Victorian Times

A Monthly Exploration of Victorian Life



Vol. B-3, No. 10 - October 2026

Fairy Lore • *The Legendary Cobra Stone* • *A Procession of Belgian Giants*
French Sheep-Dog Trials • *The Drum-Major* • *Life in a Wisconsin Logging Camp*
Afternoon Tea • *London Hospitals* • *Mirror Magic* • *More Apple Recipes*
Gesso Work • *Kitchen Requisites* • *Life on a Canal Barge* • *Queen Victoria, Housewife*

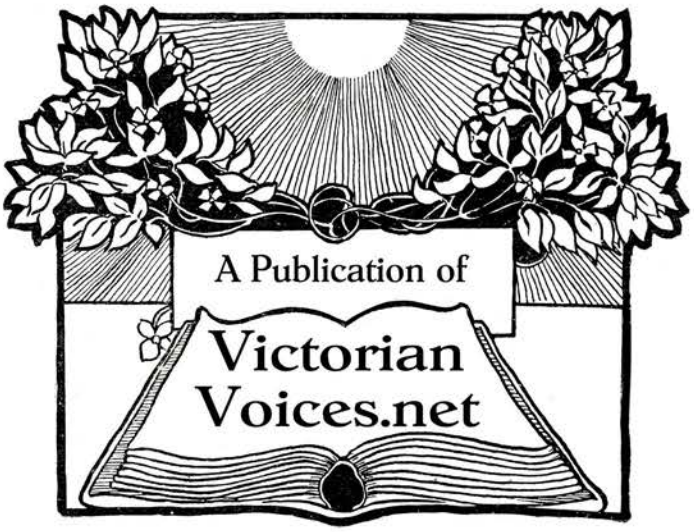
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edited by Moira Allen



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Cover Image: Halloween postcard by Ellen Clapsaddle, early 1900s.

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We Have Their Word for It

One reason the Victorian era is so much more accessible to us than most periods of history is shared language. It's a lot easier to read Dickens than Chaucer! But I suspect we rarely think about how many words we use today that originated (or were widely used) in the Victorian era.

For example, I recently chanced upon a poem about herring fishing, which offered a brief footnote on the use of the word "school." According to this footnote from the 1880s, a "school" of fish was a colloquial corruption of the word "shoal," which was considered the correct term. Now we've forgotten shoals entirely, and send our guppies to school.

Today, when we hail a "cab," we're not likely to recall that this term is an abbreviation of "cabriolet," a fast, two-wheeled vehicle that went on to become the ubiquitous "hansom cab" of British cities. Like our cabs today, these were driven by "cabbies" and queued at "cab stands." Sadly, we've lost the term "growler," which referred to a four-wheeled cab often used to transport families and luggage to and from the train stations; it was so-called because of the noise its wheels made on the cobbles.

Similarly, if we hop on a bus, we may not recall that the term came from the London "omnibus." *Omnibus* is Latin for "for all;" a *voiture omnibus* was literally a carriage for "everyone." However, we should probably be glad that we're not hopping aboard a Shillibeer, which was the first London omnibus (named for its founder); for quite some time, London omnibuses were known as Shillibeers!

We can thank the British Empire for bringing us such terms as "mogul," "pundit," and "juggernaut." The term "mogul," which we still use to refer to someone rich, influential, and powerful, comes from the 16th-century Mughal Empire of India, and even by the 18th century the term "mogul" was used in English much as it is today. That empire also brought us "nabobs" or provincial governors – a term we don't use as often now, but that generally referred (rather sarcastically) to someone who might be rich and ostentatious, but wasn't exactly a mogul! Our political "pundits" come from the Hindi *payndit* and Sanskrit *payndita*, referring to a Hindu master of law, science, lore and/or religion. Its use in English was first recorded in 1816.


CAR OF JUGGERNAUT.

We still use the term "juggernaut" to refer to some sort of relentless, crushing, unstoppable force or movement. That term comes from the name of the massive temple chariots dedicated to the Hindu deity Jagannath. Many accounts claimed that, during religious processions, worshippers deliberately threw themselves in the path of those chariots, to be crushed beneath the wheels. (Experts are still debating whether this is true, or was due to the crush of the crowds, or whether it happened at all.) The image shows such a vehicle from 1851, from *The Illustrated London Reading Book.*

Finally, if you decide to observe such a procession, try not to indulge in the Victorian activity of "rubber-necking." That term, describing someone stretching or craning their neck to gawk at something, first appears around 1896; I just came across it in a short story published in 1899.

Again, it's easy to understand most of what was written in the Victorian era because, for the most part, Victorians talked like us. What we often don't realize is that, more often than we think, we talk like them!

—Moira Allen, Editor
editors@victorianvoices.net

A Procession of Giants.

By Emile Dessaix.

[*From Photographs by Alexandre, Brussels.*]

WOULD that this article were a biograph, in order that these curious giants might pass before your eyes as they passed before mine some time back in Brussels. It was a lively sight. The wooden giants, with their rough-hewn faces and costly raiment, towered high above the crowds that lined each side of the streets, frightening the little children when some cruel monster of tradition went striding by, and drawing cheers from the older people, as Saint Michael or some other patron saint of a Belgian town came into view. At one moment the procession was like a Lord Mayor's show; at another, it was like a Guy Fawkes' carnival; at another, like the "Ancient and Horrible" processions which are to be seen in some parts of the United States on Fourth of July morning; and at every moment it was unique and memorable.

The Belgians dearly love a procession, and in early times used to celebrate all great national or municipal events by a so-called "cavalcade" or "omgang," in which the noted personages of Scripture and history were represented. In many respects it was like the ancient English Miracle plays. As far back as 1490, for instance, there was a procession at Louvain, held to celebrate the deliverance of the city by the defeat of the Normans, and this procession, headed by a triumphal chair carrying the Virgin of Louvain, contained Biblical characters, trade tableaux, representations of the legends of chivalry and earlier times, and "the giants." To-day, with one or two exceptions, the giants are all that remain of this former splendour, and so deeply are these favourites seated in the hearts of Young Belgium, that they are unlikely soon to be forgotten.

You can, in fact, see them annually in various parts of Belgium. The "kermesse," which used to be held in honour of the Church and its patron saint in many towns, and later took its place as the annual fête of the municipalities, is now the occasion upon which the giants come forth from their hiding-places to delight the populace. At Antwerp, Ath, and Cambrai the giants appear in might; and at Mons, as well as in Brussels, Bruges, Tournai, and a few other places, the giants are accompanied by different ridiculous wooden figures—burlesque representations of local by-words and people of traditional or current notoriety.



THE GIANT OF HASSELT.

That the figures are not necessarily representations of the famous ogreish giants of the nursery is shown by the appearance of such figures as the Giant of Hasselt, Charlemagne, and others. The Hasselt giant is merely the traditional pet of the little Belgian town. His figure is seen everywhere, just as the bear is seen in Berne, or the little monk in Munich. His relation to Hasselt is very like that of Gog and Magog to London.



CHARLES THE GRAND.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the important place which Charlemagne holds in legend and in the hearts of the Flemish people. Their love for him is shown by the never-ending appearance of his mighty figure in the processions, from the church cavalcade down to the present time. The grand King was reputed to be eight feet in height, and he was so powerful that he could straighten three horse-shoes with one movement of his hand. He had nine wives, but, unlike the wife of Goliath and a few other married ladies, the wives of Charlemagne rarely appear in the procession of giants. His sword, which we may see in the accompanying illustration, was called "La Joyeuse." A German legend says that he appears in seasons of plenty, crossing the Rhine on a golden bridge, and blessing both cornfields and vineyards.

Next came the giant Crusader, followed by one of the Virgins of Brussels—the one with a curious helmet, a dangerous-looking moustache, and a cross upon his breast; the



THE GIANT CRUSADER AND THE VIRGIN OF BRUSSELS.



POLYDORE, POLYDORA, AND POLYDOORKA OF ALOST.

other with most graceful pose, a well-fitting wrap, black hair, and a maidenly face. The Crusader gave a great deal of trouble during the march, and had to be constantly held up by his attendants. His costume was perhaps not exactly in the regular Crusader style, but anachronisms in these processions are rarely noted and as rarely ridiculed. In one procession recently, Goliath appeared in an academic helmet, while Hercules wore the costume of mediæval times.

Polydore, Polydora, and Polydoorka, the three comical giants contributed by the town of Alost to the Brussels procession, are intended to burlesque the family of Termonde giants. It will be noticed that Polydora, the portly and fascinating wife of her fashionably-dressed spouse, holds a bunch of onions in her hand. Therein lies a tale, for it is reported that the people of Termonde, in their superiority, once dubbed the people of Alost with the interesting nickname of "Onions"—a name which the inhabitants of Alost immediately adopted, with no spiteful feeling, as their own. They now look upon it as a title of honour, and they never lose an opportunity to let the Termonde people see that their superior specimen of humour failed of its effect.

Another interesting legend is attached to the wonderfully-made horse seen in the illustrations on this page. He follows Polydore and Polydora, and keeps a respectful dis-



THE HORSE BAYARD AND THE FOUR SONS OF AYMON.



THE VIRGIN OF LOUVAIN.

tance away. It is said of Bayard that he possessed incredible swiftness, and belonged to the four sons of Aymon. If one of the sons mounted, Bayard remained an ordinary size; but if all four mounted, Bayard's body became elongated to an appropriate length. One of his footprints is still said to be in existence at Soignies, and another is to be found on a rock near Dinant. The four sons of Aymon sit gracefully astride his expanded back, fine military-looking figures, even though made of wood.

Nearly every Belgian city possesses a "pucelle," or Virgin, to whom the people love to do endless honour. Just the same as in France, where Joan of Arc, the Pucelle d'Orleans, may often be seen in religious processions, so in Belgium the Virgin of Louvain is an oft-appearing attraction. She is a stately figure, with the sign of her maidenly occupation in her hand, and so unwieldy at times that she has to be supported by ropes in the hands of diminutive but living men.

The Antwerp giants possess a remarkably interesting history, and their appearance is



ANTIGONUS, THE ANTWERP GIANT.



SILVIUS BRABO.

always the signal for a shout of welcome. When the Antwerpers themselves hold their procession, the welcome is, of course, even more spontaneous and overwhelming. They have a legend to the effect that one Silvius Brabo, a man of enormous strength and a hero of undaunted courage, once defeated and cut off the hand of the giant Antigonus, who was accustomed to exact a heavy toll from vessels entering the Schelde, and who ruthlessly cut off and tossed into the river a hand of every shipmaster who refused to pay. Antigonus has been hated for centuries, and Brabo stands on a bronze fountain in front of the Hotel de Ville in Antwerp. When they appear in the procession of giants, they are usually followed by Pallas Minerva, another gigantic contribution from Antwerp. It is related of Pallas Minerva that she got her sobriquet by killing Pallas, one of the Titan giants, and then flayed him, using his skin for armour. In the procession she is beautiful and majestic, shining brilliantly in her splendid armour. On the breast of Antigonus you will be able to distinguish an enormous hand—the sign of his brutal profession.

The Grand Turk is one of the figures that take us back to the times of the cavalcade, for he, too, held a prominent place in the Louvain procession of 1490. The name, as everyone knows, was given by the Christians to the Ottoman rulers, and it is curious to note the costume which tradition assigned



PALLAS.



"MY UNCLE" AND THE GRAND TURK.

and are allowed to drop gracefully to the ground—thus hiding the man inside the clothes who is holding the dummy up. Each figure is also supported in the air by three or four men, sometimes with their hands alone, as in the illustration of "My Uncle" and the Grand Turk, and sometimes by means of ropes, as in the case of the Virgin of Louvain. The man inside gets air by means of openings cut in the clothes—openings shown in nearly all the illustrations. "My Uncle," it may be said in passing, is a popular skit upon that most unpopular of men—the pawnbroker and usurer.

to the Grand Turk, and the Gallic cast of features which the man who carved the statue gave to this most stalwart and handsome favourite.

It may, perhaps, be wondered at how these giants, so apparently unwieldy, are carried with safety through the streets; but the explanation is easy. In nearly all the figures, the wooden dummy on which the clothes are placed extends not farther than the waist. The clothes are then tacked to the wood,

The giant of Ath and his wife are very popular giants, perhaps because the wife is so pretty with her bouquet of flowers and her flowing veil, and the husband so masterful with his glistening helmet and spiked club. In nearly every sense, they were the handsomest giants in the procession. One



THE GIANT OF ATH AND HIS WIFE.



THE BRUSSELS MANNIKIN.

beside the car with top-hats and swelling pride.

The ability of the giants to create laughter is immense. As they move along the streets they are manipulated by the men who carry them, so that they curtsey, dance, hop, skip, and jump to the point of exhaustion. In narrow streets they peep into second story windows, and flirt with the girls and boys who watch them. This unnatural activity often results in damages to personal beauty, and the loss of valuable arms and heads. In the procession of 1890, the wife of the giant of Nivelles lost her head, Janus lost his necktie, and Pallas dropped an arm along the route. The Grand Turk, at one time, entirely disappeared, and was not discovered until the men who had been attending him came out of the "brasserie," where they had been slyly tippling, and started in search.



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JANUS.



LOGGING IN NORTHERN WISCONSIN.

By W. H. Stead.

Circumstances compelled me a few years ago to look around for immediate employment.

Like a vessel stranded by the tide, so was I in the Northern forests, left high and dry by the receding wave of a fickle fortune.

No place offered itself where my education or ability, such as it was, could serve me, and, driven to my last dollar, I sought and obtained employment in one of the small sawmills along the Wisconsin Central Railroad.

I figured simply as a supernumerary, or, in mill parlance, "roustabout." Indeed, it was with no small difficulty that I was enabled to secure that humble position; for, being fairly well dressed, with hands which at once revealed themselves as strangers to manual labor, I was looked upon with suspicion as too much of a tenderfoot for the heavy labor peculiar to a millyard. However, the millman—who, by the way, was a good-hearted sort of fellow—decided upon at least giving me a trial; and fetching my grip from a neighboring hotel, I proceeded to spend my first night in a lumberman's boarding house. That I was unfortunate in this my first experience the sequel will show.

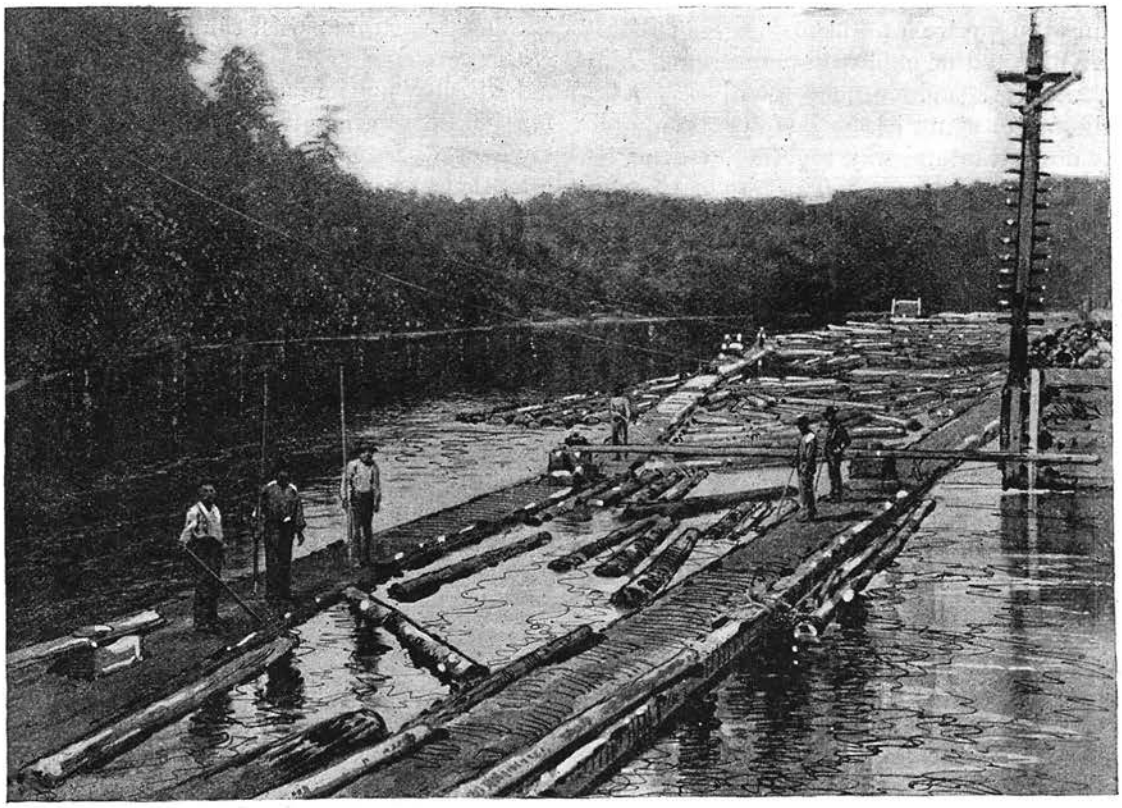


LOGGING CAMP.

I entered a low doorway, on reaching the boarding house, and passed into a room some twenty feet by fifteen. A huge stove—for it was yet early spring—formed the central object of attraction, around



BANKING LOGS AT A "LANDING."



A "SORTING GAP" ON THE CHIPPEWA RIVER, AT EAU CLAIRE, WIS.

which lounged some half-dozen men, regaling themselves with hunting and other experiences, while at a rickety table, the further side of the room, others were deeply interested in the highly intellectual games of "Dom Pedro" and "seven up."

Altogether some twenty pairs of eyes looked up as I entered, and I must admit that to me so novel was the situation, I felt considerable relief when the said twenty pairs of eyes withdrew their gaze, and their respective owners resumed their interrupted occupations.

To forget the memories of that and the succeeding nights is to me simply impossible.

I will not advert now to the broad epithets and too startling similes which fell upon my unaccustomed ears, neither will I but allude to the sea of amber-colored saliva which made the floor glisten in the fitful lamplight, a filthy and burnished fraud, but will simply say I lighted my pipe and awaited developments.

I had not long to wait. Scarcely had I finished my smoke and knocked the ashes out of my pipe when everyone arose and crowded upstairs to the sleeping apartment. My employer's son took up the lamp, and beckoning me to follow, proceeded up the ladder which served as an apology for a staircase, and pointing out to my astonished gaze some dozen bunks of questionable cleanliness, said: "Take some of these blankets, pardner, and choose any bed you've a mind to that ain't took."

Having disposed of me in this rough-and-ready fashion, with "a sudden and awful disappearance" the young man with his lamp vanished mysteriously down the stairway together, leaving us all in an Egyptian darkness. The rest had, with a rapidity to me then quite incomprehensible, partially undressed and jumped into bed.

Unprepared as I was for this sudden turn of affairs, I struck a match, by the spasmodic light of which I selected an empty bunk near the open stairway, for the room was close and smelt horribly.

Taking off my coat and utilizing it as a pillow, with a heart weary and sick I lay down, imprecating the luck which had driven me to my first experiences of roughing it in the Northwest.

Although the holes in the dilapidated roof were large enough to allow ample space for astronomical observations, and set me thinking what I should do in the event of sudden rain, they nevertheless proved wholly inadequate to carry off a tithe of the foul gases generated in this den.

After several ineffectual attempts to woo the drowsy god I at length fell into a deep slumber. How long I lay in that condition I am unable to say, when I was rudely disturbed by a deafening roar, and opened my eyes to discover the whole room in a blaze of light.

"What's that?" I exclaimed, as I sprang from my bed in terror.

"The 'limited,' you durn fool!" came rumbling forth from beneath a distant blanket, and it dawned on me for the first time that we were only some twenty yards from the railroad track.

I will not intrude upon the reader a lengthened account of how the next day I was deputed to pitch slabs for eleven long hours; how the following and succeeding nights I cried aloud from pain each time I moved in bed, so stiff was I with the unwonted exercise; how I rose to the dignity of teamster to the sawdust cart; how I drove attached thereto two ancient specimens of horseflesh—say, rather, horsebone—with about a fifty-nothing gait; how, after having *dumped my dust*, it was with no small exertion and much expense of voice and gesture and free use of whip that I urged back my fit-for-dime-museum-animated-skeleton show in time to save the sawdust box being dumped on the mill floor, involving extra shoveling up; how—— But here I will stop suddenly like my team, which I was told had "played out." Indeed, so antique were the "critters," that it always remained a mystery to me if, within the memory of men then living, they had ever "played in."

Such were the conditions under which I first became acquainted with the lumber trade in the Northwest.

I will lose no time now in giving the reader a few pointers on logging, as the subject fell under my own observation, and will for the time assume him to be as uninformed on the subject as the writer of this article but a few years since. Operations begin in the fall, when the forests blaze with

> "Silver birches golden-hooded,
> Set with maples crimson-blooded."

Into this "sea of glory" plunge the lumbermen and their crews, which consist of foremen, choppers, swampers, sawyers, teamsters, and the like, not omitting the necessary cooks.

Fine fellows are these sons of the forest; and you who delight in beholding the perfection of physical manhood cannot do better than visit one of these Northwestern lumber camps, and see for yourselves the tall, square-shouldered sons of the forest, straight as their native pines. I have in my mind's eye now one young giant, clad in parti-colored mackinaw, with scarlet or blue overalls, his cap set jauntily on one side, the picture of robust health and manly vigor. Watch him how he strides along, each step swung clean from the hip, making a pace which, though natural enough to

him, would keep an ordinary townsman at the trot to keep up with him.

Such were the men whose endurance, quickness of hand and eye, the prerequisites of a soldier, helped win the battles for Grant and Sherman in the early sixties, and who are ever ready to spring to her defense whenever their country needs their service. Horse and ox teams are hired for the season. The former are driven either as four- or pair-horse teams, the latter being designated a span.

A pair-horse team with driver may be hired for from $50 to $75 per month, whilst a four-horse team will readily command from $100 to $120, though, as may be supposed, wages differ slightly in different localities, and have dropped during the present depression (1893) from 15 to 20 per cent. Board of team and men is included in each case. I observed the ox teamster, or so-called bull puncher, spends most of his spare moments filing his goad to a very sharp point, and uses the same in a persuasive, if unmerciful, manner.

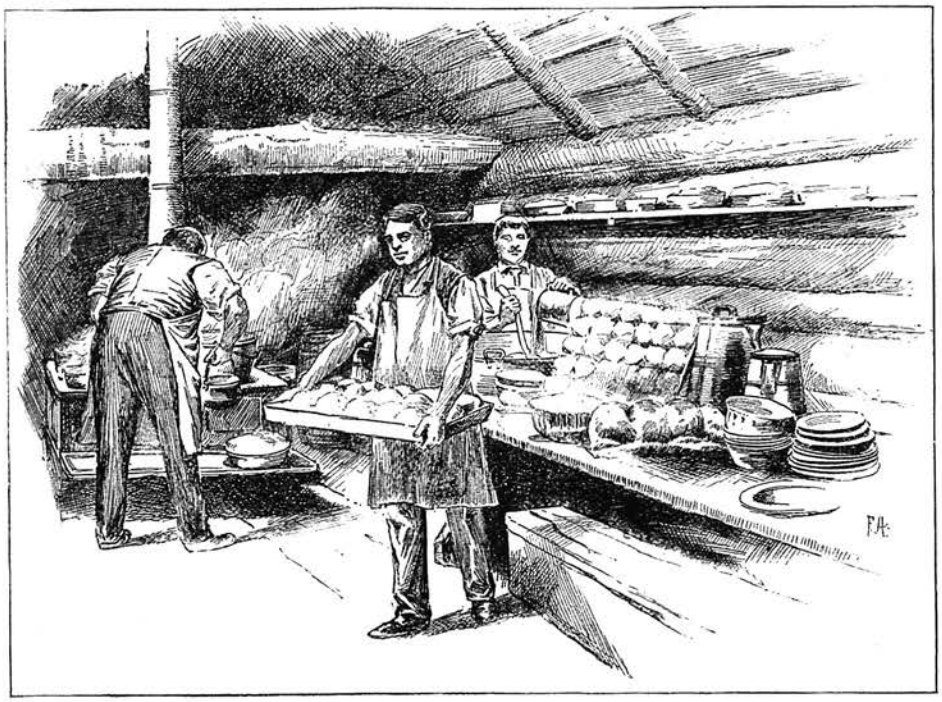
The rank and file of this little army receive from $26 to $45 per month; the cook, from $50 to $60; while the foreman obtains often as high as $100, including board; though again here, as said before, wages are somewhat affected by the present bad times. Having hired their full complement of men and teams, the foremen proceed with them to their different points of destination in the woods, where camping grounds are selected, usually near some river or creek, so as to be handy to water for drinking and cooking purposes.

The ground is now cleared for the prospective camp, and to do this the ring of axes and rasp of saws awaken the echo of the primeval forests. Long, straight poles are selected, cut down and notched at either end. These, fitted securely one on the other, form the framework of a building some 60 x 20 feet. Mud is then thickly plastered into the crevices to protect the occupants from the inclemency of the weather, and the extreme cold later on, when the mercury will fall to 30, and not infrequently, though somewhat rarely of late years, to 40 and 50 degrees below zero, Fahr.

Having roofed the building with shingles hewn from one of the fallen trees, fitted rough doors and windows, and a few rough-and-ready benches, the same process is continued till the mess shanty and stables are completed.

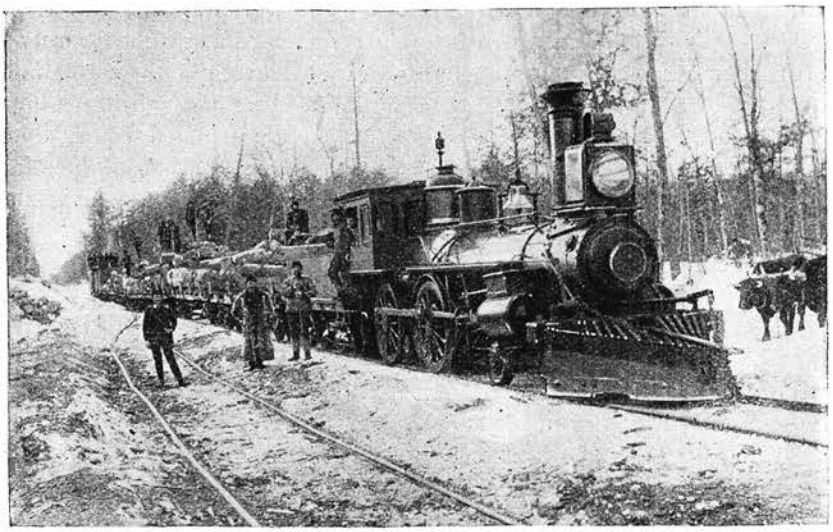
Those who visited the World's Fair may have seen the veritable log hut on exhibition there, and have had an opportunity of examining this very primitive style of architecture.

Two or three tiers of bunks are now erected round the walls of the sleeping room, while a stove at either end insures a comfortable warmth. This room also serves as a recreation apartment for the men when the day's work is over; and many yarns are spun around the stove, when outside nothing can be heard save the driving snow, moaning wind, or occasional howl of the prowling timber wolf.



INTERIOR OF COOKING SHANTY.

The inevitable pipe, cards, songs and tales go to make up the usual recreation of the woodsmen. Quaint indeed are some of their stories, made quainter by the dry humor and backwoods slang of the narrators. "A rough lot," you say. Yes, rough, I admit, yet manly withal, and generous to a fault. When under the influence of alcohol, or the villainous compound known among them as "forty-rod" whisky, I grant you their absence is more desirable than their presence, excepting to the crafty "saloon keeper" or "gambling shark,"



LOGGING RAILROAD.

who reap a rich harvest as long as the woodsman's money lasts. As whisky is strictly forbidden in most camps, the men on receiving their pay hasten to the nearest town, and frequently spend or gamble away in a single night the whole of their winter's earnings. I have known men so completely dead broke after one of these sprees as to be compelled to borrow money to leave town with. It is needless to say that to this rule there are many honorable exceptions, many of our lumber kings to-day being living examples.

The generosity of the lumberman in the matter of feeding his men differs considerably, and where some provide only the proverbial "pork and beans," with some very wishy-washy soup, others consider fresh meat, cakes and pastry delicacies none too good for their crews. However, the old saying, "God provides meat and the devil sends cooks," frequently holds true even here. I may mention that the cook is assisted by one or two boys called "cookees," who do the chores and help generally round the mess shanty.

As an example of the long hours some of these men work, the teamsters and loaders get to their work by 3 or 3:30 A.M., the cook having to provide them with breakfast. Sometimes, if they have long hauls, the teams do not get in before nine or ten o'clock at night. This only gives them five or six hours in the twenty-four for rest and recreation, yet somehow the hardy fellows manage to stand it.

And now the woods seem alive with the blows of axes and buzzing of saws. The giants of the forest, the mighty oak and lofty pine, come crashing down. Their surrounding neighbors hold them for awhile in their embrace, as if unwilling to let them go, until their ponderous weight forces them through their arms, and they lie prone on the ground. Two men, and but two, with ax and saw have transformed yonder giant, which took old Nature centuries perhaps to build, into the first stage of a common saw log. Having trimmed off its branches and crosscut the trunk into marketable lengths of 12, 14 and 16 feet, it is drawn by teams and rolled on to the skidway, there to await with its companions till snow flies and sleighing begins, when it is hauled on sleighs to the mill; or else it is rolled into the nearest creek to be frozen in until the spring thaws release it and the drive commences, when it is floated to the mill below, or further yet along the tributaries to the main stream, where it may eventually help form one those colossal rafts which the Mississippi carries on her turbid waters.

The logging sleigh is, as may be supposed, built upon very substantial principles. The runners average from 3½ to 4 and 4½ inches thick, the bunks being from 8 to 12 feet long. These bunks are calculated to hold as many logs as one or two teams can draw. Upon iced roads, that is, roads which have been first sprinkled with water and then left to freeze, an average four-horse team will walk off easily with 20,000 feet. One of the largest loads I have heard of was over 30,000 feet, and was drawn a distance of three miles.

Some of the big lumber firms lay a track of rails to their woods, over which they run their own cars and locomotives, but generally the logs are driven (floated) if practicable, and the expense of laying a track thereby saved.

The spring rains, and consequent break-up of the ice, are eagerly looked forward to, for the boys get good pay while the drive lasts. The work is not hard, but tedious, and at times dangerous.

With peavies and spiked poles, their boots well spiked to prevent slipping, they will spring from log to log with the agility of catamounts, driving the logs before them, and loosening any which may become jammed against rocks, the curves of the banks, or other obstacles. Frequently these jammed logs, if not quickly freed, become crowded by their companions in the rear, and pile up high in the air, extending for several miles. So compact do these jams at times become that the drivers resort to dynamite, or an equally powerful explosive, to loosen them. Imagine a jam, the

rearmost logs extending for ten or twelve miles upstream, and you will be able to form some idea of the immense pressure on the foremost logs by those in the rear, especially if the current be strong.

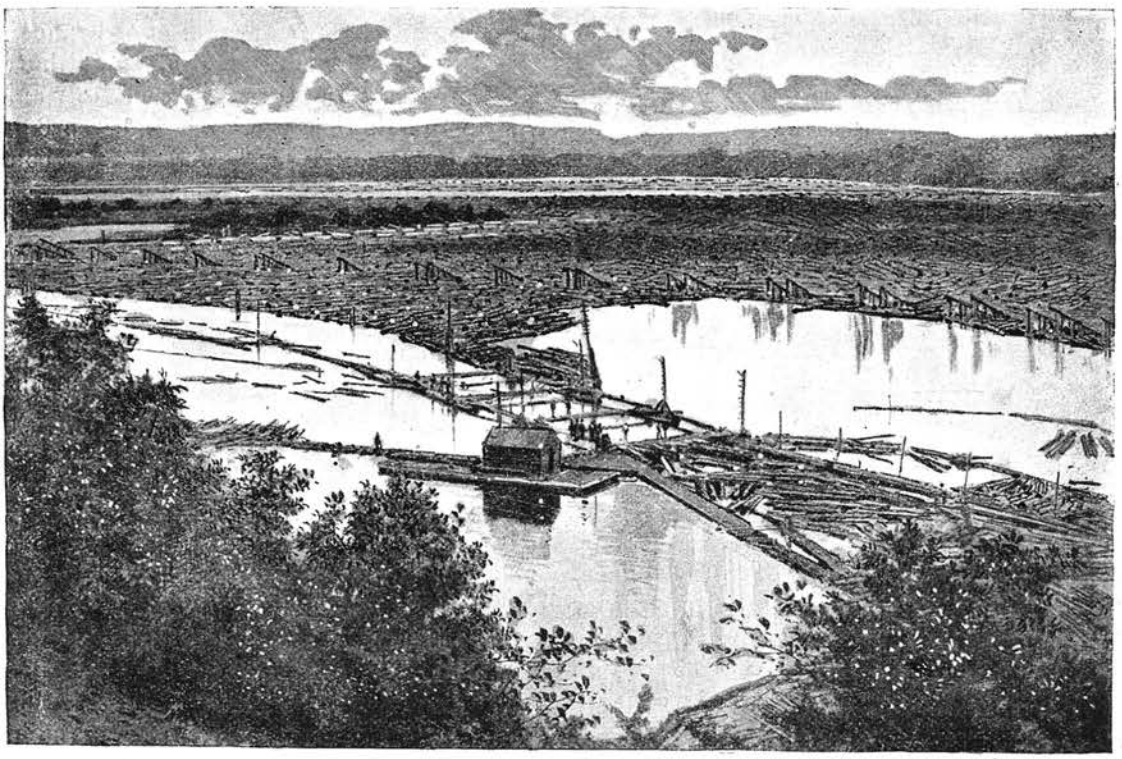
To become an expert "driver" requires some practice and great nerve. Sometimes you alight on a small, light log, which will revolve in the water with such rapidity as to necessitate the greatest dexterity of feet movement to keep your balance. Now and again one or other will come to grief, and a bath in the cold water is the consequence. Occasionally in shooting dangerous rapids—though, owing to their extreme dexterity, less often than may be supposed—a life is sacrificed either by drowning or by being crushed in the seething mass of logs. Far more, however, to be dreaded are the diseases the seeds of which are too frequently sown on "the drive."

Subject to exposure at a very treacherous time of the year, wading in snow water frequently waist-deep, sleeping on the banks of rivers with little or no covering, the men are liable to a variety of diseases, notably rheumatism, and may be said to earn every cent of their pay, which is frequently as high as $3 per day.

When the logs reach the main stream they are boomed; i.e., a chain of timbers or other impediment is fastened across the river to stop the logs and hold them in check until the process of sorting is over. Some booms hold as much as 200,000,000 feet. Each lumberman who has been driving down the same stream sorts his own logs out of the general mass, identifying them by his brand, much in the same way as a rancher sorts his cattle. They are then run into what are termed "pockets," and those going to points on the Mississippi are rafted at the mouth of the Chippewa River, and thence propelled from the stern, and steered by a steamer chartered for that purpose.

"Summer logging," or the "dry roll," is of such little interest to the general reader that to mention it is sufficient; while to give an account of what becomes of the logs after passing into the sawmill is hardly within the province of the present paper. One word, therefore, and I will conclude. Outsiders can hardly conceive the magnitude of the operations, and the colossal fortunes which have been built up out of these Northern forests by the great lumber kings. The increased demand for lumber has enhanced the price of stumpage, so that what could readily have been bought twenty years ago at seventy-five cents per thousand can hardly be obtained for eight dollars to-day.

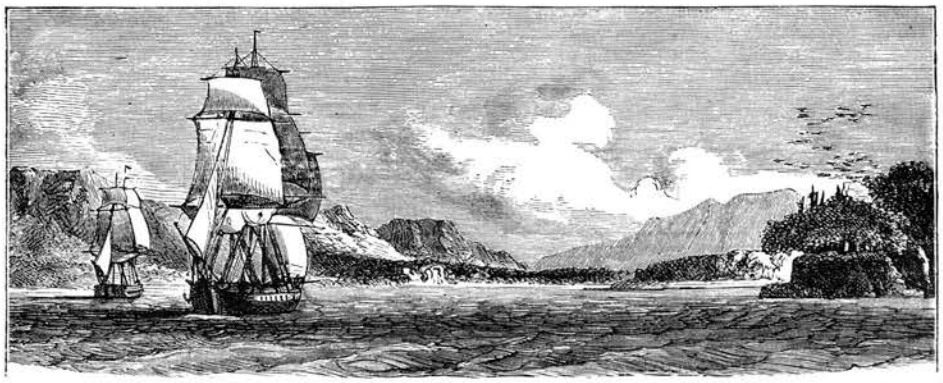
It is computed on well-authenticated statistics that within the ten years ending January the 1st, 1890, the lumber cut of the three States of Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan exceeded



"THE DELLS" LOG RESERVOIR, AT EAU CLAIRE.

86,000,000,000 feet. Add to this the loss of timber—notably this year—by forest fires, and the result is startling in the extreme.

Whether or not it is for the benefit of this great country that its forests should be depleted at such an appalling rapidity is a question demanding serious attention. Shall we not have to pay dear for this reckless prodigality? When our property is destroyed by the ravages of floods (as is the case in some parts of Europe to-day from denuding the mountain sides of their timber); when we ineffectually seek that oxygen which the woods "courteously return for our carbonic acid"; when we vainly listen for the exquisite music of those feathered vocalists, and as vainly seek those "things of beauty" which claim the grand old forests as their natural home, it is then, perhaps, we shall awaken to the fact that, like Esau of old, we have bartered our heritage for little more than a mess of pottage.



OUR BUOYS.

THE buoy at Spithead is said by the poet to be engaged to the bell off Ryde Pier; and the bell on the Inchcape Rock, placed there by the Abbot of Aberbrothock, and the buoy at the Nore, "The rolling Nore, the stormy Nore, where the waves go tumbling o'er and o'er," have also been immortalised in song. But no one, as far as we are aware, has yet told us how all the other buoys and bells started in life, and what is the object of their ceaseless work. The buoy's occupation is no child's play, and as there are about a thousand of them continually making themselves conspicuous, heaving and ducking and bobbing round Britain, it is only reasonable that many of their namesakes, excepting "u," are anxious to have some account of their origin and profession.

Buoys are of many varieties—plain, belted, striped, and chequered; nun buoys, can buoys, cylinder buoys, drum buoys, spar buoys, mast buoys, cask buoys, convex buoys, conical buoys, spiral buoys, spherical buoys; in fact, they are almost of all colours, patterns, and sizes, varying from four feet long to twenty feet, and bearing almost every figure in applied geometry. And all of them are of very serious import to the mariner. In the old days a buoy was any old barrel, tub, or spar that was handy, but now he has to be specially built for the purpose, and built as carefully as a passenger steamer. For the buoy has a rough time of it, and as he is one of the few correct guides to coastal navigation, it is most important that he should stick to his post as long as possible. He is built in watertight compartments, so that if one side is stove in he can still float; and he is weighted, like the newest ironclads, with water ballast, so that he can ride properly and keep his head out of water. To prevent him straying from his beat he is anchored to a flat sinker, or cup-shaped anchor, and the iron chain that holds him is just three times as long as the vertical depth of the water in which he floats, so that his constant jerking and tumbling may not snap its links and set him free. For a very roving customer is a British buoy when he has broken loose; and when our buoys manage to escape from their monotonous sentry-go, started by a collision probably, they swim off on a long cruise, some to make a tour up Norway, others to look in at Denmark, others to visit Belgium, France, and the Continent in general, a few to get into the Baltic, and here and there one to steer boldly north, get gripped in an ice-floe and ride to and from the Pole. Our buoys are all twin brethren, and every one afloat has his counterpart ashore waiting to take his place; built like him of riveted three-eighths iron, shaped and painted like him, and identical in every particular, so as to be able at any moment to do duty for the runaway.

Wherever there is a harbour, or a shoal, or channel, there is the buoy to mark it, and from the shape and colour of the buoy the direction of the fairway can be made out. Unfortunately we have not yet got all our harbours marked on the same system, but much has been done towards proper organisation in the matter; and not so very long ago a representative congress met under the presidency of the Master of Trinity House, H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, and drew up the following uniform system of buoyage for the education and regulation of the buoys of the future.

Having cleared the ground by defining the starboard side to be that on the right hand of the mariner as he sails with the stream of the flood tide or enters a harbour or estuary, this code proceeds to define a conical buoy as a "buoy showing the pointed top of a cone above water," a can buoy as a "buoy showing a flat top above water," a spherical buoy as one "showing a domed top above water," a pillar buoy as one "with a tall central structure on a broad base," and a spar buoy as one only showing a mast. And then it lays down that all conical buoys shall be to starboard, and all can buoys to port; that spherical buoys shall mark the ends of middle grounds; and pillar buoys, bell buoys, gas buoys, automatic sounding buoys, *et hoc genus omne*, shall be placed to mark special positions. Further, it enjoins that starboard buoys shall always be painted in one colour only, while port buoys "shall be painted of another characteristic colour, either single or parti-colour;" that spherical buoys at the ends of middle grounds shall always be distinguished by horizontal stripes of white colour; that surmounting beacons shall always be painted of one dark colour; that staff and globe shall only be used on starboard-hand buoys, staff and cage on port-hand, diamonds at the outer ends of middle grounds, and triangles at the inner ends, and that buoys for moorings may be of any shape or colour, but that those used for submarine cables should be green, and lettered "Telegraph." Wreck buoys are also dealt with. They are always to be painted green, just as a vessel marking a wreck is painted green; and if the vessel is employed she is to have three balls aloft on a yard, one of the balls to be towards the wreck and two away from it, so as to give a sort of vane to show where the obstruction lies; and this yard, like the corresponding lights at night, is to be twenty feet above sea level.

In the good time coming all our harbours and channels will be buoyed on this method, but at present the various local authorities round the coast have not seen their way to adopt the new system, and their own peculiar arrangements, known only to their own pilots, are in many cases still retained. One very common system of buoyage is that wherein colour plays a conspicuous part. If in entering a harbour you find that the buoys are not of the can and conical shape, so as to agree with the recommendations already alluded to, but that one of them is red and another black, and another red and black, and so on, you may safely conclude that the following is the system. The red buoys are all on the starboard side of the channel, and the black buoys are all to port. When you come up with a red and black in horizontal stripes you may be sure you are in the centre of a narrow channel, and that the nearer you pass the buoy the safer you will be. Should

the red and black be in vertical stripes, a different state of affairs altogether prevails, and it is most important that you should remember this once for all: horizontal always means something different from vertical—in other words, a level differs entirely from an upright, for an upright means shallowness, while a level means depth. A red and black vertically striped buoy, then, marks the end of a reef or spit with a channel on both sides of it, and you can give him a wide berth to right or left. Sometimes, instead of stripes, you will meet with chequers, and come across a buoy all painted over with red and black squares like a chess-board. Avoid him! He is a delusion and a snare, bobbing about on the top of a dangerous solitary rock or obstruction, and set there to warn you to heed him not but pass by on the other side.

All chess-board buoys are objectionable, so never seek a close acquaintance with them. Sometimes you will light upon a pair of them, one with red and white chequers, the other with black and white chequers, and you will then know that there are two obstructions, and that the red is on the starboard side of the channel. It is a great pity that the red should not be on the same side as the red light, but the idea is that the buoy is an "approacher," and that to pass him you keep "red to red" as if he also was coming down on you at full steam. When you get a couple of green buoys, as you occasionally do, you may look out for your figures, for the buoys show a wreck, and the even number is on the starboard side and the odd number is to port.

Always look out for the name on the buoy, and check it with your chart so as to be sure of your bearings. And at night keep your ears open for the bells. We have not yet reached the point which requires that all buoys round our coasts should be lighted with the electric light, and luminous paint fails at long distances, so that we have to trust to compressed gas such as is used in Pintsch buoys, one of which keeps alight for six months, after being started at a pressure of one hundred and fifty pounds to the square inch. But as soon as the pressure is equal only to that of the air, out goes the light and the night warning ceases. Hence if the Pintsches were generally used there is a risk of their subsiding into darkness, and the only safe course after all is to give ear to sound as well as doing your best with your eyes.

Sound buoys are of two kinds, bells and whistles. A bell buoy shakes about like a dumpy figure in unstable equilibrium with a cage on its base instead of a man. In the centre of the cage is fixed a bell, and round it on the outside ring are hinged the four clappers, so that at every heave of the wave the one on the highest side will fall on the bell and give the sound. In a curiously irregular manner this harsh clangour breaks on the ear at night. It seems to take every pains to prevent its being the "rhythmical sound" we always hear it called. Nothing more unrhythmical can be well conceived than the bang! ching! clang! clang! cluck! boong! ching! of a bell buoy on a lively night.

But bad as is the irregular clang of the bell, it is as nothing compared to the ghastly squeak of the Yankee whistle, which we are confidently told is to be the sound signal of the future. This "screamer of the seas" is a buoy a dozen feet in diameter, with a thirty-three-inch tube run down its centre. This tube is thirty-two feet long, and extends to some twenty feet or so beneath the water level, so as to reach to the depths where the waters are still and the waves cease from troubling. In the top of the tube is a whistle, and just beneath it is an arrangement of valves. As the waves rise and fall the buoy moves with them. As they go up the valves of the tube open and in rushes the air; as they descend the valves close, the air in the tube is compressed, and the whistle gives a wailing squeal like the cry of an expiring porker. Anything more melancholy than the cry of the Courtenay it is difficult to conceive; the mermaids' dying scream must have been music itself to it. Once you have heard it you will begin to hope, as we do, that in these days of the advance of science the sea whistle, by some arrangement similar to that of our own never-to-be-forgotten "mechanical penny whistle," may be some day induced to substitute for its squeal some lively popular tune.

These noisy buoys are danger-signals like the beacons on land. Mysterious things are beacons at high water, but at low water their purpose becomes clearer. Take Lymington Harbour, for instance. What a strange array of trees, sticks, and baskets the waters seem dotted with when the tide is in; but when the ebb has run its course, and all the mud is visible, these singular marks are seen to show the narrow channel and lead the steamer into safety. Up the Thames, too, at the end of each reach, and oftener, we get some singular beacons, whose purpose is best seen when the tide is out. On the British coasts there are over two hundred and fifty such beacons to mark the passages, some of them specially built, some of them church towers like the Reculvers and St. Helen's; obelisks like Lord Yarborough's on Bembridge Down, and other monuments kept in repair for the convenience of mariners; and others triangles, globes, diamonds, rings, ovals, and crates specially built on prominences and headlands. Some of these beacons are fixed away from shore. That on the Shingles off Margate is a thirty-inch tube which was lowered on to the sand, and then the men went inside it and dug out the sand until it gradually settled down. When it had sunk far enough another length was screwed on, and so the work was continued until a steady foundation was reached. In conclusion we may note the wonderful beacons at Ayr on the Clyde, at Grangemouth on the Forth, and at Stornoway on Lewis, from which the light streams out at night. A highly ingenious arrangement is that of this light. It looks as though it came from a lamp in the beacon. Nothing of the sort! In the beacon is a mirror, and round the mirror are a set of prisms; a beam of light is kept playing on the mirror from the lighthouse on shore, and this, split up by the prisms, gives the beacon light a "borrowed light that lights the fisher home."

(THE END.)

THE HIGHER CRITICISM.

SCENE: *Author at his desk, with newspaper cuttings before him.*

Author.

"THE critics' comments I'll peruse,
And I will profit by;
I'll find out what they most abuse,
And strive to rectify."

First Critic.

"His work unequal as we read,
We think upon the whole
This author almost would succeed
If nearer to his goal."

Second Critic.

"His serious pages suit us well,
Revealing thought and heart;
But he is quite unbearable
When trying to be smart."

Third Critic.

"Some sprightly pages from his pen
With pleasure we have read;
But if he moralizes, then
He's heavier than lead."

Fourth Critic.

"We by the eye of faith can see—
It isn't from his books—
He is not such a fool as he
Invariably looks."

Fifth Critic.

"This author's pages needs must thrill
A sympathetic mind—
Of subtle knowledge, tender skill,
Deep pathos, wit refined."

Sixth Critic.

"A mass of folly more intense
Experience can't recall;
We tried to find one shred of sense—
There is not one at all."

[*Exit Author, tearing his hair.*

THE DRUM-MAJOR.

By Gustav Kobbé.

When I was a boy in New York, as many of us youngsters walked in front of a procession as there were soldiers in it. The platoon of mounted police which now clears the street for blocks ahead, was then—and it was not so many years ago, either—unknown; for there was no mounted police. Those were the days before a State uniform was required, and each regiment wore a uniform of its own. The famous Seventh were attired like chasseurs; there were zouaves, and a whole regiment of cavalry, and separate corps, like the Gardes Lafayette, who wore blue coats and red trousers, and were preceded by sappers with gleaming axes, bearskin caps, and long white aprons—not to mention two German regiments whose uniforms were not unlike those of the Prussian service.

They made a motley procession, but not more motley than the vanguard of boys, the tallest among us marching in the lead and swinging one of his father's sticks like a drum-major. To us the real drum-major seemed little more than an ornament and a harlequin, a soldier-acrobat who would have been as much in place in a circus as at the head of a regiment. The drum-majors were fine-looking fellows then, as now; tall and shapely, their natural height increased by their great bearskin caps, so that they all seemed sprung from a race of giants. Whenever the drum-corps had been playing for some time, we would look back impatient for the drum-major's signal to the band. How it thrilled us to see his stick flourish in the air; and when, as he brought it down, the band broke in upon the drums with a crashing chord, our forms straightened up and our steps became more buoyant! In those days I thought the duties of the drum-major were limited to squelching alternately the drum-corps and the band, and between times looking as large and handsome as possible. But, while the drum-major cannot, under any circumstances, be said to have been born to blush unseen, he performs many duties of which the looker-on at a street-parade knows nothing. It requires a visit to a State camp or a United States Army post to learn what the tall man in the bearskin hat has to do. For there he is busy even when he is n't on show.

The drum-major is to the band what the first sergeant is to a company. He drills the musicians in marching, sees that they are rightly equipped, that the brasses are bright and the music in order. The band, of course, practises under the band-leader, but the drum-major has full charge of the field music—the trumpeters and the drum-and-fife corps. In fact, the drum-major derives his name from the fact that he was formerly the chief drummer of the regiment. He has been an ornament of the British army since the reign of Charles II., and has long flourished in the continental services. He is *tambour-major* in the French army, and he went by the same name in the German service until the gradual giving up of French terms after the Franco-German war converted him into the *Regiments-trommler*,—the regimental drummer,—a term which well expresses the original duties of the office, but lacks the swing of "drum-major" and "tambour-major." And what is a drum-major without swing?

At "parade," at an army post, or State camp, the drum-major leads the band and field music to the front, and brings it to a halt facing the color-line. At the approach of the adjutant he gives the command, "Open ranks," and, when the arms have been inspected, "Close ranks." He then marches the band back to its place on the color-line.

The drum-major's uniform is usually the gayest in the regiment. A striking bit of color, and aiguillettes,* combine with the bearskin hat to make him one of the most picturesque features of a parade, especially if he has been selected

* The tagged points or braid hanging from the shoulder in some military uniforms.

for his height and his soldierly bearing. Drum-major Ludwig Jorgensen, of the battalion of engineers at Willet's Point, is among the most striking-looking drum-majors in the regular army. With his bearskin hat he stands seven feet eight inches, or within four inches of eight feet. He carries a heavy staff about four and a half feet long, with a large head and long ferule. This staff is considerably longer than the usual short bamboo loaded in the center, and hence is better adapted for signaling commands to the band and field music, though the shorter stick is easier to twirl. A clever trick with these short sticks is for two drum-majors to stand some distance apart, twirl their sticks in front of them, and then let go, each drum-major catching the other's stick and returning it to him in the same way.

The drum-major's uniform is so gorgeous because his imagination is not fettered by the United States Army regulations, he being allowed to wear any uniform which his colonel considers appropriate. He will usually have three or four uniforms, changing them according to his fancy. You see he is the artist of the regiment, and so is allowed some freedom in dress. The drum-major ranks as a sergeant, but no regular sergeant in the United States Army could get himself up as Drum-major Jorgensen does, with a red breast-piece of Prussian Uhlan (Lancer) pattern, a broad gold and white band, gold epaulets, and aiguillettes, to say nothing of the towering bearskin hat.

Like poets, drum-majors are born, not made. One man may become a drum-major in a week, while you can't make one of another in a lifetime. Without the knack of handling the stick he will never be an artist, and will, probably at the very moment when he should look his jauntiest, commit the crime, unpardonable in a drum-major, of dropping his left hand to his side. For the left hand should always, except in two-handed movements with the staff, rest, knuckles up, on the hip. Thus the drum-major's pose, when not marching or giving a command, is to stand with his left hand on his hip, his right hand grasping his stick just below the head, the point of the stick resting on the ground. He presents a fine, imposing figure as he stands there, erect and tall, two paces in front of the band. Now comes the moment, so glorious to the small boy, when the commands "Play" and "Forward—March" are to be given. Facing the band the drum-major, with a quick turn of the wrist, points the ferule upward, letting it slant a little to the right. Then, raising his staff to the height of his chin, he thrusts it the full length of his arm to the right, and draws it back again. This is the signal to play. Then, turning, he points the staff to the front, thrusts it the full length of his arm forward, and music and march begin. In the old days the drum-major then brought the "cane," as the staff was called in the tactics, to the position of "carry sword." Now the drum-major beats time, setting the "cadence"—the number of steps to a minute—of the march. As a rule he simply repeats again and again the thrust and recover, through which he gives the command to play. Expert drum-majors, however, introduce some fancy movement here. Jorgensen, for instance, has a pretty way of describing a circle from the front to the back of his right shoulder, grasping the staff in the middle and twirling it so that the head points downward at the moment the left foot is to advance. In unskilful hands this movement is apt to end in disaster, the ferule striking the drum-major's back or nose—which puts the nose out of joint and the band out of time.

It is important that the drum-major should mark the cadence correctly, as otherwise, not only his own, but all other regiments following, will march too slowly or too rapidly. The regular cadence is 120 steps to the minute; but in Memorial Day parades, when there are many veterans in the procession, the drum-majors quietly reduce it to ninety. Another clever trick of the drum-major is to seize the ferule between the fore and middle fingers, swing a full circle with it four or five times, and let go, giving it a slight twist as it leaves his fingers.

The drum-major who gets the knack of the twist and knows enough to allow for the number of steps he will advance, can make his staff circle high up in front of him and sail down into his hand again.

When the band is to execute an oblique movement, the drum-major holds his staff in a

horizontal position at the height of his neck, and pointing the ferule in the direction of the oblique, extends his arm to its full length. The prettiest evolution of the band is the countermarch. The drum-major "faces the music" and gives the signal to march, but instead of turning remains standing with his face toward the band. The band marches upon the drum-major, but on reaching him the file leaders to the right of him wheel to the right, those on the left to the left, the drum-major marching down through the center. To signal for halt the tall man in the bearskin cap raises the staff with both hands in a horizontal position above his head, and with arms extended drops it to a horizontal position at the height of his hips. With the staff he also indicates to the field music what signal it is to play, and puts the drum-corps through the manual: for instance, "Put up the drum-sticks,"—"Detach the drums,"—"Ground the drums."

The drum-major and the musicians are not fighting men. In battle they aid the ambulance corps. It would be queer tactics to use smokeless powder to prevent the foe from detecting your position, and then have the band tooting away on your line of battle!

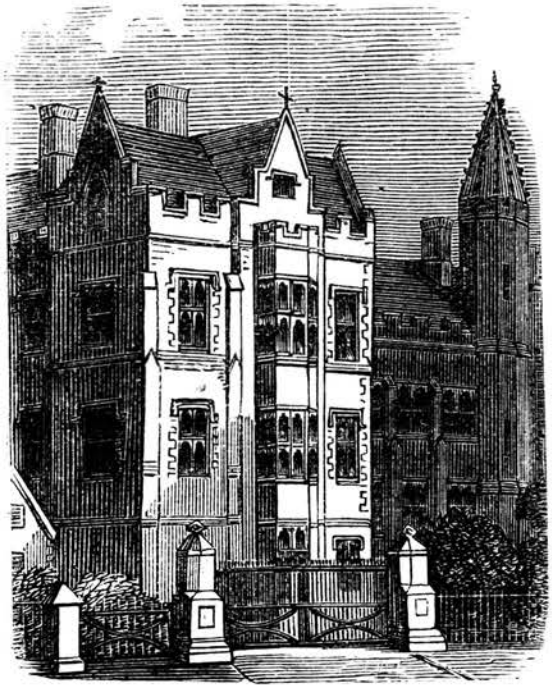
The armies of the world are becoming less and less ornamental. The uniforms are plainer than formerly, so that the soldier may not be an easier target for the enemy, and in other ways the actual needs of the service have overcome the mere notions of the parade-ground. But the drum-major remains. He has his special rôle. He gives a theatrical touch to a review which otherwise it would lack, and, lacking, sadly miss. He is the last of all the old-time "fancy touches," and may his days still be long! Like the conductor of an orchestra, he sets the pace. A regiment with a jaunty drum-major will never lack buoyancy and snap.

And so, though a non-combatant, the drum-major is the bravest-looking of all.



"Attention." "Forward." "Halt."

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS USED BY PERMISSION OF W. R. KING, LIEUTENANT-COLONEL, U. S. A., BATTALION OF ENGINEERS AT WILLET'S POINT, LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK.



Brompton Hospital - *Cassell's Family Magazine, 1878*

LONDON HOSPITALS, AND SCENES IN THEM.

By Janet E. Ruutz-Rees.

The first effort of civilization is to relieve suffering. Barbarous nations regarded the prolongation of life as weakness; "Let the sickly die," was their motto; so they exposed the weakened frames, and helped grim Death in his purpose. Very often sufferers in our day would not be sorry for the same release, but humanity rightly claims that life is the gift of God, and should be treasured to the end. Nobody approves of the action of the old village wife, whose husband "was so long a-dee-ing, sir, that I just helped him a bit." Public opinion condemned her.

In great cities it is interesting to watch the growth of institutions for the relief of suffering and the prolongation of life; in London, especially, where all that is accomplished in the way of help seems but as a drop in a boundless ocean of suffering, there are many hospitals. If we include infirmaries that receive in-patients, there are no less than fifty. The oldest is St. Bartholomew's, which, with four others—St. Thomas's, Bridewell, Bethlehem and Christ's—are "under the pious care of the Lord Mayor and corporation." It is, perhaps, as well for the prosperity of these institutions that they have a distinct internal government.

St. Bartholomew's is very richly endowed; it possesses an income of at least £30,000, and is nearly eight centuries old; it was founded in the reign of Henry I., by his minstrel, Rayher, and when many of the charities in connection with the abbeys and monasteries were destroyed at the Reformation, St. Bartholomew's was refounded by Henry VIII., and re-endowed with all its possessions. It was intended for the "help and succor of all poor, sick, aged, low and impotent people, lying or going about begging in the common streets of the City of London, infected with great and horrible sicknesses." It has always been a great medical school, affording a wide range of experience and experiment. Here the famous Harvey taught for more than thirty years; here Sir William Gull, in our own day, was long a leading physician; here Mead and Radcliffe, Brodie and Laurence have played their part in the cause of humanity.

Around the hospital itself are a mass of buildings devoted to the various branches of the medical profession, amongst them a training-school for nurses. We seek in vain for the old snuff-taking, gin-drinking, light-minded and hard-hearted nurse of years gone by—she is extinct; and whatever evils may attend the hospital system of today, and their name is legion, they are not to be named in the same breath with the enormities of the past.

Every visitor to London knows Guy's Hospital, in the crowded neighborhood of London Bridge Station. It was founded by a bookseller, Mr. Guy, who, having for a long time been interested in St. Thomas's, determined to have a hospital of his own. This has always been considered one of the best managed institutions of the great city; we here had sufficient evidence lately of its need of reformation. It is singular in one respect, as possessing a distinct house for lunatics, which is provided with recreation grounds and gardens. Here the system of "sisters" upon the nursing staff was early attempted, with a fair measure of success, and the ladies who undertake these duties are drawn from the higher classes.

The first unendowed hospital in London was the Westminster; also in a crowded district, near Westminster Abbey. It was founded in 1719, and became at once so crowded that, fourteen years later, St. George's Hospital was established as a much needed branch. This latter has long outgrown its parent; and when dissatisfaction at the management of the Westminster led to a final disruption between the two, the public gained the advantage of two distinct institutions. St. George's has the best site of any such establishment in London, being situated opposite the Green Park and Hyde Park; in connection with it is a Convalescent Hospital, at Wimbledon, which is richly endowed, and always crowded.

The student of human nature should visit the London Hospital, which is in one of the lowest and most densely crowded districts of the city. Surrounded by docks, manufactories, railroads, the incessant traffic of the largest city in the world, it is a nucleus of suffering, a concentration of misery such as is scarcely conceivable. In one year, nearly 7,000 patients are received into its wards, and 50,000 out-patients receive relief. It is, almost necessarily, always in debt. Its income is only £13,000 a year, and the expenses attending it amount to three times that sum. It has grown, and continues to grow. Originally started in four hired houses, sufferers flocked to it in such crowds that an attempt was made to provide accommodation for them, and the present building was founded in 1740. At first no statistics were kept, but for the last seventy years regular records have been issued. Additional accommodation has been given again and again, and in every epidemic—and in that quarter of the city epidemics are of frequent occurrence—efforts have been made to meet the needs of the people. Upon the outbreak of cholera in 1864, a new wing, intended for general patients, was at once filled with the stricken poor, and over 13,000 sick were treated as out-patients.

The London Hospital appeals to every benevolent heart. It is, on the whole, well supported; but every year increases the calls it receives for aid from the surrounding poor. Since 1870, immense additions have been made to it; it now possesses a children's medical ward, ophthalmic wards, examining wards, baths, laundries, and appliances of every kind. A subscription-box for local offerings brings in at least £1,000 a year. Sinking under debt, fresh efforts are constantly made in behalf of this institution. In 1872, 200 new beds were opened; a grant was made by



Greenwich Hospital - *Chatterbox, 1890*

the Grocers' Company of £20,000, and a special fund was established of £200,000. There is a training-school for nurses, under the direct supervision of the matron.

The "London" is certainly one of the most interesting of all the London institutions; yet it abounds, as all such institutions do, in shortcomings and abuses. The nursing, superior as it is to that of olden times, is too often intrusted to the young girls, whose training is a great object with the authorities; but while they learn, the patients suffer. The expenditure, too, is lavish; in hospital management it seems increasingly difficult to hit the golden mean between extravagance and parsimony. The trustees of every public institution of the kind have much to contend with, in the expectation of the public on the one hand, and the demands of numberless patients on the other. In these respects the Middlesex Hospital, which has a ward for cancer patients, stands exceptionally high. Originally founded in 1745, at the time of the French Revolution its doors were thrown open to the sick and suffering emigrants from that troubled land. It has always been remarkable for its ventilation, and as free from the sickening hospital odor which so often greets the visitor to these abodes of suffering. A staff of lady probationers are in attendance, and the nursing is especially good.

During one of the hardest Winters of the early years of this century, a poor, destitute, homeless girl was found lying, frozen to death, near St. Andrew's Church, Holborn. She was but eighteen years of age; no one knew whence she came or where she was bending her steps, when, overcome by hunger, misery and cold, she sank upon the inhospitable stones and died. A surgeon, who was called in by the parish authorities, was so moved by the fate of the unfortunate girl, that he started the idea of a free hospital. Hitherto, admission to such a refuge had depended upon letters of introduction from governors or subscribers. He suggested a hospital which should be open to all who needed its help. Thus Gray's Inn Hospital, one of the noblest in the great city, had its origin. Destitution and disease are the sole claims it heeds. When, in 1832, the Asiatic cholera, with its appalling symptoms, visited the crowded districts, hundreds of patients were received within its open doors. The poor, the degraded, the lost, have but to apply, and if it is possible they are taken in, tended, and often taught. Many a reckless woman, many a sin-sick girl, has been reclaimed by noble lessons learned within its walls.

The Charing Cross is another large hospital, which has suffered severely from want of funds to meet its increasing expenses; and the Metropolitan Free Hospital, which opens its doors to all who come in need, is often greatly pressed. Practically, King's College Hospital receives free patients, although the governors have the privilege of admitting those they can recommend. In this institution, the nursing is undertaken by Sisters trained under a Lady Superior, who are known as the Sisters of St. John's House.

It is not easy to classify London hospitals, because so many include various branches, overlapping, as it were, each other. Almost all have departments for different diseases and complaints, as aural, dental and ophthalmic wards, and departments for surgical and medical, skin and throat diseases, etc. Then there are also special hospitals, a few of which claim more particular attention. In one sense, the Dreadnaught deserves this distinction—not as regards disease, but as far as the class from which the patients are drawn is concerned. It is limited to seamen, but they may be of all nationalities, and a good deal of foreign aid is contributed. This institution is an offshoot of the Greenwich Hospital for Seamen, which found a home for the sick in an old vessel, the *Dreadnaught*, but it has become a large establishment. On Christmas Day, three years ago, patients drawn from thirty different countries sat down to dinner together—Turks and Russians,

French and Germans, Italians and Poles, hobnobbing with hardy British tars. The sailors who are treated here are kept in the institution, and fed with nourishing diet, until they are quite recovered from their sickness; for it is against the rules of the hospital to dismiss them when only convalescent. This hospital is remarkable for freedom from debt; its managers never undertake any relief which they have not funds to carry out.

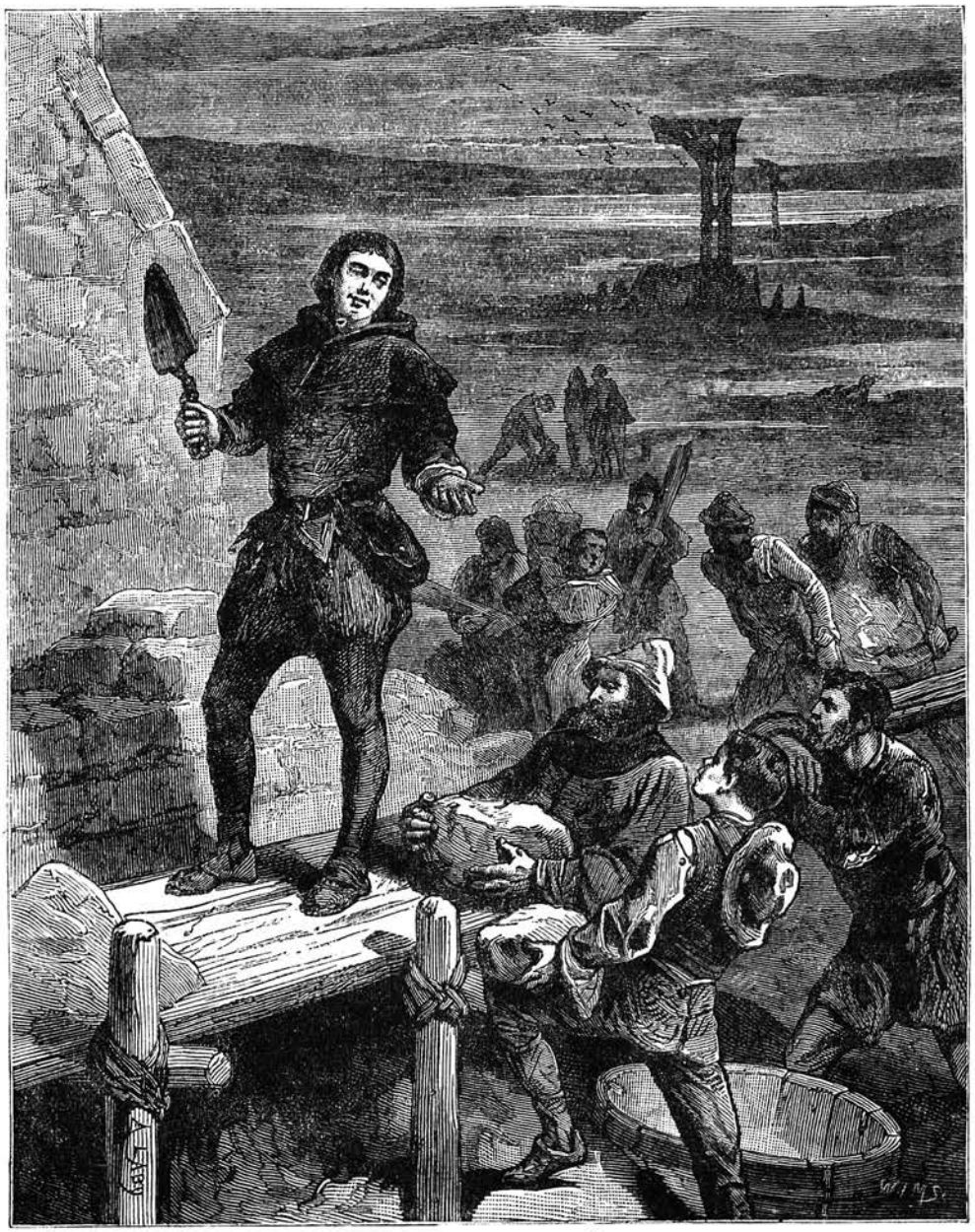
Only one of all general hospitals admits incurables—that is to say, patients manifestly beyond help. The Middlesex does this, when it has been definitely ascertained that the care, nursing and skill that can be given will make the suffering life bearable. It, like many more, provides accommodation for convalescent patients; while University College Hospital gives surgical appliances free to poorer patients, sends out dinners to out-patients, and supplies good milk to hundreds of poor, ill-nourished children, besides making money-grants to the indigent whom it has relieved.

Modern science has, of course, introduced many improvements into hospital management. St. Thomas's, one of the very oldest in London, which has been removed to its present site on the Thames Embankment, has received the advantage of every modern improvement. In the building a series of separate structures were erected, connected by galleries, so that the new principle of the isolation of disease might be effectually carried out; but, unfortunately, this has been effected at a cost which necessarily limits the number of beds.

University Hospital was for some time shut up, and was only opened eighteen months ago for the reception of patients. Every modern improvement may also be seen there, to greater advantage even than in St. Thomas's. Here the men's wards are on the ground floor, the women's on the first floor, and the children's above. Special rooms are devoted to special disorders. By a system of air-pipes all infection is said to be removed. Every improved suggestion in ventilation and drainage has been followed. Cases supposed to be contagious are separately treated, and fever cases are not admitted. Medicated baths are freely given; elevators are employed, and the telephone is to be used for communication between the various departments. This, like all the other hospitals, is a medical training college.

As we carry our review to the institutions for special diseases, we find a large number of distinctive hospitals. An immense proportion of deaths result from diseases of the chest; consumption, the outcome of the climate, carries off one-eighth of those who die in Great Britain. For this most painful and lingering sickness, which appeals more than any other for succor and help, several homes are provided. Fifteen thousand people die of consumption every year in London, many of them being victims of unventilated workshops, overcrowded barracks, vitiated atmospheres, overwork and want of air and nourishment.

Forty years ago the Brompton Hospital commenced on



THE BUILDING OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL.

a small scale; it is already one of the best known, and most valued for such cases. Recently it has received an endowment of £100,000, left by an old lady, who, it is supposed, had derived benefit from it as an out-patient. Hundreds receive relief, and everything that can be done to while away the tedium of disease is carefully carried out. Encouraged by the success of this institution, a kindred one soon afterward sprang up in Victoria Park, on the opposite side of the river, and since the opening of these two establishments it has been ascertained that it is possible not only to arrest the progress of the disease, but to effect cures. Many consumptive patients are sent from these hospitals in London to the Ventnor Institution in the Isle of Wight.

If possible, the Cancer Hospital is still more valuable. It relieves over five thousand out-patients yearly, and provides sixty to seventy beds; here, new methods are tried, and human ingenuity and skill achieve marvels in the way of alleviation and help in cases of this dread disease.

Sufferers from paralysis and epilepsy are received in Queen's Square, Bloomsbury, and ten cots for little children are one feature of the usefulness of this institution. Two ladies, who had tried in vain to gain admittance for a sufferer from epilepsy into any of the general hospitals, founded this for the exclusive treatment of such patients. Electricity is the main element brought to bear upon these terrible sufferers. Entertainments are provided for the patients, and everything is done to relieve the tedium of these heart-rending cases. In connection with it is a Samaritan fund, for released patients, and by its means the good work is continued in their own homes. Attached to it is a wing for patients able to pay a small sum for the cost of their maintenance, and a branch house has been established near the metropolis, where patients are received for very low sums of weekly payment. The same system has been tried in other institutions.

The Hospital for Women, Soho Square, provides paying wards, and, although its reputation is far from enviable, the idea, if properly carried out, would meet with increased support. There is a general feeling that many sufferers whose means are sufficient to allow of their paying a moderate sum, would be glad to do so; but, unfortunately, directly the question of money comes in, the worst features of human nature enter too, and the success of the Soho Hospital has not been such as to encourage others in the same attempt.

Fever hospitals receive cases of diphtheria and measles, as well as those classified as fever; and these, like the smallpox hospitals, are subject to seasons of great depression, owing to the immense demands which are periodically made upon their resources. Some ladies are now mooting the question of convalescent homes for fever patients, but such a scheme has many difficulties to contend with, although the question of its utility admits of but one answer.

London possesses two hospitals for incurables, both of which are noble institutions, and provide real homes for the unfortunate beings whose sufferings allow of no cure. Paying patients are received in both these establishments.

In London, as in New York, a very large foreign element is found in the population, a large proportion there, as here, being Germans. Strangers in a foreign country, they often suffer great privations, and in times of epidemic sicknesses are friendless and destitute. In 1843, the King of Prussia, mindful of this, advanced a sum of money for the purpose of providing a hospital for his suffering subjects in London; and out of this gift grew the present Dalston Hospital, an establishment by means of which incalculable good is effected. It admits accident cases of every nationality, and has a special ward for children. It is nobly supported, and within the last few years the trustees of the German Lutheran Society have rebuilt their church on land adjoining this hospital, and have connected it with the institution. Nurses are sent for its use from the Darmstadt Training-school, and the hospital bears the highest character for efficiency, both in medicinal and surgical cases.

Maternity hospitals abound throughout the great city. Some of these are exclusively for the use of respectable married women in their hour of trial, others are open to all who need their aid—the unfortunate, the deserted, and the fallen.

A review of London hospitals is incomplete without some mention of the convalescent branches in connection with them. It is a little surprising that they should all be of so very modern a date. Many have sprung up within the last few years, and many more are the result of contributions freely given by older institutions. Bracing air is the foremost desideratum—one largely considered and highly valued, and so we find many of these homes on the seacoast; but still, many are closely connected with London itself. Different suburbs of the metropolis have several—one, intended for convalescent children, in connection with the noble hospital in Great Ormond Street, is established at Highgate; it stands 400 feet above the street, has a large garden, and is surrounded by fields.

The mention of this establishment brings us back to one of the leading features of modern charity, in the increasing number of hospitals for children which are to be found all over England, but more especially in the metropolis itself. In many of these, every contrivance for the comfort of the little inmates is resorted to. Little trays are fitted to the beds, to serve as tables for the picture-books and toys; the wards are bright with prints and pictures, dolls in quantities are provided; and in the waiting-room, where so many tedious hours are passed by the anxious mothers before they can see the surgeons to report upon the children in their arms, everything is done for their comfort and amusement.

Dickens worked earnestly for the advantage of children's hospitals: one of his most eloquent appeals was on behalf of the suffering little ones of the great city; and since he wrote, hospitals for children and homes for babies are springing up in every direction.

Yet, admirable as all this is, and energetic as the impulse for the relief of suffering has been, it cannot be doubted that much room for improvement exists. Immense sums are spent in the architectural adornment of these large public buildings—sums which necessitate heavy contributions and constant appeals to charity, and which, one cannot but reflect, might be dispensed with without any real detriment to the sufferers. Nursing has unquestionably improved. Many of us can remember the time when the nurses were rough, uneducated women, better fitted for the scrubbing of the floors than the tending of the patients; now it is but rarely that menial offices are required of the nursing staff. There is a general opinion that education is an advantage rather than a drawback, but great room remains for improvement still. Ladies do not invariably make good nurses, and the modern fashion of taking up the art for want of something better to do, does not insure good results.

The great safeguard in every institution which provides for the sick, or, indeed, for any helpless persons, is publicity. Hospitals ought not to rely for the interest of the public upon committee reports. One unprincipled nurse

in authority, one stony-hearted matron, has it in her power to inflict immeasurable suffering. It ought to be possible to sift the working of every establishment, which is governed by a committee, in the interests of the public. Then the cases of gross neglect which constantly crop out could not occur so often; then unprincipled men and women could not go on for years enriching themselves at the expense of the patients under their charge; bribery would not be so common, and deceit and hypocrisy would be unmasked.

Moreover, more attention might advisedly be paid to many matters which greatly affect the comfort of hospital patients. Rules need not be so inflexible; individual cases might be studied singly as cases, and need not be treated *en masse*; ill-cooked and ill-prepared food would be of less frequent occurrence; and, above all, when the welfare of patients is in the hands of one or two people, as it necessarily must be, the more intimately the public are acquainted with those persons the better.

We find one sad feature in every hospital, or in nearly all, and that feature is, the blunting of the senses and the sympathies of the attendants. Accustomed to sounds and sights of suffering, and little moved by them, matrons, and nurses, too, very often forget that the inmates of a hospital are not as hardened as themselves. The poor, unnerved patient, who for the first time finds herself in a public ward, is not inured to the sight of suffering—is not accustomed to the dread visitor, death. She cannot look unmoved on scenes of torture, or on operations; she cannot, in her own hour of weakness, endure the knowledge of another's death. In matters like these, a little sympathetic "inspiration" would go a long way. Hospital authorities might easily arrange for the removal of their dead in such a manner that no poor nervous convalescent should feel the passing tread in every nerve. Coffins need not be nailed down in the very hearing of one just rescued from the jaws of death; and a little care and consideration would suggest the hiding of many details to which the nurse is well accustomed, but which even she felt at first, and which are exquisite torture to the unnerved and the weak. Again, visitors to the sick-beds in hospitals could do far more than they achieve, if they would once realize that invalids are the same everywhere, and that cheerful looks and words of encouragement and hope are powerful elements in the recovery of nervous, weakened frames. The words of religious comfort which are on their lips, the hope of a happy future which they come to inspire, would have only greater force, accompanied by a real appreciation of the natures with which they deal. Suffering makes people sensitive, fills their minds with nervous, irritable anxieties; and while it forces them to listen to the well-meaning visitors, often deprives them of the power to accept the consolation that is offered. In these cases, and they are the ordinary ones met with in hospital wards, a preliminary chat on matters of general interest would do very much to increase the value of the words of pious consolation by which it might be followed.

If the lives of hospital patients could only be half known, what elements for tragedy would be found in them! The short records on the physician's books tell of heart-rending facts, yet they are as nothing in comparison with the lives of the inmates. How readily imagination can supply the details of the scenes outlined by the artist's skill, and familiar to us all. Every one knows what a hospital ward is like—the long row of beds, the orderliness and look of studied rest about the long, light room. Here a bed, the clothing tossed and disarranged, tells of a case too serious to demand rigid propriety; an anxious nurse receives the last orders of the surgeon, and bends her head as he adds to them: "Let the friends come." She knows well the meaning of those words. This case, then, which she has watched with such deep interest; to which so much untiring care has been given; which every attending doctor has noted through its various phases—is hopeless. She, a stranger to the dying woman, feels a pang at her heart, used as she is to such occurrences; accustomed to the daily hospital deaths, even her feelings are overcome. She thinks of the three little ones who have visited that bed on every "open" day; she can see them now, as they come in, hand-in-hand—always the three together. She recalls the tender way in which the elder boy and girl led in the little three-year-old darling, with her great eyes round with astonishment. She remembers the look of growing disappointment on the lad's face, as his mother's eyes rested on him for a moment without recognition. She cannot but reflect what this last interview—for they will come at once, she knows—will be to them.

Hastily summoning the assistant, she gives the order which will bring them speedily enough. She wonders will they be alone? or whether, now that death is near, their father—to whose ill-usage and neglect the impending loss is due—will come with them.

It is late in the afternoon, and the patient lies in the stupefying sleep of anodynes, when the little visitors arrive—come, as nurse well knows, for the last time. They are alone, as usual; and, as they steal up the ward on tiptoe, with the *old* look of sorrow—which makes them terribly unchildlike—on their faces, glances of pity and compassion follow them from every bed in the long ward. The boy, his lips tightly compressed, leads a sister on either side; the little one holding in her ungloved hand a bouquet of field-grass and daisies, at which she looks admiringly, as she toddles beside her brother and murmurs, in her baby-accents: "For mother!" Alas! poor mother will never thank her for those flowers. Already she is on the borderland—the last flicker of life's taper is dying out. Nurse knows that if she arouses from that torpid sleep at all, it will be only for the last, bewildered look that tells that the eye is opening upon a scene unknown to us. She places the children where they shall be within the mother's sight, when that moment comes. It will not be long, she thinks—and she is right. The children, still hand-in-hand—the little one hushed by the solemnity of the others—are grouped in a trance of expectation, when at once, as the dying eyes opened with the nameless look, so familiar to the nurse, so terribly strange to them, the boy, with a wailing cry of agony, loosed his sisters' hands, and flung himself upon the bed.

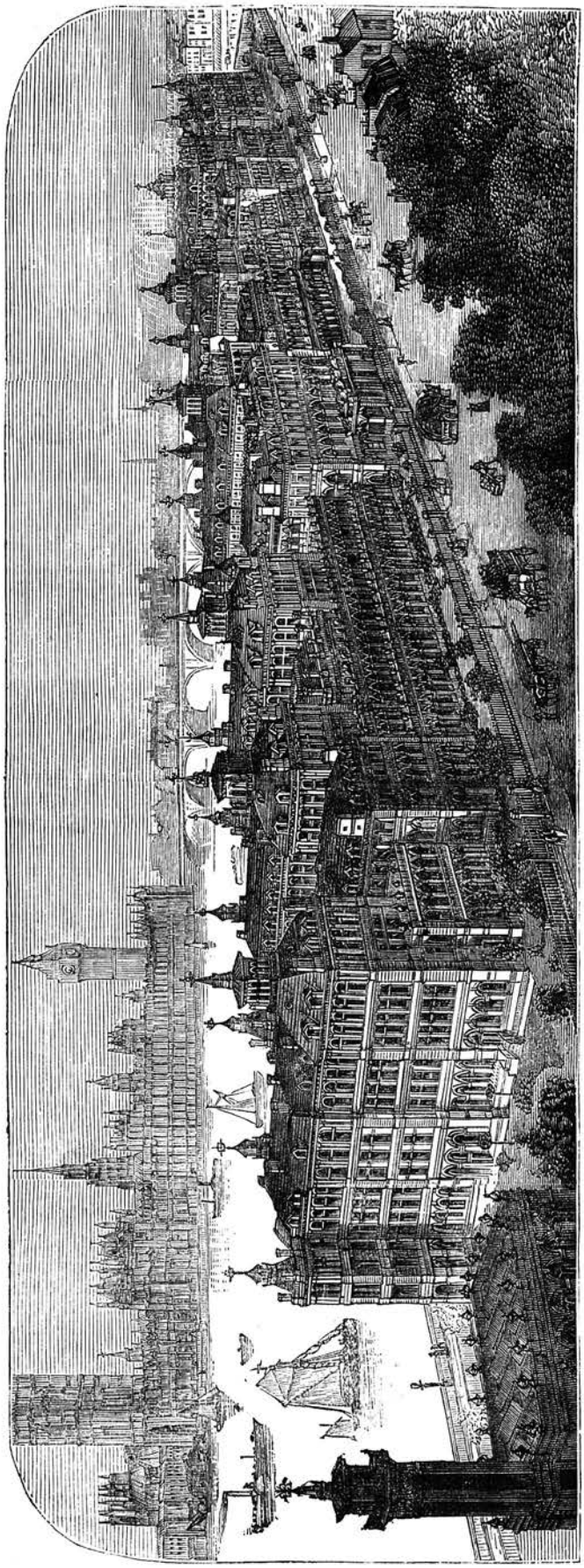
"Mother!" that was all; but the anguish in the voice, the unforgetable accent of suffering, rang through the ward, and as the life went out a sob of sympathy and tenderness rose like a prayer or chant upon the air.

"They ought never to ha' come," muttered one old patient, who had supped the cup of sorrow, and knew something of the agony of that moment. "'Tain't no sight for children."

"Would you have had them lose her without a good-by?" asked a younger woman, whose own children came twice weekly to rejoice over her recovery.

"It don't do *no* good, no good at all!" persisted the older patient.

Maybe she was right; yet, in the coming days of sorrow and of struggle, perhaps the thought of that last moment strengthened the boy; perhaps the memory of that last look at her, who had been to him the embodiment of all the purity and goodness his life had ever known, stayed and helped him in his dreary life. When the



ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL, ON THE ALBERT EMBANKMENT.

baby girl, once more led away, left behind upon the coverlet the treasured grass and daisies, the nurse, taking them tenderly up, placed them against the mother's bosom; and when she lay placid and safe, at rest in the coffin provided by the institution, in one dead hand was the baby's gift of flowers.

But we find joy, too, in the shifting scenes of hospital life. There, far up in the snuggest corner of a long ward, is a child's bed. In it, for months, has lain a tortured frame, a little body so misshapen when it first came in that the nurses could not tell its age or sex. It has been there some time, and as we see it now we find a bright little face, with large, soft brown eyes, whose wistful look is the sole indicator of past suffering. That child is the only treasure of a widowed heart, the one bright spot in a dreary life, and upon that spot the darkest, heaviest cloud had rested; for a sudden accident, a push, a fall, had threatened not life, but reason. When Archie entered the hospital there seemed little hope—humanly speaking, there was *no* hope—of his recovery. He has been watched with ceaseless care, the utmost skill has been lavished upon the poor widow's child; nursing which no gold could have insured has been his, and to-day the poor mother has been told that he will recover, will come out a stronger, finer lad than ever; with ordinary care, be her support and comfort still.

Joy and sorrow alike lack words. The widow's lips cannot express the thankful joy of her heart; she turns away to hide the happy tears, and only after she has had time to recover can she find a few faltering words of gratitude and thanks.

So, if we visit the out-patients' wards, what scenes of misery, what actions of courage and endurance, what heroic lives, one learns to know and to appreciate!

In the waiting-hall of a large general hospital some of life's saddest scenes are enacted. The long, tedious waiting which is inseparable, as it would appear, from all such institutions, and one of its most painful features, has sorely tried one poor woman, who has been sitting there since eight o'clock. She is a mother, worn with work, weary with the constant disappointment of a struggling life. Her countenance bears the look of resignation, so easily graven on the features of the working poor. It is now eleven o'clock, but her turn has not come. A lad, of perhaps eleven years, leans heavily against her, and now and again asks querulously if "it's not time yet?" But the heavy sigh of waiting is only succeeded by the long breathe, which says, "We can go at last," some time after two. Let us watch for the pair when they return from the consultation, after an interval of ten minutes or less. The lines in the woman's face are deeper; the lad clings more closely to her arm; his eyes have a far-away, fixed look, for he as well as she has heard the fatal verdict. It has been kindly given, if in few words. Seating herself once more among those whose case has been inquired into, she makes no moan; perhaps draws her shawl a little closer round her, in a womanly way; and again, with the lad's weight full upon her, awaits her turn to obtain the medicine the prescription for



THE "PRINCESS MARY" WARD IN THE EAST LONDON CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

which she holds. With the freemasonry of suffering, the truth is at once known to all the waiters in the hall. One or two, whose burden for the time is lighter, draw near with words of sympathy and sorrow. A quiet tear finds its way down the mother's cheek, perhaps a second follows; but such women do not weep.

"He's the last of them all," she says, in a subdued way. "I'll wait for the medicine, though doctor says it won't help him much."

So she waits for hours, and, late in the afternoon, wends her weary way homeward, poorer by a lost day's work, heavier in heart by the realization of her coming loss.

Or, take another instance. In the outer hall of a large ophthalmic hospital are gathered some three hundred patients. Every age is represented, from the infant in its mother's arms, to the shaking, broken-down old man, who totters on his crutch; or the aged woman, who, with eyes tightly bandaged, and the usual pathetic look of submission, awaits her turn. In the corner of one of the benches, resting her head against the upright board which divides it from the porter's box, sits a little child. There is something terribly unchildish about her; she looks as if she had never even heard of play. The childish features are so set and still that the hardest heart must ache in gazing at her; and so small is she, that the worn boots, patched and mended, yet with their due complement of buttons, scarce reach half-way from the bench to the ground. Since early morning she has sat there; she is evidently an *habituée*, but, as the saying goes, "keeps herself to herself." Weariness has almost given place to sleep, and the worn brown hat, displaced as the head seeks ease against the unsympathetic board, leaves full in view the soft, fair hair and closing eyelids of the little patient.

It is drawing near twelve o'clock, when a brisk hospital nurse makes her appearance.

"Now, my pet!" she says, and the child starts from her uneasy rest, and scrambling to the floor, places her hand confidingly in nurse's, and is led away.



A ROYAL VISIT TO A CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

Her place remains empty for perhaps twenty minutes, then the pair reappear. *Now* the little head is tightly bandaged; drops upon the baby cheek tell their tale; the nurse lifts her back into her old corner,

and, with a cheering word of encouragement to her for being "so brave," hastens to attend upon another.

But now the most trying part of the child's waiting is to come. She must take her turn at the dispensary.

Did she but ask, the kindly hearts of the other sufferers in the hall would be moved, and the little one would be passed on and obtain her medicine out of her turn. But her self-possession is too great to allow of her taking advantage of her position. She waits, evidently in severe pain from the recent operation. She moves uneasily and restlessly upon her seat, and at last the bottle and paper are placed carefully by her side, and the small hands are folded. The patient endurance suggested by this action is indescribable. Now and again a moan is wrung from the childish lips, and a young woman with an infant in her arms, and another young child clinging to her skirts, addresses her; but the little one gives a short answer, and offers no encouragement to inquiry.

At half-past one a lad enters the hall; he is evidently her brother. He finds his way up to her, and possesses himself of the bottle and prescription, and, elbowing his way through the crowd, returns in about twenty minutes with the lotion, lifts the child, not untenderly, from her seat, and leads her away.

Poor little one! the time so wearily passed did not, in her case, represent money, only trial and endurance; but to very many who are forced to receive such help in the great city, the hours spent in the waiting-room mean the loss of half a day's work, of absolute money never to be regained.

This fact should make people who are less sorely tried patient of the irritability and apparent want of appreciation that is often claimed against free patients; for the well-to-do can scarcely realize, in their utmost compassion and tenderness, the weariness and heart-sickness of the suffering poor.



THE BOUVERIE WARD OF THE WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL.

THOUGHTS AND OBSERVATIONS ON NATURAL HISTORY.

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

PART X.

How to study Botany.

Do not read text-books, only consult them, this is their real use to you; try to look and think for yourself. Go into the fields, along the lanes, if you cannot do this, into any small back garden, or any waste bit of ground, and examine with a small pocket lens (price 3s. 6d.), if you have one, if not, with finger and naked eye, any insignificant weed or wild flower you see; then ask yourself the question of what use is this or that part, ponder over it, and then go to the text-book and see what that has to say.

This observing and questioning once begun will grow; you will want to know how all manner of things move, why has this leaf and flower its colour, shape and smell. Why is the seed like this. What use is it to the plant itself. And then you will begin to inquire what part in the Grand Scheme does the plant fulfil, its relation and use to insect, bird, animal, and man. More and more you will yearn to know. And the effort to respond to this yearning will bring to you a strength, an interest, a joy which will bubble and flow like a clear stream of pure running mountain water. You will gradually begin to build for yourself a fair and orderly world, in which no harmful thing can have any abiding part. You will begin to understand that there is no dividing-line amidst the different branches of science, but that they are all parts one of another, and that to comprehend any one intelligently it is necessary to know something of them all; physics, chemistry, botany, zoology, man in muscle, and soil growth, all parts of a beautiful whole all dependent one upon another, no useless part, all equally necessary in their time and place. All balanced by the Giver of life, with such exactitude, that to alter one hair in the scales would be to strike the balance to its upsetting and to bring over this fair world chaos and hideous night.

Seeds Distributed by Shooting.

In the hedgerows and ditches, and along the banks of the English lanes, so infinitely varied in their peaceful beauty, what wonderful and diverse operations and designs are taking place to secure the distribution of the ripened seed; winged seeds of suitable shapes for the wind to carry and let drop here and there in cleared space. Fruits of different shapes, colours and tastes, for the birds to swallow, and to let drop undigested through their bodies the hard seeds which were contained within. Seeds that hook themselves to the passer-by, so that perchance they may be conveyed to a bit of ground not overcrowded.

The wild geranium, Herb. Robert (*Geranium Robertianum*), that grows here and there so abundantly, when its pink petals have fallen and the seeds within its seed-case are ripe, by a simple mechanism shoots its seeds with a jerk some little distance. This little plant on Sir John Lubbock's billiard table shot them a distance of twenty feet. The wild vetch and violet also shoot their seeds.

The pods of the common broom, that grows principally on commons, and waste places, at the sight of whose yellow flowers the great Swedish botanist, Linnæus, fell on his knees, and from an overflowing heart thanked God for having been permitted to see such loveliness, open with a pop, that at times can be distinctly heard, and throw their ripened seeds some distance. The capsule of the common



Seeds of Poppy, shaken out by the wind.

poppy has little doors in the top, and when it is agitated by the wind, the seeds are ejected one by one through these small apertures; the little doors are protected from rain by an overhanging root, and are said to close themselves in wet weather.

In hot countries the squirting cucumber, when ripe, becomes so gorged with liquid, that at the slightest touch it will burst and send the seeds into one's face.

Seeds Distributed by Clinging.

In the autumn, a dry, bristly, roundish thing about the size of a large marble (the bur of the burdock) or the smaller fruit of the cleavers perhaps gets attached to our clothes or entangled in the long hair of our dog, and can only be got rid of with some difficulty.

The burdock, cleavers, agrimony, beer parsley, and enchanter's nightshade, so common to our lanes, by means of hooks cling to any passer-by who may chance to knock against them, using this method of distributing their seed.



Seeds by adhering to the wool of sheep have been conveyed in the fleece to other countries, and a new and vigorous growth has resulted therefrom. In all the English plants I have named the hooks are so arranged as to provide for the removal of the seed, and although beautifully formed are small, but in some foreign species they are truly formidable. If the fruits of the martynia, found in Louisiana, get hold of an animal they are most difficult to remove. The fruit of the harpagophytum, a South American species, rolls about over the dry plains, and has been known, it is said, to attach itself to the skin of a lion, and the poor lordly brute in trying to tear it out of his flesh has got it into his mouth, and so perished miserably.

A kind of grass grows in Australia, in which the mass of inflorescence forms a large round head, and is thus driven for miles over the dry sands till it comes to a damp place, when it expands and soon strikes root. A small annual with rounded pods is met with in the sandy places in Egypt, Syria and Arabia, which when dry curls itself up into a ball or round cushion and is then driven by the wind till it finds a damp place, when it uncurls, the pods open, and the seeds drop out.

Comparatively little is at present known on the subject of seeds, they still hold back many of their secrets. Those only will be able to unravel more of their hidden mysteries who come to the quest with well-stored heads, pure and unprejudiced minds, and a supreme passion for truth.

The Death-tick—A Love Song.

The sick room is very still in the middle of the night; the frame of the patient, worn with hard battling, just retains its flickering life; the watcher is doing all that knowledge and a great human love can do to assist the heavy struggle. When tick, tick, sounds with startling clearness through the quiet room it is a signal to the superstitious watcher that the struggling and nursing are of little use, and that the precious life so mysteriously wrapped up in the battered body must go forth to other scenes unknown to human experience and knowledge.

So powerful is the exercise of mind over matter, especially when holding together thus delicately, that a fall of hope in watcher or patient may effectually prevent recovery and hasten death.

How appalling to contemplate, the misery that superstition, arising from ignorance of the simplest laws of this world, has caused us poor men and women.

The dreaded death-tick is oftenest heard in old houses, and is made by insects which have their habitation in wood, and cause the noise by striking the wooden walls of their burrows with their hard head or jaws. It is supposed to be a love call, for when one insect has made four or five taps in quick succession it pauses, and is immediately answered by another from a different quarter. Mr. Smith, a naturalist, kept some of these insects in a box, and by knocking a table close to the box with a lead pencil five or six times got them to answer his summons. This they did by raising themselves on their front legs, and bobbing their heads up and down rapidly they tapped with their jaws the bottom of the box. The number of taps on each occasion was either four or five, usually the latter.



BORDER IN GESSO WORK, FOR PIANO, ETC.

GESSO WORK.



PANEL FOR DOOR.

IT would almost seem as if we in England have yet much to learn about the arts practised in other countries. Although gesso work is well known in the art world, and there are many examples belonging to collectors here—the handiwork of great masters of ages past—I believe I am right in saying there are many persons who have no conception of its beauty, some even who are ignorant of its very nature. It is beyond my present purpose, however, to dwell on the old treasures of *gesso duro;* the medallions with sacred subjects in high or low relief, interesting as they most undoubtedly are. My intention is simply to introduce gesso work as an art which is altogether charming when applied as a decoration for articles of present-day use. Its adaptability to interior house decoration is practically unlimited, whilst for the beautifying of small objects for bazaars, which forms the staple work of many a woman's life, it seems to me, in these days, it cannot be surpassed. And it is a novelty here as yet, a fact that in itself carries all before it.

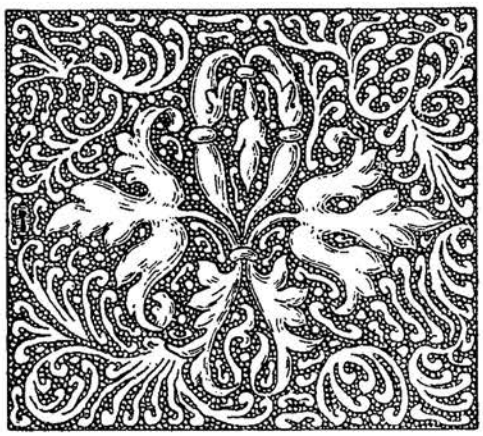
I can best liken it, I fancy, to an ivory carving in high or low relief laid on a wooden surface. The decoration is tinted with colours, or silvered or gilded, in parts or entirely. The surface on which the decoration is executed is stained, polished, or lacquered. In the latter case so many tints are available that great variation of effects is obtainable.

To Mr. Walter Crane belongs the honour of bringing it prominently before the notice of the English in its modern guise of usefulness. He says of it, "The art is capable of endless development and variation." And he is right. The decoration can be carried out in styles too numerous to mention severally. Workers will discover for themselves a hundred different ways of treating the decoration and surface. For instance, a gesso decoration can be partly gilt and partly painted on panel of stained or polished wood. Again, the gesso work may be flat, then the tinting becomes of the first importance. A surface of green lacquer may be beautifully ornamented with a slightly modelled design silvered and gilded. Yet again the gesso decoration may be gilded and lacquered.

When figure subjects are carried out in gesso, the elaboration of the design becomes such as a great artist would not disdain to occupy his time upon. The figures should be exquisitely modelled, the colouring harmonious, and the background may be enriched with set patterns incised and gilded.

It would be entering into another branch of the work to describe the casts in gesso which are so beautiful when created by a master-mind and master-hand. The casts also are silvered and lacquered, and the results are exquisite. But for simple decorations modelling with the brush is all-sufficient.

I will now give my readers some practical information on the subject of gesso work, and I feel sure that having once started they will not readily give up the pursuit, for as they proceed they will find avenues for the display of originality opening up that they cannot choose but enter. A failure or two will only incite them to renewed endeavours. This is no mere pastime of which they will easily tire, but true art work, and



DESIGN FOR CABINET DOOR.

the enjoyment of following it will increase the more they learn of its possibilities.

Fine Italian plaster of Paris is the foundation of gesso; this is mixed with glue and reduced to the consistency of cream with water. There is, however, a "composition for gesso work," and I certainly advise my readers who are commencing to avail themselves of the preparation; it will lighten their toil considerably. The materials are in two separate bottles, and the white powder has to be mixed with the composition in proper proportions. A brush is used in applying the gesso, which may be laid flat or modelled with a fine brush as the artist chooses. After the gesso is laid on it is sized, and is then ready for tinting, silvering, or gilding.



PANEL FOR OVERMANTEL. (*Scale, one-fourth.*)

Metallic colours form pleasing backgrounds for gesso work. A good effect is secured by shading the background—say from gold to green, or from light blue to dark blue, and so on. The metallic colours are sold in bottles ready prepared by the same firm that supplies the "composition for gesso work," the Society of Artists, 53, Bond Street, W.

I think I can best help my readers by describing minutely the execution of a piece of work from commencement to completion, but it must be remembered this is only one manner of proceeding. It shall be a rather elaborate piece, but not too difficult for a beginner to manage well. I select the illustrated panel for overmantel for description. The design—a leafy scroll—is carried out on an emerald ground, with set pattern of conventionalised roses slightly raised from the surface. First sketch the design on paper eighteen inches square. Now all over the background draw the small set pattern of roses, leaving half a rose here and a quarter one there, close up to the scroll, so as to give the impression that the latter is laid over them. The sketch being finished, get a panel of wood eighteen inches square. Give this a coat of gesso and model the set pattern, raising the flowers about the sixteenth of an inch above the ground. Then model the scroll, using the palette knife for laying on the gesso in the parts that are to be in the highest relief, and continue the modelling with the brush. Keep the idea of the cast before you while doing the scroll; in fact it might be a help to copy a simple cast in gesso for practice.

Let the gesso set, which it will do in about half an hour. Now the panel is ready for tinting with metallic colours, gilding and silvering. Perhaps I should say here that gold and silver are sold with the colours, but some artists may choose to use gold-leaf, or to have a background silvered and to tint that with the lacquers; but this is a hint to the more advanced. Students just beginning should keep to the metallic colours, they can easily make other experiments when they have accustomed themselves to the work. Now

to continue the panel. Give the whole of the gesso a coat of size, the colours can be applied then with greater ease. Gild the set rose pattern entirely. Then silver the scroll, and touch it up here and there with colour in the indented parts to bring out the forms. Next cover the flat surface of the background with emerald metallic colour. Now the panel is quite completed, no sizing or varnishing is necessary. But you may wish to get a certain effect of brightness, say on the gold set pattern, or on the background, or on both. In this case cover the portions you wish to be brighter with first a coat of size, then one of varnish. To return for a moment to the silvered background. Mr. Walter Crane advised me, in a letter he wrote to me on the subject of gesso work, to follow this method. As he is a high authority on the subject, I repeat the suggestion for the benefit of my readers. He says: "If you want a colour effect in lacquer it is better to have the work *silvered*, with leaf, and then tint it with the coloured lacquers."

To secure greater relief cotton wool is occasionally employed; this is dipped in the preparation, then laid on the design where required, and modelled.

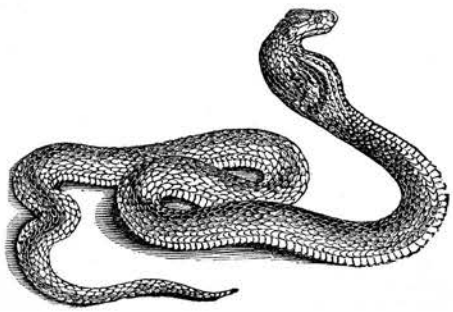
The character of the design naturally varies according to the style of the article to be decorated. Flowers, insects, dragons, figures are one and all admirable for the work. As far as possible, it is best in learning any fresh method of decoration to keep to the subjects over which we have already obtained a mastery. Not, for instance, to attempt a figure in gesso unless we can draw one thoroughly well and understand anatomy. Beginners often increase the difficulties in their path by attempting subjects beyond their powers. To most amateurs it comes easier to represent flowers than figures, and in a hundred instances to one they will be every whit as pleasing and as well adapted for such gesso work as amateurs will be able to accomplish well at first starting.

A few suggestions concerning the articles that can be enriched with gesso, and the designs suitable for their decoration, will be useful. It is well to begin on something small, as if failure results no regret need be felt about waste of materials and time. Panels for cabinet doors, and for doors of bracket cupboards, look well ornamented in this style, with a light centre group of flowers; on the framework there should be a pretty conventional border. Small pieces of furniture, such as occasional chairs and tables, music cabinets, work-tables, writing-tables, overmantels, étagères, fire-screens, will all be enhanced in beauty and rendered more valuable when embellished with gesso designs artistically executed.

Gesso work is so thoroughly effective for decorations of rooms, in the way of friezes and panels, that there is little doubt that the work will ere long become most popular. Those who delight in surrounding themselves with things beautiful will not fail in acknowledging the power a competent gesso worker possesses to beautify the woodwork of a room by introducing panels with conventional floral devices. Mr. Walter Crane has shown already its perfect adaptability to frieze decoration in his panels "St. George and the Dragon."

Much of the success must necessarily depend on the designs and their arrangement. The overcrowding of flowers is fatal to the realisation of a good effect. Decorations, if they are to be of any value, must show well at a distance, and a multiplicity of objects in a design is certain to defeat this end, which an artist should always keep in view.

E. CROSSLEY.



THE NAJÂ-KALLU, OR COBRA STONE.

BY PROFESSOR H. HENSOLDT, PH.D.

THERE are more than fifteen species of snakes in Ceylon, and the most venomous of all, the so-called "hooded snake," or cobra, is the most common. Go where you will—in the jungle of the lowlands or the forest, on the coast, or in the mountains of the interior—everywhere you will find the cobra. They are so common that one cannot take an hour's walk, even near Colombo, without encountering several of these unhandsome creatures, which often lie motionless in the road, for the cobra, strange to say, is very sluggish, and not at all timid like other snakes; it will lie there without stirring, as if conscious of its deadly powers, till one almost steps on it, when it administers the fatal bite. Hundreds of people in Ceylon and thousands in India annually lose their lives through this terrible pest, yet one never hears of a European dying from a cobra bite, and I re-

member the editor of the Ceylon *Times* (a paper published in Colombo) offering a reward of 500 rupees to any one furnishing proofs that a European had died in Ceylon from the effects of a snake bite. The explanation is very simple. The cobra's fangs are weak, and cannot penetrate moderately thick cloth, so that boots and gaiters such as are worn by the planters there are an absolute protection; but the natives go about with naked feet and legs all the year round, and often step on a cobra in the grass or jungle, and, of course, are bitten.

In all countries where snakes abound we find in still greater abundance stories more or less curious, extravagant, or absurd in which these reptiles figure. The one I am about to relate discloses a very remarkable fact, which, in my opinion, has given origin to numberless similar traditions.

During my stay at Point de Galle (a considerable town and important harbor near the southern extremity of the island) in November, 1876, I was the guest of Mr. J. Warkus, one of the few Germans then residing on the island, who was the owner of a cinnamon and cocoa-nut plantation in the interior, about eighteen miles northeast of Point de Galle.

In the jungle districts of southern Ceylon, as well as the entire coastal belt, cobras are exceedingly numerous. At "Breslau Estate"—thus Mr. Warkus had named his plantation—it was impossible to walk half a mile from the bungalow without meeting five or six of these dangerous reptiles. Mr. Warkus, whose principal occupation in his old age consisted in walking about in his plantation, killed from ten to fifteen cobras every day—a practice which, as he assured me, he had kept up for several years already without having noticed a perceptible falling off in the number of cobras infesting his grounds. This is easily accounted for by the fact that the surrounding jungle harbors thousands of these serpents. so that the supply is practically inexhaustible.

Several months before this, when travelling through the districts of Dimbula and Badulla, in the mountainous central province, I had on various occasions been informed by coffee planters and others of an alleged fact in reference to cobras, which in curiousness or, as it seemed to me, absurdity surpassed everything I had ever heard or read about serpents. This story, which I subsequently found to be current not only throughout Ceylon, but over the whole of India, may be summed up in the following words: Some cobras —perhaps one in twenty—are in possession of a precious stone which shines in the dark. This stone the snake is in the habit of carrying about in its mouth, regarding it as a treasure, which it carefully preserves and defends with its life. At night the cobra deposits the stone in the grass and watches it, as if fascinated, for hours; but woe to him who then approaches, for the cobra is never more dangerous than when occupied in this manner.

This story appeared to me so absurd that I never for a moment entertained the faintest belief in its truth, though it had been told me under various conditions and in various quarters by people whose character for veracity was beyond criticism. I was therefore not a little astonished and almost amused when Mr. Warkus, a few days after our acquaintance, regaled me with the same story, of the truth of which in every detail he solemnly assured me. He had, as he asserted, made this discovery many years ago, and independent of other observers—indeed, long before he was aware anything of this kind was known—and felt almost insulted when, with an incredulous smile, I ventured to express my doubts. But when, on questioning Warkus's wife, as well as his very intelligent children, I found them also unanimously vouching for the truth of the story, I became really interested, and began to think that there must be something in it, though I took it for granted that these people were laboring under some delusion. My curiosity was aroused to such a degree that I determined to fully investigate the matter.

I interrogated Mr. Warkus.

"How many cobras with stones have you ever seen?"

"At least forty. I could not tell exactly in what proportion they occur; yet I am ready to procure a specimen almost any day, if necessary."

"Have you ever had one of these stones in your possession?"

"Yes; I had one only a few weeks ago; but one of my sons gave it to a merchant in Point de Galle, who begged it of me. They are roundish, semitransparent stones, about the size of a pea, and emit a faint yet very distinct glow in the dark."

"Where should the snake get the stone

from, and what might be the purpose which induces it to carry it about and watch it at night?"

"In the sand of our dried-up river-beds plenty of precious stones are to be found. As regards the purpose, I have often thought over this myself without arriving at a satisfactory conclusion; I can only vouch for the truth of what I have related. It is not an easy task to deprive the cobra of its treasure, for, in the first instance, it is a very dangerous piece of work, especially as it has to be done at night: these cobras very seldom leave the jungle. It is absolutely necessary to kill the snake, and one never knows exactly the spot where the reptile lies, although the stone may be distinctly visible, and then the snake generally seizes it and escapes when in the least disturbed or alarmed. My Singhalese and Tamils even assert that in the event of a cobra ever losing its stone, it either dies of grief or commits suicide."

This last observation really amused me. A genuine Oriental fairy tale, I thought, the *ne plus ultra* of all snake stories. Still, a grain of truth must be in it, and this I resolved to ferret out. I implored Mr. Warkus to assist me in securing a stone from one of these wonderful cobras, and his sons assured me that a specimen should be in my possession before the lapse of a week. The Tamil coolies and Singhalese employed on the plantation were informed that five rupees would be paid to the first man who could locate a "kallu-najâ" (literally stone cobra)—really less than three dollars, yet to a coolie, who is paid at the rate of a few cents a day, a tempting prize.

During the next four days I devoted every available moment to the hunting of cobras, but though I killed at least fifty of these reptiles, the mouths and even stomachs of which I carefully examined, not a single stone-carrying specimen was among them. Either these latter were not as common as represented, or I had been exceptionally unlucky. On the evening of the fifth day Warkus and I were comfortably reclining on easy-chairs on the veranda of the bungalow, having our usual after-supper chat. We watched the rising of the moon, which was nearly at its full, and were just on the point of drifting into an animated debate on things astronomical, when our conversation was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of one of Warkus's daughters, who informed us that a coolie had just arrived at the kitchen, and declared his readiness to conduct us to a spot where a kallu-najâ could be found. Unfortunately the two sons of my host had left on the previous day for Amblangodda, a Singhalese village eighteen miles distant, in order to witness the punishment of several Rhodias, who had been convicted of stealing rice from the plantation, and as old Mr. Warkus was on the sick-list, being troubled with gout and rheumatism, I resolved to accompany the coolie alone, and in the excitement did not even stop to put on coat or hat, and what I afterward regretted most of all, forgetting to take a gun. The Tamil conducted me for about a mile and a quarter across the northern, hilly part of the plantation, when, striking the jungle, we followed a narrow path leading to a little water-fall, which I had already visited on a previous occasion. Close to the water's edge stood an immense tamarind-tree, and within fifty yards from the latter the coolie halted, mysteriously pointing to the foot of the tree. There the najâ was to be found, but my guide refused to go an inch further, and the gestures and grimaces he resorted to in order to warn me of the danger involved in a closer proximity would have made the fortune of a circus clown. As I could see nothing from where I stood, I slowly and cautiously approached the tree, when, at about fifteen yards' distance from it, I stood as if rooted to the spot. Was this, indeed, the riddle of the najâ? Close to the tree, about a foot or so from the base of the trunk, I observed in the grass a greenish light, apparently proceeding from a single point. At the first moment I took it for a glowworm, viz., the female of the well-known fire-fly (*Lampyris noctiluca*), as the light was almost identical in appearance with that emitted by the insect, but after watching it for a time I became convinced that such could not be the case. In the *lampiridæ*, as well as all phosphorescent insects, the light emitted is not a continuous one, it fades and becomes brilliant again at regular intervals, but here I beheld an uninterrupted and steady glow. It may be well to add, however, that the air was swarming with fire-flies.

After a time I could also see the cobra coiled up near the foot of the tree, but slowly swaying its head to and fro in

front of the shining object. Having brought no gun with me, I was now entirely at a loss how to secure the stone; but there is no telling to what desperate and impracticable course I might not have ultimately resorted in my anxiety to solve this mystery, if the coolie had not suddenly and unexpectedly interfered. This worthy fellow, alarmed at the idea that he was in some way responsible for my safety, had slowly approached, and seizing me by the arm, he implored me not to make any attempt to secure the "kallu" that night, that Peria-Doray (the old master) would surely beat him to death if anything happened to me, and that he would procure the stone in less than two days by means of stratagem, provided the snake were not at present disturbed. Though attaching little credit to his promise, I recognized the hopelessness of the task before me, and in the circumstances considered it wiser to retire; but never did I leave a spot with greater reluctance. The najâ-kallu had fascinated me with its unsolved mystery; I had gazed upon it for at least two hours. On our way back the Tamil asserted that a cobra, unless disturbed or frightened, would return with its stone to the same locality every night, and that he had conceived a method which would certainly enable him to obtain the stone within two days. Shooting the snake was a bad plan, and afforded no security in reference to the kallu. The confidence with which he stated this almost involuntarily induced a kind of belief on my part, and in order to stimulate his zeal, I promised him an extra five rupees in case of success.

The intelligent fellow kept his word. Early in the morning of the second day after this adventure he turned up with the najâ-kallu. This was a semitransparent, water-worn pebble of yellowish color, about the size of a large pea, but somewhat oval or flattened, which in the dark, especially when previously warmed, emitted a greenish phosphorescent light. At first I believed it to be sulphate of barytes, or "heavy spar," several varieties of which, especially that found near Bologna, in Italy (Bolognese spar), are known to phosphoresce strongly when heated on charcoal. But I ultimately found it to be *chlorophane*, a rare variety of fluorspar. If a piece of this latter mineral be warmed over a spirit-lamp, or dropped into a glass with hot water, it will shine with a beautiful green color as long as the heat continues; but some varieties are so sensitive that even a slight warming (such as is produced by holding the specimen in the hand for a few moments) will cause them to phosphoresce for hours in the dark. Gustave Rose, the eminent Berlin mineralogist, relates that on one occasion, when travelling with Ehrenberg and Humboldt to the Altai Mountains, he found in the gravel of the Irtish, near Krasnojarsk, chlorophane pebbles which shone with intense brilliancy all night long without having received any other warming than that by the sun's rays during the day.

The manner in which the Tamil had obtained the najâ-kallu was original. He had climbed the tamarind-tree long before sunset, and taken his position on one of the branches exactly over the spot which the snake was in the habit of frequenting. When darkness set in, the cobra turned up as usual and deposited its treasure in the old place. The coolie no sooner saw the shining object than he emptied over it a large bagful of ashes which he had taken with him for that purpose. The ashes, coming down like an avalanche of dust, covered the stone almost instantly with a thick layer, while the frightened reptile, after chasing about for a while in fruitless search, ultimately crept back to the jungle. The coolie, however, who was less brave than cunning, was in no particular hurry to descend, and literally spent the whole night in the tree, only venturing down when the sun had fully risen, after having assured himself that the cobra was no longer there, and that the coast was clear. He then carefully searched the ashes and found the stone.

Thus for the first time I obtained the najâ-kallu, the mysterious stone of the cobra, and before my departure from the island I managed to secure three more specimens.

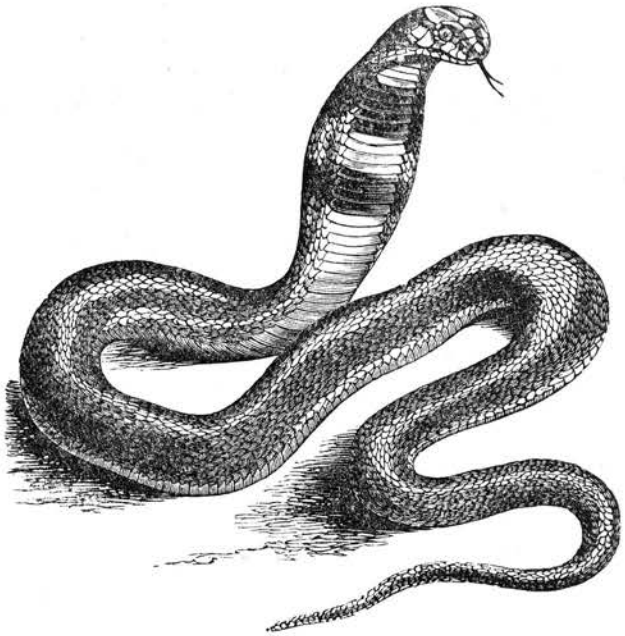
And now I come to the explanation of this seeming marvel. The cobras are perhaps the only serpents which will eat insects. They feed on ants, grasshoppers, a variety of beetles, etc., but seem to have a special preference for fire-flies, perhaps because the latter can be caught at night much more easily than any other kind of insect. I have often for hours watched cobras in the grass catching the fire-flies, darting about here and there, a process which requires considerable exertion on

the part of the serpent. Now every entomologist knows that the flying lampyridæ consist entirely of males. The females, which are not very numerous, are much larger and cannot fly, as they have only rudimentary wings. They sit quietly in the grass, emitting a greenish light, which is much stronger than that of the males, and fades and becomes brilliant at regular intervals. If a glowworm be watched for a time, a steady current of male insects will be observed flying toward it, and alighting in close proximity.

Now it so happens that the najâ-kallu, this little pebble of chlorophane or fluorspar, emits in the dark a greenish light which is so much like that of the female lampyris that it is an easy matter to deceive the male fire-fly with it, by setting it up as a decoy. The cobras have gradually come to take advantage of an experience made by them, accidentally, I dare say, thousands of years ago. It may frequently happen, for instance, that a cobra finds one of these shining stones in the gravel of the dry river-beds (where they are by no means uncommon), being attracted to it by its glow at night, and taking it for a glowworm. It would then, at any rate, notice that the fire-flies could be caught much more easily and quickly in the neighborhood of that shining object than anywhere else, and would habitually return to it. Several cobras might thus come together, and there would be competition, and from this moment to the finding out that success in capturing fireflies depends on the possession of this phosphorescent pebble, and to the seizing of it in order to prevent another snake from monopolizing it, is, in my opinion, no great step, and involves no exceptional powers of reasoning. The cobra carries it about, and soon learns to treasure it, for it affords it an easy means of getting its living. All it has to do is to deposit the stone in the grass at night, and the obliging insects literally fly down its throat.

There are even reasons for believing that no individual experience is now necessary to cause any cobra to act in this manner, but that even a young cobra, on finding such a stone, will instinctively take it up, and use it in the manner I have described. For it must be borne in mind that there is an inherited race memory among the lower animals which is often far stronger than the memory gathered during the short lifetime of the individual. What causes a blind kitten to spit and put up its back if a dog is brought near it? It never saw a dog, never saw anything, yet it knows there is some danger ahead. Thus the accumulated experience of the cobra's ancestors during countless generations now causes it to act in a manner which we refer to instinct.

Such are the remarkable facts connected with the najâ-kallu, the cobra's shining stone. Who can tell whether the old traditions of snakes carrying precious stones, of which we still find traces in our fairy tales, may not have their source in some such fact as this?



MIRROR MAGIC.

A PIECE of looking-glass is a famous toy. Even when reflecting the sun in Jack-o'-lantern fashion, giving impromptu flashing-signals across the street, or used in grim earnest as an aid to warfare, there is always something pleasant about it. It does not, however, require a looking-glass to reflect, plain glass will do that at a pinch. Witness the "drawing instrument" sold for a shilling, which consists of a piece of common window pane, at right angles to a drawing-board, with the copy on one side of it and the paper on the other; and the reflection of the copy appearing on the paper, its tracing is thereby reduced to child's play. When light passes from one medium to another a portion of it is always turned back or reflected.

Next to a Jack-o'-lantern, perhaps the simplest optical toy is a Magic Gallery. Take a long box or trough and place a piece of ordinary looking-glass at each of its ends. At one end bore a hole to look through, and rub the silvering off the back of the glass that stands against it. Now fill up the length of the box with grooves, and have a few card trees jutting out for an inch or two from each side, at intervals of two or three inches apart. On the spot on the mirror where the reflection of the spy-hole comes arrange a tree or curtain, so as to hide it. On looking through the spy-hole an endless gallery will be revealed—an avenue of untold length, in which a few tin soldiers or dolls judiciously placed will be repeated till they form an army. A most effective peep-show can be devised on this principle, more especially if the pictures are brilliantly lighted from above, for in all optical experiments it is worth remembering that a good deal of the success depends on having the objects well illuminated and the eyes well shaded.

Having made a Magic Gallery with two mirrors, try one with four. Here the reflections and cross-reflections will be even more startling, and as you advance to six, eight, or a greater number of sides, you will find the results increase in geometrical proportion. There is no better or pleasanter way of commencing the study of optics than that of trying the effect of these combinations of the simple mirror. The cost is trifling, odd pieces of looking-glass being obtainable for a few pence. At first it is best to try with common thin glass, as with the thicker varieties there may be some trouble with the multiple images caused by the reflections from the upper and under surfaces. It is owing to these confusing multiple images that scientific instruments are fitted with metal instead of glass reflectors; and in trying over the experiments of the ancients, with whom mirror manipulation was a fine art, the qualified success is not seldom due to the imperfections of the tools used. For the mirrors of old were costly specimens of perfectly polished silver or steel, or copper and tin mixed, whose reflections were peculiarly sharp and true.

The fundamental law explaining the enlargements and multiplications due to the mirror is the very simple one that the angle of incidence is equal to the angle of reflection. We may as well prove this before we go any further, and we can hardly do so in a simpler manner than that described by Professor Tyndall:—

"Fill a basin with water to the brim, the water being blackened by a little ink. Let a small plummet—a small lead bullet, for example—suspended by a thread, hang into the water. The water is to be our horizontal mirror, and the plumb-line our perpendicular. Let the plummet hang from the centre of a horizontal scale, with inches marked upon it right and left from the point of suspension, which is to be the zero of the scale. A lighted candle is to be placed on one side of the plumb-line, the observer's eye being at the other.

"The question to be solved is this: How is the ray which strikes the liquid surface at the foot of the plumb-line reflected? Moving the candle along the scale, so that the tip of its flame shall stand opposite different numbers, it is found that to see the reflected tip of the flame in the direction of the foot of the plumb-line, the line of vision must cut the scale as far on the one side of that line as the candle is on the other. In other words, the ray reflected from the foot of the perpendicular cuts the scale accurately at the candle's distance on the other side of the perpendicular. From this it immediately follows that the angle of incidence is equal to the angle of reflection."

Now this is a very simple experiment, easily done and never forgotten, and should be tried by every lad who desires to be anything of a mirror magician. It is the key to nearly all the illusions.

Take the decapitated head, for instance, as given in our last Christmas number, or in its latest form as here shown. The head looks quite isolated. It is really thrust through a mirror inclined at half a right angle as shown along the sides, the hole in the glass being hidden by the frill round the neck.

Having settled with the galleries and the boxes, the next thing to try should be the hinged mirrors. Two pieces of looking-glass are hinged together with a strip of tape glued to one of each of their sides. They are then opened at various angles on any brightly coloured objects, such as flowers or fabrics, so as to disclose the most charming geometrical designs.

One of the most beautiful objects to place between the hinged mirrors, or indeed anywhere, is an ordinary soap bubble shielded by a tumbler from the air. The changing colours of the lessening film baffle all description.

The effect is improved if the mirrors are enclosed in a box and gazed at through a sight-hole as in the gallery. The principle is the same as that of the kaleidoscope,

and some of the prettiest patterns produced are those from the reflection of old nails and buttons and scraps of cotton dresses. For suggestions for chromatropic and firework designing the hinged mirrors have no superior. If the sight-hole is fitted with a multiplying-glass, a lens cut in facets like a jewel, the wealth of form and colour is immensely increased; the patterns are the same, but their multiplication seems to refine and improve them.

After thus digressing into ornament the

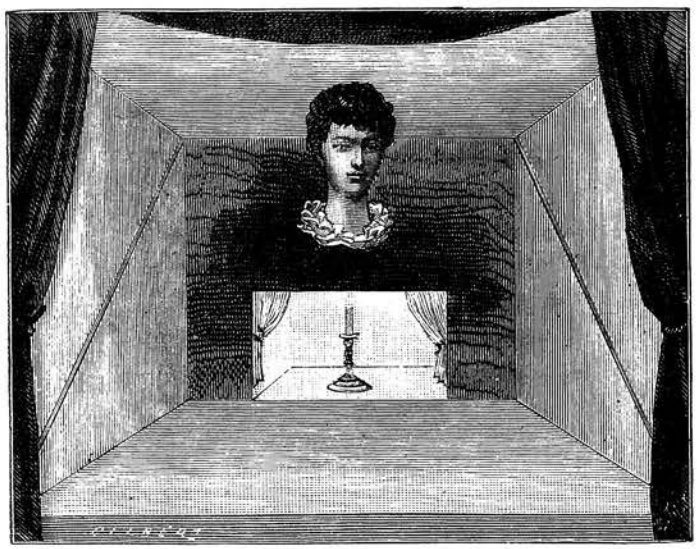


Fig. I.—The Maiden's Portrait.

On this system nearly all the physiological impossibilities are worked by our conjurers. Talking heads, living busts, quarter lengths and half lengths, whole heads, half heads, two heads, and three heads, all owe their origin to the angle of reflection. And even in cases, as at the Egyptian Hall, where the doctor cuts off the patient's head, and the disconnected head and body keep time together in threatening gesture, the "forty-five mirror" is the responsible agent. If ever a saint did nurse his head on his knees we may rest assured it was "through the looking-glass."

A few experiments with slanting mirrors should be tried, and the various appearances they give rise to in a partially closed box carefully studied, as more likely than anything else to lead to new developments. You will end by hardly believing your own eyes. There is no more heartless deceiver than a looking-glass.

experimenter may next try his hand at a little mischief, and though he may not equal Archimedes he may certainly succeed à la Buffon.

That Archimedes burnt the ships of Marcellus is generally admitted, but it is by no means clear how he did it. Did he use a lens or a combination of plane mirrors?

When Kircher went to Syracuse with Scheiner, he came to the conclusion that the ships could not have been farther than one hundred and fifty feet from Archimedes at the time the attempt was made, and that a combination of plane mirrors was quite equal to the task.

To prove that the achievement was not impossible, Buffon took one hundred and sixty-eight pieces of looking-glass, each six inches by eight, and connected them so as to throw the light on to one spot. With twenty-one of these mirrors he burnt a beech plank at a distance of twenty feet; with forty-five he

melted a six-pound pewter flask; with one hundred and seventeen he melted thin pieces of silver; and with two hundred and twenty-four mirrors he melted plate silver at forty feet. On the strength of these experiments a Mr. Peyrard, during the long French war, proposed to unite the beams from five hundred and ninety mirrors, and from the distance of a mile and a half destroy the British fleet.

Buffon, it may be mentioned before we leave this burning question, also experimented with lenses. He it was who discovered that the longer the focal length the better. A lens of thirty-two inches in diameter and six inches in focal length, with a diameter of focus of eight lines, melted copper in less than a minute.

This sounds rather sharp work for a burning-glass, but is nothing to what Parker, the Fleet Street optician, achieved. He made out of a mass of flint-glass a lens a yard in diameter, weighing two hundred and twelve pounds. It was three inches and a quarter thick at the centre, and had a focus of six feet eight inches, and the diameter of the focus was one inch. The rays refracted by the lens were received on a second lens, weighing twenty-one pounds, in whose focus the objects for fusion were placed. The diameter of the smaller lens was thirteen inches, and its central thickness an inch and five-eighths, giving a length of focus of twenty-nine inches and a diameter of three-eighths of an inch. The combined focal length of the two glasses was five feet three inches, and the diameter of the focal image half an inch. This was the most powerful burning-glass ever built. Nothing could resist it. Platinum, gold, silver, copper, tin, quartz, agate, jasper, flint, topaz, garnet, and asbestos, were all liquefied in a few seconds. Its "focus" was indeed the hearth that the name implies. Hearths, however, need not necessarily be hot. Witness the damp blotting-paper slope down which sodium globules are run, bursting into flame as they feel the moisture!

And now let us take our flat mirror and bend it into a cylinder, or, what is the same thing, let us silver the inside of an ordinary glass tube, such as is procurable from any druggist's shop. But before we do so we may as well try an experiment with a tumbler and a plate, and turn a shilling into three-and-sixpence.

Rather more than half fill the tumbler with water. Drop the shilling into it tail side upwards. Place the plate on the top, and briskly and steadily turn tumbler and plate upside down so that the shilling drops head upwards on the plate. On placing it on the table the shilling will be seen at the top of the water, and on the plate there will appear a magnified image as large as a half-crown. Refraction has lifted up the shilling, reflection has magnified it.

There is no danger of making a mess. Some years ago a few members of a scientific society visited a certain well-known seaside resort, and one of the party, feeling dissatisfied at the entertainment at the inn, amused himself by filling the tumblers with water to the brim, and by holding a sheet of paper on the top, turning them upside down upon the table. There they were left, seemingly empty, to be removed by the unsuspecting waiter, who doubtless found his task rather a difficult one. To turn them over is easy enough, but to turn them back again under such circumstances—?

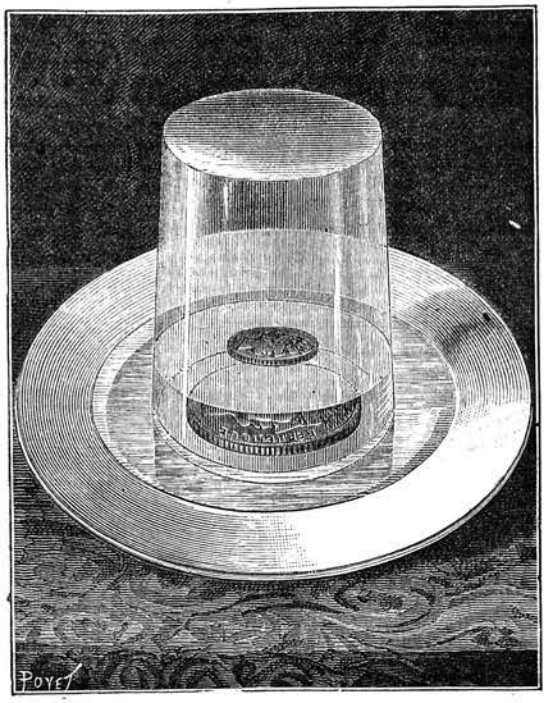


Fig. 2.—Coin Growing.

Having bent round our mirror, and thus obtained a large segment of a circle, or, what is better, become possessed of a piece of silvered tube such as is sold for gasfitting purposes, stand it upright on a picture. The result will be to pinch up the image and distort it out of all recognition. Why? Let us alter the drawing so as to get a proper representation of it, and we shall see. Divide the sketch into squares, as in Fig. 3. Then take a line the

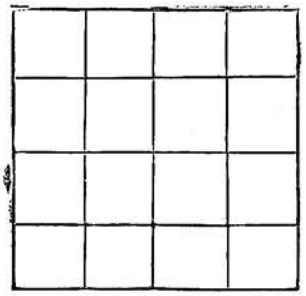


Fig. 3.

length of one of the sides of the square, and from its centre let fall a perpendicular equal to the focal length of the mirror. From its end draw another line at right angles to it, half the length of the bisected line, and then join the lines so as to form the triangles in the annexed figure. Now divide the base of your triangle in the same way as you have divided the sides of your square, and run the divisions down to the apex. Where they are cut by the cross-line draw the parallels which answer to the parallels on your picture, and cut the triangle up into trapeziums, as in Fig. 4. Now place your mirror on the apex of the triangle, and you will find that these trapeziums will appear as the squares from which you constructed your distorted design. This is quite enough to show the principle of anamorphosis, as it is called. With a little thought about our old angular friends of incidence and reflection the mystery of the image in the glass will soon vanish. The appearance of the two sketches when finished is as in Figs. 5 and 6, and of course landscapes and figure-subjects are prepared in the same way. And now we must hasten on. Still more wonderful distortions are effected by conical mirrors, but the drawings

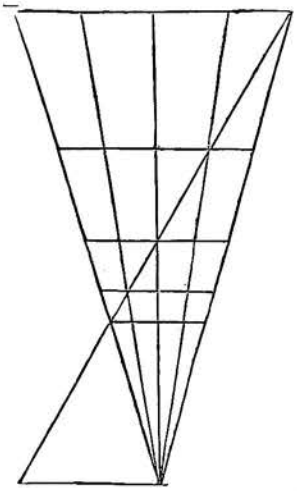


Fig. 4.

have to be arranged on a rather more elaborate system.

All boys are familiar with the distortions effected by convex mirrors, such as are familiar to them in the teapots and spoons. Cylindrical mirrors are used but as curiosities. Like unto them are spherical mirrors and

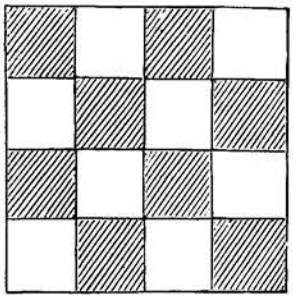


Fig. 5.

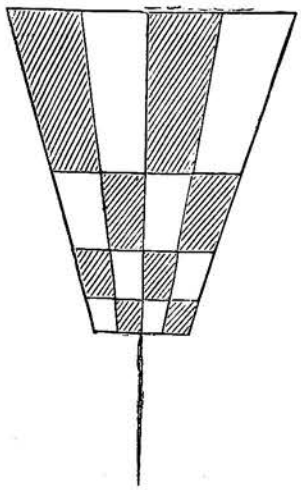


Fig. 6.

convex mirrors generally. With concave mirrors it is very different. They are the true magic mirrors. It is with them that all the triumphs of the charlatanism of old and the science of to-day have been achieved.

All the wonderful appearances of the gods in the ancient temples can be explained by referring them to the concave mirror. At Tyre there was a temple to Hercules in which, according to Pliny, there was a con-

secrated seat from which the gods arose. At Tarsus was a temple where Æsculapius appeared to his worshippers. At Enguinum, in Sicily, was a temple in which nearly all the recognised goddesses could be shown at will. And in each case, given the right distance between the audience and the mirror focus—marked by the magic figure or ring of skulls in which the necromancers placed their dupes—and the supernatural manifestation becomes an ordinary optical experiment.

Hang up a concave mirror and try for yourself, and raise your own phantom by advancing or retiring till you hit the exact spot in which it appears between you and the glass. In fact, repeat the experience of Theodore Santabaren, who was applied to by the Emperor Basil to show him his son but for an instant. The emperor, inconsolable at the boy's death, applied to the miracle-working pontiff for one glimpse of his child in his present state, and the story recounts how Basil beheld his son's image, beautifully dressed, rush into his arms and disappear—out of focus! Or, even better, try your hand at the wonder of the mysteries, when, according to Damasius, "in a manifestation that should not be talked about, there appeared on the temple wall a mass of light, at first seeming very remote, and then transformed as it came nearer into a face divine and supernatural, of severe aspect, but mixed with gentleness, and extremely beautiful."

In the Christmas parts of the BOY'S OWN PAPER for the last and previous years are the diagrams showing the way in which these ghostly illusions are most easily worked, and to them reference should be made by all who are unable to discover the secret for themselves. The most startling illusion is that in which smoke comes into play and serves the purpose of a lantern-screen. Jamblichus tells us how the gods often appeared among the vapours, the most suitable of which for the purpose is got by boiling side by side, in separate flasks, solutions of ammonia and hydrochloric acid. And we read how one Maximus, the sorcerer, eclipsed all predecessors by making the statue of Hecate laugh in the smoke of the burning incense. If Maximus had only had a magic lantern what wonders would he not have effected? Had he only placed a prism in the beam, he could not only have made the statue laugh, but cut off its head into the bargain! And had he used a trough slide, by colouring the water he could have raised round the laughing head additional clouds of any form and colour that he pleased. And a trough slide is so easy to make! Two pieces of glass, with an eighth of an inch between them, so arranged as to be water-tight. Filled with clear water, the trough is invisible; but let but a drop of ink or dye fall into it, and over the picture on the screen the volumes of cloud will ascend.

He need not have used the ordinary lantern, the opaque one described in the January part of the B. O. P. for this year would have done as well, and it would have served his turn as well as it did the lawyer's in the will case, where the enlarged images of the real signature and the forged signature were thrown on the court wall from the documents themselves, and the patchings and scratchings of the forgery revealed to all, to the dire confusion of the ingenious gentleman in the dock. An opaque lantern Maximus doubtless did have, but it was of considerable size, and consisted merely of a bright light, whose rays were concentrated on the living figure by a concave mirror, and from the figure reflected on to the other silver mirror, from whence the phantom was floated on the smoke.

These things are very wonderful, though we can "explain" them. Our ancestors may not have been acquainted with quite as many laws of nature as we are, but some of them were keen students of phenomena. One great difference there is, however, between their ways of thinking and ours. Our discoveries we think it best to trumpet abroad, so that all may share in the wonder and win other victories over matter. Theirs they deemed it wisest to keep secret amongst a certain class, as too sacred for popular knowledge, and employed them only as a means of mystification.

Mirror magic is strange enough, but the sorcerers are run very close by the professed jugglers. Of the feats of sleight-of-hand recorded in the past, and even in more modern days, some are just as hard of belief until the explanation is forthcoming. We read of just as many curious appearances and disappearances with which the eye was deceived, only as a rule the juggler avowedly produced them for the sake of the amusement, unlike the sorcerer, who carried on his little entertainment for the sake of the dread.

We have in the course of our short paper alluded to many strange things, but none of them are more surprising than the twenty-eight tricks of the Bengalee jugglers, which the Emperor Jehangir in his autobiography says were performed before him. Among these were the basket-trick, the cutting of a man in pieces and then producing him all safe and sound, the putting of seeds into the ground and growing them immediately to the height of a foot or so, and, most extraordinary of all, a masterpiece that the Emperor of Hindostan shall relate in his own words.

Says his Imperial Majesty, "They produced a chain fifty cubits in length, and, in my presence, threw one end of it towards the sky, where it remained as if fastened to something in the air. A dog was then brought forward, and, being placed at the lower end of the chain, ran up, and reaching the other end disappeared in the air. In the same manner a hog, a panther, a lion, and a tiger were sent up, and all equally disappeared at the upper end of the chain. At last they took down the chain and put it into a bag, no one ever discerning in what way the different animals were made to vanish into the air in the mysterious manner above described. This, I may venture to affirm, was beyond measure strange and surprising."

And so say all of us. Though we think it a pity that the jugglers did not themselves climb the chain, draw it up after them, and "equally disappear."



Please to Remember the Hungry Birds.

A Sheep-Dog Competition.

By James Walter Smith.

Illustrations from Photographs by M. Henry Lemoine, Paris.

ON the 19th of June last, the town of Lizy-sur-Ourcq, about thirty-five miles north-east of Paris, in France, was gay with bunting and the music of a band. The townspeople were out in force, the railway station and its precincts were sights to be seen, filled with a moving throng, whose ears were besieged by the intermittent baaing of sheep and the barking of countless dogs. Shepherds in blouses were in evidence with handsome and restless dogs in leash, moving with anxious steps around. Suddenly the whistle of the locomotive was heard, and the train rolled into the station, depositing on the platform a goodly crowd of well-dressed, intelligent men and women, dog experts, journalists, and some high Governmental dignitaries. The arrival of the train was the signal for jubilation. The day had begun.

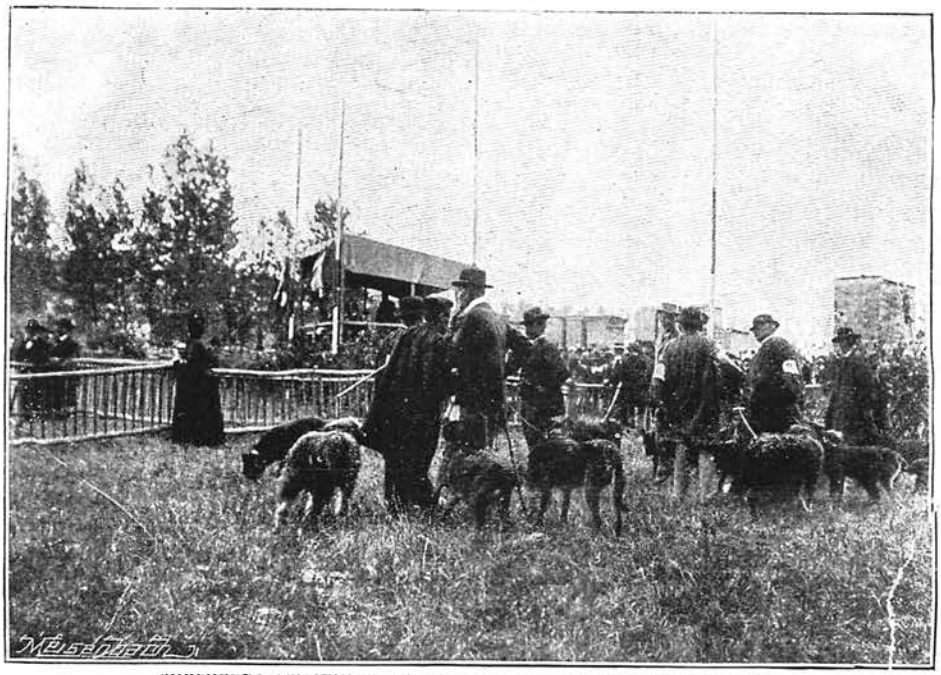


MEDAL AWARDED BY THE FRENCH SHEEP-DOG CLUB.

These people had come all the way from Paris to witness a competition between shepherd dogs, and to award some prizes to the dogs that did the best. The competition—third of a successful series—had been arranged by the French Sheep-Dog Club of Paris, founded by M. Emmanuel Boulet, of Elbeuf, for the amelioration of the shepherd dog's condition, and for the encouragement of the shepherds. The object of the association would have been sufficient explanation of the attendant and expectant crowd, but the competition promised to be interesting and unusual enough in itself to warrant going miles to see.

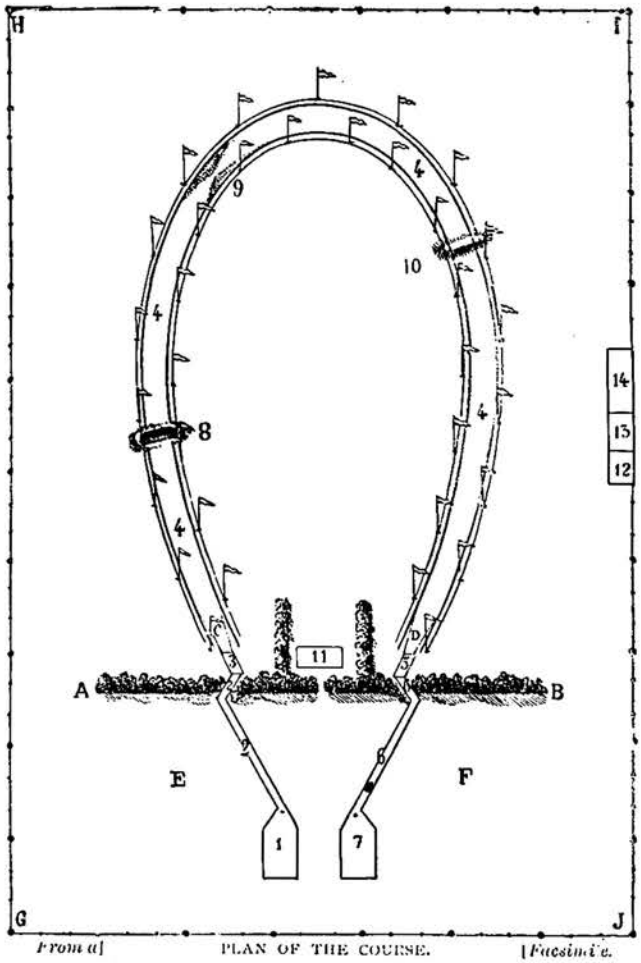
The events of the day proceeded rapidly. First came an exhibition, near the station, of the dogs of Brie and Beauce, two beautiful breeds, to be described in another place. A half-hour later lots were drawn, and the contesting shepherds were presented with numbers showing the order in which their dogs were to take part, numbers which they wore upon their arms, as we may see as we pass over the illustrations in this article. Then came a general adjournment to lunch.

We may take time while these dignitaries and officials are feasting with the Mayor to give some details regarding the competition. There are three classes. The first is for the shepherd dogs, the work of the dog consisting in conducting a flock of twenty-five sheep from one pen to another over a course about 984ft. long and 19ft. wide. This



SHEPHERDS AWAITING THEIR CALL TO ENTER THE COMPETITION.

course has already been marked out by means of plough furrows, and presents three obstacles: a bank of earth and a dry ditch, and a V-shaped passage between two hedges. The dogs, moreover, are required by the rules not to allow the sheep to stray from the course, nor to bite them on the ear, the neck, the fore-feet, the stomach, nor deeply on the thigh. They are not even allowed to bark. Dogs with diseases and vicious dogs are to be rigidly excluded. It will therefore be seen that the work of the canines has been ably cut out for them, and that the first prize winner will be a dog of which any shepherd might be proud.



From a] PLAN OF THE COURSE. [Facsimile.

The accompanying plan gives a more detailed idea of the course, and will repay examination. But our running commentary must be brief. The pen marked (1) contains the sheep for the competition; (2) is an inclosure, about 130ft. long, leading to another pen (3), from which the sheep are let out upon the track. Passing round the horse-shoe-shaped track, and avoiding for a moment the obstacles, we come to the arrival pen (5), and after passing through another inclosure, 130ft. long (6), reach finally the large pen (7), where all the sheep which pass over the course are received and massed together. The obstacles — that is, the dry ditch, the V-shaped passage, and the mound of earth — are shown by (8), (9), and (10) respectively. Little more need be explained in the diagram except that (12), (13), and (14) represent the grand stand for judges and public, and that (E) and (F) are the places set apart for the shepherds and their dogs before and after they have taken part in the competition.

Let us now walk among the shepherds, as we see them pictured in the illustration on the first page, and admire the beautiful dogs of Beauce and Brie. For they are worthy of admiration. We, who like the good Scotch collie and his handsome eyes, will probably find the Brie dog, with his long grey and woolly hair, most to our liking; and will prefer


BRIE SHEPHERD DOG.


BEAUCE SHEPHERD DOG.

his intelligent face to that of the Beauce. But the latter, with his long, lithe body, and fox-like step, is the more striking dog of the two. Both breeds are shown in the previous illustrations, and as we stand near the chattering shepherds while they wait for the competition to begin, we soon find out that each would pin faith to his own particular breed of dog, until his last franc was gone.

This animated conversation is cut short by the arrival of the dignitaries and officials on the course, headed by a band and the town fire brigade, and followed by a crowd of men, women, and small boys. They enjoy a good time and a procession in France just as much as they do in England and America. The procession winds its way upon the field, the judges and invited guests take their places in the grand stand, the others line up along the course, and, with little delay, the competitions begin.

Twenty-four shepherds are engaged in the competitions, and to each of these the rules allow two dogs. Some of them, however, prefer to take their chances for the prize with one dog, and in such an event gain additional honour for their dog's skill. There is, of course, great excitement when the first number is called out, and a stalwart shepherd comes forward with his faithful helper in leash. His work, though, does not begin until the sheep are in the departure pen, ready to be let loose upon the track.

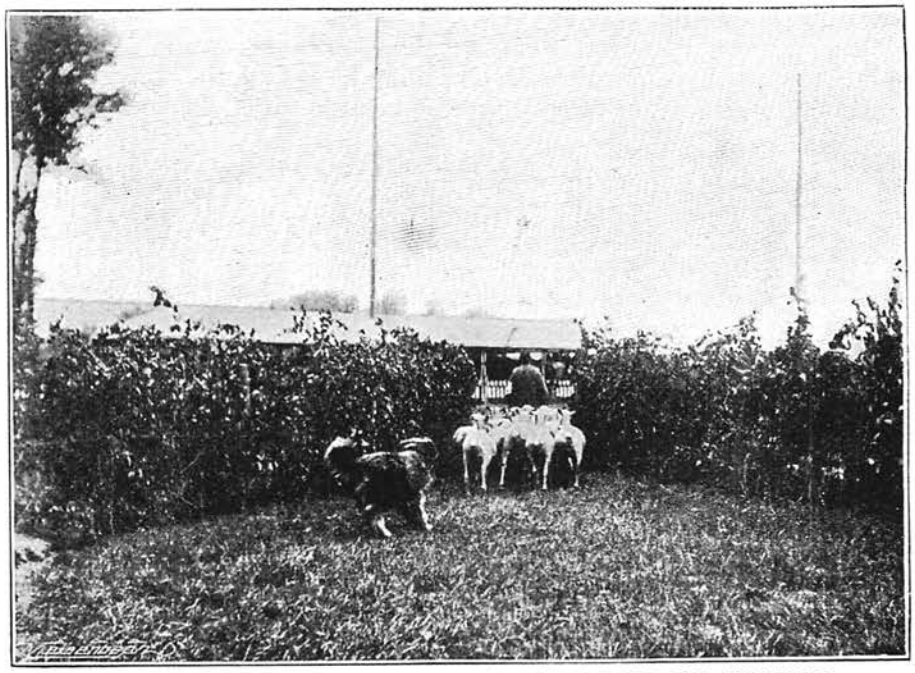
But few seconds elapse before the twenty-five sheep are ready. Loosened from their cramped quarters, they make a bolt along the passage and follow their leader into the departure pen. Here the dog stands ready to guide them round the horse-shoe. In less time than it takes to write it, the bar has fallen, the sheep are on the course, hesitating now and then as if puzzled over their whereabouts, but always pushed forward by the intelligent animal behind. They try to scatter and to leap over the ploughed furrows out of bounds, but in nearly every case they are thwarted, and in semi-despair the flock makes its dogged way around the curve.

It is at the start that the dog's qualities are most quickly and interestingly brought out, for, as many of us know, it is no easy matter to collect two score and more scared and separated animals into a compact bunch. You may be sure, too, that the deficiencies of the dogs in this respect are carefully noted by the judges, for it is these deficiencies that cause loss of time on the course, and proclaim the inefficiency of the dogs. The best dog gets his sheep quickly together, and wins half the victory. The rest is but a matter of intelligence and constant watchfulness.

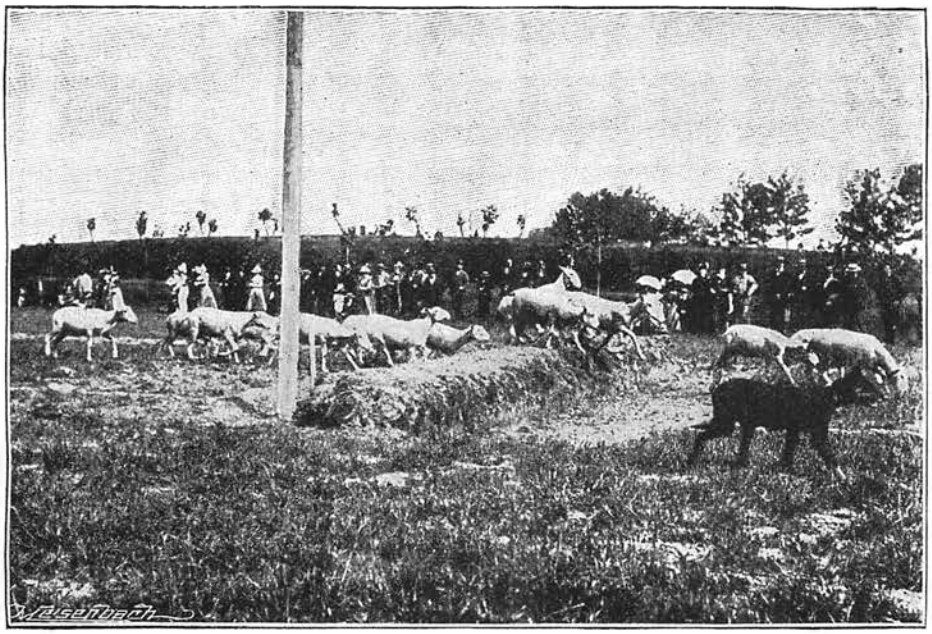
No, we are wrong. We have forgotten the obstacles on the course, placed there intentionally to bother the sheep, and in this way to bring out the skill and sagacity of the dog.

The first of these is the dry ditch, over which the sheep have to pass; and as they approach it, we can see the hesitancy in their movements. They do not want to cross, and the judges are watching to see that the dog, in his anxiety to spur the sheep on, does not bite or mutilate them in the forbidden manner specified in the rules. At last, however, one Cæsar of the flock casts the die and crosses this miniature Rubicon, followed by his two dozen mates, with a rapidity and helter-skelterdom as amusing to the crowd as it is satisfactory to the accompanying shepherd and his canine guide.

The sheep are now together again, and are rapidly approaching the V-shaped inclosure. In the illustration below we may note the



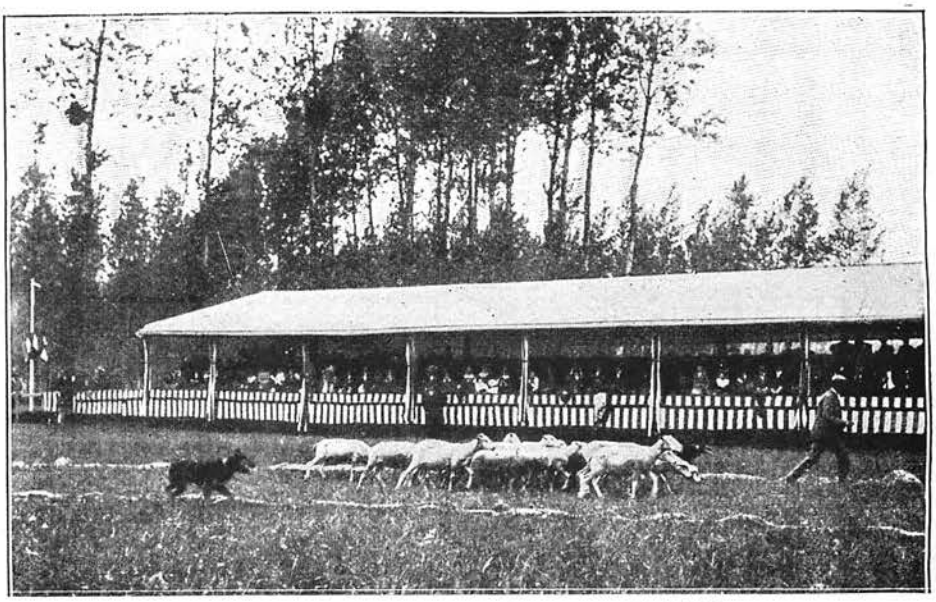
V-SHAPED PASSAGE THROUGH WHICH THE COMPETING DOGS DRIVE THE SHEEP.



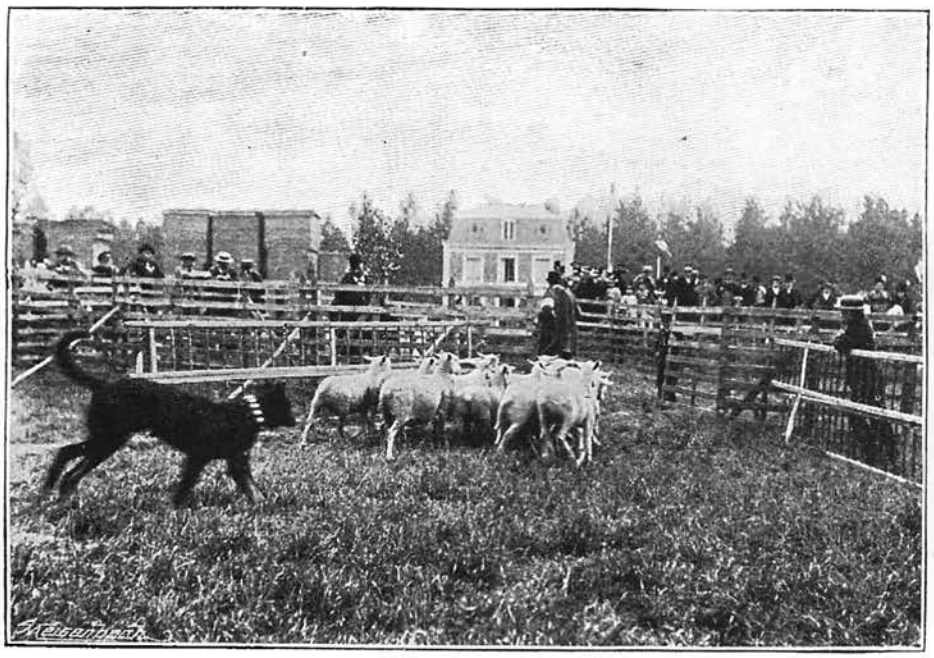
THE SHEEP PASSING OVER THE MOUND OF EARTH.

sheep passing in a body through the narrow entrance. It looks peaceable enough, but the photograph could not possibly show the amount of insistency exerted by some of the dogs in the competition before they manage to get the leader of the sheep to pass through. With the shepherd in front and the dog behind, they get through, however, and after being collected, continue round the curve. Then looms up before the flock the third obstacle on the course, a mound of earth extending wholly across the course, and over 3ft. wide. This tries the temper of the sheep to the utmost. They make vain efforts to go around the obstruction instead of over it, but the dog knows his business, and keeps them on the course until their very noses are against the mound. Some of the dogs failed to keep the sheep together in this place, and lost their chance of a prize thereby. But in the competition shown in our illustration, the four-footed guide got his leader started, and all was well. Note how he let the hind sheep follow and devoted his earnest attention to the leaders keeping them in the straight and narrow path to victory.

The last stage in the competition is shown on this and the next page, and the pictures and sheep may possibly move rapidly enough to tell their own story. The illustration below shows the sheep passing in front of the pavilion; and the reader may note how perfectly the flock are obeying the silent commands of the dog as he marshals them before the eagle eyes of the judges. Still are the judges on the look-out for bites. Still on their little tablets do they mark merits and demerits in the dog that the ordinary onlooker never sees. And still for two or more hours do they sit and watch the long processions of sheep go past, laughing at the stupidity of some competitors, and admiring the skill of others with the peculiar satisfaction of the expert. They never lift their eyes off until the sheep are driven into the arrival pen, where we may see them entering in the illustration; and then, when all is over, they compare their marks and pick the winner. Meanwhile,



THE SHEEP PASSING IN FRONT OF THE GRAND STAND.



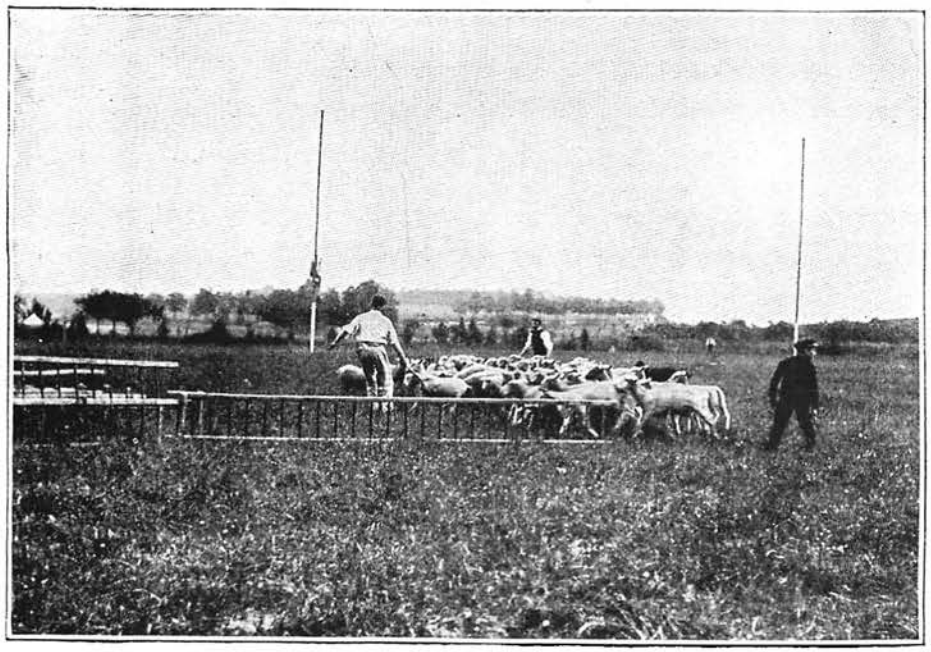
DOG DRIVING SHEEP INTO THE ARRIVAL PEN.

the shepherds who have taken part in the competition stand in their inclosure, as we may observe in the middle picture, watching the passing dogs and sheep, with rising or falling hopes, as the case may be.

The first part of the competitions is now over, and, like people at a play, we welcome an *entr'acte.* Therefore, let us turn for a moment to the illustration at the bottom of this page, which shows the sheep being driven into a pen where they are sorted for sale. Where so many sheep are got together, it is not surprising that an animated barter should go on. The



SHEPHERDS WHO HAVE TAKEN PART IN THE COMPETITION.



SHEEP BEING DRIVEN INTO A PEN WHERE THEY ARE SORTED FOR SALE.

sheep, of course, are mainly intended for Paris, and probably the very animals that figure to-day in the competitions will fall prey to-morrow to the Paris butchers.

But there is still something interesting to be seen. We have said that there were three classes of competitions, and the first of these has now been described.



FLOCK OF SHEEP STARTING FOR THE RAILWAY STATION TO TAKE PART IN THE EMBARKATION COMPETITION.

The second is arranged for dogs belonging to cowherds and other herdsmen, and need not be described here, except to say that they are much the same as the first class. The third class of competition takes place at the railway station, and is intended to show the skill with which the dogs can conduct the sheep to the departure platform and discharge them into the cars. In the illustration above we may see the sheep starting for the station to take part in the competition, and in the last illustration we may note the method by which the dog gets the sheep into the car. As an example of the remarkable skill of the dogs, we may say that at the June competition one dog managed to get fifty sheep into the car from a distance of over 65ft. in *thirty-two seconds.* This was an exceptional record.

As the day ends, the prizes are awarded. The first prize is a gold medal, offered in the name of the French Government by the Minister of Agriculture, a diploma, and 100f. In all, there are over forty prizes offered, including prizes for best dog of each breed, and recompenses to shepherds for long and faithful services. Every attempt is made to encourage the shepherds in their work, and to stimulate the training of the dogs. The number of sheep in the east of France has diminished in recent years, and a serious problem has to be faced. The French Sheep-Dog Club, under the intelligent leadership of M. Boulet, who is both an expert and an enthusiast on the subject, is doing all in its power to help, not only the dogs and the sheep, but also the nation. We may add that the photos. in this article showing the competitions have been lent to us for reproduction by M. Henry Lemoine, the celebrated amateur photographer of Paris.



EMBARKATION COMPETITION AT THE RAILWAY STATION.

KITCHEN REQUISITES.

THE kitchen requisites are so numerous, that we shall run the chance of getting quite bewildered with the multiplicity of the various articles, unless we first of all make an attempt to classify them. This may be conveniently done by forming them into three divisions—namely, the ironmongery, the brushes, and the turnery.

As I have before hinted, the furnishing of the kitchen involves a considerable outlay, for which there seems but little to show in comparison. To stock the kitchen of a big house with all the diverse appliances for cooking, and the other etcetera which would be necessary for a large establishment, if this were our task, there is no exaggeration in saying that £100 would only just cover the expense of such a proceeding.

But this consideration does not concern us—at any rate, I do not intend speaking of these matters on so large a scale as that. I am going to advise on the necessary purchases to be made for ordinary households. Let us run over the list, therefore, without further preamble; and as we proceed, I can throw out hints by the way. As heretofore in mentioning prices, so now, I shall not attempt to give the exact estimate of the pans and pails, but the approximate value only.

First, as to the pans. These have to be of various sizes; a set of four iron pans will suit ordinary requirements. Such a set will cost about 10s. An oval boiling-pot is most useful; also a fish-kettle and a steamer. The latter must be fitted to a large pan. If it cannot be fixed in one you have already chosen, then another must be bought for its special use. On these three articles of ironmongery a sovereign at least will have to be spent.

Copper and brass are better metals than iron for some purposes. For instance, in the making of jelly a small brass pan would be required, and a large one for the business of preserving fruits. Copper and brass are very much more expensive metals than iron or tin, as perhaps you may know. My eyes were opened to the fact in this way. I was once staying with a young bride; and one morning when she had ordered a jelly to be made, her cook told her that it was impossible to use the tin moulds which had been provided for such purposes—that a copper one must be procured. My friend was rather reluctant to expend any more money upon kitchen requisites; but, as the cook persisted, we set forth in the quest. After due deliberation upon the various shapes, a small one was selected, and the novice housekeeper drew forth her purse; but she started back in dismay when the shopman said, "One pound three shillings and sixpence, please, ma'am." We left the mould and the shop with many apologies, and felt ourselves wiser women than when we entered it.

But to return to the subject of pans. Three or four small saucepans will be required. Now, there are iron and tin and copper saucepans. Each of these are useful in their way, so I should advise you to buy of each kind. Those made of tin are the least expensive, but then they do not last so long. There is one great advantage in copper and brass, that they are very durable; but they should be kept quite clean, otherwise it is dangerous to cook in vessels made of these metals.

The kettles are always a primary thought—iron or block tin for the kitchen use, copper for the dining-room service. A wrought-iron kettle will cost double the one made of block tin, but then a kettle is always on duty in the kitchen, and therefore should be one of substance and strength. The cost of a copper kettle will be at least 15s.

A tea-tray for kitchen use, with tea and coffee pots, accompanied by their respective canisters, will cost about half-a-guinea. The useful frying-pan, gridiron, colander, and tin moulds may be estimated at 1s. 6d. each; the necessary toasting-fork, bread-grater, tin funnel, flour-dredger, pepper-box, and salt-cellar may be reckoned at sixpence apiece.

Then there is the meat-saw and meat-chopper, each costing half-a-crown; the basting-ladle, gravy-strainer, fish-slice, egg-slice, paste-jagger, and mincing-knife, at a shilling apiece; and a dozen patty-pans, which will be the same sum.

The dust-pan and slop-pail must not be forgotten, a couple of tin candlesticks and candle-box, a coal-hammer, shovel, and hod. These items will add up to a sovereign at least. Then there is a strong kitchen fender needed, together with poker and small shovel, and a couple of flat-irons and stand.

It will be readily conceded that all the above-mentioned articles are decidedly essential for all households; now let me mention a few additions which might be made—articles which are certainly useful in every kitchen, but not absolutely needful there.

A coffee-mill; a pestle and mortar, for which 6s. will have to be given; a weighing-machine, 15s.; a spice-box, 3s.; a set of tin dish-covers, £1 4s.

There are several other items which a cook would deem necessary if she were expected to serve up a variety of dishes for what is termed a "grand" dinner. For instance, there are special pans for the cooking of omelettes and cutlets, special kettles for the boiling of turbot and mackerel; and there are copper brazing-pans and copper stock-pots, which average £3 and £4 apiece; and there are the copper jelly-moulds, to which I have already adverted, and which are no doubt very much superior to those made of tin, because the pattern is more sharply defined, and therefore the outlines of the jelly or cream are more decidedly marked.

We now come to the cutlery. The use and abuse of knives is the universal lament of, and a grievous worry to, all housewives. The dusters make themselves wings and fly away, the knives cut and run!

For kitchen purposes, half-a-dozen horn-handled knives and forks should be provided : these may be had for 10s. the dozen. For dining-room use, at least a dozen large and a dozen small knives will be required. The price of those with ivory handles ranges from 30s. upwards. The handles which have round ends look better than those with square ends. With respect to carvers, one large set, and one of smaller size adapted for carving game, should be selected. Buck handles for carvers are stronger than ivory, but I allow that the former do not look as well when on the table. The prices vary from 7s. upwards. Remember that you cannot make a greater mistake than that of buying cheap cutlery. A knife which makes much ado about cutting is an aggravating companion, and much money may be spent in having blunt knives ground and sharpened, a discipline which common knives continually need. I have in my possession a set of knives bought thirty years ago, and used constantly during that time ; these knives are always sharp, and are a continual rebuke to many others which have been purchased during that interval.

We must try and prevent the cook from using the silver spoons by giving her some metal ones—two or three iron spoons, two or three metal ones, and half-a-dozen metal tea-spoons, all of which may be bought for a couple of shillings.

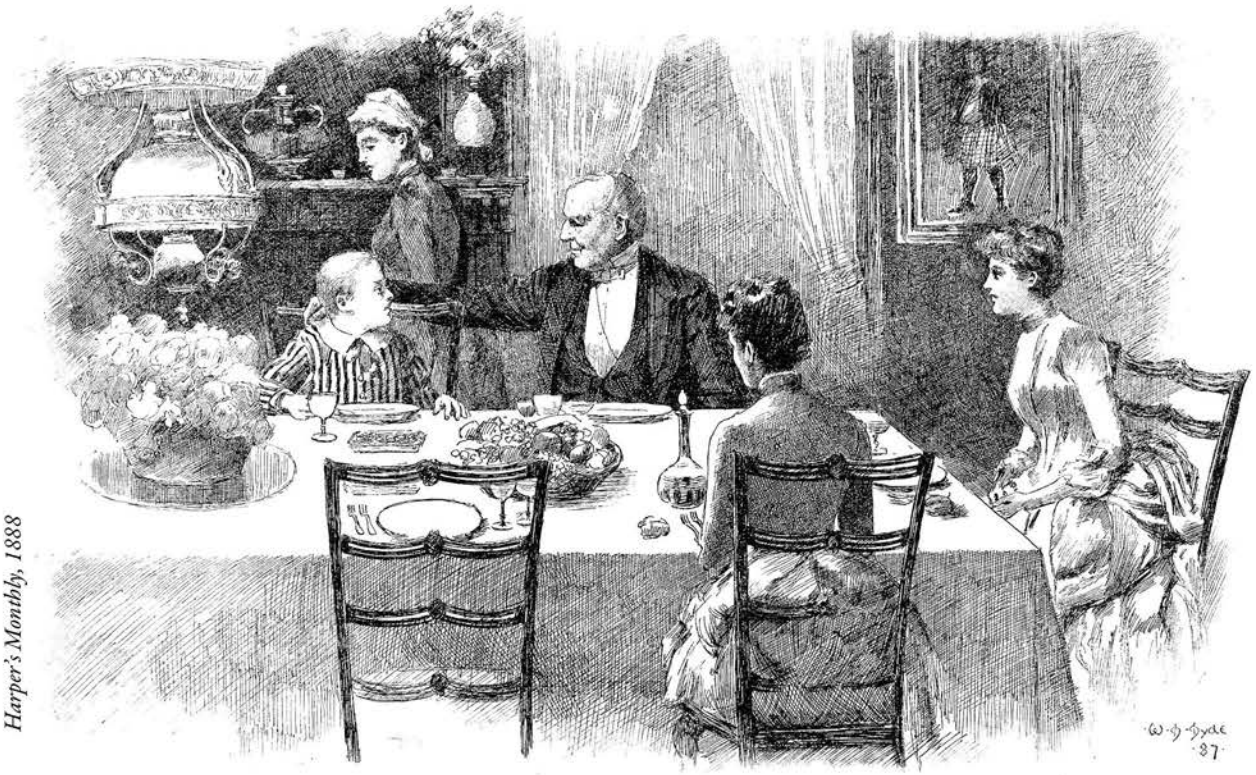
And now for the second division—*i.e.*, the brushes. Quite a regiment of brushes is indispensable to cleanliness. We *must* have a hair broom, and a carpet-brush, and a short-handled double stair-brush, and a set of stove-brushes, and a set of shoe-brushes, and a hearth-brush, and a scrubbing-brush, and a plate-brush. When these are paid for, you must not expect to receive any change out of a sovereign. If you try and economise by spending less, the bristles and hairs will leave their sockets, and you will have a number of useless backs and handles fit for nothing but firewood.

Our third and last division now remains, and that is what is termed the turnery — articles made of wood. A chopping-board, a paste-board and rolling-pin, and a flour-tub—no house can well do without these things : on the lowest computation, 10s. will have to be expended. A lemon-squeezer and a vegetable presser are often wanted : 2s. will buy the two articles. Hair sieves of various sizes are useful in most kitchens, and are not expensive items. A knife-board of course we must have, and a knife-box; a dish-tub, glass-tub, wooden pail, and clothes-horse—these will run away with a golden guinea ; 16s. has to be expended on a butler's-tray and stand, if it is to be strong and useful; a plate-rack will cost half that sum.

A housemaid's-box tends to tidiness, and two or three wooden spoons and a soap-box come under the head of "requisites."

In this department a basket can be bought for the silver ; one with three divisions, and properly lined with baize, will cost five or six shillings. There is also to be thought of the basket lined with tin, which is for the purpose of holding the plates when removed from table.

A couple of Windsor chairs and a table may be considered as indispensable, and also a clock. And now I think we have enumerated all in the lengthy list—no, we have forgotten the cork-screw. E. C.



Harper's Monthly, 1888

"ONE FOR JOHNNY."

BENEVOLENT OLD GENTLEMAN. "Johnny, why was Damocles afraid to eat his dinner when the sword was suspended over his head by a single hair?"
JOHNNY (*who does not like being patronized*). "I s'pose he was afraid the hair would fall into his soup."

SOME ENGLISH SALADS AND SAUCES.

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

SOUR FRUIT SALADS.

A UNIQUE SALAD.—Take a fine lobster and one pound of cold turbot; cut the meat into rough dice, sprinkle a glass of *dry* sherry over, and one tablespoonful of lemon juice. Rub the coral through a wire sieve. Peel three large apples, cut into rings, and throw at once into water to keep them from "rusting." Cut three tomatoes into rings, making an equal quantity of slices to the apple, and lay on a plate. Rub the salad bowl with a cut onion, and coat it over with thin gauze-like rings of cucumber. Arrange alternate rings of apple, lemon, tomato, onion, and cucumber, with a slice of mushroom and a few olives and capers here and there. Dry the apples in cloth. Use the lobster shell as decoration; make a good chablis mayonnaise as directed in a former number, and serve, poured round and over the fruit so as to mask it; season the sauce with cayenne, not white pepper. Thin slices of raw vegetable-marrow and melon are most exquisite with the combination, and a Victoria plum adds a delicious *goût*.

Prickly Pear Salad.

Peel the pears, slice, strew them with powdered sugar, pour a mayonnaise sauce over, and serve.

Tomato and Pear Salad.

Slice equal quantities of tomatoes and ripe pears, put the pears into cold water after slicing so as to prevent their turning brown, and wipe dry before using as directed in the first recipe.

Apple Salad.

Cut sour codling apples into rings as thick as a penny piece; do not peel them; slice an equal quantity of cucumber. To each one-half pound of apple and cucumber allow two truffles, four olives, and one ounce of Spanish onion shaved in the thinnest possible rings. Lay the onion over the surface of a flat dish, arrange the apple and cucumber in rows over, with here and there a slice of truffle and olive; sprinkle with salt, dust with pepper, and dress with vinegar. Serve with game and white meats. It is most delicious with cold salmon or turbot.

Orange Salad (1).

Slice into fine rings two Seville or blood oranges, and four St. Michael's; lay them on a dish so that each slice overlaps the edge of the other, and intermix the rings. Pour the strained juice of a lemon over, dust with salt, pepper, and cayenne, add white-wine vinegar, and serve. Of course the pips, if any, are removed whilst slicing.

Orange Salad (2).

Peel the orange, divide it into lobes, being careful not to leave any white pith on the flesh, and to keep the skin as whole as possible. Mix two tablespoonfuls of oil with one of vinegar; season with pepper and salt, a teaspoonful of moist sugar, and pour over the fruit; let it stand for half an hour at least, then serve.

Apple and Lemon Salad.

Slice equal quantities of apples, the sour green cooking apples and small *fine-rinded* lemons. Coarse thick skinned lemons are of no use, and will be bitter. Dress them with oil, vinegar, pepper, and salt, and a teaspoonful of moist sugar, as above, well-mixed, and serve.

Plum and Pear Salad.

Skin large purple plums—choose sound fruit—also pears, or use pickled pears. Slice them, arrange them on a dish, and cover with mayonnaise sauce to serve with. Truffles added make this the most perfect of salads.

Melon Salad.

Slice the melon, lay slices of onion between, strew with salt and pepper, and cover it up for half an hour. Remove the onion before serving, and dress with pepper, salt, cayenne, and one teaspoonful of lemon juice to one tablespoonful of vinegar, and two of oil. Mix the three latter together, and pour over the salad.

SWEET FRUIT SALADS.

Orange Salad (1).

Slice the fruit in thin rings, strew plentifully with powdered loaf sugar; add the strained juice of a Seville orange, if liked, or a lemon, and serve. Sweet St. Michael's are the proper kind of fruit to use for this salad.

Orange Salad (2).

Prepare the fruit as above by slicing, sprinkle with half a teaspoonful of powdered cloves to each dozen of fruit, strew plentifully with sugar. Mix in a cup or basin the strained juice of half a lemon, half a glass of sherry, and one teaspoonful of orange-flower water; mix, and pour this over the salad, and serve.

Pineapple Salad.

Slice the fruit in rings as thick as a penny piece, arrange on the dish, sprinkle with powdered lump sugar (castor). Mix in a cup one wine-glass of cowslip wine or sherry, two drops of vanilla essence, the juice of quarter of a lemon; pour over the salad, and serve. Musk is more popular than vanilla.

Banana Salad.

Slice the fruit lengthwise, the fresh bananas are best for this; dust them heavily with castor sugar; mix one glass of sherry with the juice of half a lemon, pour over, and serve.

Plum or Greengage Salad.

Peel and split the fruit in halves, arrange them on a china, glass, or silver dish; mix in a cup half a glass of cognac, one tablespoonful of lemon juice, two drops essence of almonds or noyau; dust the fruit well with castor sugar, pour over the sauce, and serve.

Custard Apple Salad.

Slice the custard apples, lay them in a dish, sprinkle them with sugar; mix one glass of cognac with one tablespoonful of elder-flower or rose water, one teaspoonful of lemon or lime juice; pour over the salad, and serve.

Canned Peached Salad.

Strain the juice of the peaches, and arrange them on a dish; take a glass of "unsmoked" Irish whisky, *i. e.*, without the peat flavor, mix it with the juice of half a lemon; strew plenty of sugar over the peaches, and a few sweet almonds blanched to resemble the kernels of fresh-gathered fruits. Then pour over the sauce, ice, and serve. Sherry, dry or sweet, marsala, moselle, champagne, brandy, cowslip, or ginger wines, white rum, rye whisky, in fact any white wine or liquor may be used for this salad. Treat canned apples in the same way, with powdered spice over.

Apricot Salad.

Cut the fruit in halves, peel, take out the kernel from the stone, and remove the brown husk; sprinkle with sugar, and dress with cognac, sherry, or champagne, as you may desire—one wine-glass mixed with a teaspoonful of lemon juice and two drops of almond essence.

Melon Salad (1).

Slice a water melon, dust the slices lightly with powdered cinnamon, and then plentifully with sugar; mix one glassful of port wine with as much nutmeg as would lie on a sixpence, and throw it over the salad; ice, and serve.

Red Melon Salad.

Slice the little striped melons, sprinkle them with lemon juice, strew sugar over; mix three drops of musk essence with a glassful of cognac or Irish whisky, throw over the salad; stand on the ice half an hour, and serve.

Strawberry Salad.

Cut the strawberries in slices with a silver knife, sprinkle them well with castor sugar; pour over them a glassful of claret if they are red strawberries and cowslip wine, sauterne, chablis, or sherry if white or pale pink varieties. Cognac may be used in either case instead of wine, or half wine, half cognac. At the Hotel Chateaubriand, St. Malo, they dress the most perfect of strawberry salads. When I visited it the hostess was of English extraction, and as charming an authority on fruit salads as any I have ever met.

PICKLING AND PRESERVING, ETC.

Apple Marmalade.

Three parts fill a preserving-pan with water, pare the apples and quarter them. Do not remove the cores. Put them into the water one by one as they are pared, peel one lemon for every seven pounds of apples, let the rind be taken off as thinly as possible; make an incision in the lemon and express the juice, strain it, and add to the apples; simmer (do not boil) the whole till soft enough

to pulp through a hair sieve; when all the apples are pulped, take a half-pint jugful of boiling water and pour over the refuse on the top of the sieve and clear the under side by gentle taps; put the pulp back into a clean preserving-pan with one-fourth pound of blanched almonds for each seven pounds of fruit, and three-quarters pound of sugar to every one pound of apple; put over the stove fire, and stir till it not only boils, but will jelly. This can be ascertained by dropping a little on a plate or in water. Stir in one pint of rough gin or deodorized spirit to the gallon, put into pots, cover down, and it will keep even in damp houses and on sea voyages for years, if necessary. Paraffin wax, earth wax, or white wax, run over the top when it is cold will preserve these jellies for a very long time in all climates, and not in any way affect the marmalade or jam by giving any flavor. Be sure to distribute the almonds equally. I like them split in halves sidewise best. They cook and eat better, and also go further.

Preserved Cucumber (A French Confection).

Slice the cucumber half an inch thick, and dip the circles in pulverized sugar; put the fruit into a chaffing-dish, and toss constantly over the fire till every part is coated with sugar and dry; then lay the fruit in jars, make a strong, clear sugar-syrup, and when it is nearly cold pour over the fruit. A couple of drops of ambergris or musk is usually added to the syrup.

To Bottle Damsons.

Just before the fruit is quite ripe, pick it carefully on a dry day, and put into recently-sulphured bottles before the smoke can disperse; put a layer of sugar at the bottom, fill in the fruit, shaking it into place. To each quart bottle allow a quarter of a pint of rough, unsweetened gin or very strong rum—the white is best. Sift in plenty of sugar—one-fourth pound of refined will be enough; cork, seal, tie down with brown paper, and store. To serve for dessert in December or January, take out as much of the fruit as you think will be used, wipe them, and dry, and pile on fresh leaves—large ivy leaves if no others are at hand.

Vegetable-Marrow Pickle.

Take young fruit when about the size of a large jargonelle pear, pierce them in several places, so that the pickle may penetrate, put them into strong, cold brine for about two hours; drain, put them into jars, fill up with strong malt-vinegar, allowing one minced shallot or silver onion, one tablespoonful each of cloves, black pepper-corns, pimentoes (allspice), and long-pepper, and half the quantity of chillies to every quart of vinegar used.

Radish-Pod Pickle.

To those who are fond of a hot pickle there are few more welcome than the radish-pod. Gather young pods, put them into a pan covered with vine leaves, if you wish to green them, with vine leaves between the layers; pour over boiling-hot brine made strong enough to float an egg, and containing quarter teaspoonful of alum; cover down close, and keep warm till the pods are a right color, drain, put into bottles, cover with strong vinegar and spices as above directed, adding a teaspoonful of mustard seeds in addition to the other spices.

From the London *Lady*.

HOME-MADE PICKLES.

Pickled Onions.

This is a capital way of pickling onions. It is a recipe I have tried myself. The onions are good, and will keep a long time; but the best of this way of pickling onions is that it is so soon done. It is also a pure country way of doing them. Mode: Peel the onions carefully, put them into jars with a sprinkling of salt to each layer, but be rather sparing of the salt; take as much vinegar as you think you may require, and to every two quarts of vinegar allow one ounce each of whole ginger, which should be bruised, and peppercorns; boil the vinegar, ginger and peppercorns together for half an hour; when cold, cover the onions with the vinegar, mixing the peppercorn and ginger in among the onions; tie down close and put by. They will be ready for use in a fortnight. I find the two pound glass jars the best for making the small pickles in.

Here is another way of pickling onions, more in the cookery-book fashion, and, as you will see, a great deal more trouble and work. Prepare the onions as in the last recipe, and throw them into a brine that will bear an egg; let them remain in this for twenty-four hours, drain them and lay the onions between cloths to dry; boil as much vinegar as will cover them with a little coriander seed, an inch of whole ginger and peppercorns, allowing an ounce to each quart of vinegar; after the vinegar has come to the boil, let it simmer a few moments, and when cold cover the onions, dividing the spices amongst them.

Walnuts Pickled.

No time must be lost in pickling walnuts. Scald the walnuts, which must be used for pickling before they have a hard shell; the scalding will enable you the more easily to rub off the skin; put the nuts into a strong brine of salt and water, let them remain in this from two to three days; repeat this process with fresh brine three times, so that altogether the walnuts are soaking in brine nine or ten days; take them from the brine, drain them, and they will be ready for the jars; boil sufficient vinegar with equal parts of black pepper, allspice, and bruised ginger and cloves; when cold, pour over the walnuts, mixing the spices in as before.

To Make Pickled Red Cabbage.

Here is another country recipe for pickling select good-hearted cabbage. Take off all the rough outside leaves, do not wash the cabbage unless it is very dirty, halve and quarter the hearts, and slice them into thin strips; have the jar ready, put in a good layer of cabbage and a sprinkling of salt; proceed thus until you have used up all the cabbage, when cover with vinegar prepared as in the first receipe for pickling onions. Tie down close.

Piccalilli.

This is a pickle in which a mixture of all the kinds of vegetables used for pickling may be used, such as small kinds of French beans, gherkins, onions, green tomatoes, radish pods, capiscums, white cabbage, cauliflower, and cucumber, cut up in moderately-sized pieces; take equal quantities of each kind, put them into a large pan, and pour scalding brine over them. The brine should be strong enough to bear an egg; let the pickles remain in this for a few moments, then drain the liquid from them and lay them out on dishes to dry. To effect this, place the dishes in the sun. To prepare the pickle, allow to every quart of vinegar an ounce of bruised ginger, half an ounce of peppercorns, the same of allspice, an ounce of curry powder, the same of shallots; boil these spices with the vinegar for five minutes, then mix one ounce of the best mustard quite smoothly with a little boiling vinegar, and stir it into the rest, which you will now have taken from the fire; do not boil it again; allow it to cool slightly, when place the vegetables, which should be quite dry, in a pan large enough, and pour the vinegar over; allow them to get quite cold, store them in jars, mixing the spices among them; the vinegar must quite cover the vegetables. The pickle should be examined at intervals, and if you see the vinegar is absorbed, pour in some cold vinegar.

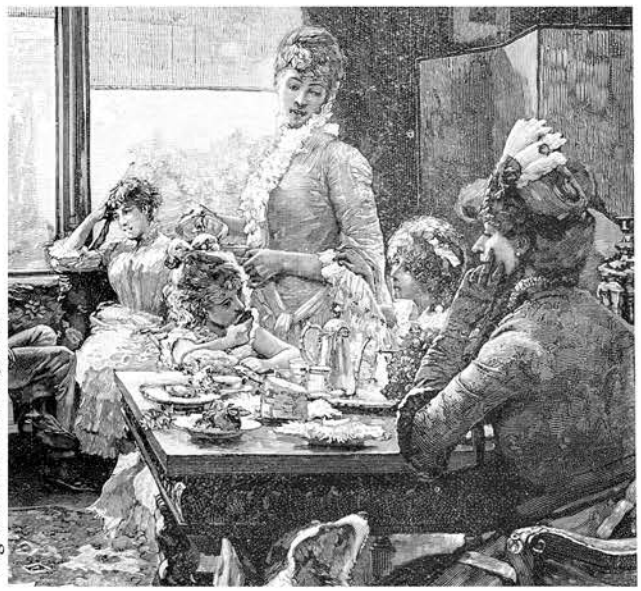
Pickled Mushrooms.

Button mushrooms are the best for pickling; they should be as near the same size as possible, small and freshly gathered. Cut off the stalks and carefully rub away the outer skin (a piece of new flannel will do this more effectually dipped into fine salt), rinse them in salted water, drain and quite dry them in a soft cloth; boil together, with a quart of vinegar, two or three small blades of mace, an ounce of bruised ginger, half an ounce of peppercorns, and a pinch of cayenne; when it comes to the boil, put in the mushrooms and boil until rather soft, which will take about eight or ten minutes; fill large jam jars, mixing the spice equally among them; when cold, cover securely from the air, and keep in a dry place. It is best to allow nearly a quart of vinegar to each quart of mushrooms.

To Make an Indian Pickle.

Cut a nice-sized cauliflower and a firm-hearted cabbage into quarters, sprinkle freely with salt, and let them lie in the sun for three days; soak half a pound of bruised ginger, with a clove of garlic, in salt and water for a day; drain, and dry in the sun; when this is all ready, put the vegetables in a jar large enough to hold them nicely, and add six ounces of crushed peppercorns, half a pint of bruised mustard seed, and an ounce of turmeric, and pour in half a gallon of vinegar; cover the jar with a bladder. This will be fit to use in six months.

Use good, pure vinegar, inferior vinegar makes bad pickles.



Logan's Home Manual, 1899

AFTERNOON TEA.

SOME SUGGESTIONS AND INSTRUCTIONS REGARDING THE HOME INSTITUTIONS THAT REPRESENT, MORE THAN ANY OTHER, "A SPIRIT OF SIMPLE YET ELEGANT HOSPITALITY."



OF all the customs which we have borrowed from our English friends, none is in itself more charming than that of afternoon tea, and few modes of entertainment are so well suited to all times and seasons and conditions of social life, although we have been obliged somewhat to amplify the simple form of it, to suit a rather different need. Tea is, as we all know, the adored beverage of the British matron's heart. The solace which her lord finds in his brandy and soda, she discovers in her cup of tea; at all hours it is welcome, but specially does she enjoy it at five o'clock, when the lull comes, if at all, between the duties and pleasures of the day and those of the evening. There is a long stretch between the two o'clock luncheon and dinner at eight, and the cup of tea, with toasted muffin, is a very acceptable break in the fast. This is the simple origin of the custom in England, and primarily it does not there represent an entertainment, as we understand the word, but is as much a part of the daily routine of both family and servants as are the other meals. Sometimes substantial dishes are added, and very often there is a variety of light ones. In country-house life the hostess and guests gather around the table at this hour and visitors are to be expected. In London the custom assumes more of the character of our own "Teas," but without the formality of an invitation; friends understand this to be a probable time for finding some of the ladies of the family at home.

In this country it is hardly possible, except in the large cities, to adhere very closely to the custom in its native form, because of the widely differing conditions of our ordinary social life, but the simplicity we must retain, or with it lose the charm which gives color and individual character to the whole. The American woman has not as an incentive to adopting five o'clock tea as a daily habit, the innate love, and large capacity for tea itself which her English sister has; besides this, outside of the great cities, the arrangement of hours is such as to make it undesirable, or at least unnecessary, when tea or dinner will follow not later, perhaps, than six. If the length of one's visiting list warrants the slight effort, a tiny table with the paraphernalia of tea and a plate of dainty biscuits, may aid in bridging pleasantly over the stiffness of a formal call.

It is becoming a common thing for the young society girl to have her tea-table, at which she herself presides, usually quite without the aid of her mother's presence, which would yet give point and dignity. In small towns, as a custom, this seems an affectation, for the table is likely to be spread for many a day, while the young hostess remains unrewarded by a single visitor, and should one come, she is apt to consider the necessity for partaking a burden. Indeed, I listened, not long since, to the lamentations of a young friend who, in the course of one afternoon's calls, was obliged to show a proper appreciation of the new "fad" by sipping at least a part of six cups of "instantaneous" chocolate, which beverage usually supplies the place of tea on these occasions.

Thus from the force of circumstances the custom can hardly become a daily habit with us, but properly suiting it to our purposes, its very name carries with it the spirit of simple yet elegant hospitality, which spirit will be quite lost if it be turned into one of the hybrid receptions so common, and so wrongly called by its name. While there are many other useful and suitable forms of receiving one's friends, if this be chosen, it can alone be fitting while maintaining its own character.

To people of small or moderate means, an afternoon Tea offers a solution of a difficult problem. It is inexpensive, enjoyable, and in its simplicity, above criticism; but too often people are asked to one so-called to be greeted by a band of music hidden behind elaborate decorations of hot-house plants. An immense number of people must push and elbow their way into the dining-room if they are to get there at all. They are then served by waiters, who dispense not tea alone, but every dainty and substantial dish which could be used at a supper, from a table of which the ornaments and furnishings come, with the waiters, from the caterer. Such large "At Homes" or receptions are in some cases necessary, but there is no propriety in describing such as a "Tea."

Where one feels one's house too small to comfortably accommodate the desired number, there are different methods of dividing the list judiciously, and solving the difficulty, by more than one afternoon. This must, of course, be left to individual discretion, but if all cannot be entertained at once, one afternoon a number of young people might be asked with their parents, while a second might be devoted to the older and graver friends who will enjoy occasionally meeting in a real gathering of their contemporaries. Another good plan is for the hostess to send out her own visiting card, which is, by the way, the only correct invitation to such an affair as this, the card, in addition to the name, bearing the written or engraved words, "At Home Thursdays in December." Of course no reply is required to such informal invitations. The latter plan will do away with the danger of a crush, as people will not naturally all select the same day. More people, however, may be expected on the fourth afternoon, as in all such things procrastination is characteristic with many. But the guest once bidden, let the faith of the hostess in the simple form of her entertainment remain perfect, as it will if she owns the truly hospitable spirit. Let her remember that to ask a friend to break one's bread is a compliment, and to entertain according to one's means is always in good taste.

Now as to details. Almost every one owns a table which is, or may serve, as the drawing-room tea-table. This should be covered with a cloth, in the selection of which lies a wide choice within the bounds of good taste; pure white damask,

well laundered, is always proper; Saxony linen is a very reasonable source of pride to the happy possessor, who will find no occasion better than this for the display of its silky loveliness. There are numberless embroidered cloths, but to be suitable, the work, whether of silk or linen, must be washable. A tray is not an absolute necessity, but if possible it should be used, and it will protect the linen from the tea-stain so justly dreaded by the good housekeeper. This tray will hold a kettle, or urn, under which is a spirit-lamp, tea-caddy, tea-pot, cream-pitcher, sugar basin and bowl, spoons, cups, saucers, and a plate of sliced lemon. If the arrangement is for a very small number, the table may also hold a few plates and doileys, and a plate each of biscuits and cakes. If the tea-service only can be accommodated, another table conveniently near, may do duty.

The lady who presides over the tea-urn has a very dainty office to perform, but if she has a correct understanding of her duties, she will not find her place a sinecure. The hostess cannot perform her task as such, and preside at the tea-table, but she will, if there be no daughter of the house, select some guest under her roof, or an intimate friend, to act for her. It is the duty of this person to see that each cup of tea which she dispenses, is as perfect as it is possible for her to make it, and one of the first requisites of this is heat. The English complain that it is impossible to get a cup of *hot* tea in America, and yet this difficulty is an easy one to overcome. But of the method of preparing this *piece de resistance*, I will speak later. The water boiling, the tea "drawn," a "cozy" should be pulled over the tea-pot, to keep in the steam, with which would escape much of the aroma. Before pouring, a little boiling water should be left for a few moments in the cup. With these precautions, our transatlantic friends will find no fault, though there may be some truth in the statement I once heard made, that their throats, like a ship's bottom, are "coppered."

Each guest will find the way to the tea-table, and make her wishes known without waiting to be asked. Here let me say what would hardly appear needful, but for many inquiries which have proved it so. No special introduction to the lady presiding is required. It is not only proper but obligatory that the guest show breeding as well as kindliness, by making, if need be, an effort to enter into conversation with her. The fact of meeting under the roof of a mutual friend, is sufficient introduction. A witty and observing person should fill this place, that she may aid in setting the ball of conversation rolling among those she gathers about her. In the drawing-room even quite young children will prove useful in passing biscuits, tea and plates. The help of a servant will be needed most in quietly replenishing and removing dishes.

If the affair is too large to manage in this easy way, the service may be placed upon the dining-table, but this should not be set as for an evening party. There should be here also an air of graceful informality. The tea-service will, of course, occupy the prominent place, a bowl of flowers and pretty centre cloth may be used, but there should be no elaborate attempt at decoration. The help of a servant is here more necessary, but should be as unobtrusive as possible.

The entertainment of the "inner man" may be very limited, or of great variety. Thin bread and butter, tea, olives, preserved ginger, may be served with perfect propriety; while those having the means and will, may build upon these honest foundations. I gave in answer to a correspondent, a series of simple but sufficient menus in GOOD HOUSEKEEPING for February 15, so will not repeat them here. Among more substantial dishes, cold meats and light salads may be used, but ices are neither necessary nor in keeping.

In preparing tea, the water to be used should never be poured directly from the kitchen kettle into the urn. It should be cold, *fresh* water, brought absolutely to the boiling point. The tea used will, of course, differ according to taste, but none is better for the purpose than the best English breakfast. The leaves must be placed in the pot in the proportion of a heaping teaspoonful to each person. Upon these leaves pour a small quantity of boiling water; never use all of the latter needed at once, as a sudden rush will certainly "drown" the tea. Now pull the cozy over the tea-pot and allow the contents to draw a few moments, when you will have the best infusion possible; repeat this process as many times as needed; after using the first potful and filling once more with boiling water, the tea loses in strengh and flavor. Boiled tea is hurtful and breakfast tea should never be steeped upon the stove. It will not often be necessary to strain where these directions are followed, but the sudden addition of water floats the leaves which do not again settle.

Russian tea is simply served without cream, and instead, a slice of lemon. For the preparation of this, an old Russian recipe may be acceptable: To one-half pound of tea, add one large lump of sugar; spread the tea upon a board, crush the leaves and sugar with a rolling-pin as finely as possible; mix thoroughly. In making, add the water very gradually. I will say for the benefit of those who dislike sugar, that it cannot be detected. In what lies the virtue I cannot say, but certain it is that tea thus made is delicious.

Russian tea, poured upon finely chopped ice, served in *tall thin glasses*, set each upon a small glass plate, is acceptable, and dainty for a summer or sea-side "Tea." With it should be served long strips of rusk, or a delicate sandwich, made of chopped and highly seasoned hard-boiled eggs. As in the case of hot tea, a lump or two of sugar should be placed upon each saucer or plate. Loaf or lump sugar alone should be used.

In closing, I would say that although gentlemen are more rarely able to accept such an invitation, it is more elegant that they should be asked. No formal acceptation or regret is necessary, but each guest will leave a card, if present, in the place designated, and in case of absence the courtesy must be recognized by a card, which may be sent by a friend, or by mail on the day itself. In case four teas are given, the card need not, of course, be sent more than once, if it is impossible to be present at any one of them. The recognition of the invitation by a card is expected from people in mourning.

The costume appropriate for a guest is a handsome walking or visiting dress, while the hostess may wear either a dressy house toilet, or one of the exquisite tea-gowns, the fashion for which we have borrowed with the custom.

—*Anna Sawyer.*





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—VI.

A Cup of Good Coffee.

AS DESCRIBED AND PREPARED BY CATHERINE OWEN.



PEOPLE often speak of the delicious coffee they drank at this place or that, as something quite unattainable in their own homes; yet, as rich, fragrant, clear coffee is no more expensive than strong coffee—thick and muddy, bitter, but not fragrant—there is no reason why every one should not revel in the simple luxury. First of all, as to the pot: Some people seem to have quite a superstition about a coffee-pot. The fact is that any absolutely clean pot will make good coffee, and I have made as good coffee in a warmed pitcher as ever was made in the most perfect of filtering pots.

Strong French or filtered coffee is not used in many families, because it is believed to be more expensive; but this mistake comes from the fact that the experiment is often made with coffee too coarsely ground. Grocers usually grind coffee like coarse oatmeal; but coffee so used is very extravagant, for you require double the quantity necessary. Coffee should be ground as fine as coarse corn meal—not so fine as flour, or it will clog the strainer—and it should be freshly ground each time coffee is made. These rules apply both to boiled and filtered coffee.

To Make French Coffee.

Allow for strong breakfast coffee, one tablespoonful of finely-ground coffee for each person, and half a pint of boiling water to each spoonful. Put the coffee into the strainer, and set it where it will get heated, but not burn (the flavor of both coffee and tea are improved by being warmed before the water is added). Pour the freshly-boiled water on the coffee ten minutes before breakfast. Coffee is spoiled if made too long.

If you use the usual French coffee-pot with two strainers, you will save time by pouring the water on a little at a time. There is, however, a coffee-pot that is easier for general use, as the water can all be poured on at once; the process is then exactly the same as making tea, except that part of the water must be poured out and returned.

For black after-dinner coffee, you require four tablespoonfuls of coffee to a pint of water.

You must remember that, in using little water, you make very strong coffee, and you need only each cup one-third or half full; then fill it up with foaming, hot milk. If you live in a city, this is the real expense; but a cup of such coffee is far more nourishing than the usual weak coffee just clouded with milk. For instance: If you put a pint of water on a tablespoonful of coffee, you get two cups of coffee too weak to allow much milk. If you put one-half pint of water to a tablespoonful of coffee, you get two half cups, rich and strong, each of which will allow being filled up with boiling milk. Therefore, you get the same quantity of the beverage in one way as the other; but one will be fragrant and nourishing, the other will be neither.

Just here let me digress from the actual making of coffee to another matter that concerns coffee drinkers. It is often said by those who drink weak coffee for breakfast, such as would be made by using a pint of water to a tablespoonful of coffee, that they would be afraid to drink strong coffee. They will perhaps see from the above that they consume just as much coffee—and whatever unwholesome ingredient it may contain—in the one case as the other, but that, in one case, it is diluted with water, and in the other with milk. The moral they can draw for themselves.

Any reader who has not tried making French coffee, and has no proper pot, can experiment in the following way:

French Coffee in a Pitcher.

Put two full tablespoonfuls of finely-ground coffee in a well-warmed pitcher; pour on it a pint of freshly-boiled water, and stir it to saturate the coffee; cover close with a cloth pressed into the top, and let it stand on the range five minutes. Have another heated vessel (a pitcher, if you choose); lay a piece of muslin (scalded) over it, and pour the coffee carefully through it. This will be clear, fragrant coffee.

Boiled Coffee.

This is preferred by many, although it lacks the aroma of filtered coffee, which some consider a *raw* flavor. Put two tablespoonfuls of coffee into an ordinary coffee-pot, with a pint of boiling water. Stir it well: then let it just boil up, and set it where it will keep hot, but *not boil*. Throw into it a tablespoonful of cold water, and in five minutes pour out a cupful of the coffee, return it to the pot, repeat this, leave it five minutes to settle, and the coffee will be perfectly clear, without any egg to clear it.

Of course I am assuming, when I promise good coffee from either of these methods, that you use the best quality of coffee. Out of poor coffee, you may make a *clear liquid*, but you can never make fine coffee. By fresh-boiled water, I mean water which has not been kept boiling, but is used as soon as it boils.

But it is not enough to know how to make good coffee. There are mysteries about it which beset even those who understand how to make it—periods when the coffee will be poor in spite of the quantity or quality of coffee used, or it will be bitter, black, and flavorless, even though we know we have the finest Java, the very same that has yielded golden fragrance to us heretofore. So it seems to me not enough to tell how to perform the simple feat of making coffee, but how to explain the periodical deterioration to which it is sub-

ject. The first difficulty is that of a weak product, in spite of the fact that you know the right quantity of coffee, and not too much water, is used. You may be almost sure, in this instance, that the coffee is not ground fine enough, half of it, probably, being as large as rice. Alter the screw of your mill. It is harder work to grind coffee when the mill is screwed tight, and you may not find it easy to keep it screwed just right, for it will develop a perverse tendency to loosen under Delia's care, which you will know by your coffee being weak and your grocer's bill long.

Another trouble that seems sometimes unaccountable: The coffee will be cloudy in spite of strainers. There is only one honest reason for this—the coffee may be ground too fine. But this is unlikely; it is more probable that the water has been poured all at once into the strainer, instead of gradually. This would have taken a long time to drip through, and a spoon has been used to facilitate the process, and muddy coffee is the result.

Sometimes families will have trouble of another sort. The coffee will be strong and bitter, without aroma, and when milk is added, instead of the beautiful, clear brown it should be, it will be of a blackish hue. This kind of poor coffee will come to the table week after week, and the quality of the coffee itself be blamed. It comes from one of two causes: it has been made too long and kept hot in the pot, or the pot itself is not well kept.

Not even milk pans require more scrupulous care than the coffee-pot. It may be rinsed after each time of using, and yet be far from clean. There is an oily property about coffee which adheres in spite of rinsing out. You can see this for yourself by taking almost any coffee-pot that has been some time in use (unless it has been very carefully kept), and you will find clinging to it a sort of black grease (not brown); this will come off if you rub a cloth round the inside. Now, this deposit, for some reason which I should like to have explained, destroys the fragrance, color, and flavor of coffee. If you see your coffee looks black-brown instead of ruddy brown, you will know it will be flavorless, however strong.

To keep this black oil from the pot, it must be daily washed (not rinsed), scalded, and *dried*. Each piece of a French coffee-pot should be separately dried before it is put away. If packed together wet, the strainers will in time give a metallic taste. Another reason for great care is that, without it, the strainers get clogged and the coffee will not go through.

If you find your coffee-pot has been neglected, put a piece of washing-soda as large as a hickory-nut into hot water; set the strainers in it; let them stand on the stove for hours; put the same in the coffee-pot; then rub and brush both till the wire gauze is clear and all the black removed; then run boiling water slowly through, and dry it. Let the care be daily afterwards. The grease will not form, nor will the gauze fill up, if a pint or so of boiling water is poured through *every* morning and it is dried before being put away. *Cold* water is worse than useless, as it sets the oil. Sometimes the coffee-pot is put away exactly as it leaves the table, with left-over coffee in it. This should never be.

In drying the coffee-pot, or warming it, be careful not to let it get too hot, or there will be the flavor of burnt coffee to spoil the beverage for that occasion.

—*Catherine Owen.*



FRUIT AS A FOOD.

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

VI.—THE APPLE (Continued).



IN addition to the long list of recipes given last month for the use of the apple in making pies, sauces and puddings, this most cosmopolitan of fruits may be used in a multitude of other ways, in the preparation of foods and relishes, luxuries and substantials. In every case, when properly prepared, the product will be found appetizing, nutritious and health-giving. Apples are steadily becoming more plenty, the facilities for shipping them long distances insures from a "famine," such as years ago used to result from partial failure of the crop; better varieties are being planted and brought into bearing; and the prices are steadily being lowered for a good quality of fruit.

Under these circumstances, the housewife who studies a generous use of this standard fruit will make no mistake. When the fresh apples are not to be had, the dried or evaporated or canned goods can always be obtained, so that it is at hand all the year around. In a general way, and for nearly every use, the canned or evaporated goods will be found to answer all purposes when the fruit in its natural state is not to be had. So that, unlike other fruits, which have their "seasons," the apple is always with us. With this bit of introduction, we turn again to the giving of recipes:—

Apple Jelly, No. 1.

Take good, juicy sour apples, cut them up, removing all imperfections, and stew till soft. Strain or drain out the juice, taking care that none of the pulp goes through the strainer, boil to the thickness of molasses, and add a pound of sugar for each pound of the juice, stirring till dissolved. To each twenty pounds of the jelly add an ounce of the extract of lemon, turn into jars or tumblers, and set away for use. It will keep a long time, and is one of the best of jellies for general use.

Apple Jelly, No. 2.

Take the apples as above, slicing fine, and put the slices into a jelly kettle with just enough water to cover them. Stew slowly till soft, then press gently through a flannel bag, and boil the juice thus secured for half an hour. Then to each quart of juice add a pint of sugar, place over the fire again and boil for a few minutes, till it jellies when dropped on a plate. The addition of a quince for every dozen apples gives a fine flavor to the jelly. Crab apples may be used in this manner, requiring a little larger proportion of sugar.

Canned Apples.

It is very easy and satisfactory to can a quantity of apples, for use after the natural fruit has lost its flavor. There are numerous methods of proceeding, of which the following will be found satisfactory: Peel and core the

apples, cutting them into quarters or eighths, according to fancy. Stew in a preserving kettle till tender, but not broken, add as much sweetening as may be desired, fill the cans and seal while hot.

Appleade.

A refreshing drink is made by baking three or four sour apples, mashing them in a porcelain dish, adding half a cupful of sugar, and pouring boiling water over them. When cold, strain, and sweeten to the taste. A still simpler way is to stir a tablespoonful of apple jelly into a tumbler of cold water.

Apple Jam, No. 1.

To each pound of tart apples, pared, cored and chopped fine, add three-fourths pound of sugar, and the juice and finely cut rind of a lemon. For each three pounds of apples, add a heaping teaspoonful of ginger. Stew all together for an hour, then put in cans and cover carefully, keeping in a cool, dry place.

Apple Jam, No. 2.

Peel, core and chop fine the tart apples. For each pound take a pound of brown sugar, of which make a sirup and clarify it well. Then add the apples, and for each two pounds the grated rind of a lemon, with a few pieces of ginger. Boil till the apples look clear and yellow, and at once put into the cans.

Apples and Cream.

A very pleasant breakfast dish, with the oatmeal, may be made of fresh, mellow, uncooked sweet apples, pared, sliced, and covered with sweet cream, a light sprinkling of sugar being added.

There are numerous ways of baking apples to make a delightful dish, using either sour or sweet fruit. Earthen or porcelain vessels should be employed; never tin, as the acid of the fruit will be liable to act upon it. By removing the cores of whole apples and filling the cavities with raisins and other delicacies, as the wit of a bright woman will easily suggest, the variations may be extended indefinitely.

Baked Apples, No. 1.

Either sweet or sour fruit may be used, selecting specimens of the same size and kind. If sweet, a little hot water should be poured about them when they are set in the oven; if sour, either a little sugar should be added to the water, or the cores should be removed and the cavities filled with sugar. Bake in a moderate oven till entirely soft, turning the dish from time to time, so that they will bake evenly. Lift the cooked fruit carefully into the dish from which it is to be served, and pour over it the juice, which makes an agreeable sirup.

Baked Apples, No. 2.

Wash large tart apples of uniform size, remove the cores and place them side by side in the dish. Fill each cavity with brown sugar, pour a cupful of hot water into the pan, and bake in a quick oven. When thoroughly done, remove to a flat dish, leaving the softest, from which the skin is to be removed. It is then beaten into a pulp and stirred into the juice, a sprinkle of cinnamon or nutmeg, a teaspoonful of butter and a pinch of salt being added. If not sweet enough, add sugar to the taste. This is poured over the apples in the dish, and when cool forms a delicious jelly, making a very attractive appearance.

Baked Apples, No. 3.

Peel and core large sour apples, slicing them into a granite or crockery dish, sprinkling by layers with sugar to sweeten, and adding a dust of cinnamon or nutmeg. Pour on half a cupful of water for each quart of fruit, cover with a plate and bake slowly for three hours. Let them cool in the same dish till solid like jelly, then turn out upon the serving dish.

Coddled Apples.

Peel and core tart apples, arrange them in a dish deep enough so that they may be covered, and fill each cavity with sugar. Dredge sugar over them, pour in a cupful of hot water, cover closely, and simmer in the oven or on the top of the stove, as may be most convenient, till soft. Lift them without breaking into the dish in which they are to be served, add a dust of nutmeg to the sirup and pour it over them.

Apple Omelet.

Beat separately to a stiff froth the whites and yolks of four eggs. Cut the whites into the yolks, sifting in two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. Turn into a larded frying pan, and when it thickens spread quickly with apple sauce, sweetened to the taste. Fold the omelet, turn it upon the platter, and serve hot.

Apples with Bread and Milk.

A delicious luncheon dish is made by slicing perfectly ripe, mellow sweet apples into a bowl of rich milk and bread. The more common way is to bake the apples, unpeeled, in a slow oven, till tender, then slicing into the bread and milk; but many on trial prefer the uncooked fruit.

Apple Slump.

This is an old-fashioned New England dish, as its name would indicate. (It has some even less poetic names than the one quoted.) Pare, core and quarter a dozen tart, juicy apples, pour over them a cupful of hot water, and place them in a kettle on the back of the stove. Five minutes later add two cupfuls of molasses. After this has cooked for perhaps five minutes more, cover with a paste made from a heaping pint of sifted flour, a teaspoonful of sugar and two of baking power, with sufficient sweet milk to make a soft dough. Put this over the apples, which should be tender but not broken, cover the kettle closely, and cook for twenty-five minutes without lifting the cover. For a sauce, cream a cupful of sugar with half a cupful of butter, stirring in, just before serving, a scant cupful of boiling milk or water, with seasoning to suit the palate.

Frosted Apples.

Peel and core a plate of apples, and steam till tender, sprinkling them with sugar. Beat the white of an egg to a stiff froth, add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and when firm frost the apples, browning slightly in the oven.

Whipped Apples.

Strain the pulp of roasted apples, and for each pint take a half-pint of pulverized sugar and the whites of three eggs. Beat the whites of egg to a stiff froth, then add a spoonful of the apple and a spoonful of sugar alternately, beating all together till the mixture stands perfectly stiff on the spoon. Of the yolks of the eggs, make a boiled custard with a pint of milk and two tablespoonfuls of sugar, flavored with vanilla. Put this custard in saucers and cover with the apple sauce.

Apple Tarts, No. 1.

For a dozen tarts, cut three dozen disks, and with a smaller cutter cut out the center of two-thirds the number. Pile two of the rings upon each disk and bake, filling each cavity with rich apple sauce, pouring over that a teaspoonful of whipped cream. Almost any fruit jam, jelly or sauce may be used instead of the apple.

Apple Tarts, No. 2.

Line deep patty tins with thin paste, on which spread sour apples cut into eighths and again cut through the center. Pile the apple, sprinkle with sugar, and on each pour a teaspoonful of water flavored with lemon. Bake and serve with a tablespoonful of whipped cream on each tart.

Apple Pandowdy.

This is another old-time dish, none the less delectable on account of its antiquity. Line the bottom and sides of a deep baking dish with thin slices of buttered bread, letting them take the place of the usual paste lining. Put in as thick a layer of thinly sliced apples as the dish will accommodate, sprinkle with nutmeg or cinnamon, and turn over a cupful of brown sugar dissolved in half the volume of hot water. Over the top put another layer of the bread, cover the dish with a plate, and bake slowly for an hour and a half. It is served hot, inverted on a platter, with liquid sauce or cream.

Boiled Apple Dumpling.

To six large potatoes, boiled and mashed, add a cupful of sifted flour and a teaspoonful of cold water. Roll this out upon the molding board, leaving the middle portion thicker than the edges. Fill the center with peeled and quartered apples, and gather the edges of the paste over them. Scald a canton flannel pudding cloth, three-fourths of a yard square, dredge it with flour, and lay in the pudding. Gather up the cloth and tie it very tightly, leaving room for the pudding to swell; boil for three hours. Press the water from the ends of the cloth, untie, and turn it away from the pudding. Invert a hot platter over the dumpling, turn all over again, and serve at once. A good sauce is made by creaming together half a cupful of butter and a cupful of sugar, beaten till white. Set the bowl in a pan of water and let the sauce melt slowly. Just before serving, stir in slowly half a cupful of hot water, and any flavor desired. Other fruits, as well as apples, can be used in this manner.

Baked Apple Dumpling.

Into a pint of flour sift two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, rub in a large teaspoonful of butter, mix with a gill and a half of milk, and roll out to the thickness of rather thick pie paste. Cut into large disks, into each of which put a tart apple, peeled, cored and quartered. Pinch the dough together, and place them, smooth side up, on a buttered plate. Bake thirty-five or forty minutes. They may also be steamed for about the same length of time. Serve with sweetened cream or liquid sauce.

Apple Fritters.

Beat two eggs, stir into them a cupful of sweet milk, and a pint and a half of flour, with three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Mix in a scant pint of peeled, cored and chopped apples, and fry in hot lard; or the apples may be sliced thin and the slices dropped into the batter.

Apple Butter.

Take sweet cider, on the day it comes from the press, boil it down one-half, and add slightly more than half the quantity of pared, cored and sliced apples. Cook slowly and carefully, stirring with a long wooden paddle which reaches the bottom of the kettle, and skimming when necessary. When the apple begins to break, sweeten to taste, but it is better if left quite tart. Continue the cooking and stirring till the apple becomes a homogeneous mass like marmalade. It will keep for any length of time in stone jars or wooden vessels.

Apple Croquettes.

In the bottom of a saucepan put a tablespoonful of water and add a quart of peeled, cored and sliced apples, with the proper amount of seasoning, butter and sugar. Cover the dish and place it where the apples will cook slowly. When the apples are tender, add a teaspoonful of cornstarch which has been mixed with a tablespoonful of water, stirring well. When the apples have cooked for ten minutes longer, stir in two well-beaten eggs and cook for another minute, stirring constantly. Rub the mixture through a strainer on to a buttered dish, and set it away to cool. When cool roll into cylindrical form, coating with beaten egg, followed by bread crumbs, fry in fat for a minute and a half, drain well and roll in powdered sugar, serving while hot.

German Apple Soup.

In two quarts of water put two tablespoonfuls of washed rice, a teaspoonful of salt, and six tart apples cut fine but not peeled. After cooking for half an hour, rub through a sieve, then return to the fire, adding half a teaspoonful of cinnamon, a cupful of sugar and a handful of finely cut citron. Boil again for three minutes, when it is ready to serve.

—Mrs. Minerva Van Wyck.

SUMMER DRINKS.

Mead—No. 1.

One-fourth pound of tartaric acid, four pounds of sugar, two quarts of boiling water; when cold add one-fourth ounce of any essence, and bottle. This will fill four bottles.

Mead—No. 2.

One-fourth pound of tartaric acid, one-fourth ounce of essence of sassafras, two quarts of boiling water, three-fourths pound of sugar, one and one-half pints of molasses. Let it stand in a cool place twenty-four hours, then strain and bottle. Mead should always be kept in a cool place. To use, place a tablespoonful in a tumbler, fill with cold water, add one-fourth of a teaspoonful of soda, and it will foam and be found a delicious drink.

Egg Drink.

One quart of cold water, a cupful of sugar, an egg, a teaspoonful of tartaric acid. Beat the egg to a froth, beat in the sugar, add the other ingredients, stir well and drink at once.

Pink Lemonade.

A change from the ordinary lemonade may be made by coloring it a pretty shade of pink with cochineal coloring, made in the following manner: Boil together, for twenty minutes, one ounce of cochineal, one ounce of cream of tartar, one-fourth of an ounce of alum, one-half pint of water. A small quantity will suffice to color the lemonade, and will not materially change the taste.

Gelatine Jellies—Orange Jelly.

The juice of four oranges, grated rind of one, juice and rind of one lemon, one and one-half cupfuls of sugar. Put one-half a box of gelatine in cold water, let it stand two hours; add a pint of boiling water and the other ingredients; pour into moulds and set on ice to cool.

Lemon Jelly.

Soak one-half box of gelatine, as in preceding rule, and with the hot water add the juice and grated rind of five lemons, two cupfuls of white sugar and the beaten whites of four eggs.

Peach Jelly.

Prepare the gelatine as before, add one-half pound of sugar, one-half dozen peaches (pared and sliced), the juice of two lemons and two teaspoonfuls of vanilla.

—Inez Redding.

A Royal Housewife

And Some of Her Admirable Domestic Arrangements

By Marion Perry

WHEN Queen Victoria first "set up" housekeeping she found the royal domestic accounts in the utmost confusion. The greatest disorder prevailed, with reckless waste in every department and a discipline of the loosest sort. Servants came and went as they pleased, having so many masters that they were, in the end, really accountable to no one. Such a condition of affairs distressed the methodical soul of the young sovereign, impelling her to a declaration of war against waste and irregularities in the domestic proceedings.

In the work of reform upon which she immediately started she succeeded admirably, though not without trouble and annoyance. Now, the royal housekeeping is equal to the best in the world. In her majesty's immense establishment at Windsor, with its two thousand employes and dependents, the greatest harmony prevails, the whole domestic machinery moving as by clockwork. All over the vast palace the same order and regularity obtains. Every article has its number, place, and season. Bedding, carpets, and furniture are constantly overlooked, and picked, cleaned, beaten, or polished, according to class.

Her majesty is a strict, though a kind, mistress, and is exceedingly particular as to cleanliness and perfect order. Once, having come across a neglected cabinet in a small room not often used, she wrote her well-known signature across the dust. Next day in going again to the same room, the queen observed that no notice had been taken of the cabinet. Beneath the royal signature she then traced the name of the maid who had so palpably neglected her duty. Next morning not only the initials and the name had disappeared but the girl as well. She was brought back, dreadfully frightened; but the queen spoke kindly to her and retained her in her service. Indeed, her majesty is an exemplary mistress. Any servant who conscientiously performs his or her duties is sure of a good place and kind treatment for life. When age or infirmity incapacitates from further usefulness, a pension and a comfortable home are assured. There is a physician regularly employed at Windsor for attendance upon the servants, and, should the circumstances seem to call for it, the queen does not hesitate to send her own body physician to look into the case. And her majesty is always interested in the personal affairs of her servants, however trivial they may seem, often giving suggestion and advice in the most kindly manner.

The queen abhors debt, paying as she goes, like any other sensible and thrifty housewife; and ordering her supplies, with strict impartiality, from every part of the kingdom. She wastes nothing, she stints in nothing, but practices a "splendid economy" that calls forth the admiration of her ministers. From the commencement of her reign to the present time, the queen has not asked the nation for one penny towards any extra outlay for the entertainment of

foreign potentates, or for her part in any of the national displays, covering the expenditure from her own purse.

Notwithstanding her age, the queen is an almost constant worker, beginning her labors early in the day when, at breakfast, the clerk of the kitchen presents to her the suggested menus for the day. These her majesty personally overlooks, adding to or taking from, as she may wish, making the corrections in her own hand, upon the side of the sheet. She also directs the nursery dietary for those of her young grandchildren who may be visiting her. These lists are sent back to the kitchen, confectionery, and other departments before ten o'clock. The provision rooms at Windsor are never crowded with a great quantity of material. Each article of household consumption is kept in a little cupboard by itself. Everything is measured or weighed by the clerk of the kitchen, according to figures recorded against each item on the various menus. No perishable articles ever come to the storeroom. The confectioners' materials are kept in a little room apart, snowy white and fitted up with small cupboards and glass-covered receptacles. It is in this room that all the sweets and cakes made for the queen are checked according to order book, and packed, to be sent to whichever of her palaces her majesty may be occupying. A list of such dainties sent on her majesty's order shows that she has a decided liking for sweets.

Her majesty's kitchen is immense, and is ruled over by a *chef* under whom are four master cooks. A large table of steel is in the middle of the room. The top and legs are hollow and the whole is heated by steam, which keeps the viands hot while the army of servants dish them. There are huge open fireplaces where great joints and quarters are roasted, and small ones where a limited number of birds can be spitted.

But for all this the queen's own fare, though served upon a beautifully decorated table, is plain, her tastes in food and drink being simple, and her appetite small. While her china closet is stocked with costly and beautiful ware, her meals are almost invariably served from gold or silver plate, the glass used being very thin and quite plain, save for the queen's monogram upon one side. For state occasions, however, there is a priceless set of cut glass, heavy and magnificent. The preferred china dinner service is of Chantilly ware, the borders of royal blue and rich gold and each center an exquisitely painted bird. The plates are valued at ten guineas each. There is a splendid Chelsea set, painted brilliantly with birds and butterflies which, strange to say, is never used. There are many other sets, dinner and dessert, but the only one that finds favor in her majesty's eyes is a very pretty one made for her by Minton late in the seventies. It has a beautiful blue border, with medallions inclosing the rose, shamrock, and thistle, painted in Sèvres style. A blue medallion fills the center of each piece, on which are the initials "V. R." in raised gold. This service is always used on great occasions. The most charming of the many coffee and tea sets is again of Sèvres, a wine-colored ground paneled in exquisite landscapes and heads in medallions. Her majesty's table-linen is of the finest and best. In most of it the insignia of the Garter, the Royal Arms, or the national emblems of Great Britain appear. All the linen is carefully inspected once a year, and any that is in the least worn is sent to the hospitals and charitable institutions.

Queen Victoria has the finest collection of plate in the world, and she is justly proud of her magnificent storerooms at Windsor. Before age and increasing infirmities deprived her of much of her bodily activity, it was her custom to visit them frequently, and carefully overlook her splendid possessions. Even now she occasionally visits there in her wheeled chair, and not one article in her collection but she remembers. Altogether her plate is valued at three million pounds.

The queen, although passionately fond of children, was always a wise as well as a loving mother, never permitting her heart to get the better of her head. As her children began their growth, no pains were spared to make them mentally, morally, and physically fitted to the high station to which they were born. The strictest surveillance was kept upon the nursery, which was placed next the queen's own rooms, that she might have the children nearer to herself, and in her busy life she always made time to wash, with her own hands, the latest new baby. All of her children were laid in the same cradle — now handed over to the Duchess of York for the use of *her* babies — and the christening robes and laces were used by the royal children in succession. They were taught to be temperate, considerate, studious, and polite. Their apparel was always good and suitable, but no extravagance was permitted. The queen strictly commanded that they be kept away from publicity, many of the Court knowing them only by sight. Progress in their studies was perpetually reported. Generosity was inculcated, and birthdays were made much of, after the German fashion. The speaking of foreign languages was encouraged by tableaus and private theatricals, and to stimulate them to the acquirement of the domestic arts, their royal mother made over to the children a small cottage where the girls could learn to cook and keep house and the boys engage in carpentry and gardening.

Each of her children was studied by her majesty, and a course of religious training mapped out for each particular soul. The following is part of the course prescribed by the queen for the princess royal, now the widowed Empress Frederick: "I am quite clear that she should be taught to have great reverence for God and for religion, and that she should have the feeling of devotion and love which our Heavenly Father encourages his earthly children to have for him, and not one of fear and trembling."

This royal housewife, wise mother, and gentle mistress is also a most gracious, tactful, and considerate hostess. She is a delightful conversationalist, being up to date on all topics of the day, and well informed on grave subjects, with a keen interest in and a great respect for the opinions of the learned.

Notwithstanding all the duties appertaining to her lofty station, and the strain of constant personal care for her children's health, morals, and education, the looking well after the ways of her kingdom and her household, Queen Victoria yet found time to perfect herself in her favorite pursuits, for she is an accomplished woman, being a thorough musician and having been in her day a sweet singer, a beautiful dancer, and a fair artist, besides being always a strong and clear writer and a fluent linguist. She has kept her mind fresh by reading the best literature of all times, and herself in touch with the social problems and great thinkers of

the day, altogether rounding her life into a fair and well-nigh perfect whole.

For those housewives of less lofty station who never "have time" for study, reading, or the practice of such accomplishments as in their girlhood they acquired, it might be well to examine into the methods and principles of that devoted wife, true mother, excellent housewife, good woman, and accomplished lady, Victoria, Empress and Queen!



THE STORE-ROOM.

Will you walk into the store-room?
Apple of the housewife's eye;
On the shelves the fruits of Summer
Waiting to be eaten lie.

Never honey-bees provided
Greater store of garnered sweet,
Boasting such a rich profusion,
Than will here the gazer meet;

All the weary hours of labor,
All the heat, the anxious care,
Are dissolved in satisfaction
Viewing now the scene so fair.

Rows of glasses filled with jelly,
Palest amber, deepest red,
Charm the eye with pleasant color
When the light is o'er them shed.

Here stand pots of pickled peaches,
Charming other sense than sight;
Spicy fragrant odors filling
All the air with sweet delight.

Small white jars in endless number
Bear the modest label "jam";
Dainty dear to heart of schoolboy
Studying the verb "to cram."

Cans of pears in creamy whiteness
Shine through glass in tempting guise—
Luscious quinces just beside them
In a red-gold liquid rise.

Berries from the garden-bushes
Calm their destiny await;
Swallowed up in pies and tartlets
Is their unpoetic fate.

And as winter's icy season
Melts upon approach of spring,
So the contents of the store-room
Melt away or take their wing.

"To be swallowed" is the watch-word
Written on the store-room door,
One by one each jar is emptied;
Jam and jellies are no more.

But another year, the housewife
Still with air of pride will stand
Pointing to a well-filled store-room—
Labor of her busy hand.

There are words of commendation
Spoken in quaint Scripture phrase
Of the many patient women
Looking well to household ways.

Far above the precious ruby
Is her value's estimate;
"Children rise and call her blessed"—
"Men shall praise her, small and great,"—

"Strength and honor are her clothing"—
Are the words not rich and sweet?
Glorifying all her labor,
Making woman's crown complete.

—Ella Lyle.

THROUGH LONDON ON A BARGE.

BY F. M. HOLMES.



"HOW goes it, old feller?"

"Oh! pretty fair; keeps knockin' about pretty steddy."

He is a pleasant, good-tempered sort of man: not at all like the coarse, foul-mouthed bargee one thinks of as typical of the race; and he has a cheerful greeting for most of the men he passes.

His wife is something like him in temper, and his introduction of her is queer.

"Oh yes, go in the cabin. The missus is there; she won't hurt you; she is very quiet;"—a gentle indication, we take it, that some bargees' missuses are not so pleasantly disposed.

Within the cabin a plague of flies is going on. The wretched insects are buzzing everywhere. On the right hand stretches a broad settle, on which a bed could be made up at night; in front is another, though smaller, settle; while on the left are cupboards in which the bedding can be kept.

"Sleep here? Oh yes; and we shets the doors and the top part there, and we're as snug as possible."

Ugh! the very idea is repulsive. The cabin is stuffy even now—as stuffy as some country cottages—and what it must be with the doors and hatchway shut is sickening to contemplate. Strange, the inflexible dislike which some among us cherish to fresh air in their dwellings. But the bargee likes his life.

"I'd sooner live in our boat than in they places," says he, pointing to some London dwellings on the canal side. "I lay a penny we're more comfortable than what they are in their rooms. And if it's anyways hot, you can always hev a bath!"

A glance at the dirty greenish water did not promise a very enjoyable ablution. But not long before I had seen a boy lie on his chest over the canal side and wash his face in the water, and then comfortably polish his dripping countenance with his cap. So, apparently, this is one of the unrecognised uses of the canal.

"I was born in a boat," declares bargee in a triumphant tone, "and I've bin at the work all my life. Yes, I likes it all right."

He seemed to do so. There was an air of contented happiness about him which was as refreshing in its way as, no doubt, he found the canal bath.

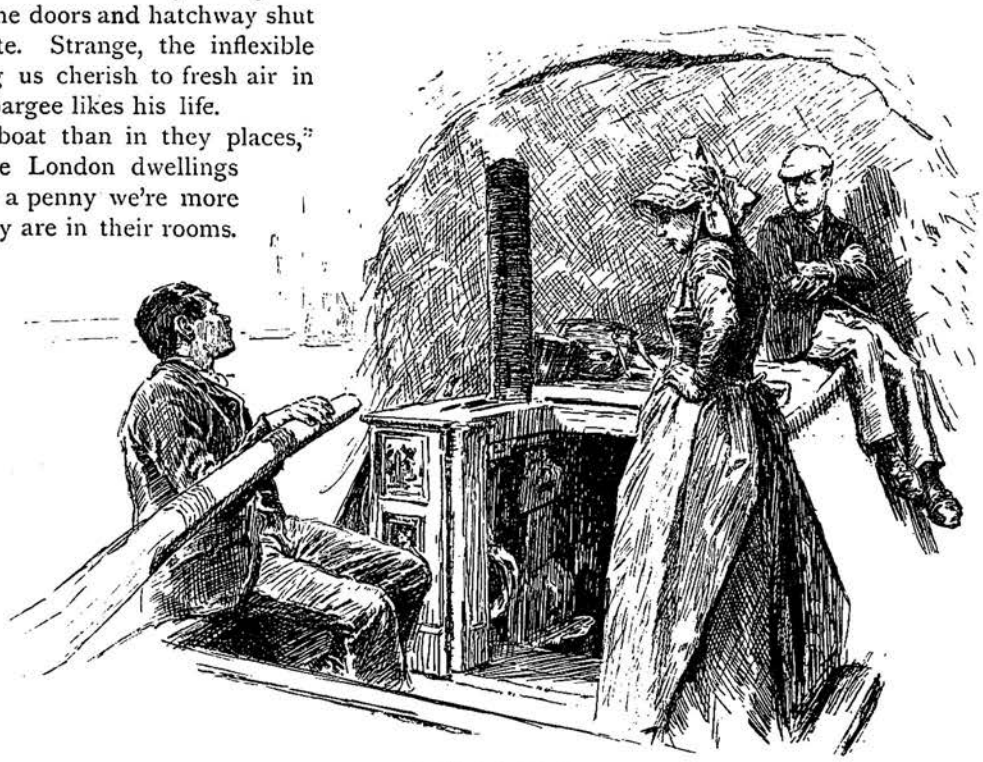
"Is that a lamp you've got over there?"

Yes, that was the lamp, and so polished was the little brass contrivance that it shone like gold.

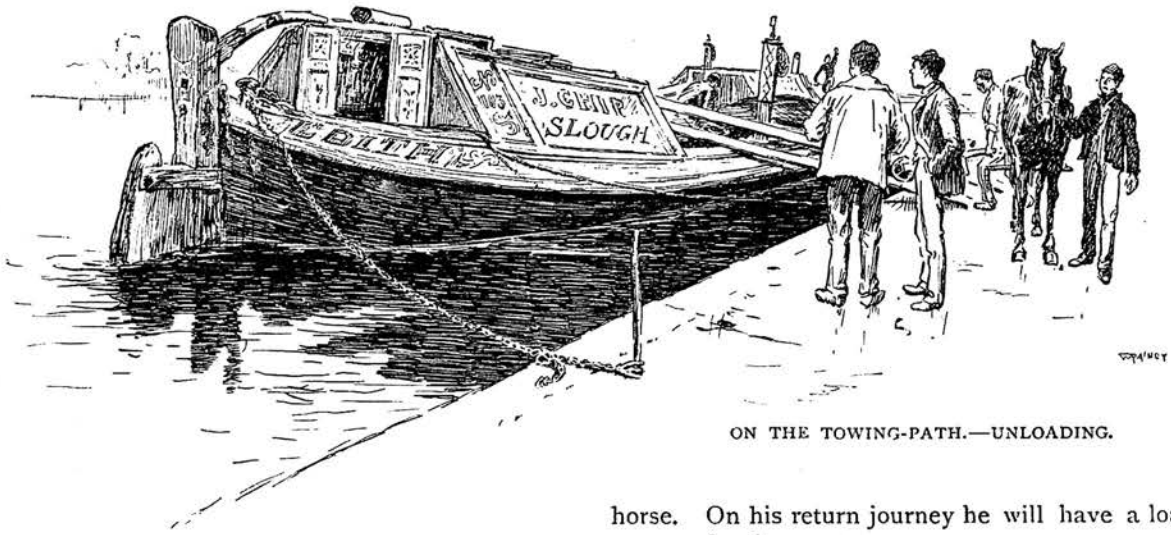
Near by gleamed a brass candlestick, equally bright, and the ticking of a small clock sounded distinctly through the cabin. For all the world, the narrow little room looked like a small cottage kitchen; and the ticking of the clock, heard here so clearly, though the roar of London sounded without, added to the semblance.

Yet, of course, there were differences. The stove would perhaps seldom, or never, be seen in a cottage. It was on the left as you entered, near the door, and on the opposite side from the broad settle. It was a curious egg-shaped contrivance of iron, with the lower part of the oval cut off, as it were, and the upper point prolonged into a pipe which passed through the roof, and served as chimney. A large part of the front could be removed, to disclose the glowing fire, or hooked on to serve as a "blower," and save puffing out the cheeks of the fire-lighter.

Like a cottage kitchen, too, was some of the painting. It glared in such crudely vivid colours that South Kensington would have been shocked. Nor was the scene depicted, which represented a curious



A STRAW BARGE.



ON THE TOWING-PATH.—UNLOADING.

kind of a castle, particularly enchanting. This adornment beamed forth from cupboards—or, being on the water, we should call them lockers—lining the left side of the little cabin.

"Roof watertight? Oh, yes, that's safe enough."

It rises a little above the sides of the barge, so that more height is given within the cabin, which is situate at the stern of the boat, and the level space affords a sufficiently pleasant lounging-place outside in fine weather. The narrow doors of the cabin open outward near the tiller, and the "man-hole," or hatchway, at the top gives space in which the tiller can work. When not wanted, the tiller can be unshipped from the rudder.

Crudely bright colours flame outside the barge cabin, as well as inside. It is adorned, too, by the name of its owner and the place whence it hails, or is registered—for each canal-boat used as a dwelling must now be registered, according to the Acts of 1877 and 1884—and so the names of Uxbridge, Paddington, Berkhampstead, and others, shine forth on the gaudy frame-work.

"Now, then, get out the whip!" cries bargee. "Let 'em know we're comin'."

The long lash is not intended for the horse's back. That patient quadruped is not far off, stepping along slowly in front; but the thong could not have reached him. The whip is in the second barge, for we have two, one towing after the other. No; the whip is to make signals. What the whistle is to the engine the whip-crack is to the barge.

Crack! bang! crack!

Like a series of pistol-shots they sound; and there behind, on the second barge, is a youth whirling and curling the long thong around him, and enjoying himself to his heart's content.

The signals produce the desired effect. They "let 'em know we're comin'!" In other words, the men at the bridge near the Paddington Basin make ready to receive us. We have a load of straw from Wendover, and our bargee is the master of two boats. He has a colleague to steer the second barge, a lad to help him on the first, and someone to look after the horse. On his return journey he will have a load of manure for the country.

Now the horse, which on former days has seen work on a farm, is unhooked, and we glide up to the bridge most beautifully. It is a smooth, gliding, easy motion, that of a horse-towed barge on a canal, and the pace is about four miles an hour.

Through the bridge opens up a picturesque little scene. The canal broadens into a small lake, with an island toward the centre, pleasant with trees. Away to the right branches one arm of the water to the Paddington Basin, where the Grand Junction ends in a nest of dust-yards and wharves; and away to the left runs another arm, which is the well-known Regent's Canal. After encircling half London in its sinuous embrace, this noted waterway loses itself in the Thames at Limehouse.

At first some of the bargees view bargee's visitor with suspicion.

"Look out, Bill; here's the School Board man a-comin' arter you!"

"Git down into the cabin, will yer? Hide yerself!"

But, the suspicion allayed, the little maiden appears again at the top of the cabin beside the sleeping dog, and the mother, keeping guard over another child in the cabin, polishes vigorously the shining brassware in her floating home.

The two remarks, made on two different barges, are significant. The School Board inspector is abroad, and the boat children must go to school with the rest. No doubt they hate it; most children do, and have done from Shakespeare's day to this. But the boat parents seem to hate it also.

Why? Not only because they did without it in their young days, but because, being always floating on the smooth surface of their narrow waterway, they have to board and lodge their children in some town or village on shore when they send them to school.

Such, we take it, is the chief reason; for, although some boatmen have homes ashore, many of them live on their barges. That is also, no doubt, the reason why women take part so largely in canal life. You may see a stalwart young damsel guiding the horse on the towing-path, or climbing on old Dobbin's



FOUR MILES AN HOUR.

back when the creature's work is over, and riding it to the stable, or grasping the tiller, and steering the barge itself.

The little maiden of a few summers old, the vigorous young damsel of, perhaps, nineteen or twenty, and women of uncertain age, are all engaged in play or work about the canal-boat. A man and his wife will have charge of one, and while the wife steers the husband drives the horse, or *vice-versâ*. The little toddling child begins to pull at a rope, or shout like its father, and it is wonderful that in the close, confined space it does not get hurt.

Canal life is not without its casualties, if we may judge from the fact that there are several boatmen in the Infirmary of Paddington Workhouse.

"How are you a-goin' on, mate?" shouts a voice from the balcony as the barge glides by.

"Oh, jess right!" returns the boatman, as he gives a turn to the tiller to guide his clumsy, yet easily managed, craft aright.

Yes, he has a friendly word for most of those whom he passes on his watery road; but there are others who seem quite disposed to maintain their tradition for hot and strong language.

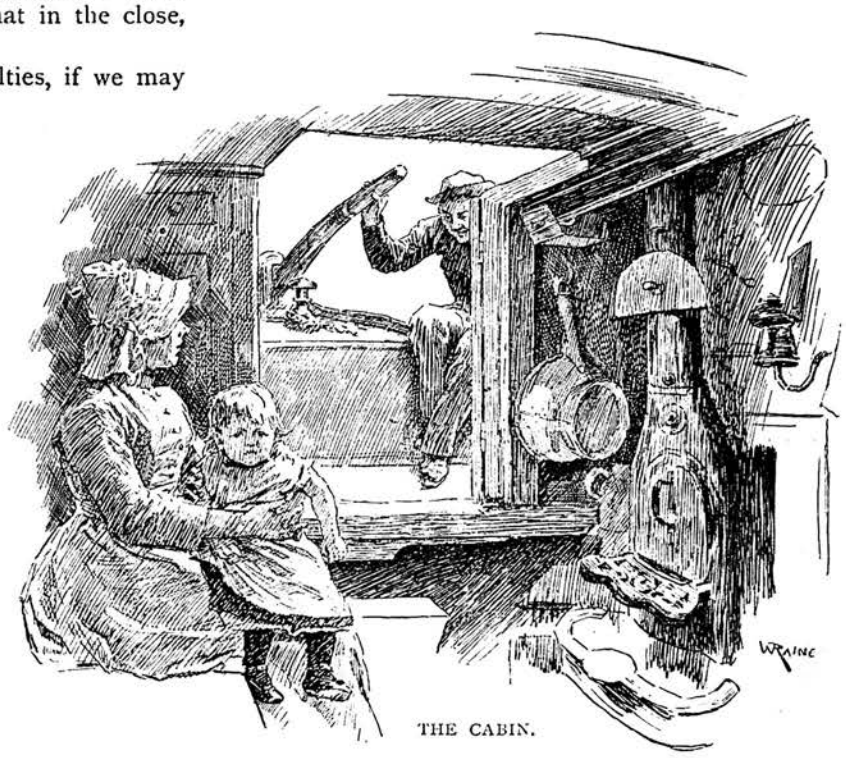
Though the rivalry of railways has greatly affected the good fortune of canals, they are not dead yet. The Grand Junction—or, to speak more accurately, the Paddington branch of the Grand Junction—which enters London by way of Willesden, Kensal Green, and Paddington, connects with a network of waterways, which spread far and wide over England.

Paddington Basin, where the Grand Junction ends, is like a small dock. Here barges are laden and unladen, though there are also wharves and landing-places further up the canal. Another end of the Grand Junction is at Brentford, where it joins the Thames.

Here, at Paddington, under a picturesque, almost Dutch-like, roof, blocks of salt are being unloaded, the projecting roof shielding the easily melting mineral from the rain. Further on, bricks and lime, or other builders' materials, are being put ashore, while on the opposite side barges are being filled with refuse from the Paddington dust carts.

The stuff brought in by these is first sifted and picked over, the old and broken bottles being placed in one heap, the battered tinware in another; finally, quantities of the refuse are taken off by the barges to be used as manure on the land. Quantities of stable manure are also taken away by barges along the canal in the same way; in fact, they convey all kinds of heavy material and bulky and weighty goods, such as sand, straw, bricks, coal, etc., in and out of London along the smooth and silent waterways. Sometimes one proprietor owns several barges, hiring men to work them; some owners, again, have but a couple, and work them themselves.

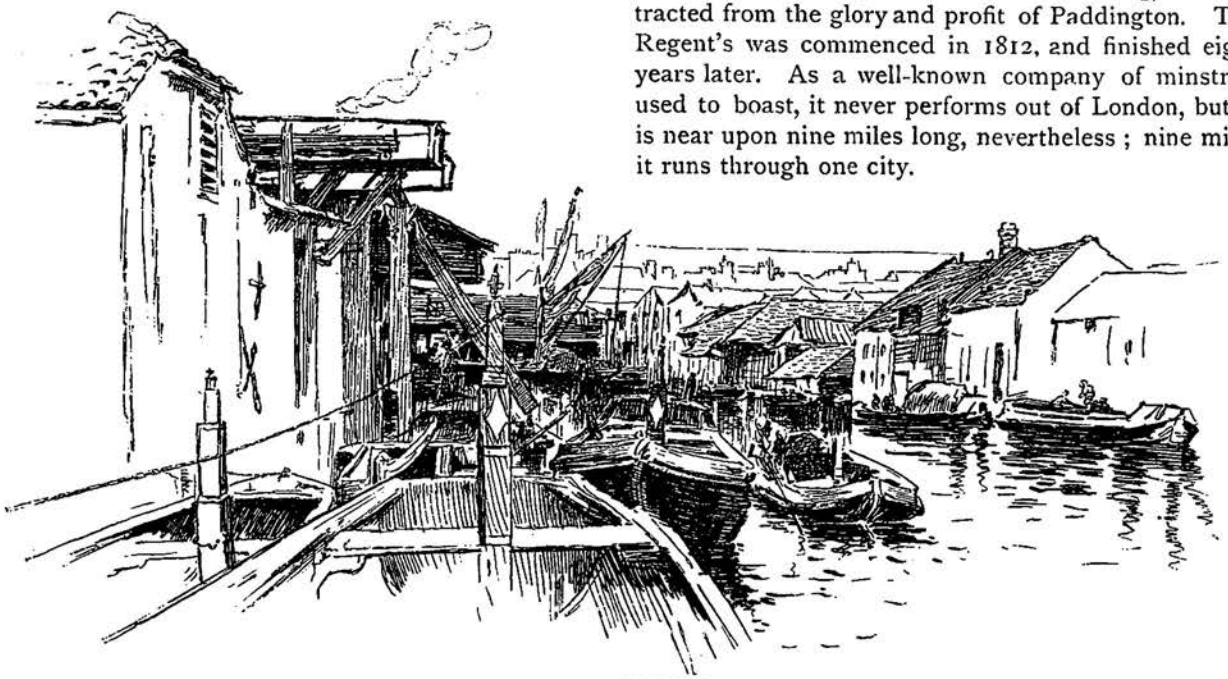
The chief canals in London are the Grand Junction



THE CABIN.

and the Regent's; and as the Regent's opens into the Grand Junction, not far from Paddington Basin, they may almost be regarded as one. Then there is Sir George Duckett's, connecting the Regent's and Hackney Cut, and the Limehouse, between the Lea and the Thames; while on the south side there is the Grand Surrey. Despite its imposing title, this is comparatively a small affair, for it is only four miles in length, extending from Rotherhithe to Camberwell, but connected with various docks.

It was a great day for Paddington—if not for London—when, on the 1st of June, 1801, the Paddington branch of the Grand Junction Canal was opened and the first barge arrived. It brought passengers from Uxbridge, and might be doing so to-day but for the Great Western Railway.



PADDINGTON BASIN.

There was a canal fever at one time, just as there was a railway mania later on, and an Act was obtained for the cutting of the Paddington Waterway in 1795. And when, six years later, the canal was opened, bells clanged, flags flew, and guns were fired.

One unfortunate individual suffered the shattering of his arm from the bursting of a gun. He never forgot the opening of the canal.

Alas! not very long afterwards a fickle public joy-belled and *fêted* the new railways, the rivals of the canals; and some fifty years later a Mr. Robins, who wrote about Paddington, was obliged to say in 1853 that the shares of the Grand Junction were—like some people—below par, though the traffic was still considerable. The medicine that would have put them above par—more traffic—was just then, perhaps, unobtainable. Now, however, the Grand Junction has been paying some four per cent. on its £1,293,700 of capital, showing that it can drive a fairly profitable business even yet, after close upon a century of working.

The Grand Junction ran cheap trips into the country. Fancy cheap trips on a canal barge! But our forefathers appeared to like them, for Mr. Robins testified that they were beginning to be highly appreciated by the people who were pent in close lanes and alleys. And certainly the quiet, smooth, gliding motion, 'mid unaccustomed fields and rural scenes, would not be unacceptable to town-wearied dwellers.

Passenger traffic was quite a feature, and in those pre-railway days, no doubt, a much-appreciated feature of the canal. Boats plied frequently between Paddington and Uxbridge, and the Paddington wharves were busy with goods.

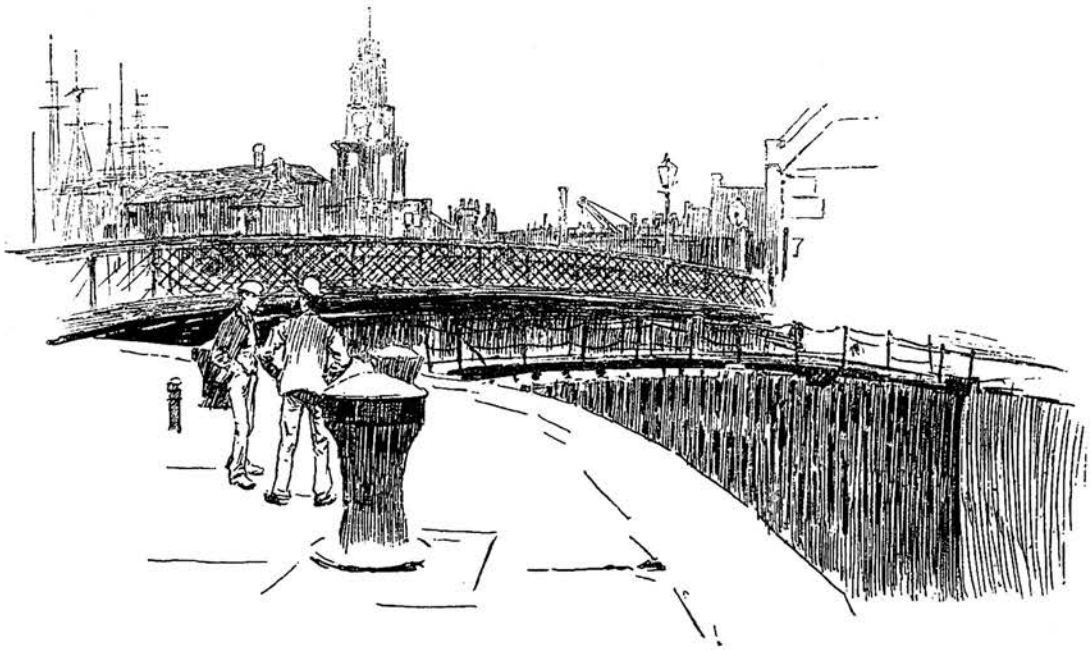
But then the Regent's Canal came along, and detracted from the glory and profit of Paddington. The Regent's was commenced in 1812, and finished eight years later. As a well-known company of minstrels used to boast, it never performs out of London, but it is near upon nine miles long, nevertheless; nine miles it runs through one city.

By taking on goods through the north and east, and down to the Thames, it naturally caused a serious decline in the quantities landed and warehoused at Paddington, and wharfage values there had to climb down.

Like the human lives around it, the Regent's has its smiles and tears, its pleasant places—as when it flows beneath the leafy trees of Regent's Park—and its experiences of a commonplace and workaday world. It enjoys its West-end and its East-end. It glides between North and South Bank at St. John's Wood, and it passes through Hackney and Stepney and Limehouse, lingering by Victoria Park on its way.

It has its business places in its wharves and basins, and its big shipping in its dock by the river; and it has also its times of sorrow, when, dank and lonely, it glides through tunnels. Sometimes even it is locked up: not for its misdeeds, however, but to check its descent, through unevenness of ground, from Paddington to the Thames.

There are a dozen of these locks, and forty bridges span its course. To voyage all along it from north-west to south-east might occupy about four



THE MOUTH OF THE REGENT'S CANAL, LIMEHOUSE.

hours, if your barge were not delayed too long at the locks.

Spite of all the railways, the Regent's still seems to carry on a fair traffic, and in its dock at Limehouse, timber and coal, and heavy goods can be unloaded into barges, and conveyed through the east and north of London.

The dock has two river entrances: one large, for ships, and one smaller, for barges. The big vessels are warped through the entrance by means of wheel-blocks and capstans. On the lower pier is a stand of three large lanterns, looking down the river; on the next, between the entrances, stands a round house and a tall flag-staff; beyond is a swing bridge, movable by hydraulic power, to admit the passage of the big ships.

Beyond, again, looms up in the evening light a forest of masts against the sky, diversified by the well-known tower of Limehouse Church; and here, on the entrance pier, are two bargees a-talking.

"What cheer, Sammy!" says one.

"What cheer, Bill!" answers the other.

Then they thrust their hands in their pockets, and look up and down the river.

Just below the pier a barge is moored midway between the two entrances. The wind blows the smoke clear away from the funnel, and the bargee plays with his dog while his supper is cooking.

Then he climbs the ladder and joins the two talking on the pier, and the dog comes also and barks at their shins. And, in spite of the strict prohibitions posted up, two boys saunter down and look about.

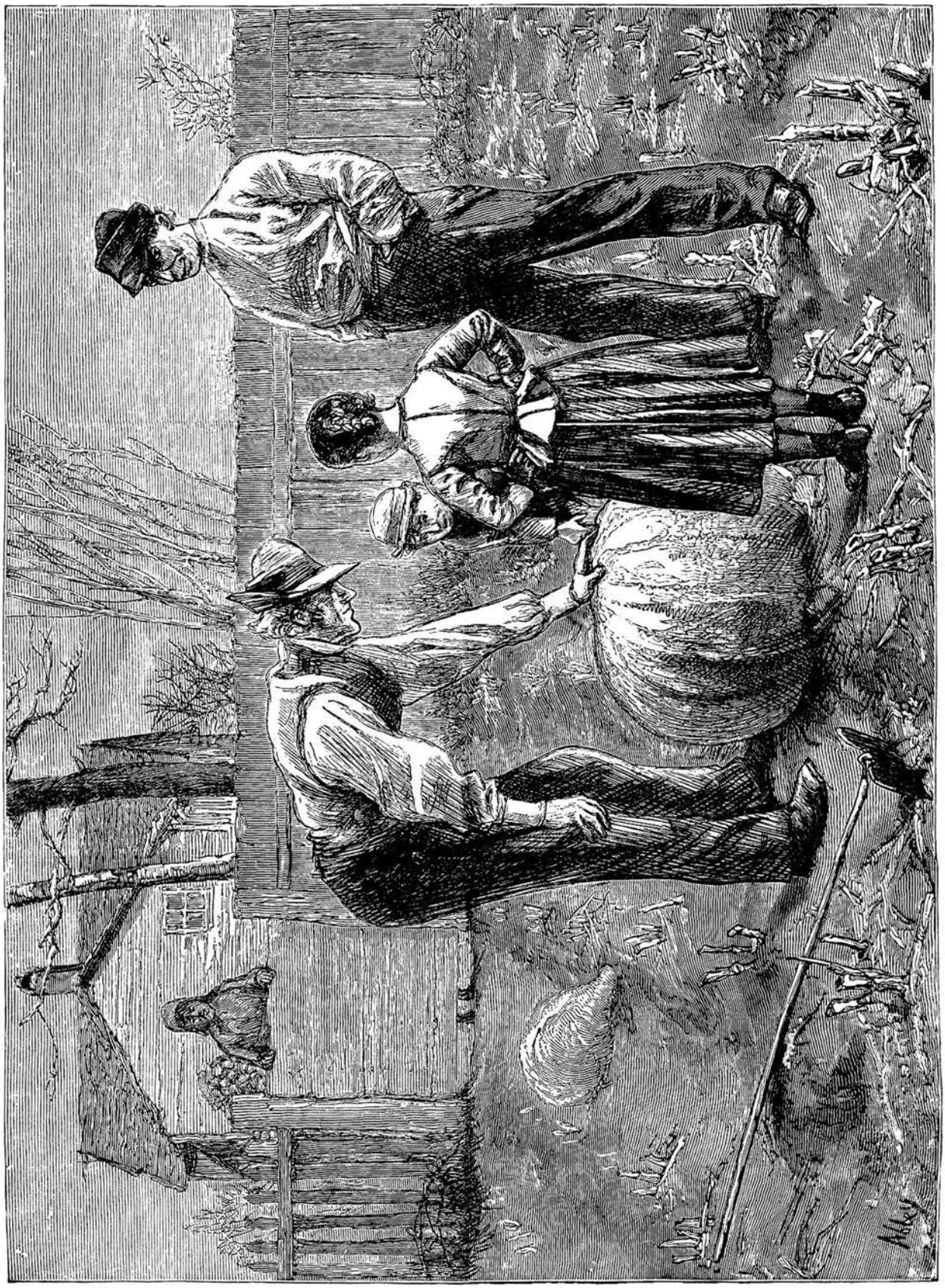
For it is evening, and this is the end. After all its London vicissitudes, here the canal joins itself quietly through the dock to the Thames, and mingles with the larger life of the river. Anon booms the hoarse whistle of big steamers, and all around sounds the muffled, softened roar of old London.

There are still so many navigable canals in England, that you could voyage from this Regent's Canal end to Liverpool by barge. So completely was this country covered by these artificial waterways during the canal fever, that there was said to be in 1836, including navigable rivers, no place south of Durham that was over fifteen miles from water-travelling.

Railways, of course, soon rushed past the slow-moving canals in public favour; but there are still more than 3,800 miles of canals open in the United Kingdom, while 120 miles have been turned into railways.

The longest canal tunnel is on the Thames and Severn, and is called the Sapperton Tunnel. Its length is 3,808 yards. No horses tug the boats through, but men—like birds for once—rest on wings: that is, projecting bits of wood, and "leg" the barges along, or push them with poles. The Lappal tunnel, on the Birmingham Canal, is almost as long, extending for 3,795 yards; and it has also the reputation of being the narrowest—only seven feet nine inches in width. The Blisworth, on the Grand Junction, is 3,056 yards long, and here steam-tugs are used to haul the barges through.

All along the waterways are inns at intervals for stabling the horses, but the boat people sleep on their boats. They are moored to the "off" side of the canal, and they shut-to the doors and sleep soundly. Sometimes they work for eighteen hours; sometimes they get a good night's rest. When the day is bright, it is pleasant enough to glide smoothly along at the rate of four miles an hour; but then there is bad weather, and storms arise. And sometimes the people you meet with are good-tempered and sometimes very much the reverse. So barge life has its points of resemblance to shore life, after all.



"THE GOLDEN PUMPKIN, NUGGET OF THE FIELD."

Farm Festivals, 1881

A CHAT ABOUT FAIRIES.



IT is a task of no little difficulty in these prosaic and hurrying days to realise the prominent position once held by Fairies and Fairy-land in the popular creed. One of the results of our higher educational achievements is that many of the old-established beliefs and fancies are disappearing, one by one, and soon their place will know them no more.

Not that we are complaining of this; indeed, there is every reason to be most thankful for the progress we have made and are still making; and for the opportunities of intellectual improvement of which our good, simple-minded forefathers knew nothing. We are writing of days when people were far less highly educated than they are at present, and when they were in consequence more credulous and prone, especially in sparsely populated districts, to superstitious beliefs, and to take *omne ignotum pro magnifico.*

Then, in the common superstition, the visible bordered closely on the invisible, and there was but a narrow fence which divided this matter-of-fact, work-a-day world from that mystic and dim realm, shrouded from the observance of all but a favoured few—a realm which even yet has not lost its hold on the popular imagination, a realm whose denizens were of a different race, cast in a different mould, endued with additional powers, and animated with different objects and desires.

Even in comparatively recent times Fairies and Fairy-land were to a great extent real objects in the rustic horizon, but in the days of which we are speaking, we find grave old chroniclers narrating in sober fashion their doings—in terms of censure when their pranks were mischievous, as they often were, and speaking gently of them when they were obliging and kind; for not all were as evil-disposed as that house-spirit which haunted—so the local gossips said—a farm-house in Yorkshire, and who caused endless trouble to the inmates, especially to the children, against whom he seemed to have had a most unusual grudge. Sometimes, we are told, he would snatch away their bread and butter, or upset their milk, and at others he would violently shake the hangings of their beds. He became at last such an intolerable nuisance that the farmer and his wife were obliged to leave the house in which they had long dwelt and to take another and less convenient abode, in order to be rid of his presence. Vain hope! Hardly had the farmer got settled in his new house, when the house-spirit turned up again, whereupon the worthy man philosophically remarked to his wife that they might a. well go back to the old house as be tormented in one that was not so convenient. This story is given at length by Brand in his "Popular Antiquities," being abridged from a letter in the *Literary Gazette* of 1825.

Nor were poets backward in laying their rhythmic tributes at their feet, if the expression may be allowed. Witness our own countryman, Milton, who writes :—

> "Good luck betide thee, son, for at thy birth,
> The Faery Ladies danced upon the hearth.
> Thy drowsy nurse hath sworn she did them spy
> Come tripping to the room where thou dids't lie,
> And, sweetly singing round about thy bed,
> Strew all their blessings on thy sleeping head."

Witness also Spenser in his "Faerie Queen," when relating the dream of Sir Thopas,

> "Forwearied with my sportes, I did alight
> From loftie steed, and downe to sleep me layd;
> The verdant grass my couch did goodly dight,
> The pillow was my helmet fayre displayed;
> Whiles every sence the humour sweet embayd,
> Me seemed by my side a royall mayd
> Her dainty limbs full softly down did lay,
> So faire a creature yet saw never sunny day."

Before passing on to say something about the subject of this paper, it may be well to prefix a few remarks as to the origin of the word "Fairy." Derivations have been sought in a Greek source from the word *pher*, the Ionic form of the classical *ther*, a wild beast; a word, by the way, which survives in a restricted sense in the English word *deer*. By others the origin of the word has been sought in the last syllable of the word Italie. The Persian *peri* has been suggested as its original: the Hebrew *pëer*, to adorn, and the Saxon *faran*, to go, have all been given as derivations. To say nothing of their being far-fetched, these derivations are all open to more serious objections. The true derivation of the word is to be found in the Latin *fatum*, fate. In mediæval Latin we find a verb derived from this noun, *fatare*, to enchant. Thence the transition is easy to the French *feer*, the Spanish *hada*, and the English *fairy*.

Here a very interesting digression might be made with the object of showing the various meanings through which the word "fairy" has passed. First, enchantment, pure and simple; then, the land of those who practised enchantment; then, in a collective sense, the people who dwelt in the enchantment-land; and finally, an individual dweller in that abode. But space will not allow us to touch on this part of an interesting theme, and so we pass on to the fairies themselves; and first of

Elves. The home of the elves was originally in Scandinavia, where they were known by the name of "Alfar." In England, as elsewhere, they were divided into two classes: the "country" elves who lived in the woods, and made their homes in the mountain sides and in caverns, and frolicked by moonlight in the fields; and the "domestic" elves, more usually called hobgoblins and Robin Goodfellows. Their social and domestic arrangements seem to have been modelled very much on the pattern which obtains

amongst ourselves. They were ruled over by a king and a queen, and they feasted and played very much as we do. They are reported to have been a musical race, and the learned in such matters would aver that their music was equal to that of the best musicians. They were remarkably good dancers, and the simple peasant who crossed the fields on his way to his work, and who saw a ring of grass darker than that of the surrounding herbage, would say that the elves had been dancing there. The elves were usually invisible, but it was said that children who were born on Sundays had the power of seeing them, and that they themselves could confer this power on all whom they chose.

In marked contrast to these musical and dance-loving elves were the "house-spirits." They were as much distinguished by mischievous characteristics as their cousins who dwelt above ground were by amiable traits. They delighted in playing pranks, it is true, but more often from pure fun than with any malicious motive. In the reign of good Queen Bess there appeared a little book entitled "The Mad Pranks and Merry Jests of Robin Goodfellow," and from this, as quoted by Keightley in his "Fairy Mythology," we extract the following specimens of their humour :— A company of young fellows who had been making merry with their sweethearts were coming home over a heath. Robin met them, and to make himself merry took the form of a walking fire and led them up and down till daylight, and then went off saying—

> "Get you home, you merry lads :
> Tell your mammies and your dads,
> And all those that news desire,
> How you saw a walking fire.
> Wenches that do smile and lispe,
> Use to call me Willie Wispe,
> If that you but weary be;
> It is sport alone for me.
> Away ! unto your houses go,
> And I'll go laughing, *Ho, ho, ho.*"

But they were not always mischievously inclined, but willing to help in domestic and farm labour, and do all sorts of menial work ; they expected, however, payment in the shape of a bowl of cream and curds, and were usually very angry if these were not put ready for them when their work was finished. We next proceed to consider the

Dwarfs. These, like the elves, originally came from Scandinavia, where they were known as Trolls. In spite of the original signification of the word they were not usually considered to be a noxious race. They formed their dwellings in the inside of mounds and hillocks ; sometimes a tribe together, and sometimes in parties of two or three. They do not seem to have mixed much with our species, but they had great riches and magnificent dwellings. It is related that on one occasion they were seen pushing large chests of money to and fro, and evidently taking great pleasure in opening and shutting them. They appear to have been friendly and willing to help, but they were terrible thieves. One curious point about them is the dislike they had to noise. Perhaps it was a recollection of the time when Thor used to throw his hammer after them, but so distasteful was noise to them, that the sound of the church bells was sufficient to drive them out of the country. They could render themselves invisible at will, and also turn themselves into any shape that suited their fancy or their need, and were gifted with enormous bodily strength. They usually wore grey clothing and pointed red caps. As an illustration of the evil propensity of the dwarfs above alluded to, the following story from the book previously quoted may serve : "Tis not so very long since there were dwarfs in June at Göttingen, who used to go into the fields and steal sheaves of corn. They did much injury to one man who had a great deal of corn. At length he hit on a plan to catch them. At noon one day he put a rope round the field, and when the dwarfs went to creep under it, it knocked off their caps. Being now visible they were caught. They gave him many fair words, promising, if he would take away the rope, to give him a peck of money if he came to that place *before sunrise.* He agreed, but a friend whom he consulted told him not to go at sunrise but a little before twelve at night, as it was at that hour that the day really began. He did as directed, and there found the dwarfs, who did not expect him, with the peck of money." They proved so troublesome in some parts of Germany that they were once and for all expelled.

A few concluding words must be devoted to the

Pixies. The principal home of these little creatures, as mischievous as they were small, seems to have been in Devonshire, though we hear of them in other parts. The tradition concerning them is that they were the souls of infants who had died before baptism. Handsome in form, they were clothed in green. Their chief amusement was dancing to the sombre croak of the frog, or the more lively music of the cricket. They usually dwelt in a rock. They were addicted to stealing children, and to leading travellers astray. They had no objection to vary their proceedings by blowing out the candle and to making a confusion in a house, or kissing any girls, or making noises in the walls to frighten people ; in a word, whatever mischief was done was to be laid to the account of these erratic little folk.

That they were capable of vengeance and gratitude alike is evident from the two following stories with which we must conclude this paper. In a certain town in the south of England two serving girls in a farm said that the pixies were very kind to them, and used to drop a piece of silver into the bucket of water the girls were wont to place ready for their use. It so happened once that this bucket was forgotten, and when the pixies came to complain of the neglect, the girl who had retired to rest said that she would not turn out again "for all the pixies in Devonshire." The other maid said she would go, and did so ; and on her return she overheard the pixies discussing what vengeance they should take on her companion. Eventually they decided that she was to be made lame for seven years and then to be cured by a herb growing on Dartmoor, the name of which the listener tried by every means to fix in her memory, but without avail. Sure enough the lazy girl woke up in the morning quite lame, and remained so for seven years,

when one day, as she was picking a mushroom, she was astonished to see a strange-looking boy appear suddenly, who insisted on striking her on the leg with a plant he held in his hand. He did so, and she was cured.

Here is a pretty story of pixy gratitude. A certain old woman had in her garden a fine bed of tulips. This bed was oft frequented by the little folk, and they might be heard at midnight lulling their babes to rest among them, and as long as the old woman lived the bed remained undisturbed. But at length the old lady died, and the tulips were taken up, and a bed of parsley made in its place. The pixies, however, showed their power, and would not let the parsley grow, and it all withered and died. On the other hand, they diligently tended the grave of the old woman, around which they might often be heard singing dirges and lamentations. They would not allow a single weed to grow on it, but kept it always green, and beautiful with wild flowers.

H. ORMONDE.

Frappes and Orange Cakes

BY JANE E. CLEMMENS

FRAPPE means to chill or freeze, and was originally applied to carafes or bottles containing water which were plunged in ice and salt, and allowed to remain until the contents were partially frozen, then were placed on the table, the warmth of the atmosphere melting the liquid as it was needed. This custom is still universal in France and parts of Italy and Europe. In this country, where ice is to be had in such abundance, the term has come to mean any liquid containing shaved ice, frozen to the consistency of a soft mush, or simply set on ice until very cold. Any liquid fruit juice, sirup or wine may be frapped, that is, iced. Wine is frapped by plunging the bottle in a pail of cracked ice.

Orange Frappe

Select a dozen firm, sweet oranges; peel carefully, cut into small pieces, removing all the seeds, put in a freezer, pack in salt and ice and let stand two hours. Remove from the freezer, sprinkle freely with powdered sugar and serve in glasses.

Chocolate Frappe

Prepare the drink in the usual manner, sweetening it, chilling well and serving with cracked ice. Serve in glasses. If desired it may be turned in a freezer until like very soft mush. Coffee frappe is made the same way or the coffee may be mixed with whipped cream, and a piece of ice put in the bowl or glass in which it is served.

Peach Frappe

Select firm, perfect peaches, peel carefully and cut into small pieces, put in a freezer, pack in salt and ice and let stand two hours. Remove from the freezer, sprinkle well with powdered sugar and serve.

Orange Cake

One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, three cups of flour, three eggs, one cup of water, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Cream the butter and sugar, add cup of water, but do not stir until you put in a cup of flour, then stir gradually until the flour is all in. Beat the eggs and put in the dough and then add the baking powder and one teaspoonful extract of orange.

Orange Filling or Jelly for Cake

Whip the whites of three eggs to a froth, mix with two cups granulated sugar, and the grated rind and pulp of two sour oranges, or, mix well two sour oranges (grated), two cups of sugar, yolks of two eggs, then add one tablespoonful of cornstarch dissolved in a little cold water. Mix all together into one cup of boiling water or milk, set it on the stove as soon as possible and cook until it jellies, which should be as soon as it begins boiling; too much cooking will make it thin and bitter. Put on cake while hot, and ice the top with

White Icing

Boil two cups of sugar and three tablespoonfuls of water till clear, then stir into the stiff whites of three eggs. Keep the sirup hot and stir vigorously for two or three minutes.

BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.—CATS.

THEIR "LITTLE TEMPERS."

CATS and dogs are amusingly human in the manifestation of their "little tempers," and perhaps no passion is more frequently displayed by these animals than that of jealousy. The favourite dog cannot bear to see his master in too close converse even with a human friend, and will push himself in between them and assert his right to the first place, regardless of consequences.

But animal pets are still more jealous of each other. Our little terrier and two cats—all females—are constantly giving us very droll samples of their dislike to seeing anything petted but themselves. The two cats lie on the same cushion, and are excellent friends when left to themselves. But Blackie becomes a spiteful fury if I show any affection for her much more amiable sister, Kitty.

One evening I went into the kitchen, and as I stood speaking to the cook, Kitty came and pushed her head under my hand as it hung down by my side. Of course, I stroked and petted her in return, whereupon Blackie rose from the rug on which she was lying, as I had thought, asleep, marched deliberately towards Kitty, and with a vigorous jerk of her fore paw dragged this other cat's hind legs off the ground. This stroke brought Kitty's fore feet, which were resting on my dress, to the floor, and out of reach of my caressing hand. Blackie then marched back to her place with the air of a conquering queen, and no doubt congratulating herself that she had, "settled that forward minx of a Kitty for the present."

On another occasion she marched bodily under Kitty, so as to lift her off her feet and out of reach of some one who was stroking her. What makes her conduct the worse is the fact that Kitty is our very own cat, born and brought up in the house, and Blackie a foundling that *adopted me as mistress*, whether I would or no. She has never done anything but look extremely handsome, and insist on having the best share of everything by sheer impudence, whilst Kitty does the mousing and general business.

The other morning I fed the two in turns with some feline dainty, and was going out of the kitchen, when I saw Blackie fly at Kitty in a fury of jealous passion, and scratch and bite her—for no other reason but that I had served them both alike.

The little terrier "Lady" and Kitty are great allies, and when pussy has a kitten the delight and pride of the dog almost equals that of the mother herself. She spends most of her time beside the basket, and is so fond of reaching over to lick the kitten, that Kitty occasionally gives Lady's ear a playful pinch and shake, when the dog at once turns round and polishes the elder puss with its smooth tongue.

More frequently Kitty throws herself back as far as possible to exhibit her baby to the sympathetic and admiring eyes of her canine friend, who is eagerly waiting until the little one can join in a game of romps.



REVENGE IN CATS.

REVENGE is another passion sometimes seriously, sometimes funnily, manifested by dogs and cats. Lady has two causes of complaint against Blackie. First, she nearly blinded her with her claws when, with the most neighbourly feelings, the dog looked in at *her* kitten in *her* basket. Secondly, Blackie *will* lap water out of the dog's trough, which seems reasonable enough, seeing that the latter drinks milk out of the cat's dish.

Lady has found out a funny way of paying her out. She dare not attack Blackie directly, for fear of those sharp claws; and the cat in turn dislikes to pass the dog.

The cellar door is left a little open, so that the cats may go up and down at any time, and when the dog hears Blackie on the stairs she plants herself in the bit of open doorway, so that the cat cannot pass without coming in contact with her.

You never saw such a picture of doggish fun as she presents when thus keeping watch and ward over her enemy.

Her little fat sides shake, and her bob of a tail is in perpetual motion, while her eyes seem to dance again at the sight of Blackie's, looking like green stars, in the dim light of the staircase.

Our good-natured cook says, "She'll keep that cat on the stairs by the hour together *while she sits shaking with laughing in the doorway*, till somebody takes pity on Blackie and sets her at liberty."

And yet my doggie is not cruel in her revenge.

When, in pain and misery from Blackie's claws, she crept to her resting-place for the night, her enemy's kitten was accidentally shut in with her, away from its mother. She did *it* no harm, but found *comfort from its* companionship, and in the morning the lost kitten was found coiled up within the circling paws of the ill-used but motherly little terrier.



CATS PLOTTING TO ATTACK A DOG.—One of my neighbours, a joiner and builder, had a fierce and powerful watch dog called Nelson. It was perfectly white, half mastiff half bull-dog, the size of the former, the colour of the latter kind. Being so savage, Nelson was usually chained up during the day time, but he had a good length of chain, so as not to imprison him too closely. His bark was almost like the roar of a wild animal, and had an especially terrifying effect on two handsome cats that lived in the same house. Usually the three animals were fed at the same time, the cats' portion being given to them within sight of Nelson, but out of his reach. The dog was so indignant, even at seeing them fed, and would so terrify the cats with his roar of a bark, that they snatched up morsels of food and ran behind the wood piles to eat them out of sight of those menacing eyes. It happened, however, that these two cats were to give a practical illustration of the old proverb, "Unity is strength." They had little families of kittens almost at the same time, but a few hours after the arrival of the second lot they were all taken away during the absence of the mothers and drowned. It was in summer time, and very early on the following morning the builder's wife was roused by hearing Nelson uttering the most miserable howls and cries of distress. She rose immediately, and on looking from the window witnessed a strange scene. The dog, with his face terribly scratched and streaming with blood, was endeavouring to drive off the two cats, whose attacks had already inflicted so many wounds. She saw them withdraw, one to the right, the other to the left of the kennel, and beyond Nelson's reach. Then, after a pause of a few seconds, they again sprang at him, assailing him on both sides at once, and tearing his face with their sharp claws. The bewildered dog turned from side to side in a vain attempt to seize one of his foes; but, alas for Nelson! they were too agile, and he could only howl for help against the creatures he had so often terrified with a look. The idea of retreating into his kennel either did not come into his doggish head, or he scorned to flee even when beaten by such small antagonists. Nelson's mistress made all possible haste to the rescue, and with some trouble succeeded in beating off the cats and imprisoning them in an outhouse. Taking all the circumstances into consideration, there can be little doubt that the cats must have discussed the wrongs they had received from Nelson, and probably blamed him, undeservedly, for the abstraction of their kittens. They must have decided on the only mode of attack that could have succeeded. Had they advanced together, and on the same side, one crunch from those powerful jaws would have been fatal to either cat; but the division of forces and simultaneous attack were too bewildering, and the cats proved the victors. From that time the allied pussies could take their meals in peace. They even ventured within reach of their former tyrant, and carried off scraps from under his nose without any notice from Nelson, except an occasional growl of warning. Usually the dog deemed it more dignified to seem unconscious of their presence, and looked in another direction. Nelson and I were friends, and on the day after the battle I saw his pink nose covered with scars, and his white face looking like an outline map traced in red. On asking the reason I heard the above story, and the changed behaviour of the cats abundantly verified it.

THE BUTCHER'S HORSE.—Horses, even blind ones, have a wonderful memory, and rarely forget a place they have once visited. Years ago I often stayed with a friend in a country village, three miles from a railway station. As there was no regular conveyance, except a carrier's cart on market days, I was always indebted to the kindness of a neighbour for a drive to the station at the close of my visit. One morning I was on my way thither in the gig of a butcher, and as we passed a large field the horse persisted in turning towards the gate. As there was not much time to spare, this could not be permitted, and the master spoke, tugged at the reins, and finally admonished the horse with a smart cut of the whip, saying, "So you want to fetch some sheep again, do you? It's no good. There are none for you this time, so you may as well go on." Then turning to me, the butcher said, "Is it not curious that the horse should want to call at that gate? I have only had him a short time; he came from a distance and was never on this road before but once, and that was when he came in the cart to fetch some sheep from that very field. Though we have passed so many fields and white gates which look all alike, he makes no mistake."

FALL FRUITS.

Preparing Marmalades and Preserves.



THE self-sealing glass jar has caused a mania for canning fruits, and the good housewives who had hitherto been content to preserve in the old orthodox way, were suddenly imbued with the idea of the extreme *unwholesomeness* of rich pound-for-pound preserves, jams and marmalades, and for years we have had little practice in the art that our mothers and grandmothers deemed of such paramount importance. A reaction is apt to come after any extreme fashion, and so it has in this case. The despised marmalades are again at the front, dignified with the new name "compote." Our cooking teachers give us recipes for compotes of apple, pear, quince, orange, etc., and with the old-fashioned flavor that we like, and the added novelty in shape of a new name, they are excellent. This class of sweets, to be perfect, requires to be made with the greatest care. It is a waste of material to have "too many irons in the fire" on the day we devote to jam and marmalade making. They burn so quickly that they demand constant time and attention, and, like jellies, are best made in small quantities.

Jams and marmalades are very similar, the only difference being that jam is made of berries, and marmalade of the firmer fruits that ripen later. In making jams, the fruits should be carefully looked over, weighed, then bruised thoroughly. Boil fifteen minutes, and then add the sugar, (usually three-quarters of a pound of sugar to a pound of berries,) and then boil half an hour longer.

Marmalade made of pears, apples, crab apples and quinces, should first be boiled until tender in clear water. Put through a sieve, add sugar, and boil as in jam.

To tell when jams and marmalade are sufficiently cooked, test by taking out a little on a saucer, and let it cool. If no juice gathers about it, it is safe to conclude that it is thoroughly done.

Put up in jelly tumblers or small jars, and keep in a cool, dry pantry.

Grapes being more of the nature of berries, require a different treatment from other fall fruits. Take the grapes as soon as you can split the skins from the pulp. Be careful to put them up before they are too ripe, and avoid the glassy particles that will form in over-ripe grapes. Cook the pulp until the seeds are loosened, strain through a sieve, and add three-quarters of a pound of sugar to one pound of fruit. Or, add skins also, when the sugar is added. Cook half an hour, stirring constantly.

Plum marmalade is also very nice. Put the fruit on in a porcelain-lined kettle, cover it with water, and boil it until soft. Strain, or press it through a sieve and proceed as with grapes.

In making preserves, the old rule that our ancestors followed was, "a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit," but, since cans are so universally used, three-quarters of a pound of sugar is considered ample for a pound of fruit.

The necessity for such an excess of sugar has passed away, as preserves, if canned, may be less sweet with no risk of fermentation. Such fruits as pears, quinces and crab apples, should first be boiled until tender in water. Unless cooked in this way they will harden when put into a rich syrup. The final syrup is made in the proportion of a pound of sugar to a half pint of water. Granulated sugar is best for this purpose, as it is supposed to be the purest. Put the sugar and water over the fire in a porcelain kettle and, just before it boils, stir in the white of an egg beaten with two tablespoonfuls of water. When it boils up, remove the scum carefully, and add the tender fruit. Preserves should boil gently to prevent burning, and that the fruit may be thoroughly penetrated by the syrup. Simmer until each piece looks clear, then remove with a skimmer. Boil the syrup until thick, skim again, pour over the fruit after it has been put into jars.

The old-fashioned "sweetmeats" made of citron or watermelon rind are delicious, if made by a good recipe. The housekeepers of "ye olden times" took great delight in the preparation of this toothsome preserve, and hours were often spent in cutting the rind into beautiful fancy devices. I have known whole families to become so interested in the cutting and designing that great rivalry existed as to which could originate the greatest novelty. The leaf was a favorite design, as it gave scope for such a variety in shape and size. The veining, and notching, was quite a feature of the work, while the rounding shape of the melon gave the leaves a particularly effective droop. A leaf was laid conveniently near for the "artist," or "sculptor," to study every detail. Our young people copied then from nature, as they do at the present time.

It was quite the fashion too, years ago, in a certain section of the country for one notable housekeeper to send to another specimens of her handiwork in the shape of beautifully cut "sweetmeats," as they were called.

Small, oval and oblong notched pieces were also cut, and upon "state occasions," when the citron preserves were brought out to do honor to some esteemed guest, the cut-glass bowl was nearly filled with the smaller pieces, and on the top were laid some beautifully cut and veined leaves. There were few guests who would not have considered themselves "Goths and Vandals" to cut into those beautiful preserves when the small, but equally delicious ones lay underneath.

The following is an excellent recipe for this time-honored preserve.

Citron Preserves.

Scrape off the green rind and lay it aside. Cut off the hard shell and scrape out the soft inside. Cut into plain and fancy shape. Rub the green that has been scraped from the outside over the cut designs, to give them a green appearance. Lay in salt water twenty-four hours, then soak in alum water the same length of time. Now make a weak syrup, put in the melon and boil until it becomes a little tender. Let the melon stand in this two or three days. Make a fresh syrup, allowing a pound and a half of sugar to one of melon. Pour off the thin syrup, and pour over it the rich. Large glass candy jars are suitable to put such preserves in. Season bountifully with preserved race ginger. Sliced lemon is also added by our Northern housekeepers in the proportion of two lemons to a pound of melon.

One more:

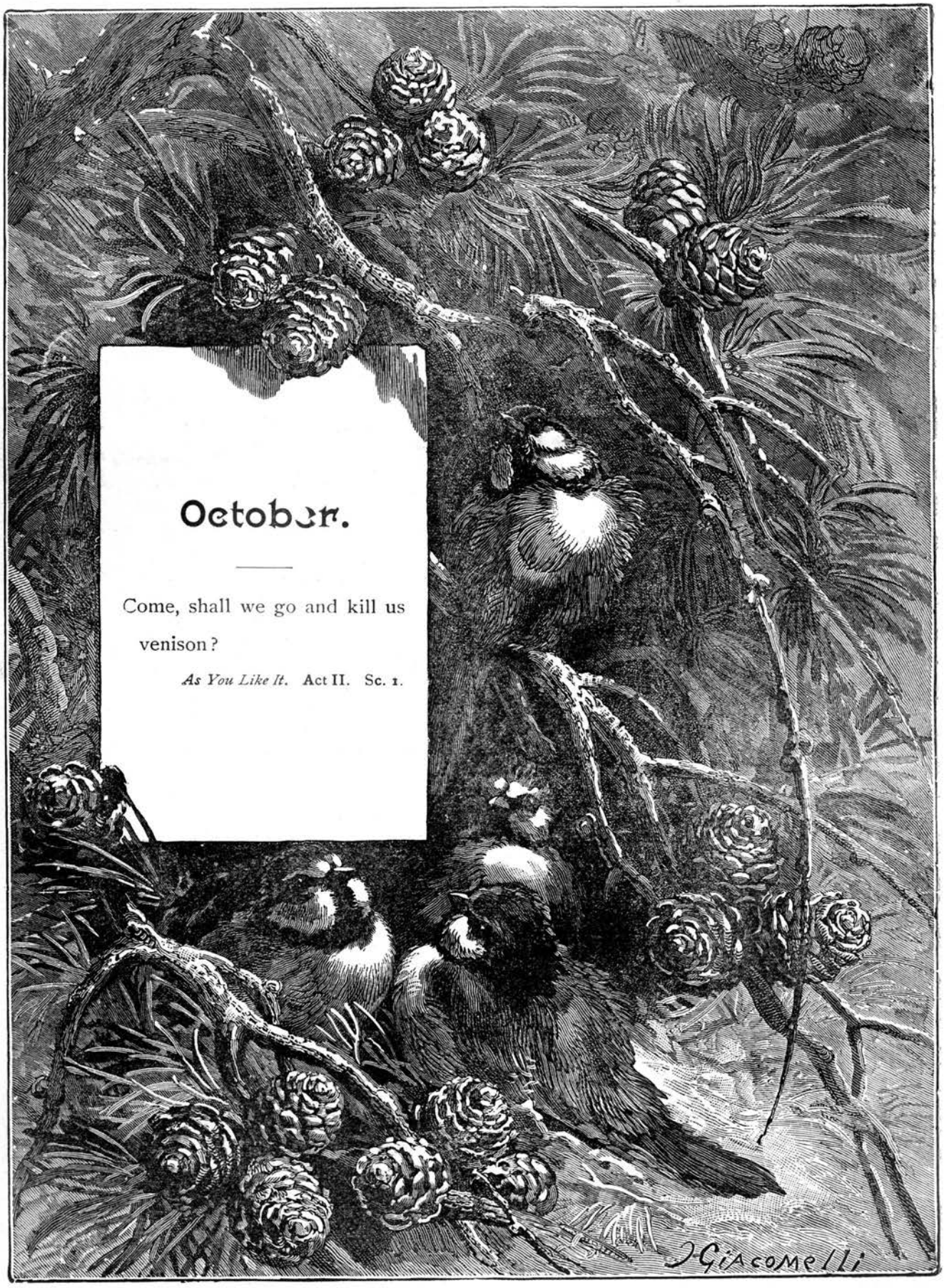
Brandied Fruit.

One quart of brandy, eight pounds of sugar, seven pounds of fruit. Dissolve one pound of sugar in the brandy. The next day add two pounds of oranges with two pounds of sugar. The alternate day add two pounds of pineapples, and two of sugar. Two days intervening, add three pounds of peaches (stoned) and same of sugar. Prepare this in a stone jar, and for a fortnight stir it every day, keep it well covered during the time. Seal in jars. To be eaten with creams. Excellent.

—Annie Curd.

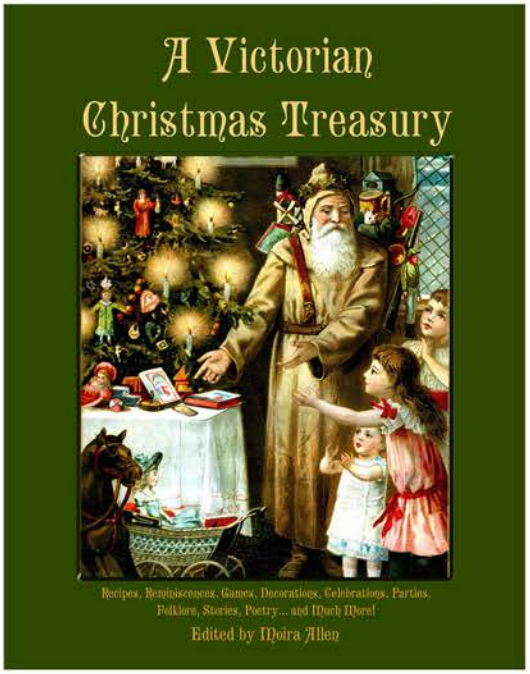
In loving fortune, many a lucky elf
Has found himself;
As all our moral bitters are designed
To brace the mind,
And renovate its healthy tone, the wise
Their sorest trials hail as blessings in disguise.

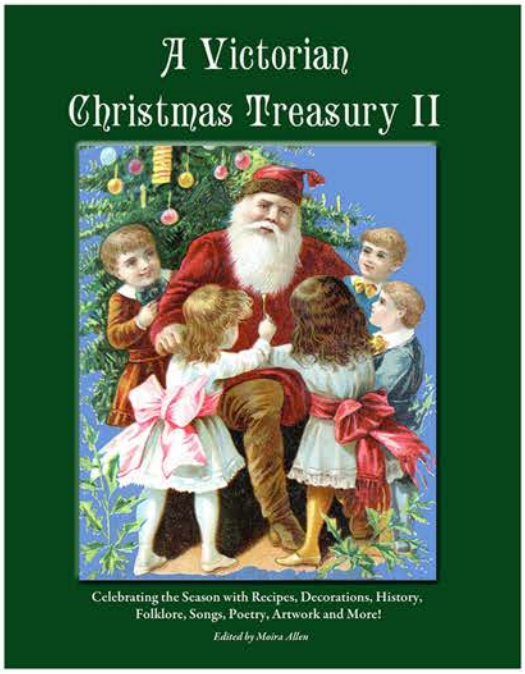
—Horace Smith.



Logan's Home Manual, 1899

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