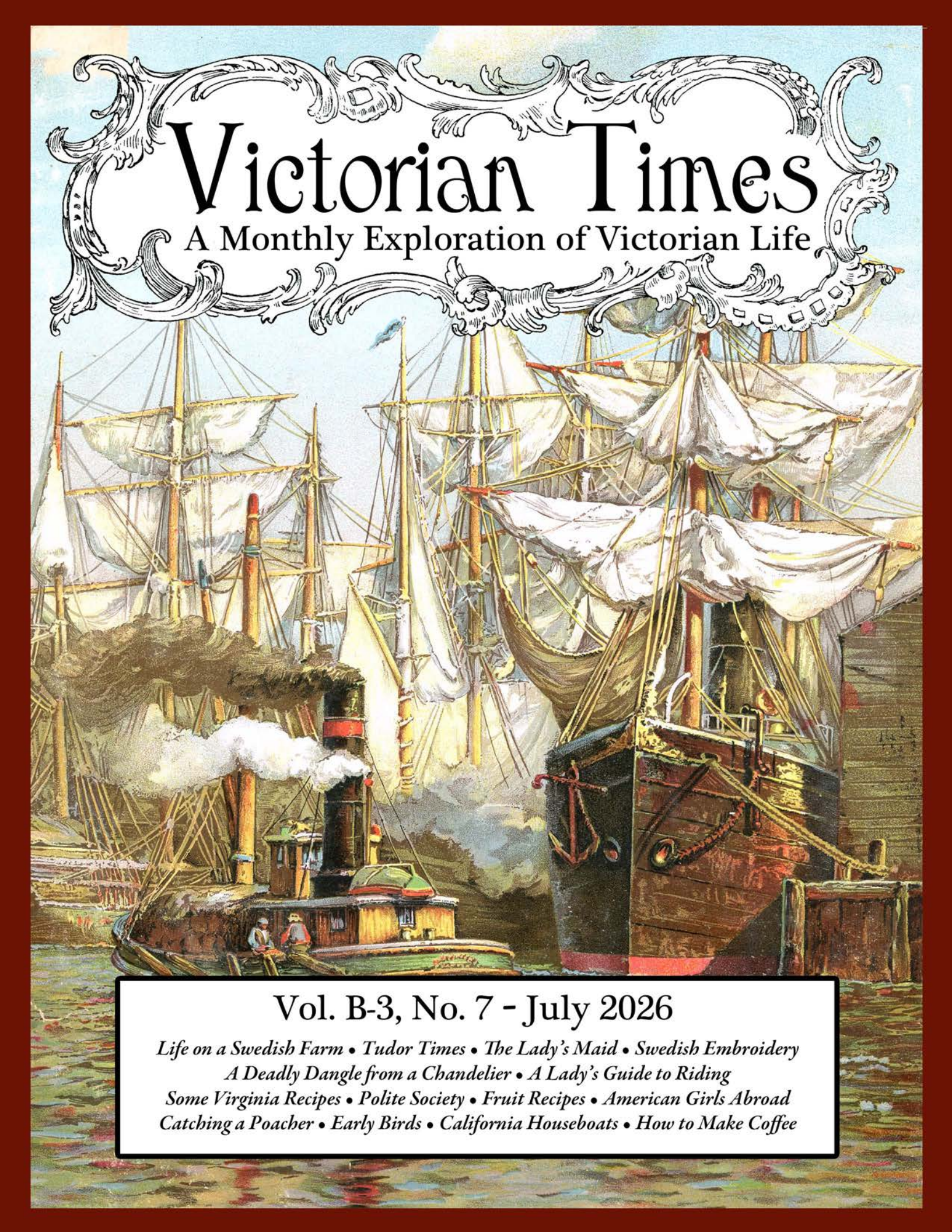


The background of the cover is a detailed illustration of a busy harbor scene. Several large, multi-masted sailing ships with white sails are docked at a wooden pier. In the foreground, a small steam tugboat with a black smokestack is moving through the water, leaving a trail of white smoke. The scene is set against a light blue sky with soft clouds. The entire illustration is framed by an ornate, white, scrollwork border.

Victorian Times

A Monthly Exploration of Victorian Life

Vol. B-3, No. 7 - July 2026

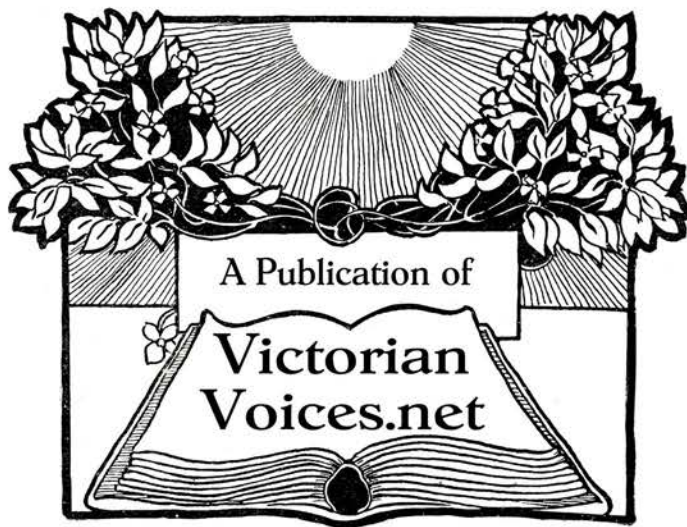
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A Deadly Dangle from a Chandelier • A Lady's Guide to Riding
Some Virginia Recipes • Polite Society • Fruit Recipes • American Girls Abroad
Catching a Poacher • Early Birds • California Houseboats • How to Make Coffee*

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A Monthly Exploration
of Victorian Life

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edited by Moira Allen



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Print Edition ISBN 9798180892393

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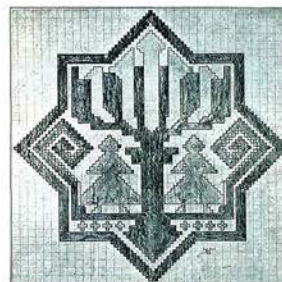
Cover Image: "Dock Scene," from a Victorian scrap album, undated.

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The Age of Letters

Dear Readers... Since we've been chatting about paper for two months, let's talk about *letters*. There was a time when, if you wished to communicate at any length with a friend or loved one who lived some distance away, putting pen to paper was your only option. *Short* messages could be sent by telegraph, but this was expensive, leading to such Victorian "tweets" as "arriving Sunday noon stop."

My older readers probably remember letters quite well, particularly if you can remember when "long distance calls" were a thing—and an expensive thing. The cost of international calls was prohibitive; a bit over 20 years ago, I ran up a \$300 phone bill on a short, but essential, call to England. A stamp cost far less.

Victorians invented that stamp, and with it, the custom of "writing letters." While people certainly sent letters long before the 19th century, these were generally sent amongst the royal and noble classes, who could afford to hire a messenger (and, perhaps, a scribe if they couldn't read or write). Britain introduced a public postal service in 1635, and the Post Office in 1660. In 1784, mail delivery was improved with the introduction of mail coaches, but the cost of sending a letter was still beyond the reach (or ability) of most commoners. Nor did most commoners have any *need* to write letters; their friends and loved ones generally lived in the same village, or at worst, the next.

So, while Victorians didn't invent letters, they *did* make it possible, for the first time, for just about anyone, anywhere, to write and send them. The Penny Post, invented in 1840, was the first system of sending *prepaid* letters, at just a penny per half ounce. In 1839, the Post Office handled about 76 million pieces of mail; in 1840 that more doubled, and by 1880, it was handling over 1.3 billion pieces per year.

Another factor was the drive to bring literacy to all classes. In the 1830s, just over half the male population of Britain was literate, and less than half the female. By the 1880s, nearly 90% of the *entire* population could read. Railways streamlined the delivery of the Post—and also brought about a great human migration from country to city, splitting apart thousands of families, who needed a way to keep in touch. Improvements in manufacturing made paper cheap, so sending a letter was within the reach and ability of nearly anyone.

Today, as many are bemoaning the "death" of letter-writing, it's worth noting that we aren't losing something that has been part of our daily life for centuries. Letter-writing had its day because, in the 19th century, it was the most efficient and economical means of personal contact over long distances. Today, we have many more efficient and economical options, and the idea of waiting weeks for a letter to be answered seems rather silly when one can send an e-mail that arrives in seconds.

However, there is a down-side. Letters weren't just a means of communication; they were a means of storing *memories*. Many a Victorian image shows a woman gazing pensively into the fire, a pile of letters in her lap, with a caption like "Old Memories." My long-ago correspondence with my husband-to-be is a marvelous trove of information on what we were doing, feeling, and thinking way back when. Those old letters give us a window into our own past, as well as the lives of our parents and grandparents – just as they've given us a window on what Victorian life was truly like.

Today, many servers automatically delete e-mails over a certain age; if we don't archive them, those memories are gone forever. Tweets and texts vanish in an instant. (At least, we hope so.) We call old letters "ephemera," yet nothing is as ephemeral as today's systems of exchanging messages. So I cannot help but wonder what today's text-and-tweet generation will look back on as a source of cherished memories, when they are old enough to sit by the fire and mumble, "Hey, remember tweets?"

—Moirra Allen, Editor
editors@victorianvoices.net



Early Birds.

BY E. D. CUMING.

PICTURED BY

J. A. SHEPHERD.

IT is curious to observe how early in life birds display the distinguishing traits of their kind; in the unfledged condition young nestlings are not particularly interesting, but when fairly dressed and leaving the nursery for good their manners and bearing strikingly foreshadow those of their parents.

Take the young green woodpecker, for instance: the activity of the adult bird finds expression in the extraordinarily jerky movements of the child; he is never still for a moment; when asked to sit for his portrait his fidgety behaviour suggests that he has got an appointment and cannot waste time on such frivolity. His assumption of importance is rather discounted by the circumstance that he laughs a great deal



"THIS POSITION, PLEASE! QUICK!"

bark of trees, and of which, by reason of their minute size, the woodpecker requires a great number to satisfy the healthy appetite of a growing bird. At this stage of his career his mind is so full of the anxieties contingent upon picking up his own living that he is never still for a moment: and as he has not yet learned that one of the first articles of woodpecker creed is to avoid the eye of man, he may be studied without difficulty



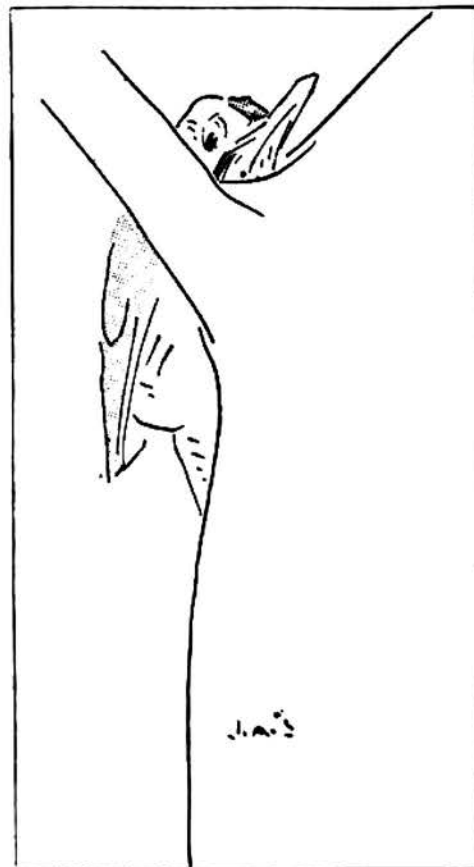
"NOW IN PROFILE!"

for no obvious reason, and is always willing to indulge an excellent appetite if offered insects he likes.

The restlessness of the young woodpecker may be due to the circumstance that his diet for the most part consists of very small insects, which conceal themselves in the



"I CAN'T WAIT."



"GOOD-BYE!"

while marketing; he and his brothers and sisters are generally to be found together on the tree-trunk in whose heart the nest was concealed for a few weeks after they leave it. They are able to scramble about their residential tree-trunk many days before they



YOUNG WAGTAILS—"YOUR MOST OBEDIENT, HUMBLE SERVANTS."

can use their wings; which prompts the reflection that the arrangements of different woodpecker households must vary one from another. I recently saw no fewer than five green woodpeckers' nests, or, more accurately, the holes leading thereto, in the smooth plank walls of a Norwegian hotel—at Børte in the Telemark. How the old birds found foothold to dig those holes through boards three-quarters of an inch thick, in the first place, is a mystery; the young ones must have been able to fly before they left a nest in such a situation, none being within twenty feet of the ground.

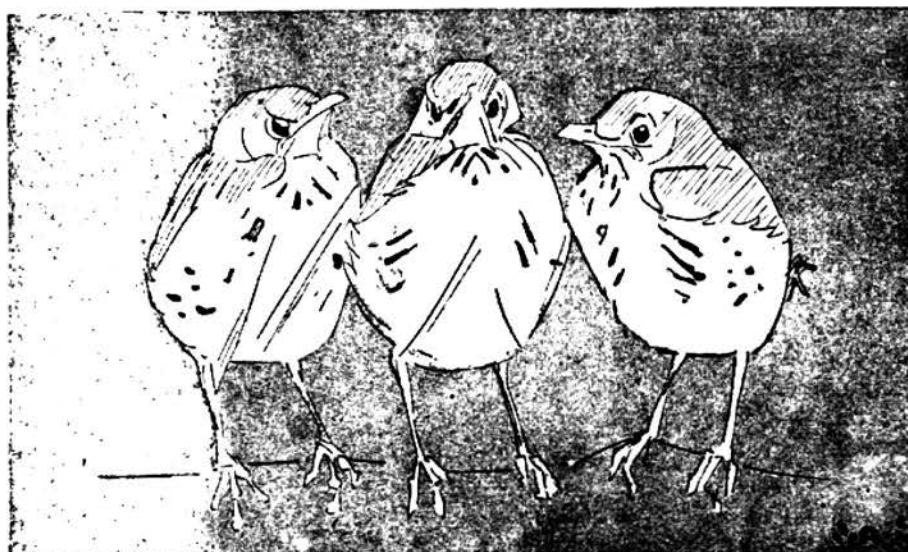
Few birds are more restless than the wagtail, whose constant attitude-dinizing keeps his long tail in perpetual motion. The youthful wagtail naturally copies his parent, but in his bowing and scraping is sadly handicapped by the brevity of his tail. It is impossible to produce with the merest stump what papa and mamma do with their beautiful tails; and the little wagtail, very upright and very self-conscious, bowing and scraping industriously, resembles nothing so much as a polite old gentleman in a short jacket.

The yellow which lurks at the corners of the young bird's bill lends the owner a very quaint expression in some species: to his

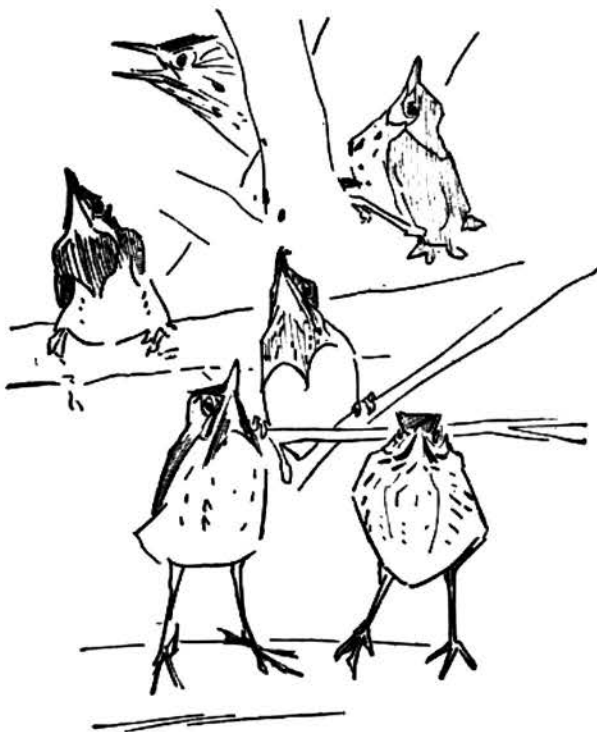


"THE DISDAINFUL BLUE-TIT."

callow bill alone and to no fault of character must we attribute the look of supreme disdain which mars the otherwise pleasing countenance of the youthful blue-tit. This expression disappears as the bird grows older: it is well it should do so, for it hardly becomes a blue-tit to adopt a contemptuous view of all creation. The genial and contented air of the young song-thrush offers a most favourable contrast to the expression of the tiny blue-tit. The young thrush, by the way, is particularly attractive among youthful birds by reason of the remarkable freshness of his colouring. There is about him a brilliancy which is all his own, and is unrivalled by the complexion of any other young bird. You do not remark the same thing in the youthful blackbird, whose plumage, until his first moult, bears a general resemblance to that of the thrush; nor is it noticeable



YOUNG THRUSHES.



J.A.S.

YOUNG MISSEL-THRUSHES MAKING THEMSELVES INVISIBLE.

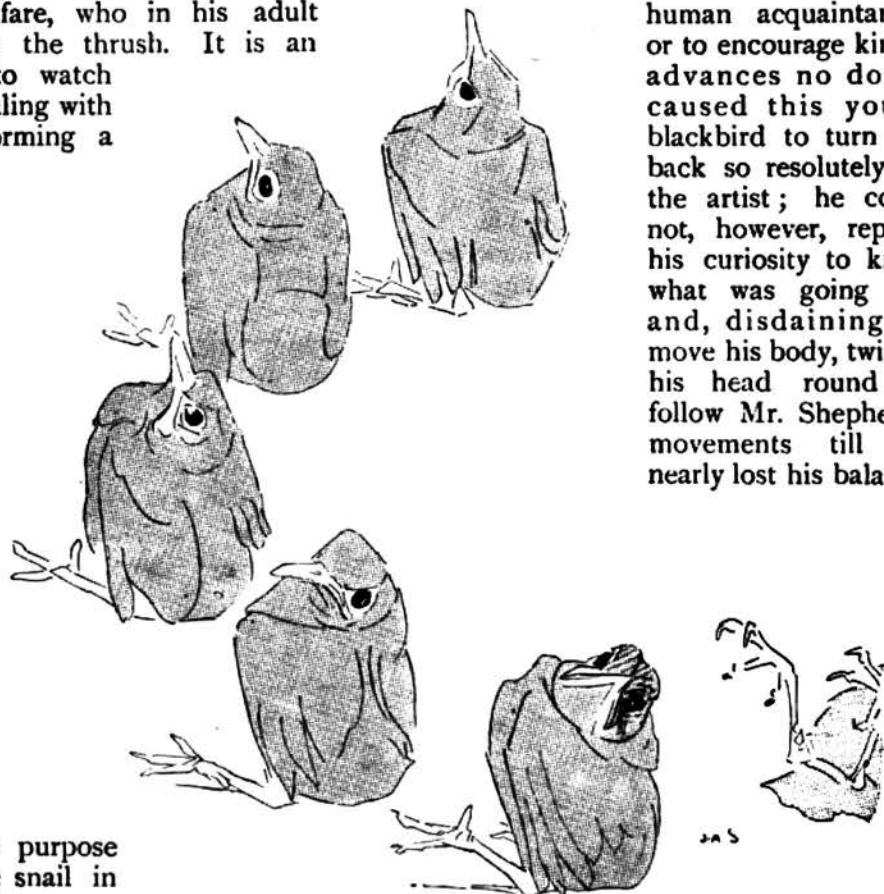
in the young fieldfare, who in his adult dress is very like the thrush. It is an interesting thing to watch a young thrush dealing with a snail — snail forming a conspicuous item of the thrush dietary. His mother has, apparently, given him some sketchy instructions concerning the approved methods of breaking a snail's shell, but the youngster is sadly puzzled when he comes to put them into practice. The old bird picks up the snail in her beak, gives the shell one tap on a stone — often resorting to the same stone in the garden for the purpose — and there is the snail in all its juiciness. The young

bird's difficulty is first to hold the snail firmly, and next to strike a fair blow with it: he blunders through his task after many failures, but it takes time.

Every wild creature learns in earliest infancy that in moments of danger safety lies in perfect stillness, a motionless body being far less likely to attract notice than one in movement. Very young birds, as we might expect, acquire an exaggerated idea of the invisibility conferred by stillness: a brood of young missel-thrushes offered a touching example of misplaced confidence in the device when Mr. Shepherd found them in his orchard and proceeded to draw their portraits. Their watchful mother, from a safe distance, screamed torrents of warning to be still, not to be afraid; the man could not really see them: *only* sit still, quite still, and they were safe. Like good little birds they scrupulously obeyed, and each struck the attitude which it thought best made for invisibility — this was not in every case a posture in which a vain missel-thrush would have had its portrait taken.

Of course, when a young bird is caught and lodged in a cage he abandons all idea of making himself invisible by keeping still.

Disinclination to make human acquaintances or to encourage kindly advances no doubt caused this young blackbird to turn his back so resolutely on the artist; he could not, however, repress his curiosity to know what was going on, and, disdaining to move his body, twisted his head round to follow Mr. Shepherd's movements till he nearly lost his balance.



J.A.S.

THE YOUNG BLACKBIRD—"I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE WHAT HE MAKES OF ME."

When the young blackbird or thrush gets over his first alarm he speedily grows tame and confiding, but not so the starling. Timid from the first, starlings apparently make up their minds that dungeons and chains and slavery are their

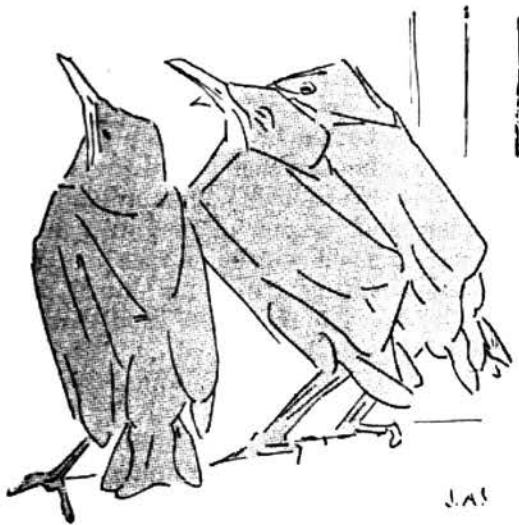


STARLINGS—I.—APPREHENSION.

behalf. You might imagine yourself in a police-court listening to indignant parents whose child has been sentenced to imprisonment and refused the option of a fine.

The young swallow makes a delightful pet, if a rather troublesome one to cater

for; an unlovely creature in the day of his unfledged nakedness, when ready to leave the



STARLINGS—II.—DESPAIR.

allotted portion, and sink into a state of acute resignation, from which nothing but a fat grub will arouse them. A young starling in this sad case is a veritable picture of despair: it is all imposture, for there is no bird more easily reared in captivity.

The young sparrow, temporarily imprisoned, does not lose heart, though he may lose his temper, which, under such circumstances, is perhaps excusable. "Perky" best describes his demeanour as he stands with his feet apart listening with respectful envy to the language employed by his father and mother, who have arrived to address you on his



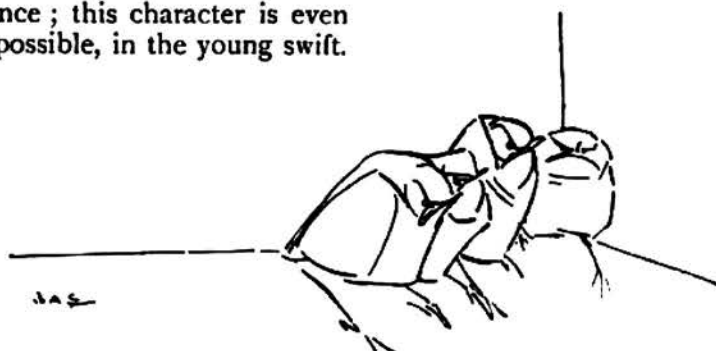
YOUNG SPARROW: "TEN MINUTES' IMPRISONMENT WITHOUT THE OPTION OF A FINE."

nest he is a beautiful little bird whose shape and lines immediately suggest the idea of speed, as well they may, the swallow being perhaps the fastest bird of his size



THE PROMISE OF SPEED, AND SPRING.

over a short distance ; this character is even more marked, if possible, in the young swift. Old swallows, by the way, are remarkably courageous in defence of their young, hurling themselves at invading man as though they would tear his eyes out ; their



YOUNG WRENS—HARMLESS FEROCITY.

gnat, and might quicken the pulses even of a sturdy blue-bottle. The bird really means nothing by it, however ; his one idea is to go away, and if you give his alertness the least chance

he is gone, without the formality of adieux.

There is no shyness, no false modesty, about the young robin ; you would not expect it. His robust good opinion of himself dates almost from the egg, and if you do yourself the honour to invite him into the house he is quite willing to patronize you. Nothing is farther from his thoughts, apparently, than the idea that you might hurt him. Even when his mother comes to see what he is doing and begins to fuss over him he preserves his self-possession with the calm of conscious rectitude, and he stands for his portrait with the air of one used thereto by generations of Christmas-cards. The young robin still in down is a grotesque little person, bearing the oddest resemblance to a very old man ; thus unexpectedly do extremes meet.

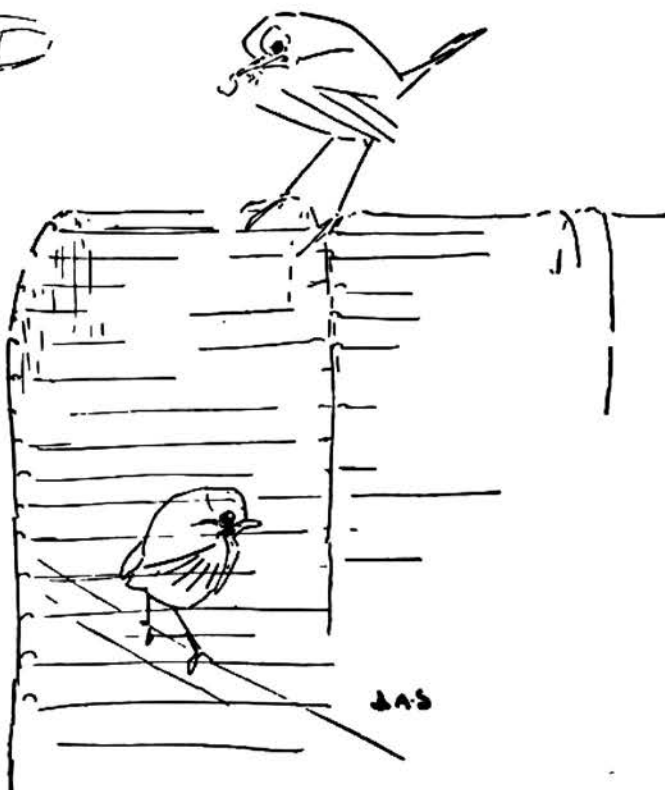
Those feathery tufts of down with which



THE ESCAPE OF THE WREN.

demonstrations are always made at your face.

The shy, retiring taste of the wren is the most conspicuous trait in her children ; they want to scramble away and hide in the underwood, and if detained huddle together to glower at you with the most vicious expression. No young bird of my acquaintance can look such unutterable things as the infant wren ; its glance must have a perfectly paralyzing effect upon a



THE ROBIN—AN HONOURED GUEST.



"EXTREMES MEET."

all nestlings are furnished—one cannot say "clothed"—before their plumage grows remains longer in some species than in others. Young chaffinches, it has been remarked by some good observers, retain these badges of infancy at an age when other birds have dispensed with them and have assumed the dress, if not of grown-ups, of school-children. The chaffinch, as we all know, displays the greatest art in doing up her

house outside to resemble the branch on which it is placed, and perhaps the long retention by her children of the downy sprays on their heads is part of the general scheme of



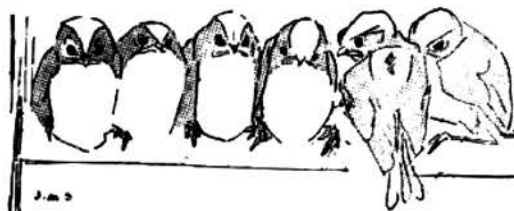
J.A.S.

"STILL IN BIB AND PINAFORE!"

concealment while they remain in the nest. However this may be, the young bird who, like the chaffinch, goes out into the world with his baby clothes still on him must expect to be the subject of rude personal remarks

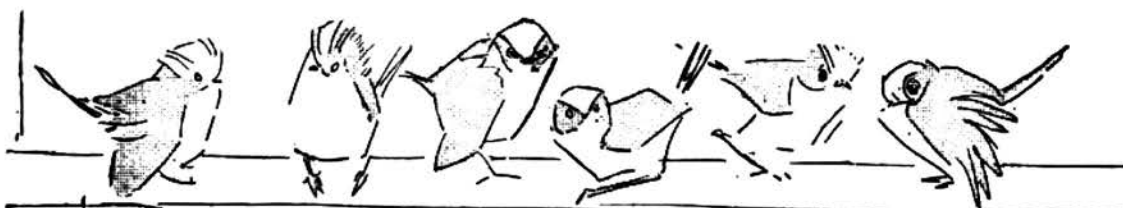
by such birds as the sparrows.

Reared in very narrow quarters, the children of the long-tailed or bottle-tit, when they leave the nest, seem unable to realize that there is room for them in the larger world of the thorn-bush; for which reason pre-



J.A.S.

"IT IS A VERY SMALL WORLD."



"BUT THERE IS MORE ROOM IN IT THAN WE THOUGHT."

sumably they pack themselves together side by side as though instant death were the penalty of occupying more space by a hair's breadth than the regulation limit. They get over the notion after a time; grasp the fact that the world is bigger than they thought; unpack themselves and spread out to stretch their little wings and strike attitudes; but so long as



THE YOUNG MOORHEN—"LET ME GO!"

"skulking"—parent, suffers terribly from nervousness when introduced to human society. Leggy and awkward for some weeks after he leaves the nest, you may sometimes catch him in the long reeds, where he prefers to spend most of his leisure time. He cannot endure exposure

to the full light of day unless in his mother's company on some secluded pond; the bare idea of sitting for his picture fills him with dismay: he rushes wildly to and fro seeking a hiding-place, squeaking, rat-like, the while. It is impossible to allay his groundless terrors, and humanity dictates his early dismissal from the studio with his head turned towards his native pond.

It is an eventful day for any young bird when he leaves the nest for the first time. There is reason to think that parents do not always encourage an enterprising spirit, and unquestionably the mother, if inexperienced, is wofully dismayed when she comes home one day and finds her hopeful family scrambling about the branches. She perches by the nest and begins by scolding; then she tries entreaty; then she swallows the food she has brought home and takes counsel with her husband, who has arrived. He, in a

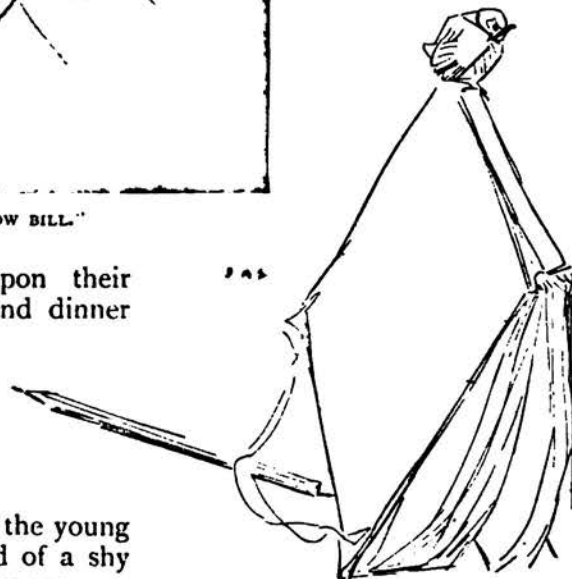
moment of absent-mindedness, swallows his contribution to the nursery dinner, and compares notes with his wife in anxious under-tones. Meantime the children, delighted with their own daring, are fluttering to and fro within sight of the nest.



"HIS CALLOW BILL."

the brood depend upon their parents for breakfast and dinner they remain together: an arrangement which, in a large family, is obviously calculated to save much time and trouble in catering.

Like the young wren, the young moorhen, also the child of a shy and retiring—indeed, one may say



The Arks of Arktown.

By LAURA B. STARR.

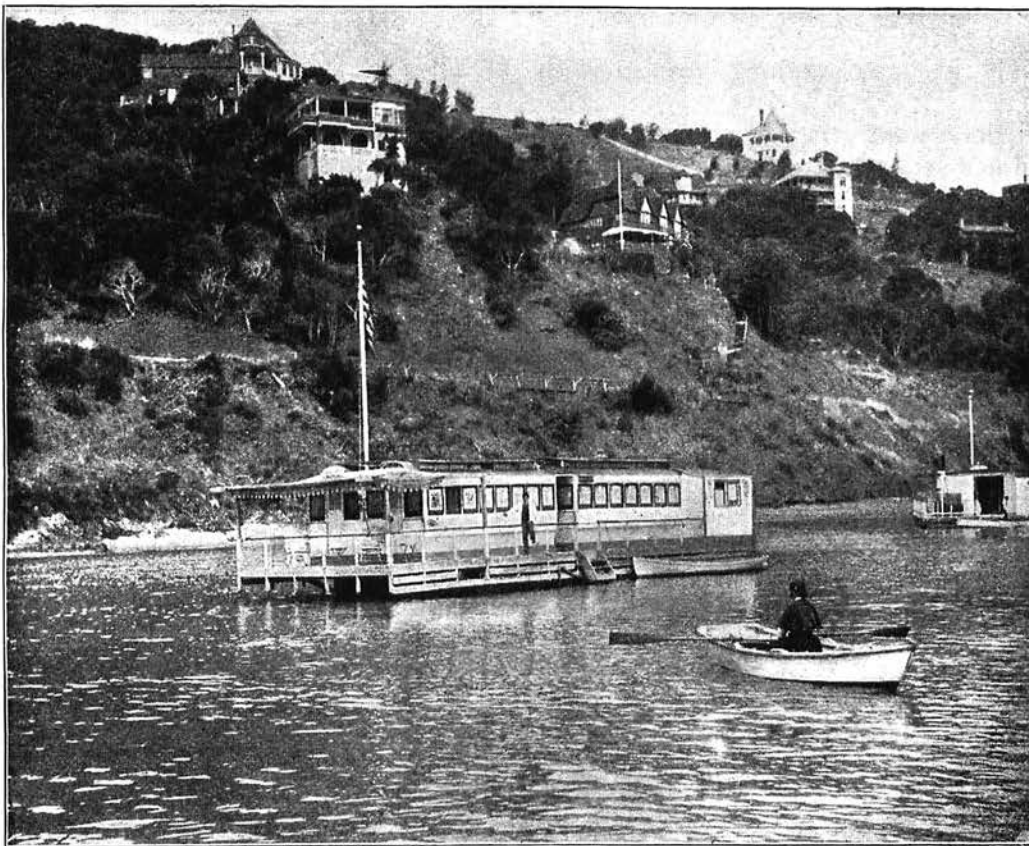
Illustrations from Photographs by Chas. Weidner, San Francisco.



AN Eastern fad becomes a poetic fancy when carried out by the picturesque-loving Californians. The gracious climate, the resources of the country which furnish everything man can desire, and the universal heritage of energy, ambition, and love of novelty which comes to them from their immediate forebears, are among the many factors which combine to bring about this result.

It was when they had become a little weary of the annual "camping-out," during the long,

Who first conceived the idea of the California ark deponent sayeth not, but ten to one it originated in the fertile brain of some member of the Bohemian Club, that fountain-head of novelty and unique ideas. The shape it took was much the same as the one Noah built in obedience to the Lord's commandment, little thinking he was starting a fashion that would come sailing down the rivers of the world to the present time. The *Nautilus*, with a flat bottom and a deck-house built of four abandoned street-cars set end to end, two and two in a solid square,



THE ARK "NAUTILUS," AT BELVIDERE, CALIFORNIA, CONSTRUCTED OF FOUR STREET-CARS.

sunny, and cloudless summer, and the semi-occasional "jinks," both "high" and "low," of the Bohemian Club had paled somewhat, that someone suggested house-boats. The idea took root and grew, and the blossoming was a novelty.

The Californian house-boat should be called an "ark," and it should be modelled upon lines differing very materially from the "broad, square-nosed sloop" of the Chinese house-boat, or the more graceful sampan of the Japanese, or the solid, substantial house-boat of the Thames, though possessing the best qualities of all of them.

was the first one, quickly followed by the *Alameda* and others, built on the same lines.

The partitions of the cars were removed, making two lovely rooms with windows galore, and sliding doors at each end; stationary lamps were built into the wall, and the transoms arranged for ventilation. The long seats flanking the walls on either side were upholstered and plentifully cushioned, making comfortable beds by night, and ease-inviting lounging-places by day.

A stationary table in each room was the common centre across which the events of



SITTING-ROOM IN THE "NAUTILUS," SHOWING THE STREET-CAR FRAMEWORK.

the day and plans for the morrow might be discussed, as well as other things besides liquid air. Oriental hangings and the necessary culinary outfit gave the quaint craft an air of home.

Within is found all the comfort, yea, even the luxury, of Dives; while without is the simplicity of green fields, the grandeur of mountain heights, the lulling, soothing gurgle of lapping waves and health-giving ozone. The deep green of the red-wood trees forms a pleasing background for the golden eschscholtzias, the sweet-scented violets, and delicate fronds of the wild maiden-hair fern which carpet the fields almost within arm's reach.

The first "ark" was such a success that others appeared almost by magic, although the *Nautilus* still bears the palm for uniqueness. Imitation—that's sincerest

form of flattery—soon created a "town of arks" on the west side of San Francisco Bay, just over the way from the city of that name, within full view of the Golden Gate. If you are looking on the map for it, you will find it spelled "Belvedere."

During the summer there are thirty or forty "arks" moored within easy reach of each other, and the constant stream of visitors coming and going for the "week end," and other stated times, prove the

popularity of the "ark" system. One of the pleasantest things about them is their power to expand: like the omnibus, there is always room for one more: the unexpected visitor never fails of a welcome and a bed somewhere, even though it may be on the top of the dining-room table.

There is an indescribable charm about the life: one has the pleasures of boating



DINING-ROOM OF THE "NAUTILUS."

combined with the "comforts of home"; sea baths are at one's very threshold; fish are caught and cooked while you wait, in a manner that would give pleasure to any disciple of Izaak Walton, or even to that king of fishermen himself.

The monotony of the scenery is varied by the swinging of the ark, as it turns four times a day with the tide. There are neighbours, thirty or forty families of them, within easy reaching distance if one can pull a stroke, for there is always a following of row-boats lazily resting upon the water in the wake of each "ark."

The economy of filthy lucre and the friction of daily life are evident when it is



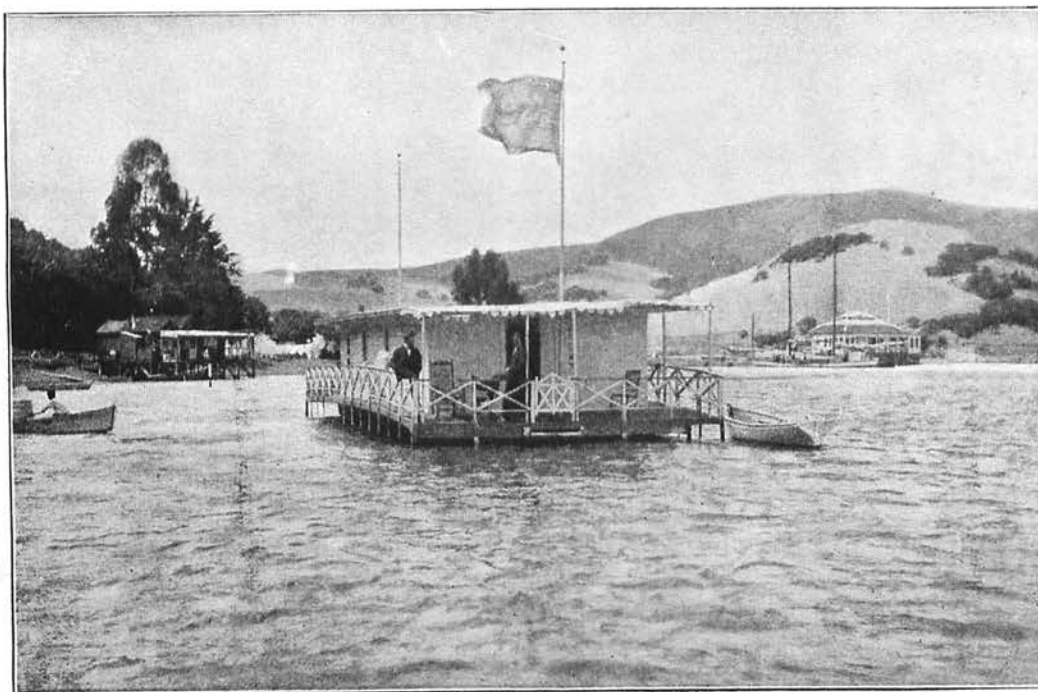
CORNER OF BEDROOM IN THE "NAUTILUS."

remembered that one has neither rent to pay nor taxes, only the inevitable bills of "the butcher, the baker, and the candle-stick-maker," which he must meet daily wherever he takes his stand on this wide globe.

The butcher, the baker, and others of that ilk who supply the needs of daily life have each his little boat, which he sends around every morning at the usual hour for his customary order, and the joint for dinner and the ice-cream for dessert are delivered as promptly to the "ark" dwellers as they are to

those who are still in the city.

The majority of "arks" in this little town are built with a square deck-house, which is



THE ARK "BELVIDERE."

divided into rooms according to the size of the "ark" and the family of the owner. Some of them present that "curious combination of flat-bottomed punt and tasteful bijou residence, which finds its more florid expression on the reaches of the Thames"; others are more pretentious, with resplendent upholstery, paint and varnish, and a look of newness that is rather a discordant note in an otherwise harmonious creation.

To the generality of Americans this little town of "arks" would be, perhaps, more of a novelty than to the ordinary Englishman, for the reason that house-boats have been more or less of an institution in England since 1884. The boat-life on the Thames is an ideal existence; a joy and delight for the time being, and a rose-coloured memory for all time to come.

The American rivers are too characteristically busy to encourage house-boating, though efforts in that direction are being made at the present time. Few of our people have yet sufficiently learned the delight of *dolce far niente* to introduce that acme of aquatic luxury. Most of us when we go in for aquatics at all want a boat with twin screws, triple expansion engines, and all the other means of "getting there."

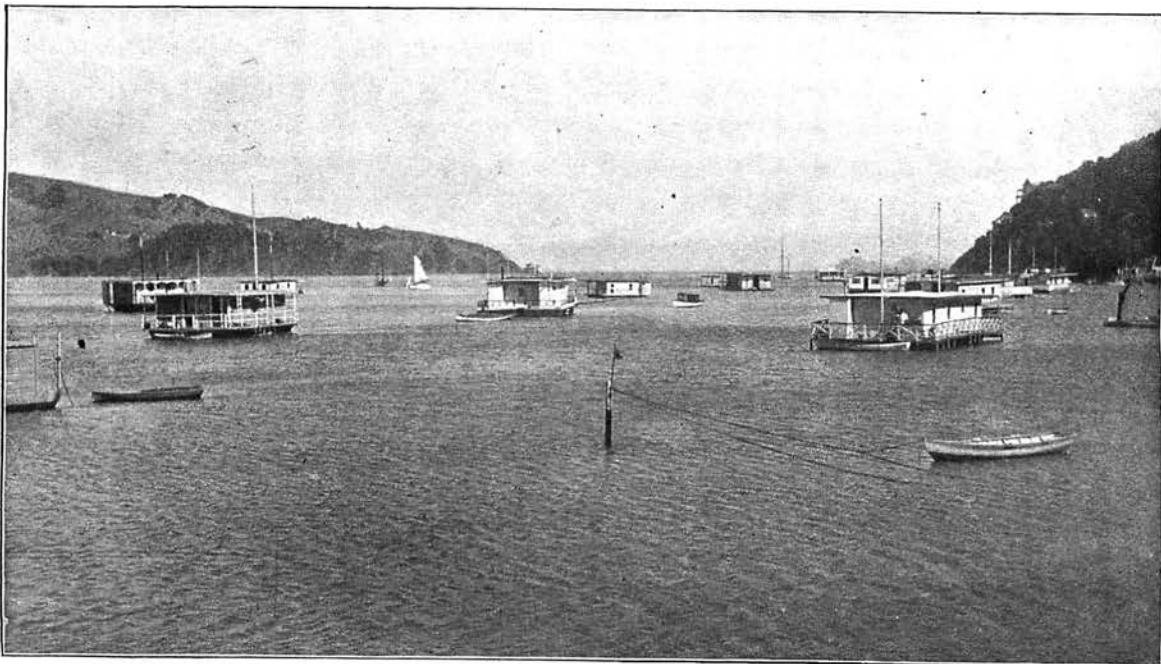
True, there are rare souls here and there, in our bustling commercial crowd, who steal away companioned congenially and earn for themselves the criticism of being "queer," by taking a trip in a canal-boat through the various waterways of New York, Pennsylvania, and Delaware, but, compared to the great army of holiday-seekers, they are in a small minority.

A few years ago several members of the Tile Club fitted up a canal-boat with all the comfort of city studios and the luxury of beautiful hangings and odd bric-à-brac, and drifted lazily and happily away in the track of the setting sun. The result was health regained, a fine collection of sketches, and a most fascinating narrative of the trip published in one of the magazines.

Later a quartette of artists—why is it that artists always do the nicest things?—went "Snubbing Through New Jersey" with a "plain, white-painted, three-hatched and pooped-cabined canal-boat, with two mules ahead and a rudder behind. There was a skipper to steer and his wife to help cook; a deck-hand forward to 'snub' the boat in the locks and take a line to the tow-path."

"Snubbing" is a term used by boatmen for checking the impetus of boats on entering a lock; it is a common expression used by canallers. The advantage of a canal-boat, as stated by one of the four, is that if you come up against a stone wall or any other immovable obstacle, you can hitch the mules to the rudder-post and go home backwards.

None of the house-boats mentioned have adopted the plan of decorating the border line of the deck-house with pots of flowering plants, which is one of the most picturesque features of the Thames boat. Many of them have awnings and deck chairs and settees, but there is lacking that cosy arrangement for afternoon tea which is such an important and pleasing feature of English boats.



GENERAL VIEW OF "ARKTOWN," BELVIDERE, CALIFORNIA.

FRUIT AS A FOOD.

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

III.—THE PLUM AND THE BLACKBERRY.



FROM the double fact that the plum is made the victim of numbers of destructive insect pests, and that the trees are liable to fungus disease speedily producing their death, this most excellent and wholesome fruit is by no means so generally grown and widely used as would otherwise be the case. Now that modern science has taught efficient methods of dealing with both of the evils above

named, let us trust that within a few years the popularity of the plum will have largely increased.

Perhaps no fruit is better enjoyed in the natural state than the plum, and it is a treat to pluck from the tree a finely ripened specimen, enjoying its delicious flavor in the cool shade. Eaten in the morning, as a prelude to breakfast, it is charming; at dinner it holds a favorite place; taken in the early evening, it delights the palate and gently cools the system. Its action upon the stomach and other related organs is most healthful and beneficial. But apart from all these advantages, it has a wide place in the culinary department, and a few recipes for its utilization may be welcome.

Plum Pudding.

Stew a quart of plums, remove the pits, sweeten, and pour them into an earthen pudding dish. Cover them with a thick batter, made by taking a cupful of sweet cream or rich milk, one egg, a teaspoonful of baking powder and flour sufficient to give the right consistency. A soft biscuit dough may also be used for the covering. Steam for an hour or bake for half as long. On removing from the dish, invert the pudding, and serve with hard sauce.

Dried Plum Pies.

Soak the dried plums (or prunes) over night, stew them gently, and sweeten to taste. Cover a deep pie dish or shallow pudding dish with paste, over which spread a thin layer of the fruit; cover this with the paste, add a second layer of plums, then a final crust. Bake thoroughly, but not too long.

Plum Roll Cake.

Stew the fruit till soft, remove the skins and pits, and press the pulp through a coarse sieve. Make a batter from one cupful of milk, a half-cupful of butter, a teaspoonful of baking powder and flour sufficient to make a soft paste. Bake in three thin layers, between which spread the plum sauce. Served warm or cold, this will be found very appetizing.

Fresh Plum Pies.

Stew the plums well, and sweeten just before taking from the fire. Any kind of plums may be used, but the more tart the fruit the more sugar will be required.

After removing the pits, pour the pulp into a pie plate which has been lined with ordinary pie paste. Dredge the pulp with flour, and cover with a top crust, in which several gashes have been cut with a sharp knife. Bake till done, sprinkle the top with powdered sugar, and serve cold.

Plum Dumplings.

These are very attractively made by sifting three cupfuls of flour, with which two teaspoonfuls of baking powder have been mingled, slicing in a heaping teaspoonful of butter, and making into a soft dough with water. Stir in a cupful of plums, using either stewed fresh fruit or the canned article, according to the season. Partially fill cups with the batter, set them in a pan of hot water in the oven, and steam for a half hour. Invert the dumplings on dessert plates and serve warm with liquid sauce.

Canned Plums.

Use the sour plums, allowing a half pound of sugar to each pound of the fruit. If the green gage variety are used, prick the skins of each several times before cooking. Make a sirup, bring to the boiling point slowly, skim and add the plums. When cooked till tender they are ready for the cans.

Pickled Plums.

Take seven pounds of plums, pour over them a pint of hot water, cover closely and steam till tender. Then add a pint of good vinegar, four pounds of brown sugar, and a tablespoonful each of cinnamon, allspice and cloves, with two-thirds of a teaspoonful of cayenne. Cover and steep for half an hour, when they are ready for the cans. Before serving on the pickle dish remove the pits.

Dried Plums.

Plums may be dried with the stones in, to retain the full plum flavor; or the pits may be removed and the cavities filled with sugar. Put them on plates in the sun, sprinkling with sugar and turning often. The finish may be made in a cool oven.

Plum Table Jelly.

Stew the plums in a little water, strain out the juice, in a pint of which soak a box of gelatine. Sweeten to the taste, add a quart of boiling water, strain and cool. It is to be made the day before it is wanted for use.

Plum Preserves.

Make and clarify a sirup of clear brown sugar, and pour it, boiling hot, over the plums. Let them stand for two days, then pour off the sirup, heat it to the boiling point, skim and pour it over again. Let the fruit and sirup stand for a day or two, then put the whole in a preserving kettle over the fire and simmer gently till the sirup is thick and rich. A pound of sugar is to be used for each pound of the fruit.

The blackberry is one of the most valuable of our small fruits, and should be cultivated and prized accordingly. It belongs to the order *Rosaceæ*, genus *Rubus*, which also includes the raspberry—frequently spoken of as a first cousin to the blackberry. The latter is the more valuable fruit, from the fact that it is better adapted to transportation, more hardy in growth, and more certain in the yield. It is frequently recommended as an article of diet, on account of its medicinal qualities, which in many deranged conditions of the system produce a very beneficial alterative effect.

The wild fruit, which grows abundantly in many sections of the country, has a peculiarly rich flavor and is valuable for all culinary and "sauce-making"

uses, though the greater size of the cultivated varieties makes them desirable for table use. In this connection it may be of interest to observe that though cultivation of the blackberry has been followed in this country for some fifty years, only a very few reliable and standard varieties have been put upon the market. These are said to be entirely the result of experiments with the wild sorts. If this be the fact, there would seem to be a good field for experiment with seedlings.

The ripe fruit, eaten fresh from the bush, is not only very agreeable to the taste, but allays thirst, gently cools the system, and moderately and healthfully stimulates the action of the stomach. Other favorite ways of serving the ripe whole berries, are to sprinkle them with sugar, either with or without the addition of whipped cream, or they are very luscious with a thin sirup of sugar and water. The various ways in which they may be used for pies, puddings, jams, jellies and other appetizing dishes, are so numerous that only a few of the more simple and practical need be mentioned.

Blackberryade.

Steep a quart of the berries in an equal quantity of water till the fruit is tender; mash the berries and strain out the juice, which is to be sweetened and diluted according to taste.

Canned Blackberries.

For each quart of berries to be canned, make a sirup of one cupful of water and a cupful of sugar. Heat and skim this sirup. When it comes to a boil drop in the berries, let them cook for eight minutes, then fill the cans—which should be hot—and seal.

Blackberry Cordial.

Wash and mash the fresh berries, strain out the juice, and to each four quarts add one quart of boiling water. Let it stand in a cool place for twenty-four hours, stirring occasionally. Then strain again, and to each gallon add two and a half pounds of refined sugar. Stir well and cork tightly in jugs or seal in cans; no alcohol is needed to prevent fermentation.

Blackberry Cream.

Sprinkle half a cupful of sugar over two quarts of ripe berries, and mash them with a heavy spoon or wooden pestle. Set aside for a couple of hours, then strain the juice through a thin cloth, and add another half-cupful of sugar. Partially whip a pint of sweet cream, to which add the fruit juice; continue the whipping, gradually adding the stiff-beaten whites of two eggs. When no more cream arises from the whipping serve at once.

Blackberry Jam.

To every pound of berries put twelve ounces of sugar; cook slowly till the berries are mashed and well done, stirring often to prevent burning. Put up in the usual manner. A little currant jelly or lemon peel added will improve the flavor.

Blackberry Jelly.

Wild fruit is better for jelly than the domesticated, and it should be picked before it is dead ripe. The berries can be cooked in a little water, or they may be placed in a stone jar or other vessel set into a kettle of boiling water, and the cooking should be carried on till they are tender. If cooked by the addition of water, great care must be taken to add only just enough for the purpose. Squeeze through a jelly bag in the usual manner, and boil smartly

for twenty minutes. Meantime the sugar should be heated in the oven, and a pound is to be added to each pint of the juice. Boil the juice for a moment after the sugar has been added, then turn into tumblers that have been made scalding hot.

Blackberry Table Jelly.

Stew the berries, crush, and strain out the juice, as above. After it is cool, soak one box of gelatine in a pint of juice, sweeten to the taste, add a quart of boiling water, and strain into molds. It is served with whipped cream, is very pleasing in appearance and delicious to the taste, but is not especially nutritive.

Pickled Blackberries.

Make a sirup of three pounds of sugar and a pint of vinegar, bringing it to a boil. Drop in the berries and cook till they are tender; then seal in jars, no spices being required.

Blackberry Preserves.

Put the berries in a porcelain kettle, allowing a cupful of water to each quart of the fruit, and let it simmer till tender. Then add three-quarters of a pound of sugar to each pound of berries, let it boil up, skim carefully, and it is ready for the cans.

Blackberry Pudding, No. 1.

Beat together the yolks and whites of three eggs, and when light stir in two cupfuls of milk, three and a half of flour, a pinch of salt, a tablespoonful of melted butter and two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat all the while as the several ingredients are added, stir in a pint of blackberries, and turn the batter into a greased mold. Cover closely and steam in a kettle of boiling water for three hours.

Blackberry Pudding, No. 2.

Into a pint of boiling milk stir two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch made smooth with a little cold milk, and add two eggs beaten with two tablespoonfuls of sugar, or more, according to the taste. Spread a cupful of blackberry jelly or jam in the bottom of a pudding dish, pour the cornstarch mixture over it, and bake. Any fruit, jam or jelly may be used for puddings of this kind.

Blackberry Pudding, No. 3.

Cream together a cupful of butter and a pint of good brown sugar, stir in four well-beaten eggs, and add flour enough to make a moderately thick batter. Pour this into a buttered pudding dish, and lightly lay over it a quart of fine ripe blackberries. Bake at once, with the berries on top, and serve with sweet cream or liquid sauce.

Blackberry Pudding, No. 4.

Into a pint of warm water put a large half-pint of berries, and allow them to simmer for ten minutes. Smooth four tablespoonfuls of flour in a little cold water, and pour over the berries. Stir carefully and let it boil till the mixture thickens and the flour is well cooked. This may be eaten with sweetened cream while warm, or it may be molded in pudding cups and eaten cold. It is sometimes called a minute pudding, though the name is not quite chronologically correct.

—Mrs. Minerva Van Wyck.

INDEPENDENT.

"I'll not have a porter," the elephant said,
Then finished his packing, and started for bed;
And then, without warning,
He left the next morning,
And carried his trunk on his head.

—Mrs. J. T. Greenleaf.

THE KITCHEN TABLE

SOME OLD VIRGINIA RECIPES.

The following is especially nice to serve with lettuce:—

Baked Stuffed Ham.

Wash the ham well, put in a pot of hot water and let it boil three hours. When nearly cold take off the skin, make a rich dressing of one loaf of baker's bread, three large onions chopped fine, one large tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of celery seed, one of ground sage, one of thyme, a plentiful supply of pepper, and salt to taste. Make deep incisions in the ham and fill them with the dressing in such a way that when cut each slice may have some of the dressing in it. Beat two eggs well, mix with cracker crumbs, and spread over the top, then sprinkle over that a little brown sugar. Bake slowly for two and a half or three hours, basting frequently with the juice that runs from the ham.

Bouillon.

Take three or four pounds of lean beef, cut in pieces and put in a pot with a small lump of butter and water enough to keep the meat from sticking to the pot. Cook until the meat is browned, then add one gallon of cold water and when it boils be careful to skim off all the froth. Put in three whole carrots, one onion with half a dozen cloves stuck in it, one turnip and a little parsley and celery. Let this boil very slowly for six hours. It is better to prepare it the day before using so as to skim off all the grease from the top. To color it if too light, put in a lump of burned sugar the size of a pea. If not entirely clear when the grease is taken off, add the beaten whites of three eggs, then boil and strain as for jelly. Put salt and pepper to the taste. An excellent recipe.

White Soup.

Boil a knuckle or shank of veal in two quarts of water until all the flavor is extracted, and the meat boiled to pieces, then strain and skim the liquor. It is better to do this the day before it is to be served. When ready to use boil a cupful of vermicelli tender, add it to the soup, and just before sending it to the table stir in the yolks of three or four eggs well beaten and mixed with a pint of sweet cream. Stir this very quickly into the boiling soup until it again comes to a boil, then quickly remove from the fire, as the soup is spoiled if allowed to actually come to a boil after the eggs are in.

Oyster Patties.

Put the oysters in their liquor on the fire until they come to a scald, then take them off and put in a sieve to drain. Strain some of the liquor and add to it enough butter and flour to thicken with a little parsley and mace. Heat this and put the oysters into it. Line a small patty-pan with puff paste, and bake a light brown. When done fill with the oysters. The patties should be served and eaten as soon as prepared, as the gravy soaking into the pastry will make it moist and heavy.

Salmon Croquets.

One pound of cooked salmon, one cupful of cream, two

tablespoonfuls of butter, one tablespoonful of flour, three eggs, one pint of bread crumbs, pepper and salt to taste. Chop all fine, mix flour and butter together, let the cream come to a boil, stir all in, boil one minute, stir in one egg and remove; mold when cool. A little lemon juice as seasoning is an improvement.

Celery Salad.

Take half a head of cabbage and three bunches of celery, chopped fine. Mix well one cupful of vinegar, a lump of butter the size of an egg, the yolks of three eggs, a teaspoonful of mustard, one of salt, the same of pepper, and two of sugar. Heat this mixture on the stove until it thickens, stirring constantly. When cold add two tablespoonfuls of sweet cream or olive oil and pour over the celery and cabbage.

SOME VIRGINIA DESSERTS.

Black Betty.

Three cupfuls of bread crumbs, three cupfuls of chopped apples, three cupfuls of sugar, a quarter-pound of raisins, a little citron and three or four eggs. Cook the bread crumbs in the milk for a few minutes then add the other ingredients. Bake and serve with sauce.

Delicious Ice Cream.

Make a custard of one quart of milk and the yolks of two eggs. Add quarter of a box of good gelatine, sweeten to taste and season with vanilla. Let it cool, then take one quart of rich cream, make it very sweet and froth it with a cream churn. Then take off the froth and beat it in the custard. Put all together and freeze.

Burnt Sugar Cream.

Take a teacupful of sugar, put it on the fire in an iron skillet, and cook until it becomes of the consistency of candy. Make a quart of rich custard seasoned with cinnamon and add the sugar to it. Both must be hot when first mixed. At first it will look as if the sugar had spoiled the custard, but when dissolved it seasons deliciously. For more custard double the quantity of sugar. Freeze as ice cream.

Lemon Ice.

One gallon of water, one dozen fresh juicy lemons, two and a half pounds of sugar and the whites of half a dozen eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Put the pulp and the juice of the lemons in the water, let it stand some time, putting the peel in an hour or two before freezing, and the eggs just as it is ready to freeze.

Orange Ice.

A dozen and a half oranges, seven pints of water, one pint of wine, five or six lemons. Prepare as for lemon ice, and let it stand awhile before freezing.

Peach Cream.

Six pints of fruit, six of cream and three of sugar. Cut the fruit up, sprinkle with the sugar, and let it stand for an hour or two, then mix with the cream and freeze.

Pearl Cake.

One pint of flour, one pint of sugar, one teacupful of cornstarch, one of sweet milk and one of butter, one teaspoonful of baking powder and the whites of six eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Cream the butter and sugar well together, then add the cornstarch which must be well dissolved in the milk beforehand, then the flour into which the baking powder has been sifted, and lastly the eggs well beaten. Season with bitter almond or rose water, and bake in either large or small pans.

Frozen Pudding.

To three pints of new milk add three or four sticks of fresh cinnamon, two blades of mace and one and a quarter

pounds of the best raisins stemmed and stoned. Cover these tightly in a stewpan and let them simmer slowly for fifteen minutes. Meanwhile beat very light the yolks of five eggs and add to them slowly when light half a pound of pulverized sugar, making them as light and creamy as possible. When ready strain the spice and raisins from the milk, and save them to put in later. Put it back to boil. Stir in the eggs and sugar, stirring until it simmers over. Then remove from the fire, and when cold stir in a quarter of a pound of bleached almonds that have been pounded in a mortar with a little rose water, then the raisins that were boiled in the milk, a half-pound of the best citron, and a small quantity of preserved ginger cut in thin slices. Mix all together, add a quart of rich cream, stir again till nicely mixed and freeze as ice cream.

—*Sarah Harrison Powell.*

SOFT MOLASSES CAKE.

One cup of *lard* best suits the cake;
Also one cup of sugar take;
Dark brown is best, so stir it thro';
One cup of black molasses, too.
Add one-half teaspoonful of salt,
To leave it out would be a fault.
Three teaspoonfuls of cinnamon,
Two eggs, well beaten, one by one.
And lemon extract's not amiss,
Stir in one teaspoonful of this.
One cup of milk; four cups of flour—
Sweet milk will do—'tis better sour.
Add soda, then to make it light,
One level teaspoonful is right.

—*A. M. I.*



OLD VIRGINIA RECIPES.

Old, Yet New and—Good.

Editor of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING:

I again venture to send you some of my old Virginia recipes, hoping to find my usual kind reception in your pages. These recipes are entirely new in one sense, though they are very old as well as thoroughly reliable in another. I have been spending the summer in the old colonial town of Bath, Virginia, and

here, in the family recipe book of the Pendleton's, friends and contemporaries of Washington and Fairfax, I found many of the enclosed. That for curing bacon is especially fine, and is said to have been borrowed by General Washington for his private use. I trust you will find them available for my old friend,
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING.

S. H. P.

JESSUPS, MARYLAND.

MRS. PHILLIP PENDLETON'S GUMBO.—Cut a chicken into four or five pieces, fry it brown, and season with pepper and salt. Have ready a gallon of okra chopped fine, being careful not to use the tops or any hard part, as it is thus more tender and better flavored. Stir the okra and chicken together, add six or eight tomatoes and fry all with a few slices of nice ham. Cut the corn from the cobs of eight fresh young ears and add to the other ingredients, not frying the corn. Pour over all three quarts of boiling water, and let it boil down until the chicken is perfectly tender and easily pulled apart with a fork. Gumbo thus made will be very thick. Do not boil it too much, and add more boiling water until it is of the consistency of soup.

VIRGINIA CURED HAMS.—For 1,000 pounds of pork, mix together one bushel of Liverpool fine salt, four pounds of brown sugar and four pounds of saltpeter. Rub the meat well with the mixture and pack it with the skin down in a close vessel with a good covering of the mixture between every layer. Let it remain two weeks, then repack, placing that which was at the bottom of the vessel on top, and pour the liquor produced over it. Continue this practice for eight weeks, when the meat will be ready to hang up for smoking. Hickory wood must be used for the latter process. In April take the hams down, examine them carefully and rub each one with hickory ashes and cayenne pepper, then put in paper bags and tie thin cotton cloth over them. When ready to cook, wash the ham thoroughly and put in the boiler with sufficient cold water to cover it well. In the morning put the boiler on the back part of the stove and let it simmer six hours. The meat is improved by letting it stand in the water it was cooked in until cold.

BEST CURED BEEF.—To every four gallons of water put six pints of fine salt, two ounces of saltpeter and one and a half ounces of brown sugar. Boil and skim, and when cold pour over the beef. Directly the beef is cut up lay it in soft water for six hours. Then pour the water off and put the cold brine over the meat.

SEASONING SAUSAGE.—For ten pounds of meat take three and a half ounces of salt, two ounces of pepper, one ounce of sage and one teaspoonful of cayenne pepper. Put the seasoning on the meat before chopping and it will insure its thorough distribution, and keep it warm by the fire until ready for chopping. Never use water for softening.

STUFFED MANGOES.—Cut a slit in the side of each mango and place in brine for four days. Then remove the seeds and return to the brine for twenty-four hours. Put a few into the kettle at a time with a little alum and enough vinegar to cover them, cover with cabbage leaves and let them come to a boil. When cool enough, stuff them with the following: equal parts of celery seed, white and yellow mustard seed, grated horse-radish, cloves, allspice and peppers—all whole. Chop fine green peppers, a few red peppers, cucumbers, mangoes and onions, mix with the spices and soften with olive oil. When the mangoes are

stuffed and sewed up, place them in stone jars and pour over them boiling vinegar in which spices have been boiled, adding a little olive oil to each jar when cold, and a few small lumps of alum to keep the pickle firm.

OLD VIRGINIA SWEET PICKLE.—Two gallons of chopped cabbage, five tablespoonfuls of mustard, three gills of mustard seed, two saltspoonfuls of ground pepper, two of ground cloves, one gill of salt, one quart of onions chopped fine, half a gallon of chopped celery, a little celery seed, three pounds of sugar and three quarts of vinegar. Put all together in a porcelain-lined kettle, boil well and stir frequently. Tie the ground spices together in a little muslin bag, and when the pickle is nearly cold add to it a little tumeric, also in a bag.

CUCUMBER PICKLE.—One gallon of vinegar, two pounds of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of allspice, six tablespoonfuls of celery seed, two of turmeric, two of ground black pepper, two of whole black pepper, six red peppers, one teacupful of horse-radish, half an ounce of English garlic, half an ounce of bark cinnamon

SLICED CUCUMBERS.—Slice twenty-five cucumbers and half a dozen onions, sprinkle them with half a teacupful of salt and let them remain all day. At night put them to drain in a sieve. Next morning place them in layers in a jar with black pepper and red, white mustard seed, and a little celery seed. Fill the jar with cold vinegar, and cover the top with best olive oil.

BRANDY PEACHES.—Put the peaches in a kettle of boiling lye and let them scald until the fuzz begins to peel off. Then throw them into cold water, and after cleaning them off with a sharp knife, throw into a bowl of fresh, cold water. Make a sirup of one pound of sugar to a pint of water, let it boil for ten minutes, then put in the peaches and let them boil until easily pricked with a straw. Then put the fruit in jars, letting the sirup boil sometime longer, until thick and rich. When cool add California brandy or whiskey in the proportion of one-third of a gallon of brandy to a gallon of sirup, and pour over the peaches.

STUFFED CABBAGE.—Take a fine head of cabbage, break off the rough outer leaves and put the head in hot water until the remaining leaves can be turned back without breaking. Then take the heart out and chop it fine with some celery. Make a force meat of cold chicken, a little veal, some ham, two crackers, one onion, a piece of butter the size of an egg, a little cayenne pepper, black pepper and salt, mix these with the chopped cabbage and celery put all carefully into the cabbage where the heart has been removed, letting the leaves fall in place over it. When entirely filled and closed, put in a cloth and boil. When done, serve in a dish with drawn butter over it. The forcemeat must be highly seasoned, as much of the strength is lost in boiling. Sausage may be added to the other ingredients for stuffing if desired.

INDIAN CHUTNEY.—Half a pound of salt, half a pound of mustard seed, one pound of seedless raisins, one pound of brown sugar, two pounds of acid apples, cut fine, two ounces of garlic, three ounces cayenne pepper, two quarts of good vinegar, one pound of tamarinds and a handful of mint cut fine. Boil the apples in a quart of vinegar, being careful not to burn. Boil the sugar in a pint of vinegar and set to cool. Stone the tamarinds, chop the raisins, place them in a bowl and mix well, adding the remaining vinegar. Let it stand a little while, then tie down close. The longer kept the better, but it can be used the first season.

S. H. P.



SERVANTS OF THE HOUSE.

THE LADY'S-MAID.

THE duties of a lady's-maid towards her mistress being of a purely personal nature, propriety of demeanour and a well-informed mind are requisite qualities. The strictly technical knowledge required in the situation may be learnt in various ways; but no teaching will convey the delicate tact which proceeds from a pure mind, and the high sense of integrity which should characterise the slightest action where the interests and feelings of an employer are concerned.

Gentlewomen of refined education appreciate the latter qualities in a personal attendant far beyond consummate knowledge of certain arts and adornments. They are sensible that a first-rate milliner or hairdresser can supply some deficiencies on the part of their maids, but they feel that no amount of lessons can teach a confidential servant when to speak and when to be silent, when to expose the faults of fellow-servants or to make excuses. Unfortunately, some ladies'-maids consider that they display zeal for their mistresses' welfare by detecting and commenting on the shortcomings of other domestics. By so doing they create a great deal of preventable unhappiness. If faults exist—and provided it is not the lady's-maid's duty to report them to her mistress—the discreet plan is to wait till an opinion is asked for. If a lady has confidence in the sense and honesty of her maid, she will not fail to appeal to her judgment whenever household difficulties occur. On such occasions plain speaking is an imperative duty, at whatever cost of the opinion of fellow-servants.

Another temptation to steer clear of is the offer of gratuities and presents on the part of tradesmen who deal in articles of doubtful excellence.

It is very important that a lady's-maid should know something of the nature of the *cosmetiques* and contrivances which fashion is ceaselessly thrusting upon public notice. Many articles in vogue may be perfectly harmless, whilst others, although effective in their operation for awhile, may ultimately destroy the organ they may have been applied to. Here our Toilette articles will prove serviceable.

In large establishments the position of a lady's-maid is considered to be sometimes exposed to annoyances from the unwelcome attentions of men-servants. In well-regulated households these intrusions do not take place, unless with the lady's-maid's consent. Except at meals, she seldom has occasion to leave the apartments assigned to her own and her mistress's use. In modesty of behaviour, and in cordiality of manner towards every one in the servants' hall, she will find her chief safeguards against any approach to undue familiarity.

Visiting with her mistress at other people's houses is liable to cause inconvenience, unless a lady's-maid makes up her mind to regard herself somewhat in the light of a guest. Most persons find something they do not like

when staying in even the most hospitable mansions. But well-bred people cheerfully conform to the rules of the household where they are visiting, and it is very annoying to employers when their servants cannot do the same. Whenever real grounds for complaint exist, it is better for the lady's-maid to speak to her mistress on the subject, who, on her part, will refer the matter to the lady of the house.

Honesty is of course an indispensable quality in one who has the charge of articles of value. A lady's-maid's fidelity in this respect should be beyond suspicion. She had better be scrupulously saving of things not likely to be asked for, than to make away with them because they are worthless. When old dresses and odds and ends of all kinds have inconveniently accumulated—as they sometimes do from oversight—the lady's-maid should ask her mistress what her wishes are with regard to the disposal of them. Even when ladies agree to give their maids cast-off dresses as perquisites, this understanding is expected to be in force.

With regard to the disposal of such articles, the best plan is for the lady's-maid to sell them to friends of her own acquaintance, or to part with them by some other private means. By this mode she is likely to get a better price, and to be less exposed to temptation from offers for things of, perchance, a more costly nature than would fairly come into her possession. As a general rule, ladies do not like to see their maids dressed in the clothes they themselves have worn—except in wearing a black or a dark-coloured silk—the difference in the social scale of mistress and maid renders this unpleasing.

The dress of a lady's-maid should be studiously neat, although tasteful. She should wear nothing likely to spoil or impede her in her various duties—above all things she should cultivate personal cleanliness as her chief charm and adornment.

The duties of a lady's-maid are so numerous that it is difficult, in a limited space, to particularise them. Some knowledge of dress-making is generally considered indispensable, also of millinery and hair-dressing. Novelty in these arts may be learnt by taking lessons from time to time of persons who make the giving instruction of the kind their means of livelihood. When taking such lessons the lady's-maid should learn from her teacher the best style to suit her mistress, in the view of being successful in her work—the same head-dress, for instance, will not become all persons equally well; and it makes a great difference if a lady be short and stout, or tall and thin, whether one style of costume or another is suitable. As far as her means extend, a lady's-maid should discover what style of dress ladies of high birth, reputed to have good taste in dress, are wearing at a season when her mistress is choosing her attire. The several ladies of the royal family of England are an instance of the excellent tact sensible people display in avoiding all unbecoming exaggerations of fashion, whilst they adhere sufficiently to the prevailing mode to avoid the opposite error of being eccentric.

The arrangement of her mistress's room devolves on the lady's-maid, but in very few cases is she required to do more than dust the room. She is, however, responsible for the manner in which the housemaid does the work of cleaning, &c.

Order in putting things aside is indispensable. Whatever articles are likely to be wanted for dressing, or any other purpose, should be at hand at a moment's notice.

Although the lady's-maid's duties do not usually require her to be a very early riser, it is desirable that she should be up some time before her mistress is likely to want her, in order to get any work done likely to soil her hands or dress. The washing of fine things, laces, &c., generally falls to the lady's-maid share of work, and the earlier this is done in the day the better. The numberless works of

cleaning, scouring, and dyeing, that an experienced maid has to perform, should all be undertaken before her mistress has risen. By this means interruptions are obviated, and good temper preserved. Any time that is thus spared could be devoted, in leisure hours, to reading and improvement of the mind.

The economy of her mistress's wardrobe is a great test of a lady's-maid's skill. Whether she has the perquisite of cast-off dresses or not, it is her duty to suggest any saving that may be made by "turning" or "altering" gowns, &c. A servant that is apt at these suggestions deserves better wages than one who is not so skilled, and may reasonably expect the fullest remuneration for her services.

The preservation of clothes is a matter that a lady's-maid should understand, as well as their restoration—for instance, the elaborate dresses of the present day cannot be folded up and laid in drawers without detriment to their beauty. Dresses in wear should be hung up separately in a clothes-closet, or wardrobe, each dress in a separate bag made of brown holland. The bag should be, at the very least, half a yard longer than the dress, to prevent dust from penetrating through the opening. Any loose trimmings that may be laid aside flat should be removed.

White satin shoes and boots should be put aside in separate bags, having been previously folded in blue paper.

Furs should be well dried before a fire, and thoroughly shaken before they are put away. The box containing them should also be previously dried and brushed out. A celebrated furrier says that, "Furs, when put away after winter use, should be closely packed in linen or brown paper to preserve them from moth, having been previously well beaten with a small cane and carefully combed through; this process should be repeated at least once a month, and may be relied on as effectual." Strong aromatic odours are useful for preventing the attack of moths; but without the above precautions their use may prove ineffectual.

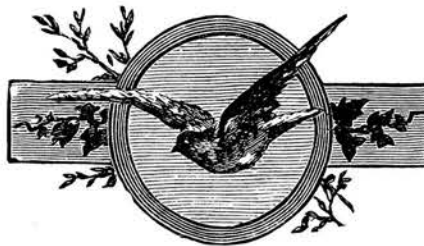
Laces not in wear should be thoroughly cleansed in several waters from all traces of starch. They should then be dried in the sun if possible, and afterwards put away in bags made of blue paper.

Unpicked dresses should not be folded, but each width of the material should be separately wound on a roller. Skirts that are not likely to be worn for a time should be taken out of the band and laid flat. In folding all plain skirts begin at the bottom, and divide the skirt into four equal folds commencing at the middle of the back width; then divide the skirt in cross folds, according to the size desired, taking care to pass the hand between each division to avoid "corner creases." Some hours before dresses that have been laid aside are worn, they should be shaken well out, and hung before a fire.

Woollen materials require much the same treatment as furs to prevent the ravages of moth and mould.

Linen and calico garments should be rough dried before they are laid aside. It is also essential that they be thoroughly free from damp.

All materials of clothing not in constant use require to be periodically aired. A dry sunny day is best for this purpose.



A BAD SERVANT.

She cleans ormolu like brass,
Takes hot water for the glass,
Fries chops and steaks, and serves up tepid,
Attends the sick with step intrepid,
Dusts round a vase she ne'er will lift,
Wastes cinders she will never sift,
Wipes toilet basins with bath sponges,
And ever into messes plunges;
She trims the lamp at dark,
Goes out without remark,
And when with patient kindness
You alleviate her blindness
And fit her for her task,
She throws aside her mask—
Takes another situation,
And leaves with indignation!

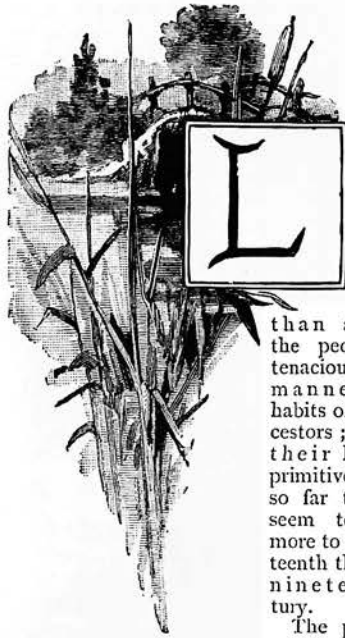
WANTED, A HOUSEMAID.

Let me tell in doleful numbers
How to-day the punctual sweep
Broke upon my morning slumbers
With his raucous accents deep.
For my housemaid—mine no longer—
Left last week in dudgeon high,
Having tried which was the stronger,
Maid or mistress—she or I.
Now I needs must lay the table,
Ply the dust-pan and the broom,
Always indefatigable
Till I've straightened up each room.
Sweeping late, and sweeping early,
Oft I murmur, "Oh, that she,
'Uppish' though she was and surly,
Would return once more to me!"

LIFE AT A SWEDISH FARM.

By "PEVERIL," Author of "In the Good Old Days," "Glen Gordon," etc.

"Poor and content is rich, and rich enough."
—*Shakespeare.*
"From toil he wins his spirits light,
From busy day the peaceful night;
Rich, from the very want of wealth,
In heaven's best treasures—peace and
health."—*Gray.*



LIFE at a Swedish farm is like life nowhere else. Contented, rather than ambitious, the people cling tenaciously to the manners and habits of their ancestors; carrying their love for primitive customs so far that they seem to belong more to the seventeenth than to the nineteenth century.

The peasant farmer, or "bonde," forms an important class in Sweden—a class which has been justly called the backbone of the country. Independent, industrious, and self-respecting, he is not unlike the British yeoman of olden days. But he will not change, like our yeoman. A bonde never aspires to rise above his class, and is, in fact, too proud to be other than he is. His farm, or "gaarde," has come down to him through a long line of bonde ancestors, and he has no higher aim than to live and die as they lived and died, with sons, daughters, and grandchildren growing up around him, and a goodly following of men-servants and maid-servants, who are treated as members of the family.

Since the greater part of Sweden is still covered by forest, it follows that wood is cheaper than stone, and is therefore largely used for building purposes. Houses are sometimes made of great trunks of trees, laid horizontally one above another, the interstices being filled with moss. This is the old style. A more modern plan is to saw the logs lengthwise into two, or to cut them into very thick planks, which are either placed horizontally or upright; the latter being thought the more durable, is often used for the building of churches.

A farmhouse, or gaarde, is sometimes built in a quadrangle; the court in the centre being entered through an archway; but more frequently the square is surrounded only on three sides, the dwelling house in the centre, flanked on one side by a stable, on the other by the cowhouse, or "ladugaarde." These are not under one roof, a slight space between each building serving as safeguard against fire. All wooden erections—houses, barns, and stake fences—are painted red, adding a picturesque element to the scenery; the artistic effect of which is heightened by the green roofs common in many rural districts. In places where neither tiles nor slate can be procured, the farmer roofs his house with wood; and as straw is too precious a commodity to be used for thatch, he overlays his beams with earth. Thither the wind carries grass, fern, and flower seeds; often also the seed of fir and mountain ash trees; so that quite a pretty garden is frequently to be seen upon the roofs of houses and barns, especially if the district is mountainous. The thrifty Swede does not fail to make use of this impromptu hay crop. Upon the true "Many a little makes a mickle" principle, he carefully mows his roof, and adds the produce to his scanty store of fodder.

A Swedish gaarde is rarely more than one story in height, and consists of two large rooms—a kitchen, and another which is literally the living-room of the family; for it is here they eat and drink, work, play, and also sleep. Some of the more wealthy have a third room; but this is kept as a guest chamber, and is only used by the family as a safe storing-place for their best garments.

The roomy kitchen looks what it is—a place in which to cook, bake, brew, and churn. The appliances for these housewifely arts are plainly

to be seen. There are racks for crockery, shelves for pots and pans, and hooks for many small necessities. A place for everything, and everything in its place, is evidently the good house-mother's rule. Fireplaces differ with locality. In the south you see stoves; but in the country open ranges are more usual; and in many parts the fire burns upon a broad stone platform, raised altar-like about two feet above the kitchen floor. Beneath the wide open chimney, supported by a strong bar, hang one or more iron chains, from whence the pans and kettles dangle over the blazing logs.

In the middle of the kitchen floor is a trap-door—the entrance into a cellar, wherein is stored barrels of salt meat, dried fish, potatoes, and turnips; not to mention a goodly supply of "bravvin," and many a cask of "öl"—the light home-brewed beer of the country—etc. It was in just such a cellar that Gustavus Vasa was hidden once upon a time. When the Danes came to search for him, they found the kitchen in a great ferment and bustle. The good wife was brewing, and had her great vat placed over the trap-door. She was so indignant at this interruption to her all-important task of brewing Jul-öl for Christmas that the soldiers dared not ask her to move the vat. So once more the great Vasa escaped; and not for the first time he owed his safety to woman's wit.

The living room, or lofva, is large and comfortable, though a stranger might consider it too hot; for hardly as he is, a Swede likes warmth within-doors, and loves to see his hearth piled with blazing pine logs. There is no ceiling to the room, only broad rafters black with age, from which hang bunches of herbs, hanks of yarn, or other articles in general use. The floor is strewn with sprigs of pine or spruce, which emit a delightfully refreshing odour when trampled under foot. The robust health enjoyed by the Swedish bonde may possibly be greatly owing to this wholesome practice, which is universal from north to south, and, unlike most peasant customs, is also to be observed in towns.

The lofva is furnished simply, with a long deal table and benches, a loom, or perhaps two, and spinning-wheels, according to the number of workers. On either side of the hearth stands a large wooden armchair for the house-father and house-mother, while along

the wall are ranged pine-wood sofas or settles, evidently fixtures, which are often covered with cushions tastefully embroidered. At night these sofas change their character in a manner very startling to a stranger. The pretty cushions are laid aside, the deal seats removed, and there—behold the family beds! These pull out like a drawer, and can be used as single or double beds, as required. They are supplied with soft feather beds and pillows, white blankets woven by the house-mother herself, and coverings of sheepskin with the wool left on, soft as washleather, and white as snow. Here, and in this manner, the household sleep—master, mistress, servants, and children—and to judge by their appearance, the practice cannot be so unwholesome as might be supposed. It should be observed that, in a Swedish *garde*, going to bed does not involve undressing—the women merely take off their smart aprons, bodices, and upper skirts, and the men their boots and coats.

Saturday is washing day. If there is no proper bathhouse or "*badstuga*," the *ladugaarde* serves the purpose. The great pan, three feet in diameter, in which cattle fodder is prepared, now swings over the log fire full of steaming water; and by the time the evening meal is ready, the family assemble, fresh, rosy, and smiling, with hair neatly brushed and braided, and clothes sweet, clean, and tidy. So the week ends, and they are ready for the next.

A *bonde* is of all men the most industrious. "Laziness is the devil's cushion," he says, with a wise shake of the head; and certainly no one can accuse him of borrowing that Satanic luxury. Even in winter he rises at three o'clock in the morning, and his good wife and her maidens have finished their dairy work and set the house in order long before their more indolent sisters of the sunny south sit down to breakfast. The morning work accomplished, the house-mother seats herself at her loom, her daughters take each her

spinning-wheel, while the maid-servants are busy carding wool. A happy party it is, and a merry one, for tongues may wag as fast as fingers. A story is told, or jokes fly round the circle, or perhaps one, with a sweeter voice than the rest, begins singing one of the ballads, or folk-viser, of which the *bonde* is so fond. Thus time flies.

Except in towns, there are no shops in Sweden, and no tradesmen. Every farmer is his own blacksmith and carpenter, his own glazier and his own miller. If he needs another barn, he applies to no builders, but bids his lads take their axes and follow him to the forest, where he chooses the trees best suited to his purpose. There is, in fact, no part of the work which he cannot do for himself, and do well.

Twice a year, in April and October, comes slaughtering-time—a busy season for the farmer and his wife. By long experience he knows exactly how many pigs, sheep, and cattle will be required by his household. These he kills, giving the meat to his good wife, while he and his men are occupied with the hides, horns, and hoofs. Of the latter he makes glue; reserving the best horns that the young men who have a taste for carving may not lack material. Nothing is wasted. Even the sinews of the slaughtered cattle have their uses, and must be carefully cured and dried.

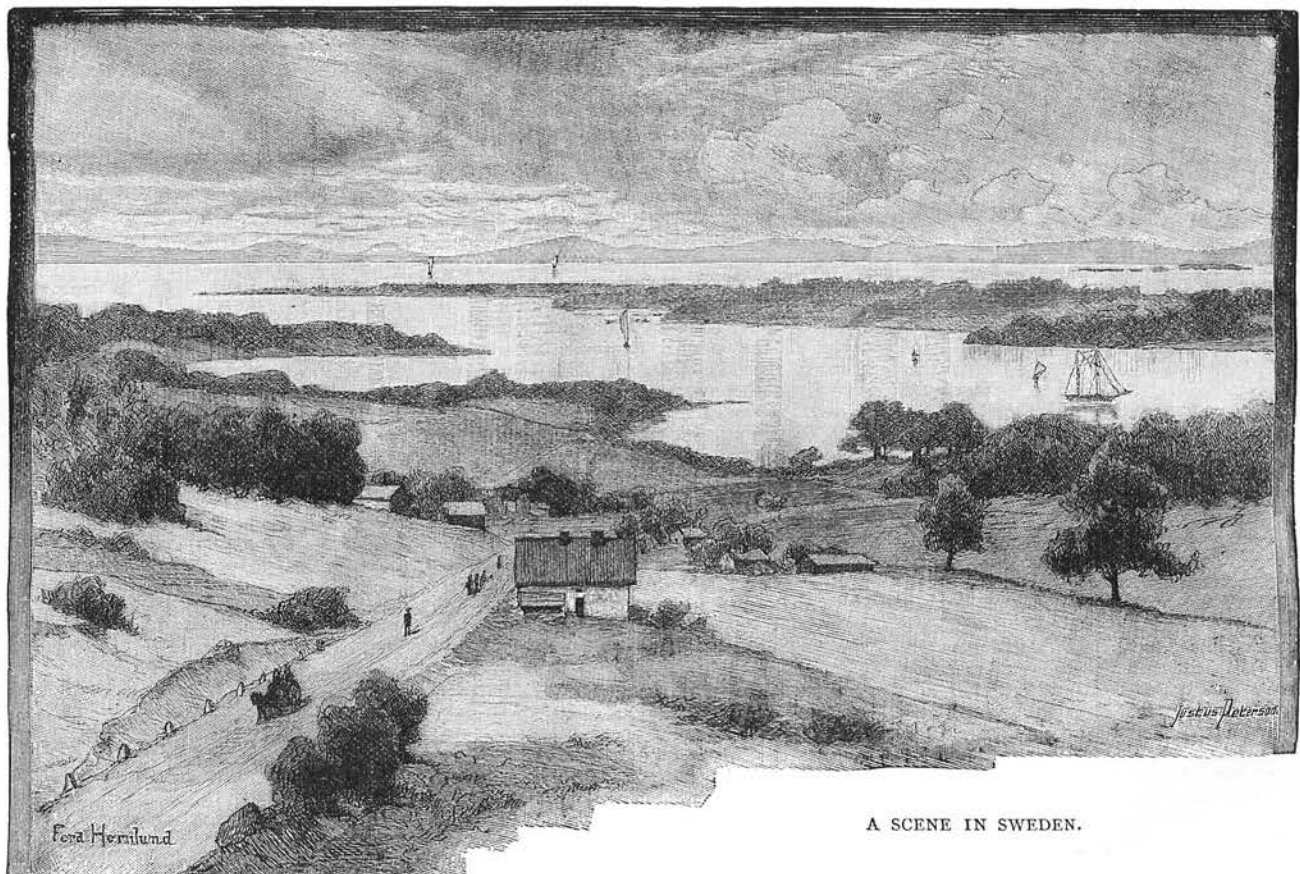
Every farmer is also a tanner, and understands the process needful to produce leather of every variety, from harness and stout boot leather to the soft, fine, dyed skins of which the women make pouches and belts. A few of the sheepskins are tanned with the wool on. These are for rugs and bed coverings. In some districts they are also used to make coats for winter wear, the wool acting as lining to the garment, and as trimming, for it forms a fringe to the wrists and bottom to the coat.

Slaughtering-time entails much work upon the house-mother and her maidens. Spinning-wheels are set on one side, and all hands are

busy, some drying, smoking, or salting meat down into barrels; some rendering fat and making candles, others mincing, spicing, and pounding meat, and storing it away in bladders. They have also some way of preparing the blood of animals, which when dried to a powder can be kept a long time, and is used, mixed with oatmeal or rye-flour, to make pancakes and other savory dishes.

Self-helpful as he is, however, the farmer cannot supply all his needs; and when a country fair is held, which happens two or three times every year, he never fails to attend it, taking with him all the produce of his farm which can be spared, and returning laden with sugar, salt, coffee, tobacco, and corn brandy, which it is now not lawful for him to make at home.

There is, indeed, little a *bonde* cannot do for himself. He grows flax for his wife to spin and weave, hops for the annual *öl-brewing*, and if he lives upon a fjord, he grows also hemp enough to supply him with nets. The skin of his cattle gives him shoe-leather, and their wool provides him with clothing. But for all that he is fain to acknowledge that some few things can be done best by tradesmen—only a few. He can tan leather with anyone, but he would rather not try his hand at converting it into boots. And he need not. Twice a year a shoemaker makes the round of all the outlying farms and hamlets, staying at each house for several days—until, in fact, he has supplied every man, woman, and child on the premises with shoes to last for six months. In the same way a tailor comes round once in six months. As soon as he is seen approaching, the house-mother bustles out to receive him with due honour; and while some of her maidens prepare a meal for the traveller, others fetch out the bales of cloth, the fruits of months of busy spinning and weaving. Then follows a grand cutting out, fitting on, and stitching; and when the itinerant tailor journeys on to his



A SCENE IN SWEDEN.

next customer, he leaves behind him a household of simple folk delighted with and never tired of admiring their new garments, and praising the skill which has made them fit so cleverly.

In many parts of rural Sweden teaching and doctoring are carried on in the same curious manner. Once in a long while the doctor makes a tour, and is hospitably entertained at every farm on his wide circuit. If he finds invalids, he of course ministers to their needs; but the people are healthy, and "mother" has usually skill enough to deal with their simple maladies. When the doctor comes, however, each one begins to fancy a few aches or queer feelings—it seems such a pity to waste the opportunity! So much medicine is swallowed upon these occasions which had better have been thrown away.

The travelling schoolmaster is a national institution. "Flyttbara Skoler," or circular schools, are held periodically in all rural districts; and all that can be said for the system is, that it is better than no education at all; but as weeks or months must elapse between each course of study, high results cannot be expected.

Politeness is a striking characteristic of the Swedish nation; and in this particular all classes are alike. Not only do the rich treat their inferiors with kind consideration, but the poor are courteous to the poor; self-respect leading, as it should, to respect for others; for

"Manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of loyal natures and of loyal minds."

How true an insight into human nature is here displayed by our poet! The courtesy of

the Swedish bonde is not merely the outcome of kindly goodwill, but is the natural result of his own innate honesty. His frank open-hearted hospitality is marred by no distrust, no doubt of his guest's honour or kindly feeling; for he is too loyal himself to suspect disloyalty in others.

Life at a Swedish farmhouse must needs be happy, the patriarchal simplicity of the household obviating many of the self-made trials of so-called civilisation. Bonde matrons and maids have no time for nerves and fancies; and where there is no struggle to keep up appearances, there can be no needless anxiety to succeed, or distress at failure.

Unlike his Norwegian neighbour, a Swedish bonde is light of heart and jovial, fond of singing and dancing, and thoroughly appreciating the pleasures of the table. He never loses an opportunity for a *kalas*, or feast. Not only are all public festivals celebrated with great *éclat*, but every domestic event serves as the occasion for a grand merrymaking. A "bröllop," or wedding, lasts several days; also a betrothal, and a "bärns-öl," or christening. Besides these, there are minor festivities of an impromptu kind, which give great zest to ordinary life.

A bonde is always ready to help his neighbour at a busy time. It may be the building of a barn, or the raising of a *hässja*; whatever it is that calls the neighbours together, the opportunity is one for feasting. All hands work heartily until the supper hour arrives; then the host invites them to enter the house, where the smiling house-mother stands ready to welcome her guests to her well-spread table, and the grand business of eating and drinking

begins. Not all at once, however. It is one of the canons of bonde etiquette that you should not accept of hospitality without demur. It is the proper thing to protest against the honour done to you, especially if you are invited to sit in the "uppermost room of the feast." Here again the custom is patriarchal. Under these circumstances the placing of guests is a work of time; but this distresses no one, for a bonde is never in a hurry. At length, all preliminary ceremonies duly observed, the company apply themselves vigorously to the pleasant duty of clearing the dishes set before them; the hostess waiting upon them herself.

Supper ended, the guests rise, and each one shakes hands with his host and hostess, saying, "Tak för matt"—"Thanks for the meal"—to which they reply, "Väl-bekommet"—"Welcome to it." The custom of giving thanks for food is universal, from the highest to the lowest, and is as necessary a part of a grand city dinner-party as at a bonde *kalas*. This little ceremony over, the table is cleared with great dispatch; the musician of the party takes his fiddle and strikes up a lively tune, and the dance begins. Some of the prettiest national dances are combined with singing, the dancers keeping step to the cadence of their song.

While the young folk are thus employed, the elders of the party light their big pipes, and sit discussing the state of the crops, the prices of cattle at the last fair, and the prospects of the next. So time flies merrily, and before the party breaks up, another informal revel has been planned by the pleasure-loving lads and lasses.



THE WEALTH OF A WOOD IN JULY.

It is quite an ordinary wood; fifty or sixty acres clothing the northern slope of a high hill where it is too steep, and too barren to cultivate, but although only a few inches of soil clothes the solid chalk rock, hazels rise tall and lithe, mixed with ash, elder, guelder rose, and other constituent parts of what is called underwood. A few acres of this is cut close to the ground every year, and sold in the form of the rustic fagots which light the fire and heat the brick ovens of the country folk; for underwood is as much one of the farmer's

crops as corn, but he must only expect to realise on his woodland once in eight or ten years instead of annually.

When the dense, sheltering underwood is cut away we see one of nature's miracles. The ground beneath the bushes has been bare soil, strewn with stones, sticks, dead leaves, and dead, white-bleached snail shells, with perhaps a few fly orchises or straggling seeded bluebells, as the only ground vegetation.

But when the hazels with their heavy foliage are cut, and the blessed sunshine, free air, and

evening dews fall unhindered on the barren soil, germs long hidden start into sudden life. Blue bugle, yellow mellilot, spotted orchis, nettle-leaved bell-flower, St. John's wort, red briony, agrimony, purple nightshade, ploughman's spikenard, and wild strawberries quickly cover the ground, live snails and insects appear, and the birds who find little food among tall underwood, take up their quarters again upon it. Gradually the copse wood rises; year by year you find less undergrowth until the time to cut arrives and the process is repeated.

How full of unsuspected roots and seeds that brown uninteresting soil must be! We see the same miracle in a lesser degree yearly. There is a certain open, grassy bank without so much as a thorn bush to shelter it, which in winter and spring is covered with dead, weather-beaten, drab-coloured grass, but protected from the winter's frost by this multitude of germs of life lie latent, until that desolate-looking bank becomes in July a perfect blaze of purple and gold, covered with knapweed, scabious, scented orchis, blue rampion, ragwort, birdsfoot trefoil, hyppocrepis, and that rare, yellow daisy-shaped flower, the field senecis.

There was a story which was very popular in the past generation called, "eyes and no eyes," the moral being that to people who have the habit of observation there lies open a vast field of pleasure and profit even in commonplace surroundings. Let us all be "eyes" for a brief ramble through this large, solitary wood on a July afternoon, and see what treasures it contains.

A board, ancient and weather-beaten, declares that, "Trespassers will be prosecuted," but country neighbours have favour to go where town excursionists are excluded.

Owners of land are often blamed for shutting up the pleasant places where their lines have fallen from the public enjoyment, but alas, the people have brought this exclusion on themselves by their own selfish thoughtlessness. Fences are broken down, gates left open, allowing cattle to stray, tree trunks permanently scarred, not only with initials, but with mere wanton hacking, uncontrolled dogs chase sheep and game, eggshells, and melon rinds, and greasy papers are left strewn the ground in all the prettiest spots. What does the excursionist care? He will not be likely to come this way again until the next bank holiday!

But we, who can slip quietly among the trees and leave no trace are welcome to traverse the winding path which runs sloping downward to the farthest corner of the wood.

Before entering it we cross the breezy hill-top, cropped into lawn-like fineness by the round, compact, little sheep, for which these Downs are famous, but even among this close turf we may find botanical treasures. The little milkwort with its varied tints, crimson, blue, pink and white, the dainty eyebright, or euphrasia, the dark blue round-headed rampion, which is a rarity in most countries, but abundant here, the cream white dropwort with drooping coral red buds, the dwarf thistle, which on an inch of stalk grows as large and showy a purple flower as its loftier relatives. The hill is covered with the little prickly stars of this thistle. How well I remember one morning in early autumn when I, an enterprising child of ten or eleven, sallied forth at four o'clock in quest of mushrooms for the family breakfast, when the dew was so heavy that, fearing a reprimand for soaked shoes and stockings, I took them off, placed them in my basket, and ran over the hills on my little bare feet. It would have been delightful but for these dwarf thistles, which are quite capable of giving a sharp prick although hardly of leaving a thorn in the skin.

Among the patches of gorse, just without the wood, are masses of fragrant, buff-coloured honeysuckle, and beds of the tall crimson rosebay which is sometimes cultivated as a garden flower. The entrance to the wood is under a group of tall hazels, their glossy, mahogany-coloured stems, and large green leaves making a dense shade above us. Few feet tread the path. It is carpeted deeply with moss, and where the wood parts a little fringed with clumps of the bright, glossy green leaves of the pretty wood sanicle. A few yards from the gateway a strong, sweet scent greets our nostrils. It can be nothing else than butterfly orchis, and following it up

through the low bushes as a hound follows its quarry we find the lovely white flowers from which the perfume is given forth. Half a dozen heads stand together in the space of a square yard. We gather a couple, and examine them more closely. It needs a vivid imagination to trace the resemblance to a butterfly, the wings are narrow, the body very long, shaded with green, and semi-transparent. Its relative, the slender, velvet brown fly orchis is near by, and also the green tway-blade, and the lavender spotted orchis, a hardy species, and one of the commonest of this family.

A few stunted oaks and ashes, which are spared when the underwood is cut, stand together, and in these are several nests of the true carrion crow, who makes himself a nuisance in the country around by eating eggs and young partridges. In size and colour of gleaming metallic black this bird resembles the rook; but the latter has a whitish beak, and is a gregarious bird, flying, feeding, and nesting in large communities, while you seldom see more than a pair of crows together. As we stand in a small open glade looking over the tops of the trees on the steep hill-side below us, there is a clash of wings, and four or five wood pigeons sweep out, with their strong rapid flight, indignant that their solitude should be invaded. Their large blue grey bodies and white-ringed necks show distinctly against the deep green of a clump of beech trees, their favourite haunt, and the tallest trees in all the woodland.

From this opening we see on the right a peep of lovely blue distance, the well-wooded garden-like Weald of Sussex, and on the left over a deep valley to another hill, crowned with the faintly defined outline of a Roman camp.

There are several such camps in this neighbourhood, the trenches and ramparts still visible, and allowing for the softening and sinking of many centuries we know what formidable defences they must have been. They were grand outlooks, commanding many miles of country around; but how in the world did the garrison supply itself with that necessary of life, water? They could have had no large roofs and tank for utilising the rainfall, and must have made a daily sally, armed with buckets of some sort, to the unfailing spring which wells up in that little copse at the foot of the hill. To the barn which, with its yards and sheds, stands on the slope below the camp a more modern interest is attached.

Twice in the early years of this century has the peaceful-looking little village, whose red roofs peep through the trees in the valley, been attacked by pestilence, in one case cholera, and the other small-pox, and we have heard that in each case the Chantry Barn was used as hospital and sanatorium.

But to return to our wood path. Where the sunbeams can reach it is in patches crimson with wild strawberries, some as large as the tip of a woman's finger.

Luscious morsels they are, rich and ripe, as our garden strawberries have little chance of being while the unprincipled blackbirds insist on making all their meals on the beds. Why cannot they come and feast on this unforbidden fruit, which is here wasting its sweetness on the desert air? They do not seem to patronise the wild fruit; but here is a trace of bird-life. In the path lies a small flint, with a sharp ridge turned upwards. This a thrush has evidently been using as an anvil on which to crack the shells of the snails which he devours. We have often heard the "tap, tap," and watched the bird with his sharp beak thrust into the soft body of the unfortunate snail, striking it again and again on the sharp ridge of the flint. This particular thrush is a dainty creature, as the fragments of shell betray, for he has cracked no coarse common snail, but only the brightly varnished small wood snail

which varies so much in colour, some specimens being striped with brown, others a plain golden yellow, or the fashionable shade called "old pink."

If it is at all damp we may find crawling on the herbage the pretty little purple-tipped "Elegant Cyclostome," which looks more like a sea than a land snail. It is the only British species which possesses an operculum, or trap-door. This is folded back when it crawls; but pick it up, and snap—the door is shut and the tiny mollusc is safe within its fortress.

A year or two back we happened to diverge from our usual path into a part of the wood where the hazels had been recently cut, and there found to our astonishment a perfect bed of purple columbines—dozens of tall plants in full blossom. Our first thought was that they were indigenous, for the columbine undoubtedly grows wild on a common five miles away; but we noticed a slight difference in the shape of the flowers, and then a lady of our party remembered that twenty years ago she had as a child come over the hills with a pocketful of the glossy black seeds of the columbine, collected in the old-fashioned garden of her home, strewed it about in this wood and forgotten it. Here, after so many years was the living witness of the child's bright thought. This happened long before Mrs. Ewing had written her charming story, "Mary's Meadow," suggesting that wild places might be beautified with hardy garden flowers.

Another surprise of our wood. Where the copse had been recently cut, about half an acre was found covered with the tall spikes of the vivid sky-blue viper's bugloss, which is commonly found in chalk-pits or on barren open ground.

Ferns do not love this soil. There may be a few shuttlecock-shaped plants of the male fern, and in a little opening at the foot of the hill, with a ruined grass-grown sawpit, you may find the adder's-tongue—a humble relation of the magnificent royal fern—consisting only of a small spike growing in front of a single flat green leaf. Why should this innocent fern and the brilliant bugloss be named after the only venomous reptile which exists in England? We never happened to meet a viper in this particular wood, but doubtless they exist, as they are only too common in the neighbourhood, in spite of the price set upon their heads by some of the farmers. Not unfrequently sheep are killed by the bite of a viper on the nose while grazing, and we have known three cases of children being bitten, happily, not fatally, but causing much and prolonged pain.

It is well that children should have a wholesome dread of everything snake-shaped until they can distinguish the graceful slow-worm and the long, yellow-tinged grass-snake from the poisonous adder. One bright day in early spring, we saw on the warm south bank at the edge of our wood four of the harmless snakes, sunning their lithe grey bodies side by side after their winter sleep.

Rabbits abound on this southern bank. You may see them frisking their little white tails in and out of their snug burrows, or sitting up saucily on their haunches to listen if a step approaches. Here, too, comes the rabbit's natural enemy the fox. In the midst of the thick underwood a small cemented pond has been made for the benefit of the pheasants, and one summer evening we saw a little fox-cub, with a tail no thicker than that of an ordinary kitten, slink away among the bushes after he had slaked his thirst. Once, by the disused sawpit above mentioned, we came upon a fine, ruddy-coloured fox, fast asleep in the warm sunshine; the way he vanished when our steps aroused him was not slow! A graceful, light-footed creature is Reynard.

MAUDE MORRISON.



TOTTY SLACK PROCURING MY BREAKFAST.
From a Drawing by HUGH THOMSON.

“OLD HOOK AND CROOK.”

“If ever you rent a bit of fishing, my boy, pay your first visit *incognito*. Go down without rod, line, or anything savouring of the sportsman. And mind! do not go to the spot itself, where your presence might awaken curiosity and perhaps suspicion; but go to the nearest market-town. There, rather than in isolated cottages or small villages, you will learn the character of the natives; and there, if anywhere, you will ascertain whether there be any with poaching proclivities.”

Such was the advice given me, nearly forty years ago, by an old friend, one of the best anglers and one of the shrewdest lawyers I ever knew; now, alas, with the majority. Thirty years later I first had an opportunity of practically testing the value of this advice. I had been lucky enough to secure the exclusive right of fishing over a fair stretch of water in one of the best trout streams in the south of England. The lessee to whose rights I succeeded was an honourable gentleman and a thorough sportsman. He assured

me that the water had been well preserved for years, that there were plenty of fish, and that he had had no trouble with poachers. At the same time he strongly recommended me to take into my service his keeper, John Fairweather, to whom he gave a high character for honesty, willingness, activity, and knowledge of the water. This I was glad to do; and finding the man, who came up to see me, civil, modest, and straightforward, I engaged him at once, and sent him back, saying he might expect me to come and wet my line, and give orders as to weed-cutting, in a week's time.

So pleased was I with his appearance and behaviour that I felt almost ashamed when the words of wisdom of my departed friend came back unbidden to my memory.

I dismissed them with a “Pshaw!” as inapplicable to the case. They recurred again. I argued with myself that it would be an insult to the high-minded gentleman whose assurance I had that poaching was unknown, and a slight on the keeper in

whose honesty I had every reason to believe, if I seriously entertained the idea of sneaking down like a spy to prove the groundlessness of suspicions I never should have admitted to my mind. I succeeded in persuading myself that I was a mean and contemptible wretch, but I did not succeed in dismissing the thought. At night it repeated itself in more definite form. The very words—the tone, jestingly earnest and emphatic, and the quaint delivery of my dear old friend, were vividly recalled. Then all sorts of doubts arose. Fairweather might be honest as the day and yet might be deceived. His very straightforward sincerity suggested simplicity. His late master's veracity was, of course, beyond question; but if his keeper failed to detect poaching how should *he* know that it was practised. Then I remembered a little market town I had put up at some years before, when I had been in that part of the country on business connected with the very estate through which the river flowed. It could not be more than three miles from the fishing, I thought, and—was I dreaming? No! I distinctly remembered having had a dish of trout for breakfast at the inn.

This last recollection turned the scale. Sneak, or no sneak, I would go down the next day. And down I went accordingly. Having accepted the part I was to play I threw myself thoroughly into the character. My "make up" consisted of a black silk hat with mourning band, gold rimmed spectacles, a tight-fitting black cloth frock coat, light trousers that would change colour at the very sight of river clay or mud, and a pair of thin patent leather boots. My "properties" consisted of a small leather hand-bag, and the last report of the *Transactions* of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Nothing, I imagined, could be less suggestive of gloating over the dying struggles of a trout, or of tracking the trail of a poacher's "pads" through grass wet with early morning dew.

Thus equipped I sauntered down the High Street at —. It was evening, and many of the tradesmen were preparing to put up their shutters. Mr. Cockles, the fishmonger, was washing the slate slab in front of his shop with a wet cloth of doubtful purity. His restless little eyes paused on me for a moment, and seeing that I relaxed my pace, he asked me, in a tone of voice rather whining than winning, what I might please to want.

"I beg your pardon for interrupting you, but could you tell me which is the most

comfortable hotel in the town? I have always found it best, when in a strange place, to ask some leading tradesman rather than take the advice of the railway officials, who, I am told, are sometimes in league with the licensed victuallers."

"Quite right, sir. Now the porter would have told you the 'Red Lion,' expecting a tip for the information, and would have popped down to the 'Lion' as soon, or sooner, than you, and claimed a pot of beer for the office."

"For the office?"

"Yes. For sending of you there."

"Dear me! How shockingly dishonest. It's as bad as the system of double commissions."

"Yes, sir," said Cockles, evidently puzzled by the simile. "Now if I was you I wouldn't go to the 'Lion'—leastwise not if you like a quiet hotel. The 'Antelope,' bottom of the street, that's the place for you; not so big as the 'Lion,' but more quiet, select, and simple like. I think it's just your sort, sir," added he, venturing another rapid glance, or rather blink at my face, on which I wore an expression of bland simplicity. "And now, sir, what might I send you up for breakfast? Or maybe you'd like a bit of fish for supper? I've some very nice soles, or a bit of salmon inside, on the ice; quite fresh—just come from London."

"So have I just come from London, and I have had plenty of soles and salmon there."

"Maybe a bit of fresh-water fish would be more of a change. I could get you some for breakfast, p'raps—from the miller."

"What sort—eels?"

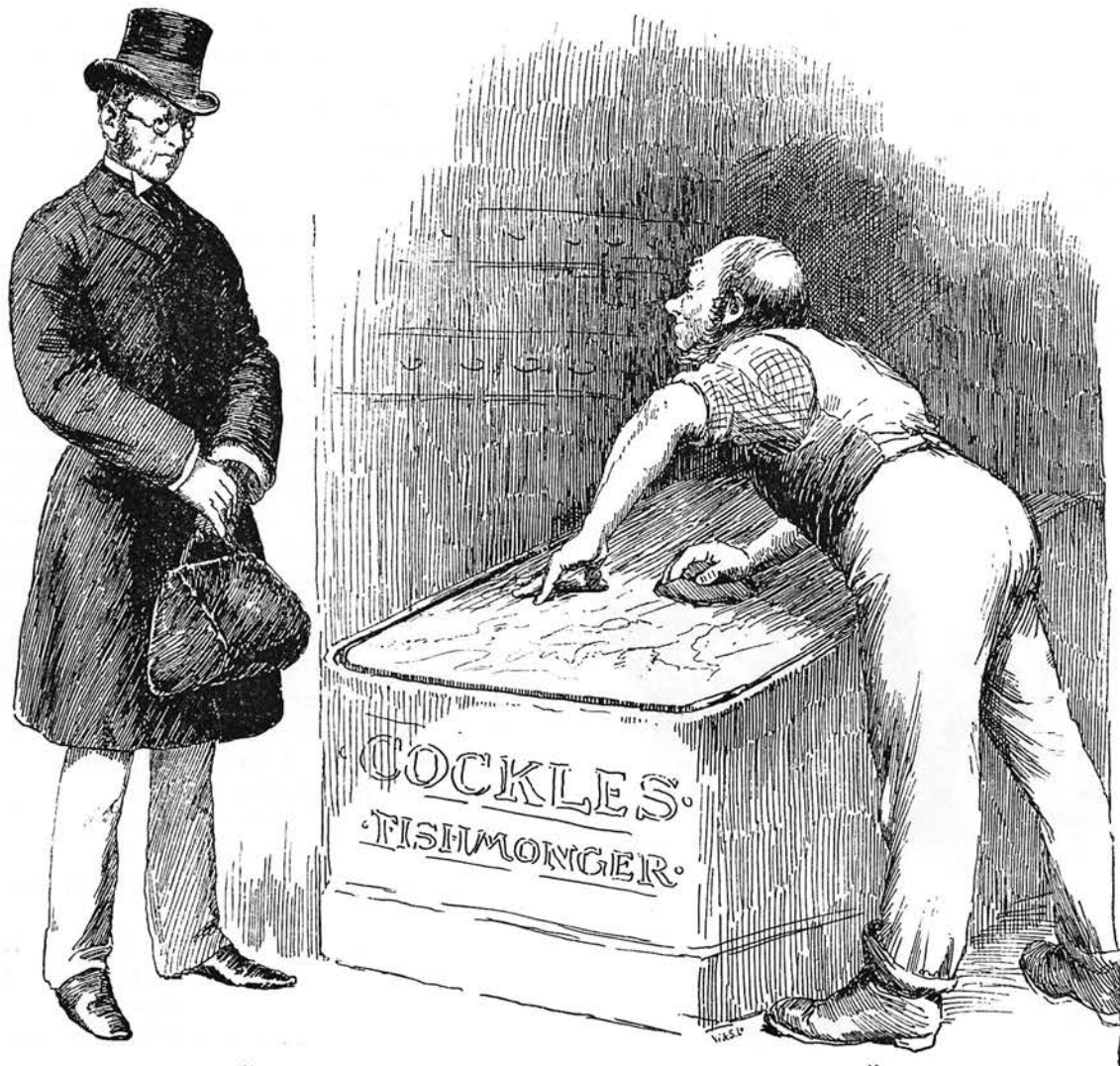
"Eels has hardly begun to run yet, and is very scarce."

"Grayling?" said I, innocently.

Mr. Cockles's eyes rested on me for nearly a second. Apparently satisfied that my ignorance was genuine, he replied in a playful whisper, "Graylings is as well as can be expected, but much engaged in the nursery just now, sir—breeding, you know, sir, excuse the liberty. But trout is in prime condition."

"Trout! Can you get trout here?"

"Well, sir, not as a rule. The trout is all strictly preserved *here*, but sometimes the millers a long way up the river have one or two to sell, and I *think* I might promise you some for breakfast, as you are a stranger, and it would be a treat for you. Let me see, it is full moon to-night." Possibly my face may have indicated unnatural interest at this point, at any rate Mr. Cockles paused, took another hasty glance at me, and then



"MR. COCKLES PAUSED, AND TOOK ANOTHER HASTY GLANCE AT ME."
From a Drawing by HUGH THOMSON.

hurriedly added, "So I shall be able to see my way to drive my cart up to the mill, and try what I can do for you."

"Oh, thank you," said I. "If it is not giving you too much trouble. I have to travel further after breakfast to-morrow, and a dish of fresh trout is, as you say, a real treat to a Londoner."

This settled it. I was a bird of passage, and therefore not likely to tell tales.

"All right, sir, you shall have them. I may have to drive further than the first mill, in which case I shall have to charge you a trifle *extree*."

"Oh, never mind that. It is only for once, and I may not have a chance again."

"Good-night," added I, hurrying off for fear he should ask my name. As I went I nearly ran against a poor old man, apparently bent double with rheumatism and by the weight of an enormous hamper strapped across his shoulders.

He grunted something that might have been either a salutation or a curse, and crawled, rather than walked, on, leaning heavily on a hooked stick shod with a brass ferrule. His beard and hair were white and long, his face was tanned, weather-beaten, and wrinkled, and there was a distinct trace of the gipsy in his sharply cut features and rat-like black eyes. He wore a slouched hat and was booted up to the thighs. Altogether his appearance was so picturesque and *bizarre*, that, occupied as I was with poacher on the brain, I could not refrain from turning to have another look at him. I noticed that his hamper had no lid to it, that its bottom had been forced out and was roughly fastened in its place by pieces of string, and that green leaves, apparently of watercress, were peeping through the interstices between the rods of which it was made. I noticed also, or fancied I did, that Mr. Cockles on retiring into his shop made

a sign to the old cripple, who, however, acknowledged it not, but passed without looking, and laboured along on his course. I heard Mr. Cockles slam his door and shoot the bolt noisily. Some moments later I thought I heard the bolt quietly withdrawn. It was clearly not in my "stage directions" to stand there. Turning towards the "Antelope," and taking from my pocket a small looking-glass—my invariable companion when engaged on detective business—I sauntered slowly along. In my glass I



From a Drawing by HUGH THOMSON.

could see what passed behind me, and this is what I saw. The cripple looked once or twice over his shoulder, paused, turned round, came back, and without stopping to knock or ring, opened the door that Mr. Cockles had so demonstratively bolted, and slipped into the house, basket and all, closing the door noiselessly behind him.

The plot began to thicken, and I trembled with excitement as I crept into the porch of an apparently unoccupied house, from which I could watch unseen the "conspirators'

cave." Two or three minutes elapsed—it seemed an age—when I became aware of the presence in the street of an object resembling a huge hermit crab with a shell on its back. It was none other than the old cripple with his basket, and as ill-luck would have it, he came straight towards me. What was to be done? If I rushed out, or stood still, my presence would be equally suspicious. I turned my back to the street, and as he approached I knocked at the door loudly and angrily, as though I had been kept waiting and resented such treatment. The ruse succeeded; he passed on without heeding me. But to my horror, I heard footsteps in the passage, and the sound of a chain being unfastened, and of bolts being withdrawn. The house was not empty after all, some one was about to open the door; what excuse could I make for knocking, and knocking so emphatically? There was not much time to concoct a plausible story as the door creaked on its hinges, opened, and discovered to my view a policeman in uniform. What I should have said I know not, but to my great relief he showed neither indignation nor surprise, but looking mysteriously right and left, whispered that it was all right, the inspector had got the message and would attend to it.

"Oh, I am glad of that; that is very satisfactory," said I. "Good-night!" and off I went to the "Antelope," laughing inwardly at my lucky escape from an awkward position, and wondering whether the constable was in charge of an empty house, or how he came to be there; for whom he took me; what the mysterious message to the inspector was, and to what it referred. The key to this complex enigma was afterwards given me, and although I fear the reader will hardly take sufficient interest in it to pardon further digression, I will venture to give a brief summary of the facts, which were somewhat unusual.

The policeman had taken me for an officer of the Charity Organisation Society. A benevolent gentleman had given money to a poor woman to enable her to bury her husband who had died suddenly. He had seen the body decently laid out on a bed, covered with a scrupulously clean sheet. He had left the money on a table by the bedside, the bereaved widow being too agitated to take it when offered. In his anxiety to relieve her from the embarrassment caused by the presence of a stranger, he had hurried away, leaving his gloves on the table. On discovering his loss he had quietly returned to the chamber of death, and had found the corpse sitting

up in bed smoking a short pipe and counting the money!

On arriving at the "Antelope" I ordered supper, and strolling out into the covered way leading from the street to the stable yard while it was being prepared, I entered into conversation with an ostler who was engaged in chewing a straw and polishing a colt-breaker's snaffle. Running quickly through the customary prelude of weather, farming prospects, produce of the country, &c., I easily led to the subject of water-cresses and the extraordinary figure I had seen. I learned that his name was Totty Slack, but that he was generally known as "Old Hook and Crook." "Because, you see, sir, he has a hook to rake the cresses out with, and a crook along of rheumatiz." Nothing was known against him. On the contrary he supported a large family of young grandchildren, who were orphans on the maternal side, and whose father my informant never "heered tell on," and therefore "didn't allow he was up to much." The squire had unbounded faith in the honesty of Slack; and the keeper, while pronouncing no judgment on the point of honesty, which he probably treated as irrelevant, was reported to have said that, "Old Hook and Crook couldn't so much as catch a lame toad, let alone a slippery trout. There weren't no harm in he." Mr. Slack, therefore, had the sole and exclusive privilege of gathering cresses in the water meadows, back waters, and streams of the park, where he was allowed to potter about unquestioned at all times and seasons. I learned moreover the lie of the land and water, where the footpath that the squire "'ud dearly loike to stop up only it a'nt lawful, you know, sir," led across the park; and at what hour the full moon would be well up. The path was "better nor three mile and handy four" on the high road, and was situate "just-over-right the lodge gates." Mentally noting these facts I went to supper, and having ordered my breakfast without reference to the promised trout, I retired to my bedroom. This was on the first floor back and the window opened over a low building with a flat roof projecting into the garden.

Nothing could be more conveniently adapted for the entrance of a burglar or the exit of an amateur detective of moderate activity.

My preparations were soon made. A pair of indiarubber-soled racquet-shoes, "silent as snow," save on loose gravel or dry sticks, were substituted for the patent leather boots; a gray waterproof covered the black frock

coat; a travelling cap took the place of the "bell-topper," and a binocular telescope slung over the shoulder completed my costume and properties for the second act of the drama.

Here let me recommend all anglers to carry a binocular glass. It enables you to see not only *who* is by the water, but also *what* is on the water. By its aid duns and spinners of every kind can be identified, and the subtle variety of tone in their colours accurately distinguished. This by the way. Now to my story.

Ten minutes later I had dropped from my window to the roof of the outbuilding and thence to the ground, had scaled the garden wall, and effected my escape, with no further damage than a slight stain of whitewash on my hitherto immaculate trousers. Once outside I walked briskly towards the park, smoking as I went, and enjoying my pipe all the more for the knowledge that tobacco would be "taboo" when my watch began. When I got to the footpath I had to move with more circumspection, as the moonbeams, bright though they were, could only penetrate in patches the rich full foliage of the overhanging trees.

Here I had proof how quiet was the footfall of my "padded hoof." Shrew-mice rustled in the grass close to my feet, and I once nearly stepped on a rabbit squatting in the path.

Poets talk of the silent night. Silent indeed! A summer night is full of sweet and mysterious music. Do not the little birds talk in their sleep—twittering the quaintest snatches of broken song? Is there no cadence in the dying breeze, or rhythm in the ripple of the brook? While for a screaming chorus commend me to a social gathering of crickets!

A sharp turn in the path suddenly brought me out of the wood into a flood of light.

It was a glorious scene. Below me a thin sheet of mist bathed in moonlight extended for miles. The winding course of the river was marked only by the willows and alders on its banks that topped the mist. Against this sea of white the dark wood-crowned hills, bounding the valley, stood out in bold relief. Above was the pure deep blue sky of the summer night.

The path now led into the valley, many a curve easing the descent. Here and there a tiny spring broke forth with grateful murmur from the hill-side, and poured its little tribute into the river. As I drew near the bottom of the slope the ground felt damp and soft. The mist, usually most dense

shortly after sunset, had recently extended thus far but had dispersed. Indeed it was rapidly clearing off everywhere. I could see no fresh footprints, nor the more easily distinguishable marks of the ferruled stick; but Slack might have come by some other way. No! he was not yet here. As I neared the margin of the stream a heron rose with a startled cry. Two rival poachers would not be there together!

I was still in time. I stood on a wooden footbridge watching the mist dissolve. The process of condensation was, of course, much more rapid over the cold running water than over the heated land, and in a short time the stream looked like molten silver while the mist still hung over the water meadows. It was now clear enough to choose a hiding place, and high time to be in ambush. A hasty survey through the binocular glasses revealed an osier bed at an angle formed by two reaches of the river. Conveniently, if not comfortably, ensconced here in an undergrowth of plants and weeds (amongst which the *Urtica dioica*, or common stinging nettle, was palpably present), I could command an extensive view of the river in both directions.

Looking up stream, towards the light of the moon, its surface appeared white and brilliant, barred with black only where the water was broken in ripples as it passed over stones or gravelly shallows. Looking down stream, away from the light, it had a dark slate-coloured tone lighted up with silvery white where the surface was broken. Patches of foam that looked black as they approached me seemed changed by magic into swansdown as they passed. I listened intently but could hear no footsteps. A rush monotonously nibbled by a water rat; the splash of a moorhen; the boom of a cockroach blundering through the willow rods; the melancholy cry of a distant curlew—these were the only sounds I heard. My feet were wet and I began to feel cold and cramped, and was seriously considering whether a bed at the "Antelope" would not be more suitable to a middle-aged lawyer of rheumatic tendency than a bed of wet nettles, when a couple of wild duck flew close over me.

From the startled quack of the mallard I could tell they had just been flushed, and looking up stream in the direction whence they came, I saw a black speck in the distance slowly moving towards me. Through my glasses I recognised Slack and his basket. My heart beat more quickly, and I felt the cold no more. Slowly and deliberately he

crawled along till he came to the osier bed, and there he stopped. I held my breath and lay like one dead. Could he have seen or heard me? No. He unstrapped his basket, untying the string that held the bottom in position, took off his hat and coat, drew a small folding landing net out of his pocket and screwed it into the ferrule of his hooked stick. He then held the stick between his teeth, as a retriever dog might, and taking up the bottomless basket in both hands, balanced it on his head, walked round the osier bed and waded into the water. Knowing that the noise of the ripple against his legs as he waded would prevent his hearing me, I now ventured to rise on my feet, that I might be in a better position to watch his movements.

Arrived at mid-channel he proceeded up stream moving diagonally from left to right, and then from right to left. His course being, in fact, very similar to that of a ship tacking against the wind, or of a pointer ranging over a stubble field. Suddenly he stopped. The water was shallow, and through my glasses I could see the wave of a fish he had started. It shot straight up stream into deeper water and, as it seems, took refuge under a long tress of weed. Slack's mode of procedure now underwent a change. Instead of progressing diagonally he followed the fish in a direct line, and instead of splashing carelessly as he walked, he moved one foot after the other slowly and cautiously, so as to avoid any unnecessary displacement of the water. When he came to the tail of the weed he stood perfectly still for some moments and then reversed and steadily lowered the basket between his outstretched arms until the rim on which the lid had once fitted was parallel to and almost touching the surface of the water. He then gradually depressed the basket until it touched the upper side of the weed. From this moment caution gave place to rapidity of action. The basket was forced down to the ground enclosing both weed and fish, and the latter was scooped out through the opening from which the bottom had been removed, in the landing net, carried on shore, and knocked on the head, in less time than it takes to relate. The fish having been carefully laid in the grass by the coast Slack again entered the water; this time some fifty yards below the osier bed. I will not weary the reader with a detailed account of his second capture. It will be enough to say that the fish was landed exactly opposite to me. As he turned towards me to come on shore I called out, "There, that will do, 'Hook and Crook.' A brace will be quite enough for my breakfast." The effect was

marvellous. For a moment he started up in a way that showed his back was not—in engineering phrase—“bent beyond the limits of perfect recovery.” He threw his hamper in the water and made for the opposite shore.

Seeing he was about to throw away the net with its contents, I said, “Don’t throw the fish away, man; what will Cockles say if you don’t bring him a brace?”

He hesitated and muttered something inaudible.

“Take my advice, Totty Slack, don’t go

short clay pipe—an old offender—black and sticky as treacle tempted me not, and need I say I reverently returned a tobacco pouch made of the skin of a water-rat and illuminated with the inscription “*For Dear Grandpapa*” worked in coarse glass beads. A more wicked expression than that in Totty Slack’s eyes, as I handed him his coat and offered to help him on with it, I hope I may never see.

I believe he suspected that I meant to pinion him from behind while his arms were encumbered in the sleeves. He hissed rather



From a Drawing by HUGH THOMSON.

home without your coat, you’ll be half dead with rheumatism if you do; and if your coat is found here with a trout lying by, you’ll be convicted in no time, and then who is to take care of your poor grandchildren while you are doing your spell in jail?”

The old poacher winced, and sullenly returned to the osier bed, picking up his basket as he came.

Meanwhile I had taken the liberty of searching the pockets of his coat and extracting therefrom some florists’ wire, fine and malleable, such as is used in Covent Garden in making up bouquets and button holes. A

than said, “What’s your move now? You’ve copped me and I chuck up the sponge and come quiet, but hands off or——”

“Don’t be a fool, Slack,” said I, quietly filling and lighting my pipe to reassure him. “Do you think I’m afraid of losing sight of you? You are pretty well known all the country round, and ‘it’s easy to find the old fox if you know where the cubs are,’ as they say.”

“Well, I’m in for the stone jug this time to rights, but strike me paralysed if that cur Cockles that rounded on me don’t keep me company. The scores o’ trout he’s

had o' me for twopence a pound, and left me well nigh starving of a winter time. No, I don't go in alone."

"All right, Slack, you shall *not* go in alone, I promise you that. Take a drop of whiskey, it will keep the cold out. And now I want to know how you use this wire."

"That wire?" said he; "why that's for tying up wild flowers and bunches of cresses, of course!"

"Of course it is, how silly of me not to have thought of that" said I, making a running noose in one end and fastening the other to a piece of string with a gut knot. "And now," said I, handing it to Slack, "cut a willow rod and let me see what sort of a hand you are at tying up cresses!" A comical expression, half angry, half amused, passed over the face of the old poacher.

"Blowed if you ain't fly to the whole bag of tricks" said he, admiring the neatness of the knots and the smooth run of the noose. "It's a treat to work with tools like this. But what's your little game?" added he with alarm. "You wouldn't go and get a cove three months more for wiring, after kidding of him on, would you?"

"Not I, Totty; I am going to try myself, and if you won't split on me I won't split on you" said I, laughing. He still looked doubtful, but on my putting into his hand a smooth evenly balanced willow rod, stiff enough to draw the slip noose home, and yet lissome enough to avoid the danger of breaking the "tack" on a big fish, he mechanically fastened on the string with a couple of half-hitches, and winding the spare string round the point of the rod as he went, walked down to the footbridge. "Which of they three would you like?" whispered he, pointing into the (to me) impenetrable obscurity of the shadow cast by the bridge.

"The one nearest the pile" said I at chance.

"No fool neither!" muttered the old poacher; "he ain't so long as the others but if he don't weigh more I'll eat him alive."

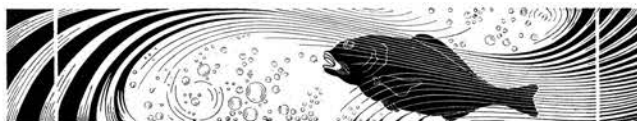
By this time my eyes had become somewhat attuned to the darkness, and through the glasses, the projecting barrels of which excluded the distracting light playing on the adjacent water, I was able dimly to discern three dark objects, which I knew to be trout, lying side by side at a depth of about six or

eight inches below the surface of the water. As their position remained unchanged I knew that their pectoral and ventral fins were extended and gently agitated to maintain their level, while their caudal fins were actively engaged in counteracting the force of the current. But for all I could see, they might have been fixed inanimate objects. I had barely time to note this, when the wire noose was dropped with consummate skill in the right line, and at such a distance above the fish selected, as to allow of its sinking to the right depth to encircle without touching the fish at the precise moment of time it would be carried by the velocity of the stream to the point where the fish lay. A steady but rapid draw, timed to a nicety, a bold curve in the willow-rod, and the trout was sparkling in the moonbeams on its flight through the air to the bank, where it was pounced upon by Slack with a suddenness truly surprising in a cripple. The mark of the collar showed a little behind its pectoral fins. Having regard to the position of the centre of gravity, and the conformation of the body of the trout, the wire could not have been more perfectly adjusted by a skilled ichthyologist on a dead fish. The performance was masterly. Here was poaching elevated to the rank of a fine art! My admiration however soon gave way to anxiety. How could I possibly expect that such a finished hand would give up his exciting sport and confine himself to the tame, monotonous, and unremunerative work of gathering water-cresses? No doubt I could contrive that he should spend most of his time in prison, but somehow or other, crusty old bachelor as I then was, the inscription on the horrid tobacco pouch—

I took a bold step. I took him into my service as watcher and under-keeper, and a better servant no man need wish to have. Fairweather, who at first thought I was mad, now allows that "Old Hook and Crook" is a dab hand at eel lines, and the way he nips a jack out of a ditch with a bit of wire is something wonderful, "when you come to think he spent all his days a-gathering cresses."

I need hardly say I never hinted at my night's adventure to anybody except Mr. Cockles, and *he* left the neighbourhood soon afterwards.

BASIL FIELD.



Nearly Roasted Alive in the Great Chandelier of Drury Lane.

BY RUDOLPH DE CORDOVA.



RING of flaring gas beneath his feet; a ring of flaring gas above his head; and between the two, a boy holding on to the framework of the great chandelier in the centre of the ceiling of Drury Lane Theatre! Into his nostrils he breathed the fumes of noxious gas; in his hands the iron rods by which he supported himself grew hotter and hotter; and between him and the floor of the pit beneath lay a sheer drop of seventy feet of darkness! No melodramatist seeking for a blood-curdling situation ever devised such a scene. No novelist ever imagined the possibility of placing a character in such a position. Yet it is true, absolutely true; evolved by circumstances in the simplest and most direct manner in the world.

As every great sensation scene should, it had a happy ending, for Mr. Frank Parker, Equestrian and Stage Director of the London Hippodrome, was once the hero—or should I say the victim?—of this situation which seemed to have only one possible termination—death.

To-day the great auditorium of Drury Lane is lighted, like the stage, by means of electricity, and the turning of a switch makes the whole building ablaze with light or plunges it into complete darkness. Under the early régime of the late Sir Augustus Harris, however, things were quite different, for electricity had not been introduced, and gas was the only means of illumination. Even then, however, instead of having a pilot light by means of which all the burners were lighted rapidly, the work was done by hand, each burner having to be lighted separately.

In those days Mr. Frank Parker, then a mere lad, was made gas-boy, and part of his duty was to light the great chandelier in the middle of the ceiling. The audience naturally paid no heed to the massive structure of iron

and glass which illuminated the building, and it will probably surprise those who recall its appearance, through the illustration, to know that even in his most expert days it took Mr. Parker no less than an hour and three-quarters to light it.

In order that the situation may be the better understood, let me first, like a dramatist, describe the scene in which the great sensation is to be performed.

Suspended from strong steel chains was the chandelier, some 12ft. or 14ft. long, with a diameter at the widest part near the bottom of 16ft. or 18ft. At the top near the point of suspension there was a narrow opening, perhaps 2ft. across, through which the pipes for conveying the gas to the burners passed.

Even to reach the chandelier was a task not unattended with danger. The way was up through the flies, over the "gridiron" of the stage, a narrow trellis-work of iron. There, until the gas was lighted, it was always pitch dark, and the boy had to feel rather than see his way, for the only light he had was a spirit torch he carried. This threw a ghostly glimmer rather than a light around him, and revealed the masks

of hideous demons which had been used in previous pantomimes, and were stored along the path by which he had to go.

"Very ghostly and rather terrifying did those masks often appear to my childish imagination as in the dead silence of the theatre I slowly made my way along the gridiron, the green light of my spirit torch just serving to bring out the suggestion of horrible, grinning faces and demoniacal expressions," said Mr. Parker to me as he recounted his adventure one day.

Arrived over the chandelier there was first a sort of well to go down. This was placed above the cowl for ventilating purposes, and there was an opening some 6ft. in diameter



MR. FRANK PARKER—PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo.

down a Jacob's ladder to a grating shaped like a gigantic H. On this the boy, armed with a rod 23ft. long, used to take his stand night after night. At the end of the rod was a sponge, which was dipped in methylated spirit, and by the slow process of touching each burner with the flaming spirit the chandelier was gradually lighted.

"If ever when you're lighting the chandelier, Frank, a piece of the glass festoon should happen to break," said the gas-man, giving the boy instructions when he first took up the work, "you have got to break it off somehow and let it drop into the pit. That must be done at any cost, for if you don't, and the heat makes the copper wire that joins the bits of glass break, the broken swag will fall on the people sitting in the pit and it may kill somebody."

One night, after lighting all the thirteen or fourteen baskets around the widest diameter of the chandelier, the rod got caught in one of the longest swags of glass, and, in trying to get it clear, the force the boy used broke one of the connecting pieces of copper wire, and in another moment the lower end attached to a point at the extreme circumference of the chandelier was hanging suspended over the pit.

Remembering his instructions, the boy set to work with a will to break it off. Try as he would, however, he could not succeed.

"If ever a piece of the glass breaks you've got to get it off somehow," were the words which ran through his mind. That was his duty; that was the thing he had to do. Without another thought he made up his mind how to do the thing. He must climb down into the chandelier, supporting himself against the framework and the pipes until he reached the broken chain, twist it off, and let it drop into the pit, then climb back and set to work again in order that the chandelier might be lighted by the time the doors were opened.

No sooner was the plan conceived than he began to put it into execution. He pulled up the long pole, set it on one side, and started to climb down into the chandelier. A broad-shouldered lad, he had to squeeze himself through the upper opening of the chandelier, round which was set a circle of burners in order to produce the upward draught to carry off the noxious fumes produced by the burning gas. He had his little lighted hand-torch in

his hand, and, not thinking for the moment what he was doing, he, inadvertently, in climbing through the aperture, turned on the cock which allowed the gas to escape into the sun-burner. As he went through, his torch lighted the gas of one of the tubes. In another moment the flame had run round the rest, and there was a circle of lighted gas that effectually barred the possibility of return.

Intent on what he had to do, however, the boy did not notice this.

Slowly, carefully, gradually, without a thought of the danger he was running, he

made his way from stay to stay, from bar to bar, until he came to the bottom of the chandelier. The hot air from the flaring burners beat up into his face; the noxious fumes of the consumed gas he breathed into his nostrils. He took no heed of them. He had his work to do.

Slowly, carefully, gradually, he made his way across the whole diameter of the chandelier. Steadying himself on two stays with his feet, and holding on to one bar with

his left hand, he twisted round the long festoon of glass until at last he broke the connecting copper wire and the swag dropped down. There was a pause, and up through the silence came the clatter of the glass as it fell on to the floor beneath.

"It's all right," said the boy to himself, and he turned to retrace his steps.

Slowly, carefully, gradually, without a thought except for the work he had to do, he began to climb back to the grated platform from which he had descended. The hot air from the flaring burners beat up into his face; the noxious fumes of the consumed gas he breathed into his nostrils. He took no heed of them. He had his work to do.

As he climbed, he felt the iron bars get hot beneath his hands. He looked down and saw the blazing ring of fire beneath his feet. He looked up and saw the blazing ring of fire above his head.

In an instant he realized his position. He was trapped. To attempt to escape through the narrow circle of fire was impossible, for even when the gas was not alight he had had a difficulty in getting through. The flare did its duty well. The ventilation was perfect, and a continuous stream of hot, vitiated air swept past the boy to make its escape through



MR. FRANK PARKER AS HE WAS
WHEN THE ADVENTURE OCCURRED.
From a Photo.

the little ring of flame. Each breath he drew took fresh poison into his lungs, each second he remained his position became more unbearable. The fumes of the gas began to overpower him. There was a choking sensation in his throat. There was a bursting sensation in his head. Unless help came, and quickly, there was only one way out of the chandelier—the drop through the darkness into the pit 70ft. beneath. And then——

“Help, help, help!” the boy screamed, with all his might, holding on with a grim tenacity of purpose to the iron stays around.

Luckily for him the master gas-man was on the stage beneath, looking every now and then through a hole in the wall of the proscenium to see how the lighting of the theatre was progressing.

Suddenly he noticed that though the baskets were lighted the greater part of the chandelier was unlit. There must be something wrong with the boy, he thought, and the next instant through the silence came the cry of “Help, help, help!” Without a moment’s hesitation the gas-man left the stage to see what was the matter. A shout to the boy that he was coming, and he began to climb from the stage to the flies. He had to grope his way across the gridiron through the pitch darkness of the corridor with its hideous goblin masks until he reached the well above the cowl. Another moment he was on the H-shaped gridiron looking through the opening into the body of the chandelier. “Hold hard, Frank, I am here,” he called. The

boy, half-suffocated, half-roasted, heard the cheering words and understood them.

Another moment still, the man had turned out the sun-burner. “Up you come, lad,” said the man. The boy tried to make an effort, but his strength was almost gone. The deadly fumes he had been breathing for so many minutes had almost done their work.

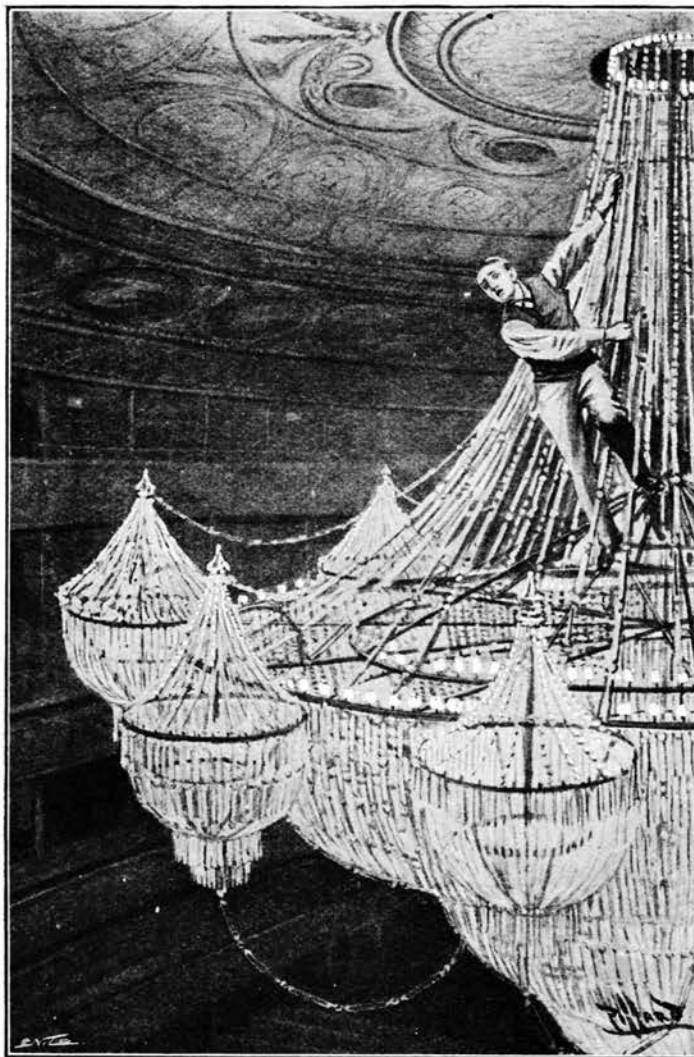
Quick as a flash the man took in the situation. He lay flat down and, stretching out his arms through the opening, he grasped the boy tightly with both his hands.

Slowly, steadily, he began to pull. The grip of those strong hands stimulated the boy, and, thus supported, he began to climb. From stay to stay, from pipe to pipe, he moved, still held by those strong hands, until at last his head was once more through the narrow circle of the sun-burner. Partly pushing, partly dragged, he got his shoulders through, and then once more he stood upon the H-shaped iron grid, which was to him as firm ground.

If in moments of great peril people live through years, what must have been the experience of the youth who lived through

that ordeal which was reckoned not by seconds but by minutes with a ring of fire over his head, a ring of fire beneath his feet, suffocating fumes of gas overcoming his senses, pipes growing hotter in his grasp, and in his brain the single thought that if he lost his hold for a moment he would fall to certain death?

“Even to-day,” said Mr. Parker, “I can’t think of that episode without a shudder.”



“HELP, HELP!”

THE AMERICAN GIRL WHO STUDIES ABROAD

By Varina Anne Davis

DAUGHTER OF JEFFERSON DAVIS



MISS DAVIS

OF late years a tendency has been developed among rich mothers to deport the coming American girl to be educated in Europe. Indeed, this custom has taken so firm a root in the general mind that a child who is thus reared is considered to have acquired some peculiar advantage by her trip over

seas, and, like much-voyaged sherry, is counted a subject for the self-gratulations of her possessors, and the envious regard of outsiders. Probably were these poor little jackdaws in peacock's feathers to be asked their own opinion on the subject, the world might hear something of the seamy side of a foreign school-girl's existence, some of the hardships endured patiently, some of the necessary things left unlearned, and the unimportant things laboriously acquired, only to prove unwieldy ballast when they enter the race for society favor.

Instead of learning a lesson from insect wisdom, we do not enlarge the cell of the little larvæ, which are, we hope, to become queen bees in the future, but on the contrary rather seek to force them into the narrower spiritual quarters allowed in alien hives.

THE gradual process of Europeanizing is too long to be treated here. It is a painful process from the awful sense of rebellion against the constant surveillance, the mortification of honesty misunderstood, the frightful loneliness which crushes at the beginning to the later submission to becoming like their surroundings, and the thousand sorrows, physical and mental, of an overworked, undervalued human being who has matched nervous energy against phlegmatic endurance.

These are all bad enough to contemplate, but there are pleasant places to remember, even in such a waste. The hardships might be overlooked were not the after-effects of such paramount consequence to a girl's future.

FROM the moment of her return to her native heath, the Europeanized American girl begins to find herself the victim of her misdirected education, but it is hardest of all that her strangeness is most apparent when she is confronted with the memories of her childhood in that home to which she has been looking as a kind of heaven, where she may enter into her earthly rest. All her little peculiarities misunderstood, or unobserved, all her ideas regarded as odd, her mannerisms smiled over, she stands among her kindred an alien in her own family.

At this time, too, her supersensitiveness, a product of her bringing up, is being irritated by her sense of unlikeness, which is one of the cardinal sins in her sociology. Her ideals are also undergoing demolition, and the chances are ten to one that, in trying to express something of the revolution in her poor little cosmos, her ignorance of the niceties of English will cause her to offend. Of course, her dreams of home are not realized; an exile's imaginings partake too much of the character of a mirage to be substantial.

Few of us have not experienced this in some degree on revisiting the haunts of our youth; some park which was once endless, but which, to our adult eyes, takes on contracted limits; some spacious hall which dwindle

dles into an ordinary room; but in the case of the returned exile, this disagreeable shrinkage of value takes place in human beings as well as things. The little familiar jokes that are a spontaneous growth in every family are unknown to her; the friends whose names form part of the conversation are names only; the peculiarities of her relatives, which sweet usage would have made nearly as dear as their virtues, irritate and disconcert her. Yet this is the time when she must enter the world's arena and conquer or fall as she may in a contest where she is matched against the true American who comes fully armed for the many-sided exigencies of our freer existence.

THE first and greatest difficulty, and the one which will cling like a shirt of Nessus, is that of language as spoken, and, alas, even more in written form. Having won her intellectual spurs in a tournament with either French or German school books, the very names of men and places will sound strange in her ears, but when she shall chance to encounter a mythological reference her woes will indeed begin, for there is often only a thread of resemblance between the Greek forms used among the Teutons, or the Gallicized turn given them in France, and the English equivalent.

In foreign schools frequented by American girls there are apt to be enough of her compatriots to keep up the commoner forms of her mother tongue, but any one who has been long among them will agree that English-speaking girls abroad soon get to use a mixture of the two or more languages, laughable and almost incomprehensible to the uninitiated. Terms and phrases out of more advanced studies are bodily transplanted into French for the reason that the Anglo-saxon equivalent is either unknown, or the scholar is too lazy to think it up. This is a habit which is of no importance while a girl is surrounded by people to whom both languages are equally familiar, but fraught with serious disadvantages when she is again placed in general society. The danger of being misunderstood, which is, in any event, the horror of budding womanhood, becomes ten-fold enhanced when any higher thought or aspiration halts it in its flight from the want of "winged words" to bear it upward. Nor has she the Greek and Latin necessary to assist her comprehension of the delicacies of verbal shading which she meets in her reading. Dead languages, although taught in boys' schools abroad, are not considered as either necessary or desirable in a girl's mental equipment.

FROM the cry prevalent about time wasted on ancient tongues, it is reasonable to suppose that here, as in most cases, blessings are only appreciated by those who do not possess them. Let any one try to cultivate an acquaintance with the higher forms of English without a previous foundation laid in the great root languages, and he will surely find that like the unwise builder who founded his house upon sand the structure will tumble about his ears in the first stress of weather.

This deficiency leaves the Europeanized American without a clew to the maze of English spelling. The closer she draws to this mighty, and to her, appalling problem, the surer is she that the Sphinx's riddle must have had some connection with our orthography.

The rigidly historic French, or the charmingly phonetic German, is no introduction to the bewildering variety of letter combination which we call spelling. Uncertain as the sea, but not equally fascinating, the adult mind is frightfully tossed about before it can learn to keep its feet in such unsteady waters, where a child's pliant instincts would have assisted its balance. For this as much as anything else,

pity the Europeanized maiden.

Should time help her to master the intricacies of her mother tongue, she yet may never be able to conquer the habit of thinking foreign thoughts and measuring by foreign standards; she is, therefore, totally unfit for light skirmishing on conversational fields, and finds that before she can limber up her heavy learning the point of attack has shifted to another quarter. It is years before such a girl ceases to be troubled with *l'esprit de l'escalier*.

An American education would have saved her from this form of social malady, and as well from diffidence and lack of initiative which hides any originality still growing in her too thoroughly cultivated mind.

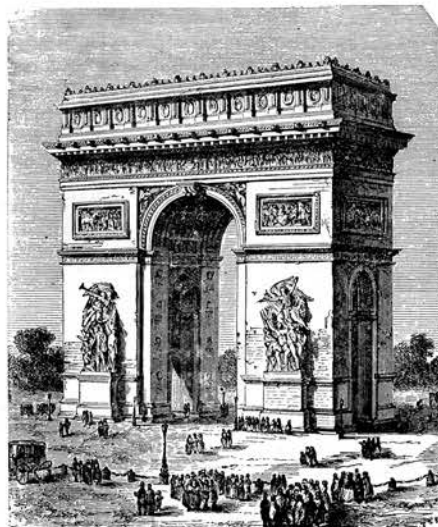
ORIGINALITY is a quality apt to be condemned in foreign boarding schools, and even in America it usually finds its most enthusiastic admirers among the male sex. Women are inclined, as a rule, to sacrifice personality to convention, especially in the absence of masculine critics.

Segregation of the sexes has another and peculiarly disastrous effect on budding womanhood. Queerly enough, it has a double and directly opposed action, bringing about masculinity on one hand, and fostering a morbid sentimentality on the other.

In a house full of brothers, a girl learns at an early age that her chances of being pleased rest largely with her capacity to fascinate, and having received this dogma into her baby spirit she sets about (though all unconsciously) finding how best to gain her end. She may play marbles, climb trees, hunt and fish, but these accomplishments will never emancipate her from the reproach of being "only a girl." As she grows older, this fact, the bane of her childhood, suddenly becomes its own antidote, and from the throne of her womanhood she lays down the law to her former tyrants.

No such wholesome masculine influence does, or can, exist in a boarding school, and the maid of superabundant health and strength preserves her mannish characteristics far beyond the age when she would have outgrown them in the natural atmosphere of home life.

The other development of segregated womanhood is equally unfortunate, and it is sometimes hard to say which horn of the dilemma is the sharpest, the tomboy, or the sentimental, undervalued little product of hot school-rooms and over-study.



THE ARCH OF TRIUMPHS—PARIS.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF POLITE SOCIETY.

ANSWERS TO SOME QUESTIONS OFTEN ASKED.



IN no country in the world are there so many people asking what is the 'proper thing' to do, and so genuinely anxious to do it, as in the United States of America." Thus affirms a well-known society woman and critic of our national manners. Now, among the questions constantly propounded by this great number of inquirers, are certain ones that occur much more frequently than others; and it is to a few of these questions oftenest asked, that the following paragraphs are offered as brief and, it is hoped, practical answers, in which the manners conceded to prevail in polite society the country over, are taken as a standard. Most of the points touched upon are common to country and city, to North, South, East and West, and I venture to add (with Dickens' oracular sea-captain) that "the value of these observations lays in the application on 'em!"

A lady does not take a gentleman's hat or overcoat, when he calls. Since the days of chivalry, man—in society, at least,—is supposed to be the servant of woman.

Flowers are always a safe and complimentary gift from a gentleman to a young lady, and the latter may receive them with perfect propriety. Bonbonnières, books, music, a basket of fruit, a pretty photograph or etching; in short, dainty trifles, rather than costly articles, represent other presents in vogue for birthdays and special occasions. Wearing apparel is never admissible, nor should a girl accept valuable jewelry, except from her fiancé or a near relative.

The etiquette of weddings possesses peculiar importance just now, as the matrimonial season approaches its height. Previous to the beginning of the period of fall weddings, it had been rumored that the bride would hereafter be attended by a maid of honor only. But recent church ceremonies in large cities show that the picturesque bevy of fair maids in attendance upon the bride, still holds equal favor with the more recent custom. At one fashionable church wedding the number of bridesmaids was eight.

Wedding invitations and carriages to the church are provided and paid for by the bride's father.

A wedding present should always be sent to the bride, and not to the bridegroom, though one's acquaintance may be with the latter only.

"At Home" cards require no answer.

It is not customary to reply to an invitation to five o'clock tea.

Wedding ceremony and reception invitations, as a rule, require no reply.

When one cannot attend a reception or other company for which written regrets were unnecessary, it

is customary to send a visiting card in a small card envelope, to arrive on the day named in the invitation. In case of a wedding, two are sent—one addressed to the bride's parents, the other to the newly wedded couple.

It is in bad form to send a visiting card with the words "regrets" or "congratulations" written upon it.

A dinner invitation should always be promptly answered, with an acceptance or regrets; and to be late at a dinner represents one of the worst of social blunders.

In sending invitations to a family, each son receives a separate invitation (for some reason unknown); but if there be more than one daughter a single invitation addressed to "The Misses Blank" suffices.

At a crowded reception one may dispense with taking leave of the hostess; and on any occasion, where one is obliged to go away early, it is best to do so quietly and without taking formal leave, that the breaking up of the company may not be hastened.

The words "sir" and "madam" should not be too much indulged in. Children are now taught to answer, "Yes, papa," "No, mamma;" "Yes, aunt," "No, uncle," rather than "Yes, sir," and "No, ma'am," when speaking to parents or relatives. A very frequent use of the word "please," by adults, is hardly in good taste. "Will you oblige me," "Will you have the kindness," or a similar equivalent, is oftener heard in its stead.

In beginning a formal or business letter to an unmarried woman, she should not be addressed simply as "Dear Miss"; the use of "Miss" without the name is a marked inelegance. Though awkward at times, "Dear Madam" is preferable. The use of the prefixes Miss, Mr. and Mrs., without the name, is equally to be avoided in conversation.

When for any reason a lady deems it necessary to affix "Miss" or "Mrs." to her signature at the end of a letter, it should be enclosed in brackets, thus: [Miss] Jane Brown, [Mrs.] Sarah Brown. The name should never be signed by a married woman in the following fashion—"Mrs. John Brown." In writing to a stranger or on business matters, a married woman may place her husband's name in brackets beneath her own, or may write out in full the correct address for a return letter.

The best social usage does not sanction addressing the wife of a clergyman, doctor or professor as "Mrs. Rev. John Blank," "Mrs. Dr. David Dash," or "Mrs. Professor William Williams." "Mrs. John Blank," "Mrs. David Dash," and the like, is considered in better taste, and is also proper form for the lady's visiting card.

It is in accordance with etiquette for a military, naval or professional man to have his title engraved on his card. Titles that are simply honorary are not so used.

A friendly note between equals is always begun, "My dear Mrs. Belden," or "Dear Mrs. Staunton," or "My dear Mrs. Clark." There is little choice be-

tween "My Dear" and "Dear," though the former is by many considered the more formal.

"When two people meet who are really acquainted," says excellent feminine authority, "it is not necessarily the man who should bow first, nor the woman; it is whichever is the first to see and recognize the other." Etiquette and reason, however, both agree that upon meeting a lady for the first time, at least, after introduction, the gentleman should wait to be recognized, thus giving the lady an opportunity to manifest her preference in the matter of admitting him to the number of her acquaintances, or not.

The terms "lady" and "gentleman" have been of late years so constantly misapplied, that there is a marked return at present to the good old Saxon words "man" and "woman," in their stead. A well-bred woman speaks of another as a nice "person," a charming "woman," and not as a nice or charming "lady"; and a society man mentions an acquaintance as a "man" whom I know.

In England the "roof-tree" is considered a sufficient introduction, and guests who meet at a friend's house, on that occasion converse freely with one another, without introduction, though they may be entire strangers. This graceful and pleasant fashion, like many another of foreign origin, is steadily growing in strength among us, for Americans are quick to adopt the best and most charming points of every code of etiquette with which they are brought in contact, and we believe that "American" is as sure to become, in time, the synonym of all that is winning and gracious in manners as it now is of business energy, enterprise and success.

—*Florence Gay.*

THE VALUE OF ONIONS.

While the onion stands at a disadvantage among vegetables on account of its pronounced and not wholly agreeable odor, it is, doubtless, one of the most valuable and healthful products of the garden. This value is not confined to its use as an article of diet, since the efficiency of onion poultices in cases of croup and similar diseases are too well known to need repetition. The roasted heart of an onion, placed in the ear as hot as it can be borne, will often relieve cases of earache when other remedies fail, and a very excellent cough sirup is made by putting one-half cup of minced onions into a cup each of vinegar and molasses, simmering on the stove for half an hour and then straining. A teaspoonful of this sirup taken frequently will relieve severe cases of cough and hoarseness.

It is claimed that onions, as an article of food, are excellent blood purifiers, greatly improving the complexion, and, of course, entirely harmless. As a nervine, they are very beneficial, either cooked or raw, and, if eaten in the natural state, the addition of a little salt or pepper makes them more palatable. The large, imported variety, are much less pungent and disagreeable to the taste than the smaller native growth, but equally efficient in remedial action.

COOKING A FINE ART.

AND THE APOTHEOSIS OF ACCURACY.



Too much stress is often laid upon the importance of accuracy in cooking. We are told, with an emphasis that gives the nature of a taunt to the information, that women never can make two things alike. We are pointed at with the finger of scorn for not following recipes blindly. If a non-combustible piece of slag in the coal causes a sudden diminution of heat in the oven, and our cake falls as a result, no one has any sympathy for our misfortune. It is because we did not measure the sugar accurately, they say, or ventured to use an egg less than the number demanded by the recipe. The blame is never laid where it belongs. And, indeed, the best of cooks are greatly at the mercy of their ovens. The most perfect modern range is a capricious affair, sulking one day, while the pastry dries up instead of baking, and the next blazing out into fierce heat and burning the bread to a crisp. One looks back regretfully on the old-time brick oven, even though it was extravagantly wasteful of fuel. Nothing was spoiled in the baking in the days when we used it; but if the Aladdin oven ever comes into general use, we may hope for as perfect results at a very small expense.

It is undoubtedly of primal importance that the cook should be accurate. But this does not necessarily imply a blind subservience to rules and recipes. There is a heaven-born gift of accuracy, without which, combined with common sense, let no woman dare to hope to excel in cooking. This gift is possessed by the Southern negroes, whose cooking approaches perfection; but they can never tell how anything is done.

It is always best and safest for a beginner to follow rules implicitly; but with experience should come a knowledge of the underlying principles of cooking, a training of touch, taste and smell which will enable the housekeeper to modify recipes to suit existing conditions, or improvise new, if necessary.

No recipe can teach the inexperienced cook just when the moment has come to remove the steak, done to a turn, from the coals. Nothing but experience will give the critical insight to divine the exact instant when a boiled custard, thoroughly cooked, rich and creamy, must be taken from the fire; a moment less, and it is underdone; five seconds more, and it "curdles." But let me say here, that if a tendency to this latter failing is detected, it can often be avoided by cooling the custard rapidly on ice or in very cold water, and stirring it as it cools.

Again, it is never safe to follow any recipe with mathematical precision, that deals with sour milk and soda, for the degrees of acidity in sour milk are num-

berless, and private judgment is the only rule available. Dissolve the soda thoroughly, beat it slowly into the milk, and a little practice will teach one to know when the golden mean is reached, and a delicate lightness is assured, free from alkaline taste or smell.

Eggs, again, are of all doubtful things most uncertain. Indeed, it is a mistake to count them at all; rather should they be weighed, for, in a recipe calling for say five eggs, it may easily happen that they are so large as to equal six, or, more often, so small that they are hardly more than four. Unless the cook has judgment to contract or enlarge, as the case may be, the proportions of the other ingredients, the cake must necessarily be a failure, and that because of overaccuracy.

In every household there accumulate remnants, odds and ends, which can easily be used if one only knows how; but no collection of recipes was ever full enough to meet all the exigencies of such cases. Judgment and experience must be the guide. In one family, a quantity of spiced vinegar was left from a jar of sweet pickles. It was used, very acceptably, in flavoring pudding sauce, but who ever saw a recipe for pudding sauce which included spiced pickle vinegar in its ingredients?

An old lady, the grandmamma of the family, was left alone in a country house for a day or two, while a large party of guests and the mistress of the mansion went on some mountain excursion, too fatiguing for her. Looking around the pantry after their departure, she found the cake box half-full of dry broken bits of cake and ends of loaves. She took these and, having carefully trimmed off all the crust, crumbled them fine and soaked them in a very little milk. When thoroughly moistened, she added well-beaten eggs, spices, raisins, currants and citron, with flour enough to give the right consistency. When the pleasure party returned, she surprised them with two large loaves of delicious fruit cake, made from the refuse of the cake jar. No rule found in the cookbooks taught her how to do this, but a knowledge of the principles which animate all recipes.

At the high altitudes of the Rocky Mountain regions, all recipes fail. Water boils at a much lower temperature than at sea level, and the woman who hopes to make tea by letting it stand at boiling point, or to extract the virtues of meat and vegetables for soup by gently simmering, will fail to realize her expectation. A less amount of shortening and sugar is required in proportion to other ingredients, and even eggs must be cautiously used, owing, presumably, to the lightness of the air. A little bride, fresh from the Atlantic coast, gave a most amusing account of her failures in making cake.

"I gave up trying at last," she said, "for one person told me I must 'scant' my butter, and another one said, 'Use less sugar,' and when somebody else told me to be careful not to use too many eggs, I thought I might as well stop, for there did not seem to be anything left that I could use safely, excepting flour,

and, somehow, I didn't think cake would be good made of flour alone."

It is possible, however, to make good cake at a high altitude, and the cook *nascitur non fit* will soon learn to serve well-cooked food, even though she be nine thousand feet above the sea. Cookbooks have been written, adapted to the high altitudes; some of which, published in the interest of a church, or a club or organization of women, and comprising the combined experience and wisdom of perhaps fifty good housekeepers, are of great value and almost indispensable to new-comers.

This is not to be understood as in any way under-rating recipes. On the contrary, good cookbooks, magazines which deal with household matters, and manuscript collections of tried recipes, are invaluable aids to the housewife. But nothing will take the place of private judgment combined with experience.

In using any new recipe it is always well to follow it implicitly, but when use has familiarized its formula, then it may be modified to meet the requirements of the family and the possibility of environment; and the ability to do this understandingly is of greater value than even the recipe.

I once knew a lady who excelled in cooking. Everything she prepared was nice, deliciously flavored, and cooked just right; but she boasted that she had never followed a recipe in her life.

"But I am not afraid to cook with the best of them," she would say, with pardonable pride.

This was true, but her friends could see that, dainty and toothsome as her delicacies were, her menu would be much improved by a careful study of some reliable recipes, and a more thorough knowledge of the ways and means of serving meals.

Cooking really should be considered as one of the fine arts. There is the same distinction between the three modes of cookery that we find in different artists. First, we have the true artist, full of inspiration, daring in conception, fearless in execution. We find many mistakes in technique, we feel the need of teaching; but even with these drawbacks, how much more pleasing is his work than that of the mechanical worker, who, without a tithe of his genius, rigidly adheres to the rules and canons of his school, and produces work, perfectly correct, mathematically exact, but lacking feeling and inspiration. utterly cold and lifeless.

The best work is done by the man who, possessing the divine afflatus, combines with it patient study of the principles of art, faithful adherence to precept, until at last he has mastered the whole and is recognized by the world as one to whom five talents were given, but who has increased them to ten.

—Julia A. Sabine.

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous.—Shakespeare.



A WOMAN ON HORSEBACK.

COFFEE-MAKING.

How strange it is that we on English soil
So often fail, however much we toil,
In making coffee such as Frenchmen boil!

Do we lack sense, or pots, or water pure?
Do we bad coffee or thin milk procure?
Tell me, ye careful housewives, I adjure!

The coffee-pots rare-fashioned are to please
There English, German, French and Viennese,
So different from the simple pots for teas.

So this I urge—that girls should take a turn
With fresh-ground berries at the coffee-urn,
Greeting, with smile, the breakfast-cups'
return.

A WOMAN ON HORSEBACK.

BY ANNA C. BRACKETT.

THERE are books in plenty on riding, but most are concerned chiefly with men, and a woman studies them almost in vain to find any practical hints which will help her. In this country especially is there a dearth of information. Our climate, so very hot in summer and so very cold in winter, would seem to leave no time but the spring and autumn in which a woman may really enjoy horseback exercise. Partly for this reason it happens that the women of the eastern United States are not celebrated as equestrians, though Hyde Park often exhibits as awkward riders as our own parks, and we can sometimes match the best of England. I am not concerned with riding for show, or to exhibit unusual feats of daring. I propose only to speak in a practical, common-sense way of riding for exercise, fresh air, and rest.

Our girls and our women, as a rule, need riding more than the boys and the men; a boy has many ways of exercise from which a girl is debarred, and it is quite certain that in no other exercise permitted her can she put in play so many muscles and breathe in so much fresh air in a given length of time. As to the muscles, let any one testify after her first good ride as to the locality of the lameness which follows, and say whether it be special or general. This lameness is only the result of the unusual demand made on various muscles which commonly in a woman's quiet life are almost unemployed. Wherever a lameness is felt,

there is a muscle which has been called on for an unusual amount of tension—that is, of activity. There are two cures for this lameness—the first, to stop riding, for thus the muscle which has been so unwontedly contracted and relaxed will soon return to its normal flabby and lifeless condition by not being used; the second is to keep on as if nothing had happened. By this course the muscle becomes accustomed to the extra demand, takes on a new strength through the fuller supply of blood, and grows hard and firm. We can take our choice as to which of these ways is preferable. One thing, however, must be assumed—to secure good results in the latter case the riding must be undertaken cautiously, and never persisted in till utter weariness supervenes. The rides should be short and gentle at first, and gradually increased in length. Weariness should be the signal for a stop. But this being understood, they should be persisted in day after day, and the lameness will take care of itself. Once gone, it comes not back again, or but slightly, after long absence from the saddle. The muscles all around hips, waist, and shoulders have been permanently strengthened and developed. The effect will be seen at once in a free and easy carriage of the whole body in walking. A good walk is the result not of strength alone, and never of effort; it comes from strength under perfect control and a nice balance of myriad forces, which can be gained perhaps in no

other way so pleasantly and surely as by riding. I might pause incidentally to speak of the greater security our girls would thus acquire in case of danger, from their control of more obedient and more flexible muscles; but this is aside from the immediate subject.

A woman should never attempt to ride at first any but a well-trained horse. To say nothing of the fact that she may learn bad habits from the horse, as well as he from her, she is encumbered with the folds of a skirt which, though not so ridiculously long and full as in the olden times, is yet sufficiently in the way to fetter her in case of a fall. It must not be forgotten that a woman has no means of influencing and controlling her horse beyond voice, whip, and bridle, while a man can bring to bear also the pressure of knee and leg. The fact that she has less strength than a man is, however, of the least consequence; the strength of a horse and of a human being are so enormously disproportioned that a little more or less on the part of the rider is not of much importance. I mean, of course, as to stopping or guiding. In the case of a runaway, the greater strength of the man comes into play in the form of endurance, enabling him to keep his seat longer, and not to fall off from sheer exhaustion. In any other way it may be doubted whether, even in a runaway, the man has the advantage. A maddened horse cares nothing for all the mere brute strength that any man can bring to bear. He may be guided, because the force of life-long habit takes precedence even of his present fright, but he cannot be forcibly stopped.

Besides, in any case, strength is not the force which can be used to advantage with a horse. That is his own weapon. That he understands. But the articulate voice is a mystery to him. It is something which he does not possess, and does not comprehend, and to which he yields. And though he be intelligent and cunning, and able to invent and employ crooked ways to gain his clearly conceived ends, the cunning and the crookedness of the human race are immeasurably superior, and to them he must yield. The miracle of human speech and diplomacy are the winning cards in the game, and these are surely possessed by woman, unless all history and tradition lie. She should not, then, hesitate to ride from distrust of her physical strength, and yet, as has been

said, let her not be foolhardy enough to ride an untrained horse, or one that is known to have any special vice or trick.

But, on the other hand, she should as well beware of an over-trained horse. I mean one that has been put through what is known as high-school training, and that has learned to look upon every slightest motion of hand, foot, or rein as a signal for some special performance on his part. With such a one, even the practised rider may be as greatly surprised as is the man who, talking the language of a foreign country with but slight knowledge of its idioms, suddenly finds himself challenged to a duel because some innocent remark has been taken as an insult. One ought never to buy one of these high-schooled horses without a written code of signals, which he should commit to memory, or perhaps might carry fastened before his eyes, attached in some way to the head-band. It takes months to learn the lessons which such a horse has to communicate, without such a code, and before "all the lessons are learned," the rider, unless with a most excellent seat and a very level head, may find himself left behind.

A horse for a woman to ride should, then, be well-trained, bridle-wise, with a delicate mouth, and a neck which has been well suppled, so that he will guide easily to right or left by the least pressure of the rein or the lash of the whip on either side of his neck. If a horse will not obey the slightest movement of the hand, he is not really fit for the saddle. Then the rider and horse must be in a sense one. Each must perfectly understand the other. This condition implies power of comprehension, patience, and wisdom on the part of the rider. They are almost always to be depended on in a well-trained horse. But the perfect accord so necessary for perfect enjoyment can never be, unless you own your horse, and allow no one else to ride him for any considerable time. The unfortunate horses in a riding-school are like Pope's women—they have "no character at all." They are ridden, or rather sat on and pulled about, by so many different people that in despair they give up trying to understand the meaning of their riders, if they ever have any, and become a sort of four-legged machines. But in reality every horse worth riding has an individuality of his own—an individuality much more marked than that

of most of our human acquaintances. He has his own particular likes and dislikes, delights and fears, and often his own especial little joke, which he never wearies of trying to play off, any more than your friend tires of repeating his own particular witticism. One of my horses has two jokes in which he particularly delights. One is, pulling suddenly round a corner where he knows he ought not to go; and the other, making a supreme effort and cutting directly in front of another horse with whom he has been trying speed, and who he sees is beginning to get an inch ahead of him. To accomplish the first, he invariably selects a time when he is coming in on a full canter. He gives no sign of wanting to turn till he has nearly passed the road, when, feeling sure that he has put me off my guard, he wheels as swift as a flash and dashes in. Having accomplished this, he knows perfectly that he will be whipped; and though he winces at the lash, he evidently thinks to himself, "Well, I did it, anyway," and goes back very meekly to the road where he belongs. There is no particular harm in this; but his other joke, of cutting right across the bows, so to speak, of perhaps two or three other horses at full speed, is too dangerous to be risked, and hence I am obliged to keep him out of the temptation which he is unable to resist.

The rider must be mistress, and the horse, servant. So much is certain, but this being granted, there must be also a kind of friendly consideration for the servant on the part of the mistress. The horse should be allowed to have "some good times" of his own. This, however, can be permitted only when you know that he is an obedient and respectful servant, as it is only to a well-proved servant of the human race that it is safe to allow liberties. There is no reason why he should not have his own little gallop, his own little trot, or his own little walk, provided that he is sure to obey you instantly and to the letter when you tell him to walk, trot, or gallop. You must be in full sympathy with your horse. You must try patiently to understand him and his way of thinking, and here you have the advantage over him, for while all his processes of reasoning lie in the background of your own consciousness, and are states from which you have emerged, and into which you can go back by the force of your will, he never has

been so far as you, and cannot possibly comprehend and grasp your superior and farther developed methods. When you have voluntarily and patiently put yourself back into his circle, you will find that his way of reasoning and thinking is just the same as your own, only that his brain works more slowly. If he have time enough, he will reach a reasonable conclusion, but often it happens that before he has had time enough for this, his emotion of fear gets the mastery, and he sees no other refuge from evident or mysteriously threatening danger than flight. Is he so different from his rider in this? Did you never run away from a noise with no apparent cause, or from so small and harmless a cause as a mouse or a dragon-fly? And what about a panic in a theatre, or on a steamer, or at a railroad accident? The wisest among us shies, if in walking something—we may not at first know what—jumps out suddenly in front of us. The horse shies under the same circumstances, but he does it in dignified and well-bred silence, whereas many a man swears and many a woman screams. To the unprejudiced observer the brute may seem the wiser, after all.

When you find your horse doing precisely the same thing that you do, instead of being angry with him, you ought, with a profound sense of pleasure, to recognize your close relationship to him. Meanwhile, however, you should remember that your swifter thought should come to his aid. If in his confusion and his momentary doubt he hears your voice or feels your hand upon his neck, he takes a little confidence; he finds that he is not quite alone in the danger, and you gain time for him, in which he may recover his senses. In dealing with my horses I am continually reminded of Morris's graphic "tangled wolfish wit." Their wit is "tangled" in comparison with ours. We must help them to untangle it by our straighter thought. I cannot imagine any one becoming acquainted with an intelligent horse in the relation of mistress and servant without feeling a profound sympathy for the "tangled wit" which, through all its tangle, responds instantly to her helping hand or voice, and serves her so patiently and so faithfully. Well does Ruskin say: "There is in every animal's eye a dim image and gleam of humanity, a flash of strange light, through which their life looks out and up to our great

mystery of command over them, and claims the fellowship of the creature, if not of the soul."

As no one can teach a child successfully who cannot come down to the child's level of thought, so no one can train an animal who cannot in some sense do the same thing, for otherwise no medium of communication can exist between the two except that of physical pain. A horse who has been trained simply by the whip can no more be depended upon than the child can be depended on for that knowledge and those habits which have been flogged, not into, but on to him. We certainly can understand something of the nature of those brains which in comparison with ours are undeveloped, and it seems to me that the line separating animals capable of training from those which are not so capable is drawn only by our own natures. In other words, if we could feel our way far enough back in our own consciousness to understand how a clam feels, judges, and acts, there would be nothing to prevent our training clams to perform several feats not now included in their list of accomplishments. The trouble is that we have grown too far away from the clam, so that we cannot establish any line of communication. The fault is ours, not his.

We have not, however, lived sufficiently beyond the horse to prevent our going back with a little effort to his stage of consciousness, and understanding how he reasons, and why he does as he does, and therefore there is no such barrier between us and him. We can send him our messages and our ideas when we once get telegraph wires up between us, and the names of the telegraph wires are sympathy, patience, and gentleness. By means of these three, we can teach an intelligent horse almost anything. There is a quaint and very suggestive story which bears on this point: In a rural village a horse had been lost, and no one was able to give any account of him except that he had been seen on the last day known grazing on a certain spot, with his head toward a large rock. After the search had been abandoned, all suggestions as to where he might have gone having proved unavailing, a simple-hearted lad who had little credit for intelligence among the villagers came quietly leading in the animal. When asked where he had found him, and how he could possibly have

thought of so unlikely a place as the one where he really was, the lad answered, simply: "Why, they all says the last place he was seen was in Low's lot looking toward the big rock, so I goes there and looks at the big rock, and I says to myself, 'Now if I was a horse, what would I do, and where would I go?' and I goes there and I finds him." We have only to follow this example, to ask ourselves the same question, and we shall not often fail to "find" our horse. And when we have found him, we can manage him.

First, then, as an essential to thorough enjoyment of riding, the horse and rider must be one, and one in sympathy quite as much as in motion. You cannot ride really well till you understand his every gesture as much as he yours, any more than you can be said to ride well till you feel as secure in your saddle as in your rocking-chair, and until, no matter what gait he assumes, you and he appear to belong together as one body.

The horse is generally believed to have but little activity of the brain. It is stated that four hours' sleep out of the twenty-four are all that he requires. The fact that he seems to need but little sleep is brought forward to prove that he has little mental activity. He is generally, in point of intelligence, compared unfavorably with the dog. We must not forget, however, that the dog is the companion of man, received into the house, and accustomed from his earliest years to the society of intelligent people. His mind has been by this means developed, his mental activity increased. And the cumulative effect of heredity must not be overlooked. It is an undoubted fact that a certain amount of knowledge is transmitted from generation to generation among what we are pleased to call brute animals. For instance, even the calves of the present day are less afraid of a railroad train than the cows were when railroads were first introduced. The dog has been in an atmosphere of education for thousands of years, but the horse has been left to the care of ignorant and brutal men, whose only idea of enforcing obedience is by means of a loud, harsh word, a blow, or a kick. When he is left in peace, he is fastened generally with his head to a blank wall, where he can see nothing to interest him. Sometimes he must stand for long spaces of time in this way, the interminable, colorless day being broken only by the pro-

cess of cleaning and his three feeds. When his nervous nature under this strain invents some way of amusing himself and making time go a little more rapidly, he is roughly bidden to stand still, or is forced to stop his little play by the lash, and earns the title of a vicious brute. If a dog were subjected to the same treatment, how long would it be before he would require also only four hours' sleep by reason of a "low mental activity"? The Arabs make companions of their horses, and they get in return the services of willing and intelligent friends. Most horses have their viciousness thrust upon them, and even a vicious horse may be changed in nature by persistent and intelligent kindness. The horse has always done more reasoning than he has had credit for, and it is usually because he refuses to be a mere machine that he is punished. If we do not understand his continual protest against this degradation, it is only because we ourselves are lacking in intelligent perception. When he does not object to a cow or a whole drove of cows in the country, but shies and almost refuses to pass one in the city, it certainly shows that he has the faculties of memory, conception, comparison, judgment, and reasoning. When he passes a hundred street cars or wagons drawn by horses without notice, but shows unmistakable signs of fear on approaching a cable-car or a wagon moving without visible means of motion, does he not testify to his grasp of the causal relation, and show that he is as ready as man ever has been to suspect the presence of the Prince of Darkness whenever his own intellect was unequal to the problem of explanation?

Has he not a clear idea of the flight of time when he calls you out to the stable to give him his dinner just at noon? How does he find his mistress's house among a whole street full of houses precisely alike, and never miss stopping at the right door? As to intelligence and power of acquiring knowledge, there can be no doubt, and that implies attention, and also an appreciation of the laws of association. The horse certainly can distinguish some colors, for he is afraid of a red lantern when he does not mind a white one. I think there is no doubt that he also distinguishes green from red. In color knowledge he is not, then, so far behind the Greeks of Homer's time, as judged by Mr. Gladstone. He has cer-

tainly great power of invention, and of adaptation of means to non-existent ends. And he does not fail in cunning, nor, I think, in a sense of humor. The same incitements which move us to honorable action stir his nature; the same discouragements lower his ambition, and precisely the same treatment is necessary with him as with children in educating them. No more valuable normal school exists for a teacher than the saddle if she would be successful with her human pupils, for here, as is true often in schools, the real teacher generally learns quite as much from the pupil as he from her.

The horse shows the capacity for a magnanimous trustfulness over and above all his suspicious nature when he will let his mistress come into his stall while he is lying down, and so at a disadvantage, and sit down upon him while he eats from her hand. And the same animal that will plunge wildly from the stable, buck-jumping and snorting, if the groom be on his back, will never fail to walk softly and tenderly, under precisely the same circumstances otherwise, if he carries a woman. Such conduct as this, when it is found in human beings, is supposed to denote a royal nature. On the whole, it has always seemed to me that we might be much more humiliated at being forced to acknowledge our kinship with some of our nearer relations.

We must never forget that in the case of animals the pupil cannot rise higher than the teacher, and that the teacher must be thoughtful and intelligent. He must not only feel a kinship with his pupil, but he must recognize in him an individual character, and must adapt himself to that. No two horses are exactly alike in character any more than two people. With regard to the point of strongly marked individual character, the following stories may serve as illustrations: My "Mac" cannot endure to be left alone, and nothing more is necessary to make him perfectly miserable and almost beside himself than to have his companions desert him on the road, or to be left solitary in the stable. In the former case he becomes evidently anxious and nervous, and cries in the most pitiful way till he catches sight of them again, when the cry becomes a relieved and joyful whinny, and the unwilling and uncertain gait a glad gallop. In the latter case he never ceases his restless motion and his cry of

loneliness, his eyes look wild, and he pulls his head impatiently away from any caressing touch. He had been sick for a week, so that one day I did not want him to go far or fast, and sent the other horses out before him, half an hour after they had gone, taking him down the river road. He was very nervous and uneasy, would walk for a while, and then throw up his head and break into a trot or a canter. When he came to the watering-trough he put his head down, but then suddenly concluded that he had no time to stop, wheeled sharply and went on, still as if the force impelling him were some attraction in front of him. This continued, I all the time bringing him down to a walk, and he over and over trying to break off, till we reached a fork in the road, and I turned him to the right. He obeyed the rein, and then stopped entirely and gave one of his despairing cries. However, I propose to be mistress and to direct as to the route, and so he had to go on, shortly after turning and going quietly back on the same road by which we had come. At supper I inquired which road the other horses had taken, and found that they had gone down the river road, but at the fork had turned to the left across the bridge. The conclusion was irresistible: Mac had been anxiously following their trail and trusting to catch up with them till the scent failed and despair succeeded to hope. My Dick has been seen politely passing hay from his own pile to a strange horse that stood face to face with him in the stable, and whose manger was empty. But it would never have occurred to either of these horses to do what the other did.

The average groom has never an idea that the horse is anything in and for himself. This is very forcibly suggested by the fact that we never find a groom to understand us if we speak of a horse's right and left foot, meaning by these the foot which would be right and left to the horse. He knows nothing of any consciousness in the animal, and to him the feet are only "off" and "nigh," these two terms being relative to the man who walks by the side of his horse, and who, naturally carrying his only means of enforcing obedience in his right hand, finds the horse's right foot the one farthest "off" from him, and the left foot "nigh" him. If I speak of the right foot, think-

ing of what would be "right" to the horse's thinking, the groom takes it for granted that I mean the one that is "right" to him, he being the only conscious being present, and supposes I mean the "nigh" one, while I, giving my horse credit for consciousness, mean the "off" one. This is a little point? It only proves that the groom, as I said, never thinks of the horse as a somebody in and for himself, but as merely a *something* to be looked at from the outside. I have never known a groom to fail in confirming this theory. Again, ninety-nine out of one hundred grooms or stable-men will take it for granted that you are speaking to them if you speak to your horse, and will reply, with a little confused air, "What, ma'am?" And when I say, "I was talking to my horse," they look still more confused, and probably set me down as "either insane or the most eccentric woman in the city." They will shout, "Stand still!" or "Get over there!" or, if exceptionally gentle, will say, "Move over, little man," or, "Come, my boy," but they are incapable of comprehending that any person in her senses can actually address any remark to an animal. So long as horses are almost continually in the hands of people who are not able to educate or humanize them, we need not wonder that they do not seem as intelligent as dogs, or bring up the fact that they need little sleep to prove that they have naturally a small amount of brain activity. I suppose that the same statement might be as well made with reference to the undeveloped human being, but it would not prove that he had not the capacity for development. What is learned by a horse, if put in daily contact for only three hours with an intelligent and sympathetic mistress, is very astonishing. He likes to be amused and to be played with. He should be kept always, if in a stall where he must be tied, with his head to the interior of the stable, and not to the dead-wall, so that he may see the passers-by and the other horses. If he be left in a box-stall and untied, he will care for this himself. His comfort should be looked after as well as the convenience of the grooms. And when he is ridden, he should, as has been said, be allowed some liberties also. He should not find himself the slave of a despotic and capricious mistress, but her valued and trusted servant.

This, of course, assumes that the mistress is sure of her seat, which she must acquire for herself by practice. A woman's seat in the saddle is an artificial one, and no man can teach it to her. If she cannot hold by her knee and by the combined action of the thigh muscles, she has no seat. She ought to be so sure of her seat that if her horse runs or shies, that is the last thing she will think of, because it has become a matter of instinct with her. She is not sure of her seat unless she can ride in perfect security and with perfect pleasure, on a rapid trot or canter, with the reins knotted and hanging on the horse's neck, and her arms folded. (It may be well to know, though you cannot prevent a horse from shying, that a woman is more likely to lose her balance if he shy toward her feet rather than from them.) Now she cannot be sure of her saddle unless she is perfectly even and square in it. If she be so, she can lie down easily upon her horse's back, touching both shoulders. If she find she cannot do this, she is not even, and she should never give up trying till she can. If her knee-hold be good, she can raise herself again without the slightest pull at the rein. Besides acting as a test of an even seat, the ability to ride in this position would be found very useful in case of a runaway under low-hanging trees, as has been often shown. The position will also often prove a great rest in a long ride. A woman probably never sits as straight anywhere else as on a horse, and when the muscles of the back are tired, five or ten minutes of lying down, while the horse walks quietly, will prove a very refreshing change. It is hardly necessary to say that this experiment ought not to be tried for the first time while the horse is in motion, unless the rider has a companion, or unless the horse is perfectly obedient to her voice. A woman must learn to ride by riding. There is no other way. As a rule, riding-masters can ride themselves, but they cannot teach, because for the teacher are required many intellectual qualifications which the usual riding-master does not possess. And again, a woman cannot be taught her seat by a person who has had no experience in riding in that way. I have known but one riding-master who deserved the name of teacher.

There are some advantages in the side-saddle. A woman is certainly more grace-

ful on horseback than a man, and if she have any seat, she is far less likely to be thrown off by any sudden change of motion. The disadvantages are obvious. It is generally understood, I think, that in our present way of riding we are following the example set by Queen Anne of England, who is said to have been somewhat deformed, so that she could not, or did not, ride like a man.

But there is a higher grace than that of possessing a good seat, and that is the ownership of good hands. By this is meant the power of so holding the reins as to create and preserve perfect and sympathetic communication between horse and rider. The qualifications of a good surgeon are not far out of the way in a good rider—"an eagle's eye, a lion's heart, a lady's hand." We notice here that it is especially the hand of the woman that is required, and not only that of the woman, but that of the gentle woman; not only gentle, but steady and firm. Gentle it must be, so that the horse's sensitive mouth shall only just be felt, no more strongly than the angler feels the trout at the end of his line; steady, that the horse may know what he has to depend on; firm, that he may be conscious of control. To a practised rider with such a hand, on a trained horse, it is almost as if the reins were telegraph wires running from mind to mind. It seems only necessary to think the desire, and the horse obeys before the rider is conscious of having stirred a muscle. The good seat must be the condition of a good hand, for one can never hold the reins lightly if she be insecure as to her position. A series of jerks irritates the nervous animal, and destroys his confidence; a steady, hard pull numbs the sensibility of his mouth, and eventually spoils it and all pleasure in riding. It is not strength, but steadiness and firmness, that he needs, and the "give and take" of the hands which allows his head some motion, and yet "feels" him at every instant. The slack, the gentle, and the firm hand you should have, and be ready to use any one, as the case requires. I translate from an old French book bearing date of 1771 when I add:

"It should be a rule with every horseman not to pass at once from one extreme to another, from a firm hand to a slack one, so that in the motions of the hand you must on no account leap over that

degree of sensation which constitutes the easy or gentle hand. Were you at once to go from a firm hand to a slack one, you would then entirely abandon your horse; you would surprise him, deprive him of the support he trusted to, and precipitate him on his shoulders, supposing that you do this at an improper time. On the contrary, were you to pass from the slack to the tight rein all at once, you would jerk your hand, and give a violent shock to the horse's mouth, which rough and irregular motion would be sufficient to falsify the firmest *appui* and ruin a good mouth."

As to the ways of holding the reins, they are various; but it makes no difference, provided that the good hand is behind them. It is of far less importance how large the object-glass of a telescope may be than it is how acute and trained is the eye that looks through it. The general way of giving directions as to holding reins is so confused in most books on horsemanship that it would seem almost impossible for any one to succeed in merely taking them into the hand rightly. I am quite sure that if directions for threading a needle were to be written out in the same detailed way, no woman would ever be able to get the thread into the eye, and hand-sewing would become a lost art. One very good way of holding the reins is with the second finger between the two branches of the snaffle rein, and the little finger between the two branches of the curb; the ends then being thrown back over the bridle hand, the thumb shuts down on them all together, and the end of the curb lies on top, so that it can easily be reached, should it become necessary to tighten it. This is rather the French than the English method, but it is good, because with a very slight turn of the wrist you can feel the horse's mouth with the two bits alternately, which is a very good thing for him, especially if he be inclined to have his own way. He never should be felt with both bits at once. It is better to put both hands than one to the reins, even though you make little use of the right hand. It is better, first, because you are more likely to sit square and even. It is a dangerous habit even for a man to use only the left hand, as is shown by many of the one-sided riders we see, and a woman is more apt to sit crooked in her saddle than a man. It is better, secondly, because you may need sometimes both hands at the two sides of

the reins, and it is very easy, if the right hand be in place, to separate and hold them so.

To ride correctly and securely, the heel of the stirrup foot should be held always well down, and the toe of the other. This will be found difficult to accomplish all at once. It is best to give your whole attention to the stirrup foot till you are sure you have that educated so that the heel will stay down, and then you can train the other. Both feet should be kept close to the horse. The steady holding down of the stirrup heel will be found to keep the whole leg from ankle to knee close pressed against the saddle, which should always be the case. If the heel be taken care of, the leg may be left to take care of itself.

We come to the point of dress, both of horse and rider. It is an axiom that a horse should not be ridden without a martingale until it has been proved that you can ride him with one; but, as a rule, the less a horse has on, the better. If he has the bad and dangerous habit of tossing up his head, the martingale should, however, be kept. Two bits and two reins are better than one, and more than double your means of conveying ideas to the horse. You may want to set his head properly with the curb, and for the "single-foot" and some fancy gaits you will want to take him on that bit. Further, there is double safety in the double bridle in case of breaking bit or rein. There may come a time when you will really need the additional force of the curb, and it is easy to carry it loosely in the hand when not needed.

For the reason that "beauty unadorned is adorned the most," not only the martingale, if possible, but the noseband and any rosettes should be dispensed with. You will not be able to find any leather strap or any colored ribbon which will compare in beauty with the lines of the head of an intelligent horse. You cannot improve upon those lines, or that coloring or lustre. Show just as much of the head as is consistent with safety. The saddle should also be as small and light as possible, and should fit the horse perfectly. The least want of fit will prove a source of pain, and perhaps of serious trouble, to the animal. It should have a perfectly level seat, and not be hollowed. It may perhaps be well to have it covered with buckskin for the first lessons, as the un-

practised rider is less apt to slip on that; but after she has once attained any feeling of security, let her saddle be covered only with pig-skin. It is a good plan to have two rings set on the pocket side of the flap, from which, by straps, a water-proof cloak can be carried if the clouds threaten, for it is by no means necessary to give up a ride on account of rain. With a loose water-proof cloak, rubber trousers over the riding trousers, and celluloid collar and cuffs, it is possible to have all the pleasure of riding, and to come in at the close perfectly dry as to under-garments. A leather lining, known as a "preventive leather," just fitting the under surface of the saddle, is an admirable arrangement. It is made of calf-skin, and should be washed clean with soap and a damp sponge, and wiped dry as soon as it is taken off. If a saddle fits and has this lining underneath, the horse's back will never become sore, though the ride be long, and even in the hottest of our summer weather; no other saddle-cloth should be used. The habit skirt can be protected for summer on the habit side of the saddle by a cloth safe permanently fastened to that side, like a half saddle-cloth. There should, of course, always be open space under the saddle over the backbone.

The horse should be well up to the weight of the rider, yet a good rider of heavy weight will not hurt an animal's back with much riding, when a poor or inexperienced one, though light, and in the same saddle, will bring him in sore after one ride. The secret of not hurting the horse is often more in the even and steady seat, the perfect balance, and the light spring than in the saddle. And yet, however evenly a woman may ride, there must be more weight on one side than on the other, and there will be more pressure of the saddle on the side where her feet are not. For the relief of the animal, then, if for nothing else, it is well to be able to ride both a right and a left handed saddle; that is, to ride indifferently on either side of the horse. A growing girl, indeed, who rides a great deal, ought always to be taught riding on both sides, or she will almost inevitably acquire a twist. Even for a fully grown woman the accomplishment is not only desirable and often convenient, but the physical pleasure is greatly increased. It would be difficult

to find a more delicious sense of muscular pleasure than can be found in riding for an hour on one side, and then coming in to change saddles and skirts to ride immediately on the other. The pleasure results, I suppose, from the relaxing of the muscles which have been tense, and the corresponding tension of those which have been relaxed; but it is a positive muscular delight incomparable to any other. To ride regularly alternate days on alternate sides is a great relief both to horse and rider, and the poise and balance, and hence the security of seat thus gained, are beautiful and enjoyable things.

That the left is the bridle hand is a legacy from the days when one hand must be kept free to wield the sword, and that the right. In enforcing the general lesson, "Practise thyself even in the thing which thou despairst of accomplishing," Marcus Aurelius goes on to say, "for even the left hand, which is ineffectual in all other things for want of practice, holds the bridle more vigorously than the right hand; for it has been practised in this." In riding on the off side it is not necessary to change the bridle hand, if, as suggested above, you are in the habit of keeping the two hands at the rein, though if you have a well-trained horse you may find pleasure in educating the right hand into some intelligence and guiding power. A marvellous proof of the quick communication existing between you and your servant will be at once given by this experiment, for you will find that the horse will not obey as quickly as is his wont when the reins are in the right hand, and will fancy that he can have a little of his own way, while as soon as they are transferred, though he does not see the change, he feels it, and at once perceives that there is to be no more "fooling," but that you mean business, and he might as well behave himself.

In some parts of the country the usual way of riding is on the off side of the horse. It is presumable that it was the thorough-going revolutionary spirit in our ancestors that induced them in contradiction of the English law to turn to the right instead of to the left when they met on the road. They forgot, probably because there was so little riding on the part of the women, that at the same time they should have ordained that women must now ride on the "off" instead of

the "nigh" side of the horse. It was a serious oversight. If we are to turn to the left, we should ride on the usual side, so that as we pass a carriage there will be no danger of touching with feet or habit; but as soon as we are to be forced to turn to the right, this is all wrong, and every facility is offered for touching and catching. You will realize this when you ride on the off side and have to pass even a horseman going in a contrary direction in a narrow road. You have no anxiety as to catching the flowing skirt, for you have nothing but the smooth flap of the saddle on the collision side. However the women in England may ride, the women in America ought to ride on the off side as long as they have to "turn to the right." If you ride on both sides from the beginning, you will know no difference, for one knee will learn as well as the other to grasp the pommel; but if you have learned in the common way, and then attempt the off-side saddle, you will be interested in finding that you cannot for some time make the left knee take hold, even with all the will-force you may put into play, and that the thigh muscles on your left side have no grip. You will have patiently to practise for several days before you can get any of your brain force down into those muscles, before you do not feel as if a support that you had had on your left side round your waist had been ruthlessly taken away, and before you cease to be lame. This period of muscle education will not, however, be very long, and then you will feel as if you had gained a new sense. The game is well worth the candle. The practice will, of course, involve two skirts for every habit, or else a skirt so made that it can be worn with either side out.

The woman's dress on horseback should be absolutely plain. Any attempt at trimming or lightness is, in the words of a real artist tailor, simply "degrading the habit to the level of a dress." The length of the skirt is a matter of taste, not of fashion, and to allow the tailor to cut it so short that it does not at all cover the stirrup foot, is to exhibit a woman's foot in a very unfavorable position. No real woman will ever resign her dress, whether on horseback or off, unconditionally to the demands of passing fashion, for every woman should be a creator, and her dress as well as her room should be an expres-

sion of what she is in herself. Of course if she be nothing in and for herself, that fact will also make itself manifest by an entire lack of creative power and of expression. If the habit be long enough well to cover the forward foot, riding against a stiff breeze will curve the edge of it under the toe and help to keep it covered. If a skirt be properly cut and fitted, there is no need of the loops on the underside, which are intended to have the foot slipped through to hold it down. These loops are a miserable subterfuge of a tailor who does not understand his business, and they might easily prove a source of great danger in case of a fall.

It seems as if no sensitive woman ever could wear flowers as she would a ribbon or a scarf, simply and solely for the sake of her own adornment. She must, as Heine so beautifully suggests in his poem, always recognize a sort of loving kinship for a flower. It is painful and significant for some of us to see flowers pinned on the habit of a rider to be ruthlessly tossed about and destroyed with the violent motion. But leaving sentiment out of the way, all ornament of whatever description is out of place on horseback. Good taste dictates that everything, from collar to boot, should be absolutely and severely plain. The woman who is riding is not to exhibit herself alone. If she is to be a thing of beauty, it must be then as one with her horse, and the beauty must come from the perfect poise of the erect and lithe figure, the sway with the motion above the waist, the firm cling from waist down. The charm is in the harmony, and the sense of perfect freedom which comes from the perfect ease and evident security of the rider. It is like the beauty of Greek sculpture. It abides in the lines, and deeper still in the complete freedom expressed by them. One might as well try to adorn the Venus Victrix with ribbons and flowers as the figure of a good woman rider. If, as it seems in some of our American cities, it be necessary to show to the world how much money one has to throw away, a few ten-dollar greenbacks carelessly pinned to the breast of the habit would answer the purpose quite as well as a bunch of Jacqueminot roses in the winter.

It may be suggested that for any practical purpose a genuine whip is to be pre-

ferred to the useless short stiff cane with a loop of leather at the end, which is so utterly ridiculous for common riders. There is a whip made in the Bermudas of twisted sea-weed which is very good, and will be found convenient in wet weather, so ruinous to ordinary whips, or when the temperature is so low as to make their whalebone dangerously brittle. I have never seen but one, which was brought me from the islands, but it might be worth while for the saddlers in this country to import them, both for novelty and for usefulness.

As to the spur, a woman is at a great disadvantage in that she can apply it on only one side. Its use is to quicken the motion of fore quarters when applied close behind the girths, and of hind quarters if farther back; and on the heels of a perfectly competent man, who uses his legs with the same certainty that he does his arms, it is of great value; but it is undoubtedly true that there are more people who use a spur when they ought not to, than there are who do not use it when they should. And here lies the danger, for a sudden movement of the horse may carry his body against the spur, and he then starts, supposing that you desire him so to do; you, not knowing this, check him, and perhaps strike him again. Many a fatal accident is due only to this unintentional use of the spur, and considering that only one is available to a woman, and the other extra risks which she must take, it is perhaps better to dispense with it. At any rate, it never should be worn with a horse that is not perfectly known, unless you are absolutely sure that you will never strike him with it involuntarily.

Horseback exercise is often dangerous in its after-results because a woman neglects to change damp under-clothing. For the perfect enjoyment of the exercise, all clothing should be at once changed for fresh and dry, and the same vigorous currying which the groom thinks it not too much trouble to give the heated animal in the stable as soon as he comes in will be found to be of great use to the rider. You would severely blame the groom who should turn your horse into his stall, saddle and bridle on, and leave him to stand there and grow dry. Is not your health of as much importance as that of the horse, or is he more delicate and sensitive than you?

The gaits generally desirable for a horse are the walk, the trot, canter, single-foot, and pace. The walk should always be brisk. If the horse be allowed to shuffle along, he is apt to become lost in his own reflections, and very apt to stumble, though he is not a stumbler. If he have a good shoulder, he will recover himself at once with a grunt, which, with an intelligent horse, sounds very much like a half-suppressed oath. But if he have a bad shoulder, he will probably go down, at any rate on his knees, which process will not improve them. Even in a walk his mind should always be kept on the alert, if you would have either pleasure or safety. The order of the feet in a walk is diagonal, only that the hind feet follow the forefeet at a perceptible distance of time. In passing from the walk to the trot, this space of time becomes less and less, till the diagonal feet touch the ground at the same instant, making the cadence "one, two," instead of "one, two, three, four," as in the walk.

When water grows colder and colder it contracts like other substances till it reaches the freezing-point, and just at that supreme moment when it is to change its very nature and become a solid, it expands. The production of the "single-foot," though not like, always reminds me of this. The trainer secures it by checking the horse with the curb just at the supreme moment when the diagonal feet are on the point of touching the ground together, and while he by no means slackens the gait—for the horse often single-foots faster than he trots—arrests it just at that point, so that while the horse increases his speed as he would if he had gone into a rapid trot, he still keeps with his feet the exact order of the walk, giving distinctly to the ear the same quadruple measure. The rapid play of the feet makes this a hard gait for the horse, and he generally seems relieved when he is permitted to fall from it into a trot; into a canter he should never be allowed to fall. It is, however, a delightfully easy one for the rider, provided the animal do not step too high. It is often said that a single-footing horse never trots well. But this is not true. The trouble is generally that the rider does not keep her horse to his gaits, either from want of knowledge or from carelessness, and consequently his trot gets, as it is called, "mixed," and is

spoiled. Each gait should be kept clearly distinct from every other, and the horse never be allowed to pass from one to the other except by direction of his rider, and he should have practice in all the gaits that he possesses, every time that he goes out. If this be the case, the more gaits he has, the better; and as to the fact of inability to trot, my best single-footer is my fastest trotter, and can well keep up on that gait with many a horse doing his best at a canter, and he never changes from one gait to the other except at the signal.

In the "pace" the two feet of the same side touch the ground at the same time. It is a rapid gait, but the motion given to the rider, I think, is not generally found pleasant. In the canter the beat becomes triple time, two feet striking separately and two together. The fore foot which is thrown out ahead is known as the leading foot, and is always kept toward the centre of a curve in a rapid turn. It receives the main shock of the weight, though it does not touch the ground first. The horse will often, even in a straight gallop, change the foot which leads, presumably to rest it. He will always do this in going round a sharp curve if it be needful to do so to have it on the inside. He does this instinctively, as a measure of precaution against falling. Every horse has his own individual preference as to the leading foot in a canter, and is easiest when using that. It was formerly said that a woman's horse should always lead with the off leg, but I am inclined to think that the change in pommels and the addition of the so-called "leaping head" have somewhat altered the woman's bearing in the saddle, and that it makes practically no difference in comfort to the rider with which leg horses lead, provided only that each one leads with his own favorite leg. By all means let your horse have as many gaits as possible, both for your own comfort and your own amusement, but do not lend him to any one who will allow him to "mix them up." It makes no difference what signals you may use for them, so long as you and he understand them, but a motion is better than a word, and he should obey it instantly, and change from one gait to the other. His trot is always at its best at the instant when he wants most to get over the ground faster by plunging into a canter. There is a little difference doubtless in the two shoulders of every

horse, he being able to move one more freely than the other. And this gives rise to a leading foot, even in the trot. The rider rises and falls in the trot with the leading foot of the horse, rising when this is lifted, falling when it is put down, and to rise on the other gives a curious sort of rotary motion. Why it should be generally easier to rise on one particular foot than on the other of the horse can be accounted for only by the fact that every horse has a favorite fore leg of his own, one to which he trusts himself more confidently than to the other.

As to fancy gaits, the Spanish march and the Spanish trot are very pretty and very amusing, especially if one perceives how wholly the animal holds his attention fixed on his fore feet, and leaves the hind feet to take care of themselves as best they may, and if one catches the almost pained look of anxious attention in the eye. It is pleasant to be able to make him walk sideways in either direction as you may tell him, and it must never be forgotten that every additional accomplishment renders him more amenable to your direction even in simple things, as every one widens his sphere of obedience; but, after all, that is the main use of them. What you want is a horse that can walk well, trot square and even, and canter, either slowly or rapidly, as you may direct. If he will single-foot too, so much the better. If you can make your horse do all these things well and thoroughly, and do them at once when you give the signal, you may consider that you have taken one step toward being an equestrian, even if you have never jumped him over a five-foot fence, or wildly galloped in pursuit of the anise-seed bag.

A woman should always, when possible, mount from the ground, with the assistance of a groom, and not allow herself to sit down on the saddle from a high platform. There is no trouble in mounting without assistance, if she have only any vantage-ground which will allow her to get her foot in the stirrup and her hands to the pommel and saddle seat. A log, a bank, a stone, is quite sufficient, unless the horse be above the height generally used by a woman. And she should be able at the end of her ride to spring from her saddle to the ground without any help. She can hardly be called a rider if she cannot easily do these things.

I have said before that there is no need of losing a ride because of rain, and there are pleasures given by a ride in the rain which the "fair-weather rider" never can know—pleasures of sight and of smell, new aspects of otherwise perfectly familiar scenes, which are almost like a new creation. Nor need our coldest winter weather deter any one. A woman has decidedly the advantage over a man in winter, for her skirt acts the part of a muff, and she need never fear cold feet. In fact, she need fear no suffering from cold except in her hands. There are no gloves which will keep them warm while they hold the bridle, but a vigorous beating on the horse's elastic quarters well behind the saddle will soon send the warm blood tingling through the fingers to their very tips, and after that they will give no trouble for a long time. As to ears, they will never resist a rub and a quick trot, and once warm they always stay so, as indeed would the hands, were it not for the enforced cramped position of the fingers. It is of great advantage here to be mistress of two bridle hands instead of one. A warm double-breasted overcoat should be worn, and then I know of no more exhilarating thing than a fast trot or a rapid gallop over the crunching white carpet, while the loose dry snow, flung up by the hoofs, or dashed from the trees by the wind, flies in the face like the white foam of the sea, and every muscle of the horse responds to the tingle of the nerves in the sharp, stinging air. The whole atmosphere is cleft through and through by the shafts of light; the bare trunks and boughs of the trees are like beautiful sculptures against the blue; the pines bear at the tip of each branch, as it were, a great white blossom, while the hemlocks sway heavily under their snowy burden, and we ride through all the glory. There is another variety of pleasure in riding through a fast-falling snow-storm, when the whole air is muffled and the horse's feet cannot be heard. There is absolute safety from slipping in the "neverslip" shoes, even on glare ice. The horse knows this as soon as he touches his feet to the ground, and as the points in these shoes can be replaced by sharp ones as soon as they are dulled, there is no necessity of having the horse's shoes ruthlessly pulled off every week or fortnight to be sharpened. As also the points can be changed for blunt ones when not

on the road, there is no danger of his cutting himself with them in the stable. There is absolutely no trouble with them if the groom be careful not to let them get rusted in, and a little pains every day will prevent this. But, indeed, if your groom be careless, you will be more unfortunate than Francis I. at Pavia, for all will be lost.

The reason why riding is of more value than almost any other exercise to the tired brain-worker is that it furnishes a new channel to the current of the thoughts. We may walk and walk briskly in fresh, bracing air, but the action of walking is so automatic that the anxieties and cares which are our hourly companions still hold possession of us, and will not away. But on horseback we have another will to deal with, and other dangers to guard against; we are forced to think of our horse and of the road; and to secure escape from our habitual train of thought for even two hours out of the day is to lay up new store of strength for future labor. The same advantage of change of thought is secured as by theatre or book, and secured under the added conditions of rapidly circulating life currents, smoothly playing muscles, and the contact of fresh air. But to a brain laborer, after all, the greatest relief comes doubtless from the enforced change of thought-direction.

To be fond of a horse, and to be personally interested in whatever pertains to his comfort or education, are held by many to savor of unwomanliness. But wherever a Lady Gay Spanker is found, she existed as such potentially and in other ways before she ever mounted a horse. Sympathy, pity, and a feeling of kinship for one of the noblest animals placed in our power by the Creator are surely not unwomanly attributes. To educate and train is the special province of the womanly nature. Control by diplomacy rather than by physical force has always been credited to woman, even by the most justly hardened misogynists. Firmness, steadiness, and intelligent clear purpose are not now considered exclusive prerogatives of our brothers, and to feel gratitude and affection for a servant who has faithfully served us to the full measure of his ability, and comes trustfully toward us if free, or welcomes us with a loud, joyful cry if fettered, is surely the mark, not of a coarse, but of a delicate and refined nature.

FOUR SUCCESSFUL HOME RULES.

Tutti Frutti.

One quart of brandy, two pounds of sugar, in its season add one pound of strawberries and one pound of sugar; one pound of pine-apple and one pound of sugar; one pound of cherries and one pound of sugar; one pound of peaches and one pound of sugar; one pound of raspberries and one pound of sugar; one pound of grapes and one pound of sugar; one pound of oranges and one pound of sugar; one pound white grapes and one pound of sugar. This is a good foundation for many fancy dishes, but hardly fit to use as a preserve, as it is very rich.

Coffee Sponge.

Soak one-half box Nelson's gelatine in one-half cup cold water for an hour. Pour over one pint of hot coffee, add the juice of a lemon, and make quite sweet. When it begins to thicken add the beaten whites of three eggs, and set on the ice to form. Serve with cream.

Peach Float.

Cut and sugar enough ripe peaches to cover well the bottom of

a deep glass dish. Make a custard and thicken it a little with corn-starch. Pour it over the peaches at once, so they will not turn. Cover with whipped cream when ready to serve.

Snow Cake.

One egg, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of milk, one and a half cups of pastry flour, one and a half teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, butter the size of an egg. Flavor with vanilla.

Simple Rice Pudding.

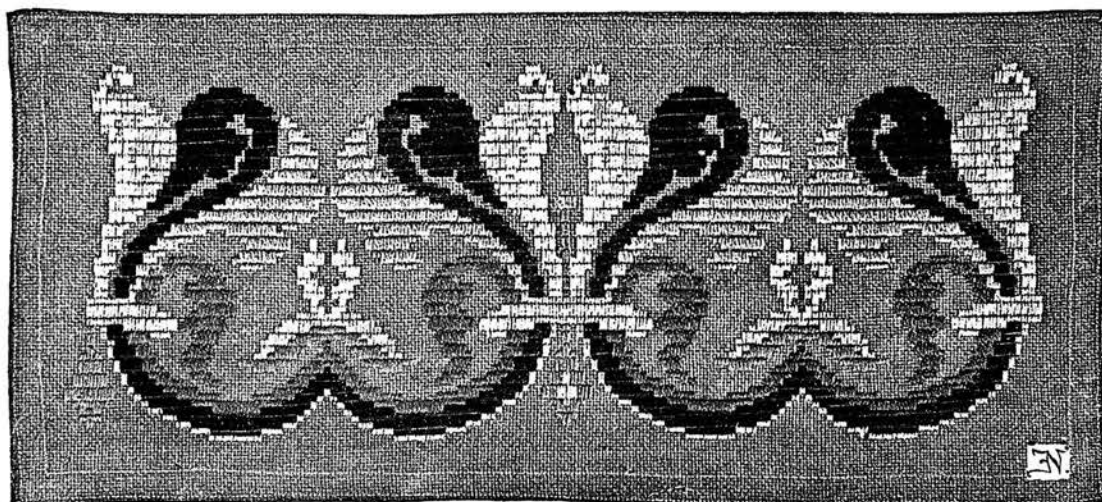
Two even tablespoonfuls of rice to a pint of milk. Pour boiling water on and off of the rice three times, then add the milk, sweeten to the taste with a little salt and cinnamon. Pour in the dish with a few bits of butter on top. Bake very slowly 45 minutes and take out while it looks milky. It is a very delicate dessert.

Cocoanut Cream.

One pint of milk, yolks of three eggs, one-half cup of sugar, flavor with vanilla. Cook as for boiled custard. Put one dozen cocoanut cakes in a pretty dish and strain the hot custard over them. When cool, whip the whites and pile on top.

—C. H. S.

SWEDISH EMBROIDERY.



SWEDISH EMBROIDERY IN WOOL ON JAVA CANVAS (A).

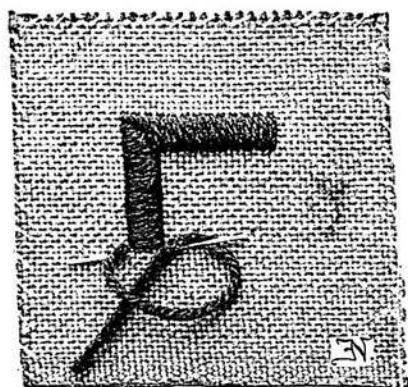


FIG. 1.

IN the illustrations before us we have some excellent specimens of Swedish embroidery, showing both that done in cotton on linen as well as the woollen work on woollen Java canvas.

The latter (Figs. A and C) is the original Swedish, and more characteristic than the former. The modern arabesque strip before us is of ochre-coloured Java canvas, the

colours of woollen yarn—something between Berlin wool and crewel wool—being sage green, dark red, a very dull blue, and black, the lighter portions, centre and outer edge, being worked in yellow and white filoselle silk, the whole being extremely effective and the colouring most harmonious. The woollen canvas is expensive, but it is so wide that the width is sufficiently long

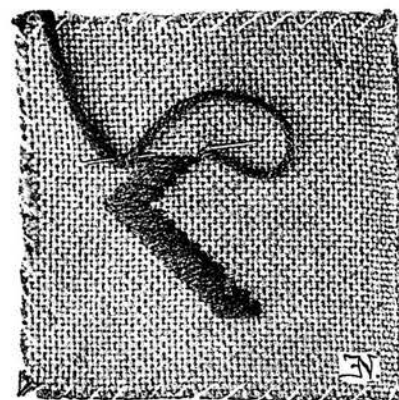
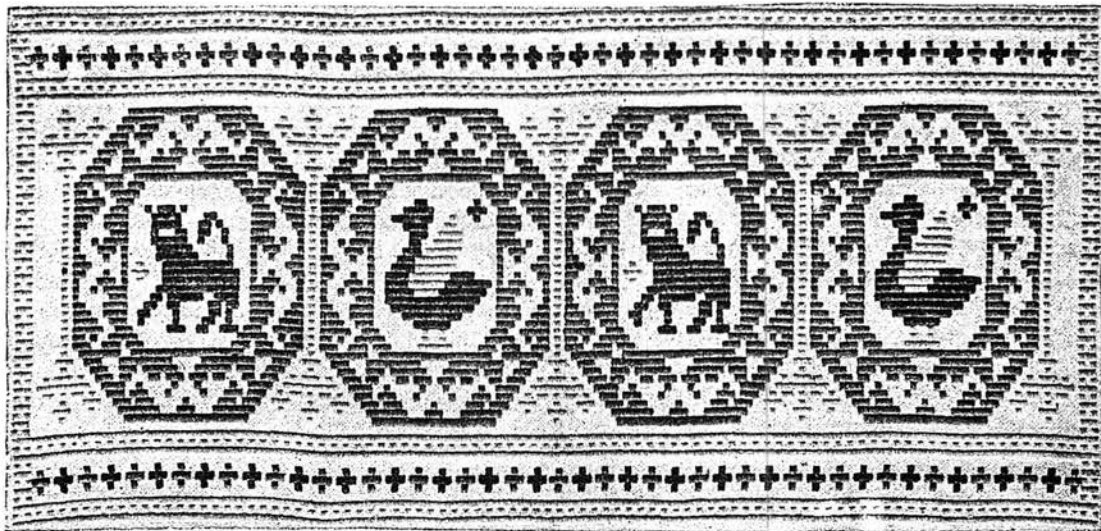


FIG. 2.



SWEDISH EMBROIDERY IN COTTON ON LINEN (B).

N.

to form a mantel border, nine inches being sufficient length required for the purpose. This work, when done on the Java canvas, is executed by counting the threads, but it can also be worked by those who dislike counting by tracing a design on the material, following the outline with thick silk, and filling in the pattern with long stitches.

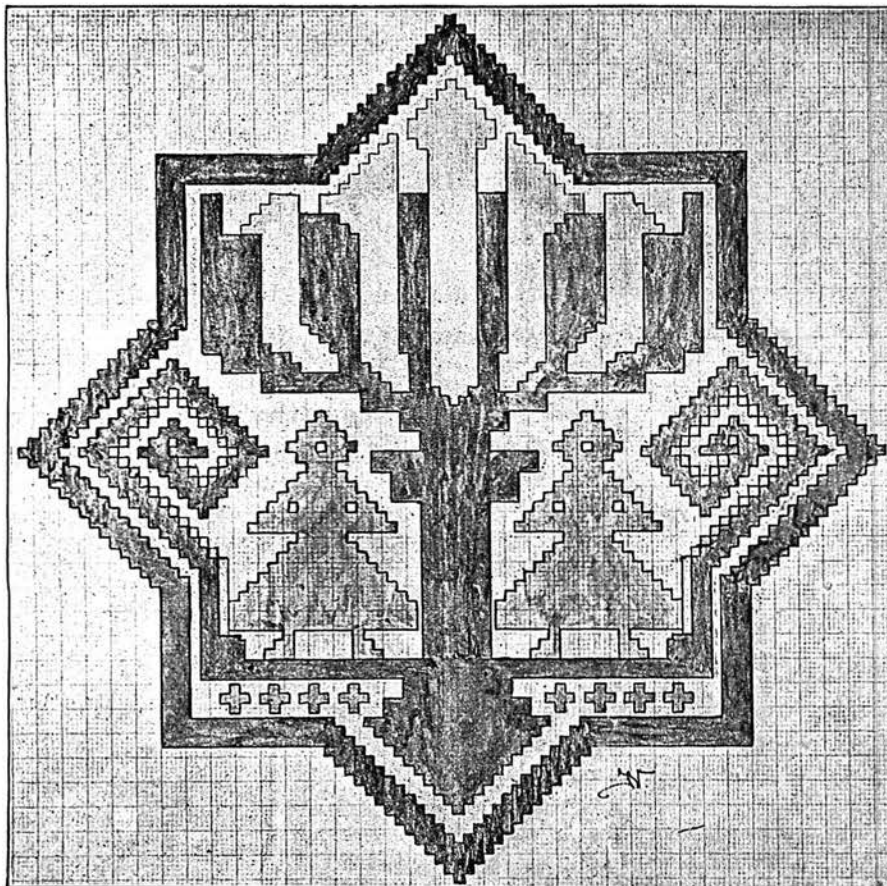
On the coarse Swedish homespun this embroidery looks remarkably well. Peasants make their large woollen aprons of it, and you continually see the quaintest figures embroidered in many colours, having a most artistic effect.

In many Swedish peasant homes the carved wood chairs are used as they are upon week-days, but when

a festival comes, the large wooden boxes they always possess are opened, and the most richly embroidered cushion slips are withdrawn. At Mlle. Nörregard's studio we noticed one remarkably handsome "slip" worked in art shades on peacock-blue cloth. It was intended for slipping over the cushion which Swedish peasants use for laying on the wooden benches. Mlle. Nörregard showed us as one of her treasures another cushion cover intended for a bench, and which bears the date of 1685.

In fashionable Swedish houses cushions are equally used, only there they prefer a large square cushion, which has been given the name of La Favorite, and which is used for lying on before the fire. Many people have cushions worked in this same manner, and several yards long.

Now as to the method of working; you should obtain canvas needles with blunt



SWEDISH EMBROIDERY IN WOOL ON JAVA CANVAS (C).

points, and use the wool specially intended for this work, and which costs threepence a skein. If you will study the figures given you cannot fail to learn the work, which is extremely simple.

No. 1 is the common stitch, used in all Swedish work.

No. 2 shows you how to work up a slope.

No. 3 is much recommended to those who do not like counting stitches.

Trace your pattern on the material, the outline, as we have before said, being worked in filoselle, only four threads being used, and the centre being filled up with yarn. If you use twisted silk, use the whole thread, the widest woollen stitches taking four threads of the canvas.

Another way of working on Swedish homespun is to lay plain white canvas over the material, and then to work your pattern in cross-stitch, afterwards cutting the canvas and drawing out the threads, leaving the pattern worked on the material. This is very simple, but it resembles Russian work more than Swedish, excepting as far as material and wool are concerned.

This work answers for many things besides cushions; and were my readers to visit Mlle. Nörregard's studio, they would see for themselves how many of her charming designs—for they are all original—can be adapted to portières, friezes, etc. etc.

In Fig. B we see a beautiful design. This is an embroidered towel, which could be used as a chair-

back, etc. This is embroidered in *reprise* cotton, six or seven threads being used at a time. The stitches are the same as those used in woollen work, and the material being Java linen, homespun.

In the piece before us the pattern is worked in two

shades of blue and one shade of red cotton. The small crosses are alternately blue and red between lines of the palest blue, the creatures—for we will not classify them on natural history lines—being in dark blue and red.

The whole is

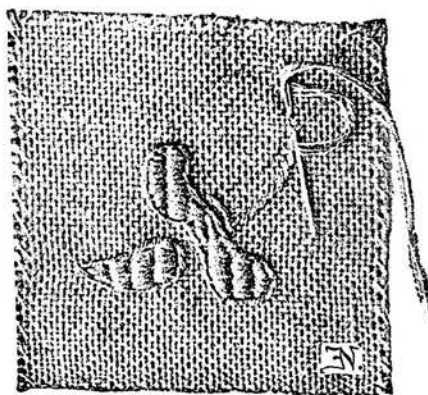


FIG. 3.

extremely handsome. Many things can be done in this work, and it washes most beautifully, which is a great advantage, particularly to all who live in towns.

We should recommend our readers to work this pattern on a bed-spread as a border. It would be also very pretty as both ends of a tea-cloth, so many now being made long and narrow, just to be thrown across a table, although the latter may be round.

Agricultural Almanac.

—Sift a tablespoonful of pulverized sugar over the top of two-crust pies, baking and see how delicious it makes them.

A little sugar added to beets, corn, squash, peas, etc., during or after cooking will improve them, particularly if poor.

—To remove coffee stains, put thick glycerine on the wrong side of the article, and wash out in lukewarm water.

—A tablespoonful of ox-gall to a gallon of water will set the colors of almost any goods soaked in it before washing.

—Cure a tickling in the throat with a pinch of dry pulverized borax, placed on the tongue and slowly dissolved.

—A gargle of salt and water used before retiring at night will strengthen the throat and keep off bronchial attacks.

—If troubled with headache, try the simultaneous application of hot water to the feet and back of the neck.

—Did you know that if you place tough meat in a bath of vinegar water for a little time it will become tender?

—A poultice of salt and the white of an egg is a powerful resolvent, and if applied in time will disperse a felon.

—Chandeliers and picture frames, if rubbed occasionally with oil of lavender, will not be injured by flies.

—Grained woods should be washed with cold tea, and then, after being wiped dry, rubbed with linseed oil.

—A tablespoonful of turpentine boiled with your white clothes will aid the whitening process.

—Coffee and tea pots should be boiled out occasionally. Put a bit of soap in the water.

—Wash jelly bags in hot water—use no soap.

—Equal parts of sweet oil and vinegar and a little gum arabic makes an excellent furniture polish.

—Rubbed with a woollen rag saturated with kerosene, a tin kettle or coffee pot becomes as bright as new.

—Ripe tomatoes will remove ink stains from white cloth and from the hands.

—An oyster shell in the teakettle will prevent the formation of crust on the inside.

—The juice of half a lemon in half a glass of water is a safe remedy for headache.

—It is economy to have a plentiful supply of towels. You get more wear in proportion.

—To keep salt dry for table use, mix one teaspoonful of corn starch with one cupful of salt.

—Keep a rocking chair in the kitchen and you can snatch many needed moments of rest.

—At some hospitals, almost the only gargle used for the throat is hot salt water.

—Never butter your pie plates, but dredge them lightly with flour.

—Boiling water for half an hour will destroy all disease germs.

—Cure a stiff neck with a plaster of mustard or warm molasses.

—Holding onions under water while preparing them saves your eyes.

—The kitchen table can be best cleansed by rubbing a lemon over its surface.

—A leg of mutton should be boiled fifteen minutes to the pound.

—Raisins can be stoned easily if first scalded with water.

—To clean knives, use a potato dipped in brick dust.

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—III.

TWO WAYS WITH COFFEE,

AS DESCRIBED BY MRS. HELEN CAMPBELL.



PERHAPS the *two* should read twenty, and it would, were it any part of my present mission to give every possibility of method with the berry from bush to pot or filter. But I deal to-day only with two, and they define themselves at once, sharply and decisively—a good way and a bad way; and as, according to a famous moralist, we take more interest in the faults than in the virtues of a friend, it is with the bad way that we begin. It is a way susceptible of many variations, as my own eyes have seen, but all reducible to the one formula,—bad. Moreover, they all emanated from

a source supposed to represent the acme of good housekeeping. It was in New England, far to the east, and the quiet house where a part of a summer was spent had every charm but that of good coffee. Paint, walls, and floors were spotlessly clean. The sheets smelled of green grass and all growing things, and, like every washable article, dazzled one with the whiteness and purity of their cleanliness. Bread and butter were perfect, and innumerable pies equally so. But the coffee! Freakishly, mysteriously, variously bad; but bad inevitably. Why and how one act could have such manifold effects became the problem, and gradually, by means of much patient observation made from my place by the south window in the room, which was both dining-room and sitting room, I found out.

My hostess came down late one morning. The coffee of the previous day had stood in the tin pot all night, and she poured off such liquid as remained, emptied the grounds, rinsed the pot with cold water, and put in a cupful of cold coffee. This was set on the stove, and soon began to boil. The potatoes were frying, and some slices of pork also, and she busied herself with these for a time; then, as a sort of afterthought, took some coffee from the canister, ground it, and poured it into the pot. The kettle had boiled furiously for an hour, and I knew that the water that filled it had stood all night in the kitchen; these two facts meaning that it had parted with the last bubble of life and spirit, and was flat, stale, and unprofitable. But she filled the coffee-pot to the brim, throwing in the bit of fish skin for clearing; and on it boiled till the bell had rung, and Aaron came in from the barn and received his cup, made bearable by the cream, which she never stinted. But not a detective appointed for the purpose could have told the nature of the compound before him, and would have echoed the despairing traveler's request: "If this is tea, bring me coffee; and if it's coffee, bring me tea."

Happily, Aaron was thirsty, and emptied the pot. His mother turned out the grounds, washed the pot with soap-suds, and set it away, half dry—an immediate explanation of one of the flavors sometimes to be perceived. Observation, the next morning, showed that the kettle did not boil, be-

cause the fire refused to burn properly. But the coffee went in, and the water went on, and in due time came to the table, distinctly flavored with soap, but drank with calm unconsciousness by both Aaron and his mother. The supply of cream had gone by mistake into the churn, and there was no alleviation. I looked at the determined countenance of my hostess, and wondered if I might speak. Here was the well by the door; here was a canister of real coffee; here milk that could boil. What lacked it that I must forego the real union of all these elements? Only my own craven nature, which shrunk from the conflict, and continued to shrink, through three weeks of vicissitude. I had grown indifferent, but the sight of a fresh package of coffee coming in under Aaron's arm roused me to mild persuasion. I read at the tea-table a bit from some paper on Delmonico's theory of boiling water.

"He must a' been dretful notional. I wouldn't a' had him come pokin' about *my* kitchen," remarked my hostess, decisively.

"But he was quite right. Water is spoiled for drinking, as hot water, or for making tea or coffee, if it passes beyond that first few minutes of effervescence. It should be fresh water, freshly boiled, and poured at once on the coffee, which ought to be in a clean, hot pot. It doesn't make much difference whether it is boiled or filtered. Delicious coffee can be had by either method, if those conditions are followed absolutely; the best coffee is ruined if they are not."

"Folks that don't like my vittles can go where there's vittles they do like," was my hostess's answer, after a moment of stony silence. And so I lost that boarding-place, and found one where they never ground their own coffee, but where they did everything else to it, decently and in order.

Two years later I found myself one morning in a waste, howling wilderness in North Carolina—a tar and turpentine station in the pine woods, where only a cabin or two showed signs of life. One truck of the car was off the track. Hours must pass before we could go on, and any breakfast lay forty miles beyond.

"You'll get a snack in yonder," the conductor said presently, pointing to a distant cabin. "And it's a pretty good one. I've tried it before."

He led the way under the pines to the lonely little cabin, in the door of which stood a tall "cracker," with a keener face than most of his order. It was the roughest of interiors, but it was clean. He had already cut some slices of bacon and placed it in his pan, and a pone baked in the ashes. A coffee-mill was screwed against the post, and from a shed I heard the lowing of a cow. We should not be milkless.

"Do your prettiest, Jacob," the conductor said, and Jacob nodded. Then he went to a spring and filled a little kettle with the fresh, bubbling water, and hung it over the coals. Coffee was in a sack in the corner, and he took out a handful and roasted it then and there, turning each grain in the pan as it browned, and grinding it the instant the process ended. The water boiled on the same moment. He scalded his coffee-pot, put in the ground coffee and the boiling water, and put that and a little can of milk on the coals. Three minutes passed. Then he lifted the pot, poured off a cupful to free the nozzle, poured it back, and put it aside to settle.

"Set by," he said, concisely, putting a tin cup at my place, with a spoonful of sugar in the bottom.

"We hain't any store cups," he said; "an' this ain't what you're used to, but it won't spoil the coffee." And with that he poured two streams, one a rich, clear brown, the other snowy white, and both at boiling-point, till the cup was full. Never had more perfect coffee passed my lips, and I said so.

"Learned that in Mexico," said the tall "cracker," with a smile of pride. "Used to drink my coffee staight; but go

down thar for a year, an' now can't bar it no other way but their's. Roast it, an' boil it, and drink it all to onst. It gits ahead o' whiskey, or even peach an' honey."

Here are the two ways: Admirable cook-books will give you admirable rules for making coffee; but, if you believe it worth the trouble, try my "cracker's," otherwise Mexican, method. Cream and coffee are often indigestible; boiled milk and coffee, almost never. The union prevents excess of coffee, and, if both come to the table as near the boiling-point as possible, you have the perfect drink. Only remember that the coffee must be one-third Mocha to two-thirds Java, and, if you will roast more than enough for once, keep closely covered, and heat before grinding.

—Mrs. Helen Campbell.

THE FAMILY MEDICINE CHEST.

Every family should be supplied with a small medicine chest, especially in the country where the drug store cannot be promptly reached or a doctor visited. These chests can be bought at prices ranging from \$3 to \$25, according to size, kind of material used and beauty of finish. They contain square, velvet-lined compartments into each of which a square bottle with a ground-glass stopper is fitted. Beneath is a drawer for salves, plasters and medicines in a dry state. You can make your own chest, if handy with tools and disposed to be economical.

I have had such a chest in use for twenty years. It has paid me over and over, and has often spared me great anxiety of mind. It contains six four-ounce bottles in which I keep Jamaica ginger, camphor, sweet spirits of nitre, a mixture of sweet oil and lime water, etc.; it also contains six two-ounce vials filled with laudanum, paregoric, hive syrup, arnica, etc. In the drawer I keep chlorate of potash, sugar of lead, court plaster, ready-spread mustard plaster, lint, a wad of cotton, etc. Every article is plainly labeled, and thus I have at hand many of the remedies most needed in ordinary emergencies.

It does not require a great knowledge of medicine to know what to use for the ordinary ailments of the human family, especially for the younger members. In cases of fever a tea-spoonful of sweet spirits of nitre in a glass of water taken in small sips at short intervals is most excellent. A relief for scalds, burns, poison ivy, etc., will be found in an external application of sweet oil and lime water. Jamaica ginger is used for cramps in the stomach. Sugar of lead water used externally will reduce swellings in the limbs. Hive syrup is given for croup. Arnica is rubbed on sprains, bruises, insect bites, etc. Chlorate of potash is used for sore throat.

Of course, if the case is a serious one, a physician should be promptly consulted; but during the interval these simple remedies can be intelligently used, and such prompt and intelligent use is often of great service previous to the arrival of the physician. More than one physician has said to me, in substance, "you have checked the disease in its early stage; I have little to recommend beyond what you have already done."

My wife and myself have been alarmed scores of times by symptoms of fever or croup in our children on a mid-winter midnight, the nearest physician five miles away. In almost every instance by giving the little patient sweet spirits of nitre for the fever, or hive syrup for the croup, we found the child much better in the morning, our fears allayed, and the visit of a physician unneeded. These statements, borne out by a long experience, should be sufficient to extend the introduction of the family medicine chest. I have found it of such great use to me, in a practical, beneficial and economical way, that I am urged to call the attention of others to its merits.

—Frank H. Stauffer.

BORROWING.

Make it a rule *never* to do it, and then *do* it only when *positively obliged* to! And in nine cases out of ten, where one is awake to the wants of the household, this evil can be effectually forestalled.

Borrowing is often carried to such an extent that it becomes a nuisance—makes hard feelings, and even enemies, among the best of friends. One possessed of the borrowing mania can hardly be expected to remember the needles, pins, thread, cup of sugar, eggs, flour, baking-powder, saleratus, etc., sent for in so many cases of "dire extremity." The one who loans has, of course, a better memory, but is very loth to "speak of these trifles," but which aggregate quite a sum in the end.

The habit of borrowing small sums of money from a neighbor is especially to be deprecated. I recall two instances, and doubtless the reader could duplicate them: Mrs. W— borrowed of Mrs. C—, in sums of five and ten cents for street-car fare and to make change (by actual account), three dollars, not a penny of which was ever returned or alluded to by the receiver. Miss F—, under "great pressure," obtained of an aged friend, who could ill afford the loss, small sums of money until it amounted to five dollars. She only "wished it for a few days," but *years* have passed, and the debt is not cancelled. Even the most corrupt jury would, we think, convict these two persons of (polite) thieving rather than neighborly borrowing.

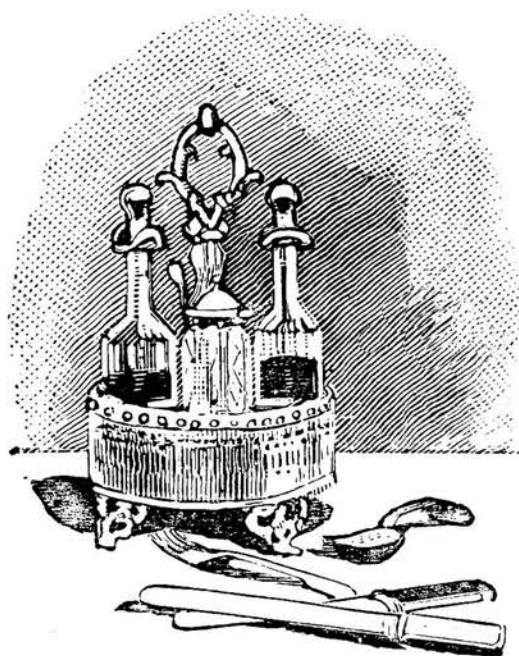
As we have admitted, borrowing is sometimes allowable: but one should be prompt and conscientious in returning even the smallest article.

It is proverbial of some persons that one must go after what is lent them. I know a lady who annually makes the tour of her neighborhood to find the carpet-stretcher she lent in the spring before.

There are many things, such as quilting frames, soap-kettle, bags and chairs, etc., together with the fabled "umbrella," that may as well be bought, with the expectation that they will shortly become public property and lost—at least to the original owner.

Let us strike against borrowing, and boycott the borrowers!

—Estelle Mendell.





In Tudor Times

Wild Fowl and Game as Food in the Early Tudor Period

The Venetian Ambassador to the Court of Henry VII. was struck by the abundance of stock and game of all kinds in England, and the richness of the living. We always have had this reputation. Our merchants lived like princes, it was said, and our nobles like kings. The ambassador observed that an abundance of the best wines were imported, and he spoke favourably of English ale, which needed only a few trials before it recommended itself to the palate. We consumed, then, as we do now, immense quantities of beef, mutton, venison, goat's-flesh, salt fish and fresh fish, and last, but not least, wildfowl. The variety of fowl that appeared at table seems to have been the peculiarity of English diet, and it is worth while noting the more remarkable features of English diet in the earlier part of the Tudor period. The reader must understand that nets were used to collect this abundance of fowl and that many of them were fattened after being caught. Herons or hernsues, cranes, swans, and even bitterns, were taken young and fed in cages or rooms. "The room for the hernsues" occurs among the items of the extraordinary expenses of a Norfolk account. The breeding-grounds of these birds were approachable, but it is curious to find "knottes" being fed. In 1555, a certain G. St. Paul sends "Tooe dozen of fedd knottes with other fowl." A writer of 1540, Thos. Seyntaubyn, laments because a raven

had killed the hernsues and also above a dozen "sygys" (cygnets probably). A few days later he sends a dozen puffins, to make up perhaps for hernsues which he could not send. The care and herding of these more or less tame fowl is often specified in grants, under the terms, "swannery," "keeper of the swans," "cranege," "heronry," alongside the familiar "warren of coneys." To be "keeper of the swans" sometimes constituted a grant in itself, worth perhaps 1*d.* to 2*d.* a day. We can realise the abundance of fowl in England when Capello, the ambassador whom we have quoted above, says he saw flocks of a thousand to two thousand swan on the Thames; and very beautiful they must have looked before the "London Particular" developed its peculiar dirtiness. All lakes, rivers, and moats had their herd of swan, remember, beside the wild-fowl, mallard, widgeon, and teal, &c., which resorted to them. Lord Leicester's fowl sanctuary at Holkham was a common enough sight then. Swans were expensive birds, and seem to have risen in price 3*s.* a piece in 1520; the statute fixing prices in 1572 places them at the head of the list with 8*s.* 4*d.* Peacocks and peachicks were not cheap, nor were storks and herons, according to the "Pulletria" accounts of the Household at the "Field of the Cloth of Gold" in 1520. The peacock was not often eaten; the "peacock in amber" was the kind of dish to head a king's or an archbishop's table with. In the second course of Henry VII.'s wedding-breakfast (1487) there is a "Pekok in hakell"; the tail was really the principal part of the bird. Other interesting dishes at this banquet were: "Crane with cretnay," "Heronsewe with his signe," "Swan with chawdron," and "Egrets in beorwetye." The birds had their own carving terms. The heron, as affording sport for kings, was an honourable bird. You "displayed" a crane but you "dismembered" a heron: just as you would "dismember an empire," according to the late Mr. Gladstone. Carving is a lost art nowadays, and most of us would be likely to dismember a crane as well as a heron. The list of fowl in table use is too long to give, and we may wonder if some of them were worth eating. The puffins Seynt-

aubyn sent to Lady Lisle in June were almost certainly young ones. A young puffin is possible, but gulls and mews do not seem appetising. There does not seem to have been a close time. Pheasants and partridges were netted in July. Pheasants were rare. A pheasant breeder was a person of importance then—just as he is now. It was a favourite pastime to drive partridges into green nets with a stalking-horse. Partridges were much appreciated, and made an acceptable present. (Christmas-tide was the time for making presents of wild-fowl.) Lady Lisle, in October 1537 sent a partridge-pie to the family steward, and he wrote back: "I think the ladies liked the partridge-pie, though its fashion was marred by the ship which brought it lying almost a tide under water in the Thames." Two years later he writes to her that there are no quails to be had in London. These were sent alive, though they did not always stand the journey. At the Cloth of Gold celebrations 46½ dozen quails are among the items. The cage of joined wood for them cost 2s. 2d., line and cord to hang it by, 14d., and Margery Bennett had 14d. for fanning and washing a quarter of hempseed for them. Larks, of course, were eaten, and even sparrows. "Red schankkes" were eaten at the bridal feast in 1487. Our neighbours across the water eat them now, often out of season, as *Chevaliers aux pieds rouges*. Lapwings, or "wypes," were eaten—when they could be caught. One is surprised that the common wild duck, or mallard, is not oftener mentioned; probably it was too common.

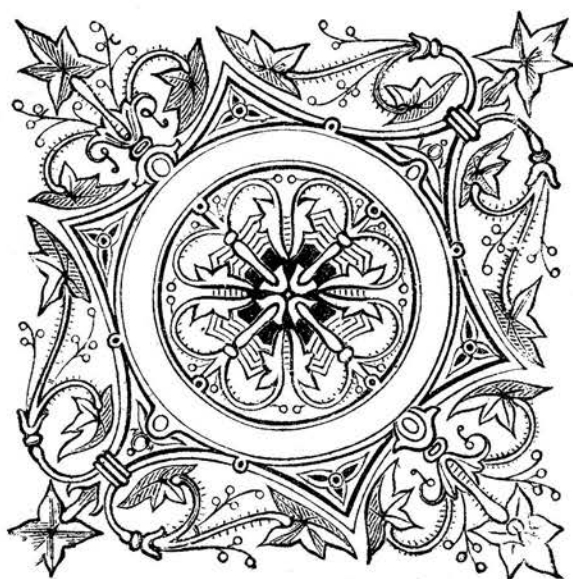
M. C.

Dogs and other Pets in Henry VIII.'s Time

When one considers the adaptability of the English climate to the constitution of animals from all parts of the world, it is not surprising that our forefathers should have kept some strange pets. They had not the variety we have because they did not ransack the globe, but Londoners saw some queer creatures as far back as Plantagenet times. The menagerie at the Tower for lions and bears was for hundreds of years a familiar feature. The keeper of the lions held an official post. The Tudors perhaps were

fond of animals and Henry VIII. was continually receiving gifts from abroad. In the Privy Purse expenses for 1532 "an almayn" is given £6 13s. 4d. for bringing a lion to the King, and in the same year is the item "To the master of the bears, 40s." The water bailly of London brought a "quick" seal to court receiving 26s. 8d. (1530) and in the same year the item, "for bringing a cele" 15s. occurs. Seals were eaten, though they may have been kept as a curiosity. One was presented to Cromwell, Wolsey's successor in Henry's favour, though it died before he could have derived much pleasure from it. Perhaps he ate it. At Henry VII.'s wedding-feast in 1487, one of the dishes was "Seyle in fenyn, entirely served richly," and very rich it must have been. In Cromwell's accounts for 1537 William Wodehouse's servant brings a porpoise, and porpoises we know were eaten. Three costing £4 figure in the Guisnes celebrations of 1520. But the most interesting creature that came into England about this time was doubtless the leopard. Sir J. Wilsher writes to Henry VIII. that the Duke of Ferrara is sending by a gentleman some horses and a "lebard," a marvellous dangerous beast to keep. "The keeper saith a will kill a buck or doe or roe and an hare which is marvellous thing if it be so." This must have been a cheetah or hunting leopard. It could not by any chance have been the same "lybart" which figures in Cromwell's accounts for February and April 1539. "Richard Purser for meat of the 'lybart' at 4d. a day, 15th February to 23rd April, 22s. 6d." A less dangerous pet was a canary. A cage of these birds was once brought to Cromwell; perhaps they were for his little son, the young Lord. There was a dawkeeper belonging to the Royal Household so we suppose that there were tame jackdaws. Rats are not usually regarded as pets, but we may as well mention that the King's Rat-taker had 4d. a day. Dogs of course were a necessity for hunting and hawking. The spaniel was part of a falconer's equipment, and their bread and milk is sometimes specified in payments though generally "cost of keeping spaniels" is all we know about their food. An ordinance of Henry VIII. forbade the keep-

ing of dogs in the court except small spaniels belonging to the ladies. "Cutte" the King's spaniel seems to have been fond of hunting for rewards were paid to various people for "bringing Cutte again." "Ball" another of the King's dogs was lost in Waltham Forest and brought back. Nor was he the only dog lost in Waltham Forest it seems. Next to hawks, greyhounds, are the most frequently mentioned accessories of sport in household accounts and correspondence and the number used in hunting deer and coursing was enormous. A common courtesy of those days was the interchange of horses, hawks, greyhounds, and spaniels between monarchs and nobles. Henry had mastiffs and their collars and muzzles were an expensive item. They were used for baiting bears. Band dogs are mentioned too. There were also Beagles and Otterhounds. The keeper of the Beagles monthly wage was 5s. Were they anything like the modern beagle, or the "southern hound" the true strain of which is extinct? In 1539 two gentlemen were granted in survivorship the office of the King's Otter-hunters, from which grant we learn that the fees of the office were $3\frac{1}{2}d.$ a day, $4\frac{1}{2}d.$ day for the keep of six hounds, $1\frac{1}{2}d.$ a day for a page, and $9d.$ a day for the keep of twelve hounds, and other profits. There was a pack of Harriers in 1513, the mastership being worth $12d.$ a day, and then there were the Royal Buckhounds now alas no more, after an existence of eight hundred years. The poodle (barbet) was not unknown. Lady Lisle sends one to Mme. du Bours in 1540, "he is very good" says she, "in retrieving the head or bolt of a crossbow, both in water and on land, and will fetch a tennis ball or a glove put on the end of a stick, and other tricks." Parrots were well known. Writing to Lady Lisle from Tournai in 1539, Thomas de Harchie says: "I send you by Peronne, a parrot. I wish it was much finer for your sake. It does not speak yet, but is young and can be taught, as you have one which talks already." Tame deer were probably common enough. Henry had to pay a woman a few shillings for shooting at a tame buck. As a fox was once brought to the court we may infer that some one tried to make a pet of it. M. C.



Household Expenses

HOUSEHOLD expenses in any age are interesting, and we know how puzzling those of our neighbours of to-day are when we come to analyse the items. No two households spend alike. One thing is certain, that England rarely suffered from famine in later mediæval times, and food was plentiful—so plentiful that for two or three hundred years, till the great rise in prices in the latter part of Henry VIII.'s reign, workmen were fed as well as paid by their well-to-do employers. Prices were fixed by statute, remember, nor did this matter in time of plenty. The great nobles could well keep open house in the fifteenth century, when a sheep cost a shilling, beef and mutton $\frac{1}{4}d.$ a pound, bread $\frac{1}{2}d.$ the one pound loaf, and ale $2d.$ and beer at $1d.$ a gallon. What ruined these people was expensive dress and gambling, dice and "shofful-a-borde." Luxuries were not existent. Scarcely a week passes to-day in some well-to-do middle-class household, I mean a household whose income is perhaps under a thousand a year, that some new luxury, some new contrivance does not take its place permanently. Putting aside gambling, I think one is pretty safe in saying that till the eighteenth century there was no scope for extravagance except in dress, and the sumptuary laws protected those below gentle rank from indulging in this. For the labourers and artisans, the end of the Mediæval Period was emphatically a halcyon

period. Board was for a very long time, well into the sixteenth century, $1\frac{1}{2}d.$ to $2d.$ a week, yet artisans had $6d.$, field labourers $4d.$ a day, $6d.$ in harvest time. Women could get as much as men in unskilled labour, and they only got $2d.$ a day; but it was more than their board was reckoned at. They often took the place of boys or an inferior or assistant, and went out "charing," making tallow candles, gathering rushes, stuffing mattresses, and washing. Both men and women had livery given them if they worked for a master of position. Their clothes were cheap. An ell of the very best linen at $20d.$ would make a pair of hose. A doublet such as a retainer in a big house would wear was worth $5s.$, and in the sixteenth century his coat, hose and shoes would come to $20s.$ Shoes were from $6d.$ upwards, and gloves, of which there were a great variety in the fifteenth century, could be got for a penny a pair. Shirts, the coarsest coming from Holland, were cheap, nor were you expected to change them often. The henchmen on embarking for Guisnes (1520) had two a piece. A shirt embroidered with silks and lace might cost a pound. Bedding was not expensive, as we have seen, and you burnt rush lights if you could not afford tallow candles, which in the early part of Henry VIII.'s reign are valued at $1s. 8d.$ the dozen pounds. This, a high price, was in a nobleman's house. They were $1s. 6d.$ and $1s. 9d.$ in 1400, and fell gradually to $1s. 3d.$ in 1500. Fuel was abundant, and coal, if dear in Henry VI.'s time— $7s.$ a chaldron—was less than $2s.$ a chaldron in Henry VIII.'s reign. Faggots were $2s.$ a hundred, and turves $3s.$ a thousand, taking a low average. Soap was rather dear. Here are the boarding expenses of, let us say four distinct classes: a countess, $6s. 8d.$ a week, two ladies $20d.$ and $16d.$ a week, and a yeoman $18d.$ a week. Rushes were a shilling a load, but in those days you had probably not far to go before finding rushes. You could have your napkins at $1d.$ apiece, and a man who earned $6d.$ a day could almost afford napkins. Of course there were taxes, but even in the Middle Ages these were graduated, and the poor man who did not earn much more than his board got off with from $4d.$ to $6d.$ When

your income was $\pounds 20$ the pull began, and as a matter of fact a man who could dispense $\pounds 20$ a year could afford to pay even a 10 per cent. income tax. There was the occasional poll tax, to which all contributed. The yeoman was indeed very well off, for he had his bow, and that essentially poaching weapon, the crossbow, and could, and did, take toll of the deer. Travelling expenses, when the great religious foundations did duty for the caravanserais of the East, were not ruinous, and all classes availed themselves of this form of hospitality. Horse-keep varied from $3d.$ to $6d.$, and $7d.$ for "great horses" such as carried men in armour. There were two drawbacks to this golden age—the scarcity of vegetables and the winter. Salt fish is sustaining, but you can have too much of it, and $20s.$ and more the hundred (sixteenth century) is not cheap. Herrings at $5s.$ the code (500) were the great stand by. Eggs $4d.$ the 100 in 1400 rose gradually in price till they were quoted at $1s.$ in the sixteenth century. They were generally cheap at Easter. Butter is mentioned at from $2d.$ a pound, milk must have been scarce, and cheese was $1\frac{1}{2}d.$ a pound. M. C.



Perfumes, Fragrant Herbs and Spices in the Early Modern Period

It may well be doubted if we use scent now more than they did at the end of the mediæval period, for the successive plagues in the last quarter of the fifteenth century, and especially during the sixteenth century when the "Sweating Sickness" added a new terror to life, led to their general use. We certainly do not carry them about our persons to the same extent. The first Tudor entered a plague-stricken London after Bosworth Field (it was the first appearance of the "Sweat"); and several times in Henry

VIII.'s reign the Court was driven from London by the Plague or the Sweating Sickness. Our forefathers, indeed, were great people for scents and perfumes, fragrant herbs and spices, and the astonishing amount of seasoning they put with the simplest dishes prepares one for almost any combination. When to make a cherry tart they found it necessary to make a syrup of cinnamon, ginger and "sawnders," and to add rosewater to the icing, one can imagine how they set to work to cook a cormorant. Perhaps if we remind our readers that many chambers were provided with "draughts" which occasionally required cleansing, and that rushes took the place of carpets, they will realise one of the reasons for the use of perfumes. "Sweet waters" were occasionally sprinkled under the rushes in great houses, or for revels, or on the mattresses and bedding. The state the floor got into can be imagined, and charwomen well earned their 2d. or 2½d. a day, which was a fair woman's wage then. Wealthy people perhaps had their "sweet sedges" from Norfolk, but others used the soft rush. The pith of these, the common rushes, was extensively used for wicks, so one can well understand that when dry they would ignite easily and raise a most suffocating smoke. At the dissolution of the monasteries one of Cromwell's visitors was nearly burnt in his bed from this cause. But to the perfumes. People carried their perfumes about with them slung from neck chains, in the shape of "pomanders," perforated balls or lantern-shaped baskets or boxes of metal, often beautiful specimens of artistic work, containing in an inner case perfumed gums, benzoin, storax, with ambergris, musk, civet, cinnamon and rosewater. From one recipe we learn that garden mould steeped in "motherless rosewater" was a good basis to start upon. There are pomanders in the South Kensington Museum, and there is an interesting article on them in the *Portfolio* of 1881 by Professor A. H. Church. As is the way of the world, "pomanders" are being revived as "scent baskets," just as Milanese bonnets have come into fashion again. Then there was the "pouncet box," with a perforated lid for sprinkling "pounce," i.e., powdered cuttle-

fish bone or gum sandarac on ink, which was also used for holding perfumed powders. The strong meats, the scarcity of vegetables, and the coarseness of the clothing, especially the shirts, and the even coarser habits, must have made "pomanders" almost a personal necessity. Pomanders and pouncet boxes reached their greatest vogue in Elizabeth's reign. Gloves too, being an essential part of costume for all, except those performing work actually hindered by gloves, were the commonest present to persons of distinction, distinguished visitors or patrons. Therefore what could be more natural or more sensible than perfumed gloves, a gift which was generally handsomely acknowledged. They were strongly and lastingly scented, probably with musk, civet, or ambergris, else we should not read of "swete glovys" in inventories. Another reason that made the use of "swete glovys" not altogether a fancy was the absence of forks. You washed your hands after a meal, at least in any decent house, in rosewater; for it stood to reason that you could not keep your left hand clean by continually wiping it on a napkin. The use of frankincense in churches and private chapels accustomed people to strong scents. Wood was burnt in courtyards and cloisters in time of plague, and birch would be a good wood for the purpose. Sweet herbs were laid in chamber windows—bay and rosemary probably. Locally other fragrant herbs would come in and flowers camomile, and various orchises. Lavender was not known till rather later. One hears a great deal about bay and rosemary grafts, rosemary being used at funerals, as symbolical of remembrance. Few gardens are properly supplied with even pot-herbs nowadays, and many who started to "roste a swanne" after a Tudor recipe would go a-begging for their winter savory, sweet marjoram, pennyroyal, rosemary, striped thyme, poly and others. Probably many people have forgotten that the "good King Henry" goosefoot makes a capital spinach; it was a great pot-herb once upon a time. Cinnamon seems a strong spice to flavour spinach with, and it may seem unnecessary to introduce sandal wood into a cherry tart. Wild fowl required cooking with strong herbs, and forced meat and

stuffing is part and parcel of them; you went out and “gathered the sweetest herbs you could find” for a very good reason. Fruit, one thinks, would not require cinnamon, mace and cloves, yet cinnamon pervades a large number of these old recipes. A mere matter of habit, we suppose—and habits which were filthy to a degree then—and one could always drown the taste in “jolly good ale and old,” so highly recommended by a bishop of that time. M. C.

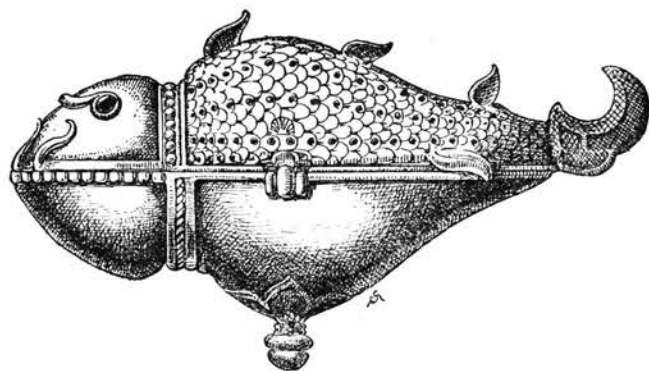


Bedroom Furniture

THE most casual glimpse at inventories of effects and lists of household apparel even in what was a very wealthy period at the end of the Wars of the Roses, would convince the housewife of to-day that if our forefathers had adequate bedroom furniture they had a scanty allowance of bedding. They had “bedsteads of joined work,” “trundel beds,” “standing beds,” and “plain bedsteads” (that is, without any sort of canopy), and cupboards, wooden chests, leather chests and ships’ coffers to keep their clothes in; stools, chairs, settles and forms; jug and basin—often mentioned together by careful testators in the fourteenth century. Nay they had a “lether hatte boxe”! but this was late in the sixteenth century; and in one inventory we read “the image of a ‘fole,’ to hold a towel, painted.” For if in many fair-sized houses there was only one living room, the bedrooms were fitted for the accommodation of visitors. We know from the description of the somewhat peculiar manners of the Middle Ages that people of all ranks received in their bedrooms, even in bed. But the bedding seems often to lack one indispensable requisite, the flannel blanket. Some people had flannel blankets, a few woollen blankets. A well-provided house in 1579, that of a gentleman farmer in the Eastern Counties (him of the “lether hatte boxe”), had only one pair of flannel blankets, though he had hangings of tapestry, painted cloths, window curtains, expensive bed curtains of red and green silk, and a “vallans of greene and redd cruell fringe,” coverlets of tapestry, good sheets (10s. a pair), fine and coarse pillow covers and fine and coarse towels, and of course feather and flock beds to each bedstead. A sergeant-at-arms with 12d. a day—he was Norrey Herald as well—could run to that (1517), and a monk had



POMANDER



JEWELLED
SCENT-BOX.

(*Cosmopolitan*, 1894)

blankets (1519). All had blankets. But the sergeant's blankets were only worth 21*d.* the pair, and his sheets 12*d.* This and an old coverlet (1*s.*) agrees with the valuation (3*s.*) of a coverlet and two blankets, part of the goods of a Scotchman seized in Kent, and seven sheets valued at 4*s.* I expect the coverlet gave more warmth, being sometimes a piece of tapestry, or at least some thickish material—say fustian. Flannel blankets were not uncommon, but they must have been woefully thin. It is remarkable that a fourteenth-century householder appears to be as well provided with blankets as a sixteenth-century one. Why is this? Now a Yorkshire vicar's idea of a bed (1360) was a canvas (presumably stretched on a frame), two blankets, two sheets, a coverlet and a curtain. The price of wool had just been doubled by order, and it rose to 8*s.* a tod in the next century, fell again to 5*s.*, and in the sixteenth century (Henry VIII.) it trebled and reached finally 20*s.* a tod! No wonder then that blankets did not become commoner. We happen to know, too, that linen and bedding were often stolen. Two yards of flannel are priced at 14*d.* in 1535. Princess Mary had woollen blankets which measured 2 yards by 3½ yards and were worth 3*s.* 4*d.* the yard. This was obviously the real thing when a tod (28 lbs.) of wool was worth 5*s.* Her sheets were 3 breadths and 4½ yards long, and she had "fustians" of five breadths and the same length. This fustian stuff lined the "counterpoint" too. Her pillows were an ell long (45 inches) and 1½ breadths. As pillows in old drawings appear as square, a breadth was perhaps 30 inches, so this would correspond fairly well with the size of the sheets. Her "pillow-beres" (pillow-covers) were not very expensive. The East Anglian gentleman had covers costing three times as much. Covers with black seams were fashionable in the sixteenth century. A very general colour for the counterpoint was green, whatever material it was made of. A good feather bed was worth at least 10*s.* and a flock bed 2*s.* in 1520. A mattress or a pallet stuffed with straw was not worth much. The basis of most peoples' beds for hundreds of years was straw. From the terms of a "corrody" in the twelfth

century, we learn that a bundle of straw was allowed quarterly for the mattress, and in Henry VIII.'s reign the item "straw for my lord's bed" occurs in a nobleman's accounts. We are not now concerned with the ornamental trappings of a bedstead—the curtains, the canopy "celure" perhaps studded with stars, the vallance, the fringe, the bells which some people hung to the curtains. Let us see what a bed could be hired for. In Elizabeth's reign she makes a contract for some workmen to lodge two in a bed, a feather bed at 2*d.* a week, a penny less than men doing the same work, paid fifty years earlier. She had to provide the sheets and pay for the washing. A bolster went with a bed as a matter of course. A decent outfit for a gentleman in the early half of the sixteenth century was a feather bed, a bolster, a pair of blankets, two pillows and a coverlet. This, as we have already said, was none too much, for he went to bed then, as in the Middle Ages, as naked as the day he was born. Stop! He wore a night-cap, a custom which still obtains. Only in the modern period did he take to wearing a shirt in bed.

M. C.

THE TWO ASTRONOMERS

By T. H. HOOD

AT night when stars
Peeped thro' the bars
Of darkness, shutting earth from day,
My spirit trod
Those fields of God
'Mid myriad stars, the Milky Way.

Yet 'neath my feet
White, still and sweet,
Like wee star-ghosts, the clover grew;
But on my lawn
At dewy dawn
I found the starry clover few,

For clover's death
In Bossie's breath
So fragrant was most plainly told;
She calmly chewed
Her cud and viewed
The mischief wrought, that Bossie bold.

"In wrath I rose
"Bestowing blows
"For starry clover lost," you say?
Ah, no, with Boss
I couldn't be cross
She, too, had found the Milky Way.



THE COLONIAL DAMES WALTZES

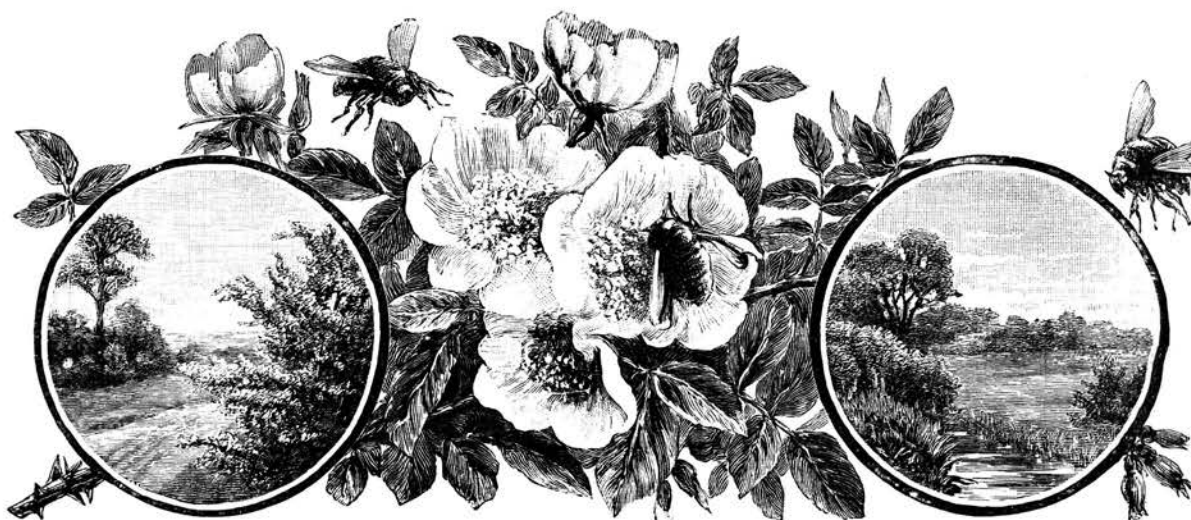
By John Philip Sousa

Composer of "High School Cadet," "Liberty Bell," "Manhattan Beach" Marches, etc., etc.

INTRO. *Allegro con fuoco.*



The musical score consists of ten systems of staves. The first system includes the instruction *Ben legato.* and the dynamic *p*. The second system continues the melodic and harmonic development. The third system features the dynamics *f* and *ff*. The fourth system includes first and second endings, marked with '1' and '2'. The fifth system begins with *ff Grandioso.* and features a series of accented chords. The sixth system continues the grandioso section. The seventh system shows a more active bass line. The eighth system is marked *Ben marcato.* and *ff*, with multiple pedal markings (*Ped.*) and asterisks. The ninth system includes a *Sua.....* marking and ends with a final chord marked *ff* and *Ped.*.



THOUGHTS AND OBSERVATIONS ON NATURAL HISTORY.

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

PART VII.

AN IMPORTANT EXPERIMENT.



LITTLE over one hundred years ago, Dr. Priestley placed two mice under a glass shade, and found that as they exhausted the air within it they gradually died. Dr. Priestley then be-
thought of placing under the shade a

plant, and found to his surprise that it lived. In due time he put other mice under the shade, and found that they lived. Now Dr. Priestley was not satisfied with simply recording these interesting facts, but surmised that these facts suggested some great principle of mutual help worked by mouse and plant, namely, that the plants purified the inside of the glass for the mice, and that the mice in their turn made the atmosphere suitable for the life of the plant. And he generalised further, that, in a universe wisely governed by orderly law, what is true of the mice and plants must be likewise true of all vegetable and animal life. During the last one hundred years of wonderful research, the microscope, chemical analysis, and allied sciences have proved the truth of the great principle that the plants and mice suggested to the mind of Priestley. How true it is that the ordinary everyday occurrences, unheeded mostly by the vast blind multitude, are, in the hands of those who can see, keys to unlock the secrets of Nature!

A true scientific mind is the mind that can select and gather together a few important facts, and from these facts rear a principle which in its turn will explain the facts; and if there is no body of undoubted facts which the principle cannot explain, then the inquirer has a complete chain of scientific demonstration. The facts suggest the principle, and the principle explains the facts, and the more completely this can be done, the more surely does the principle become a scientific certainty.

In the experience of our everyday life, mind,

consciously or unconsciously, precedes matter, and is, I believe, the source from whence matter comes. I could bring forward some very strong arguments to prove this, but must not in these notes enter into the metaphysics of this engrossing problem.

THE USE OF A LEAF.

The countless numbers of green leaves that clothe a tree in summer, and move with gentle rhythmical sound at the bidding of the winds, and glisten so brightly in the vibrating beams of the sun, are very beautiful to look upon. But they are more than this; they are the means a tree puts forth to secure its food; they clear the atmosphere of unwholesome gases, they regulate the rainfall of a district; equalise its temperature, and give shade, shelter, and rest to much flying, walking, and creeping life.

A tree sends down its tap-roots into the ground as its main support, and from it grow, in endless ramification, the underground branches, the root-hairs of which, with almost nervous intelligence, search for the moisture that carries in solution the salts of the earth, sulphates, nitrates, phosphates of lime, magnesia, and potash. The moisture thus collected flows to the main root, ascends the wood of the tree, then flows along its branches, twigs, and over its leaves, by that marvellous network of tissue, watering the growing cells along its course, and a great part escapes into the air by means of the little stomata. These little openings (stomata) are situated mostly in the underneath part of the leaf, and are like small mouths with curved lips, which have the power of closing to prevent the escape of moisture when very dry weather makes this necessary for the well-being of the tree. Several hundred thousand of them are said to exist in a single oak-leaf, 300 to 350 scattered over each square millimetre of leaf.

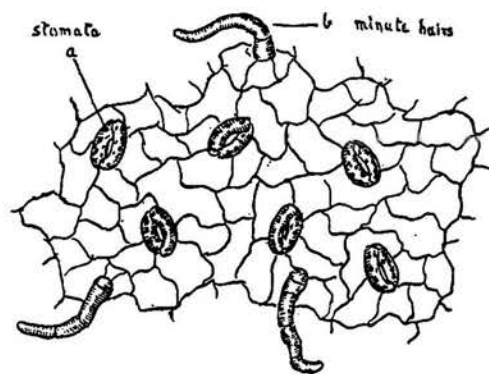
It is calculated that an oak-tree may have 700,000 leaves, and by means of these openings in its leaves throw off 226 times its own weight of water during the year, or 111,125 kilogrammes of water pass from its surface from June to October.

Foul air—carbon dioxide—arising from drainage, decaying vegetable and animal substances, which is so harmful to man, is taken up by the tree through these little openings, and by a marvellous piece of mechanism in the green of the leaf this poisonous carbonic dioxide is split up into two parts, carbon and oxygen; the carbon then recombines with the water and salts brought up from the root and is converted into starch, the food of the tree, while the surplus oxygen that the tree does not require is sent back into the air.

THE USE OF THE GREEN OF THE LEAF.

If a leaf is examined under the microscope, it will be seen to be composed of a network of fibres, amongst which lie the soft parts. The soft parts are the living vegetable cells, and the fibres are the conduit pipes which carry the food that these cells require if they are to live and thrive.

A vegetable cell is composed principally of a thin cell-wall, enclosing its simple protoplasmic life, which in its turn encloses the cell-sap. Embedded in the protoplasm are a great number of green chlorophyll corpuscles; so numerous and close together are they that they give the green appearance to the leaf. These green corpuscles require support for their life, and so carbon dioxide, oxygen, and other materials in the cell-sap, reach them as



LOWER EPIDERMIS OF LEAF SHOWING STOMATA.

food. Here now follows the most marvellous transformations which are going on in every one of the million green corpuscles that exist in every leaf. The green corpuscles act as traps, and into this trap is collected the foods I have mentioned above; the sunlight—or in other words the sun's rapid vibrations—then penetrate into the meshes of the chlorophyl, and tear asunder the carbon dioxide and water into their elements, carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen; and then these three elements, mixing again, in different proportions, with a little nitrogen, phosphorus, and sulphur, obtained from the earth's salts, form little granules of starch, the perfected food that is essential for all the living cells in every part of the tree.

So indeed it may be truly said that each granule of starch is a packet of stored energy captured from the external universe. Try to think of this marvel. All those numberless green leaves waving in the summer air are hard at work, storing food and life for the benefit of the great world of living things. I think it stands to reason that as green is the background of Nature, the human eye has got attuned to it, and therefore it is the best colour to shade our lights and candles with; certainly, bright colours, such as red, are most harmful. In these days of short sight and spectacles, this is important to note and act upon.

HOW THE MOTH ESCAPES FROM THE COCOON.

The caterpillar, in order to preserve the life of its race, stores an enormous amount of fat, which it accumulates from the vegetation on which it has lived, and then turns into a chrysalis, as a protection against enemies, and to continue living when winter has destroyed its food supply. In hibernation rest, living at a low vitality, the fat that it has stored is sufficient to keep it from death till the miraculous transformation takes place, and the seemingly lifeless pupa emerges from its imprisonment a full grown and beautiful moth.

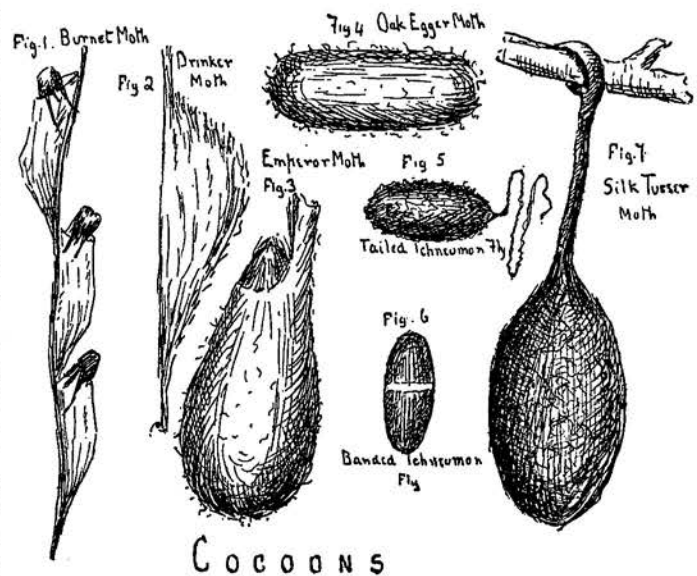
The cocoon is built of silk, which in its raw state is a gummy substance, and is coiled in tubes extending from the head towards the tail, and issues in strings from an opening below the mouth. When exposed to the air, this glutinous silk material becomes hard and dry.

Amongst twigs, dead leaves, crevices, corners under ledges, the worker scatters a few threads that serve as a scaffold, in the centre of which the spinner builds mostly an oval-shaped cocoon, of so compact and hard a nature that in many cases it will turn the edge of a knife.

The soft-bodied egger and puss moths escape from their hard and compact shell by pushing off from the end an irregular piece of their cocoon, which looks as if it had been bitten off, although they do not possess any biting jaws. The manner of doing this was for very long a mystery, and many were the amusing speculations suggested as an explanation.

Mr. Oswald Salter conceived the brilliant idea of removing some pupæ from their cocoons, and wrapping each in a piece of blotting-paper, so that each pupa had to pierce the blotting-paper instead of its cocoon; and when in due course it did this, Mr. Salter found that the point of escape was wetted;

and by collecting a sufficient quantity he was enabled to analyse the moistened part, and found the moisture to be caustic potash, a substance known to chemists as a powerful solvent. As a confirmation of this Mr. Salter placed a few drops of caustic potash inside several cocoons, and in three minutes they were dissolved into pulp. The head of the emerging moth is covered with a cap, which consists of the front part of the chrysalis shell that serves as a shield, and just behind this covering were discovered a couple of hard sharp points; so that now it is known that the moth first moistens its shell with caustic potash, and then with these sharp points cuts an opening by which it escapes from its imprisonment.



THE KITCHEN TABLE.

HOT BREADS.

Ante-Bellum Corn-bread.

If this recipe is followed to the letter, it will prove a most delightful bread for breakfast or supper and "the boys" will always call for more. The ingredients are: One pint corn-meal sifted, one quart of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of salt, four eggs beaten separately, butter the size of an egg. Break the eggs, putting the yolks into a two-quart round baking tin. Beat whites to a stiff froth; while preparing this, have the milk on to heat with the butter in it. Beat the yolks slightly and add a little of the hot milk. Sift in the meal and salt and add the rest of the milk and butter. Lastly put in the whites and set on the top of the stove to thicken. Stir all the time to prevent lumping and keep from burning. While thick, bake in the oven 30 minutes. Serve immediately, for if kept waiting it loses its pretty lightness.

Virginia Corn-bread.

Break in a crock three eggs, beat, add a pint or more of milk, a heaping teaspoonful of yeast-powder, salt to taste, and sift in enough corn-meal to make a batter like nut cake. Have a biscuit pan warming with a generous tablespoonful of lard. Pour in the

batter and the grease will work through in baking. A cupful of cracklins in season may be substituted for the lard.

Creole Pancakes.

This is a delightful supper dish and may be eaten with either butter or sugar. Some persons have called them "quiere of paper" cakes, as each cake, when properly made, is as thin as a sheet of writing paper. Sift a pint and a half of flour; salt to taste. To a cupful of right sour milk put a half teaspoonful of soda, and beat till it foams. Pour into the flour, add four eggs, slightly beaten, and enough cold water to make a thin batter. All milk makes the cakes hard to turn. Grease the griddle well and cover it with a thin coating of batter. Turn quickly with a knife in each hand. Serve hot and cut like pie.

Rice Waffles.

Beat three eggs separately. Add to the yolks a teacupful of boiled rice, a lump of butter. Sift in one and a half pints of flour, add a pint of sweet milk, a little salt, and lastly whites of eggs. Bake in waffle irons.

Flannel Cakes.

Two eggs beaten light, one pint of milk, salt to taste, two teaspoonfuls of yeast-powder and flour enough for a batter. Serve hot in round cakes with maple syrup.

—M. L. T.

"DILAPIDATIONS"

IT WAS A BUILDER — ONE WHOSE MIND
THE CAUSE OF HUMAN HABITATION
FILLED LIKE A GLOWING INSPIRATION,
EXCLUDING THEMES OF BASER KIND.
HE FOUND HIS CALLING RICHLY FRAUGHT
WITH POINTS FOR EARNEST CONCENTRATION,
FOR SPECULATION AND FOR THOUGHT —
PARTICULARLY SPECULATION.

AT LENGTH, RETIRED, AND DULL AT HOME
WITHOUT HIS REGULAR EMPLOYMENT,
FOR OCCUPATION AND ENJOYMENT
HE PACKED A TRUNK AND WENT TO ROME:
BUT, ONCE AMID ITS CLASSIC WRECK,
HE STOOD A CHANGED AND DISMAL CREATURE
AND FOUGHT THE TEAR THAT MAN MUST CHECK,
WITH KEEN REGRET IN EVERY FEATURE.

HE MOURNED UPON THE PALATINE
AMID THE GARDENS THAT INVITE US,
AND WEPT BEFORE THE ARCH OF TITUS,
AND FAINTLY SOBBED BY SATURN'S SHRINE;
HE STOOD DISCONSOLATE AND DUMB
WITHIN THE OVAL COLOSSEUM,
AND SIGHED AT VESTA'S ATRIUM,
AND GRIEVED IN CÆSAR'S MAUSOLEUM.

HIS FRIENDS ESSAYED TO CHEER HIM UP,
AND TRIED PERSUASION AND COERCION,
SUGGESTING THIS AND THAT DIVERSION —
THE PIPE, THE PILL, THE FESTIVE CUP:
AT LENGTH HE FAINTLY SPOKE: — "WELL THERE
TO LEAVE THEM SO! IT IS A SIN TO!
OH WHAT A STATE OF DISREPAIR
TO LET THESE PREMISES GET INTO!"

"WHY, WHEN THE PARTY'S LEASE EXPIRES
THIS PROPERTY — JUST CALCULATE IT —
HOW IS HE GOING TO REINSTATE IT
ACCORDING AS THAT LEASE REQUIRES?
SOME SUIT IN CHANCERY MAY BE
THE CAUSE OF ALL THIS SAD POSITION;
BUT, ANYHOW, I PINE TO SEE
SUCH PROPERTY IN THIS CONDITION!"

HE SPAKE NO MORE: BUT EVERY NIGHT,
THEY SAY, ABOUT THE FORUM LINGERS
A FORM THAT CLUTCHES IN ITS FINGERS
A MORTAR-BOARD; AND LEFT AND RIGHT
WITH SMOOTHING TROWEL SEEKS TO HIDE
THE MARKS OF TIME'S DILAPIDATION:
BUT STILL THOSE WRECKS, ON EVERY SIDE,
REMAIN UNFIT FOR HABITATION.
J. F. SULLIVAN.





HOMELY FARE FOR HOMELY FOLK.

RECIPES, TESTED AND REQUESTED.



It was one of our mother's ways, was it not? this making of jumbles and doughnuts, gingerbread and cookies. Or, perhaps it was at grandmother's that there was always a jar of doughnuts, brown and toothsome; another of "snaps," crisp and fragrant; and may be a pan of delicious "jumbles," spiced and sugared, and with a flavor that no cake approaches now. They were all "so handy to have in the house;" so convenient if company came "unexpected," or if some relative or neighbor, in those neighborly times, sent in time

of need or sickness for mother or grandmother or aunt to help in an emergency; so good for children's dinners when they stayed at noon; or for the men's midday luncheons if they were chopping at a distance. Made once or twice a week, after the familiar rule, and kept in cellar or milk-room or cool, closed pantry, they afforded to the busy house-mother, so much of whose time must be spent, at best, in the preparation of food, "a day off" occasionally for sewing or preserving or coloring, or some other of the countless "extras" of the year's routine, or even for visiting or shopping.

For with these capacious jars well filled and supplemented by a baking of pies and turnovers, and another of bread, she might now and then get that rare, sweet thing, a little lawful leisure. And some of her descendants are glad to have, as she had, weekly or semi-weekly baking-days, thereby partially providing, in thrifty if homely fashion, a little in advance for the recurring meals. For the woman who lives on a farm, the mother of little children, with her own work to do, and the woman who must take some few hours of daylight for money-earning work, cannot give the best and brightest part of every day to her cooking. To such these homely and familiar-sounding recipes may be helpful:

Doughnuts.

Two eggs, two cupfuls each of sugar and new milk, one tablespoonful of thick cream, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of cinnamon or half of a nutmeg. Sift twice into a quart and a half of flour three teaspoonfuls of cream tartar and one and one-

half teaspoonfuls of soda. Of the flour so prepared add enough to make a dough that can be handled. Let it rise one hour in a warm room, then roll out and fry as usual in boiling lard. In most cases it is well to put the lard over the fire some time before it is needed, and put into it three or four pared, raw potatoes cut in slices, removing them, of course, before frying the doughnuts. This does away with the objectionable taste of new lard.

Soft Gingerbread. No. 1.

One and a half cupfuls of molasses, one-half cupful of sugar, one and a half cupfuls of sour cream, one-half cupful of sour milk, one-half teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of soda, one teaspoonful each of ginger and cinnamon, flour to make a not very stiff batter. Bake in sheets in a moderate oven.

This is a favorite recipe, but the cream might not be readily forthcoming save on a farm, so I add

Soft Gingerbread No. 2.

One and a half cupfuls each of molasses and sour milk, two-thirds of a cupful of shortening, a part lard and a part butter, melted, one and a half teaspoonfuls of soda, one teaspoonful of ginger and one of allspice or cloves, flour for the usual soft batter. Bake in sheets.

Ginger Snaps. No. 1.

One pint of molasses, one tablespoonful each of soda and ginger, one-half teaspoonful of salt (these three, free of lumps, to be added *dry* to the molasses), one cupful of cold lard and butter rubbed into the molasses with a spoon, four tablespoonfuls of cold water, flour to make a soft dough. Roll thin and bake in a hot oven.

Ginger Snaps. No. 2.

Two cupfuls of molasses, one-half cupful of shortening, one cupful of sugar, one egg, one tablespoonful each of soda, ginger, vinegar and boiling water, flour to stiffen.

Sugar Jumbles.

Two eggs, two cupfuls of sugar, one and a half cupfuls of sour cream, one and a half teaspoonfuls of soda, one teaspoonful of cream tartar sifted with the flour, a little salt, two teaspoonfuls of lemon, flour to make a dough that can be handled. Roll not too thin, cut in strips or squares, in hearts, rounds or any preferred shape, sprinkle thickly with sugar, and bake in a brisk oven.

Cookies.

One egg, two cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of sweet milk or cold water, one-half cupful each of butter and lard, three teaspoonfuls of cream tartar and one and a half teaspoonfuls of soda sifted with flour to stiffen; spice to taste; sprinkle with sugar and bake quickly.

Every Day Cake.

One egg, one and a half cupfuls of molasses, one-half cupful of brown sugar, one and a half cupfuls of sour milk, two-thirds of a cupful of melted lard and butter, one and a half teaspoonfuls of soda, one-half teaspoonful each of cinnamon, allspice and cloves, flour for a moderately thick batter, and one and a half cupfuls of stoned raisins. Bake in loaves rather slowly. Currants or citron may be added if desired.

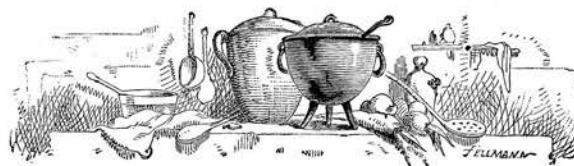
Buttermilk Bread.

To two quarts of flour add four teaspoonfuls each of cream tartar and soda, with one teaspoonful of salt, and sift twice. Add one or two large spoonfuls of sour cream, and mix with buttermilk to a soft dough; knead lightly, divide into three loaves, let them rise at the back of the range till twice the original height in the bread-tins, and bake in a moderately heated oven.

Cream Biscuit.

One and a half quarts of flour, three teaspoonfuls each of cream tartar and soda, one teaspoonful of salt, three large tablespoonfuls of thick sour cream, and buttermilk to mix lightly. Knead as little as possible, and bake in a hot oven.

—Olive E. Dana.



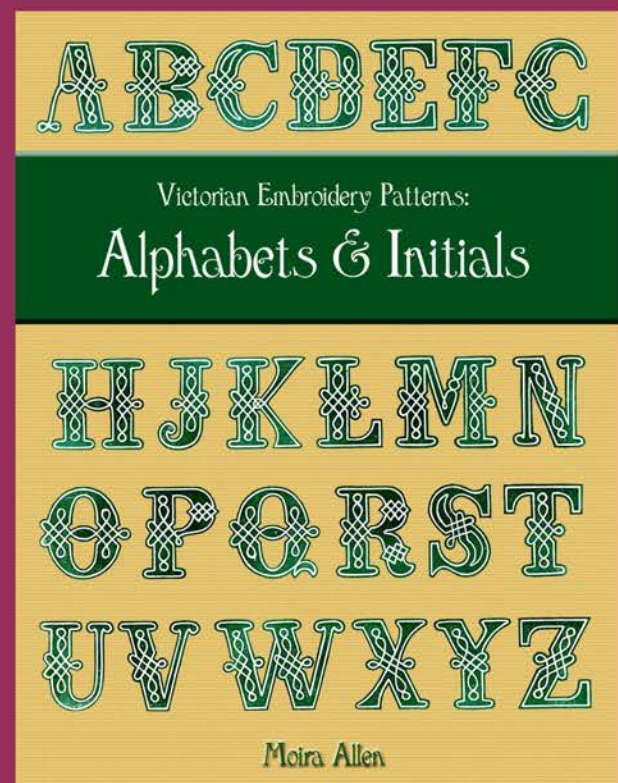
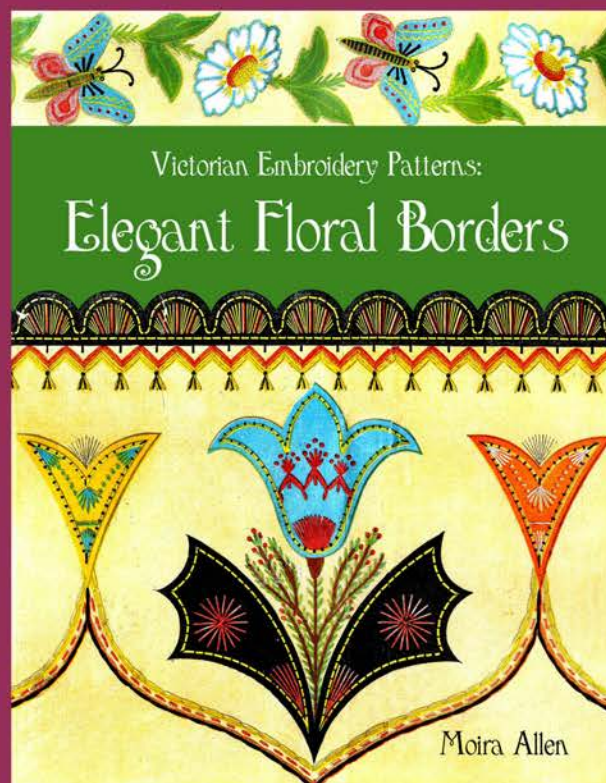
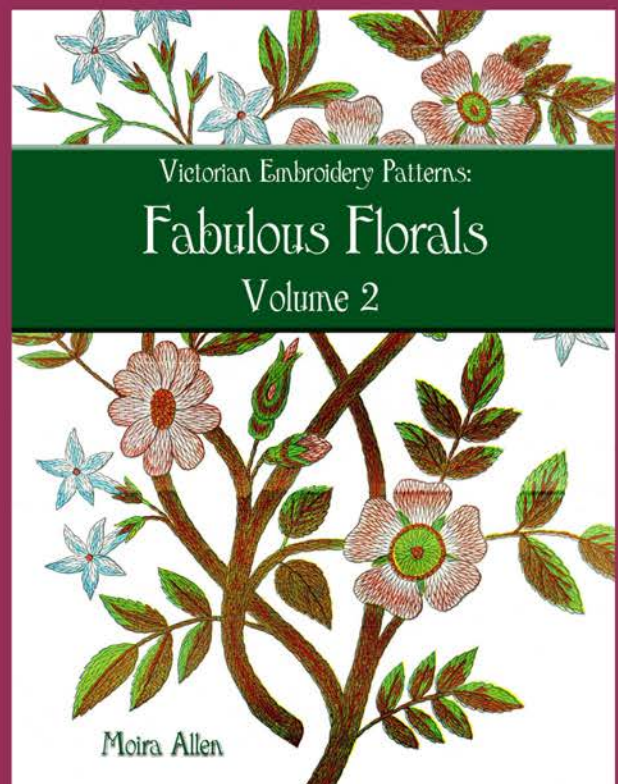
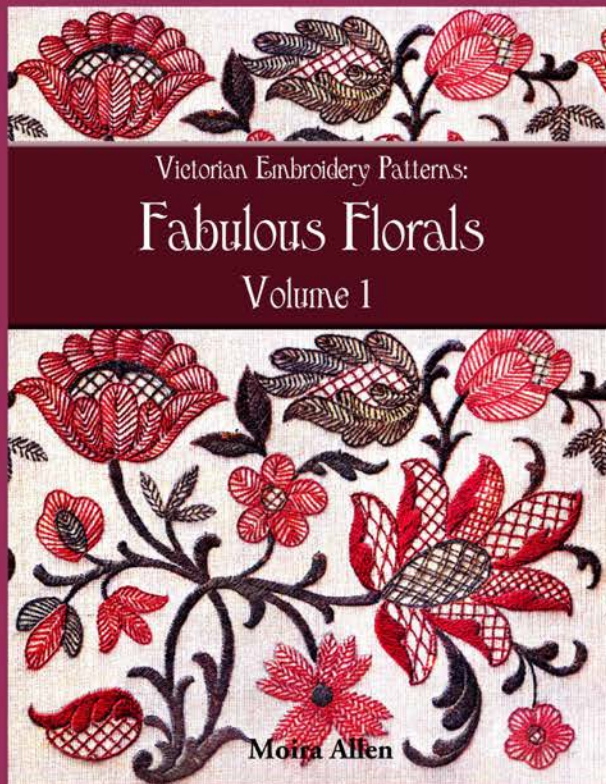


July.

The town is empty: on the
brow of the sea
Stand ranks of people.

Othello. Act II. Sc. i.

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