship.

When a journey of several hours is undertaken a few playthings or favourite books ought to be provided for the little ones; children must have occupation, and whenever possible their minds should be occupied with observing the country they are passing through, encouraging them to think and reason about things, still this palls after a time, and a change to book or toy is welcomed.

To the intelligent grown-up travellers we would like to suggest that the book of nature is better worth reading than many of those they buy at the bookstall. It is quite saddening to notice how comparatively few people possess the faculty of observation, the beauties of the landscape, the formation of the land and its character, or the many touches of real life that one comes across incidentally on almost every journey, are quite passed over by those who "having eyes, yet see not." This defect grows out of the want of being taught as children the use of the eye as a shorthand reporter to the brain.

Then there is the clothing question; what is and what is not suitable for wear when on a journey.

A few years ago it was quite a common thing for people to reserve their oldest and shabbiest clothes for travelling, and one invariably recognised one's own country-people when meeting them abroad by the cut and quality of their garments. Nowadays we have changed all that, thanks to the improvements and embellishment of everything that belongs to tourist paraphernalia. The neat tailor-made suit, the trim hat and smart macintosh have ousted the half worn dress and mantle from favour, so that we no longer see the dreadful incongruities that once made us wince. I well remember watching the disembarkation of an excursion steamer on the French side of the Channel some few years ago, and feeling keenly ashamed of the sorry figures cut by most of my compatriots as they came off the boat. Cotton dresses, white in many instances, and all more or less bedraggled, thick jackets or capes over these, and fur boas, above which came white straw hats with laces, ribbons and flowers galore!

Seriously, however, the question of suitability is not an easy one to solve in spite of the "tailor-mades." On very hot days the latter do not look happy, even with the cotton shirt that is adopted with them, for the cotton shirt has generally a stiff collar and cuffs, which cause heat just where it is most uncomfortable to feel it.

In hot weather, for travelling by train or carriage nothing is so light and cool as a simply-made alpaca dress, or one of the old-fashioned materials known as *barège*, nun's veiling, and beige. These are so light in texture, and the dust can so easily be shaken off, that however light they may be in colour they do not easily soil. Accompanying a dress (simply made) of this kind, a three-quarter shower-proof cloak of thin tweed would be a sufficient wrap for most cases; the hat can be a plain sailor or one of light mixed straws, than which nothing looks neater, or a boat-shape of finer straw the shade of the dress, trimmed with quills.

Little children look their best in washing suits, but these so quickly lose their freshness, and if the weather cools they are not a sufficient protection, so that for these reasons they are best discarded. A light woollen material for a little girl, as soft and thin as you please, and a thin serge for a boy would be most satisfactory in the end. Plain straw hats, simply trimmed, for either, and a good cloak in reserve. Starched white hoods or hats are far from being as cool as they look, and invariably have to be removed in a railway carriage. For travelling by steamer there is nothing so comfortable as a soft light cap.

Rubber-soled shoes are the easiest wear on deck or by the sea-shore; good stockings, but not very thick ones.

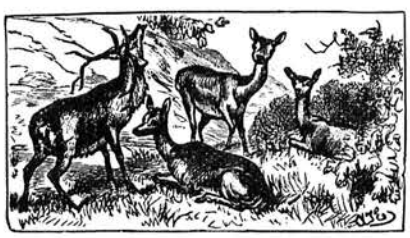
When a night has to be spent in a railway carriage or a berth a flannel dressing-gown should be taken, as to lie down in one's clothes not only ruins them but effectually prevents sleep in comfort. Many people undress and lie down in their berths, trusting only to the rug given by the stewardess for their covering, a proceeding that is neither wise nor sanitary.

A pocket or bag to hold a small comb and brush, a sponge, cake of soap, a soft towel, and other small articles that may be required is an essential to comfort, as it is a great nuisance when portmanteaux have to be unlocked to find these requisites.

Where there are very small children or a baby one or two soft square pillows are a great comfort; these should be covered in art muslin or something that washes as well. A little hammock that can be slung anywhere, with a rug folded inside it, makes a delicious bed for the little baby. Anything which helps to keep the baby warm and comfortable conduces also to the comfort of those who travel with the tiny passenger, and for this reason the mite's belongings are generally found to make up a good half of the family luggage, and yet to cut these down is a penalty one hardly dares to incur. There are many little contrivances brought out for heating food, and one of these is indispensable as a "mother's help" either on the journey or in lodgings; if possible, however, do not choose one that is lighted with spirit, an oil-lamp is far safer, if more trouble to carry.

In conclusion, do not forget to take a few simple remedies such as camphor pilules (for warding off colds), aconite in homœopathic form for feverish symptoms, a few camomile flowers, a few anti-pyrine powders (or tabloids), some olive oil and strips of linen; also, last but not least, a supply of arnica and calendula plaister.

L. H. YATES.



SIX CUPS OF COFFEE.

PREPARED FOR THE PUBLIC PALATE.

By Maria Parloa, Catherine Owen, Marion Harland, Juliet Corson, Mrs. Helen Campbell, Mrs. D. A. Lincoln.

The Best Known Authorities on Coffee-Making.

COFFEE—II.

AS PREPARED BY MARION HARLAND.

THE *very* best way to make coffee is to buy the raw berries and brown them yourself, at least once a week. Most printed directions for preparing the beverage insist upon these preliminaries as a *sine qua non*. When the mistress cannot superintend the roasting, it is seldom well done, the coffee being burned or unequally cooked. Therefore, the average housewife, who has her hands full of "must-be-dones," reading that tolerable coffee cannot be had unless this rule be obeyed, makes up her mind to give her family a second-rate article. Should coffee be regarded as a daily necessity of existence by her and her household, she would do well to spare time from other occupations (if possible) to prepare it in the most approved manner.

To this end, purchase Java and Mocha in equal quantities; mix and roast them in a broad dripping-pan, shaking and stirring often, particularly when they begin to brown, turning the pan, end for end, several times during the operation. The berries should be evenly tinted to the shade we know as "coffee-color." Burnt grains must be thrown away. Lift the pan to a table, and stir into the hot coffee the beaten whites of two eggs for each pound and a dessertspoonful of fresh butter. This keeps in the aroma until the grinding lets it out. Do it quickly and faithfully, glazing every berry with the air-proof coating. When cool, shake the coffee in a sieve, that the berries may not stick together, and put it into a tight canister. Grind in a good mill—*i. e.*, one that works well without rattling or "wobbling"—every morning as much as will be needed for the day.

This was our mother's and grandmother's way of preparing coffee grains for making the most popular beverage known to civilized peoples, and no domestic considered herself aggrieved if required to do it. Now, the good wife who informs her cook that "we roast and grind our own coffee" will have trouble in the flesh. Bridget's impregnable belief is that "what is good enough for people that lives in finer houses nor yerself, is plenty good for yez." It is not to be undermined by representations that ground coffee bought by the package has lost much of its original value with time, and is, furthermore, shamefully adulterated. What your richer neighbors use ought to satisfy you, especially when discontent with it entails worry and labor upon herself. I repeat it: If you must have irreproachable coffee, look to it in person.

Next to this process in excellence is the plan of purchasing, a pound at a time, freshly-ground coffee from a trustworthy grocer whose mill goes every day; or you may buy it freshly roasted in the grain from him in small quantities, putting a certain portion in the oven until warmed through, as you need it, and grinding it before it cools. This insures you against the admixture of foreign substances. The belief in the extensive adulteration of the ground coffee sold by the package at a low rate is founded upon a rock of fact. Sacks of beans and tons of chicory are bought without a scruple, and stored unblushingly in the warehouses of coffee-and-spice millers.

Make sure then, to begin with, that your material is pure and lately ground. On the last point, take notice that the coffee which is to be made into a drink by the percolation of steam or water should be ground more finely than when it is to be boiled.

Next see that the water is on what may be called "a fresh boil." It should not have simmered for hours at the side of the stove until all the liveliness is spent, but stand in the hottest place, where it will come quickly and furiously to the boiling-point; then be used at once.

The perfection of coffee, to my way of thinking, is made in the "Vienna coffee-pot." A tea-kettle of copper, brass, or plated silver, full of boiling water, is set over a spirit-lamp. Into it is fitted a tube attached to a glass receptacle for the finely-ground coffee, which is kept from entering the tube by a wire sieve. A tight stopper prevents the escape through the kettle-spout of the steam generated by the lamp. It is thus forced upward through the tube and sieve into the dry coffee. The globe has a brass cover, that keeps in the heat. The coffee is speedily saturated with vapor, and begins to heave and boil like the crater of a volcano. When the tossing mass fills the upper vessel, the stopper is withdrawn from the spout of the lower, and the surface slowly sinks to the original level. The stopper is replaced, and another boil begins. Three boils and as many drainings will leave in the kettle delicious black coffee, fragrant and clear. It can be made on the breakfast or dinner-table in five minutes, if the flame be strong and the water on the boil when set over it. Directions and measures for quantities of coffee and water accompany the pot.

Hardly second in merit to this method is the use of the French "biggin" or "grecque." A tin cylinder, furnished with two movable and one stationary strainers, is set on a coffee-pot. Dry, fine coffee goes into the upper vessel in the proportion of a half-pint cupful to a quart of *boiling* water poured on this, and left to filter through once, twice, or three times, as a moderately or very strong infusion is desired. The pot should be made hot by scalding before the cylinder is fitted on; then stand on the hot range, or hearth, while the liquid drips through the strainers. But this *must not boil* then or afterwards.

Persons accustomed to Vienna or French coffee do not relish that cooked in the old-fashioned style. But as many still cling to the latter, it is well to know how to obtain the most satisfactory result offered by it.

Allow to each even cupful of ground coffee a quart of boiling water. Mix the coffee in a bowl with half a cupful of cold water, and the white and shell of an egg; stir all well together before putting the mixture into the boiler. Add the boiling water, and let it boil *fast* ten minutes after it begins to bubble. Throw in one-third of a cupful of cold water to check ebullition; draw to one side, and let the decoction settle for three minutes before pouring it off gently from the grounds into the urn.

Send hot milk—cream, if you have it—to table with coffee. A teaspoonful of whipped cream, laid on the surface of each cupful, adds to the elegance of the beverage.

—*Marion Harland.*

DID you ever observe it? asks the *St. Paul Globe*, when a man makes a humble beginning and rises to wealth and distinction he is pointed out by his fellow-men as a model self-made man. If a woman commences life as a chambermaid or in any other position in the humbler walks of life, and afterward rises in the world, the rest of womankind never forgives her. Why is it so?

FRUIT AS A FOOD.

Its Value, Its Characteristics, and some Ways in which It May be Appetizingly Served.

II.—THE CURRANT AND THE RASPBERRY.

THE garden currant is one of the most valuable of our early summer fruits. It is available from the time the berries have reached a fair size in their green state, till the last clusters have been taken from the bushes, and its clear, keen acid flavor, gently stimulating to the activity of nearly all the organs of the human system, renders it an exceptionally valuable and healthful food product. It is certain that the currant, as now known to us, is a native of some northern region, but where it first appeared, or where it first came into use as an article of human food is not known. It is certain that it was known in the British islands at an early period of their history; and it may have been a native there, as seems quite probable. But it also appears that some improved varieties were brought across from Holland, as the name "Dutch" has been used in connection with superior sorts of both the white and red varieties for many generations. Just how the currant came into this country is not known; there are certain species growing wild, in some sections, but they are so different from the cultivated kinds that the latter are evidently not domesticated forms of the original fruit.

For practical use, the red variety is the standard, but the white is a close second in popular favor. For table use it is preferred by many, owing to its milder and less acid flavor. The black currant is scarcely a general favorite, though when fully ripe its peculiar musky taste is enjoyed by some. The white currant is probably a seedling of the red, is a vigorous bearer, and is generally a trifle earlier in ripening.

Both the red and the white, when fully ripe, are quite palatable if plucked fresh from the vines and eaten in the natural state; they are delicious when sprinkled with sugar, either leaving the currants whole or crushing them, and are sometimes served upon the stems, after having been generously sprinkled with powdered sugar. This is in line with the most approved method for serving strawberries, with the hulls and stems attached. Green currants make a very palatable sauce, stewed in an equal measure of water, and sweetened to the taste while still hot.

Green Currant Pie.

Stew the green currants, which should be at least two-thirds grown, till soft, sweeten to taste, and pour into a pie dish lined with paste. Dredge lightly with flour, cover with a thin upper crust well slashed, and bake for half an hour.

Currant Pie.

Crush a cupful of ripe red currants, add one-fourth cupful of molasses and three-fourths cupful of sugar. Add three spoonfuls of water and two of flour, stirring the whole till thoroughly mixed. Pour into a pie dish properly prepared with a paste, add a few small bits of butter upon the surface, cross the top with narrow strips of pastry, and bake slowly.

Currant Shortcake.

This is made like strawberry shortcake, and is eaten while warm, served without cream.

Currant Pudding.

Into a cupful of sugar creamed with half the quantity of butter, stir in order, two eggs beaten light, a cupful of milk, twelve ounces of flour, two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and a cupful of currants. Bake in pattypans.

Currant Meringue.

Crush together a cupful of currants with an equal measure of sugar. Beat the yolks of two eggs, with a rounding teaspoonful of flour, and stir this into the currants, adding a little water unless the fruit is quite juicy. Pour the mixture into a deep pie plate and bake. When it is done, cover the top with a meringue made from the whites of the eggs beaten with two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Brown slightly in the oven, and serve cold.

Currant Tarts.

Bake the pastry in the usual manner, filling with three parts of currants and one part of raspberries, stewed together. Sweeten to taste.

Currant Bread Pudding.

Make a common bread pudding thicker than usual and very sweet. Add a cupful of ripe currants, stir thoroughly, and bake at once. Serve with

Currant Sauce.

Thicken currant juice slightly with flour and butter rubbed together and well sweetened. In all uses made of currants or their juice, a generous amount of sugar is required.

Currant Jelly.

Fruit that is a little under rather than overripe makes the best jelly. It should be carefully picked over, leaving the currants upon the stems. Scald the fruit and strain through a jelly bag, applying no more pressure than may be necessary. Measure the juice, and take an equal quantity of sugar, which should be set in an open oven where it may be kept hot, though care should be taken to prevent it from burning. Boil the juice for twenty minutes, skimming often, then add the hot sugar and simmer for ten minutes. If by this time the mixture begins to thicken when dropped into a cool saucer, it is ready to be poured into the hot jelly tumblers; if it does not seem to thicken when dropped, continue the simmering for two or three minutes longer. Paste paper covers over the glasses when the jelly has hardened. If it does not do so readily, set it in the sun.

One part of raspberries to five or six parts of currants may be used, instead of currants alone. In that case, somewhat less sugar will be required and the very pleasant raspberry flavor will be decidedly apparent.

Currant Jam.

Select and assort the currants carefully, removing all stems, leaves and imperfect fruit. Use two quarts of

sugar for three quarts of berries. Crush the fruit and cook it for an hour, taking care that it does not burn; to avoid which it should be cooked rather slowly and frequently stirred. Add the sugar, stirring thoroughly, and simmer for a quarter-hour longer. At this stage extra care must be taken not to scorch the jam, and the stirring spoon should be kept in almost constant use. The cans or jars in which it is put should be hot. When cool, seal and put away for use.

The raspberry is one of the most delicious of fruits, and is almost universally appreciated. Unfortunately its range of growth is rather limited, and from the perishable nature of the berry it is not adapted for general transportation. In order to be enjoyed at its best, it should be grown in the garden, and plucked fresh from the bushes as wanted. It is a member of the same genus as the blackberry—a sort of first cousin, as it were, though much less hardy, and with a more delicate and perishable fruit.

In this portion of the country two varieties are about equally common—the red and the black. The latter is a somewhat firmer and drier berry than the red, and is consequently better adapted to marketing. There are several other varieties of the raspberry, most of which are of local fame, and only the yellow is of sufficiently general growth to require mention.

The red raspberry grows along the entire northern portion of our country, from Newfoundland on the east to Oregon on the west, but it does not flourish in any degree south of what was once known as "Mason and Dixon's line." The black raspberry, however, has a range extending as far south as Georgia. Both are indigenous to the country, and may be found growing wild in the most vigorous manner where scarcely looked for.

Taken in the natural state, as it comes from the bushes or with a slight sprinkling of sugar, the raspberry is a most delicious fruit, ranking perhaps next to the strawberry in popular estimation. The multitude of ways in which it can be used in the preparation of table delicacies is so great that at best only a few can be presented at this time.

Raspberry Shortcake.

This is made precisely in all respects like strawberry shortcake, except that a little less sugar will be required. Sweet or whipped cream makes an excellent sauce.

Raspberry Blancmange.

Smooth four tablespoonfuls of cornstarch in an equal quantity of milk, and add it to a quart of boiling fresh milk, to which as it thickens add four tablespoonfuls of sugar. When it is cooked, stir in half a cupful of juice from fresh berries, slightly sweetened. Turn into a mold and serve with sweet cream. The juice from canned raspberries may be used, but is not as good as the fresh fruit

Raspberry Pie.

A half-pint of berries between two crusts will make a pie of ordinary size and thickness. After the berries have been put upon the under crust, add two tablespoonfuls of water, with any flavoring which may be desired, sweeten, and dredge lightly with flour. Add the upper crust, properly slitted, and bake in a rather quick oven.

Raspberry Pudding.

Into a cupful of sugar with which a tablespoonful of butter has been creamed, stir the beaten yolks of two eggs. Then add a cupful and a half of milk, the whites of two eggs beaten till stiff, and enough flour for a rather thick batter, into which a teaspoonful of baking powder has been mingled. Then add a pint of fresh raspberries, mixing them in thoroughly, and bake in the ordinary manner. Serve with a berry or other liquid sauce.

Raspberry Sauce.

Stir together a cupful of sugar and a tablespoonful of butter: when thoroughly mixed, add the juice of a small lemon, and finally a cupful of fresh raspberry juice, (raspberry jam will answer, but is not as good). Beat together perfectly and set in a cool place—on ice is best.

Raspberry Jam.

Three-fourths the weight of the berries should be allowed in sugar. Crush the fruit in a porcelain kettle, adding a little currant juice to give character to the jam,—a fourth or fifth part may be added. Bring the juice to a boil, skimming frequently, and add the sugar. From this point stir constantly, as there is danger of burning the mixture. Let it boil up thoroughly, then remove from the fire and put up as directed for other jams.

Raspberry Jelly.

The fruit should not be too ripe for this purpose, and the natural berries are better than those grown under a high degree of cultivation. The fruit should be gently cooked in a little water till soft, after which the juice is pressed through a jelly bag, the subsequent proceedings being similar to those had in the preparation of other jellies. Many makers prefer to add from a sixth to a half of currant juice, as it gives a more desirable jelly, without impairing the raspberry flavor. A pound of sugar, heated in the oven, is added to each pint of juice, after it has boiled for twenty minutes in a porcelain kettle: after boiling up again, for but a few minutes, the jelly tumblers may be filled, subsequent treatment being the same as for currant jelly.

FRUIT BUDS.

Green currants make good sauce or pies.

Raspberry jam has no superior among the sauces.

The currant is a native of the north, perhaps of Holland.

Do not have the currants too ripe when making jelly; but they must not be green.

In making raspberry jelly, add considerable currant juice; the flavor will not be impaired.

A currant bush will grow almost anywhere, and give good returns for even indifferent care.

Raspberries are best when plucked, fresh and ripe, from the bushes and immediately used—and so are other berries.

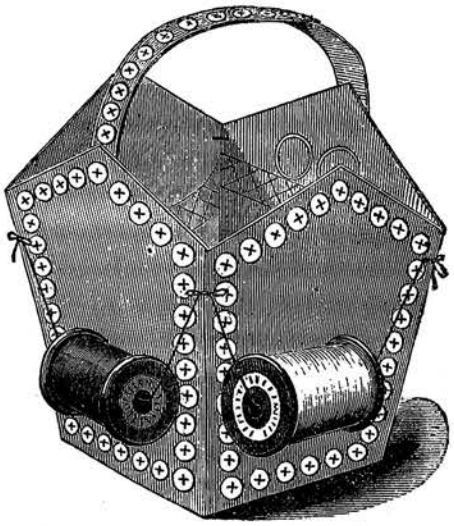
Fine large strings of fully ripe currants are delicious when sprinkled with powdered sugar and eaten from the stems.

The red raspberry ranges across the northern portion of the country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific; the black cap extends a few hundred miles further south.

—Mrs. Minerva Van Wyck.

MY WORK BASKET.

Toilet Necessaire.



THIS novel little *multum in parvo* is a most saleable article for fancy bazaars, being easily and cheaply made; and, whilst taking up but a small space on the dressing-table, will often prove of the greatest use. Needles, cottons, buttons, scissors, thimble, and pins, etc., so often required at the last moment, being close at hand.

The basket is made of firm cardboard, consisting of twelve pieces; six for the outside, and six for the lining, care being taken to cut them exact.

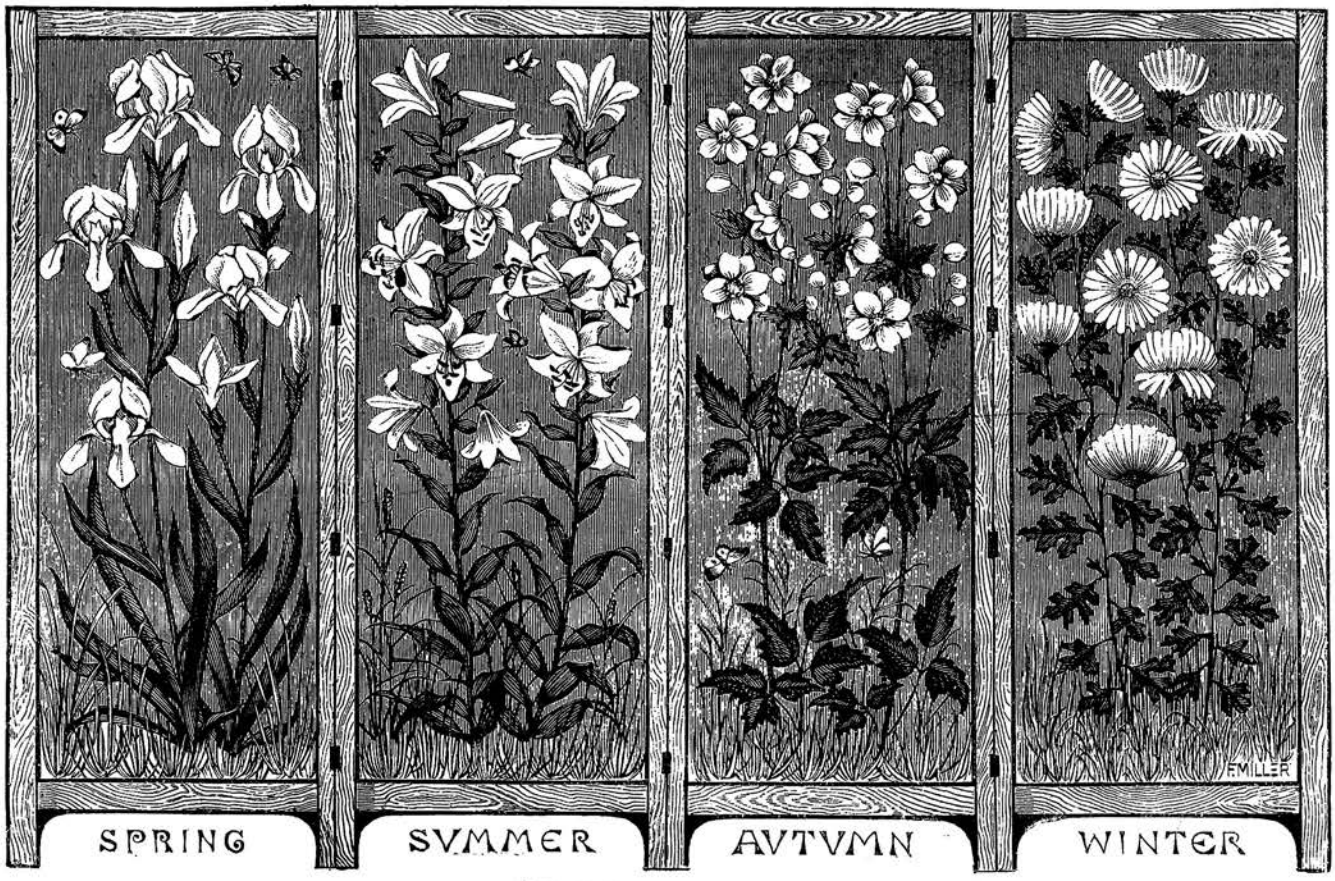
The foundation is two inches each way; the eight pieces for the four sides, are each four and a half inches deep in the middle; three and a half at the sides, and two inches across at the bottom, to fit the square. The handle is seven inches long and half an inch wide. Each piece of cardboard is tightly covered with any dark and not too thick a material. The one we have as pattern is covered outside with a lovely shade of violet cashmere, and lined with white silk. Tack the cashmere on four of the pieces of cardboard for the sides, and sew a row of small china buttons round the edges with violet silk. Cover the other four pieces with white silk for the lining, and sew them to the outsides with violet silk. Across two opposite sides of the basket inside are bands of violet cashmere, worked with coarse white silk in double feather stitch. Another side has a cashmere pocket worked to match, opposite which is a small hassock emery cushion, crossed with very narrow white braid. The bands are tacked to hold a thimble on one side, and a small pair of scissors on the other. When the four sides are complete they are sewn to the foundation and up the four sides. The handle is fastened between the outside and inside cards. It is also made of double cardboard with a row of buttons arranged closely together. Small holes are pierced in the upper corners of the sides, through which a narrow white braid is threaded, on which reels of black and white cotton and black and white silk are suspended. The size of the reels must suit the width of the lower part of the basket. The upper edge round the points is stuck with pins. A housewife, or papers of needles, may be kept in the pocket, and small rolls of tape, elastic, and boot buttons laid in the bottom.

Four-fold Embroidered Screen.

Now that the autumn days are upon us and the lengthening evenings are reminding us that winter is at hand, we do not think we can give the readers of The Girl's Own Paper a better idea to carry out in their leisure moments than the subject of our illustration. There is no article of furniture in a room more conducive to the feeling of cosiness and warmth than a folding screen; and there is nothing that gives greater scope for the display of artistic ability than this most beautiful adjunct to a room. The ordinary scrap screens are passably good, but are poor and commonplace by the side of an embroidered one such as we give in our illustration. The outlay need not be considerable, as four plain deal frames hinged together and stained black, or even polished without staining, could be made very reasonably by almost any intelligent carpenter. The rest of the effect, with the exception of the material for working upon, is left to the girls, and we feel sure that if our readers only knew how charming a hand-worked screen looks in a room, they would lose no time in setting about working one as a present to their parents or friends at this approaching Christmas.

The plants chosen, taking them in their order, are—1, the iris; 2, the white lily; 3, the anemone japonica; 4, the chrysanthemum. The iris grows in many colours, from pure white to rich purple, but we should suggest that this and the other end panel of chrysanthemums should be worked in any other colour than white, so that the two centre ones, being necessarily white, can be framed in, as it were, by the two outer panels.

Grass should be worked at the base of each flower to give the appearance of growth, and also to form a base to the design. Keep the greens harmonious in tone, the iris and chrysanthemum greyer, and the lily and anemone warmer in colour.



A FOURFOLD EMBROIDERED SCREEN.

SOME CHINESE DISHES.

Celestial Bills of Fare for American Cooks.

IT was a Mongolian philosopher who said that civilization was born in a frying pan. Every great nation, past and present, not alone has mastered the culinary art, but has also produced a school of cooking of its own. This is patent to every one who has traveled in Europe, and doubly so to those who have visited the East. Just as the French appear to lead in one hemisphere in kitchen science, so the Chinese lead the other. The similarity at times is really amusing. The Parisian chef, who claimed he could cook eggs in 700 different ways, would meet a dangerous rival in the Canton expert, who could prepare chicken in 1,500 styles.

Many of the dishes on the Celestial bill of fare are admirable in every respect. They please the eye as well as the palate, are easily digested and very nutritious. Large numbers of them might be adopted by our own housewives with benefit. During a stay in China, the writer secured the recipes of many pleasing preparations, which are heartily recommended to American readers. A few are as follows:

Preserved Watermelon Rind.

Take the rind of a ripe watermelon, cut it into pieces an inch square, wash and dip it into boiling sirup or boiling honey, and there let it remain until a broom straw will pass through it with perfect ease. Take it from the fire and let it cool. If honey is used, the resultant preserve will be of an amber-brown color. If the sirup is made from white sugar, the green and red of the natural fruit will be preserved quite distinctly.

Chow-Gan, or Chinese Omelet.

Separate the yolks and whites of the eggs and add to each half its volume of milk thickened with cornstarch. The Chinese use rice starch or rice flour, to which cornstarch or superfine wheat flour is the nearest approach. Add to both salt and white pepper, to taste, and a few drops of Worcestershire sauce. Prepare separately some boiled ham or roast pork, finely minced green peas, sliced tomatoes, chopped onion, chopped shalot and sliced mushrooms which have been boiled. Season all these to the taste. Beat the eggs very vigorously, and then mix them all together in a deep dish. Bake in a hot oven until the outside is a golden-brown, with here and there black markings. The dish may be served plain or with gravy sauce. It is like a Spanish omelet, but lighter, more aromatic and much prettier to look at.

Rice Eggs.

Rice eggs are a very appetizing and nourishing dessert. They are made by sweetening and moistening cold boiled rice until it becomes coherent, molding a tablespoonful around a preserved crabapple, pear or other sweetmeat into the form of an egg, dipping this in beaten egg and frying over a hot fire. A Chinese cook will use a different sweetmeat, or a different couple of sweetmeats in each egg, and will serve it garnished with rose leaves and flowers. If well made, the eggs are very light and delicate.

Chow-Gai-Men, or Cantonese Chicken and Macaroni.

Cook a half-pound of vermicelli and thoroughly strain. Pour over it half a cupful of tomato sauce. Shred the white and dark meat of half a small chicken into fibres no larger than a match. Shred four sticks of celery and mince one Bermuda onion, or two small ordinary ones. Season with salt, white pepper, red pepper, a dash of ginger, cloves and cinnamon, and put all together in a well-greased pan. Saute over a hot fire. During the final heating the various ingredients should be thoroughly mingled. When they are, let the pan remain quiet a minute or so until the vermicelli touching the metal is moderately brown. Serve plain or with half a cupful of soup stock thrown over it.

Mushroom Omelet.

Take a dozen large fresh mushrooms, wash thoroughly and cut off the stems, so as to leave the plates in one flat piece. Mince the stems very fine and add them to three eggs, well beaten. Season to taste with salt, white and red pepper. When the mixture is uniform, pour it over the mushroom plates and then transfer each in a soup spoon to the frying pan. Each mushroom should be just encircled with the egg and minced stems. Fry to a rich brown. Some cooks add minced ham to the egg and minced stems. It makes a much richer dish, but is apt to conceal the delicate flavor of the mushroom. Those who like the mushrooms well done should cover the frying pan and not turn the omelettes. With a cover, the egg and mince preserve their normal color and make a neat contrast with the creamy hue of the mushroom. Turned, everything is a monotonous brown. Each omelet should be about one inch and a half to two inches in diameter, two morsels. If the mushrooms are too large for this, they should be cut in half before cooking.

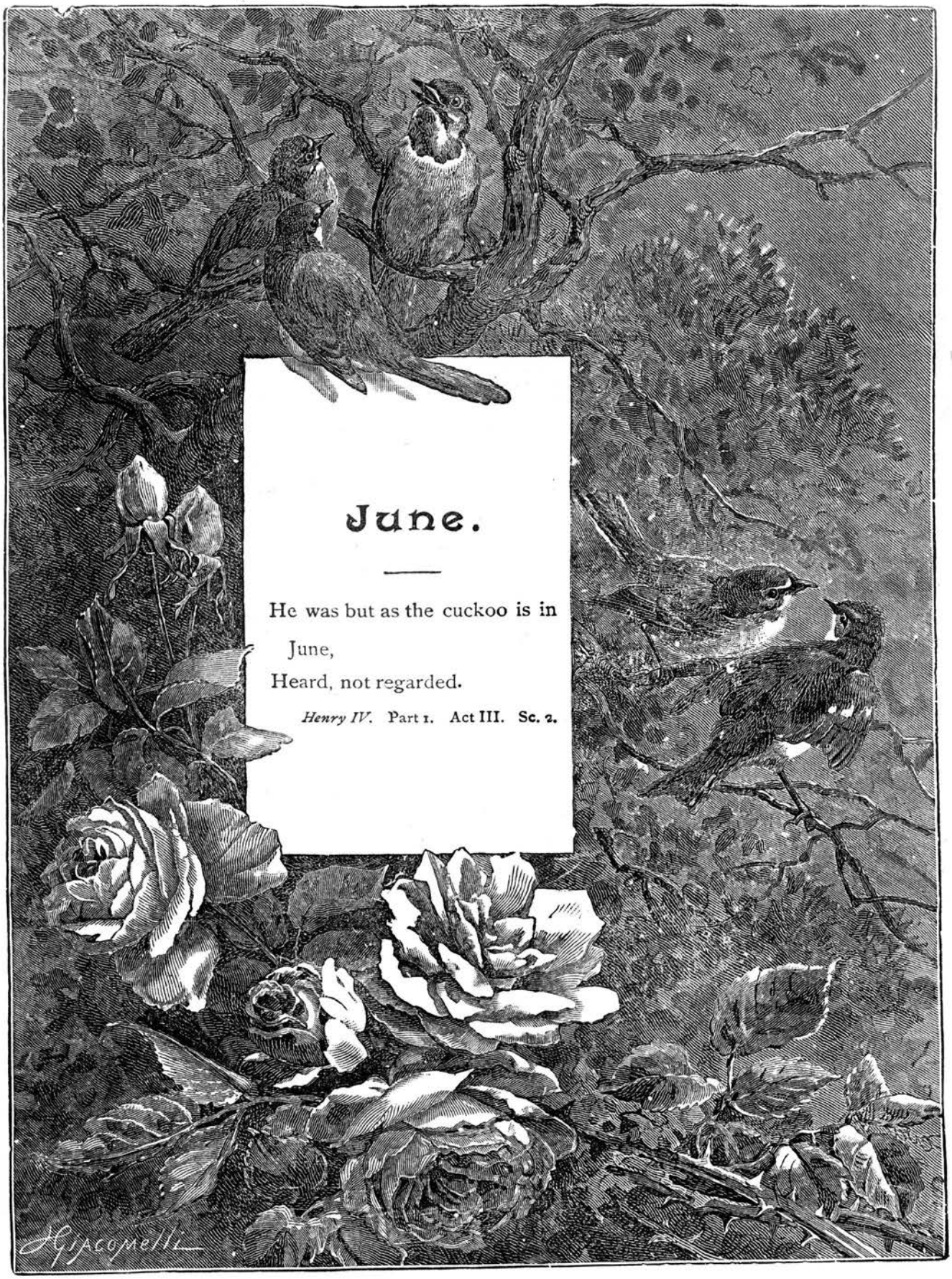
Meat Dumplings.

Meat dumplings are very popular in the far East and afford a pleasant variety in the way of preparing animal food. They appear in two forms. One is made from the thinnest dough, in very much the same style as the Italian Ravioli, and the other from light spongy dough, like the old English rump steak pudding. Either raw or cooked meat, or fish of any kind may be employed. The meat should have all bone, gristle and outside skin removed, and be minced or cut into long threads. It should then be mixed with minced or sliced celery, onion, green chili, or other green vegetables, and seasoned with salt, white and red pepper, and Worcestershire sauce. A tablespoonful of this mixture should be wrapped in a piece of dough, rolled as thin as a visiting card. It should be steamed or boiled in a jacketed boiler about an hour. Steaming is much preferable as it does not break down the dumpling; and also as it bleaches the outside of the dough to a snowy whiteness. In making the other kind of dough, the flour should be leavened, or baking powder should be employed. It should be rolled about a quarter of an inch thick. This when steamed will expand to half an inch. The Chinese beef, mutton, veal, pork, chicken, duck, pigeon and goose are treated in this manner and also nearly every variety of fish.

Chop-Suey.

Chop-Suey is a common dish, but very palatable. Take equal quantities of ham, chicken liver and chicken gizzard sliced very fine, potatoes, chopped onion and asparagus tips. Stew the animal food half an hour in as little water as possible. Then add the vegetables and stew until the asparagus is soft. Season to taste and serve smoking hot.

—Margherita Arlina Hamm.



Logan's Home Manual, 1899

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