

Victorian Times

A Monthly Exploration of Victorian Life



Vol. B-3, No. 8 - August 2026

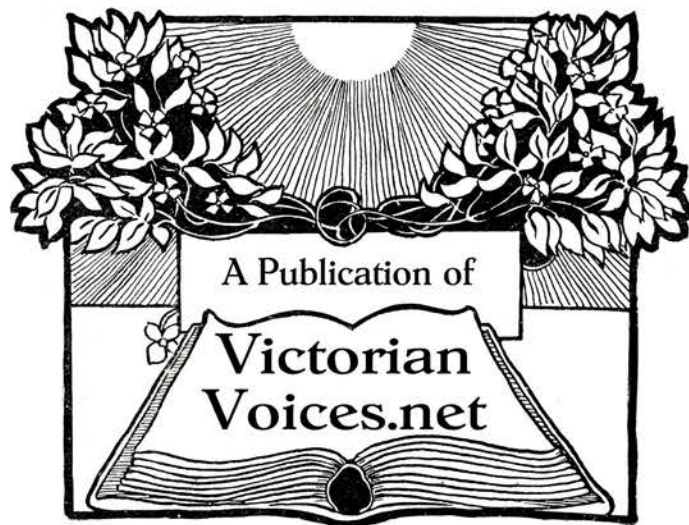
*Old London Street Cries • The Palaces of the Tsar • Emigrant Babies in Canada
Fans Past and Present • Coffee Tips • Stag-Hunting • The Latest Sociables
A British View of New York • The Atlantic Cable • The Texas Farmer • Box Tricks
Beautiful Stencils • Fruit Recipes • The Dogs of Cornwall • The History of Houses*

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edited by Moira Allen



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Print Edition Independently Published

Print Edition ISBN 9798180911032

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Cover Image: Greeting card from a Victorian scrap album, undated.

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That's Not Her Bag

One thing you'll rarely see in a Victorian fashion plate is a lady carrying a purse or handbag. Whether she's strolling in the park, visiting friends, or vacationing on the Riviera, she'll never have a bag in her hand (let alone hanging from her shoulder). She may carry a fan or umbrella or kerchief or muff, or even walk a small dog on a leash, but she'll almost never be shown with a handbag.

Of course, women often did carry a "reticule," which was simply a cloth bag, the fore-runner of today's purse. Women's magazines abound with patterns for such bags, even if they're never shown in the fashion column. Or, she might carry a small "porte-monnaie" or coin purse, which might hang from a chain on her wrist, with just enough room for some coins and visiting cards. These coin purses were most commonly made of cloth or leather, but some were made of silver, mother-of-pearl, or even from a single hinged sea-shell.

I began to wonder if this was just a fashion statement, or if Victorian women didn't carry purses because they simply didn't need to! I began to think about what I carry (and I pack light). First and foremost, of course, is my wallet. Sure, it holds bills and coins, but its main purpose is to hold *plastic*: my driver's license and other IDs, credit and debit cards, store loyalty cards, insurance cards, and so forth. Not so long ago, folks also stuffed wallets with family snapshots, but now we just whip out the phone.

A Victorian lady would have none of these (including, obviously, the phone). She has no need of a driver's license, and photo IDs are still far in the future. She lives in a cash-based society; there are no credit cards, and if she does purchase on credit at a local shop, it's because the shop-keeper knows her by name and where she lives. In Britain, at least, she'll carry coins, not bills; even a £5 note represented a substantial chunk of a middle-class woman's annual household income. She won't carry a check-book; few Victorians even had bank accounts (though many had Postal Savings Accounts), and checks were rarely used except for business. She needs no keys; if she's not walking, she will either use public transportation or a private carriage (or, in the 1890s, perhaps a bicycle), and a maid will open the door for her when she returns home.

Victorians did use cosmetics (though this was often frowned upon); however, these were kept in jars and pots, and would only be used at home. Compacts and lipstick tubes wouldn't appear until the early 1900s. I might carry a comb or brush, but our Victorian lady's hair will be carefully coiffed (perhaps by her lady's-maid) before she leaves home, and secured under a bonnet or hat, so she can be certain of arriving at her destination without a hair out of place. If she needs a touch-up at a friend's house, her friend's maid will assist her.

A Victorian lady is unlikely to go for a public stroll with an infant or toddler, and if she did, the child's nurse would almost certainly accompany her and handle everything the child might need. Older children will carry their own personal items. Keep in mind, too, that our Victorian lady isn't responsible for ferrying her children to school—they might simply *live* there.

In fact, that coin-purse is really all a Victorian lady needs, for it will hold a few coins for shopping, and something even more important: her calling cards. Etiquette requires our lady to pay regular social calls, and to leave her card (and perhaps her husband's card) with everyone she visits. Her handkerchief will be tucked up her sleeve, and so perhaps is her fan, leaving a hand free for that essential brolly.

I'm trying to imagine life without my purse. My shoulder would certainly be happier! Imagine, for a moment, not needing to carry a dozen different ID and credit cards, because everyone you do business with knows your name. Instead of being glued to your phone, imagine a world where you must spend much of your day visiting and conversing with real people. It might be a decent trade-off!

—Moirra Allen, Editor
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THE CRIES OF LONDON.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

With Illustrations from Contemporary Prints.



HERE have been Cries and Cries in every age, and in every country under the sun; and nearly every one of the exclamations or proclamations in question is susceptible of subdivision into numerous classes. Thus, among military cries in antiquity, and in the middle ages, there was a substantial difference between the "war-cry," and the "cry of arms." The first was a purely martial and often capricious shout, frequently recalling the memory of a local event, of a particular victory, or a particular defeat: thus, "Come on, you Cheesemongers!"—the bantering cry of a commanding officer of a cavalry regiment of the Household Brigade at Waterloo¹—"Forward, Dirty Half-hundred!" "To your tents, O Israel!" were war-cries; and could it be fully proven that the Iron Duke did textually utter the words attributed to him, when he bade the infantry of the Guards charge at Waterloo, "Up Guards and at 'em!" would assuredly have been a war-cry. The cry of arms was, on the other hand, a feudal and heraldic one. It was the means of exciting the pride and pugnacity of one nation against another which the first was burning to destroy. Our "St. George for Merry England!" the French "Montjoye, St. Denis!" the Crusaders' "Deus Vult!" the Bohemians "Prague! Prague!" the cry of the Counts of Hainault, "Back to

¹ The contemptuous term of "Cheesemongers" was applied by the London populace to the gallant corps in question because, until a late period of our great war with France, they had not been sent on foreign service.

back, Waudripont!"—because the escutcheon of the House of Waudripont bore in chief two lions "adossés." According to Froissart the cry of arms of the House of Stanley was, "Lancaster for Earl Derby." These were all feudal and armorial to the backbone; but there were also general cries of a hostile nature which partook equally of the nature of martial and feudal ululation. Of these, there can scarcely be two more typical illus-



"CHIMNEY SWEEP."

trations than Shakespeare's "Havoc!" which simply means "destruction," and the mediæval "Sus! Sus!" which may be very aptly translated into sterling English

as “to come down souse”—and indeed, it was used in the sense of a sudden attack or rushing upon the foe by Edmund Burke; but, in modern times, we have come to associate “souse” with some kind of pickle. We understand what is



“A NONCONFORMIST MINISTER.”

meant by soused gurnet and soused mackerel; but if the Hon. Leader of the Opposition announced his intention of “coming down souse” on the Right Hon. Leader of the House of Commons, the House would laugh.

The Cries on which I am about to descant, have nothing whatever to do with war or with the feudal system. They are of an eminently peaceful and domestic character; yet I venture to think that an attempt to inquire into their former character and prevalence, and to seek for the reasons which have led to so many of them falling into desuetude, is a task well worthy to be undertaken by the earnest student of civilization; and that, on the whole, if we would wish to comprehend with some amount of clearness the manners of our ancestors, we should pay quite as much attention to the popular trading cries they uttered as to the ballads which they sang, and the proverbs which they were accustomed to repeat.

It fortunately happens that the bibliography and iconography of the Cries of London—of which engravings of a few leading types, with some kindred chap-book subjects, embellish this paper—are of

a very copious nature; and, looking at the restricted space which a periodical with pleasantly-varied contents can offer to a single contributor, it will be rather from an *embarras de richesse*, than from a paucity of materials, that I shall suffer. Fruit, vegetables, fish, cakes, clothes, toys, flowers, fuel, water, and household commodities too numerous to specify, were very likely cried in the streets of London even in Anglo-Saxon times; and there were certainly a good store of cries before the time of Queen Elizabeth; but I do not propose to go farther back than 1584 in my present quest. In the year just named, there was published a comedy called *The Three Ladies of London*, in which there is a poetical catalogue of metropolitan cries, too long to quote in its entirety, but of which I may give the pith. One Constance, with brooms on her back, enters singing:—

“New brooms, green brooms, will you buy any?
Come maidens, come quickly; let me take a penny!”

Constance goes on to say that her brooms are “not stupid, nor crooked,” but “very well bound, and smooth cut



“A BRASS POTT OR AN IRON POTT TO MEND.”

and round.” She proceeds to hint that she is not averse to exchange and barter, and that she will be glad to take “old boots or shoon, pouch-rings or buskins, to cope for new brooms.” In our vignettes the brooms most con-

spicuous are the sooty *fascas*, borne by the chimney sweep and the small boy his assistant; and this picture is from a series of etchings called the "Cryes of the Citie of London, drawne after the Life,"¹ by Marcellus Lauron, a native of the Hague, where he was born in 1653. He came to England with his father, by whom he was instructed in drawing and painting; and he so surpassed his contemporaries in drapery, that Sir Godfrey Kneller employed him to "clothe" his portraits. To Lauron's etching-needle we owe, apparently, the "Nonconformist Minister," the tinker with his hammer and kettle who cries "Pots to Mend!" the man and woman who have "Many new Songs to sell," the water-carrier

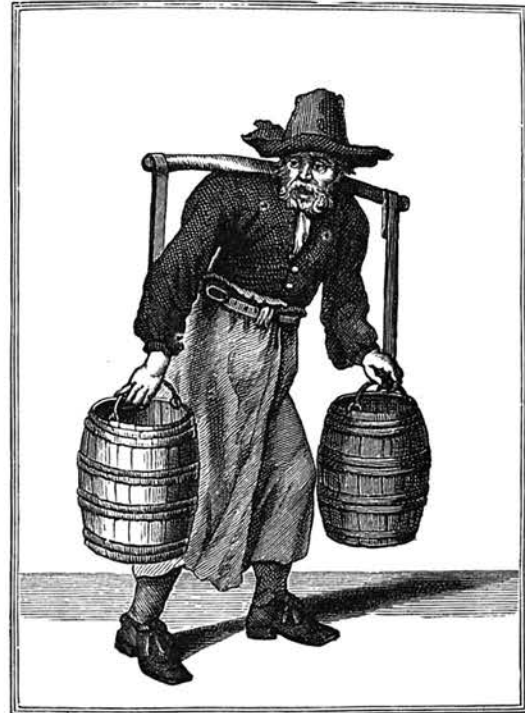
times; while the Dutch "bisket" seller, reminds us of the intimate social link which—although England and Holland



"A MERRY NEW SONG."

who hawks "New River Water," and the itinerant clothesman who cries "Old Cloaks, Suits, or Coats." You will observe, also, that he carries in his right hand a couple of rapiers:—in fact, he corresponds precisely with the Parisian industrial described in 1815 in Béranger's song, "Vieux Habits, Vieux Galons!" The woman who cries "Buy my Dutch Biskets," and the female vendor of *London Gazettes*, both point distinctly to the period of the Restoration, in the second year of which the *London Gazette* made its first appearance. The lady newsvendor is evidently a descendant of the "Flying Stationers" of Tudor

¹ Published by P. Tempest, 1711.



"NEW RIVER WATER."

were during a period of ten years constantly at war—bound Dutch and English domesticity together. The patronage in



"OLD CLOAKS, SUITS, OR COATS."

this country of Dutch tiles, "drops," dolls, clocks, herrings, ovens, cheeses, and very many other articles of household

use, is due, in the main, first, to the long residence of the exiled Charles II. in the United Provinces; and next, to the even more protracted sojourn at the



"BUY MY DUTCH BISKETS."

Hague of Mary, Princess of Orange, and afterwards Queen of England, in co-partnership with William III. Let it be added that this good and charitable woman introduced into England something else besides Dutch "notions" from her husband's native land. She brought home with her Dutch cleanliness and the Dutch system of charity schools.

To return to brooms, I find them figured in a great many plates coming down to 1815, in which year the indefatigable cockney antiquary, John Thomas Smith, the author of the *Life of Nollekens*, and the delightful *Book for a Rainy Day*, who died keeper of the Print Room at the British Museum, published a series of graphic etchings illustrative of the Cries of London in his day. I shall have more to say about John Thomas Smith ere I have done; but for the present my business is brooms. The hawkers of these indispensable articles frequently included mops in their stock-in-trade, and it is not at all unlikely that the slang term for an inebriated man being "mops-and-brooms" springs from the frequency of dealers in such articles, when they had sold out their stock, indulging somewhat too copiously in alcoholic stimulants.

"Green" brooms, that is to say brooms made of rushes or of green osiers, "well-bound and cut smooth and round," have long since faded out of London street-traffic; and it is only elderly persons, I should say, who have been privileged to hear in their youth the cry of "Buy-a broom." It was a very frequent one in London town when I was young. The broom-sellers were German girls, imported generally, so it was said, from Bavaria, who plied their trade from the age of ten to fifteen, and were usually the thralls and bond-servants of German crimps at the east end of London, who stood towards their helpless little serfs in the relation in which the Italian *padroni* of Saffron Hill formerly stood towards the Italian organ and hurdy-gurdy grinding, and monkey and white-mouse-exhibiting children. Both the German *mädchen* and the Italian boys were sent out early in the morning to beg, under the pretence of giving musical entertainment or selling brooms; and if they did not bring home that which the slave-owner considered to be an adequate amount of money at night, they were mercilessly beaten. This revolting traffic has long since been stamped out, and at the present day the street trade in



"Londons Gazette HERE."

brooms seems to be to a great extent monopolized by gipsies or travelling dealers, who are of half Romany engendure, and who do not offer their wares

by solitary outcry, but heap them high on carts and caravans, which they conduct slowly through carefully selected districts of the town and suburbs. Baskets and brushes of every shape also form an important portion of the stock-in-trade of these worthies.

"Knives and Scissors to grind O!" is a cry almost as ancient as the introduction into our civilisation of scissors and knives themselves; while the useful vocation of the nomads—who are to be found busy at their wheels in the streets fashionable and unfashionable of the metropolis, excluding only those thoroughfares in which the traffic is so heavy as to make the wheelmen obstructive and consequently liable to be moved on by the police—has had literary renown conferred on it by Canning's immortal ballad of "The Needy Knifegrinder," in the *Anti-Jacobin*. Canning's hero appears from the text to have been an ordinary specimen of the itinerant industrial of the period. He was indigent; his hat had got a hole in it, so had his breeches; and when his labours were over he was apt to get tipsy at the Chequers, and to become disorderly as well as drunk; whereupon, the next morning, Justice Oldmixon set him in the stocks for a vagrant. I think,



"SMALL COALE."

however, that I have heard my friend, Mr. Charles G. Leland, more than once remark, that many of the needy knifegrinders with whom he has conversed in London or in

the provinces are gipsies, or have at least sufficiently foregathered with the Romany folk as to be able to converse in their dialect.



"HA! HA! HA! POOR JACK."

Some of our illustrations are engraved from the well-known pictures of Francis Wheatley, R.A., who as a figure-draughtsman had much of the facile ease and simple elegance of his contemporary, George Morland. "Old Chairs to Mend," a prime favourite with the illustrators of street cries, is a subject admirably treated by Wheatley. From his pencil also come our illustrations of "Sweet China Oranges!" "Hot spiced Gingerbread," "Strawberries, scarlet Strawberries!" "The Fruit-Barrow;" "Do you want any Matches?" "A new Ballad, only a Ha'penny each;" and of course "Knives and Scissors to grind O!" Again, this particular craft appears in almost every collection of Cries with which I am acquainted; from the penny Seven Dials' productions of the Catnach press fifty years since, to the more artistic and expensive productions of Lauron, Wheatley, and John Thomas Smith. As I have said, "Knives and Scissors to grind!" has been pictorially dwelt upon by many other artists. Hogarth, in particular, has introduced a needy knifegrinder in that astonishing demonstration of street noises, *The Enraged Musician*. Whether the exasperated composer—presumably of foreign extraction—who is furiously gesticu-

lating at the open window, in this drollest of droll prints, be Handel or Pepusch or neither of those men of melody, it is only the Cries of London that I have to con-



"FINE WRITEING INKE."

sider in considering Hogarth's engraving. Mark the female ballad singer vociferating "The Lady's Fall;" look at the little French drummer accompanying his *rataplan* with his squeaky voice; while the buxom vendor of milk melodiously screams "Milk Belo-o-o-w!" and an itinerant performer on the hautboy—evidently an alien, and possibly a portrait from life—is tootling seraphic notes on his instrument. In the background is a dustman in the noisy exercise of his calling, and the ambulatory fishmonger shouts his commodities. Just as the knifegrinder appears in Hogarth, so is he also to the fore, only in a more graceful vignette, in Wheatley who, by the way, has occasionally diverged from the portraiture of London cries to "Scenes of Clerical Life." At least we behold him, here, in the quiet little composition of "The Curate of the Parish returning from Duty."

Among those London Cries in the series etched by John Thomas Smith, and published in 1815, of which I have already spoken, the one perhaps that has the most remote genesis is the figure of the man crying, "Hot Pease!" J. T. Smith has made him quite a poetical looking street-seller, with curly locks, clean-

shaven cheeks, and eyes turned sweetly upwards, just as though he could appreciate such poetic efforts as "Queen Mab" or "Endymion." He has a turn-down collar, too, over his black stock; and his lower limbs are cased in a kind of Hessian boots made of strongly ribbed woollen stuff with leather soles. His tin canister of hot pease he carries under one arm, and in his disengaged hand he bears a pepper-castor. Now the distributor of hot pease had been selling them in London streets since Queen Bess's time, and probably for many generations before. He was known in Chepe and Cornhill and Fleet Street long before the "Tiddy Dolls" and "Colly Molly Puffs" were heard of; but in Tudor and Stuart times, he was a street restaurateur of a somewhat more enterprising character than the sentimental youth with the upturned eyes in J. T. Smith's etching. He sold "Hot grey Pease, and a Suck o' Bacon;" that is to say, he had a piece of boiled bacon attached to a little stick, which he carried in one hand; and the purchaser of a pennyworth or a ha'penny worth of hot grey pease was entitled to introduce the piece of bacon between his lips and



"LONG THREEED LACES, LONG AND STRONG."

extract as much nutriment therefrom as he could during the extremely limited time allowed him for suction. I do not find it on record that any of the hot grey

pease customers ever bolted the bacon *en bloc*: perhaps the peasemonger was cautious enough to place the tempting bit of pork on a "paternoster" hook of grapple shape; so that if the bacon were gorged by a wickedly gluttonous small boy, he would be unable to disengage himself from the hook, and might be dragged hither and thither to the serious detriment of his internal organs. In another illustration will be found a reproduction of one of J. T. Smith's characters, "The Italian Image Boy." If you note the date, 1815, and the effigies of public characters in plaster of Paris which crowd the board which the boy holds on his head, you will admit that the etching possesses some curious historic interest. Never mind the Three Graces and the Farnese Hercules; but take careful note of the fact of that Chinese building to the right, being evidently a model of the pagoda erected on the bridge over the reservoir in the Green Park on the occasion of the fêtes and illuminations held in commemoration of the Peace of 1814. I cannot exactly settle in my mind whether the bust of the gentleman of somewhat florid aspect, and with a large shirt frill, is the Prince Regent; but I am

plaster head which the Italian boy holds in his hand is that of Arthur Wellesley, first Duke of Wellington, and Prince of Waterloo.



VERY FINE VERY CHEAP
London Published as the Act directs December 31 1815
By John Thomas Smith, N^o 4 Chandos Street Covent Garden

THE ITALIAN IMAGE BOY.



"LILY WHITE VINEGAR, THREEPENCE A QUART."

sure that I can make out a little statuette of Frederick the Great of Prussia, a bust of the Hetman Platoff, and another of Napoleon I.; and unquestionably the

Likewise among J. T. Smith's cries is that of the "Flying Piesman"—the vendor of patties being a spare, bustling little man with a protruding pig-tail. He wears a large white apron, and is in his shirt sleeves, which are tucked up to the elbow. He has just a dozen of pies displayed on a board before him. The "Flying Piesman" has all but disappeared from our social scheme; he has been, in the fugitive pastry line of business, deposed by the keeper of the permanent sedentary pie-shop; and so far as kerb-stone traffic is concerned, he has been compelled to yield the *pas* to the proprietor of the "Hokey-pokey" stall, or vendor of cheap ices. The piesman of the past was rather a fraudulent character. He used to gamble with his juvenile customers and toss them at a game practically amounting to "heads they lost, tails he won," till he was improved off the face of the pavement by the police. So far as I can recollect, nearly the last mention of the tossing piesman in English literature is to be found in *Dombey and Son*, in which "Rob the Grinder" tosses away with the

pieman a gratuity which the little scamp has just received. "Pickled Cucumbers!" is another of J. T. Smith's cries. The seller carries his marinated gherkins in a



"KNIVES AND SCISSORS TO GRIND."¹

dish on his head: a fork being stuck in one of the cucumbers. He has long dark hair and an aquiline nose and a full underlip; and altogether I should say that he was a child of Israel. I am confirmed in my belief by the circumstance that the last time I explored a Sunday morning market in Petticoat Lane, now Middlesex Street, E.C., I heard frequent cries of "Pickled Cucumbers!" the dealers in which were exclusively Jews. Yet another J. T. Smith etching is one of the men who used to cry "Door Mats!" and who carried those domestic appliances in several superposed layers back and front, like so many herald's tabards. The advantage of such a mode of exhibiting door-mats may be considered as analogous to the benefit which ladies in a dressmaker's showroom obtain from beholding the dress which they wish to criticise being donned by one of the young lady-assistants, who gracefully marches up and down the room, turns round, bends, and submits the costume to examination from every point of view; only the young lady-assistant can only exhibit one costume at a time.

¹ This and the following seven illustrations are copied from a series of engravings of the Itinerant Trades of London, designed by F. Wheatley, R.A., and published 1794—96.

J. T. Smith's street-seller could place simultaneously at least a dozen samples of his commodity in evidence; and intending purchasers would lift up his frontal mats, one after the other; then turn him round and examine his dorsal rugs; and ultimately select the article that pleased them best.

There are a great many more London cries, ancient and modern, that I could descant upon; but the brief remaining space at my command bids me to be as concise as I can in enumerating the many cries which have passed away, and the few which are still audible in the streets of London. The most implacable foe to our cries has been the statute known as the New Police Act. Almost all the popular announcements that were once so pleasantly frequent have been silenced by the stern ordinances of municipal authority. The tinkling bell of the muffin man is still, I believe, occasionally heard in the outlying suburbs; but not long ago a hawker of muffins and crumpets was summoned to a metropolitan police court, for employing the traditional *tintinnabulum* in proclaiming the beginning of his afternoon rounds. I don't think the poor man was prosecuted to conviction; still, I am afraid that he was



"OLD CHAIRS TO MEND."

warned not to ring his bell in the streets again. The dustman's cart, it is true, perambulates the streets at irregular periods, although householders complain that when they do place a pasteboard

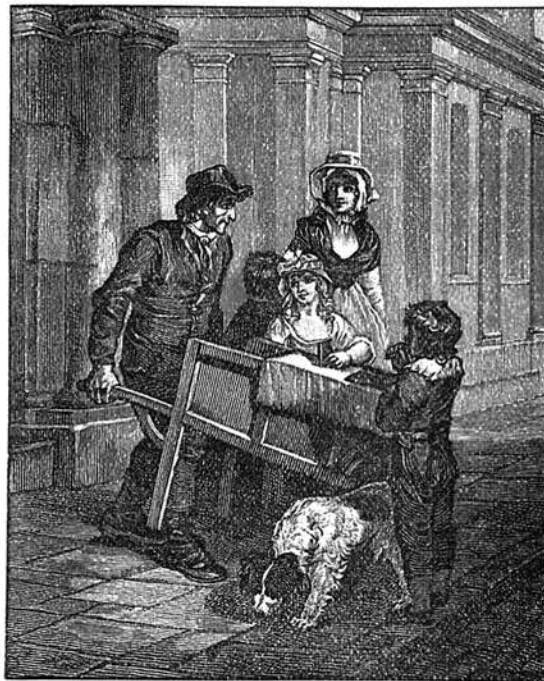
ticket inscribed with the letter "D" in the corner of the window-pane as a hint to the contractor's men that they would like their dust removed, the dustmen are slow in coming, and even when they do come decline to remove the rubbish unless they are regaled with "backshish" or with beer. But their official voice is hushed. No more do they cry "Dust ho!" no more do they lustily peal the clanging bell. "Bellows to Mend!" is another street-cry which at present is seldom if ever heard. People who like æsthetic surroundings in their houses sometimes indulge in the luxury of a pair of fine art bellows; elaborately carved or painted; but the kitchen bellows has become more or less a negligible quantity. The chimney sweep has become quite as mute as the



"SWEET CHINA ORANGES."

dustman. The New Police Act gagged him more than half a century ago; and I was reading only the other day in a volume of the *Examiner* for 1835, of a chimney sweep who was summoned before the Lord Mayor for the offence of crying "Soot!" in a public thoroughfare. The incriminated sweep was a very cunning fellow. His defence was that he never pronounced the word "soot" at all, and that he only cried "Boots!" a pronouncement which he contended was not prohibited by the statute. Moreover, he produced two witnesses—a periwinkle merchant and a watercress-girl—who were willing to swear their heads off that he cried "Boots!" and not "Soot!" The Lord Mayor, laughing, sent the sable casuist about his busi-

ness. "Milk O!" is another cry which is growing feebler; nor even do you often see nowadays the sturdy Welsh milk-



"HOT SPICED GINGERBREAD."

woman, with her shining cans pendant from the ends of the wooden yoke fixed on her broad shoulders. Milk is now generally dispensed by cleanly-dressed



"STRAWBERRIES, SCARLET STRAWBERRIES."

youths, who glide about the streets on tricycles and draw their lacteal stores from securely-locked cans; in spite of which precaution it happens now and then—so at least the sanitary inspectors

say—that a considerably larger quantity of water than should be present in honest milk somehow gets into the carefully secured receptacles. About the cry of the old



"THE FRUIT BARROW."

clothesman, I am scarcely qualified to say whether the once common morning *jödel*, "Clo! Clo!" is quite so audible as was formerly the case; because for many years past I have not lived in a London street which was habitually in the beat of a second-hand clothes dealer. I should say, however, that the indefatigable pickers-up of cast-off garments occasionally make themselves heard to the dwellers of the suburbs. Their business, in any case, must have been seriously interfered with by the wholesale dealers in second-hand wearing apparel, who systematically advertise their business in the daily papers, and to whom you send by parcel-post the wearing-apparel which you are anxious to get rid of; receiving by return of post a remittance which the buyer probably thinks to be quite ample, but which, in the majority of cases, the seller thinks to be shamefully inadequate. "All Hot!" again is a cry which no longer issues from the lips of the baked-potato man, who has now become, I am told, a merchant of "Irish fruit," and has a baking-machine on wheels before him of a far more elaborate construction than the old potato-can, one of which, some five and forty years ago, was installed in permanence in the middle of the northern extremity of the Haymarket. "Pickled Oysters!" once a familiar cry, has become

as hushed in West-end London as the cry of "Fresh Oysters!" in "Namby Pamby" Philipps's poem of "The Splendid Shilling;" still I am not prepared to assert, positively, that pickled oysters have altogether vanished from the East-end of London. I fancy that those bivalves pickled are still to be heard of in Petticoat Lane, to which I intend to pay a flying visit some Sunday morning during the autumn. "Boot-laces and Stay-laces, a Penny a Pair!" are very seldom cried at present. They are as defunct in a street-selling sense as the "Last Dying Speeches" which used to be hawked about the streets by fellows with harsh voices every execution morning,—ordinarily Monday morning; and these public hangings, it is a national shame to remember, occurred on a great many Mondays during the year. A very long time also has elapsed since I have met the man with a wooden pole over his shoulder, supporting at either end a mountain of bonnet-boxes and cap-boxes. He, too, may still haunt to a limited extent the environs of the great city; but in the main thoroughfares the law and the police, and indeed the exigencies of public convenience, are all dead against him. There are still, it is scarcely necessary to say, vast numbers of street-vendors of fruit,



"DO YOU WANT ANY MATCHES?"

vegetables, flowers, and fish, and the cries of the industrious and poverty-stricken folk who hawk these wares are most distinctly heard at early morning, when their operations are not likely to

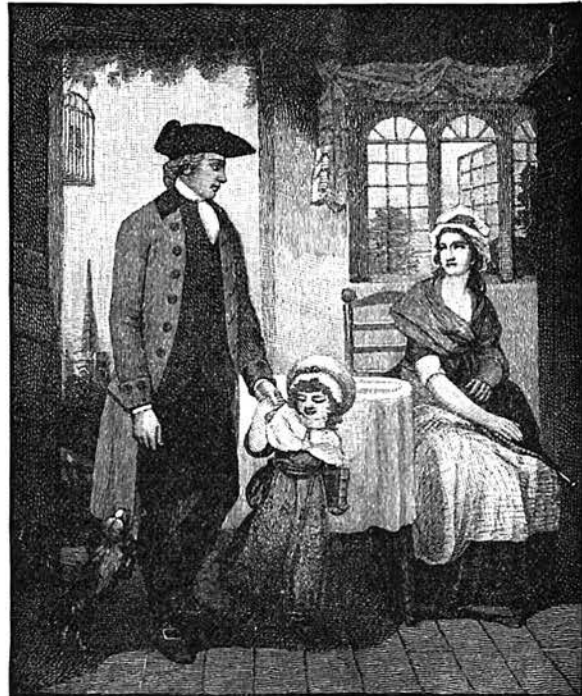
prove inconveniently obstructive to the traffic. Among the really pretty cries which still obtain, but which you must go to the uttermost ends of London to hear, are "Sweet Lavender, Sweet Lavender, Sixteen Branches a Penny!" nor has there yet been any solution in the continuity of the industrial who has the pretty little woolly trifles, which he calls "Young Lambs" to sell; his grandfather and his great-grandfather, commercially speaking, dealt in these commodities; and his portrait duly figures in J. T. Smith's etchings. I have been told, too, that the man who cries hearthstones may yet be occasionally met with; but I am afraid you would have to travel far and wide before you came across the reduced gentlewoman who was compelled to sell Bath brick for a livelihood, but who, when, in faint accents, she proclaimed her wares, added the murmured expression of a hope that nobody heard her. "One a Penny, Two a Penny, Hot Cross Buns!" is essentially a Good-Friday cry, and would not, probably, be resented by the police; but in genteel neighbourhoods householders order their hot-cross-buns on Thursday evening, and have no need for the services of the wandering bun-purveyor. "Hot and Strong, Peppermint and Ginger Drops!" is a cry that is heard no longer; nor are your ears often assailed



"A NEW LOVE SONG, ONLY A HALFPENNY EACH."

by the strident bawl of the man who sells dog-collars, and who, as I knew him fifty years ago, used from neck to heel to be hung round with straps, collars, and

muzzles. There is as much cats' meat and dogs' meat needed in these days, I suppose, as was the case half a century since; but the dealers in these refresh-



"THE CURATE OF THE PARISH RETURNING FROM DUTY."

From an engraving by J. Burke after H. Singleton. Published in 1793.

ments for our fourfooted friends no longer proclaim their goods from the housetops, or, rather, from the kennel. The plain truth is, that the New Police Act and the costermongers' barrows have between them all but completely stifled the Cries of London. You do hear, it is true, "Yah! ah! Sparragrass!" and "Mackerel!" and "Strawberries! fourpence a pottle!" but not many more yells of peripatetic retailers. I myself am partially deaf; but the result of my inquiries among my friends who have two ears a-piece, and can make sharp use of them, is that although they often hear "Lavender!" "Primroses!" "Cresses!" and "Shrimps!" cried, they very seldom listen to the prolonged "yaup" of the man who used to go about with a basketful of live eels, or the woman who shouted "Sprats! Alive O!" in a voice that was almost pathetic. Nearly all the articles which street-buyers want can be had now off the costermongers' barrows; and the keepers thereof are content to exhibit them without uttering any more definite announcement than "Will you Buy—Will you Buy, Buy, Buy?" which may be considered a mere invitation to purchase, but cannot be accepted as a genuine Cry.

FASHIONABLE CALLS.



THIS IS A LOVELY DAY FOR MAKING CALLS; SHALL WE GO OUT AND BORE OTHER PEOPLE, OR STAY AT HOME AND HAVE OTHER PEOPLE COME AND BORE US?



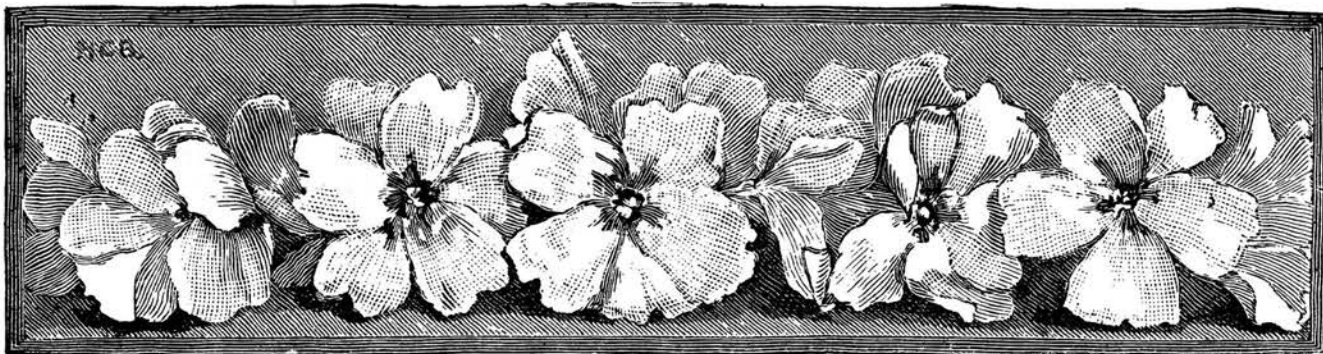
THERE NOW IT WOULD BE A GOOD OPPORTUNITY TO RETURN MRS. DE JONES'S CALL. I SEE SHE HAS GONE OUT OF TOWN FOR A WEEK.



Callers.—YOU ARE quite SURE SHE'S NOT AT HOME? *New Domestic*.—INDADE I am; SHE JUST TOLD ME SO HERSELF WHEN SHE SAW YEE'S A COMING.



Arabella.—TIRE, OF COURSE I'M TIRE. I'VE HAD A HORRID TIME. 'MOST EVERY ONE I CALLED ON WAS AT HOME.



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—IV.

AS PREPARED BY JULIET CORSON.



THAT "the easiest way is the best" is a proverb not always verified in the kitchen; but it certainly applies to the making of good coffee, if the ideal beverage is a clear, wine-brown, fragrant fluid of comforting quality. Testing many ways of preparing this almost indispensable accompaniment to a good breakfast has proven that the Turks and Arabians treat it most fairly; the reservation may be made that Americans generally prefer not to absorb the substance of the berry, even in the form of an almost impalpable powder, as do the followers of Mahomet. These comparatively temperate people attach its true value to coffee as a frequent beverage; its free use is unfavorable to indulgence in intoxicants of any character, and, properly prepared, it does not exercise any deleterious action upon the digestive organs under normal conditions. Some persons are unable to use it freely without more or less intestinal disturbance, just as others cannot digest eggs, fish, or milk; once convinced of its injurious effect, one would be as foolish to drink it as to persist in testing the relative hardness of one's head and a stone wall.

Much of the physical trouble arising from the drinking of coffee is to be attributed to the use of uncooked milk with boiled coffee. The actual boiling of coffee extracts its tannic acid, and this, combining with some of the component parts of milk, forms an indigestible substance that appears on the surface of the beverage in the form of a thin scum. When coffee disagrees with any one who likes it boiled, the trial is suggested of making it with boiled milk, as the French prepare *café au lait*; if the ill effect is still apparent, dispense with milk, using only sugar; or try condensed milk, in which the elements are somewhat changed chemically; if it still produces disturbance, be sensible: do not use it. Cocoa is a good breakfast drink.

Coffee is preferable to any kind of tea as a breakfast beverage, because, under right conditions, it does not, like tea, retard the digestion and assimilation of food; it is slightly stimulating and conducive to appetite, and is especially valuable when the bulk of the meal is made up of cold food, as it sometimes is in summer, and when it is hurriedly prepared.

Several recipes are given for making coffee, with preference for the last, because it develops all the flavor and aroma of the berry, and secures its nutrient properties so far as they can be obtained by infusion.

A French Chef's Method

Of making breakfast coffee was to mix a cupful of the ground berry with one raw egg and its shell, and a quart of cold water; these ingredients were placed in the coffee-pot over the fire, occasionally stirred, and allowed to reach the boiling-point; the coffee-pot was then drawn to the side of the fire, where it could not boil, one-half cupful of cold water was poured into the spout and top of the pot, and the coffee was allowed to stand ten minutes before it was used. Boiled milk is the best for all kinds of coffee except *café noir*.

A favorite French mixture of coffees is one-third each of Java, Mocha, and Maracibo, with at least an ounce of pure chicory to each pound of coffee. The addition of chicory to coffee gives it a rich color and pleasant flavor; it is best to make the mixture at home, buying the chicory from some reliable dealer.

Green coffee—that is, unroasted coffee in the bean—may be bought at any time when the market is favorable; it improves by being kept in a cool, dry place. Roast it in small quantities, and grind it just before using it; this is quite feasible, even if home facilities are limited. In some households there are small coffee-furnaces; or the beans can be browned in the oven by exercising due care. Add a very little good butter to the coffee, just enough to make it glossy, but not greasy; after it has been put into an iron pan, place it in the oven, and shake the pan often enough to make the beans brown evenly; do not burn the coffee. The same precautions must be taken in using the furnace or coffee-roaster. If coffee is bought roasted and unground, put it into a frying-pan with enough butter to make it glossy, and shake the pan over a hot fire until the aroma of the coffee is perceptible; then grind it, and use it at once. Only enough for one meal should be heated at one time, the quantity depending upon the desired strength of the beverage; from one to two ounces of coffee to a quart of water is the usual allowance in families. When coffee is made in large quantities a pound is allowed for twenty-five persons.

Café au Lait.

This favorite breakfast beverage of the French is made of *café noir* and boiling milk in equal quantities, poured together into a cup from two coffee-pots, and sweetened to taste.

Café Noir.

This beverage, called after-dinner or black coffee, is made clear and strong, being allowed to reach the boiling-point, but not to boil. The usual proportions are one cupful (or four ounces) of coffee to a quart of water. If made in a percolator, a half additional of this quantity of coffee should be allowed; that is, six ounces to a quart.

Filtered Coffee.

When coffee is made in a percolator, or a coffee-pot with a strainer at the top, one-third at least should be added to the usual

proportion of coffee; three ounces to a quart makes a good coffee by this method. The coffee is placed in the strainer, and actually boiling water is poured through it; the coffee-pot is placed where the coffee will keep hot without boiling for about ten minutes, and then used.

Breakfast Coffee.

The best and most economical coffee is made as follows: A small bag of unbleached cloth is so arranged as to remain suspended about midway of the coffee-pot. The coffee, freshly roasted, or heated in a frying-pan, as described above, and then ground to a fine powder, is put into the bag, an ounce being allowed for each quart of coffee; *actually boiling water* is then poured upon the coffee, and it is allowed to stand for ten minutes where it will keep hot *without boiling*, and then used with boiling-hot milk and sugar. Of course, the coffee-pot must be of such a size that the bag of coffee will be entirely covered with the boiling water.

Coffee made in this way is clear and fragrant, absolutely harmless to the digestive organs, and as delicious as coffee should be. The boiling-hot milk is a necessity for those who like coffee hot. The coffee-pot should be rinsed with clean boiling water after the coffee is used, and then thoroughly dried; the bag should be rinsed in boiling water to free it from grounds, and then dried before it is again put into the coffee-pot. No soap should be used upon it, nor any soapy water; simply water that has been boiled before it is used. If this method is followed, clear coffee will always be the order of the day.

—Juliet Corson.

The Fragrant Pineapple.

HOW TO CAN AND PRESERVE IT.

The pineapple makes a very fair canned fruit. It is canned in exactly the same way as cherries and requires to be cooked about the same length of time. Its full flavor is brought out best, however, when it is preserved in slices or made into a thick marmalade. A delicious cordial is also made from the sugar-loaf pine.

To preserve pineapples, weigh out three-quarters of a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit. Peel, slice and core the pineapple and sprinkle with sugar as you slice. Cover the slices closely and set them away over night. In the morning they will be nearly covered with a thick sirup. Turn the pineapple and sirup into a preserving kettle and bring it to the boiling point. Let it boil for about five minutes, then put it in cans, which should be standing in boiling water to receive it.

For marmalade, use a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit, and chop the pineapple into as fine bits as possible after peeling and coring it. Mix the sugar with it and in the morning cook it for about half an hour. At the end of this time it should be soft enough to put through a puree sieve. Strain it in this way and return it to the preserving kettle. Continue cooking it, stirring it constantly, until it is a clear, amber-colored paste, which becomes firm when it is cold. It will take about half or three-quarters of an hour longer. Cool it in earthen jars.

For a cordial, peel and cut up the pineapples, using the cores which have been rejected in preserving. Put the chopped pineapple in a preserving kettle, barely covering it with water. Let the water boil until the flavor has been thoroughly extracted from the pineapple. Strain and then add a quarter of a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit, if the pineapples are sugar-loaf; or half a pound of sugar to the same amount if they are the acid strawberry pine. Boil the sirup for ten minutes. Then measure it and add a quart of the best cooking brandy to a quart of the sirup. Bottle it and keep it for about six months before making use of it, or longer if you wish, as it improves with age.—New York Tribune.

AMATEUR ENTERTAINMENTS

A RAINBOW FESTIVAL—A CONUNDRUM SOCIABLE—A NIGHT CAP SOCIABLE—A BROWN SOCIABLE—A PRIZE CONTEST IN DOMESTIC ACCOMPLISHMENTS—A STUDIO TEA.

A RAINBOW FESTIVAL.



O prettier, more effective or more fascinating entertainment could be devised than the Rainbow Festival through which a busy band of workers has recently passed with marked success. For it, quite a large and commodious hall was needed, as it was divided into seven different departments, each one representing one of the colors of the rainbow, and therefore, using, as every student knows, the seven different colors, red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet, for the bright and attractive decorations,

These departments were arranged in the form of a rainbow, or semi-circle and comprised four supper tables, a fancy-work table, a fruit and candy table and an ice-cream and lemonade table. Considerable space, of course, was left between the tables for convenience in serving them, and they were as nearly as possible of equal length and were set so as to radiate like the spokes in a wheel. The foundation cover for each, was of white, while through the center of each ran a broad scarf of the appropriate color made of glove cloth or cheese cloth, pinked on the edges and prettily trimmed.

The ladies in attendance on each table wore dainty caps of lace and ribbons, and little fancy aprons with coquettish bows, to correspond in color with the table served.

The dishes used upon the tables, and the different articles of food, creams, jellies, salads, cakes, etc., should also correspond as far as possible in color.

The first table, in color violet, was the Oyster table, which was beautifully decorated in a very unique manner with carefully-scoured oyster shells, crab shells, celery tops, olives and other garnishes, arranged in pyramids at each end, and about a mirror center piece, and presented a pleasing contrast to the delicate violet scarf.

The delicious soup and various preparations, fried, scalloped and raw, of the bivalves with suitable relishes and condiments kept the table constantly patronized, as were the three supper tables following, decorated in indigo or dark blue, light blue and green, which were set forth in such appetizing fashion that crowds of hungry and appreciative guests kept them well filled as long as the supper hour lasted.

A notable feature in the costumes of the ladies attending the tables was the wearing of beautiful Madras handkerchief aprons, which were procured from New Orleans for the occasion at the cost of two dollars per dozen and readily sold at thirty-five cents apiece unmade, or seventy-five cents and a dollar for those made and trimmed with lace and ribbon ties.

These aprons were so pretty and such a novelty that the whole eight dozen—seven in colors, and one extra dozen in black and white were readily sold at a good profit, and yet the demand was not fully met. The three supper tables decorated in indigo, blue and green were beautifully set with dainty colored glass ware, lovely china and silver, flowers and all that goes to make a table attractive, and furnished with such appetizing viands that their cheerful and obliging attendants were kept busy from six o'clock to eight, when the supper ended to give place to the evening entertainment.

Next came the brilliant Fancy table which was elegantly decorated in yellow China, silk, and filled with a number of

beautiful and useful articles for sale which added largely to the receipts and much to the beauty of the room, as its contents comprised a bewildering array of embroideries, paintings, dolls and various novelties.

Following this, in its order came the Orange table appropriately named as it held piles of the golden balls interspersed with bananas, grapes and other luscious fruits, while large trays of home made candies, and boxes of delicious French bonbons, chocolates and caramels, *glacés* and *nougat* and all the tempting array of sweets enticed both young and old with their allurements.

Last, but not least, came the ice-cream department, decorated in red, the long table corresponding to the others, supplemented by a number of smaller ones with red covers, all of which were kept constantly filled for the numbers who enjoyed the delicious cream and delicate cake. In two corners of the hall were the two departments for the children more especially, the lemonade stand and the "Fishing pond," draped with bright cambric curtains in the Rainbow stripes, both of which were well patronized, and in another corner was the stage upon which the evening's entertainment was given.

This was handsomely decorated with American flags while over it was placed a rainbow arch, a large flag serving as a curtain, easily raised and lowered. The special feature of the evening was a grand drill and performance by "The Young Ladies' National Silver Cornet Band," and this was so novel, amusing and really beautiful that it might well be imitated.

Forty young ladies prettily costumed in red, white and blue skirts, white Garibaldi waists, scarlet zouave jackets trimmed with gold braid, blue fatigue caps, and silken sashes, performed under the direction of a skillful drill master, an officer of the regular army, a series of military evolutions in marching, countermarching, wheeling, etc., that won repeated plaudits and enthusiastic approbation from the well-pleased audience. Finally led by their standard-bearer upon the stage, when the curtain rose a beautiful tableau presented itself, as every member of the band had been furnished with a glittering instrument, and at the appointed signal from the leader who had exchanged her banner for a baton, with wonderful precision the sweet strains of music from the Silver Cornet Band floated upon the ears of the large audience. So perfect was the movement that it took the majority of the audience, not in the secret some moments to discover that it was all pantomime as far as the young ladies were concerned, and that the real sounds proceeded from behind a second curtain where the members of a genuine band were stationed.

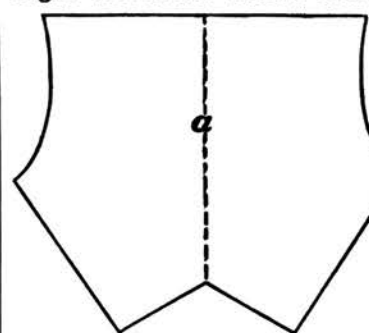
The climax was reached, when on the second evening the standard bearer and leader of the Young Ladies' Band, after performing (?) a difficult cornet solo, was presented, by vote, with a beautiful silver cornet, as a souvenir of the pleasant occasion. In addition to the foregoing and some fine instrumental and vocal music with the piano, several very amusing features were given, as the "Dolls' Dance," "The Great and Only and Original Australian Dwarfs" and "The Humaniphone."

For a successful social occasion, a splendid supper and large financial returns the two evenings of the Rainbow Festival will long be remembered.

THE BUTTERFLY SOCIABLE.

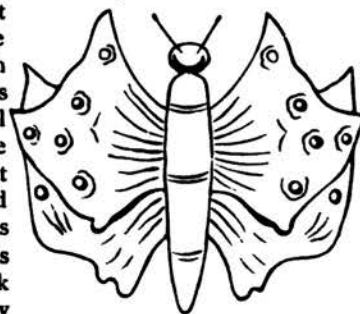
So weary had our community become of the old, stereotyped style of entertainments that a change was gladly hailed, and we have recently witnessed some very pleasant novelties in that direction. The butterfly sociable consisted besides the usual programme of music and refreshments, in providing

one hundred pretty butterflies which were sold and carried away as souvenirs of the occasion. They were made of bright-colored and various-hued tissue paper as to wings, and ordinary wooden clothes-pins, painted and gilded as to bodies, and made a very attractive article of decoration for the wall or lace curtains,



while during the progress of the sociable they served the purpose of *boutonnieres*, or poised gracefully upon the shoulders of assembled guests. The wings of the

butterflies were cut after a triangular design, being seven and a half inches long, and five inches wide, and two were used for each butterfly, of different colors or two shades of one color, and decorated with gold spots, peacock's eyes and splashes of color in oil or water colors. They were then crimped or folded at the center line *a*, and slipped up into the prongs of the clothes pins, the heads being finished with black pins, looking thus; and very pretty and salable they were and generally admired, and furnishing not only a topic of interest, but a neat little sum to add to the general receipts.



THE CONUNDRUM SOCIABLE.

Next in order came this entertainment which gave as much pleasure, and even more merriment and excitement than the one described above.

The committee in charge selected fifty bright and appropriate conundrums, with their respective answers, and had them prepared upon the type-writer, suitably numbered.

Each slip was put into a package of refreshments consisting of candies, nuts, raisins and fancy cakes, which were wrapped up in colored Japanese paper napkins, and tied with narrow, bright ribbons in fancy bows.

The packages were divided, the fifty containing questions being sold to the ladies, and the fifty containing the answers to the gentlemen, who sought the ladies bearing the corresponding number to their own, as their partners for supper, when the packages were opened and their contents supplemented the refreshments of cold turkey, chicken salad, bread and butter and coffee, while the conundrums were read off by some one selected for the purpose, the answers, after due time given for guessing, being given by the holders amid much merriment and enjoyment.

A NIGHT-CAP SOCIABLE.

This peculiar title is suggestive of sleepy heads and pleasant dreams, or of that soothing draught of mulled wine or negus, the "night cap" of our forefathers, whose slumbers were soothed by such refreshment, before the days of prohibition and the cold water army. But in this time it bears a different meaning and describes a new idea in sociables where a number of jaunty caps of all colors, red, blue, green, yellow, orange, indigo, and violet, made indeed with commendable economy and a wise forethought from the cambric scarfs left from the "Rainbow Festival"—were the attraction of the evening. They were made in pairs, two of a kind exactly alike, pinked around the edges, and gaily decorated

with coquettish little bows, and strings of different colors, and consisted of an oblong piece of cambric about eight or ten inches long folded over once, with a plait in front under the two, and strings on the two corners, making them look like a little "Dutch cap." Those for the ladies were pinned in bright array upon lace curtains and a selection allowed in purchasing.

Those for the gentlemen—and very becoming they were to some, and quite ludicrous on others, when donned for the grand march—for supper—were wrapped in fancy colored wrappers and sold "sight unseen."

The amusing excitement of "finding partners" added to the interest of the evening, and the gay little caps were carried home as souvenirs of the occasion.

A BROWN SOCIABLE,

came next in order, in emulation of the Pink Tea and Yellow Dinner, and was so prettily carried out that the somber color was rendered almost as attractive as its gayer and more delicate fellows. Of course brown bread, a variety of chocolate cakes, marble cake, spice cakes, fruit cake and doughnuts were an important feature of the *menu*, with chocolate, coffee and cocoa for drinkables, while the dark and light meat of cold sliced turkey and tempting slices of daintily browned "veal loaf" were arranged upon brown and white china dishes, artistically decorated with fringed and curled brown and white tissue paper, and the Japanese napkins used were of brown and white design.

A pleasing feature, was the presentation to each guest, of a "Brownie Card" as a souvenir of the evening. The cards were prepared by one of the young ladies of the committee of arrangements, and were exceedingly quaint, being a reproduction of the different figures in "The Brownie Book" by Palmer Cox, done in brown sepia, with a suitable selection describing each picture, and the cards were decorated with a brown silk cord so they could be worn as *boutonnieres*.

As part of the decorations used, some quaint and salable brown owls admirably done in tissue paper and mounted on genuine brown branches, together with some other pretty ornaments of the same style put the finishing touches to a charming entertainment where all declared, everything had been "done up quite brown."

A PRIZE CONTEST IN DOMESTIC ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

This is the sort of entertainment that every one must approve of, even those who were pleased to denounce the Butterfly sociable as "frivolous" and the Conundrum Sociable as "having too much levity." Fathers and mothers were delighted to have their daughters compete for prizes offered for the best bread, brown and white, the best cake, the best samples of plain sewing, darning and mending, and finest specimens of crocheting and for buttonholes for these things all tend to increase their interest in *good housekeeping*. The prizes offered were of a valuable and substantial kind and such as were calculated to make the young ladies receiving them think still more highly of domestic accomplishments, and to continue in the exercise of their acquirements.

Competent judges were selected for the different departments from among older and more experienced housekeepers, sewers and workers in fine needlework, and the young ladies who bore off the prizes were justly proud of their success. A beautiful thimble was given for the best specimen of darning hose; a half dozen teaspoons for that in mending; a handsome water set, pitcher, goblets and tray, in iridescent glass, for the best piece of fine sewing; a lace bed set, spread and pillow shams, for the finest cake, and a beautiful Smyrna rug for the best specimens of bread.

I am confident that not one of the young housekeepers who carried to their homes these trophies of their industry

and skill have ever regretted the time and pains spent to acquire them.

A STUDIO TEA.

Having given due attention to domestic accomplishments and ordinary social festivities due respect must be paid to the higher claims of art, and both pleasure and profit again combined.

A charming feature for an art class to use as the conclusion of a season's work is a Reception, or Studio tea, where the different pieces of work, in oil, water color, pastel, pen and ink, free hand drawing, modelling, wood carving, china painting, tapestry painting and whatever else may be included, shall be put on exhibition. One or more afternoons or evenings may be devoted to the exhibition, and the invitations issued may be as varied and beautiful as the hostess may desire.

Dainty palettes or other appropriate designs can be procured from artists' furnishing stores and can be decorated by the class, or one person as preferred. The refreshments can be provided by the different members of the class, or by the lady who opens her house for the occasion, and the *menu* cards can be as artistic and lovely as one chooses. Something new and very pleasing are pieces of birch bark fastened to heavy cardboard and decorated in wild flower designs with appropriate mottoes.

—Isabella Laning Candee.

SOME HOME-MADE REMEDIES.

By the purchase of necessary materials and the personal supervision of their preparation and mixing at home, one may easily save half the retail price of many simple prescriptions, adding this advantage to the satisfaction of obtaining the proper ingredients and those of purer quality than might otherwise be used. Furthermore, when troubled by slight irregularities of the system one is not inclined, always, to consult a regular physician, and is still less inclined, if wise, to choose any among the hundreds of patent nostrums sold by druggists. Often, a simple mixture of harmless ingredients proves efficacious and prompt in its results. These, from my limited list, have been well tested:

For Constipation.

One pound of figs, two ounces of senna leaves (obtainable at any drug store), one cupful of good molasses. Chop figs and senna leaves quite fine, then add molasses, mix well and pack in small earthen jars or glasses. Keep well covered. Give to an adult one-half teaspoonful, to a child one-quarter teaspoonful at each dose.

For Chronic Diarrhea.

Make a mild decoction from the dried leaves of a plant called frost weed, by steeping a small handful of the leaves in boiling water, enough to cover. Drink it hot in small portions until relieved.

For Indigestion or Dyspepsia.

One calf's rennet, washed carefully, cut fine and soaked for a week in one quart of best cider vinegar. Take one tablespoonful fifteen minutes before each meal.

Liniment for Bruises, Strains and Rheumatism.

One cupful of turpentine, one cupful of ammonia, two eggs. Beat well together and bottle.

Hair-wash for Removal and Prevention of Dandruff.

Two ounces of pulverized borax, two ounces of gum camphor, broken in small pieces, one quart of boiling water. Bottle and cork tightly. Before each time of using, strain a small quantity and dilute with an equal portion of water. Apply to the head with a flannel cloth or with the hands. Wash the head and hair afterward with soft water.

Glycerine and Rose Water for Softening the Hands.

One-half cupful of glycerine, one cupful of rose-water, one-half teaspoonful spirits of camphor. First put camphor in the bottle, then glycerine, which shake well before adding the rose-water. Apply after washing the hands and while still wet. Rub in well, then wipe with a soft towel.

—Glin Burton.

STENCIL DECORATION.

STENCILLING is one of the easiest methods of decorating a room, and one so simple that very

perforated plate close to the surface to be marked, and with certain stiff-haired brushes



FIG. 1.

FIG. 2.

little practice is required to give one facility in the process, and we hope in this article to make those of our readers interested in the subject

you brush the proper colour over the plate. The colour passing through the cut-out portion of the plate leaves an exact impression



FIG. 3.

acquainted with the method of cutting and using stencils.

Briefly then, a stencil consists of a plate

of the pattern on the material underneath. Some people mark their linen by having their name cut in a thin sheet of metal, and brush-



FIG. 4.

of thin metal, card-board, or paper, with a pattern cut out, and in order to transfer this pattern to any other surface you place the

ing marking-ink over it, and many firms mark their cases with stencil plates. Stencilling is, then, a very simple mechanical process for reproducing a pattern an infinity of times, and as much of the decoration of a room is based upon the principle of repetition, stencilling is largely resorted to by house decorators. But need it be confined to decorators? Have we not on several other occasions endeavoured to make our readers acquainted with other crafts, and why cannot we do the same thing now? If girls only knew how much they can do towards beautifying their rooms I am sure they would readily lend their aid to so laudable an object. House decorating sounds rather big, but it need not dismay one. We are sufficiently audacious to think that if our readers will listen to us for a brief space, we can show them how they can do a great deal towards decorating their rooms.

Stencil decoration is generally employed when rooms are coloured instead of being papered, and we may as well say a word or two on this subject. We will imagine you have a small room that requires painting, whitewashing, and thoroughly doing up, and the general arrangement is left to you. Perhaps the walls have previously been papered. You must first decide whether you intend to have the walls papered again. There is no absolute necessity for this. You might have the walls painted in nice quiet tones of colour and stencil a few borders and patterns to relieve the bareness. This is more costly than

papering, if the walls have not been previously painted, but painting wears much longer, is more easily cleaned, and does not hold the dirt as most papers do. But the expense can be lessened by adopting, first, a combination of painting and paper; second, of painting and distemper; third, paper and distemper. Distemper is a better kind of white-washing. Ceilings are distempered, and if the distemper is tinted to some agreeable colour, it has a beautifully soft and harmonious appearance, and in country houses will wear a considerable time. In large towns like London the atmosphere is too impure to make distemper last more than three or four years, but as it is the cheapest form of wall covering, it would pay to have distempers renewed every few years. In fact, distempers ought to be seen much oftener than they are. They are cheaper, healthier, softer to the eye, and the fact of it being easily renewed is an advantage, as one can have a change every few years instead of living with the same surroundings year after year. It is a good plan to have the lower portion of the walls papered with some simple dado pattern. The lower part of the wall is termed the dado, and there are papers designed expressly for this purpose. In some rooms, especially in old houses, there is a wooden dado, and of course this should always be painted, and the upper part of the walls might then be distempered. The reason against carrying distemper



FIG. 5.

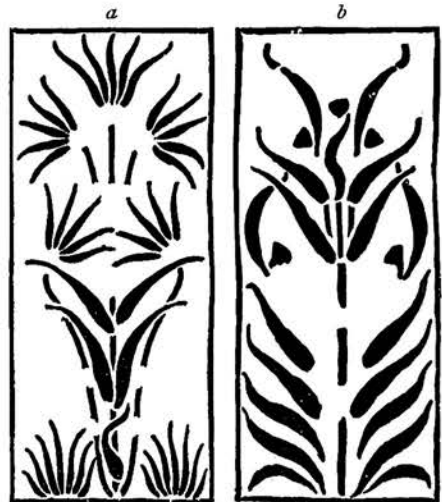


FIG. 6.

to the ground is, that the surface is very easily marked, and if it gets dirty or soiled nothing can be done to it, for as distemper is only whitening and size it cannot be washed. If you are in the enviable position of not being limited to a small amount in doing up your room, and wish for something that will last as well as look very handsome, you cannot do better than have a dado of some rich paper



FIG. 7.



FIG. 7.

(the Japanese gold leather papers are very handsome), and the upper portion of walls painted some nice light harmonious colour decorated with stencil borders. If your room is a fair height you might carry the dado as high as the



FIG. 8.

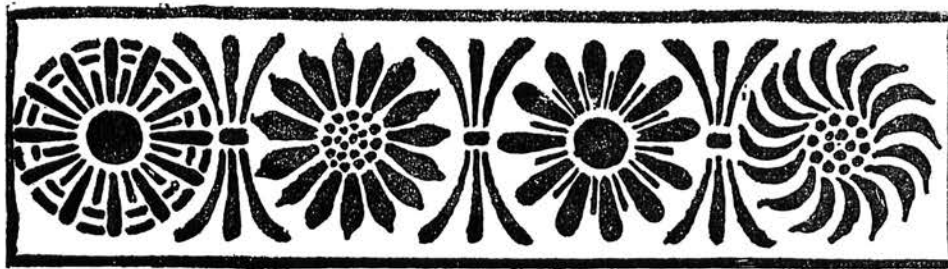


FIG. 9.

top of the doors and have a bold moulding put round the room, the top of the moulding level with the top of the door.

But to return to the subject we are immediately concerned with. Stencil patterns can be cut out of thick drawing-paper, and as that is the material most easily obtainable, it will be the one most generally used. Tinfoil makes good stencils. The knife should have a point, and be kept very sharp, and the stencils should be cut on a sheet

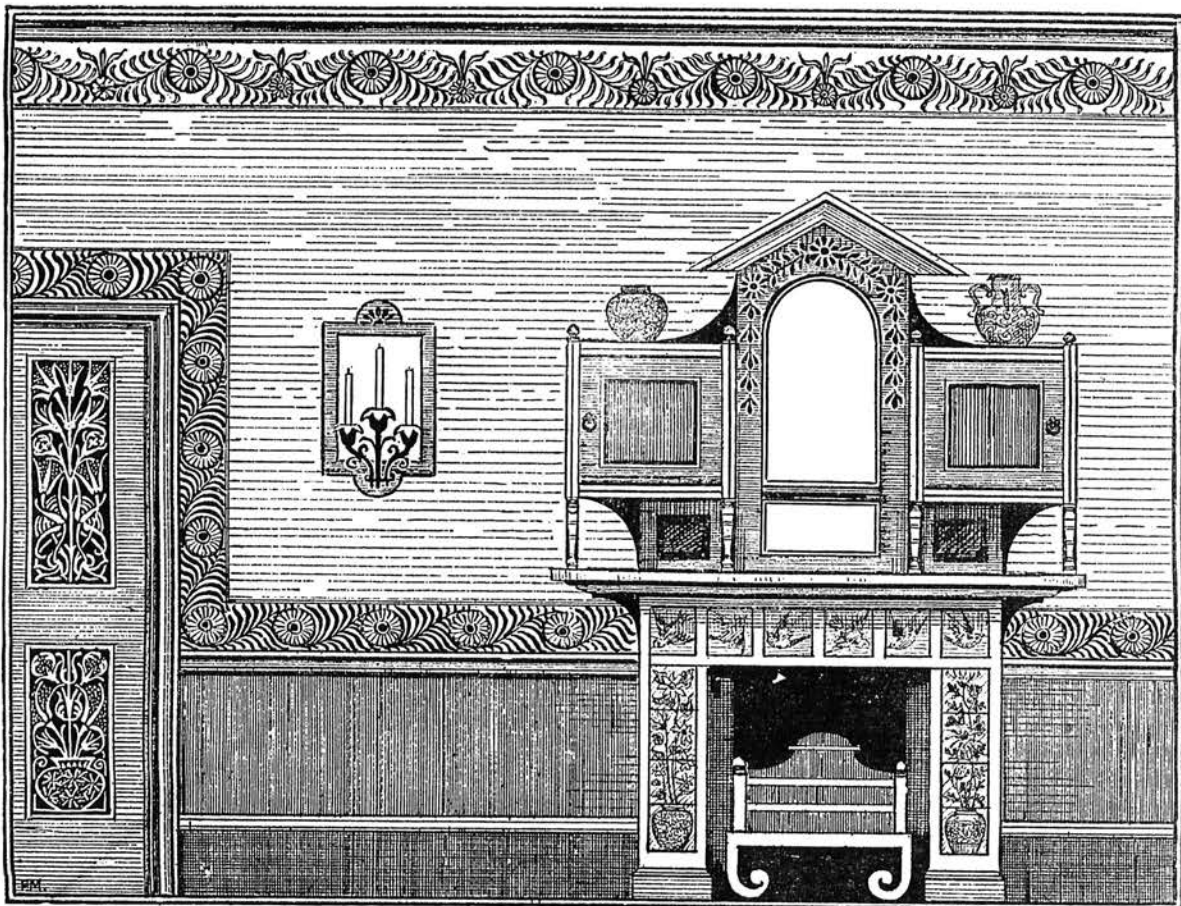


FIG. 10.

of glass to allow the knife to be moved with freedom. The designs should be simple, and a great point to be observed is leaving "ties," as they are called, to strengthen the stencil. We must explain what we mean by ties. Suppose you wanted to stencil the letter O. You can see that if you cut out the portion that is to be black, the inner part would drop out. To obviate this you leave a narrow strip top and bottom uncut, to fasten centre portion on to outer, and these two uncut portions are the ties. In all stencil designs the ties are a most important point to be observed. Without a sufficient number of ties your stencil would be too weak to last, and after a little use would collapse. The great thing, therefore, in designing for stencilling is to utilise the ties as far as possible in the design by making them form part of the design itself. Of course there are some ties that are unavoidable, and are only left to give strength. In good work these are touched in by hand, but as this touching-in takes a long time, decorators endeavour, as far as possible, to make the ties indispensable to the design. Fig. 1 is the simplest kind of stencil you can have. It consists of a series of cut-out triangular spaces, placed between parallel lines, and the white pattern is merely the result of the spaces left. In fig. 2 the same arrangement is kept, but the triangular spaces are made up of small parts, the ties again joining the design. The lines at top and bottom are run in by hand to give a finish. We shall describe how to run in lines later on. Fig. 3 is another example of a simple stencil. Some people are apt to think in looking at such a pattern that the white portion is the one stencilled. Recollect then, that it is the dark portion that is cut out. Fig. 4 is an ornamental rendering of a butterfly. It will be noticed that the wings have light markings. These are not ties. A moment's reflection shows that they could not be. These markings are put on with a second stencil. The first stencil only had the four wings, body, and antennæ cut out. The second stencil had the markings on wings and the ornamental portions cut to enable a second colour to be introduced. If all the patterns be cut out of one plate, only one colour can be used, but if one portion of the design be cut out of one plate and another out of a second plate, each plate can be stencilled in a different colour. This is shown more clearly in fig. 5, which requires the plate A cut out with the flowers and some of the leaves and stems, and plate B with the remaining portions. Here, although only two plates are employed, three distinct colours can be used, as the leaves that are cut out of plate A can be a different colour to those on plate B. The reason why two plates are required in this and other designs is, that in stencilling, say the flowers, it is impossible to prevent the colour spreading beyond the space to be stencilled, and if other portions are cut out too near the flowers, and these portions are required to be in a different colour to the flowers, you would find if you used a second colour that there would be a danger of the two tints mixing and destroying each other's purity. But this does not prevent two colours being used on the same plate, if the portions to be stencilled in different colours are sufficiently separated. For elaborate patterns three and even four stencil plates can be used, but for ordinary work three plates are ample. Care must be exercised in making the various parts of the design fit together in the completed stencil, and to this end it is better to transfer the whole design to all the plates, marking in the portion to be cut in some distinguishing colour, and when the first plate is cut, stencil that portion on the others before cutting them, so as to avoid cutting the same portion twice over. The white lines on leaves and flowers,

in fig. 5, are not supposed to be stencilled, but are done to show that a variety of colours should be used, lighter or darker, according to the part to be stencilled. The veins or leaves might be touched in by hand, for stencilled patterns finished by hand can be made very elaborate.

Fig. 6 is an example of how simple and yet effective a stencil can be made. Two plates might be used, one for the tall grass and the other for round dots and short grass. Such a stencil would do for the skirting of a room.

Fig. 7 is an example of a running border requiring two or three plates to complete it. It might be used round the doors and along the top of dado, as shown in fig. 10, while fig. 8 would do for the top of room or frieze. Fig. 9 is an example of a simple stencil border, made up of geometrical flower patterns repeating at every fifth flower.

Fig. 10 is given to show where stencil patterns can be most effectively put in rooms. The dado in this design is supposed to be of wood and painted, and the upper portion might be painted or distempered. The skirting at bottom of room might be stencilled in with such a pattern as fig. 6.

We will now assume that your stencils are cut. If they are out of paper, give them two or three coats, back and front, of knotting varnish, to be purchased at a good oil shop. This will make them waterproof and tough. Mix up your colour the requisite tint; if for paint, with oil colours, if for distemper, with whitening and size. In the former case it is as well to provide yourself with some flake-white ground in oil and some ordinary tube colours. Tint your white with the tube colours and use turpentine to thin the white, but be careful not to make your colour too thin. Stencil brushes are fitted on to short round stump handles, the hair being stiff. For large patterns use large brushes. Stencil brushes can be bought at any good oil or colour shop and are not expensive. Put your stencil plate against the wall in the proper position, and with one hand to keep it flat in its proper position use the brush in the other hand; hold it upright and gently tap it over the cut-out portion of the design until you have covered the wall with colour, shift the stencil on to the next place, and so on until you have covered the space to be decorated with the stencil. If another plate is required to finish it, go over the whole again with the second stencil. In running patterns, it is necessary to cut a small portion of the repeat, so that when you use it on the walls you have no trouble in placing it the proper distance from each impression. In fig. 7, for instance, you need not cut more than one portion of the design—that is, the flower on one plate, and leaves on another plate, but by cutting a portion of the second flower, as you shift your stencil you can always get the flowers the same distance apart by putting the cut-out portion of second flower over the flower previously stencilled.

In the leaf stencil you would not see where to put it unless you cut out say the centre of flowers on this plate, and that would guide you in placing the leaf stencil. The more plates in a stencil, the more particular you must be to have some key to guide you in placing the various plates in the right places, so that they fit accurately together and are the same distance apart. It is as well to cut two or three sections of a repeating stencil, as it avoids the continual shifting, and you get over the ground so much more rapidly.

You will find at first that the colour has a tendency to work under the stencils, but by keeping your brush tolerably dry and not too full of colour, you will with a little practice soon obviate this. Wipe the back of your stencils occasionally. Should the ties get broken, you can repair them by having some pieces of the varnished paper and varnishing

the stencil and the repairing strips. Don't stick them as soon as varnished, but when the varnish begins to dry and gets tacky.

In stencilling in distemper you must use powder colours, and mix them with hot size and whitening. Grind the powder colours up well before adding the whitening. We need hardly say you cannot combine oil and water colours. Distemper colours dry much lighter than they appear when wet, and it is as well to dry the tint you have mixed before the fire. Very frequently a colour that looks quite dark when wet dries very light.

In running lines at the edge of stencils it is as well to mark the line first of all with string rubbed with charcoal. When you have rubbed the string, get a friend to hold it down on the wall at one end and another at the other end, and by pulling it in the centre and allowing it to snap back an impression will be left by the string. You want a straight-edge, bevelled on one side, and you must use it the bevelled side against the wall. Have a nice stiff flat hog-hair brush, with the hair cut down and the edges trimmed off so that the brush is rounded. Fill it with colour and run it along the straight-edge by its flat side, putting as much pressure as is required to make the line the requisite thickness. If the line is to be very wide use larger brushes. Some shops keep lining fitches, and if you can get them it is better than cutting down brushes for yourself. Lining is merely a knack, and a little practice will overcome any difficulties you may encounter.

Stencilling need not be made as mechanical as some painters make it. I like to see a variety of colours in a stencil, and not just two or three tints. For instance, suppose you were stencilling the flowers in fig. 7 in white, you need not get all the flowers pure white. By making some a little yellower, some a little greyer, and slight variations of this kind, the general effect is greatly improved, for the eye soon wearies of monotony. For greens the same thing should be observed. Vary your greens as you go on with the stencilling, sometimes making them lighter, sometimes greyer, and so on. To effect this, have, say, two or three batches of different tints on your palette, and dip your brush into one and then into the other, and so blend two or three tints together. In filling your brush, spread the colour on the palette and knock the brush a few times on the palette. If your brush be too full, the colour will sure to run under the stencil.

One word about the colours of the paint or distemper. Let them be soft and subdued in tone, nor necessarily dark. Bright sunny colours, such as yellows, reds, warm greens, blue greens, and peacock blues, are so much more pleasing to the eye than crude blue, mauve, bright reds, and other staring colours. As we presupposed that the painting and distemping will be done by workmen, you should get them to leave their scaffolding for a few days, for stencilling is so much more easily done on scaffolding than on a pair of steps. You may find that you will have some trouble in getting the painters to mix up the colours you want your room painted in, but if you mix up the tint yourself they will usually match it if you insist upon having a certain colour.

In rooms where you have a high dado you can have this part of the wall rich and deep in colour, providing you have the upper portion of the wall very light. The light is reflected from the ceiling and frieze of a room and not from the lower portion of the walls.

Stencilling can be applied to many other purposes besides wall decoration, and we think it will well repay our readers to learn how to cut and use a stencil.

FRED MILLER.

THE BACK DOOR.

SOME OF ITS STARTLING REVELATIONS.



T would be a good custom, for a few years at least, until the back door nuisances were abated, that guests should be admitted by this entrance. There would be some startling revelations! Many a brown-stone front would blush at the shameful discrepancy between its two places of ingress. Yet the true character of the housekeeper is nowhere better revealed than by the condition of her back door and yard. Filth, dirt and clutter seem naturally to gravitate to the rear, there to remain in slumbering, un-

disturbed repose, especially if there be a shed or summer kitchen this pandemonic spirit has chance for riotous sway.

But, dear reader, if you have bad habits in this regard, break from them at once. Don't sentinel the back door with all the unkempt, jaded implements of housekeeping you may possess,—decrepit brooms and mop-handles, limping chairs, broken barrels, jugs and jars, rusty pans, cans and pails, skeleton umbrellas, bonnet frames and hoop skirts, cast-off clothing and smashed crockery,—an array as nondescript and humorous looking as Falstaff's army of "tattered prodigals," "scarecrows" and "bodies" that he had "unloaded from the gibbet and pressed."

I am convinced, both from observation and experience that the lining of the back entrance with such a miscellaneous lot of trumpery, even when living in the most restricted quarters, is wholly the result of lax habits of order and neatness.

As regards garbage and refuse, health, as well as good taste, demand that it be ostracised from our premises. Yet we find many a back yard strewn with potato, orange and apple skins, egg shells, etc. Now if one has no fowls or animals to eat these things, or well-appointed swill man to care for them, we say *burn* them, together with the waste brown paper that comes around meat, and such as is not fit for the ragbag or cannot be utilized in domestic economy.

One must choose the proper time for the cremation of this unsightly accumulation, or it will interfere with the cooking, as it necessarily deadens the fire. When the culinary operations are done and the fire is no longer needed, then put it in the stove, give full draft and there will be no unpleasant odor in the house.

The ash-heap is a necessary but lamentable offence to all yards. But if the ashes are not used for garden or walk, why not have them in a box and concealed from view by a pretty bower or wall of flowers. The wild cucumber is a pretty and prolific vine, Oscar's pet, and the equally stately but more modest hollyhock, would be capital for this purpose. As has been suggested, this pile "that will not down," is not the place for refuse or papers.

Concerning the long list of *mend-I-can't* furniture, tinware, clothing, etc., that haunts this back passage, practice daily the condensing process; things for which there is no probable or possible use, destroy, root and branch, and put the rest where they will be handy, but out of sight as much as possible. A home-made cupboard, before which hangs a neat calico curtain, will hide a multitude of this calamity.

Keep a tidy, uncluttered back step or porch. Have a clean, thrifty, undishwatered plot of grass around it, free from rags, papers and floor sweepings. (*Never* brush the latter out of the door; *always* burn them.)

I remember once seeing the rear of quite a stately establishment, perfectly bald of grass, of which the loathesome, dis-

ease-breeding, Falstaffic army of castaways, herein described, held undisputed possession.

When out of doors, form the habit of picking up anything that may have been dropped upon the grass. Inculcate this habit and the love of a tidy place in your children. Try to keep your back entrance so neat and orderly that you need not blush should a choice or aristocratic friend, finding you "not at home" at the front door, persistently seek you at the back.

—Estelle Mendell.



THE DOGS OF CORNWALL.

BY A WESTMORELAND NATURALIST.

"OUR mountain sheep-dogs" have had a chapter to themselves, and perhaps they will claim another at some future time; but our note-book has so many references to the dogs of the west, that it seems but fair they should have a little record of their own.

We are not going to debate that mysterious and wholly bewildering question, "What is Instinct?" and therefore no grave psychologist need be alarmed at the prospect of a vapouring rhapsody. Materials for argument, facts for philosophers, rudiments for reasoning, may perhaps be found in these desultory papers; while it is earnestly hoped that they will tend to the cultivation of a large-hearted sympathy in the interests of the brute-world, as well as a reverential admiration of the goodness and wisdom of the great Creator.

It is very entertaining to observe how thoroughly dogs sympathize in any great popular emotion—how ready they are to join in any novel excitement. There was one public-spirited dog in Cornwall who rejoiced exceedingly at the opening of poor Brunel's railway not long ago—that beautiful line which so triumphantly spans the subject valleys, binds hills together in unexpected fellowship, and refuses to be dismayed by little obtrusive inlets of the sea, or by the languid protest of the winding rivers. Small hamlets, which had previously slumbered on under the illusion that they were lost in the deep-hush of country life, and were at liberty to take as long naps as they chose, were suddenly startled up into a flurry of excitement by that portentous voice, a railway whistle. The dog mentioned above had hitherto led a sober life, quietly going through the

routine of his simple duties as a farmer's dog. But the opening of that wonderful railway completely turned his honest head. He could not bear to miss the sight of a single train. He would catch the sound of the whistle long before the ear of any one else was pierced by it; and, seizing the children of the family by the frock or the trowsers, he would actually drag them out to see too. Poor fellow! his passion for the startling novelties of progressive science cost him very dear. He had lost his head figuratively before—he lost it actually now; for, one evening when he had gone in the dark to watch the approach of the iron dragon's glaring eyes, and to hear its prodigious snort, the fancy took him to make a nearer inspection; and so, stepping forward, he stretched out his poor speculative head, and instantly it was whirled away. That dog was a public loss, for he represented the feeling of the whole Cornish community; only the community has kept its head—and a fine intelligent head it is.

Some of the Cornish dogs are capable of following a very noble and generous course of action. One day a little stranger dog presented himself to the late well-known "Blind Teacher" of Cornwall—a blind teacher of the blind, who visited his benighted brethren in their own homes, and taught them to read the Bible for themselves, by the aid of those precious raised characters which have guided so many dark minds to the light of life. Well, the little dog presented himself to the blind teacher, and insisted on remaining with him. The thing seemed providential, and so a compact was forthwith formed between man and dog, after the manner of a covenant, which was to last for life. The blind man tied a string around the neck of the other party to the contract, and he became his own little servant. Well and faithfully did he serve him. The first thing he had to do was to learn off the round of visits by heart; and such an earnest interest did he take in this part of his education, that after a while his master had but to tell him *where* he wished to call, and the dog led him to the right house. But he refused to obey any other teaching than that of his blind master. Master was a Wesleyan, and a very constant attendant at the chapel; and the dog had to be initiated into the fact that he occupied a different place on the Sabbath from that in which he sat on other days of the week. But his intelligence was equal to this rather severe test, and never did he fail to lead his master to the right place on the right day. At last the beloved master fell sick in the midst of one of his distant rounds in the western part of the county. There was a mansion where lived a Christian old lady, about half-way between eighty and ninety years of age, of whom the blind man could say, like some wayfarers of old, that she had often "courteously entreated and lodged" them. Oh, if he could but reach Burncoose, be laid up there, and there be nursed. "To Burncoose! yes; to Burncoose, my little dog." And to Burncoose they went. The blind teacher was soon settled into his comfortable chamber: but it proved to be the chamber of death. Of death? Nay; of life, and light, and glory everlasting; for there the scales fell from his eyes, and

"he beheld the King in his beauty, and saw the land that was very far off." And what became of the dog? The brother of "the man who had been blind, but who now saw," came and led away his little sorrowing guide, and comforted him concerning his master.

A story in painful contrast to the above here presents itself. A hard bad man, of most drunken habits, owned a very devoted dog, who could forgive all his master's roughness and love him still. On one occasion the man's road to his home led him across a common abounding with holes and pits, and now full of water. He was intoxicated, and, stumbling in his helpless folly, he fell into a pit. He would have been inevitably drowned had there not been aid at hand. That aid came from his poor loving dog, who eagerly set to work and dragged his degraded master out of the water. Soon after this deliverance, the tax which had previously been laid only on sporting dogs was equalized; and the ungrateful master, in order to save money for drink, actually destroyed his deliverer. But the story has a sequel, and a sorrowful one. Again did that man wander homeward at night, intoxicated; again did he fall into the water; and now, for want of the poor dog to drag him out, he was drowned.

Turn we to something brighter. There is an old gentleman trying to get up the fire in his office; but no, it will not burn. He blows and blows with the bellows; he stuffs in paper; but the paper only flares up and disappears, without imparting its short-lived animation to the torpid coals. His little pet dog watches, with head on one side, and mouth twisted now this way, now that—as much as to say, "No; you'll never succeed in *that* way, sir." At last, feeling the need of personal interference, the little fellow runs out of the room, and presently returns with a piece of wood in his mouth, which he holds up for master to put into the grate.

There was an enormous Newfoundland dog which belonged to a family residing in a lovely nest-like home called "Wood," beside a little creek on the south-west coast of Cornwall. He used to swim across the inlet every day to fetch the letters for the household. They were placed in a water-proof bag; and the fine fellow used to take a firm hold of this bag with his teeth, and plunge with it into the creek. It must have been a hard struggle sometimes to breast the united power of wind and tide; but the brave dog never faltered, and never would he give up his trust to other than the authorized hand.

When we ourselves resided in Cornwall, we owned a highly valued terrier, called "Tartar." He was a capital little fellow, with ludicrously short legs, with a long body, brown and close-haired, and a face of extraordinary intelligence. Tartar came originally from Pengreep, a stately old mansion, where ages and generations of rooks had discussed life in the glooms of their grand old trees; where one square pond pours its affluent waters into another square pond, and that other into a third, by small measured waterfalls, which hold them together—mere flights of black steps these.

cataracts, adown which pours ever the well-trained current; and there the stately swans debate, within their snowy breast, whether the long hour of aristocratic leisure shall be spent on the upper waters, the middle, or the nether. Tartar came from this fine old Pengreep, as a bridal present to my father from the old squire who then owned the place. Faithful as he was to the house of his service, Tartar had still a keen eye to his own interests, especially at the dinner hour of each day. He vibrated between the three houses comprising the family circle, and determinately dined at the one where roast meat was in the ascendant. He evidently did not believe in boiler or crock: they were dark secrets, wholly unintelligible; but the spit was a reality—a good old English fact. On one occasion he had gone over to “the cottage” to dine, for the substantial reason above stated; but, from some cause unknown, he had lingered on, long after the plates and dishes were washed and put away. The tea-hour came and passed, and Tartar was still there. At length it was time to lock up. “Go home, Tartar.” No; he would not stir. “Tartar! go home directly.” Not he; and so firmly did he plant his little figure and make known his determination to spend the night there, that at last the family yielded the point, and he settled into a watchful repose. In the dead of the night Tartar roused up and began to bark warningly, then fiercely, then furiously. In the morning, when the servants opened the shutters, a pane of glass, which had been cut all round, fell into the room. Burglars had been there, and had nearly effected an entrance, but, deterred by the furious protest of the little self-elected guard, they had given up the attempt. Self-elected! Who shall say that Tartar had not unconsciously received his commission to protect the slumbering household?

There is another remarkable story of the same kind, which is equally well avouched. Most tourists into the West of Cornwall—and, depend upon it, the numbers of Cornish tourists will now rapidly increase under the guidance of poor Brunel’s railway—must have made a passing acquaintance with a remarkable hill, near Redruth, called Carn Brea. There are strange wierd-looking groups of rocks on the hill, seemingly Druidical in origin; and but small aid from imagination is asked in order to fill in the whole repulsive scenery of a Druid sacrifice. Little sprouts of oak saplings, doing their best to rise above the encumbering rocks of the hill-side, attest that life yet lingers in the roots of the Druidical groves. There is a little quaint castle-like building crowning the height, in which, some time since, resided a miner and his wife: perhaps they live there still, amid the hoary rocks, and scooped and channeled altars—faint outlines of an extinct idolatry. The miner’s toilsome work often kept him the greater part of the night from his castle home. One evening a very large dog, quite a stranger, and very formidable in his strength, came up the hill and made a sudden friendship with the miner’s wife. She was hospitable to him at first; but as night drew on she tried to send him away. Like Tartar, he firmly refused to go; and, after much debate with the huge dog, she was obliged to allow him to remain within doors.

Late at night, there was a sound heard at the door. She opened it, supposing her husband had returned earlier than usual. The strange dog instantly sprang out and grappled furiously with some person or persons in the darkness. There was a long and terrible conflict; but at last footsteps were heard in retreat, the huge protector quietly returned to her side, and the door was again fastened. But the poor lone woman was miserable from the fear lest, after all, it might have been her husband; and, lighting a lantern, she sallied forth into the darkness with the dog by her side. As they descended the hill she looked eagerly round, fancying she might come upon the prostrate figure of her miner, torn and perhaps lifeless. Just at the foot of Carn Brea she met the unconscious husband calmly returning after the close of his hours of subterranean labour. Ah, the joy of that meeting! The chivalrous protector, instead of springing on the figure thus encountered in the dark, gave him a tacit approval, and disappeared into the night. His wonderful mission was accomplished, and he went on his unknown way.

The writer, who is so old-fashioned as to believe in the happy doctrine of a particular Providence, has no hesitation in attributing this remarkable intervention to the good hand of God. That blind impulse which we agree to call “instinct,” is wholly insufficient to account for the appearance of the lone woman’s protector at the hour of need. She never could discover whence he came or whither he went. Surely he was providentially there; and so thinks the Cornish miner’s wife, who dwells amid the Druidical rocks of Carn Brea.



THE OLD GARRET.

A charming old place was that great dusty attic,
With its dim nooks enlivened with spider and mouse,
The store room of rubbish, the joy of the children,
That precious old garret in Grandmother's house!
There were chairs lame and backless, and books minus covers
A tiny tin foot stove, a great spinning wheel,
And another much smaller that went by a treadle,
A pair of wool cards and a queer little reel.
There were bunches of odorous herbs on the rafters,
"Much better than drug-stuffs," Grandmother would say;
And we daintily tasted of mint, and of catnip,
As we spent in the garret some long rainy day;—
Going up the steep stairs with our clatter and laughter,
While Grandmother's chiding up after us steals:—
"Now children, be sure and not get into mischief,
And whatever you do, pray, don't trouble the wheels!"
But how could we help it, when there they were standing
Just longing for some one to give them a twirl?
So out of sheer pity we patted them lightly,
And sent them a-swing in the old dizzy whirl.

Then there was a cradle, the quaintest of cradles,
With a roof o'er the head and with red painted sides;
How many dear babies had slept in its shelter,
And cooed as they went on their lullaby rides.
There were roomy old chests that were filled to o'erflowing,
With treasures and relics of years long since gone;
We dressed in the garments of obsolete pattern,
And made the place ring with our chatter and song.
No zest of the pilgrim in search of rare relics
In old mouldy ruins, or catacombs' gloom,
Can equal the eager and patient ransacking
Of children let loose in an old attic room.
We made believe visits, and parties, and weddings,
We sewed for the dolls, assumed housekeeping cares,
And had circuses gay with the dogs and the kittens
We carried or coaxed up the steep narrow stairs.
Alas for the children, the poor little children,
Who never in such an old garret may play!
A garret stored full with its treasures of rubbish,
The dearest of dens on a long rainy day!
—Lillian Grey.

THE TEXAN FARMER.

BY AN AMERICAN.



O a large class of American youth there is probably no pursuit more fascinating than farming in Texas. The Lone Star State, as it is called, represents to them a sort of modern El Dorado, where gold can be made, if not found, and where a life of pleasant adventure awaits the enterprising stranger.

The youth arrives fresh from college or from a luxurious city home, bearing in his face and person such credentials of refinement and simple enthusiasm that he is immediately dubbed "tender-foot" by the earlier settlers. Then begins a novel experience indeed, which affects the new arrival according to his own peculiar temperament. It is much less fun and far harder work than it is generally supposed to be.

Again, it is, like other pursuits, remunerative only in a certain fair proportion to the work and capital involved. There is no greater mistake than for a young man to go to Texas with little or no capital, expecting to come back a millionaire. It will end, as it so often does, in a speedy return to his home, with empty pockets, and either better or worse in health of body and morals.

This young man will perhaps relate exaggerated tales, and give various wild explanations for his change of plans. Or, if he has not lost his simple, honest disposition, he will avoid all mention of his trip, and blush at the merest reference to those days of disillusion and disappointment.

We may include another class, occupying a middle

position between the two, who went with less ardent expectations, and who will say that "it was really worth doing once."

However, to return to our young "tender-foot" as he first appears on the ranch, clothed in a dapper suit, quite ludicrous to Southern eyes, and his face radiant with hope and self-confidence. Let us suppose that he owns the surrounding acres, and the live stock thereupon; also that he has sufficient capital for his purpose, and "means business," as they say. He buys land for a song, and also sheep or cattle, or both, in what would seem to us enormous quantities.

These animals are kept entirely in the open air, quite at liberty in the day-time, under the eye of a skilful herder, with horse or dog as assistant; and at nightfall they are merely penned into what is called a sheep-corral or a cow-pen, placed in the most sheltered spot available, to be sure, but with only the mesquite bushes and tall grasses for protection against the wind.

During the night there is usually a regular watcher to keep off the prowling coyotes, and especially if a cow-boy of dubious character is known to be in the neighbourhood. The patient watcher sometimes sleeps on the bare ground, regardless of dews and rattlesnakes; but if he is on a large ranch, there will be a rude dwelling of variable size and structure.

Our young gentleman-farmer puts his different corrals, or cow-herds, in charge of subordinates, who may be either his friends or his inferiors. He himself will doubtless spend much of his time in riding about from post to post; in fact, to be a successful farmer he must have a keen eye over all his affairs, and must

acquire a good judgment in selecting and managing his stock and his overseers.

He may ride for hours in this semi-civilised tract of country without seeing a single habitation, for the houses are situated from two to fifty miles apart.

It is probable that the head of the house may be travelling about at the same time on a similar errand.

This indiscriminate hospitality of house-owners, and the rude honour of the guests, is one of the peculiar



A TEXAN FARMER.

Wherever he arrives at night he halts outside the gate, awaiting the invitation to dismount, which is always given immediately, but without which it would be a gross breach of Texan etiquette to enter the house. The best that the place affords is then set before the weary traveller, and he is offered and accepts a bed for the night. The next morning, after breakfast, he is always expected to ride away, and make room for other possible wayfarers. He may give his name or not, as he chooses.

features of Texan farm-life. Another one is the great dependence of men upon their horses, owing to the immense distances to be traversed daily; the result of which is that horse-stealing in this State is regarded and punished as a more heinous crime than murder.

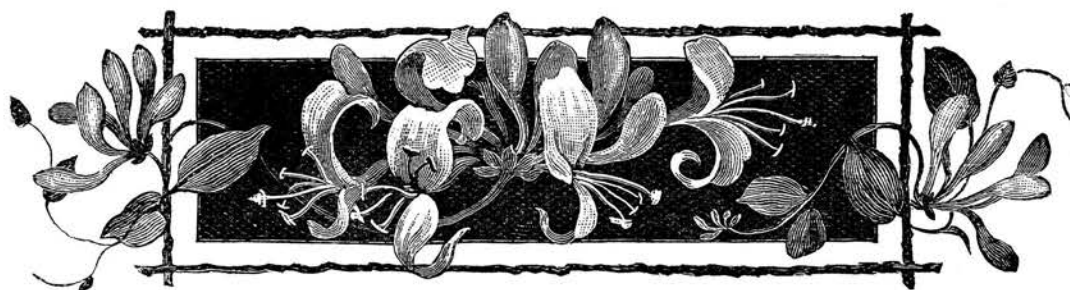
For those who own sheep the "lambling season," of about six weeks in duration, is the busiest and most trying time of the year. The merry-making, however, follows the "shearing," and much money is then spent

in drink and cards at the neighbouring towns by the wilder spirits of the ranch. These towns, deplorable to relate, are usually a small aggregation of dwellings grouped about a tavern, a grocery, and a gambling-saloon. The cow-boys (who may or may not be owners) lead the most active and dangerous life, driving, roping, and branding cattle, and are always the most reckless of Texan youth.

The climate of Texas has been greatly maligned, and, except upon the coast, does not merit the reputation it has gained of being unbearably hot in summer and equally cold in winter. Even on the coast, during the most trying hot season there is always a breeze for a couple of hours during the early evening. In the

south-eastern part of the State the climate is really delightful; and as for the fierce winter winds—the famous “northers,” so hurtful to beasts—they are really highly exhilarating to one possessed of an average robust constitution. Indeed, invalids are now sometimes sent to the vicinity of San Antonio.

You can see that a hardy young farmer, who lives much in the open air, will greatly benefit his health by such a life; and if he has a taste for his occupation, a certain amount of capital, and steady business habits, he will in the course of a few years return to his family (that is, if he does not bring them to Texas) richer in money, health, and individual force, in romantic experience and knowledge of his fellow-men.



THE FANS OF THE PAST AND PRESENT.

“Three thousand years of fans.”



FIG. I.

fan-bearers, each in his stated rank. The office must have been both honourable and onerous; for in time of war the fan-bearers, with their fans as standards, acted as generals and marshals; while in peace they ever waited on the king in the temple worship, waving their fans to cool the heated air and to protect the sacred offerings from the profanation of flies and other insects.

These insignia of their office were vividly coloured fans, on long, slender, twisted, and variegated handles. Their modern successors are to be seen in the Pope's official fan-bearers. There are two of these chamberlains, as they are called, and the fans they carry, but

MORE than three thousand years ago, or about the time that King David reigned over Israel, the artists of ancient Egypt depicted the fan upon the walls of the tombs at Thebes, and the Pharaoh of the day sits on his chair of state surrounded by his

do not use, are made of peacock's feathers, with long ivory handles. The modern Greek Church and its branches place a fan in the hands of the deacon, to be used in the same way, and for the same purpose, as practised by the early Egyptians—viz., to guard the sacred elements from desecration.

The use of the fan in the worship of ancient Greece was similar, but its forms were far more beautiful.

According to Virgil, they were sacred to Bacchus, and were carried in procession at the feast of that deity. They were called “flabellum” or “muscarium;” and in the Roman Church of to-day the same kind of fans are called, in Italian, “frambella.”

In our chat about the ceremonial use of the fan, we must not forget the Scripture reference to it, for the purpose of winnowing the grain: a very primitive method of separating the chaff, but one which it took some thousands of years to supersede, for the present “fanning” machines were not invented till 1737.

The graceful figure given under Fig. I. is taken from a representation of an Asiatic slave holding a feather fan, and forming part of an elegant group, painted on a vase. The other figures represent three Greek ladies, upon whom she is attending. Amongst Roman ladies, too, the services of an attendant slave to carry and use the fan were needful; and the ornamentation bestowed upon these very essential appliances was rich and costly—dyed ostrich plumes and peacock feathers being used for their adornment; while the handles were of gold, set with precious stones, or else of ivory, beautifully carved.

Approaching more closely to modern days, we find the folding fan, said to have been first invented by the

Japanese, from whom the Chinese copied it. The Portuguese brought it over from China at some time in the fifteenth century, and from Portugal the new fashion soon spread over Europe, being brought to France by Catherine de Medicis. It became so important a part of a lady's wardrobe, that in the list of Queen Elizabeth's we find no less than twenty-seven fans enumerated. In France they were formed of perfumed leather and paper, and soon attracted the attention of artists, who painted fans which, at the present day, are reckoned amongst the most valuable treasures of the art collection. The French name, *eventail*, is derived from the original shape of the fan, which was like a peacock's tail when spread out.



FIG. II.

In the portraits of Queen Elizabeth the feather fan appears frequently suspended from the girdle by a gold or silver chain. This shape is seen in Figs. II. and III., and is now made by the Indians, and sold to the tourists who visit Niagara Falls. In the portrait of H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, in "Marie Stuart" costume, as worn at the fancy dress ball given at Marlborough House a few years ago, a Canadian fan is seen hanging to her side, so true a copy of those of the seventeenth century that it was found suitable to her exquisite costume. In Fig. IV. we see a very early fan, probably of Moorish origin: it is in shape like the weather-vane of a house, or a small flag. This form of fan is now used in Italy, but principally for fanning the small charcoal fires with which the cooking is done. I have two very gaudily decorated examples of this kind, which were bought in Tunis within the last few years. The fan-leaf is usually made so as to turn round on the stick. Figs. V. and VI. are the first forms of the folding fan seen in the early part of the seventeenth century, and may be considered the originals of the modern type. It seems,



FIG. III.

from the account in "Coryat's Travels," in the year 1608, that there were then plenty of cheap fans in Italy, made of paper with wooden handles; the paper part "adorned with excellent pictures, having witty Italian verses or fine emblems written under them, or some notable Italian city painted, with a brief description added thereto." Returning to England, we find in the poets, dramatists, and moralists of the seventeenth century descriptions of a very uncomfortable kind of fan, with a long handle—so long that ladies used their fans for walking-sticks, and chastised their rebellious and naughty children by beating them with their fan-sticks. In Shakespeare's *Henry IV.*, ii. 3, we see—

"I could brain him with his lady's fan."

And in Beaumont and Fletcher—

"Wer't not better
Your head were broken with the handle of a fan?"

Aubrey's account of these fans is worth quoting

entire, as it is a most vivid and interesting picture of the manners of the day. "The gentlewomen," he says, "had prodigious fans, like that instrument which is used to drive feathers, and they had handles at least half a yard long; with these their daughters were often corrected (alas, poor daughters!). Sir Edward Coke, Lord Chief Justice, rode the circuit with such a fan; Sir William Dugdale told me he was an eye-witness of it. The Earl of Manchester also used such a fan." Of the decorations of these immense examples of the article we have a most curious account. They were sometimes prints, referring to the passing events of the day—such as "Bartholomew Fair" or the fashionable "Beggar's Opera;" the works of Hogarth were also used; and we find in Fairholt a description of a fan measuring twenty-eight inches across, dated 1781, "which contains in the centre a well-executed engraving of a musical party, and on each side the words and music of a canon, and three French and Venetian canzonets."



FIG. IV.

A very large green fan was also in use at the end of the last century as a parasol, to shade the face from the sun. This fashion was very probably adopted from Venice, and it is still in vogue there. I have a large fan in my own possession intended for this purpose, which can also be used as a small one when needed.

Fans suitable to the occasions on which they were to be used were also in fashion. Thus we hear of "chapel fans," to be used in chapel, with hymns and texts upon them; "theatre fans," with plans of the boxes and the names of the box-holders; and "fortune-telling fans," with a scheme of divination on them. Of this kind I have a curious example, purchased last year in Belgium, very cheap and common, costing only a few centimes, but containing the whole method of fortune-telling by the lines of the hand—the hand itself being given, and the names and meaning of the lines. In the *Spectator* is an amusing description by Addison of an academy where the use of the fan is taught. "In the flutter of the fan," he says, "there is the angry flutter, the modest flutter, the timorous flutter, the confused flutter, the merry flutter, and the loving flutter. I have seen a fan so very angry that it would have been dangerous for the absent lover who provoked it to have come within the wind of it."



FIG. VI.

I trust I have interested my readers with the past history of this ancient and important addition to the toilette. It is always pleasant to understand something of the history of what we do; and I hope I have cast a new light, and perhaps a novel one, on a very common article in use, before proceeding to the practical description of how we may ornament and make them for ourselves without much difficulty.

The fan-makers *par excellence* of to-day are the Japanese and the French. A few years ago the



FIG. V.

Chinese would more justly have been mentioned in place of the former, and they are still unrivalled in the production of mother-of-pearl, carved ivory, wood, and bone frame-work, and their lacquered fans too are most exquisitely done; but in the production of a cheap one, the Japanese nation may safely challenge

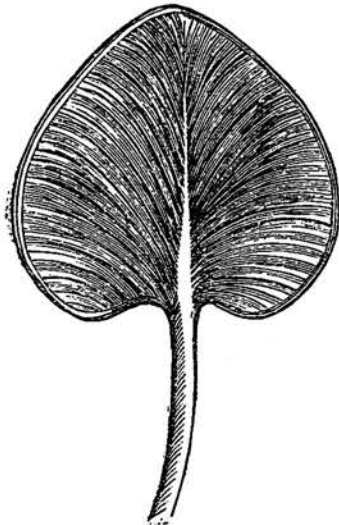


FIG. VII.

the whole world, so absolutely perfect is their manufacture: for the nicety of finish in the wooden parts, and the really charming decoration of the paper mounts, has not yet been equalled in Europe. In America these fans are imported and used by tens of thousands: there, as well as in Italy, Spain, the West Indies, and Canada, gentlemen make use of them as well as ladies. Nor must I forget to mention the palm-leaf fan, of which the sketch is given at Fig. VII. They are called in the West Indian Islands palmetto fans, and they are usually seen in two sizes—a small and a large. They are sometimes bound with bright-coloured ribbon round the edge, and the handle is covered with the same, while a large rosette decorates the centre. These are the most delightful of fans for comfort and use in the world: they are so light and do not tire the hand, can be used as a screen, and in fanning a sick person I have always found they produced the most air with the least expenditure of strength.

The fan of "Khus-khus" grass, shown at Fig. VIII., is of East Indian make. This grass is fragrant when wetted, and *punkahs* are often made of it. The fan illustrated turns round on its handle, and the wind is produced by the turning, instead of by waving it to and fro.

The large *punkah*, or fan, suspended from the roof of an Indian bungalow, admits of a great deal of ornamentation, and several splendid specimens of them may be seen in the India Museum at South Kensington. They are kept in motion by a servant especially appointed to the office.

The manufacture of the fan in France presents a remarkable instance of the sub-division of labour, as twenty different operations, performed by twenty different people, are necessary to the production of one fan, which sells for ten centimes. These various processes are not carried on in one manufactory, but form four distinct branches of trade.

The frames, or, as they are called, the "pieds" of the fans, are all made in the Department of the Oise—men, women, and children being engaged in the trade. The woods used are the plum, the beam-tree, ebony, sandal, and the lime-tree. The cleverness of the

peasant work-people is wonderful, considering their absolute want of knowledge of even the first principles of engraving, gilding, or sculpture. The piercing of the holes is performed by minute saws, which the workmen manufacture for themselves out of pieces of steel watch-springs. At the Exhibition of 1851, a mother-o'-pearl fan was shown in the French section, which contained no less than 1,600 holes in the square inch, the work of a peasant-hand.

Fan-painting amongst amateurs is very common at present in England; the beauty of the fan, however, much depending on the suitability of the design and the delicacy of the work. Figures are more used than flowers, or a landscape with figures; and the old style of a group, as painted in the days of Watteau, is no longer seen. On the black satin and silk grounds which have lately been so fashionable, Chinese white is used, and no colour, excepting the needful admixture of black to produce grey for the shading.

Fan-painting requires much practice; the painter must not only be a skilful designer, but must have much experience in his or her art, and even then lessons in this special branch are requisite to enable the artist to attain to any perfection. The most fashionable style of fan at present is the embroidered, a species of decoration which can be achieved by any one with an ordinary knowledge of embroidery stitches: only two being generally used—long and short stitch for figures, and outline stitch for outlines and coarser work. The silk or satin employed must be carefully stretched in a frame before being traced, and the work must be performed with the finest silks that can be obtained, and needles to match. The making-up of the fan is of course done by a proper fan-maker; and if it be properly done, and the embroidery be

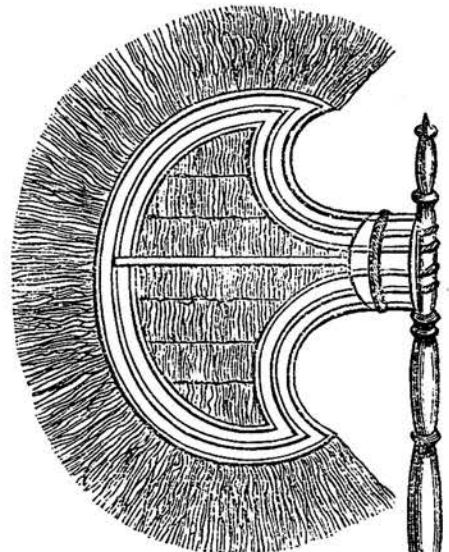


FIG. VIII.

good, nothing is more effective. Nor should I forget those of lace, which are so fashionable for full dress. They may be made by a skilful lace-maker; but I must not be understood to recommend any of the coarse and badly-worked point-lace which I so frequently see. Many ladies have beautiful old carved fan-mounts or frames lying by, which they have long put aside, and kept more as relics, than as likely to be useful again. Now that both fan-painting and embroidery have be-

come fashionable, the torn or otherwise spoiled leaves can be replaced by fresh ones of home manufacture, much more interesting as well as useful.

It is much to be hoped that the present exhibition in London will bring forth many specimens of amateur taste and skill, and excite an interest in a subject so likely both to form an amusement, and to supply a profitable employment.

The three exhibitions of fans which have taken place recently—in Liverpool, in Edinburgh, and in London—have demonstrated the existence of a revived interest in this article, which is probably owing, in some degree, to the idea that fan-painting and decoration is a suitable work for ladies. When we remember that the genius of Watteau and Boucher, in France, was applied to their decoration, and that in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, in England, the handles alone were marvels of goldsmith's work, costing frequently from £40 to £50, we cannot fail to be struck with our neglect of so worthy an instrument for the display of artistic taste and skill. In the cabinets of collectors of fine art works fans have ever found a welcome, and many exquisite specimens have been preserved to us; but it was not until the year 1870 that any exhibition of them was organised in Great Britain. In that year the authorities of the South Kensington Museum took the initiative by inviting loans of interesting and artistic fans. In answer to this they received no less than 500, the number of lenders amounting to 137. The next exhibition was held by the Liverpool

Fine Art Club in that city last year, when a magnificent collection was gathered from all parts—in all 176 specimens.

The recent exhibition held in Edinburgh brought together 250 fans, which were divided into ancient and modern, and arranged according to their nationalities. That now opened in London has a wider range and a higher aim than any we have mentioned, being no less than a revival of the ancient Company of Fan-makers, who propose to hold a competitive exhibition, the special object being the resuscitation of their manufacture in England. The competition being open to manufacturers, amateurs, collectors, and dealers, renders it possible to secure representative fans of every description, and the prizes offered are of sufficient value to encourage competition. The prospectus is most comprehensive; the classes into which it is divided are five in number: the first class being—Modern fans of British manufacture, completely made in Great Britain or Ireland by British subjects. In this class are three sections—mounted fans, unmounted fans, and sticks of fans. The second class is—Modern European fans, not made in Great Britain but elsewhere in Europe, during the present century. The third class is—Ancient fans, completely made in Great Britain or Ireland by British subjects before the beginning of the present century. The fourth class—Ancient European fans. The fifth class—Exotic fans, of ancient or modern make, not manufactured in Europe.

DORA DE BLAQUIÈRE.

EMIGRANT BABIES.



deal with. All poor neighbourhoods of large towns have the appearance of being amazingly prolific of them. Wherever narrow lanes and dirty courts are to be found, unkempt, barefooted little bipeds pop about like sandhoppers, and in fine weather one may sometimes almost be tempted to think that their life is not

THOSE little waifs and strays of humanity, the street Arabs, as we are accustomed to call them, present one of the most perplexing problems philanthropists have ever attempted to

altogether unenviable. Give them just food enough to keep their queer little bodies and souls together, and while the sun shines they have not a care in the world. A shoal of them will often display an exuberance of animal spirits which is thoroughly contagious, and which, in spite of their grimy skins, their rags and tatters, and their squalid surroundings, may well conceal from the casual observer the utter wretchedness and pollution characteristic of the lives of most of them. There are in London tens of thousands of these children—many of them bright, keen-witted, clever little mortals—whose everyday life it may well make one's heart ache to think of. Bred in "homes" which physically and morally are simply poisonous, subject to every form of want and destitution, and shut in from all the gladdening influences of the natural world, even when in the care of parents and others who are not absolutely vicious, they are to be profoundly commiserated.

With the great mass of them, however, with all those who have any sort of guardianship in a general way, nothing can be done by any direct action. But within this deep stratum of poverty and squalor which underlies the working population of all our large towns, there are innumerable cases in which, from various causes, these unhappy little creatures are turned out

upon the world in an absolutely friendless condition, or are discovered by some City Missionary under circumstances even worse than this.

One little fellow rescued a short time ago, for instance, had been left with a person who failed in business, and turned him adrift upon the world.

"I went about with a few fings for a coster," says this little unfortunate, "and he used to give me fripence and a bit o' grub. When I had no money to get lodgings I used to sleep in a cupboard."

Another was brutally ill-treated by a drunken father, who has been known to strip him, hold him up by his

five years. "Mother dead ; father a tramp ; all three children begging in the streets ; had varicose veins in legs, and sores in feet, from long standing and exposure ; the little child five years old in the habit of swearing very fearfully."

"C. S., aged four. An orphan, found in great poverty and half-starved ; a pitiable little object."

"H. C., aged eight. Parents both bad people ; child found in a state of intoxication."

"E. B., aged ten. Covered with bruises inflicted by a drunken mother. Had slept on Clapham Common several nights, because afraid to go home."



THE CHILDREN'S HOME IN CANADA.

feet, and flog him with a rope's-end. Finally he was turned into the streets in bitterly cold weather, and for three weeks slept in a dog-kennel.

Again, there was the child of a wretched fellow, who at one time of day entered upon a course of training for the ministry, but who abandoned that, and rapidly went down from one stage of degradation to another, till he became a street fiddler, or something of the kind, leaving his family to shift for themselves. This girl was found among gipsies in Epping Forest, where for two years she had distinguished herself by her agility in turning somersaults, among other accomplishments.

Here are a few items from a recent report of a charitable institution :—"M. S., aged eleven. Mother dead ; father more or less always in prison ; treated the children most cruelly when out."

Three sisters, aged respectively eleven, nine, and

"M. W. and J. W. Deserted, with four other children, by both father and mother ; found on a heap of shavings in an empty room, in the winter, nearly dead, and covered with vermin ; had lived by begging and stealing bread ; had considerable difficulty in keeping them alive when first found."

Everybody at all familiar with the courts and alleys of any large town, knows that such a list might be extended quite indefinitely. Poor neighbourhoods teem with such hapless little outcasts, born to be buffeted and beaten about, the sport of every ill wind that blows, and subject to every influence that can possibly tend to deprave and brutalise them. In spite of it all some of them struggle through into decency and respectability of life, but of course the chances are terribly against it. As a rule, unless some friendly hand is stretched out to them, they develop into criminals and

"pariahs," and in their maturer years often signally revenge themselves upon society for the neglect and suffering of their early life.

Friendly hands have never been wanting. There are at all times plenty of warm hearts ready enough to sympathise with known miseries, and especially the miseries of childhood, and plenty of willing hands are ready to do all that may be done to help them; but only those who have made the attempt know what a task it is to take children from the gutter, and in spite of precocious familiarity with vice, in spite of early associations and surroundings, in spite very often of the opposition of dissolute and abandoned connections, to protect and train and teach, until strong enough to turn out and make an honest living in the midst of the very scenes and surroundings from which they have been temporarily withdrawn.

In such a work could anything possibly be more disheartening than the knowledge that when all has been done, and the waif has become a worker, work may yet be wanting, and in spite of good intentions, and a gallant struggle, the sheer inability to live honestly may crush out heart and hope, and the gaol and the gin-palace may after all close a career which it would have been better that hunger, cold, exposure, and brutality should have cut short at the outset?

It is obvious that what is really wanted is the power to take these miserable children right out of all the surroundings and associations of their early life, and to put them in an atmosphere physically and morally purer, and where, as they grow up, they may find scope for honest effort.

It was just this solution of the problem that Miss Rye, some five or six years ago, saw practically illustrated when, wandering in some of the Western States of America, she came upon the track of Mr. Van Meter, a philanthropic American who, at the close of the great war, gathered together from the slums of New York some 2,000 children, mainly those whom that frightful struggle had thrown friendless upon the world. From time to time he had taken out small parties of them to the settlers in the back States, and there found homes for them, thus, as he said, giving them "a fair start in life in the mighty West."

"I have seen the working of all this," says Miss Rye, on her return to England the following year, "I know its dangers, its difficulties, its successes. Is it very wonderful that the idea has crossed my mind a thousand times—why not attempt the same thing for 'the gutter children' of London, Manchester, Birmingham, Bristol, Liverpool?"

With the enthusiasm of a generous and benevolent nature all aglow with a new impulse, Miss Rye goes on to tell of a land where even to this day a "full quiver" is held to be a blessing, where corn has been burnt for fuel, and where a million men occupy territories larger than the whole of Great Britain. Her work, she says, stands out boldly and brightly before her, and already she is in treaty for a little property near Niagara, on the Canadian side of the Falls; and here, before very long, she establishes the "Western Home." This "little property," which still continues to be the head-

quarters of this lady's operations in Canada, was originally a gaol with a piece of land attached. It was speedily transformed into a convenient and comfortable "Home," and thither, in the autumn of 1869, Miss Rye took over from London seventy little girls—"waifs and strays," in one very important sense at least, though in this case they were all taken from workhouse wards, as she had at that time no means of subjecting her intended emigrants to the preliminary training which, in the case of children taken directly from the streets, was felt to be indispensable.

Subsequently this active benefactress of the poor was enabled to secure a large house in the neighbourhood of Peckham, and here, for a long time past, the homeless and friendless little ones of our highways and byways have found food and shelter, and loving words, and Christian training, eventually (if those who may have a legal claim upon them give consent—not otherwise) being sent on to Niagara, there to await arrangements for their permanent settlement in a new and more promising country. This is the charitable institution to which reference has already been made, and some idea of the class of children dealt with here may be gathered from the quotations made from one of its reports. In the well-clad, scrupulously-clean, happy-looking children to be found within the shelter of this old house, it is difficult indeed to recognise the "pitiable little objects" of the report.

After a training of a few weeks or a few months, as circumstances may determine, they are taken to Canada in parties of from 60 to 150, or sometimes more, and in the first instance are lodged in the central "Homes" established for the purpose. Miss Rye has but the one at Niagara; Miss McPherson—who, with her characteristic energy, promptly followed the lead of Miss Rye, and up to the present time has taken out no less than 2,000 children from her "Home of Industry"—has three: one at Knapton, in the province of Quebec, and two in Ontario, one of them at Belleville and the other at Galt. Applications for these children are usually made some time before their arrival, and are always, or nearly so, in excess of the number to be distributed. The great majority of the applicants are farmers, to whom, as they say, it is as easy to feed a child as a chicken, and who, in this land of isolated homesteads, scattered population, and scarce labour, look upon almost any addition to their family as an acquisition to be rejoiced over. If the young strangers are old enough to be put to any kind of work, it is usually what the Canadians call doing the "chores"—little odds and ends of work—"filling the wood-boxes, lighting the fires, collecting eggs, feeding the poultry, watering the horses, foddering the cattle, fetching water from the well," and so on. The emigrants do not all, however, find their way to farms. Of 513 children taken out by Miss Rye during 1870 and 1871, farmers had 207, upwards of 100 found homes with merchants or tradesmen, 29 with clergymen, 32 with manufacturers and mill-owners, 19 with medical men, and the rest were distributed among widows and maiden ladies, mechanics, lawyers, schoolmasters, hotel-keepers, and others. A few of the

luckier ones are adopted, and become to all intents and purposes members of happy and thriving families. Others are apprenticed, or are placed out in various kinds of service, on terms which these experienced ladies consider fair and reasonable. At the commencement of this paper we present two of Miss McPherson's rescues from a drunkard's home in London.

These are the general features of the system inaugurated by Miss Rye in 1869, and which, in addition to the vigorous following of Miss McPherson, has already called forth one or two less important movements—one, it is understood, in connection with the Wesleys, and another with the Roman Catholics of London.

The work has also been taken up most energetically in several provincial towns. Liverpool, among others, has its "Sheltering Home for Destitute Children," nearly 400 of whom have in that port been gathered in within the past two years. "They came with the old story of widows' children left to their own devices, while the mother goes forth to toil over the wash-tub or the needle for their daily bread; poor step-children, who are felt to be burdens, and are knocked about and ill-used accordingly, as though to make them run away; drunkards' children, going through the education which will fit them for the reformatory, prison, or

penitentiary, as the case may be; all these were in the ranks of those whom we have learned to call little Arabs, waifs and strays: names lightly and smilingly spoken, yet overlying thoughts too deep for tears." Under the affectionate guardianship of Mrs. Birt, the sister of the lady whose labours in connection with the Spitalfields Home of Industry have been referred to, some 300 children, many of them under eight years of age, have been taken from this Liverpool shelter to Nova Scotia, and there handed over to Colonel Laurie, who is a resident in Halifax, and who, with several benevolent co-operators in various parts of Nova Scotia, carefully distributes them throughout the province.

By various institutions, it is estimated that about 6,000 children have been thus rescued from lives of want and misery, and placed in homes where there is every reason to believe they may be happy and prosperous. They go forth the outcasts of over-crowded cities—familiar, many of them, with the cruellest forms of destitution and suffering—and in a short time they send back letters—volumes of them might be collected—full of prattle about horses, and cows, and hay-fields, and rosy apples, sleigh-rides, and bountiful living, and boasting of their achievements at school, their skill in milking cows and driving teams.

GEORGE F. MILLIN.



THE STORY OF THE DWELLING-HOUSE.

BY EDWIN GOADBY.



ROMAN PORTICO.

OUR common a bodes have a wonderful history, carrying us back to the dawn of time. The wandering tent-dweller is struck dumb with astonishment in any huge city, and the

madic life begets a movable residence; the fixed residence implies the higher state—food and labour close at hand, a settled social life, the cultivation of the arts.

The tent is thus the primitive dwelling. It was made of the skins of wild animals, or of the animals of the flocks fed by the nomads, or of branches of trees in lands covered with wood. In nearly all countries of the world the earliest buildings are cone-shaped or round. The square tent is a great advance, wherever it be found, and it invariably leads to the square building, be it of timber or of stone, or of sun-dried or fire-dried brick. In Arabia large tents are called baiton or houses. The tent of the Red Indian does not materially differ from the tent of the Central Asian tribes, and the kraal of the South African savage is built on much the same lines as were the huts of the poor under the huge palaces of Thebes, and the stone bee-hive dwellings of the Pelasgians and the ancient Britons.

The round corn-stacks of the northern parts of these islands preserve for us the type of the ancient dwelling-house; and when we build round summer-houses in our garden, for pleasure, we unconsciously revert to the style of structure our ruder ancestors erected, as a necessity, to shelter them from the elements. The quadrangular hay-stack, which is more

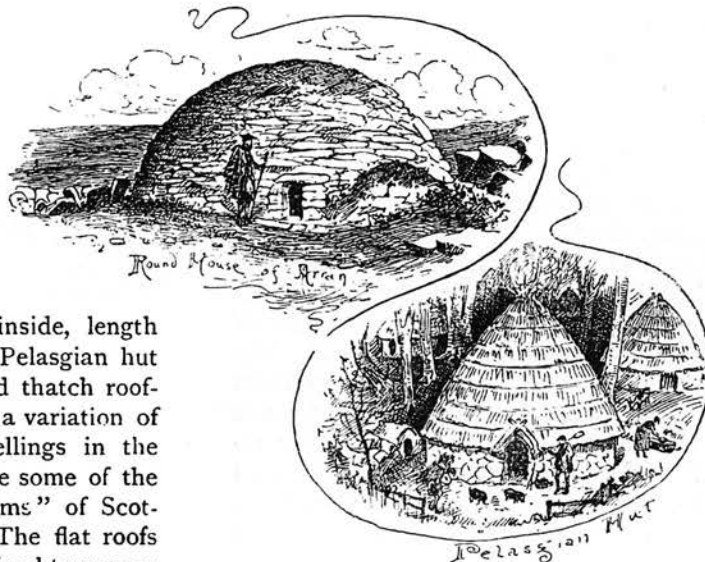
city-born traveller marvels when he sees the auls, or tent-villages, of the Kirghis. The city has its fixed houses, its long lines of streets, its tramping people, its noisy wheel-traffic. The nomads of the Oxus move their auls from place to place at certain periods, and the desert-paths are their unresounding streets, the wells and pastures their centres of attraction. No-

common in Southern England, is a type of the house that succeeded the cone tent and hut, the forerunner of our more modern dwelling.

The bee-hive house is found in the Hebrides, in Wales, and in Ireland. It suggests its origin distinctly enough. The round house of Arran is a fine specimen of pre-Christian times: walls four feet thick, doorway three feet high, narrowing inside, length nineteen feet, height eight feet. The Pelasgian hut was a compound of stones and wood and thatch roofing. The half-underground dwelling is a variation of the more primitive form. Tartar dwellings in the Merv oasis are still underground, as are some of the houses of Central Armenia. The "weems" of Scotland are very much of this character. The flat roofs of the East are remnants of this semi-subterranean building. People sat on their housetops to gossip, as they still do on a summer's evening in Armenia.

The permanent residence begins with the half-nomads, as we see amongst the Yomuds. There is an enclosure, with its inner wall as the line from which the rude structure projects. The next stage is to build a wooden house of one room, large enough for the family. This one room appears in all countries, eastward and westward. In the East it is an enclosure, with separate divisions about it, and open to the sky in the centre. In the West it is covered over and used in common.

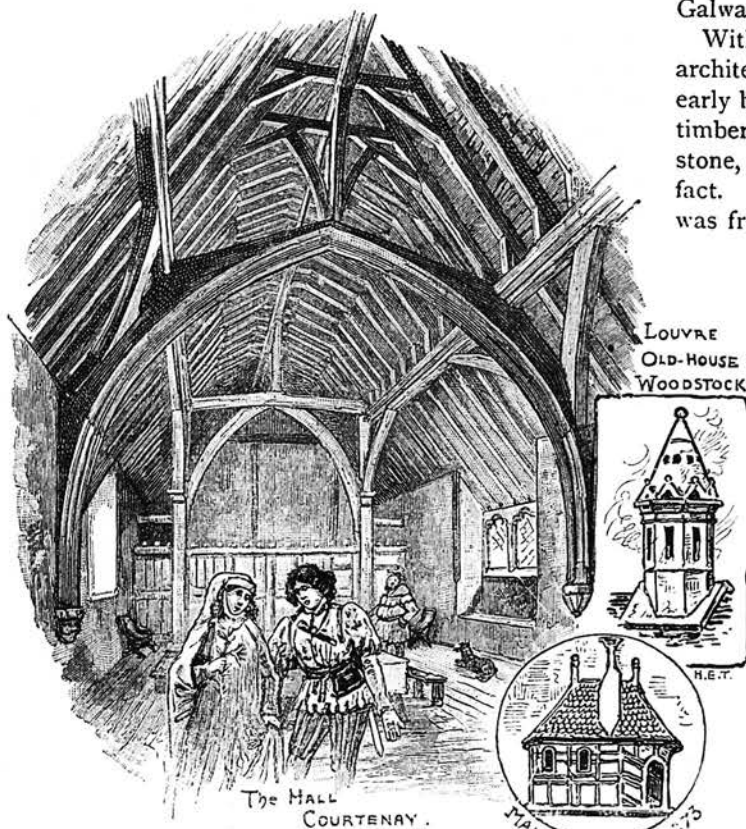
The fixed residence was affected by occupation as



well as surroundings. Caves sheltered the hunters of wild beasts. Nottingham, with its sandstone, was in the midst of a densely wooded district, and the old British name for it was "the City of Caves." There were also caves by the seashore for the fisher-folk. The lake-dwellers were also fisher-folk, and there is a resemblance in their dwellings, whether we find their remains in Italy, Switzerland, Sweden, or Ireland. They were built upon piles, and some were round, like the primitive hut, whilst others were quadrangular. The Irish people call these dwellings crannōges; and some of them were occupied until quite modern times: Crannough Macknavin, in County Galway, being destroyed by the English in 1610.

Without entangling the reader in the thickets of an architectural controversy, it may be as well to say that early houses establish the fact that, in most countries, timber structures, if at all elaborate, usually preceded stone, leaving behind them a distinct record of the fact. Even where stone was abundant and masonry was freely employed, we get imitations of wood or of reeds. The stone columns resembled the wooden posts, and squareness follows in doorways, windows, and roofs. In China, the transition from the tent to the dwelling-house has been stereotyped, but in the main it is the square tent, not the round one. The porticoes are of wood, and the eave-plates rest on struts of curved timber to imitate the forked post of a tree. Chinese architecture, indeed, is interesting, as fixing for us the same stage of the dwelling-house, with climatic variations, that we see still in Sweden and Norway, where wood dwellings are the rule outside the towns. The charming watering-place of Södertilge, in Sweden, shows of what grace and lightness wooden houses are capable, without the colour and fantastic adornments common in China.

The single-room dwelling was common with the poor long after it had



been modified in the better-built houses, just as single-storey buildings still remain with us, although they have ceased to be common. To-day we see timber-framed houses, with overhanging upper storeys, side by side with modern mansions, as in Saxon times their huts and halls were side by side with Roman houses, which were called by terms to signify their age.

The division of the single room was probably accomplished, in the first instance, by skins, hanging on wooden posts, to form an apartment of privacy, and for the women of the household. The early Saxon chiefs and kings lived in one room with their retainers, and slept there. The fire was made in the centre, and the more familiar retainers, or "hearth-companions," as the Saxons called them, sat and slept with their over-lords about the fire. To this origin have been traced the Counts of the Palace of the Frankish sovereigns. The poor also sat and slept round the fire in their humbler dwellings, and we owe our familiar phrases, "the family circle," "the social circle," a "circle of acquaintances," to this custom. At present we are at a period of half-circles. Westminster Hall and the College Halls of the English Universities are survivals of the older English hall. Solomon's house "of the forest of Lebanon" (1 Kings vii. 2) was about the size of Westminster Hall.

The next stage was the construction of a special chamber for privacy, called the *solar*. This was at the end of the hall, and above the cellar. The Romans called the chief room the *aula*, the Saxons called it the *heall*. Halls are often mentioned in "Domesday Book" as attached to manors, from which the use of the term hall, to signify the chief mansion in a place, undoubtedly arose. But, as commerce increased, retainers diminished, old customs lost their force, and domestic life encroached upon the public life of the rich. Bed-chambers were provided, the solar was enlarged into the withdrawing-room, and the main hall was reduced in size and subordinated to the group. The plain-timbered roof of an old hall is well seen in the hall of Courtenay, Berkshire, of the fourteenth century, as its rapidly growing competitor may be found figured on a seal of 1273, showing a two-storeyed house, with bed-chambers above. Many of our country mansions retain the main hall as the



centre of the building, and sometimes it has been left intact at the side.

The single hall was often approached by a flight of steps, and steps also led up from it to the solar, or private apartment. The street-projecting steps are of Roman origin. Roman houses had steps and a portico, beneath which a great man's clients or dependents used to wait. The effect of Roman architecture upon the English dwelling-house is visible in the pillared porch and steps, and the steps projecting on to the pavement, common in the older English towns, even when the porch had been abandoned as unsuited to ordinary dwellings. As the Roman *œdiles* compelled the removal of the steps and porches as obstructions, so modern public bodies have had to insist upon the contraction of these awkward features. Up to the thirteenth century, however, external staircases to the upper rooms were the rule. The manor-house of 1273, already referred to, had evidently an internal staircase. We need not trouble ourselves with the combination structures of wood and rubble, wood and brick, and wood and stone—they are all transitional types; nor yet with Gothic buildings or half-fortified houses.

Building in storeys is not English. But the early builders in wood must have had an idea of it, because the Sagas picture Thor's house as consisting of 540 floors! Old French châteaux were only two-roomed, and more than one family in a house was unknown until the sixteenth century. The houseless folk lodged in hostels, chapters, and convents, where hired rooms could be had. The "flat" system is foreign. The term "English quarter," in many Continental towns, is given to houses each of which contains a single family. Modern storeys are said to have originated in Venice, where ground was scarce, and the great mansions were first seen. They passed westward through France to England, but at what precise time is unknown.

The Venetian mansion had its great hall above the main entrance, with the usual portraits, memorials, and buffets. This floor was called the *piano nobile*. It is now known as



LAKE DWELLINGS.

the *appartamento signorile*, as visitors know by the price usually asked for it. The Scotch have derived the "flat" system, now so increasing amongst us, from the French. The plan of building houses in wings is Italian.

It is necessary to return to the great hall. When the fire was on an open hearth in the centre, the smoke had to escape as best it could. Louvers, or louveres, were provided in the roof, a kind of pinnacle still seen in Westminster Hall. Only the finer buildings were so accommodated, however, and probably the Louvre in Paris owes its name to its handsome smoke-turrets. Most private houses had these louveres until the beginning of the fifteenth century. Chaucer, speaking of a widow, says, "Full sooty was her house and eke her hall."

The fireplace and the chimney were of Norman invention. The Roman houses did not have them in 1368, for there is an account of a Prince of Padua taking a mason from Padua to make a chimney at his inn, "because in the city of Rome they did not then use chimneys, and all lighted the fire in the middle of the house on the floor."

King John's house at Sholing, near Southampton, had a fine Norman fireplace, dating from 1130; there was also one in Rochester Castle of the same date; a third in a vaulted building in Simnel Street, Southampton; and a fourth at Netley Abbey, 1233. Chimney-stacks came in with bricks, and before the hall had its fireplace it was built in the solar.

The roofs of houses were originally built either dome-shaped or with the false arch, produced by narrowing-up slabs of stone or timber. Thatch and reeds were common until the seventeenth century where tiles could not be made or slates were unknown. The "roof-tree" was exposed, blackened with smoke, and usually built of English oak. Ceilings were not common in the thirteenth century, though they became richly ornamented in the fifteenth. The oldest form of ceiling was to cover the brick, timber, and stone walls of rooms. Arras was not used in England for any other purpose than dividing a large room into other rooms until after the advent and comparative

disuse of wainscoting, which was common in the better houses at the beginning of the fifteenth century.

At the end of the thirteenth or beginning of the fourteenth century, although glass had long been used for palaces and churches, the ordinary dwelling-house had wooden shutters for its windows, or lattices, or iron bars. The floors had been strewn with rushes in winter, and grass in summer. Pine branches for door-mats are still used in Norway. The carpet is Eastern: it is a

remnant of tent life. On the Oxus, Mac Gahan has said, "Each family has a different pattern which is handed down from generation to generation as a heirloom without undergoing the slightest change. The colours are principally red and white, interspersed with small patches of green and brown, and are really very pretty as well as durable." Scottish tribal plaids no doubt represent a not unlike connection with their family life. The first carpets that came to England were introduced by Eleanor of Castile and the Spanish Embassy. Flooring tiles came from



Flanders, and in Henry VIII.'s time were called Flaundrestyll.

The dwelling-house, in fine, is a quotation from many centuries. It is silent history, and its significance needs interpretation. To Englishmen it speaks, through the interpreter, of British, Roman, Saxon, Norman, and Eastern elements. It is a record of the invasions we have suffered, of our kinship with far Eastern races, of our increasing needs, of our growth in domesticity, wealth, and comfort. A round lock-up in a country village—now very rare—carries us back to British houses; and though we have no princely Roman villas left, we have only to look around to note everywhere the effects the Romans have left behind them. The Saxon halls are not uncommon; Norman castles remain; our home life is a witness of our far Eastern descent. The poet sings what is as true of the tent as it is of the house of timber or of stone—

"Be it ever so humble,
There's no place like home."

An Experience.

Tempo Moderato.

I HAD a dream last night in which I seemed
To see myself a man immortal deemed.
My poems, lately placed upon the mart,
Had gone straight home to every reader's heart,
And fairly falling o'er each other's feet,
Demanding copies, mortals thronged the street
Before the doors of him who had to sell
The dainty verses that I loved so well.
Then, as I watched the scramble for my work,
An angel came and beckoned — with a smirk —
"Fitz-Alfred Massinger De Greene," she said,
"Lift up your optics blue and look ahead."
The which I did — for you must understand
At all times I obey the soft command
Of angels, whether winged ones or those
Who here do lighten or increase our woes.
And as I looked I saw a wondrous sight
That dazzled, 't was so marvelously bright,
As well it might be, for the scroll of fame
Stood straight before my eyes, and there the name —
Sensation sweet! Sensation, oh, how blest! —
Fitz-Alfred M. De Greene led all the rest.

Andante.

I swooned with very joy, and then I woke
As yonder church bells sounded forth the stroke
Announcing morn!
I need not here unfold
Just how I rose and dressed. The crisp and cold
Of winter lingered in the atmosphere,
Yet not for me could anything be drear.
The while that dream of bliss did haunt my soul,
Life was all joy unmixed with tearful dole.

Allegretto.

But hist! What sound is that I seem to hear?
The postman's whistle breaks upon my ear.
A missive from my publisher he brings
In confirmation of my dream — he flings
It through the open door.

Be quick to ope
O trusty paper-knife, this envelope.

Allegro.

Egad, it must be true; a check falls out,
And here 's a statement of the sales, no doubt.

Crescendo Appassionato Presto.

Let 's see: one thousand copies printed, two
Hundred and sixty-seven for review,
And still on hand when this year was begun —
Ye Gods! no less than seven thirty-one.
"Inclosed find twenty cents in royalty —
Two copies sold!" Scott! *They were bought by me!*

Doloroso.

Roll on, drear world, nor stop to think of me.
I go to-day across the salt, salt sea.
I'll head for Russia, where, the Czar defied,
I'll save myself th' expense of suicide.

John Kendrick Bangs.

FRUIT AS A FOOD.

Its Value, Its Characteristics, and Some Ways in Which it May be Appetizingly Served.

IV.—THE GRAPE AND THE PEACH.



DELICIOUS, healthful, inexpensive, and abundant in every portion of the country, the grape deservedly holds a high place among our domestic fruits, and each year is becoming more and more a part of the food of the people. It can be grown anywhere—everywhere. The vine is hardy, fruitful, and will thrive in any soil, with slight care. If it is a necessity to purchase the fruit, it is to be had in season at every market and grocery, of excellent quality and at so low

cost that none may be debarred its use. In foreign countries, the "grape cure" has been known for many years, and of late in our land its principles have been employed with marked advantage. It has been abundantly demonstrated that the grape has alterative values of no mean order, while at the same time it is a most agreeable and nutritive food.

While these considerations indicate a generous use of the fruit in its natural state, not only in connection with meals, but at all other times when fruit may properly be taken, there are many ways in which grapes may be used in the preparation of culinary delicacies, as well as for sauces and appetizing dishes of various kinds, the making of some of which may properly be described, as the possession of a few well-tested recipes may incite the housekeeper to materially widen the scope of her "sauce department," by the addition of hitherto untried preparations. Those here given are tested and approved, and may be followed with confidence.

Grape Shortcake.

Make and bake the pastry as for any other fruit shortcake. Divide the layers when cool. Then remove the seeds from a sufficient quantity of Malaga grapes, and arrange the pulps upon the cake. Over the first layer of grapes put a layer of jelly, and over the upper layer of grapes a coating of whipped cream.

Grape Pie, No. 1.

Beat together an egg and one teacupful of sugar, add a heaping teacupful of grapes, a tablespoonful of flour and a little butter. Bake with two crusts.

Grape Pie, No. 2.

Crush the grapes, removing their skins, and simmer the seeds and pulp together in a porcelain kettle, pressing through a colander to remove the seeds. Then put skins and pulp together, sweeten to taste, stir in a teaspoonful of flour if very juicy, and pour into a pie plate lined with paste. The pie is baked with an upper cover.

Grape Jam.

Strip off the skins of the fruit and lay them in an earthen dish, boiling the pulp in a porcelain kettle till the seeds

are separated; most of these can be skimmed from the surface, while the rest will settle to the bottom when the kettle is removed from the fire. Add the skins and stir the whole together, boiling for a half-hour. Then add from half to three-fourths the weight of sugar, according to taste, bring once more to a boil, and seal in cans.

Grape Jelly.

If the cultivated fruit is used, it should be a little under-ripe; the wild grape may be used while still green. Crush the fruit, put it into a preserving kettle, and cook for fifteen minutes. Strain through a jelly bag, boil up the juice, and skim thoroughly. It is now ready for the sugar, of which about three pints should be added to each two quarts of juice. It is then to boil for ten minutes, after which it is ready to be sealed up and put away.

Spiced Grapes.

Wild grapes are best for this use. They should be stemmed, washed, boiled till soft, and then pressed through a coarse sieve. To each ten pounds of the pulp thus prepared add half the weight of sugar, an even tablespoonful of cinnamon, a heaping teaspoonful each of cloves, spice and pepper, a grated nutmeg and two quarts of vinegar. Boil till it is as thick as catchup, then bottle.

Grape Catchup.

Simmer three quarts of grapes till they are soft, then press them through a colander, add two pounds of brown sugar, a pint of vinegar, two even tablespoonfuls each of cloves, allspice and cinnamon, one teaspoonful each of salt and cayenne pepper. Boil till the mixture thickens, when it is ready for the bottles.

Grape Juice.

"The unfermented juice of the grape," being wholly free from alcohol, is recommended by medical men as an invaluable and unstimulating tonic; it is used for communion purposes, as a substitute for wines at festivities, and as a flavoring for blancmange, gelatines and ice creams. The grapes—not perfectly ripe—should be carefully selected, and put into a preserving kettle with a half-pint of water to each three quarts of the fruit. Bring them to a scalding heat, stirring occasionally, turn into a cheese-cloth bag and drain over night. Press out the juice, strain through a thicker bag, add sugar to the taste, bring to a boil, skimming thoroughly, bottle and cork. The bottles should be quite full, leaving no air-space below the cork, and the product should be kept in a cool, dark place till wanted for use.

Grape Vinegar.

Pulp the grapes and throw them into a stone jar, adding a scant third by measure of cider vinegar. Cover closely and stir often. On the third day press through a cloth, and to the juice thus gained add sugar in the proportion of five pounds to each three quarts of the vinegar. Boil up for ten minutes, skimming carefully, then seal while hot, as in canning. A tablespoonful in a tumbler of water makes a pleasant and cooling drink.

Grape Water Ice.

Take a pint of grape juice, an equal measure of sugar, and a quart of water. Make a sirup of the sugar and water; when it is cold add the grape juice, and freeze as for other fruit ices.

The peach is so well known, and is so universal a favorite, that very few introductory remarks, eulogistic or otherwise, will be needed. The purpose is to give in clear and concise form some directions for using this delectable fruit to the best advantage in

preparing the food of the family. One of the most appetizing and wholesome methods of eating the peach is to have it peeled and sliced, adding a small amount of sugar, according to the taste, with a proper amount of sweet cream. For a light repast, at any hour of the day or evening, a dish of peaches prepared in this way, with bread and butter, make a luncheon which will tempt any well-regulated appetite. When peaches are scarce and apples are plenty, the two may be used together, and the peaches will delicately flavor twice their bulk of apples. The latter should be mellow and of a somewhat neutral flavor. Peel and slice thinly, mingling the two fruits, and after allowing them to stand thus for a few minutes, or longer, according to circumstances, sprinkle well with sugar. They will be found very appetizing, and doubly so if cream is added, as for the peaches alone. In the following recipes either nectarines or apricots may be used in place of peaches, the latter perhaps requiring in some cases a trifle more sugar.

Peach Marmalade.

The fruit should be ripe, rich and juicy. Peel, remove the stones and weigh; then heat slowly, adding no water—its own juice will be sufficient. Crack the kernels from a third of the pits, cut them up, stew in a pint of water for half an hour, then strain out the liquor. When the peaches have been boiling for forty-five minutes, they should be reduced to a smooth jam by mashing; then add the liquor from the kernels, three-fourths of a pound of sugar for each pound of the fruit, and the juice of a lemon for each four pounds. Boil for ten minutes longer, skim and seal up for use.

Canned Peaches.

Peel the fruit and drop it into cold water. For each four pounds, make a sirup of a pint of sugar and a quart of water, bringing it to a boil. Meantime place the peaches in enough water to cover them, and cook till they are tender. Skim them from the water without breaking, and drop them into the boiling sirup. Let them again come to a boil, when they are ready for sealing in jars.

Peach Cobbler.

Fill a shallow pudding dish, or a similar earthen vessel, with peeled peaches, leaving in the pits on account of the flavor imparted. Add sufficient cold water to half fill the dish, sweeten to taste, and cover with a very light sheet of pastry—about half the thickness used for an ordinary pie will be found right. Slit the crust in the center, prick in other places with a fork, and bake in a rather slow oven for forty-five minutes. The cobbler may be served either hot or cold, the crust being cut into sections and the peaches piled upon it, dressed with sweet cream.

The list of puddings in which peaches may be used is almost endless, and but a few can be given; yet these will serve to guide the housewife to quite a variety of appetizing dishes.

Boiled Peach Pudding.

Make a batter of a cupful of flour, to which has been added a teaspoonful of baking powder, three-quarters of a cupful of milk and two beaten eggs. Into this stir as many peeled and sliced peaches as it will comfortably hold, and turn into a buttered dish, which should be about two-thirds full. Plunge this into boiling water, and allow it to boil for an hour. Do not allow the water to cease

boiling, or the pudding will be heavy. Serve with hard or liquid sauce.

Peach Manioca Pudding.

Into two cupfuls of milk stir four tablespoonfuls of manioca, and let the mixture come to a boil. Then add two beaten eggs, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, two additional cupfuls of milk, and a bit of lemon peel for flavoring, which will be better if grated. Peel and slice a dozen peaches, put them into a buttered pudding dish, sprinkle with sugar, and over them pour the manioca mixture, baking till done.

Peach Batter Pudding.

Into a buttered pudding dish holding about two quarts put a can of peaches, drained of their juice. Stir half a teaspoonful of salt into two cupfuls of prepared flour, and after sifting rub in a tablespoonful of butter. Beat three eggs, add them to a cupful of milk, and stir slowly into the flour. When all has been beat to a smooth batter, pour it over the peaches, bake in a quick oven for about half an hour and serve while hot.

Baked Peach Pudding.

Peel and halve a quart of fine ripe peaches, stew them till softened, and while still hot put them in a pudding dish, add sugar to the taste, and pour over them a batter made as follows: For one quart of milk take six eggs and six tablespoonfuls of flour. Beat the eggs, the yolks and whites separately, stir the flour to a paste with half a cupful of the cold milk, put the remainder of the milk over to boil, and add the yolks to the flour. When the milk boils add it to the mixture and stir till it thickens; then add the whites, quickly beat the whole and pour it over the peaches. Bake for thirty minutes, and serve with a sauce of thin custard.

Peach Tapioca Pudding.

In a quart of water soak over night a large cupful of tapioca. In the morning cook till it is soft, then add a pinch of salt, six heaping tablespoonfuls of sugar, and the juice of a quart of nice peaches, stewed soft but not broken. Pour half of the tapioca into a buttered pudding dish, lay in the peaches, and pour over the remainder of the tapioca. Bake for an hour and serve with sweet cream.

Peach Bread Pudding.

On a pint of fine stale bread or cracker crumbs pour boiling water and stir in a tablespoonful of melted butter. After standing till thoroughly soaked, add two well-beaten eggs and half a cupful of sugar. On the bottom of a buttered pudding dish put a thin layer of this batter, over it a layer of sliced peaches, and so on, dredging each layer of peaches with sugar, till the dish is full, having batter at the top. In a moderate oven about an hour will be required for the baking. Serve with sweetened cream. This is an excellent way for using second quality peaches.

Fancy Peach Pudding.

Peel six large freestone peaches and cut them in halves, removing the pits. Quickly prepare a paste by rubbing butter the size of an egg into a pint of flour and adding half a teaspoonful of salt and a large teaspoonful of baking powder. Beat an egg till light, add it to a small cupful of milk and pour this over the flour; beat thoroughly and pour into a greased baking pan, having the batter about an inch thick. Over this place the peaches carefully, the hollow side up, and fill the cavities with sugar. Bake in a quick oven for thirty minutes, and serve hot with cream and sugar.

Peach Pudding Sauce.

Take the juice from a can of peaches and bring it to the boiling point. Then add a tablespoonful of cornstarch dissolved in half a teacupful of cold water, and boil for two minutes. Then add a small teacupful of sugar, and the grated rind and the juice of a lemon.

Baked Peaches.

Rub the peaches with a flannel cloth to remove the down, and place them in a small stone jar till it is about two-thirds filled. Pour on water enough to half fill the jar, and bake in a slow oven from one to three hours, according to the condition of the fruit. Before they are quite done pour over them a cupful of sugar dissolved in a little boiling water.

Peach Ice Cream.

Peel the peaches and crush them to a pulp. To a small freezer of cream made in the usual manner add a pint of this crushed peach pulp, freeze firmly and serve.

Peach Custard.

The peaches are to be stewed, or the canned article may be used. Into a pint of rich new milk press through a sieve the equivalent of five large peaches, add three eggs well beaten, the yolks and whites together, and half a cupful of sugar. Bake in a deep pie plate, with only a bottom paste.

Peach Fritters.

Beat together two eggs with four tablespoonfuls of sugar, add a small cupful of milk and a large cupful of flour, into which a teaspoonful of baking powder has been mingled. This should make a thick batter. Into this stir a half-pint of finely cut peaches, and fry in hot lard.

Peach Butter.

Take fully ripe peaches, peel and pit them, and cook till they become a thick marmalade. Then add a very little sugar and place the kettle upon the back of the stove till the fruit is quite solid. While still hot, pack in stone jars and keep in a cool place.

Dried Peaches.

Prepare yellow peaches by peeling and cutting from the stone in one piece. For each six pounds of the fruit allow two pounds of sugar, and make a sirup by adding a little water. Allow it to boil, then put in the peaches and let them cook till quite clear, take them up carefully on a dish and set them in the sun to dry. Strew powdered sugar over them on all sides, a little at a time, and if any sirup is left remove them to fresh dishes. When they are quite dry lay them lightly in a jar with a little sugar between each layer.

Peach Charlotte.

Line a mold or bowl with lady fingers or sections of oranges. Soak one-third of a box of gelatine in one-third of a cupful of cold water till soft. Pour on it one-third of a cupful of boiling water, add a cupful of sugar and the juice of a lemon. After straining, add a cupful of stewed or canned peaches, pressed through a coarse sieve, and cool in a pan of ice water. Beat stiff the whites of three eggs, and when the jelly begins to harden beat it till light. Add the beaten whites, and beat together till stiff enough to drop. Pour into the mold and set on ice. Many other varieties of fruit may be used instead of the peaches, and in the same manner.

Peach Dumpling.

Line with paste a half-dozen buttered cups, and fill them with finely sliced peaches, sweetened to taste. Put on a covering of paste, set them in a pan half filled with boil-

ing water, and bake or steam forty minutes. Turn out on a dish and serve with liquid sauce.

Peach Preserves.

Peel and pit the fruit, and to each pound allow a pint of sugar. Make a sirup with a cupful of water to a pound of sugar, and when it boils drop in the peaches. The peaches may also be used whole. In either case, half a dozen kernels cooked with the fruit improve the flavor. Simmer till tender, then seal up while hot.

Spiced Peaches.

Take large peaches, peel them, but do not remove the pits. For six pounds of fruit take three and a half pounds of sugar, a quart of vinegar and a teaspoonful each of cinnamon and cloves tied in a bag. Boil slowly for an hour in a preserving kettle, and can while hot. Peaches are spiced in the same manner.

Dried Peach Pie.

Wash the dried fruit thoroughly and soak it over night. Then cook slowly on the back of the stove for two hours, sweetening to taste when the cooking is finished. Have a deep pie plate lined with paste in the ordinary way, on which arrange the pieces of fruit, and add the juice—of which there should be but a little. Cover with paste, or cross the top with narrow strips diamond-wise. Where the fruit is much broken, it is better to sift it and after baking cover the top with a meringue made with the white of an egg and a tablespoonful of sugar, browning in a moderate oven.

Bavarian Peach Cream.

This is a delicate dish, well repaying the slight care necessary in its preparation. From two quarts of milk take a cupful, in which soak a package of gelatine. Put the remainder of the milk in a farina kettle over the stove, and when it approaches the boiling point put in the gelatine. When the latter is dissolved, add a small cupful of sugar, and strain the beaten yolks of four eggs with a little of the hot milk which has been dipped out and which will prevent curdling. Cook for five minutes and pour into molds to form. When it attains the consistency of custard, slice some peaches, take out a part of the mixture, and place alternate layers of fruit and cream till the mold is filled. When the gelatine has congealed the peaches will be as rich of color as when sliced. Beat the whites of the four eggs to a stiff froth with four tablespoonfuls of sugar, and when the mold is turned out pile the meringue around the base in large spoonfuls.

Peach Layer Cake.

Beat the whites of three eggs to stiffness, adding gradually a small cupful of powdered sugar. Spread a portion of this over the thickest of the layers for the bottom of the cake. On this arrange a layer of peeled and sliced peaches, then a layer of cake, and so on till the desired thickness is attained. When the fruit is very ripe it may be mashed and stirred into the icing.

Pickled Peaches.

With a flannel cloth wipe the down from a dozen large peaches, and place them in a brine strong enough to bear up an egg. In two days take them out, drain through a sieve, and put them in a jar. Tie in a bag one ounce each of whole white pepper and broken ginger root, and two ounces of mustard seed. Scald a quart of vinegar, and while hot pour it over the peaches. If sweet pickles are desired, add a pound and a half of sugar to each quart of vinegar.

Peach Meringue.

For each pint of stewed or canned peaches, sweetened

to taste, stir in the beaten yolks of two eggs. Bake in a deep pudding dish for fifteen minutes, then cover with the whites of the two eggs beaten till very light with two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Brown in the oven and serve cold with whipped cream. Other stewed fruit may be substituted for peaches.

Peach Jelly.

This is seldom made, owing to the difficulty of separating the juice from the pulp, but it can be done. Peel and pit the fruit, cracking out a dozen of the kernels to be used in flavoring the product. To every four quarts of fruit, sliced fine, add a teacupful of water, and cook to a tender pulp. Express the juice as for other jellies, to each pint adding the juice of one lemon and two oranges. Then proceed as with other jellies.

Peach Jelly with Gelatine.

Proceed as above to stew the fruit in a little water, and strain. In a pint of the juice soak a box of gelatine, sweeten, pour over it a full quart of boiling water: when perfectly dissolved, strain and cool. It should not be used earlier than the day after it is made.

—Mrs. Minerva Van Wyck.

SUMMER DESSERTS

Bisque Ice Cream.—Take a quarter of a pound of macaroons, three lady fingers and half a dozen kisses, all of which should be stale, and pound to a paste. Put one pint of cream in a sauce-pan with half a pound of sugar, set on the fire until boiling, take off, add a pint of cold cream, pour in a freezer and freeze; when half frozen add a teaspoonful of vanilla and caramel each, with the pounded cakes and a tablespoonful of grape jelly; beat until smooth, freeze solid, drain the water from the tub, remove the dasher and set aside one hour.

Orange Ice Cream.—Take one quart of cream, put a pint of it on to boil with a pound of sugar; when very hot take from the fire, let cool, add the juice of six oranges and two lemons, and the rind of one with the remaining pint of cream; pour in the freezer and freeze.

Tutti Frutti.—Chop half a pound of candied cherries, candied apricots, pine-apple and citron fine, freeze a quart of orange water, take out the dasher, stir in the fruit, beat and set aside for two hours.

Frozen Fruits.—Mash a pint of strawberries, a pint of raspberries, and a pint of red currants, add a pound and a half of sugar and the juice of two lemons; let stand one hour, pour over a pint of ice water, stir, turn in a freezer and freeze.

Lemon Sherbet.—Make one gallon of strong lemonade, pour a pint of water on half a box of gelatine, dissolve and add a pint of boiling water, beat the whites of six eggs with a pound of sugar, stir in the lemonade, turn in a freezer and freeze.

Frozen Pudding.—Take one pint of rich milk, the yolks of four eggs and mix together. Make a syrup of one pound of sugar and a pint of water, put on the fire, let come to a boil, stir in forty blanched almonds pounded fine, a quarter of a pound of chopped citron, two ounces each of raisins and currants, one ounce of candied orange and lemon peel and a glass of grape jelly; mix with the custard, pour in a freezer and freeze.

Water Ice.—To one quart of water, add a teaspoonful of citric acid, two teaspoonfuls of lemon extract and a pound of sugar. Freeze.

ELIZA R. PARKER.

Mysterious Box Tricks.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES SCOTT.



I SHALL assume that the larger number of readers are familiar with the style of box tricks; but for the information of those who may not have seen such a performance it may be briefly stated that a conjurer, after permitting a large box or case to be minutely examined by invited members of the audience, huddles himself within the receptacle, which is subsequently locked and tied up securely with rope. In many instances it is also placed bodily in a sack, which is sealed and otherwise rendered apparently secure. After certain preliminaries have been indulged in the whole paraphernalia is re-opened, when to the onlookers' surprise the box is seen to be entirely empty, the previous occupant having made his exit in a seemingly miraculous manner from his well-bound, self-chosen prison, to reappear later on with perfect freedom before his startled patrons.

The charm of these box tricks is their naïve simplicity of action. The audience might agitate their brains till Doomsday in seeking an elucidation of the mystery before them, yet really nothing more potent than the unfastening of secret springs, and the loosing and folding of a few flaps, has enabled the magician to appear possessed of infernal capabilities.

The rope with which the box may be encircled only serves to strengthen the appearance of wonder, and adds materially to the effect produced. The spectator mentally jumps to the conclusion that to

leave the box the inmate must force or open some portion of it *outwardly*. He loses sight of the possibility of removing sliding panels and inwardly-acting flaps.

The commonest trick is, perhaps, that displayed in Fig. 1. The box is roped across as shown with a man concealed within it, and is then erected "on end." Escape at this point is made by the ridiculously simple means of opening one end as illustrated. It will be noted that the rope forms no bar whatever to this mechanical movement. Of course, in actual operation, the working extremity of the contrivance is placed directly over a trap-door in the stage. My reason for inverting it will naturally be obvious to the reader. When the box is afterwards sealed up in a sack the man has already disappeared from it.

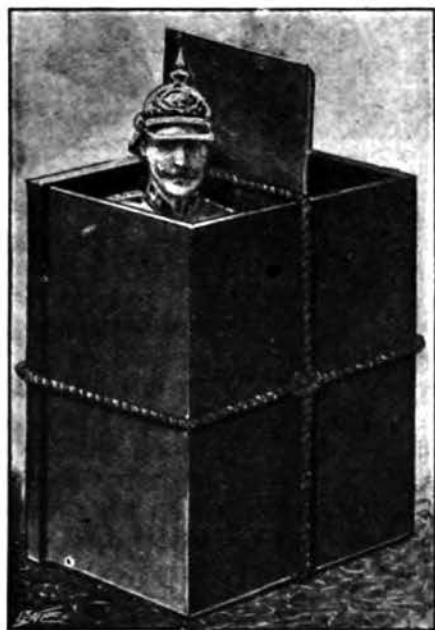


FIG. 1.—A COMMON DEVICE.

of the rope so that it occupies similar positions to those indicated in the other drawings. But then it is the performer's express purpose so to arrange matters that the box is secured precisely in conformance with his desires.

A similarly deceptive and equally clever idea is shown in Fig. 2.

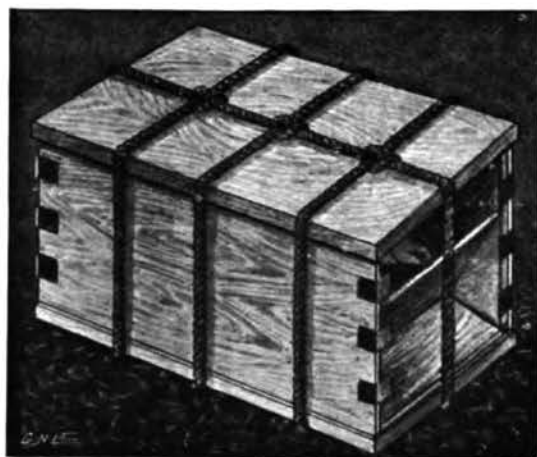


FIG. 2.—BOX WITH DOUBLE-FOLDING FLAP END.

In one important feature, however, it far surpasses that which has just been disposed of. It may be tied up in any way; yet will not fail to allow the occupant to make good his escape. In this instance the conjurer merely folds the end as a double-flap inwardly, when, as will be comprehended, the rope proves to be no obstacle

whatever. There, again, the opening would be in direct communication with a trap-door. The flaps would regain their normal attitude as soon as the operator had forced his way out between the ropes. A very essential part of the making of this cunning device is so to paint the exterior to resemble the grain of wood as to conceal the division of the end—*i.e.*, the joining of the two flaps. But clever workmen can accomplish marvels in this direction.

A more meritorious invention is given in Fig. 3. There, again, the box may be strongly bound, within certain reasonable limits, of course, after the performer has secreted himself. In displaying this device to the audience, and more particularly to



FIG. 3.—A VERY EFFECTIVE AND SIMPLE TRICK.

those who mount the stage from among the main body of the people, the operator is anxious that a very searching examination shall be made to convince the inspectors that it is a "hard, sound, well-made job"—as the cabinet-makers say of their furniture. When he is about to shut the lid down, however, he just slides to one side the teeth which are supposed to catch into the lock, and which are attached to the under-side of the lid. He shuts this lid down once with a bang before imprisoning himself, to emphasize his eulogy on its impregnability. This movement releases *the whole front of the box*, which, by means of springs, quickly lowers itself as shown in Fig. 4 until it occupies a position in contact with and right over the genuine bottom. Naturally, the loud noise made by the shutting of the lid deadens any sound produced by the front falling against the bottom. When he subsequently steps

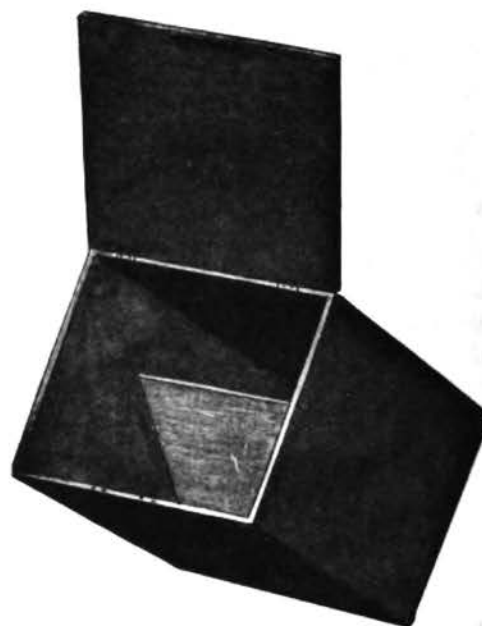


FIG. 4.—EXPLANATION OF FIG. 3.

inside, to be bound and locked in by a *confederate*, all that he is called upon to do is to roll up the dummy front, as you would roll up a blind. This dummy front is nothing more than a square of American cloth, prepared to conform exactly in appearance with the other sides of the box. It will be understood that the hinged board which had previously been erect behind the dummy front had so stiffened the latter that tapping and inspection would not reveal its composition. When a final view of the empty box is being undertaken all parts have resumed their normal positions; and, of course, again defy detection.

Somewhat similar in character to the preceding devices, yet possessing individual merits of great difference from them, is box Fig. 5, which is made to bear a resemblance to a packing-case. The captive, in this instance, opens two flaps inwardly, as in



FIG. 5.—THE PACKING-CASE TRICK.



FIG. 6.—HOW FIG. 5 TRICK IS EFFECTED.

Fig. 6, and this movement permits him to slide, in opposite directions, the two upright central staves, when an opening sufficiently large to permit of his egress is obtained. A slight survey of the drawings will reveal these particulars.

It may be a relief for the reader to have his attention directed to receptacles of a more novel formation. That exhibited in Figs. 7 and 8, for example, is delightfully naïve and mysterious. The magician urges upon his

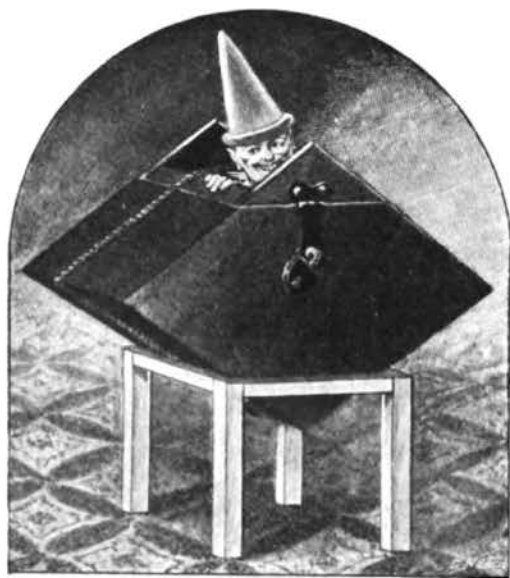


FIG. 7.—A TRICK IN WHICH TRAP-DOORS ARE DISPERSED WITH.

listeners the very obvious and well-impressed fact that, being poised upon a trestle, no escape is afforded the prisoner by means of stage trap-doors. This isolation of the contrivance lends a very significant importance to the experiment.

The triangular lid is opened; all parts are well tested. Then, with much ostentatious ceremony, the entertainer climbs aloft and

drops with alacrity into the exposed cavity. The triangular lid is afterwards fastened into position with immense padlocks, and, in addition, any desired parts are roped. Apparently to render the exhibition more startling, yet really for the absolutely necessary concealment of certain movements of the performer, the box is surrounded by a four-fold curtained screen, as displayed in Fig. 9. You will observe that under these conditions the audience would have the

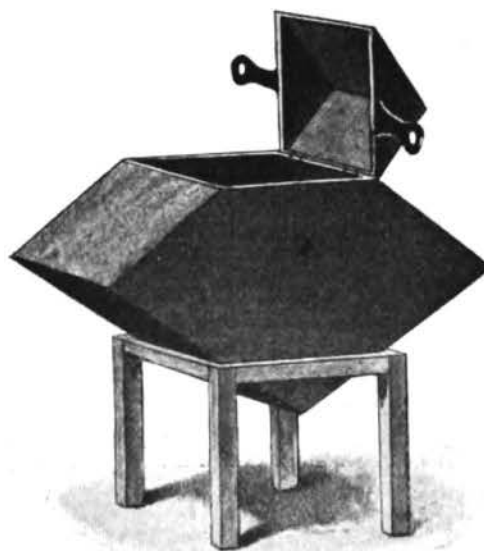


FIG. 8.—THE BOX SHOWN IN ACTION IN FIG. 7.

privilege of gaining a clear view entirely beneath the box and its support, completely to the back of the stage. Whence, then, does the artful fellow escape? Well, all he does is to release the two sloping sides of the lid, pull them down behind the upper sides of the box, then creep out and draw aside a small portion of the hinder-

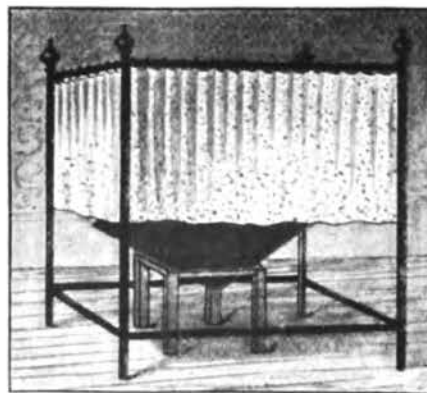


FIG. 9.—THE BOX SURROUNDED BY THE CURTAIN.

most curtain, subsequently sliding down a plank which a confederate has, undetected, placed in the required position. A dummy

picture in the drop-scene behind has previously been removed, and a plank pushed up from the back of the scene (Fig. 10).

In this way the magician is enabled to slip right down out of sight; and when the screen is removed and the box (which, by the assistance of springs, has resumed its ordinary massive appearance) is opened the astonishment of the onlookers is genuine.

The next trick with which I shall here deal has reference to the box shown in Fig. 11. You will readily observe that the lid is a sliding one. Anyone examining the interior of the casket would find that it was apparently strengthened by two angle-irons crossing the bottom and bending upwards across the sides, thus dividing the receptacle into three equal parts. These angle-irons are destined to serve an important pur-

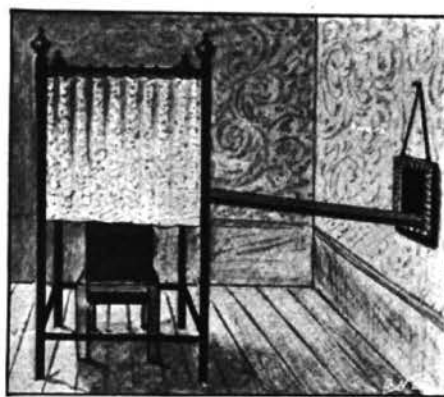


FIG. 10.—HOW THE PERFORMER ESCAPES.

is fixed properly there exists a large opening formed in the bottom of the box, through which the conjurer wriggles. After dropping down through the trap-door he is enabled to replace the central division and angle-irons quickly, without in any way removing the lid.

Meantime an assistant has been fastening a length of cord round and round the sides and ends of the box. Upon receiving a pre-arranged signal, he then elevates the box on to one end and slips it into a sack. It is, of course, empty, but this pregnant fact is unknown to the audience, who naturally marvel

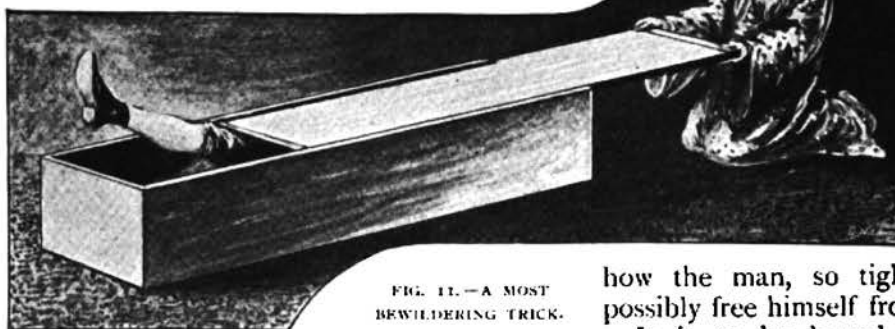


FIG. 11.—A MOST BEWILDERING TRICK.

pose in the execution of the deception. I can best render my explanation understandable by following the series of actions which ensue after the conjurer has laid himself within the box. It should be said that the contrivance is at this juncture so placed that the central portion (that area which is situated *between* the angle-irons) is directly over a trap-door. What happens is this: As the lid slides into place,

how the man, so tightly wedged in, can possibly free himself from his prison.

It is to be hoped that this revelation will not detract from the real appreciation which the ingenuity of these contrivances deserves.

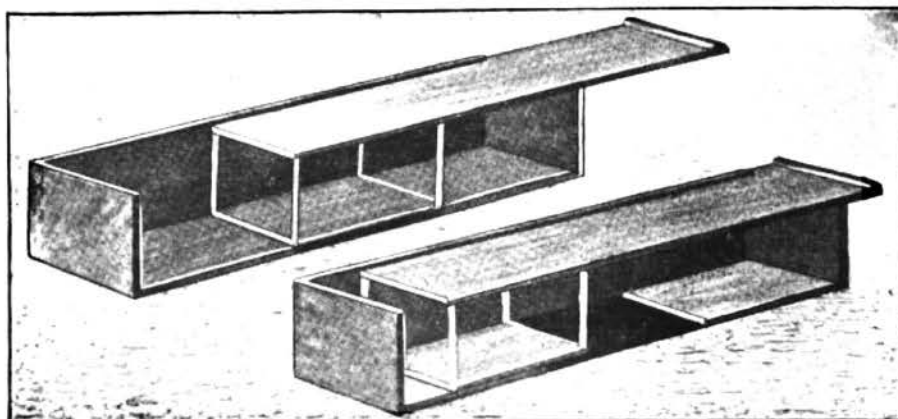


FIG. 12.—EXPLANATION OF FIG. 11.



BY RICHARD MARSH.

Illustrated by G. H. Jalland.

A GREY, watery sky, through which there are occasional glimpses of the sun. A sloping and a muddy field. A large crowd. I suppose it is attributable to the proximity of the village; but I had no idea that there would be such a gathering. A long line of vehicles in the adjoining lane—principally dog-carts. Most of them seem to be as full as they can hold, occasionally fuller. Philipson informs me that the occupants of these vehicles intend to follow the hunt by road; he adds that they will probably see more of it than we shall. His observation occasions me surprise. If it be possible to hunt in a comfortable dog-cart, along decent roads, in a civilised manner, why should he have induced me to spend a guinea on the hire of an animal which, I am convinced, is of uncertain temper?

I was aware that meets were popular functions, but I had no notion they were so popular as this. It may be owing to the fact that we are only about twenty miles from town, but the place is inundated by what can only be described as an actual rabble. Men and boys, and even women and girls, line the hedges, many of them without hats, or, in the case of the latter, bonnets. The inhabitants seemed to have turned out *en masse*. They escorted us from the station much in the fashion in which a crowd escorts a regimental band through the streets of London, only they got in our way much more than the crowd is ever allowed to get in the way of the band. There was no footpath in the lane, and I am sure that sometimes as many as

half a dozen people were under my horse's feet at once. A strong feeling of sociability seems to reign among the spectators; and, as several of them are shouting to each other right across the field, the noise is considerable. Some of the remarks which fall upon my ears can scarcely be regarded as flattering by the enthusiastic sportsmen present who are members of the hunt. Among all these people the horsemen seem to be in an insignificant minority. Yet there are quite a number of them, too.

In a cleared space in the centre of the field is a cart. It looks very much like the carts which are used to convey bulls through thoroughfares in town. Only, unlike those, this is roofed over. It is also more elegantly fashioned. The wheels, which are tolerably clean, are painted bright scarlet, while the cart itself is chastely decorated in two shades of green. Some little distance behind it, in the charge of the huntsman and two whippers-in, are the hounds. I am bound to say that those sagacious animals appear to me to be taking less interest in the proceedings than one might reasonably expect.

Presently an elderly gentleman, who weighs, perhaps, seventeen or eighteen stone, and who is attired in magnificent apparel, as befits the Master of the Hunt, gets out of the carriage in which he has driven to the ground, and scrambles on to the back of a horse which promises weight-carrying power rather than speed. "Ready, Jenkins!" he cries. A respectable-looking individual, in a long green coat, which he wears ostentatiously unbuttoned in front, goes to the rear of the deer-cart, and, presumably, unfastens the door. A hush, as of expectation, follows.

Nothing, however, happens. The man in the green coat seems to be having an argument with something inside the cart.

"Twist his tail!" shouts a voice in the crowd—decidedly a boy's.

"The brute won't uncart," says Philipson.

I immediately have visions. I think of the tales I have read of the cruelties which always attend stag-hunts; of the poor, frenzied, frightened creature tearing madly, blindly, beside itself with terror, to escape the merciless pursuit of the ferocious, eager hounds. Only a short time ago I had read somewhere a piteous account of a stag which, in its agony, had broken its heart and died. And they called it sport! I had half a mind to express myself on the subject, there and then, strongly; to declare that I, for one, would not take part in such an orgy of senseless cruelty. I had my hand upon the rein, and was about to turn my horse's head stationwards, resolute to forfeit the guinea which I had paid for its hire rather than continue to be a constituent fraction of such a ruthless throng, when the deer uncartered. I fancy that the man in the green coat punched it in the ribs, or adopted some similar means of persuasion. But the animal certainly did get out of the cart.

In appearance it was not all my imagination had pictured it. It was undoubtedly a deer, but of what kind I have no notion. I am no sort of an authority on the subject, but I apprehend that this one was of a breed which does not run to size. When one thinks of a stag one thinks of antlers; if that stag had antlers, then they were in what may be described as an apologetic state. I protest that I saw nothing of them. What struck me most was the animal's demeanour. Whether it was paralysed by fear, or by forebodings of the horrible fate that was in store for it, is more than I can say. When it got out of the cart, it walked about a dozen feet, then stopped to crop the grass. "Hi-hi-hi-i-i!" shouted the crowd, unnecessarily, it seemed to me. Even the hounds showed signs of interest. Some of them began to bark quite noisily. Everyone was excited—except the deer. It looked up, as if actuated by a certain indifferent curiosity, went on about another dozen feet, then stopped to crop the grass again. The excitement was increasing. At this rate of progression the creature would be out of the field by the time "the shades of night were falling." The man in the green coat,

coming to the front of the deer-cart, took down the whip which was beside the driver's seat. With the whip in his hand he walked after the deer. When he had got within a foot or so of it, he cracked the whip in the air with the report of a pistol-shot. The deer looked up, as if surprised and even pained at such conduct. The man cracked the whip a second time. The deer seemed annoyed. Kicking up its heels like a skittish colt, it ambled down the slope and over the hedge.

Immediately the whole place was in a turmoil. The vehicles in the lane began to move. A large proportion of the crowd streamed across the field with the apparent intention of seizing the deer by the heels before it had a chance of getting away. The hounds barked; men shouted; boys whistled. It was a scene of pleasing confusion. In a few seconds, I take it, the word to start was given, the huntsman blew his horn, and the hounds, barking as if with the intent to split their throats, went rushing after the people, who already were rushing after the deer. The hunt was off. I, also, was nearly off, because, in the muddle, which was the most marked feature of the moment, a man in pink cannoned against me, and almost succeeded in laying my steed and its rider low. "Look out where you're coming to!" he exclaimed, as he went pushing past me—which struck me, then, as being the most unreasonable remark I had ever had addressed to me.

When I had had time to regain my own and my horse's equilibrium, I perceived that Philipson, some little distance off, was being borne away in the seething crowd of riders. Looking back towards me he waved his whip. "Come on!" he cried. I came on. It was about time I did. Everyone, with one accord, was making for the gate which was in the corner of the field, and as I, unwittingly, was in the direct road to it, perfect strangers were addressing me with that absence of restraint which we look for only in the case of our lifelong friends. The process of getting through the gate reminded me not a little of the crowd which one sees outside the pit door of a popular theatre. Everyone seemed anxious to get through first, and everyone seemed to be under the impression that everybody else was doing his best to hinder him. I daresay it took me five minutes to reach the other side of it. When I did, I quite expected that Philipson would have been with the hounds, a mile away. However, somewhat

to my surprise, I found him awaiting me, like a true friend, but a little wanting on the point of temper.

"You've been a nice time!" he observed.

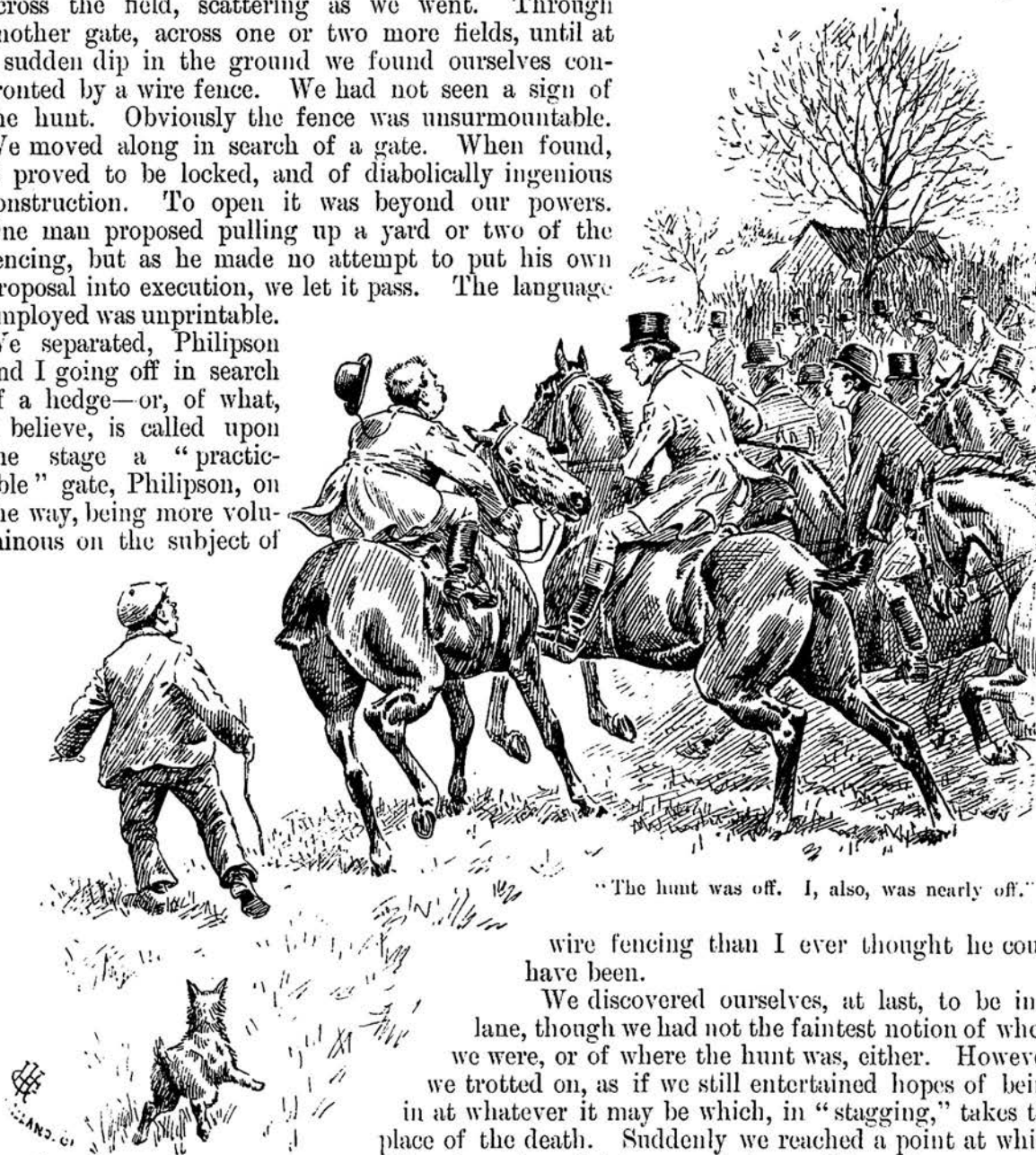
"It hasn't been my idea of a nice time," I ventured to observe.

It hadn't.

"We may as well go home," he went on further to remark, "for all the chances we have of seeing any sport to-day."

If that indeed were so, we, at least, had not the galley to ourselves. We all scampered across the field, scattering as we went. Through another gate, across one or two more fields, until at a sudden dip in the ground we found ourselves confronted by a wire fence. We had not seen a sign of the hunt. Obviously the fence was unsurmountable. We moved along in search of a gate. When found, it proved to be locked, and of diabolically ingenious construction. To open it was beyond our powers. One man proposed pulling up a yard or two of the fencing, but as he made no attempt to put his own proposal into execution, we let it pass. The language employed was unprintable.

We separated, Philipson and I going off in search of a hedge—or, of what, I believe, is called upon the stage a "practicable" gate, Philipson, on the way, being more voluminous on the subject of



"The hunt was off. I, also, was nearly off."

wire fencing than I ever thought he could have been.

We discovered ourselves, at last, to be in a lane, though we had not the faintest notion of where we were, or of where the hunt was, either. However, we trotted on, as if we still entertained hopes of being in at whatever it may be which, in "staggering," takes the place of the death. Suddenly we reached a point at which another lane turned into ours. As we did so, three men in pink came tearing along it as if they were riding for their lives. At sight of us they almost pulled their horses back upon their haunches.

"Where are they?" demanded the man in front.

Philipson was able to supply him with but scanty information.

"Haven't seen them since they started," he remarked.

"Confound it!" cried the man.

Off rode the trio, as if the hounds were at their heels. We followed at a milder pace. We had not gone far before we heard the sound of wheels approaching from behind us. Looking back, we perceived that three dog-carts were advancing in Indian file. Judging

from the rate at which they were coming, one might have been excused for supposing that, being without the fear of pains and penalties for furious driving, they were matched against time. They slowed when they reached us.

"Where are they?" inquired the driver of the leading vehicle—if he was not a publican, then I am prepared to assert that he was a butcher.

"Haven't the faintest notion," replied Philipson.

The driver of the second cart struck in. There could not be the shadow of a doubt as to what he was—"Vet" was written large all over him.

"It's all right, push along, Jim! He's making for the cinder-heaps, I tell you; I know he is. When the wind's like this, he always makes for there."

Two girls were in the hindmost cart—probably relations of one or other of the gentlemen in front. The one who was acting as Jehu waved her whip impatiently.

"Yes, do let's hurry on! What's the good of hanging about?—we're only wasting time!"

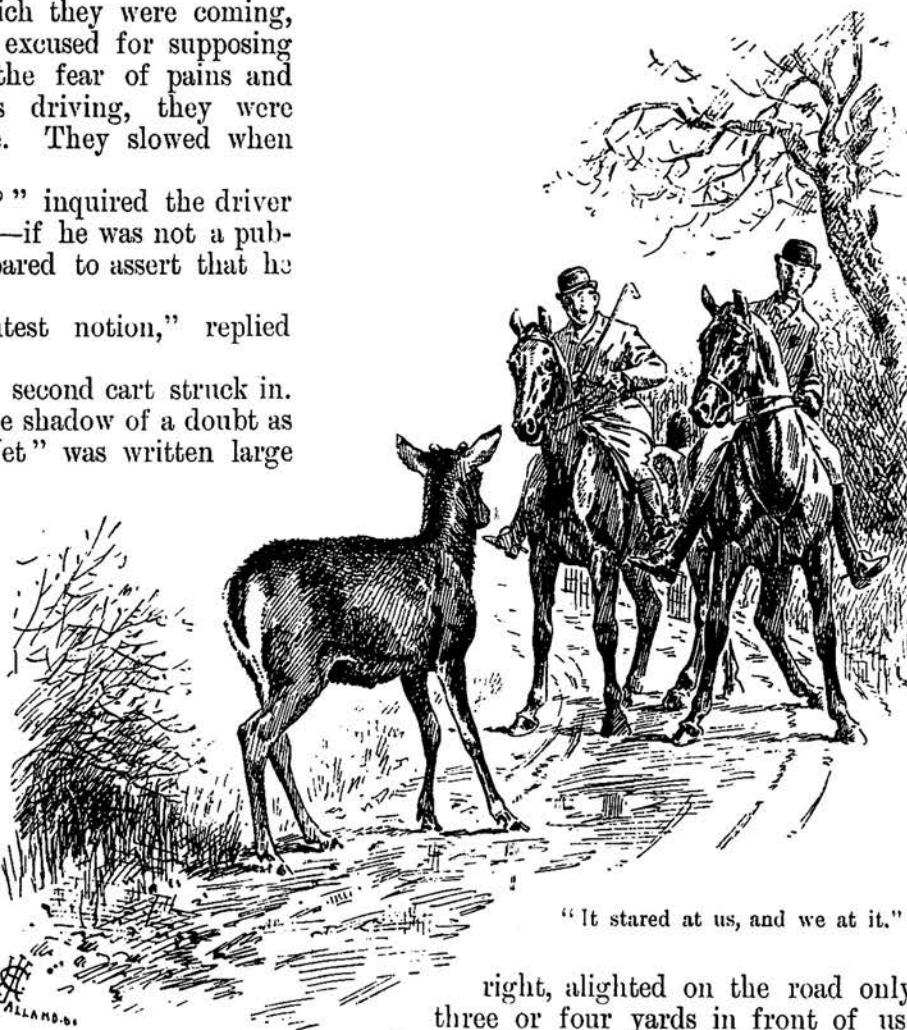
The procession re-started. I do not remember to have ever seen vehicles careering along what, I presume, was a public highway, at such a rate before. You could hardly see the wheels go round. From a purely spectacular point of view it was exhilarating—really!

"Do you call this stag-hunting?" inquired Philipson, his eyes fixed on the rapidly retreating dog-carts.

"No," I said, "I don't."

I was unable to tell what prompted his inquiry. It seemed an uncalled-for one just then. But I could but answer it.

We jogged on for, perhaps, another mile without, it seemed, getting nearer to anything, or to anywhere, when an astonishing thing took place. We were still in the lane, and, judging from appearances, we bade fair to continue in the lane during the remainder of the day. All at once, without giving us the slightest warning of its approach, something, springing over the hedge upon our



"It stared at us, and we at it."

right, alighted on the road only three or four yards in front of us.

It stared at us, and we at it. Not impossibly, we were the more surprised of the two. Certainly it was the first to recover its presence of mind. Swerving to one side, it cleared the hedge upon our left with a degree of agility which did it credit. It was only after it was over that we realised what it was.

"It's the deer!" cried Philipson.

"It's the deer!" I echoed.

We watched it, moving across the field at a pace which, though it appeared leisurely, a little observation showed us was much faster than it seemed. While we hesitated, wondering what, under the circumstances, would be the proper thing for us to do, the whole pack of hounds came through the hedge over which the deer had first appeared. Without condescending to notice us, dashing helter-skelter through the hedge in front of them, they continued the chase.

"Come on!" shouted Philipson.

And I came!

Forcing our horses through a gap in the hedge, we found ourselves in a position which, from a sportsman's point of view, was

as pleasant as it was unexpected. A glance over my shoulder showed me that we were not alone. Three or four horsemen, who seemed to be racing, were close behind us, while a not inconsiderable field tailed off in the distance. For what seemed three-quarters of an hour, but what, probably, was more like three minutes, we enjoyed something like a burst. Our horses were comparatively fresh; the going was easy; the quarry, at the start, at any rate, was well in view. We passed over field after field—they were divided from each other by apologies for hedges; although, so far as I am aware, my steed did not pretend to be much of a jumper, the animal took them in its stride. It seemed as if the blood was growing warmer in my veins. I felt that this sort of thing really was worth paying a guinea for; that, if this was “staggering,” you might give me as much of it as you chose. On we went, with such determination that I did not even slacken rein when a row of hurdles rose right in front of me. I went at them with the *sans froufrou* of a steeplechaser. My horse negotiated the obstacle in gallant fashion, clearing it with his forelegs and bringing it down with his hind. Philipson, who was somewhat in the rear, with a want of spirit of which I had scarcely thought him capable, steered for the gap which I had made. Taking full advantage of the opening I had given him, he crept up to my side.

“This is something like!” he gasped.

“Magnificent!” I answered.

I but voiced the feelings of my heart—it was magnificent. The ground, which was open pasture, descended in a gentle slope for fully half a mile. Far away, and getting farther and farther, was the deer. Although it still seemed to be travelling at its leisure, plainly enough it kept away from the hounds with ease. A hundred yards behind they followed it like a single dog. You could not have covered them with the proverbial pocket-handkerchief, because they were scattered pretty widely, both to the right and to the left, and behind and in front; but evidently they were animated by a common purpose, to get on even terms with their quarry.

“This is too hot to last!” gasped Philipson.

I was becoming conscious of that fact myself. Horses jobbed out at a guinea a day are not supposed to be Derby flyers; nor are they guaranteed to keep on at top speed for an indefinite distance. Away we raced—it was, literally, racing; but, the further we went, the more clearly I realised

that something was going wrong with my animal's works. I should have to ease up soon or stop entirely. The stag, and the hounds, and the country together, settled the question for me in a fashion of their own.

We had come down a reasonably graduated incline, I know not how far, and I know not how long, when I suddenly perceived that the graduation of the incline was ceasing to be reasonable. From a mere slope it was becoming transformed into a positive declivity. Instead of falling, say, one in a hundred, it was beginning to fall one in ten, and, so far as I could perceive, bade fair, ere long, to fall one in something less than two. Indeed, not more than a couple of hundred feet in front of us, unless appearances were deceptive, the ground dropped away into what looked uncommonly like a sheer precipice. At any rate, the deer and hounds, passing over it in their wild career, had disappeared from view as if by magic. Philipson and I reined up our horses as short as we could. I do not fancy that either of the brutes objected. As we did so, several other men came up one after another from behind; the legitimate hunt they were, who had followed from the first, and whom we had all but robbed of their laurels. They reined up almost in a line with us.

“Pretty steep bit here,” said a man upon my left.

A man upon his left replied to him.

“Beastly! That's an old quarry ahead; you can get down it, but it isn't easy. There's the railway in front; there's a devil of a fence, and a devil of a hedge to tackle before you reach it. Then ditto, ditto on the other side, then a brook, then a plantation of young trees which want thinning, and which is not so well adapted to horse exercise as the maze at Hampton Court.”

The speaker's knowledge of the country proved to be correct—at least, as far as Philipson and I investigated it, which was as far as the old quarry. It might have been possible to get down it—indeed, the speaker proved that it was by going down it himself, and inducing three other idiots to go down with him; but precipice-climbing on horseback had not been the sort of experience we had been in search of when we went “staggering.” Philipson and I refrained. We remained up above with several other sensible persons, and watched those enthusiastic “staggers” tearing—with no slight expenditure of labour—bars out of the strongly and carefully constructed fence, the property of the railway company. Then,

with their pocket-knives, they commenced to cut a gap in the thickest six-foot hedge, an appurtenance of the same corporation. When we had seen so much, Philipson and I had seen enough. We induced our horses to retrace their steps uphill.

The descent had been delightful, the ascent was not so pleasant. If it was half a mile down, it was, certainly, three miles up. Nor was the sum total of our satisfaction heightened when, after sundry divagations, we found ourselves in what bore a singular resemblance to that unending lane which we had originally—and so gladly!—quitted.

"It strikes me," remarked Philipson, as he looked to the right and to the left of him, "that I've been here before. I seem to know this lane."

I seemed to know it, too. But it was no use making the worst of things. I endeavoured to put a fair front upon the matter.

"I dare say if we keep on we shall get somewhere soon."

"I hope we shall," said Philipson, in what struck me as being a tone of almost needless gloom.

We did keep on—that I do earnestly protest. Not very fast, it is true—our horses, for reasons of their own, seemed to object to hurry. I said nothing, and as Philipson, if possible, said still less, conversation languished. We had pursued the devious twistings of that eternal lane for what seemed to be ten miles, and which, possibly, were nearly two, when an exclamation from Philipson roused me to a consideration of the surroundings.

"Hallo!—I say!—what's that?"

"What's what?"

I followed, with my eyes, the direction in which he was pointing with his outstretched hand. He had stayed his horse, and was raising himself in his stirrups with what seemed to be positive excitement. His interest seemed centred in a flock of sheep which browsed, unconcernedly, in the meadow on our left. At the first glance I thought that they were sheep, "and nothing more." A moment's inspection, however, disclosed the fact that among them was a creature of another species, a little larger than themselves, but not much, and of a different shape and colour. Like them, it grazed, "the world forgetting," if not "by the world forgot," and seemed to be so very much at its ease, and so entirely at peace with all the world, that some seconds elapsed

before ocular demonstration succeeded in convincing me that it might be a relation to the noble animal which a large number of enthusiastic sportsmen were ardently pursuing.

"It is a deer?"

The words came from me in the form of a query. For some reason the inquiry seemed to nettle Philipson. He seemed to think that there could be no possible room for doubt.

"Of course it's a deer. What's more, it's the deer."

"No!"

That did seem to me to be almost inconceivable. How came the creature there? Why did it not betray more symptoms of anxiety? Did it suppose that it was out for a holiday, the programme of which included refreshments by the way? Was it possible that it could already have forgotten its wild flight from the red-hot ardour of the heated chase? What had become of the hounds, and the hunt, and the array of dog-carts, and the excited pedestrian throng? Were we two all that was left of them?

While such questions passed through my brain, for which I in vain sought answers, we sat on our horses on one side of the hedge, while, on the other, the proud monarch of the woodland cropped the sweet grasses with the humble sheep, for all the world as if he were one of them. Plainly, we were more interested in him than he in us; the close proximity of men caused him no annoyance.

Philipson volunteered an observation.

"I fancy we'd better stop here till the cart comes along. Someone ought to keep an eye on him. The last time I was out the deer was lost. I believe it was over two months before he was found again."

It occurred to me that Philipson was proposing that we should act towards this denizen of the forest glades very much as if we were a couple of policemen—we were to guard, not to hunt it. The responsibility which Philipson was desirous that we should assume was not, however, forced upon us. Before I could say "Yes" or "No" to what struck me as being his somewhat singular proposition, who should come trotting along the lane but the Master of the Hunt himself. He was alone. One perceived that he had not unduly spurred his willing beast. Philipson nodded. He jerked his thumb over the hedge.

"There's the deer."

"Eh?" The Master pulled up. He

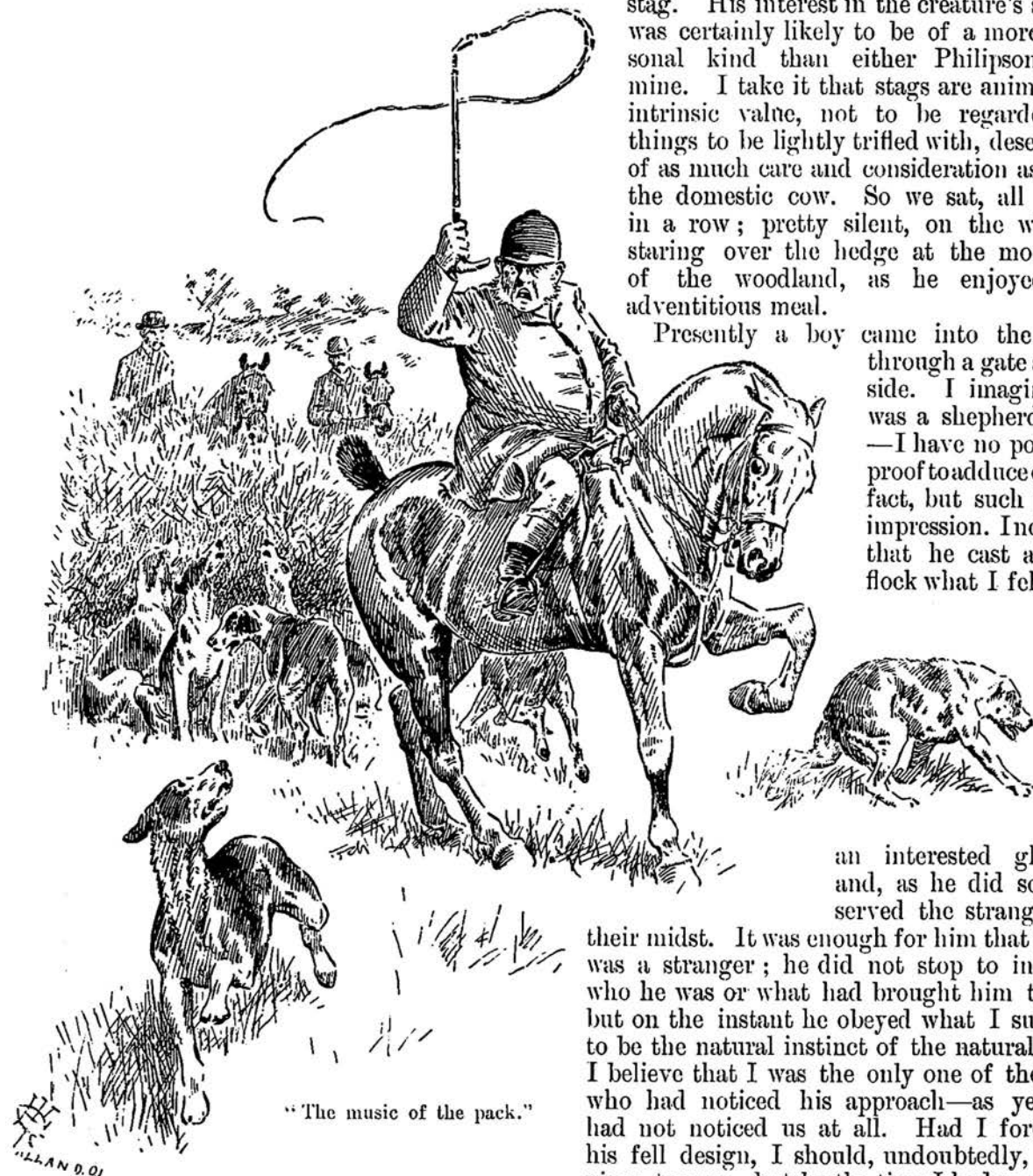
looked where Philipson pointed. He saw that the thing was so. "What the dickens is it doing there?" That is what I wanted to know. He was a portly man. The peculiar behaviour of the deer seemed to fill his soul with indignation. His face put on an extra tinge of ruddiness. "Where're the hounds?"

"Where's the cart?"

"Haven't a notion. My friend and I thought that we would keep an eye upon the stag till we had news of it."

Although he did not say so, the Master appeared to think that it might be advisable that he also should keep an eye upon the stag. His interest in the creature's safety was certainly likely to be of a more personal kind than either Philipson's or mine. I take it that stags are animals of intrinsic value, not to be regarded as things to be lightly trifled with, deserving of as much care and consideration as, say, the domestic cow. So we sat, all three in a row; pretty silent, on the whole; staring over the hedge at the monarch of the woodland, as he enjoyed an adventitious meal.

Presently a boy came into the field through a gate at the side. I imagine he was a shepherd boy—I have no positive proof to adduce of the fact, but such is my impression. I noticed that he cast at the flock what I felt was



"The music of the pack."

"I expect the stag threw them off in the forest; we quitted when he crossed the line and made for it—didn't think it was good enough."

I thought that Philipson's words were neatly chosen; they conveyed the impression that we had been in the hunt from the beginning, all the way, to the point alluded to.

an interested glance, and, as he did so, observed the stranger in

their midst. It was enough for him that there was a stranger; he did not stop to inquire who he was or what had brought him there, but on the instant he obeyed what I suspect to be the natural instinct of the natural boy. I believe that I was the only one of the trio who had noticed his approach—as yet he had not noticed us at all. Had I foreseen his fell design, I should, undoubtedly, have given tongue; but by the time I had so much as an inkling of his intention it already was too late, the deed was done. It is possible that he was under the impression that the intruder was, uninvited, taking a gratuitous meal, and that he resented both his impertinence and his dishonesty. Anyhow, stooping down, he picked up a stone and hurled it at the deer with that force and

that directness of aim with which boys can throw stones. The missile struck the animal a resounding blow, I should judge, in the neighbourhood of the ribs, at a moment when it was not expecting anything of the kind. It leaped high in the air in the first flush of its surprise; then, without staying to make inquiries, it bolted across the field and over the hedge at a pace which was very much in excess of anything which I had seen it display in the presence of the hounds.

I conceive that the Master was to the full as amazed as the deer had been, and also, when he understood what had happened, as indignant. He looked after the vanished animal as if totally at a loss to comprehend the cause of its curious conduct—no doubt he had known that deer before—then he brought his head round slowly, scouring the landscape as he did so, till the boy came within his line of vision. Having sighted him, he glared as at some monstrosity, his cheeks purpling, and the blood-vessels becoming more and more distinct. Philipson explained.

“The young beggar threw a brick at him—nice young rascal!”

The Master shook his clenched fist at the boy across the hedge. I never before saw an elderly gentleman in such a passion.

“You somethinged somethinged something, what do you mean by throwing your somethinged somethinged bricks at my blankety blankety deer?” Even the casual reader must have read something about the remarkable language which occasionally exudes from the lips of gentlemen, in moments of excitement, on the hunting-field. The Master flavoured the atmosphere with examples of that sort of language then. “If I get hold of you, I’ll twist your somethinged somethinged head off your blankety blankety shoulders!”

If there had been a handy gate, it is probable that the Master would have used it to pursue that boy, and, regardless of consequences, when caught, have given him something for himself. But there was no gate just there. The hedge was well established and closely grown. The Master’s horse was not the kind of quadruped to force its way through such an obstacle, or to surmount it by a jump, especially with its owner on its back.

The Master’s stentorian tones were the first intimation the boy had received that there had been spectators of his action. When he heard that strident voice, and was

saluted by that flow of language, and recognised the Master’s “pink,” no doubt he realised the full enormity of his offence. As he did so, like the deer, “he stood not on the order of his going, but went at once,” rushing pell-mell through the gate by which he had entered, and passing from our sight.

“I’d give five pounds,” declared the Master, “for a chance of breaking every bone in the scoundrel’s body!”

As I was hoping that he did not mean exactly what he said, Philipson, who kept his eyes open, diverted our interest into a new channel.

“Hallo! There’re the hounds!” he cried.

Turning round, as Philipson had done, sure enough, in the field behind us, there were the hounds. At least, there were some of them. Each individual member of the pack was wandering about in a desultory fashion, doing nothing in particular, apparently not a little bored, and wondering what it was that had brought it there.

“What are those dogs doing there by themselves? Where’s the hunt?” inquired the Master.

That was the question. So far as could be seen, not a person was in sight. Since the deer had come in one direction, and now a portion of the hounds had come in another, perhaps, shortly, the hunt might appear in a third. One never knew. There seemed to be little or no connection between the various parties. That this was so seemed to occur to the Master. The reflection excited him. It moved him to action. There was a gate into that field, a decrepit gate, which hung loosely on its hinges. Pushing it open, the Master bustled into the meadow, hollering and shouting with much zeal, but to little purpose. The hounds did not seem to understand him in the least, or to know him either. But when he rode right into their midst, and commenced to strike out at them indiscriminately with the lash of his hunting-whip, they began to bark at the top of their voices, and, as the poet has it, to make “the welkin ring.” If clamour was what he was aiming at, then he succeeded to perfection—the “music of the pack” was deafening. But if, as I rather fancy, he entertained some dim idea of whipping the dogs on to the trail of the stag, then the result was ignominious failure. They barked and jumped about, and jumped about and barked, and he lashed them and shouted, but, beyond that, nothing and nobody got any “forwarder.”

The performance might have continued until one side or the other had had enough of it—the probability being that the Master would have been the first to tire—had not the deer, finding that the hounds did not come to it, saved them trouble by coming to them. That sagacious animal—I was beginning to suspect that it was a sagacious brute, and at least as well acquainted as any one else with the rules of the game—put in a fresh, and, as usual, wholly unexpected appearance on the scene. Philipson, as his habit seemed to be, had his eyes the widest open.

“By Jove! There’s the deer!”

There was the deer, in the very next field to the one in which the Master, with ideas of his own, was whipping the hounds. And, what was more, there were some of the hunt as well. Nor were they entirely unprovided with dogs; they were being shown the way by, so to speak, their share of the pack—some six or eight hounds. On they came in gallant style. The stag, leaping the hedge, found himself confronted by the major portion of the pack. When he saw the dogs, the dogs saw him. Then there was music! In an instant the Master and his antics were forgotten—they went for their quarry with a tumultuous welcome. With perfect ease he doubled on his tracks, and, leaping back over the hedge, returned at an acute angle to the course he had come. The Master went spluttering after him. Philipson and I did our best to get a share of the fun.

The scene was changed like a transformation scene in a theatre. A moment or two before, the place had been deserted, and not a soul had been in sight. Now people came hurrying from every quarter, as if they had been concealed behind unseen wings and waiting for the signal to appear. Half a dozen horsemen and a line of dog-carts came scurrying along the lane. You would have thought they had been flying for life, the dog-carts in particular. Horsemen and horsewomen seemed to spring up out of the ground on every side. On a sudden, the entire hunt appeared to be gathered together almost as it had been at first. Everyone went pounding away across the turf, crashing through the hedges—preferentially selecting the gates, however, when they could find them—as if, whatever they might have been doing hitherto, they meant business at last.

Certainly, there is something contagious in such surroundings. I found that there was, and my horse did, too. Just now the animal had appeared dead tired, and I should have

said also a little lame. But when the flurry began, and eager riders, on all sides, went pressing hastily forward, moved by a common mastering excitement, my wearied guinea’s-worth, forgetting its fatigue, became as lively as the best of them. The revival of the interest had also freshened me. Away we went, my steed and I, as light-heartedly, apparently, as if it had been the first move we had made that day.

We had another burst—though I am bound to admit that in a singularly short space of time both the deer and the hounds were out of sight. They had gone before, not improbably, so far as I was concerned, for good. But as a large number of people, who were undoubtedly as much out of the hunt as I was, went pounding eagerly on, I went pounding, too. Philipson was on my left. It was more than doubtful if he would catch a glimpse of the stag again that day—it would be entirely owing to the benevolence of that intelligent creature if he did. Yet on his face was mirrored a stern, concentrated purpose, which might have suggested to a stranger that he had at last made up his mind to hunt the quarry, single-handed, to its final doom.

That burst did not continue long—fortunately. I was becoming conscious that a good many people seemed to be getting in front, and that my horse was exhibiting no marked anxiety to occupy a post of honour, when, having edged my way through still another gate, I found myself on the high road. Soon the road began to bear a striking resemblance to a street. Shortly I found myself, in company with a number of other individuals, clattering down what was obviously the leading thoroughfare of a country town.

Among the inhabitants our advent created the liveliest interest. We might have been royalty, from the way in which they stared at us. Someone looked out of every door and window. Numbers of persons lined the pavements. As I passed one house I heard a woman shrieking up the stairs—

“Bill, ’ere’s the ’unters; come and ’ave a look at ’em.”

I suppose Bill came. Encouraging remarks were addressed to us by miscellaneous spectators, principally boys.

“You’re all right, mister, ’e’s gone down there; if you ’urries up, you’ll get a sight of ’im.”

I do not know if the observation was directed to me; if it was, I could have assured the speaker that neither my horse



"The butcher seemed to be very angry indeed."

nor myself had the slightest intention of "hurrying up" to catch a sight of anyone.

About a hundred yards farther down, we found ourselves in the midst of what looked very like an actual riot. Although the street was very wide just there, it was rendered almost impassable by a motley concourse of vehicles, horsemen, and pedestrians. On one side of the street was a butcher's shop. Towards this butcher's shop all faces were turned. From it there proceeded an amazing din—there were sounds of dogs barking, of men's voices, and of one voice in particular.

I turned to Philipson in search of an explanation. The explanation which he proffered, although succinct and to the point, took me somewhat by surprise.

"Stag's taken shelter in the butcher's shop."

It seemed to me to be a curious shelter for a stag to choose—a butcher's shop! And so, judging from his words, which, in an interval of comparative silence, were distinctly audible, the butcher seemed himself to think.

"Don't let any of your dogs come into my place, or I'll cut their somethinged throats for them. Your deer—if it is your deer—has done me ten-pounds'-worth of damage. You pay me that ten pounds, and then I'll talk to you; but not till then. You know who I am; there's my name and my address!"—the speaker pointed with his cleaver to the name over his shop-front—"and if you want anything from me, you know how to get it. There's a law for me as well as for you! But don't let any of you chaps—I don't care who he is—try to set foot in my premises, or he'll be sorry, and so I tell you."

The butcher seemed to be very angry indeed, which, if the deer really had done

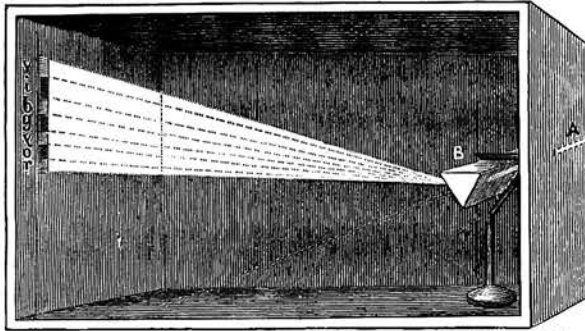
him ten-pounds'-worth of damage, was not to be wondered at.

Philipson and I did not wait to see the discussion ended. We adjourned to an inn and there refreshed. A roaring trade that inn was doing. The stag's behaviour did someone good. And very sociable were the customers. I gleaned from them several interesting scraps of information. It appeared that that was not the first time a stag had sought refuge in that particular butcher's shop; and, since the enterprising tradesman invariably demanded compensation for damages which he alleged the creature had done him, dark suspicions were entertained as to the means which he adopted to get him there.

As I journeyed homewards, on the whole I was disposed to conclude that chasing a carted stag, under certain given conditions, might be made a not unamusing pastime—with about it a flavour of something Gallic, perhaps. They have some odd notions of sport on the other side of the Channel.

The stag-hunter's pleasure depends, it seems to me, entirely on the intelligence of the particular stag whose services happen to be retained for the day. If, being ill-tempered, or obstinate, or stupid, the moment it is uncartered it runs straight on, and keeps straight on, then, I should say, the probability is exceedingly strong that no single member of the hunt will ever catch sight of it again till the hunt is over. If, on the other hand, the creature is generous, not to say charitable—as our stag was!—and wanders about looking for disconsolate "staggers"—as our stag did!—then, I take it, the affair may be managed—by the stag!—in such a manner that everyone concerned may be justified in thinking that he has done something worth his talking about.



PART VIII.
THE MYSTERY OF COLOUR.

Decomposition of a white beam of light (A), by a prism (B) into different bands of colour—(v) violet, (i) indigo, (b) blue, (g) green, (y) yellow, (o) orange, (r) red.

If in a small darkened room, a round hole is made high up in a shutter, and a ray of light allowed to enter through it, and fall upon a piece of glass called a prism, the ray will divide into violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, and red bands of colour. If these bands of colour are again allowed to fall upon a second prism, placed in a certain position, they will again be united into a white beam of light. This simple experiment proves that the white of a beam of light results from a mingling together of the colours of the spectrum. Red is seen by us to be red, because little vibratory waves, travelling at the rate of 458 million of million times in a second, fall upon the eye, the length of each wave being $\frac{1}{16000}$ of an inch. Violet is seen by us to be violet, because vibratory waves travelling at the rate of 727 million of million times per second fall upon the eye, and have a wave-length of $\frac{1}{16000}$ of an inch, and so on, each several colour having vibratory waves, that recur at different lengths and velocity.

Objects are put together in various ways, or in scientific language, have different molecular constructions, and so each molecular construction reflects back to the eye its own particular vibratory motion or colour. Thus the molecular surface of a white object reflects back to the eye the undivided white light, and takes into its own construction none. A black surface sends back practically none of the white light, but instead absorbs all the rays that fall upon it. A green surface absorbs or quenches all the other bands of colour which make up the white light, except the green, which it sends dancing back to the eye. Therefore a red rose is constructed in such a manner as to absorb or quench the different rates of vibration that make up the different colours, except the red vibration, which instead of absorbing, it sends back to the eye as little vibratory waves pulsing at the rate of 458 million of million times per second. Some flowers are constructed to send back blended colours, and so is obtained all the infinite variation of hues and colours seen in the garden and hedge-row.

THE USE OF COLOUR TO A FLOWER.

Mankind has for long ages, and with a fond conceit, imagined that the sweet smell and beautiful colour of flowers were fashioned with principal regard for his benefit. That they do administer to his purer and higher life cannot be questioned, but this is not the chief reason for their glorious existence.

The smell and colour of a flower are intended firstly as a method of securing the most healthy and perfect growth of the tree on which it appears; and while doing this essential work it unconsciously pours out on all sides a stream of the purest health and delight.

Human society will be verily in a noble state when its members live out earnestly and

easily their higher life, and in doing so administer mostly, fitly, and helpfully to the true happiness of those about them.

Cross fertilisation (by which is meant that the pollen of one tree of the same species is conveyed to another tree of the same species), is the means that vegetation employs to secure a strong and healthy existence.

The wind accomplishes this for the inconspicuous flowers of the pines, oaks, poplar, willow, hazel, nettles, grasses, sedges, etc. The bright petal has developed and unfolds itself as a signal to the butterfly, bee or insect that it contains a store of honey, which as a rule cannot be taken except by the insect that bears on its body the pollen of another plant of the same species, and so the insect, in abstracting the honey (unconsciously I imagine) leaves behind part of the pollen it has collected, and thus is secured the greatly needed cross fertilisation.

Very showy flowers, especially those with variegated or spotted petals are seldom sweet; whereas white or very pale flowers, such as the jasmine and clematis, and inconspicuous flowers as the mignonette or sweet violet, have developed instead their sweet smell, which attracts certain insect fertilisers. Some flowers smell only at night as an invitation to the night-flying moths; were they to smell by day they would probably be robbed of their nectar by day-flying insects, which could not effect the requisite fertilisation.

A MOTH'S WEAPON OF DEFENCE.

One day I was walking along by some ugly looking suburban wooden palings, and noticed that what appeared a dead leaf (as is so often the case) had got stuck between its planks, and that a boy was looking hard at it. Being in a hurry, and with my thoughts far away, I walked on; but after going a few paces it occurred to me that the boy could not with open mouth be simply looking at a dead leaf, so I retraced my steps, and found that what I thought was a dead leaf was a lappet moth.

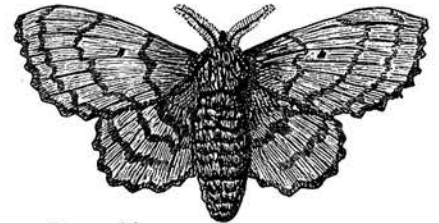
I at once secured the insect. Here is a very good illustration of how moths by mimicking their surroundings can deceive their enemies. The imitation was so good that I was deceived, and the boy was too puzzled to do anything except stare in wonder and astonishment.

In the American tropics exceedingly beautiful and bright butterflies (*Heliconiidae*) fly about slowly and weakly, and being very conspicuous (as they are in no way like their surroundings) can easily be seen by their enemies, and yet they fly about in great numbers apparently



Lappet Moth on a Fence.

untouched. The reason being that these beautiful insects possess a strong, pungent, semiaromatic or medicinal odour, which seems to pervade all the juices of their system, and if squeezed between the fingers a yellow juice exudes that stains them, and requires a deal of washing to efface. Birds in consequence, learning from experience, will not touch them. My lappet moth had developed a dull brown colour (like a dead leaf) as a protection, whereas these South American butterflies have developed bright colours as a warning of danger; a protection against enemies being the end desired and effectually attained by both species.



Lappet Moth (*Casiocampa Quercifolia*)

Now if any other butterflies, not having a nasty taste, can mimic in appearance the nasty flavoured ones, they would stand a good chance of deceiving their enemies, and thus of preserving their lives. This is done by certain of the *lepalis*, which so exactly resembles the nasty tasting *heliconiidae*, that they not only delude their enemies, but have mystified such eminent naturalists as Bates and Wallace.

THE EFFECT OF MUSIC ON DOGS.

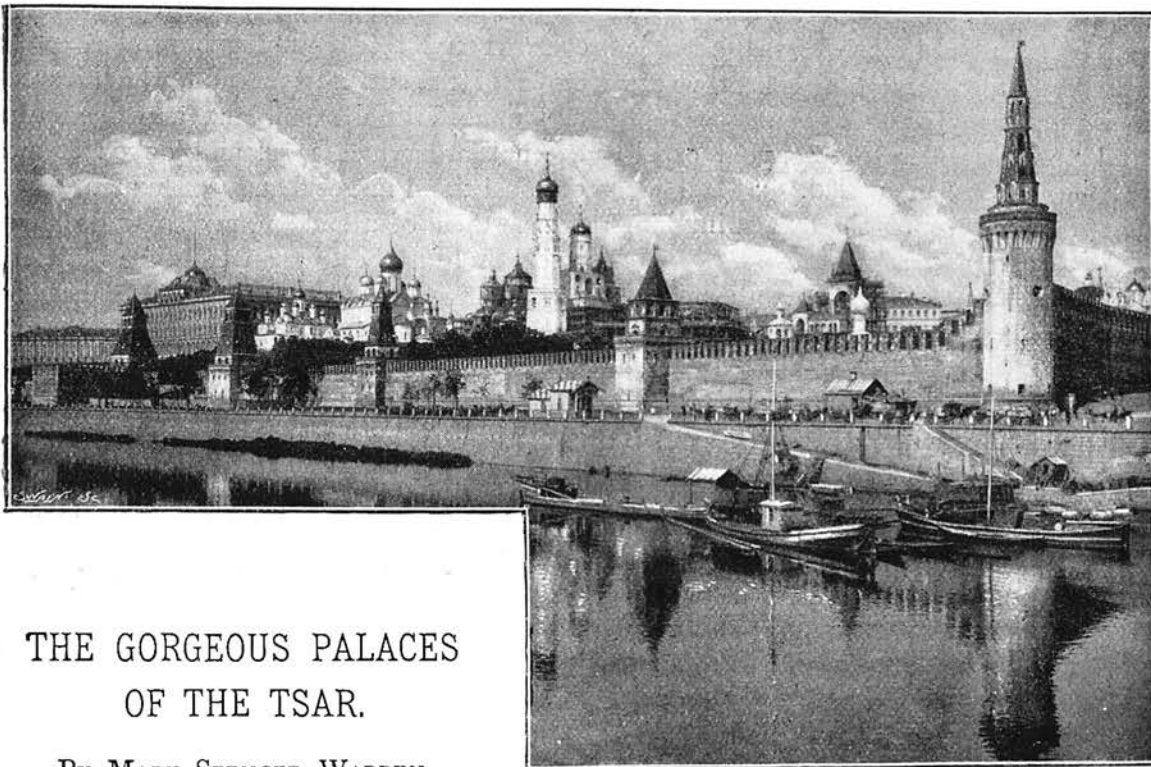
I have wondered, on seeing dogs howling at music, while not attempting to get away from it, what are the sensations that it excites in their brains. Does it with them as with us, only in lesser measure, arouse a sensation of sadness and pleasure subtly mixed, a dreamy feeling that there is a something beyond our experience which cannot be defined, suggestive of hope and harmony, of loftier existence than the present.

Some dogs will howl when the violin is played and not when the piano, and others will do just the reverse of this. Some notes will excite this effect and not others, and so on. I used to watch with amusement a smart-looking fox terrier, sitting, as was his habit, on the ledge of an upstairs window, noticing with the keenest interest the passers below him, and when one of his own race passed his excitement grew intense. One day he was sitting in his accustomed seat, when a street organ, quite unperceived by him (mark that), began to play. At the very first note his attentive keen head and forward ears were sent up into the air in an attitude of supreme despair, and he began to howl as if every nerve of his body was on the rack, just as if an electrical message had been sent from the first note straight to his brain.

On excellent authority I have heard of a dog who would howl directly his master began to extemporise, and if the composition proceeded, would jump on to his master's knees and try to paw away his hands from the piano.

Professor Weissmann, the noted German naturalist and philosopher, tells of a dog so fond of music that directly it began in the house he would come from distant rooms and open with his paw the door of the room where the music was going on. He knew of another dog who would never be kept at home during the fair, which was held twice a year at Frankfurt-on-the-Main. This dog would gratify his love of music by following the street bands that played at that time. His master indulged his musical talent by keeping his supper for him till his return home each evening.

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



THE GORGEOUS PALACES OF THE TSAR.

BY MARY SPENCER WARREN.

THE KREMLIN, MOSCOW.

Moscow, as the scene of the coming coronation, is just now a great centre of interest to the whole of the civilised world, for the pageant there to be witnessed will be one of unrivalled splendour, and will entirely eclipse any State function of the present century.

In view of our Queen's Jubilee, and the wedding of the Duke and Duchess of York, this may seem a very broad statement; but it must be remembered that Russia, above all countries in the world, is not only given to a display of its riches, but also has an Imperial Treasury and a collection of plate and jewels which surpasses that of any other Court. Its palaces are built in the most costly style, the interiors being for the most part perfectly dazzling with magnificence.

No doubt some account of these Russian Royal palaces will prove of great interest, the more especially as the interiors are sealed books.

First, I purpose giving you a description of the Kremlin, the world-renowned palatial pile of Moscow, and the habitation of the rulers of Russia from time immemorial. The present building dates only from the reign of Nicholas I., former ones, which were comprised almost entirely of wood, having

been burned to the ground one after another; but this, and each preceding one, had been erected on the same site, and always known by the same name—the Kremlin. As the eye rests upon it now, it sees an enormous pile of mixed architecture, the best view, perhaps, being obtained from the opposite banks of the river which runs beneath its walls. Its interior comprises some seven hundred rooms, the State apartments of which almost baffle description.

Of course it is an impossibility to do more than select a few of the principal rooms for this purpose. We begin with the Hall of St. Andrews, which is the Throne Room. This is so named from the senior order of knighthood, founded by Peter I. in 1698. The colour of the order is light blue, and this is the tone of the silk everywhere covering the walls of this hall.

The proportions are magnificent, the Hall being 160ft. in length, 68ft. in width, and 58ft. in height. The doors, pillars, vaulted ceiling, and interspersions of silk panelling, are lavishly and profusely gilded in relief. The floor is of rich parqueterie, and the whole is brilliantly lighted by means of a series of particularly graceful chandeliers of beaten

gold, which burn hundreds of wax candles. On the walls, and on the lofty pillars may be seen the arms of the various Russian provinces.

At the far end stands the Imperial throne, a particularly handsome, if somewhat gorgeous appendage; it is, of course, mounted on a dais, and is supported by the griffins, the heraldic device of the Romanoffs. From various points of view this throne is of the greatest interest; it was sent from Persia in

Assumption, the actual scene of the coronation ceremony. No words of mine can picture this to you, so gorgeously lavish are its appointments. Turn where you will, gold and precious stones, rich and rare ornamentation, glitter with unwonted splendour. The whole place is literally coated with gems and rare metals, and is prolific in costly shrines. These I shall not attempt either to enumerate or describe; I will merely tell you that in one, the image of the Virgin, is an



THE HALL OF ST. ANDREWS.

the year 1660 by a dignitary of the Shah's Court as a present to the Tsar Alexis.

Whether of solid gold throughout I am unable to say, but it presents the appearance of this precious metal in a highly ornamented state, and is set with a multiplicity of precious stones of the most exquisite cutting. On the front, sides, and on the interior above the seat, appear plaques of ivory, ornamented in relief.

Before visiting other apartments it may be as well to point out to you the interior of the "Usspenski Sabor," or Cathedral of the

emerald of the actual worth of £10,000. Four massive pillars support the domed roof, and these are decorated with frescoes of saints, patriarchs, martyrs and prophets.

We now enter the Hall of St. Catherine, which is 68ft. long and 45ft. wide, and is supported by pilasters of malachite. The gold relief of the ceiling and arches is rich in the extreme, and is rendered the more prominent by the rich crimson and silver of the walls. At the top of the room, stands the throne of the Empress, and here Her Imperial Majesty will hold her



THE HALL OF ST. GEORGE.

first drawing-room immediately after the coronation. Probably this function will surpass any former one, even of the brilliant Court of the present Dowager Empress. The throne is beautifully draped and canopied in rich crimson velvet, on the summit appearing the crown, and on the canopy and chair the Imperial Arms, richly emblazoned.

The Hall of St. George is another state-room of magnificent proportions, measuring 200ft. in length, and 68ft. in width. This is dedicated to the military order of that name, and has mural tablets down either side with inscriptions thereon, showing the names of the knights of the Order. These names—which are all written in letters of gold—are legion, as the Order was instituted in 1769. The zinc capitals of the columns are each surmounted by figures of Victory carrying shields, on which are recorded the dates of the chief conquests of Russia, commencing in 1472. On the shields are also the arms of the victorious provinces. One end of the apartment shows a magnificent silver group of conquerors of Siberia, presented by the Cossacks of the Don; and near to it are two bronze casquets, which contain

the statutes and the roll of the order. Then there is a grand painting of St. George and the Dragon, a copy of the Raphael at St. Petersburg. The lustres and candelabra are magnificently grand, composed of crystal and gold, and carrying no fewer than 3200 candles. The inlaid parqueterie floor, and the furniture in black and orange, are other distinctive features calling for special note.

This leads into the Alexandra Hall, commemorative of the order of St. Alexis. This hall is most superbly hung and decorated in pink and gold, and is 103ft. in length and 68ft. in breadth and height. Rare paintings and frescoes everywhere abound; while marble columns, exquisite tracery and gold relief, costly chandeliers and rare parqueterie, are only surpassed by the wonderful and priceless collection of gold and silver plate, which is piled on the stands on either side of each doorway when the Imperial family are in residence. This hall, which immediately adjoins the Throne Room, is really one of the most beautiful in the palace. I may say that the whole of these magnificent

halls open on to a fine terrace, from whence a good view of the city may be obtained.

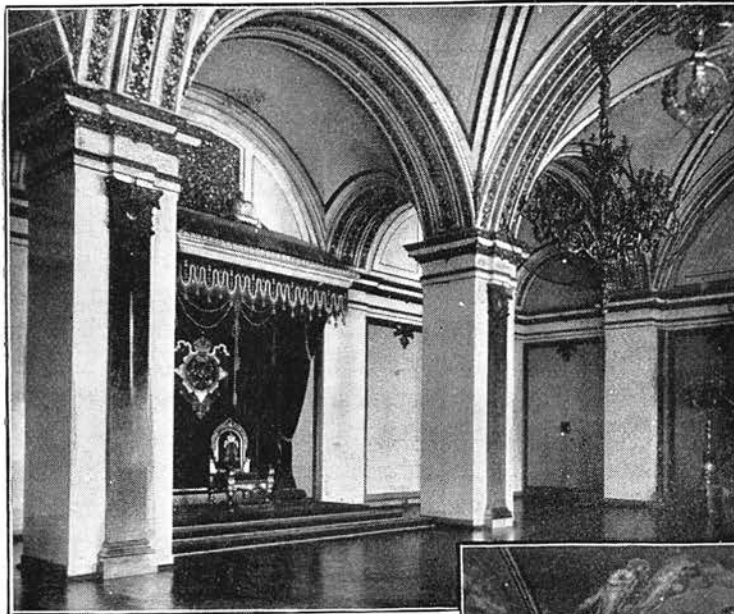
Another very important saloon in this palace is known as the Granavitza Banqueting Hall. Here it is customary for the Imperial Majesties of Russia to dine in great state immediately after their coronation. During the dinner they are seated on the

joists are one mass of gold relief of exquisite design.

The Emperor's State bedroom is almost a dream of art, so beautiful is the general effect of its appointments; it is entirely hung with the richest white brocade, its supporting columns and pilasters are of verte antique, and its mantelpiece of the purest jasper.

Rich velvet pile in white covers the floor; the light and graceful frames of the furniture are of overburnish, with upholstery to match the hangings.

A journey up to St. Petersburg, and we can see the Winter Palace, another of the State residences of the Emperor and Empress of Russia. When I say State residences, I speak advisedly, for neither at the Kremlin nor the Winter Palace do their majesties take up any permanent residence: merely



THE THRONE OF THE EMPRESS IN THE HALL OF ST. CATHERINE.

silver-gilt throne shown in the photograph, adorned for the first time with the Imperial insignia. It has also from time immemorial been used as an audience chamber on very special occasions. It has a vaulted ceiling, with arches resting on columns; around the room are massively carved stands, whereon the Imperial gold dinner service is arranged.

Before leaving the State rooms the rich appointments of the drawing rooms may just be glanced at. These, as may be expected, are superb in the extreme, the most beautiful, perhaps, being the one known as the Green Drawing Room. Malachite, lapis lazuli, gold-framed furniture, the rarest of china, and the most valuable of paintings figure largely. The ceilings are masterpieces of painting and decoration, and the doors and



THE GRANA VITZA BANQUETING HALL.

staying there for State functions, as does Queen Victoria at Buckingham Palace.

Smaller palaces, which, however, are quite as beautiful, are the real homes, of the monarchs; one which is a particular favourite is at Tsarkoe Seloe, not very far from St. Petersburg. This is beautifully situated and quite secluded, standing in the midst of

grounds upwards of eighteen miles in circumference.

One or two principal attractions may be mentioned. The banqueting hall, for instance, has its ceiling and walls literally covered with gold, richly wrought. One room is known as the Lapis Lazuli Room, from the great quantity of that precious material used in the decorations. Its floor, too, is a great feature, consisting of ebony inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Another is known as the Amber Room, the walls being of the finest amber, in exquisite design. It is well known that the late Emperor Alexander was very fond of tapestry, and here it can be seen in great quantities, the majority of the rooms and corridors having their walls covered with it, this being the case in every private room of the Emperor.

In the same park, and not far from the large palace, is a much smaller one, known as the Alexander Schloss, standing in the midst of grounds cut off from the larger tract. This is just a cosy residence, chiefly remarkable for a fine collection of models, the majority of which are military; and a good collection of paintings by Russian artists. In this small palace the infant daughter of their majesties was born.

Perhaps the favourite home—at any rate of the late Emperor—was at Spala, in Russian Poland. This is an old castle in the midst of a large forest, where the Emperor was wont to indulge in his favourite pastime of hunting, and here he became quite a different man, entering into amusements and recreation with the same eagerness as he did at Bernstorff, in Denmark. At these two places it was possible for him to throw off the cares of State, and thoroughly enjoy himself.

Other palaces are the one at Warsaw and the Anitschnoff Palace at St. Petersburg, where the present Tsar spent most of his boyhood.

To return, however, to the Winter Palace, which is a building of enormous size, standing on the banks of the Neva. It is four storeys in height, supported and fronted with massive columns, and surmounted with beautiful statuary. The arches and pediments are finely carved. The principal entrance faces the Neva, and from here a wide flight of steps

leads direct to the State apartments. Here, it will be remembered, the present Emperor took up his residence just prior to his marriage; to here the bride and royal guests came in procession, the former retiring to the magnificent suite of rooms which had formerly been occupied by Alexandra Feodorovna, wife of Nicholas I., and which had now been prepared for her.

These open out from the Pomenian Chamber, and include a beautiful reception room, the walls of which are lined with malachite, the frescoes are copies of Raphael, and the chandeliers and candelabra lapis lazuli; a sleeping apartment, with exquisite appointments, and ornamented with a fine frieze, said to be the best in the palace; a beautiful dressing-room, which leads to the noteworthy Romano-Mauresque bath; a small marble staircase near leading to a conservatory and grotto, fitted with the rarest tropical productions.

Near here is a very interesting little room, somewhat plainly furnished. Formerly the Russian Imperial family were in the habit of spending their evenings here together. Close to it may be seen the study of Alexander II.; this is also noted for its simplicity.

One of the finest halls is that named after the first Nicholas, a life-sized portrait of whom hangs on one of the walls. This is an immense apartment, and has in it no fewer than sixteen windows; it is one glitter of gold, marble, and parqueterie, which is further enhanced by four massive sideboards carrying a quantity of gold plate.

In this Winter Palace the Court balls are held, and it is a fact that no Court in the world presents such a magnificent appearance as does Russia when assembled in these grand halls. The entire arrangements for the function are on a most brilliant and sumptuous scale. Formal sit-down suppers are always provided, and this is the only Court that follows this custom; at others, every luxury is furnished, but inasmuch as it is a stand-up feast, it often follows that the crush is so great many never get near the tables.

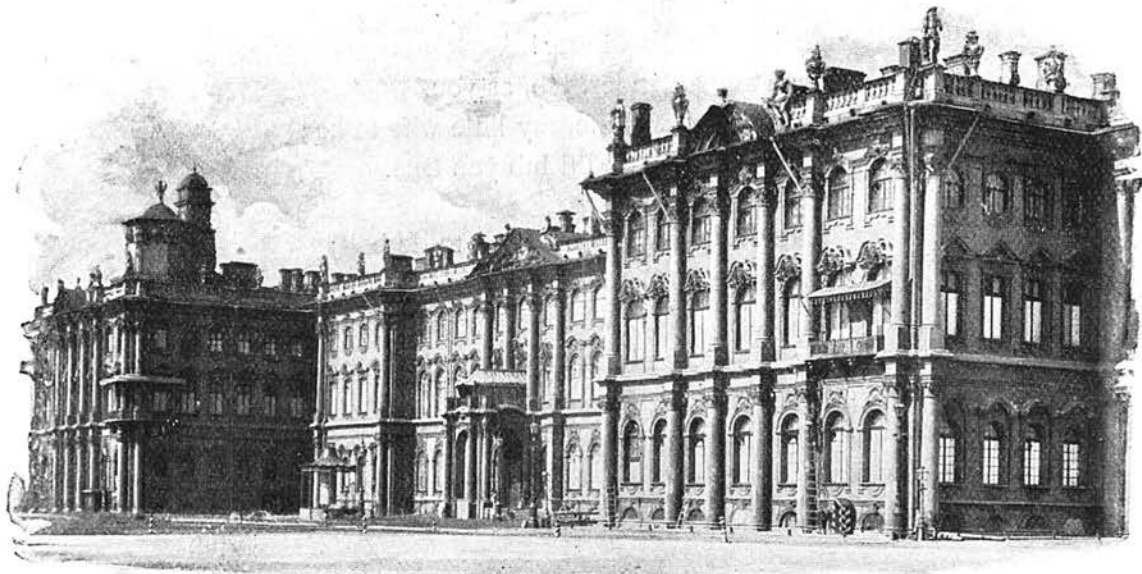
An additional feature is added to the Russian State balls by the fact that one or more of the large halls are generally

verted into gardens—palms, exotics, and even fruit trees being transplanted there with fine effect. Coloured lights add to the beauty, and hundreds of seats for the convenience of the guests are stationed in cool places.

Another noteworthy saloon is known as the White Hall; this, in addition to its lavish decoration, is further distinguished by a large number of marble statues. Next comes the Golden Hall, decorated entirely in the Byzantine style; here must be noticed the exquisite work of the costly marble chimney-piece, representative of a temple; and Winchman's fine sculptured statue of the consort of Nicholas I.

The Throne Room, known as the St. George's Hall, is a parallelogram, of over 140ft. in length; on either side of it are some lofty Corinthian columns. Down the centre of the concave ceiling hangs a continuation of graceful and rich candelabra. The Imperial Throne faces the principal entrance.

This is a brief summary of the parts of the Winter Palace best worth seeing; but it is a matter of course that the Kremlin of Moscow will be by far the most interesting just at the present time, the more especially as hitherto no description and views of it have appeared in the pages of a magazine.



THE WINTER PALACE, ST. PETERSBURG.

A RACE FOR A GIRDLE.

BY JANE MARSH PARKER.

THE race-course was between the Old World and the New. The racers were telegraph companies. One was called the "Russian Overland"; the other the "Atlantic Cable."

The track of the "Russian" lay between New Westminster in British Columbia, and Moscow in Russia. Up through the unexplored Fraser River Valley it was to run, then on through the untracked wilderness of Alaska, across Bering Strait, over the timberless steppes of Arctic Siberia, and along the dreary coast of the Okhotsk Sea to the mouth of the Amoor. There the American racers, called "Western Union," were to give over the race to the Russian telegraph department, which was to make its best time in reaching Moscow.

Western Union said it could cover the ground in about two years. The cost would be about five millions of dollars; but what was five millions of dollars if the prize could be won—an electric girdle for the earth?

The path of the "Atlantic" cable was to be on a tableland some two miles deep in the ocean, reaching from Ireland to Newfoundland.

The summer of 1865 found the world watching this race with great interest. It opened when the fleet of the Russian Expedition set sail from San Francisco, northward bound. The "Atlantic" people at the same time were stowing away gigantic coils of cable into the capacious hold of the "Great Eastern"—a new cable some 2000 miles long.

It is hard to believe that only about thirty years ago there was no telegraphing between the Old World and the New—no reading at our breakfast-tables of what London, Paris, and Berlin did the evening before, as well as what took place in China, Cape Town, or any part of the globe. News from across the Atlantic came by ocean steamers. Think of having to wait a week before hearing of an earthquake in Italy, or an uprising in Timbuctoo.

In 1844 Professor Morse had convinced the world that the Magnetic Telegraph could write and send news like the lightning, *except* across the ocean. He said that could be done, but no one had succeeded in doing it.

Before 1865 there had been three efforts to lay an Atlantic cable. Each effort had been a stupendous failure, and that at a loss of millions of dollars. Some 1200 miles of cable, made fast at the Ireland end, were lying in the Atlantic—to say nothing of the total loss of the first cable.

In 1858, great had been the public rejoicing over a cable which for a fortnight was believed to be a complete success. Then silence and failure followed. It had died in its bed, and unless it had been for Cyrus W. Field possibly there never had been another attempt to make for the earth a girdle of gutta-percha and wire.

Therefore Atlantic cables were decidedly unpopular. Eminent engineers declared that they had no faith in long-distance submarine cables. The Western Union, the mighty telegraph company, would not invest in one. True, there were several long cables which were working successfully, but their length was nothing in comparison to that demanded for reaching across the Atlantic. There were cables between Malta and Alexandria, Dover and Calais, and Newfoundland and Cape Breton. The Red Sea Cable, however, had failed or "fizzled," to use an expression then popular concerning it, and Great Britain had invested one million pounds sterling in that Red Sea Cable.

The Western Union directors were shrewd business men. Five millions of dollars was little in comparison with the benefit they would receive could they get telegraphic communication with Europe, and they then believed that the only way was by land. The public agreed with them nearly unanimously. And so the two

projects—the overland and the submarine—were pitted against each other.

A very unequal race it seemed at the outset. The Overland was strong and vigorous, the Atlantic was broken by former failures. The Overland was popular, and had plenty of money back of it; the Atlantic was derided, and “only fools,” it was said, “would invest in it.”

The fleet of the Russian Expedition which sailed from San Francisco in the summer of 1865 was quite a navy. There were ocean steamers, sailing-vessels, coast and river boats, and Russian and American ships of the line, with a promise of a vessel from her Majesty's navy. The expedition was well officered, and about 120 men were enlisted—men of superior ability in every department. The supplies embraced everything that could be needed. Thousands of tons of wire, some 300 miles of cable, insulators, wagons, etc.

The expedition was divided into four parties. One sailed for British Columbia; another for the Yukon; another for Siberia; and another for the Anadyn region—that desolate tract far north of Kamchatka. It was more than two years before some of those “telegraph boys” heard from home. The story of their heroism and endurance in exploring a route for the telegraph, cutting poles on snow-shoes and dragging them across the desolate arctic wastes, is graphically told in the books written by members of the expedition, such as Kennan's “Tent-Life in Siberia,” Bush's “Reindeer, Dogs, and Snow-Shoes,” Dall's “Alaska,” and others.

August 26, 1866, the Great Eastern landed its cable at Trinity Bay, and the whole world was electrified by the news that it worked perfectly—that the victory had been won. More than that. The Great Eastern not long afterward picked up the cable lost the year before, and that too was soon in working order. Two electric girdles had been clasped around the earth.

The success of the “Atlantic” was defeat for the “Russian.” An overland telegraph-line could never compete with the submarine cables. The first triumphant “click, click!” at Trinity Bay was therefore the death-blow of the Russian scheme, and all work connected with that project was at once abandoned.

But the workers—the brave men facing famine among the wild Chookchees—buried in their lonely huts waiting for some news from their comrades, or straining every nerve to complete their share of the great work—how pathetic that so many of them did not hear what had happened in some cases for more than *a year* after the success of the cable!

Some of the most terrible experiences of the members of the expedition were endured long after the project had been abandoned by its promoters, and when they were working all in vain—if good, honest work is ever all in vain.

Not until July, 1867, did the Siberian party hear the great news. They boarded a whaler which had put into their port, and read it in an old newspaper. They were not long in starting for home—in leaving their 15,000 telegraph-poles for the camp-fires of the wandering natives. When the party at Nulato Bay heard the news, they hung all the black cloth they could spare upon the poles planted in the hard frozen earth, and left them for the birds to roost upon.

August, 1867, found some 120 men of the expedition in camp at Plover Bay, waiting for the ship the Western Union was to send after them. It seemed a pity that so much of the lives of those men should have been spent in such dreary exile and hard labor, and all for naught. Only four members of the expedition had died, terrible as had been the experiences of the majority. The fickle world, which had so loudly cheered the going forth of the expedition, had quite forgotten its fate in rejoicing over the Atlantic cable.

The loss to the Western Union was about \$3,000,000—a loss hardly felt in the gain which came to the telegraph company in the success of the cable.

When we remember the explorations and scientific gains of the “Western Union Russian Overland Extension,” we can hardly call it a complete failure. Perhaps it is one of those defeated successes whose results we are never to know. It was a fair race, and now that we have nearly a dozen cables crossing the northern Atlantic, it is doubtful if the idea of an overland will ever be revived.

HOW THE BAD NEWS CAME TO SIBERIA.

BY GEORGE KENNAN.

IN every race somebody must be beaten, and in the telegraphic "Race for a Girdle," described by Mrs. Parker in the present number of *ST. NICHOLAS*, I had the misfortune to be on the losing side. The news of the success of our trans-Atlantic competitor—good news for the world, but bad news for us—did not reach the remote part of Arctic Asia, where we were at work, until June, 1867, almost a year after submarine telegraphic communication between Europe and America had been successfully established. I was at that time superintendent of a division of the Overland or Russian-American Telegraph Line, and had my headquarters in the Siberian village of Gzhiga [Gee'-zhee-gah'], a small collection of one-story log-houses, situated on a river of the same name about six miles from the coast of the Okhotsk Sea. My comrades and I had been in Siberia two years. We had explored and located the route of the proposed telegraph line from Bering Strait to the Amur [Am-moor'] River through nearly 2000 miles of trackless wilderness; we had maintained half a dozen strong working-parties in the field, and expected soon to reinforce them with 1000 hardy native laborers from Yakutsk [Yah-kootsk']; we had cut and prepared 15,000 or 20,000 telegraph-poles, and were bringing 600 Siberian ponies from the Lena River to distribute them; we had all the wire and insulators for the Asiatic division on the ground, as well as an abundant supply of tools and provisions, and we felt more than hopeful that we should be able to put our part of the overland line in working order before the beginning of 1870. So confident, indeed, were some of our men, that in the pole-cutting camps they were singing in chorus every night to the air of a well-known war-song:

In eighteen hundred and sixty-eight—
Hurrah! Hurrah!

In eighteen hundred and sixty-eight—
Hurrah! Hurrah!

In eighteen hundred and sixty-eight
The cable will be in a miserable state,
And we'll all feel gay
When they use it to fish for whales.

In eighteen hundred and sixty-nine—
Hurrah! Hurrah!

In eighteen hundred and sixty-nine—
Hurrah! Hurrah!

In eighteen hundred and sixty-nine
We're going to finish this overland line;
And we'll all feel gay
When it brings us good news from home.

But it was fated that our next news from home should not be brought by the overland line, and should not be of such a nature as to make any of us "feel gay."

On the evening of May 31, 1867, as I sat trying to draw a map in the little one-story log-house which served as the headquarters of the Siberian division, I was interrupted by the sudden and hasty entrance of my friend and comrade Lewis, who rushed into the room, crying excitedly, "Oh, Mr. Kennan! Did you hear the cannon?" I had not heard it, but I understood instantly the significance of the inquiry. A cannon-shot meant that there was a ship in sight from the beacon-tower at the mouth of the river. We were accustomed every spring to get our earliest news from the civilized world through American whaling-vessels, which resort at that season of the year to the Okhotsk Sea. About the middle of May, therefore, we generally sent a couple of Cossacks to the harbor at the mouth of the river, with instructions to keep a sharp lookout from the log beacon-tower on the bluff, and fire three cannon-shots the moment they should see a whaler or other vessel cruising in the Gulf.

In less than ten minutes the news that there was a vessel in sight from the beacon-tower had reached every house in the village, and a little

group of Cossacks gathered at the landing-place where a boat was being prepared to take Robinson, Lewis, and me to the sea-coast. Half an hour later we were gliding swiftly down the river in one of the light skiffs known in that part of Siberia as "lodkas." We had a faint hope that the ship which had been signaled would prove to be one of our own vessels; but even if she should turn out to be a whaler, she would at least bring us late news from the outside world, and we felt a burning curiosity to know what had been the result of the second attempt to lay an Atlantic cable. Had our competitors beaten us, or was there still a fighting chance that we might beat them?

We reached the mouth of the river late in the evening, and were met at the landing by one of the Cossacks from the beacon-tower.

"What ship is it?" I inquired.

"We don't know," he replied. "We saw dark smoke, like the smoke of a steamer, off Matuga [Mah'-too-gah] Island just before we fired the cannon, but in a little while it blew away and we have seen nothing since."

"If it was a whaler trying-out oil," said Robinson, "we'll find her there in the morning."

Leaving the Cossack to take our baggage out of the lodka we all climbed up to the beacon-tower with the hope that, as it was still fairly light, we might be able to see with a glass the vessel that had made the smoke; but from the high, black cliffs of Matuga Island on one side of the gulf to the steep slope of Cape Catharine on the other, there was nothing to break the level horizon line except here and there a field of drifting ice. Returning to the Cossack barrack, we spread our bearskins and blankets down on the rough plank floor and went disconsolate to bed.

Early the next morning I was awakened by one of the Cossacks with the welcome news that there was a square-rigged vessel in the offing, five or six miles beyond Matuga Island. I climbed hastily up the bluff, and had no difficulty in making out with a glass the masts and sails of a good-sized bark, evidently a whaler, which, although hull down, was apparently cruising back and forth with a light southerly breeze across the Gulf. We ate breakfast has-

tily, put on our fur *kukhlankas** and caps, and started in a whaleboat under oars for the ship, which was distant about fifteen miles. Although the wind was light and the sea comparatively smooth, it was a hard, tedious pull, and we did not get alongside until after ten o'clock. Pacing the quarterdeck, as we climbed on board, was a good-looking, ruddy-faced, gray-haired man whom I took to be the captain. He evidently thought, from our outer fur dress, that we were only a party of natives come off to trade; and he paid no attention whatever to us until I walked aft and said, "Are you the captain of this bark?"

At the first word of English he stopped as if transfixed, stared at me for a moment in silence, and then exclaimed in a tone of profound astonishment, "Well! Has the universal Yankee got up here?"

"Yes, Captain," I replied, "he is not only here, but he has been here two years or more. What bark is this?"

"The 'Sea Breeze,' of New Bedford, Massachusetts," he replied; "and I am Captain Hamilton. But what are *you* doing up in this forsaken country? Have you been shipwrecked?"

"No," I said; "we're up here trying to build a telegraph line."

"A telegraph line!" he shouted. "Well, if that is n't the craziest thing I ever heard of! Who's going to telegraph from here?"

I explained to him that we were trying to establish telegraphic communication between America and Europe by way of Alaska, Bering Strait, and Siberia, and asked him if he had never heard of the Russian American Telegraph Company.

"Never," he replied. "I did n't know there was such a company; but I've been out two years on a cruise, and I have n't kept up very well with the news."

"How about the Atlantic cable?" I inquired. "Do you know anything about that?"

"Oh, yes," he replied cheerfully, as if he were giving me the best news in the world, "the cable is laid all right."

"Does it work?" I asked with a sinking heart.

"Works like a snatch-tackle," he responded

* A garment like a blouse, or "sweater," and made of reindeer skin.

heartily. "The Frisco papers are publishing every morning the London news of the day before. I've got a lot of 'em on board that I'll give you. Perhaps you'll find something in them about your company."

I think the captain must have noticed, from the sudden change in the expression of our faces, that his news about the Atlantic cable was a staggering blow to us, for he immediately dropped the subject and suggested the propriety of going below.

We all went down into the cosy, well-furnished cabin, where refreshments were set before us by the steward, and where we talked for an hour about the news of the world, from whaling in the South Pacific to dog-driving in Arctic Asia, and from Weston's walk across the American continent to Karakozef's attempt to assassinate the Tzar. But it was, on our side at least, a perfunctory conversation. The news of the complete success of the Atlantic cable was as unexpected as it was disheartening, and it filled our minds to the exclusion of everything else. We had lost the race, and even if we should go over the course we could hardly expect to get any applause, or attract any attention. The world would have no use for an overland telegraph-line through Alaska and Siberia if it already possessed a working cable between London and New York.

We left the hospitable cabin of the *Sea Breeze* about noon, and prepared to return to Gizhiga. Captain Hamilton, with warm-hearted generosity, not only gave us all the newspapers and magazines he had on board, but literally filled our boat with potatoes, pumpkins, bananas, oranges, and yams, which he had brought up from the Sandwich Islands. I think he saw that we were feeling somewhat disheartened, and wanted to cheer us up in the only way he could — by giving us some of the luxuries of civilized life. We had not seen a potato, nor tasted any other vegetable or fruit, in nearly two years.

As we left the ship we gave three hearty cheers and a "tiger" for Captain Hamilton and the good bark *Sea Breeze*.

When we had pulled three or four miles away from the bark, Lewis suggested that instead of returning at once to the mouth of the

river we should go ashore at the nearest point on the coast, and look over the newspapers while the Cossacks made a fire and roasted some potatoes. This seemed to us all a good plan, and half an hour later we were sitting around a fire of driftwood on the beach, each of us with a newspaper in one hand and a banana or an orange in the other, and all feeding mind and body simultaneously. The papers were of various dates, from September, 1866, to March, 1867, and were so mixed up that it was impossible to follow the course of events chronologically or consecutively. We were not long, however, in ascertaining not only that the new Atlantic cable had been successfully laid, but that the broken and abandoned cable of 1865 had been picked up in mid-ocean, repaired, and put in perfect working-order. I think this discouraged us more than anything else. If cables could be found in the middle of the Atlantic, picked up in ten or twelve thousand feet of water, and repaired on the deck of a steamer, the ultimate success of submarine telegraphy was assured, and we might as well pack up our trunks and go home. But there was worse news to come. A few minutes later, Lewis, who was reading an old copy of the San Francisco "Bulletin," struck his knee violently with his clenched fist and exclaimed, "Boys! The jig is up! Listen to this!

'SPECIAL DESPATCH TO THE BULLETIN.

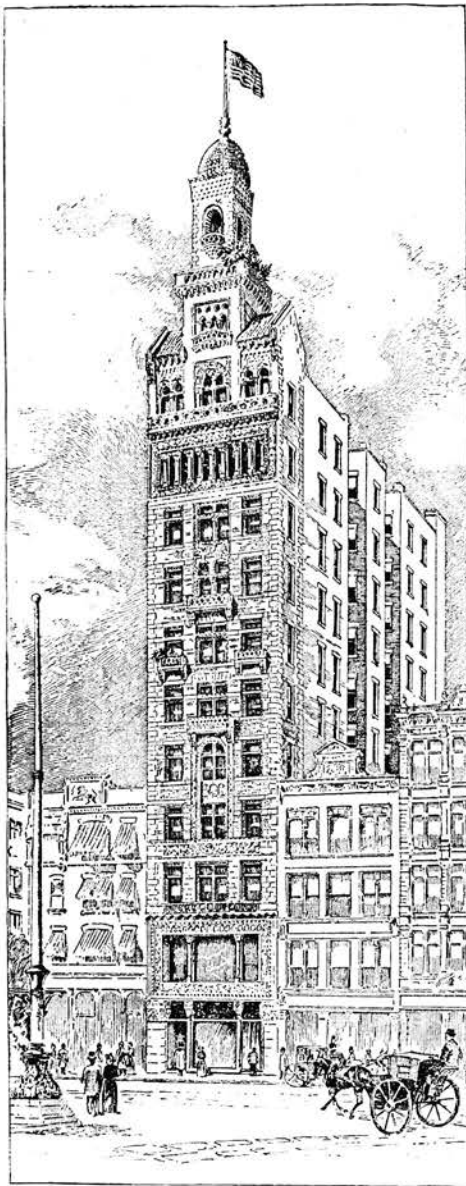
'NEW YORK, October 15.

'In consequence of the success of the Atlantic cable all work on the Russian American Telegraph line has been stopped, and the enterprise has been abandoned.'

"Well!" said Robinson, after a moment of thoughtful silence, "that seems to settle it. The cable has knocked us out."

Late in the afternoon we pulled back with heavy hearts to the beacon-tower at the mouth of the river, and on the following day returned to Gizhiga, to await the arrival of a vessel from San Francisco with an official notification of the abandonment of our great enterprise.

The Overland Telegraph Company had lost the race, and we, its employees, had lost two of the best years of our youth in the snowy wastes of arctic Asia.



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HOW NEW YORK STRIKES AN ENGLISH-WOMAN.

BY JANET E. RUUTZ-REES.

It is useless to compare New York with any other city I have seen. It is unique. Long ago, before I ever imagined that I should make my home here, I marveled at the enthusiasm of Americans of all classes. "Ah!" they would say, "but you should see New York!" I understand it better now; then I looked upon it as a weak but perhaps pardonable kind of national vanity, and never dreamt of retorting: "Ah, you should see London!"

Yes, New York is unique. It reminds me of a fascinating face, in which one vainly seeks some definite likeness, some predominating resemblance—finding now a suggestion of one relation, now of another, a look of the mother in the mobile mouth, of the father in the brilliant eye, or it may be, in some passing expression, the bygone drama of a life long dead. And so it is in this cosmopolitan city—so heterogeneous, yet so strongly individual; so practical,

yet so improvident; so lavish, yet so thrifty, is the spirit that we meet.

The first thing that struck my British prejudice, was the fact that everybody was approachable. Here no "divinity doth hedge about" a man or woman. My letters of introduction guaranteed my respectability, and that was enough; kindly words of welcome met me everywhere. I had come at an unfortunate time. Every one was leaving the city. The heat was going to be terrible; but meanwhile I must not dream of leaving.

"Coming among us," said a friendly New Yorker, with a humorous smile—"coming among us at a time when the heat makes us feel murderous at the thought of inspecting a manuscript!—why, it is an insult to speak of work in such weather! No, no! wait. Keep as cool as you can, and in the Autumn we shall all be back."

Well, I kept as cool as I could; it wasn't *very* cool, and I set my mind to work to learn all that was possible whilst I was waiting. I did learn a good deal. I learned to drink ice-water; to sit in a rocking-chair and show my slippers; and to sit out on the "stoop" (I was some time acquiring the last habit; I always felt as if I ought to be behind a wall); and I learned to wonder whether I was not as well off in New York without malaria, as I should have been in the country with it. Everybody talked about malaria; a great many people had had it, or were having it, or expected to have it; but I could gain no very satisfactory evidence as to their having it more or less in the city than out of it.

The babies died very fast in the tenement-houses, poor little souls! but directly it was ascertained that they did die, there was a commission of inquiry, a report every four or five hours, an interest and a stir which it did my parochial British blood good to hear. I never once heard anybody ask whose parish they were in. It was somebody's business, and somebody attended to it.

I was very much tempted to go down and inspect a tenement-house, just to decide, in my own mind, whether they beat us in the filth as well as in their energy in removing it; but I had the fear of malaria before my eyes, so I contented myself with reading the reports.

The next thing was rather a strange commentary upon this energy: an unfortunate, miserable, unsexed girl was murdered, and no minister liked to bury her! That did seem a little strange to me. Of course, if she had been a Dissenter or a Baptist in my own glorious country it would have been all right, and highly commendable; but it did not appear that she was; she was only a wretched, cast-down, trodden-upon piece of humanity, whose God was nearer to her than her human brother. But they *did* bury her at last. I was glad they did.

Meantime a great deal of time and trouble and money were given for the city children. I do not believe that in any other city in the world floating hospitals were started, to give the poor mites pure sea-air and a good time with their mothers, and hundreds of homeless boys had an outing. I felt quite sorry that they had to wait for hours in the hottest sun of a hot day before they started. I could not see why they need, as they hadn't a board of guardians at their back to contend with. Still, how much, how very much, was done! Organizations took the little ones picnicking until it made my very heart rejoice to remember how, in the coming days of trial and trouble, which are their sure inheritance, some memory of such joys may steal over them; perhaps—who knows?—turn them back to happier ways; poor little ones!

It seemed to me that there were a good many lives lost in steamboats; they had quite a monopoly; the register-general must have had his hands full of steamboat

statistics. But, generally speaking, disasters arose from over-anxiety to please the public; and there never was any peace until the whole thing was understood, published and commented upon. That one fact in New York life is portentous—Publicity; public opinion, and not prejudiced opinion, either. Everything is sifted (except the ash-barrels on the sidewalks), and if anything can be done it is done, and no time lost. This is a real element of success; it always wins.

New York is growing fast; faster than any city on record. And why? Because it is the abode of a *practical* people, who work for it, live in it, and die for it. They lose no time in preliminaries. Show any business man in the city a good thing or a wise measure, and you'll gain a hearing; if you do not, you are wrong somewhere, and the wisest plan is for you to mend your views.

Another remarkable thing is that everybody in this city *thinks*. It seemed to me the oddest thing, at first. I *thought* that I thought, but I soon found out that I hadn't begun to. I had a few ideas that I had imbibed from various sources, but they were pretty nearly valueless. If I spoke upon any subject with which I thought myself fairly conversant, I soon found that if my American cousin took it up, he used his own mental machinery, and discovered fifty points which I had overlooked, because I employed somebody else's.

They use words differently here, but, generally speaking, they know what they mean. One expression I like very much—it hits a truth: they speak of “cultured” people. They don't *train* their boys and girls to be antiquated models of somebody else; they cultivate the qualities they have, and give them scope for native talents. This is an American secret—the secret of their originality both in conversation and literature.

I am not, of course, speaking of the ultra-fashionable—they are the same all the world over; the originality which civilization leaves, fashion stamps out—but I speak of the well-to-do middle classes, who constitute a nation's life.

We shouldn't much like it in London, if we had an elevated railroad whether we would or not; but we have fifty more objectionable things because we are used to them, or because our grandfathers had them. They don't do things here because they are used to them, or because their grandparents did; but because they see some good in them. If once they find out that there is no good in anything, they give it up—except the Broadway stage. Why they keep that up, a terror to inside passengers and a nuisance to every one else, I don't know. *That* is a New York anomaly; there are a few. Another one is, that they put up with the worst paving of any city I ever was in. In a little German town, you expect to trip a halting measure, up one stone and down another, or to find one foot three inches below the level of the street; but in a busy, go-ahead city, with every modern improvement and convenience, it is startling to the uninitiated.

There are positively *holes* in the roadway, and the inequalities of the paving-stones on the sidewalks are worthy of study. One feels that in New York there must be a reason for it, because the New York mind is pre-eminently reasonable; and so, although my prejudice is against it, I conclude that there is an advantage in unequal walking and a steep step up and down at the end of every block, which I am not able to fathom.

If we had an outbreak of typhoid fever, or intermittent malaria, in London—behind the age as we are—I verily believe that somebody would find out that there is perhaps some danger in the unlimited water-supply of the city; that conduct-pipes in every bedroom are apt, with-

out great attention to traps and such small matters, to introduce gases into the houses which might advantageously remain somewhere else. Water for drinking purposes, too, is considered by us a prolific source of disease; and it seems possible (but I put the suggestion diffidently) that, although freezing may purify the quality of ice, the purification may not be so satisfactory when it is resolved back into its normal elements, and taken as water.

Malaria, in many urban districts in England, has been distinctly traced to drinking water supplied from impure sources. One instance I recall, in which the inhabitants of a village depended upon a *frozen* stream for water, melting the ice and using it, and a violent outbreak of malarial fever followed. The enterprise which has assured such a plentiful supply of water to New York is beyond all comparison, and to it, in no small measure, the city owes its growth, stretching, as it does, miles beyond its limits of a few years ago.

I do not think that the ordinary show places of New York interest me as much as the many indications of character that meet one in the ordinary resorts of the city. I admire the Park greatly—it is so suggestively laid out that it chimes in with the largeness which is essential to all one's thoughts about this city; but other parks can compare with it. So, too, the squares in various parts of the city are invaluable as air lungs, and many of the houses and public buildings are marvels of wealth and skill; but I do not find so much originality in them as I do in the other matters; as a rule, they are *not* distinctively American. The shops or stores are, and I do not think that I appreciate them.

I cannot call up any sympathy for the overworked shop-girls I heard so much about in the Summer. I think they have a very good time, a better time than the customers, and a vastly better time than they would in Europe. I think that whoever introduced cash girls and boys did a kind and wise thing.

One of my first questions in New York was, *Where* are the boys? I missed the street arab turning wheels in the thoroughfares, and showing the soles of his feet at the carriage windows. I walked about in the business streets, hunted out byways, and sought my tatterdemalion acquaintance of London lanes, but I did not find him. I came across a few barefooted children, but not many; they were neither absolutely in rags nor filthy; they looked like human beings, at any rate. After a while I found my boys in their proper places, being worked up into men. I found them in the shops, in the offices, everywhere except loafing about in the public thoroughfares; and having found them, I made their acquaintance, to my profit and amusement.

One small boy—he reached a little higher than my knee—kept guard over a tray of flowers. I cultivated him, and bought a five-cent bouquet every day or so as I passed. One day I laughed, and said: “No spare cents to-day.” “Pay me in stamps,” said my boy, and holding up a spray, he added, with a cunning smile: “Take this, it's just the color of your eyes.” The little rogue ought to have been Irish, but he wasn't.

Newspaper boys here are quite unlike ours—they don't shout so much, they push more. I have seen them jump on to the car step, give a rapid glance round, spot one man or woman and offer their wares, then depart, losing no time in “warring against the inevitable”; they read the character at a glance.

Dress in New York is of course a great thing; what makes it remarkable is the way in which the practical element in the national character shows itself in that. Every Frenchwoman dresses well, yet the difference between a

New York lady of fashion and a Parisian is seen at once. A Frenchwoman elegantly dressed looks as if she had just come out of a shop; an American woman looks as if she had been born in her clothes. The reason is that the one studies her clothes, and the other herself. Every intelligent New Yorker knows her own value, knows her own good points, and subordinates fashion to herself; so she always has *style*; and every pretty face you see, and you see a vast number, is framed appropriately.

The men do not dress so well, because they do not care about it, as a rule. They wear their clothes just like every one else, and do not stop to consider the outline of their noses, eyebrows, or general development; so, although a hat makes as much difference to a man as it does to a woman, nobody ever remembers the fact. They have not time, unless they are exquisites, and I have said already that my interest ceases with originality. I came to New York to see something that I could not see at home, and I think I have succeeded.

Yet one or two things more. I like a New York crowd; I go into one whenever I can. It isn't a bit like our crowds. I should not particularly like to find myself out in London on an election day, or a demonstration day, either. I went on both occasions here. I was for more than an hour in the thickest part of the crowd when General Grant spoke from the Madison Square Hotel in the evening. The gentleman I was with wanted me very much to talk. I couldn't; I was too much interested in the people. I did not hear any chaff. I do not think that New Yorkers ever do chaff. I did not hear any bad language, except one telling expression, which had a decided brogue to it. I heard absolutely no abuse. Here they seem to keep abuse for the newspapers; I imagine they have a monopoly of it. We do not. It is a good deal pleasanter for a lady here when she is in a crowd. I am not quite so sure that the newspaper reading is as desirable; but human nature must have a vent, I suppose.

On election day I went to two or three polling places, just to see what they were like. They were very quiet, and the only visible token of excitement that I saw I saw next day, when the reports were being issued. I thought a good deal about it. I am beginning to use my own mental machinery, and I traced it back to the feeling

of self-appreciation and self-respect which seems inherent in Americans.

This seems to me to be the difference between the man of the people here, and our man of the people at home. An Englishman of the lower orders (I limit my remark that I may not offend) is assertive *because* he is an Englishman ("he *might* have been a Prussian, etc."); an American, of the same class, is assertive because he feels that he has a chance. He *may* do, and be, something. A man is estimated here for what he does, not for what he is. They don't ask so often, Who is he? as, What has he

done? It is again the thoroughly practical which wins. Merit of any kind is recognized—if it is merely the merit of making money. In the house where I live, an English servant once expressed her views upon America to me:

"Ma'am," she said, "the longer you live here, the better you'll like it. I didn't at first, but I do now, because here, what *you are*, you *are*; and what *you've got*, *you've got*!" I think she was right.

One or two things I gladly miss, which are familiar to me at home. I miss the drunkenness, and the boldness of vice. They tell me that New York is an immoral city. I heard a clergyman in one of the city pulpits decry the drinking saloons, and assert that drunkenness is on the increase; but I confess that I have not seen it. Here are no flaunting ginpalmaces, throwing their light far over the gloomy streets; here no unsexed woman reels from the bar, with the last drop of gin, which has cost her children bread, upon her lips. You can walk the public thoroughfares without feeling the bitter sorrow for the starving children and the little feeble lives



OFFICE BUILDING OF THE MANHATTAN LIFE INSURANCE CO., LOWER BROADWAY.

that are the price of the publican's wealth.

What I have seen in New York has taught me much. There is philanthropy, there is charity, there is humanity, equal to our own—a ready hand stretched out for every sorrow, once made known; but, so far, I have not found the squalor, the intemperance, the heart-rending, unattestable, hopeless sorrows of my native London. Is it because they are not here? or because I do not know where to find them? At least, I have looked; and I have seen sorrow enough to need the love of the greatest-hearted God that humanity can conceive; but I have *not* found a tithe of that which I have left behind.

MEAT SAUCES,

AND THEIR HOME PREPARATION.



It is said that it is impossible to be with a man an hour without his betraying his occupation, no matter what his rank may be. The responsibilities of housekeeping stamps its impress upon woman, and gives to the housekeeper an air of self-reliance, a something to be depended upon manner that betrays unmistakably her occupation. At the time of year when the products of orchard and garden are sending out their luscious fruits with a bounteous measure, the stained fingers tell the story only too plainly of labor and care that belongs to no boarding-house occupants; they are one of the distinguishing marks of that large army of home-makers, that, like the busy bees and ants, are thoughtfully providing the sweets and relishes for the coming winter months.

Social intercourse and conversation among them at this season, are but discussions of the various kinds of fruit, its price and flavor, and the numerous and best ways for preparing and preserving them for use. There are odors pervading the house of "pickles and spice, and something nice," that equal in fragrance the air that is wafted from Araby's shores.

Coming almost last on the list of the season's provisions are meat sauces, and yet so essential are they to a well provided table that no one should allow her energies to relax until some, at least, of the varieties known to be good are bottled and sealed for use. I give a small number that no doubt your readers may be glad to choose from, that have been well tried, and found to be most excellent.

Chilli Sauce.

One peck of ripe tomatoes, peeled, one-half teacupful of salt, three red peppers and twelve small onions chopped fine, one tablespoonful each of ground allspice, cloves and cinnamon. Mix altogether and boil two hours. Rub through a sieve, then add one pint of vinegar, a half teacupful of brown sugar, and let come to a boil. Bottle and seal while hot.

Tomato Chow-Chow.

One-half bushel of green tomatoes, one dozen average size onions, one dozen green peppers. Chop all together very fine; sprinkle over all one pint of salt, let it stand over night, then drain off the brine thoroughly and cover the tomatoes with good vinegar and cook one hour well, then drain off this vinegar and throw away. Pack the tomatoes in a jar and cover with these spices, prepared as follows: Take two pounds of brown sugar, two tablespoonfuls of cinnamon, one of allspice, one of cloves, one teaspoonful of pepper, all ground, one-half cupful of ground mustard, one pint of grated horse-radish, and cider vinegar enough to mix them well; when boiling hot pour over the tomatoes, and cover tight. This is very fine. Will keep in a jar.

Cold Catsup that is sure to keep.

One-half peck of ripe tomatoes, peeled, two red peppers, two onions, one-half cupful of salt, one cupful of brown sugar, three-quarters of a cupful of white mustard seed, one cupful of grated horse-radish, two tablespoonfuls of black pepper, one quart of cider vinegar. Chop tomatoes fine, then drain; chop onions and peppers fine, then mix together and rub through a colander.

Plum Catsup.

Allow one-half pound of sugar to each pound of plums. Boil plums in water until tender, then put through sieve; add the sugar to the pulp and boil until quite thick; season to taste with ground cloves and cinnamon. Bottle while hot.

Mushroom Catsup.

Peel the mushrooms, break them into little bits and strew salt over them. Let them stand one night only; warm them and strain; boil the liquor five minutes, skimming well. Add to each quart of the pulp and liquor one-half ounce of ginger, one-half ounce of

black pepper, one-half ounce of allspice, one blade of mace, and six ounces of cloves. Let the whole boil well. Bottle when cold.

Horse-Radish Sauce—To be used with soup meat.

Grate some horse-radish into some soup stock, add a spoonful of fat from the stock, one-half cupful of vinegar, a little salt, and sugar to taste, a few raisins, some cinnamon, and half of a lemon. Let this come to a boil, then stir in enough grated horse-radish to make it quite thick. Pour over the meat hot. If the sauce is too thin, add some bread crumbs. This is also good with veal or tongue.

Bordeaux Sauce.

One gallon sliced green tomatoes, two small heads of cabbage sliced fine, two onions chopped fine, one ounce of celery seed, one ounce of ground ginger, one ounce of ground allspice, one ounce of ground black pepper, one-half pound of white mustard seed, one pound and three-quarters of light brown sugar, one gill and three-quarters of salt, one gallon of cider vinegar; mix well together and boil half an hour. Pack in jar. For late spring use it is better sealed in cans.

Mock Capers.

Gather nasturtium seed when full grown, but before they are yellow, let them dry a little, then put into cans, and cover with boiling hot spiced vinegar, close tightly for two or three weeks. These are excellent to use with drawn butter for fish, or boiled mutton.

Celery Vinegar.

A bunch of fresh celery, or a quarter of a pound of celery seed. Lay in a weak brine over night, then drain and rinse; then pour over boiling vinegar and cork tightly for two or three weeks, when it will be ready for use.

Spiced Cranberries.

Wash and free from stems five pounds of cranberries, add four pounds of light-brown sugar, one pint of cider vinegar, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, and one of cloves. Boil an hour and can.

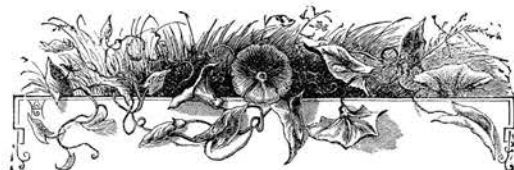
Gooseberries are fine done in the same manner.

Spiced Currants.

Wash and free from stems four quarts of currants, add two pounds of sugar, a pint of cider vinegar, a teaspoonful of cinnamon, allspice and cloves. Boil an hour.

Grapes are fine spiced in the same manner, only adding a little more fruit to the other proportions.

—Annie Wade.



HIS MOTHER'S PIES.

I've toiled and tried and worried,
I've gone the cook-books through,
Till my brain is tired and flurried,
And my hands and patience too.
I've had the best instruction
From the ablest cooks in town,
And my pies are crisp and dainty
And delicately brown.
But apple, mince or pumpkin,
Of any form or shade,
Are nothing to my husband
Like the pies his mother made.
So I'll give the struggle over,
And throw my pride away,
But as sure as I'm a mother
I'll be avenged some day.
My bonnie lads are growing,
And they'll not be afraid
To tell their future spouses
What pies their mother made.

—Cicily Corwin.

August.

Gorgeous as the sun at mid-
summer.

Henry IV. Part 1. Act IV. Sc. 1.



Logan's Home Manual, 1899

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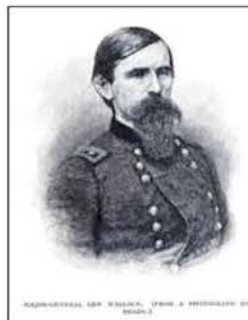
People



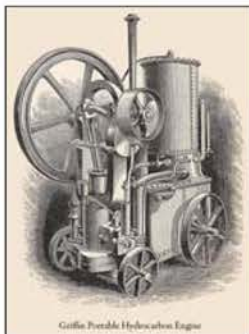
Native Americans



Eminent Victorians



The Civil War



Gadgets & Gizmos



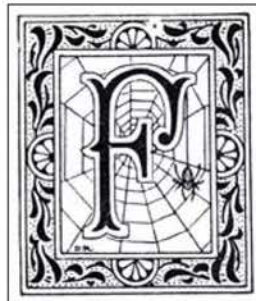
London



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& Landscapes



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