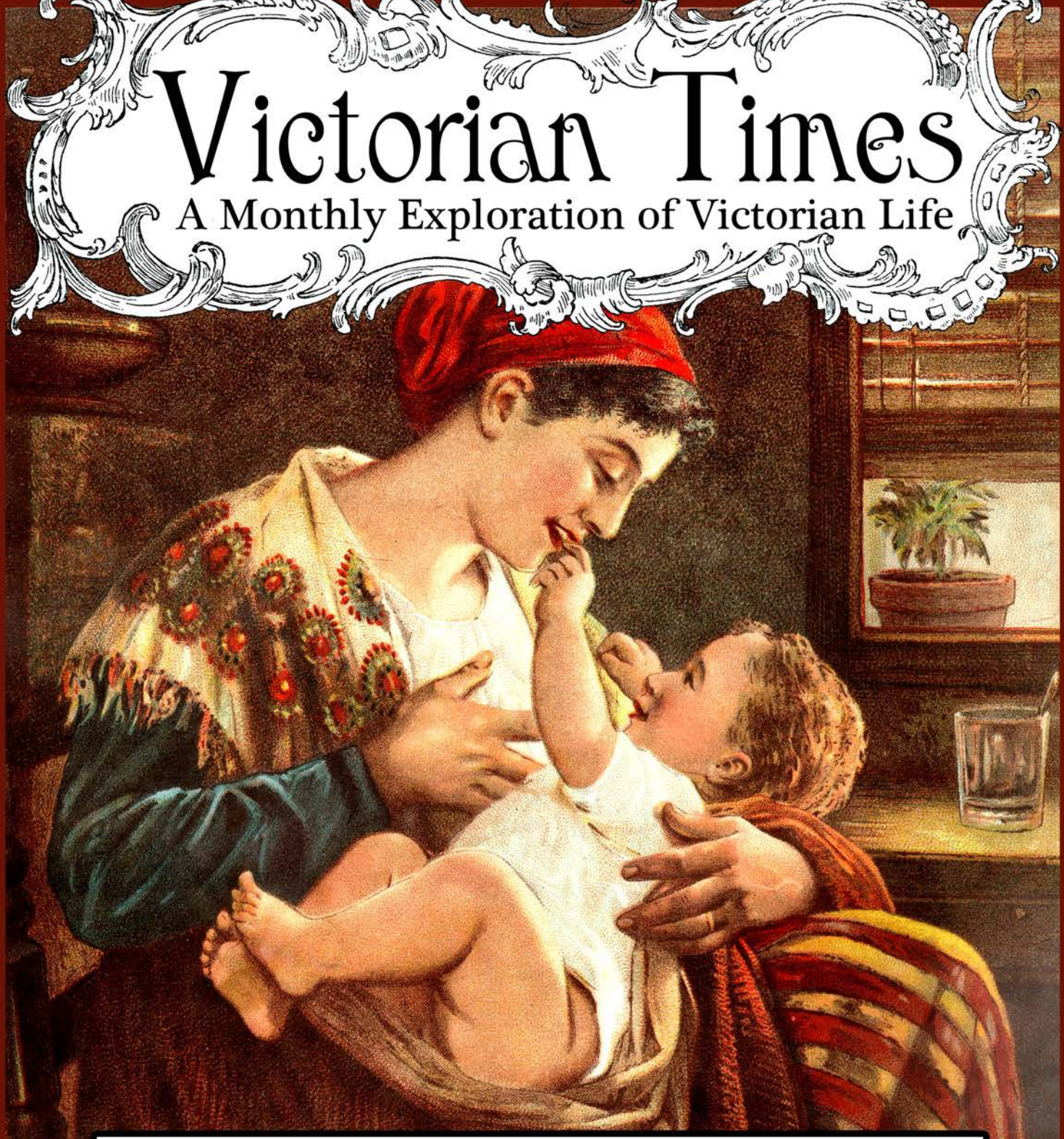
Victorian Times

A Monthly Exploration of Victorian Life



Vol. B-1, No. 8 - August 2024

Etiquette for Ladies • *The London Adman* • *The Parasol* • *Norway*
Tips on Camping • *Vacationing in the Rockies* • *Chairs Ancient & Modern*
Dressy Dogs • *A Country Fair* • *Flowers for the Table* • *Zoo Stories*
Sauce Recipes • *Servant Duties* • *Natural Doilies*

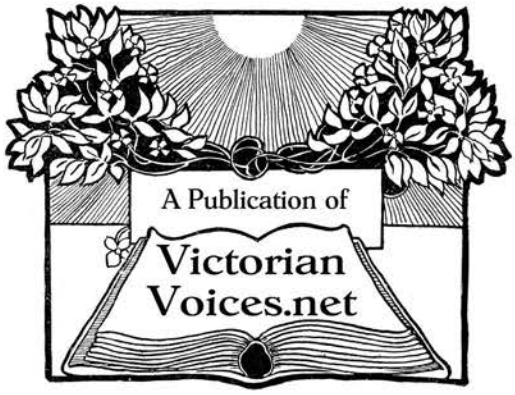
Victorian Times

A Monthly Exploration of Victorian Life

Vol. B-1, No. 8

August 2024

edited by Moira Allen



Print Edition Independently Published
Print Edition ISBN 9798332433184

Cover Image: “King Baby,” an 1887 lithograph found in a Victorian scrap album.

www.victorianvoices.net • editors@victorianvoices.net

Victorian Times

Vol. B~1, No. 8
August 2024

Etiquette on Both Sides of the Atlantic

If there's anything we associate with the Victorian era, it's *etiquette*. Books on etiquette abounded in the 1800's (and were published well into the 20th century—think Emily Post). Today, however, the idea of following "rules of etiquette" seems so… antiquated! Would I really care to socialize with people who might shun me for not knowing what wine to drink, or fork to use, with my fish?

Not all etiquette articles focus on such details, however—and in selecting articles for *Victorian Times,* I've begun to notice some patterns. The focus of such articles often depends on whether they are published in the UK or the US. In the UK, the emphasis on etiquette seems to diminish over time—there are more articles on the topic in the 1880's than in the 1890's. In America, the emphasis increases—with articles constantly updating the reader on the latest changes to the "rules" of "polite society."

More significantly, UK articles tend to focus more on courtesy and general common-sense than on nit-picky details. Readers are advised to be polite, consider others, be aware of their surroundings, "do unto others," and just generally behave like "ladies." While this theme appears in the US as well, you're far more likely to find articles like the one printed herein, that focus on what fork to use with every dinner course.

Now, I don't imagine for a moment that British etiquette didn't involve nit-picky details. I'm sure it was, in fact, chock full of them. However, I think perhaps one key element here was that British "girls" of the class that concerned itself with etiquette were already, or had already, learned these details quite thoroughly in their homes, from parents or nannies or whatever. In a society that focused very strongly on class, the behaviors that were expected of one's class would have been taught since childhood. And so, quite probably, such young ladies didn't need a host of magazine articles telling them what fork to use.

In America, class was also important, but not necessarily automatic. While some magazine readers may indeed have been "born" into a particular class and taught the basics of etiquette from the cradle, others reached that class as adults through aspiration and achievement—and were often desperate to prove that they "belonged" there. Articles on the nit-picky elements of etiquette provided these readers with the tools they needed to do the right things at the right time and "fit in."

This view is confirmed by the charming 1868 *Manual of Etiquette* by Daisy Eyebright. Eyebright notes, "These pages have been prepared for those who are striving to improve themselves in exterior polish… It has not been written for those who have been trained in the best usages of society from their infancy."

British readers generally weren't worried about "fitting in, because they had indeed been "trained" in such usages from their infancy. Further, based on the British class system, you were either "in" or not. If you were not, no amount of etiquette could change that. If you were, a lack of etiquette might label you as boorish, but would not change your overall social status. If you are the daughter of the Duke of Marlborough, and you slurp your tea, society isn't going to cast you out.

American readers, on the other hand, lived in a society where "class" could shift at any time—and so, therefore, could everyone else's perception of what "class" you belonged to. Being able to speak the subtle language of etiquette was one way to show that you "belonged." Put another way, etiquette articles like the one in this issue were likely to appeal to that species known as the "social climber."

Of course, all that has changed now, right? Right? Well… just watch the delightful movie *Pretty Woman*, which came out in 1990. Pay particular attention to the scene where Hector Elizondo is instructing Julia Roberts on the proper use of silverware, and ask yourself… how much *has* changed?

—Moira Allen, Editor
editors@victorianvoices.net

ETIQUETTE FOR LADIES.

ETIQUETTE may be defined as the minor morality of life. Its laws, like all other social laws, are the accumulated results of the wisdom and experience of many generations. They form a code with which every educated person is bound to be acquainted; and the object of this portion of Collier's Cyclopedia is to place that code before the reader in as succinct, as agreeable, and as explanatory a light as the subject admits of. We hope and believe that it will be found in all respects a trusty and pleasant guide.

INTRODUCTIONS.

To introduce persons who are mutually unknown is to undertake a serious responsibility, and to certify to each the respectability of the other. Never undertake this responsibility without, in the first place, asking yourself whether the persons are likely to be agreeable to each other; nor, in the second place, without ascertaining whether it will be acceptable to both parties to become acquainted.

Always introduce the gentleman to the lady—never the lady to the gentleman. The chivalry of etiquette assumes that the lady is invariably the superior in right of her sex, and that the gentleman is honored in the introduction.

Never present a gentleman to a lady without first asking her permission to do so.

When you are introduced to a gentleman, never offer your hand. When introduced, persons limit their recognition of each other to a bow.

Persons who have met at the house of a mutual friend without being introduced should not bow if they afterwards meet elsewhere. A bow implies acquaintance; and persons who have not been introduced are not acquainted.

If you are walking with one friend, and presently meet with, or are joined by, a second, do not commit the too frequent error of introducing them to each other. You have even less right to do so than if they encountered each other at your house during a morning call.

There are some exceptions to the etiquette of introduction. At a ball, or evening party where there is dancing, the mistress of the house may introduce any gentleman to any lady without first asking the lady's permission. But she should first ascertain whether the lady is willing to dance; and this out of consideration for the gentleman, who may otherwise be refused. No man likes to be refused the hand of a lady, though it be only for a quadrille.

A sister may present her brother, or a mother her son, without any kind of preliminary.

Friends may introduce friends at the house of a mutual acquaintance; but, as a rule, it is better to be introduced by the mistress of the house. Such an introduction carries more authority with it.

Introductions at evening parties are now almost wholly dispensed with. Persons who meet at a friend's house are ostensibly upon an equality, and pay a bad compliment to the host by appearing suspicious and formal. Some old-fashioned country hosts still persevere in introducing each new comer to all the assembled guests. It is a custom that cannot be too soon abolished, and one that places the last unfortunate visitor in a singularly awkward position. All that she can do is to make a semicircular courtesy, like a concert singer before an audience, and bear the general gaze with as much composure as possible.

An introduction given at a ball for the mere purpose of conducting a lady through a dance does not give the gentleman any right to bow to her on a future occasion. If he commits this error, she may remember that she is not bound to see, or return, his salutation.

LETTERS OF INTRODUCTION.

Do not lightly give or promise letters of introduction. Always remember that when you give a letter of introduction you lay yourself under an obligation to the friend to whom it is addressed. If she lives in a great city, such as Chicago or Boston, you in a measure compel her to undergo the penalty of escorting the stranger to some of those places of public entertainment in which the capital abounds. If your friend be a married lady, and the mistress of a house, you put her to the expense of inviting the stranger to her table. We cannot be too cautious how we tax the time and purse of a friend, or weigh too seriously the question of mutual advantage in the introduction. Always ask yourself whether the person introduced will be an acceptable acquaintance to the one to whom you present her; and whether the pleasure of knowing her will compensate for the time or money which it costs to entertain her. If the stranger is in any way unsuitable in habits or temperament, you inflict an annoyance on your friend instead of a pleasure. In questions of introduction never oblige one friend to the discomfort of another.

Those to whom letters of introduction have been given should send them to the person to whom they are addressed, and inclose a card. Avoid delivering a letter of introduction in person. It places you in the most undignified position imaginable, and compels you to wait while it is being read, like a servant who has been told to wait for an answer. If the receiver of the letter be a really well-bred person, she will call upon you or leave her card the next day, and you should return her attention within the week.

If, on the other hand, a stranger sends you a letter of introduction and her card, you are bound by the laws of politeness and hospitality, not only to call upon her the next day, but to follow up that attention with others. If you are in a position to do so, the most correct proceeding is to invite her to dine with you. Should this not be within your power, you can probably escort her to some of the exhibitions, bazaars, or concerts of the season; any of which would be interesting to a provincial visitor. In short, etiquette demands that you shall exert yourself to show kindness to the stranger, if only out of compliment to the friend who introduced her to you.

If you invite her to take dinner with you, it is a better compliment to ask some others to meet her than to dine with her *tête-à-tête*. You are thereby giving her an opportunity of making other acquaintances, and are assisting your friend in still farther promoting the purpose for which she gave her the introduction to yourself.

A letter of introduction should be given unsealed, not alone because your friend may wish to know what you have said of her, but also as a guarantee of your own good faith. As you should never give such a letter unless you can speak highly of the bearer, this rule of etiquette is easy to observe. By requesting your friend to fasten the envelope before forwarding the letter to its destination, you tacitly give her permission to inspect its contents.

VISITING CARDS.

Visits of ceremony should be short. If even the conversation should have become animated, beware of letting your call exceed half-an-hour's length. It is always better to let your friends regret rather than desire your withdrawal.

On returning visits of ceremony you may, without impoliteness, leave your card at the door without going in. Do not fail, however, to inquire if the family be well.

Should there be daughters or sisters residing with the lady upon whom you call, you may turn down a corner of your card, to signify that the visit is paid to all. It is in better taste, however, to leave cards for each.

Unless when returning thanks for "kind inquiries," or announcing your arrival in, or departure from, town, it is not considered respectful to send round cards by a servant.

Leave-taking cards have P.P.C. (*pour prendre congé*) written in the corner. Some use P.D.A. (*pour dire adieu*).

Autographic facsimiles for visiting cards are affectations in any persons but those who are personally remarkable for talent, and whose autographs, or facsimiles of them, would be prized as curiosities.

Visits of condolence are paid within the week after the event which occasions them. Personal visits of this kind are made by relations and very intimate friends only. Acquaintances should leave cards with narrow mourning borders.

On the first occasion when you are received by the family after the death of one of its members, it is etiquette to wear slight mourning.

Umbrellas should invariably be left in the hall.

Never take favorite dogs into a drawing-room when you make a morning call. Their feet may be dusty, or they may bark at the sight of strangers, or, being of a too friendly disposition, may take the liberty of lying on a lady's gown, or jumping on the sofas and easy chairs. Where your friend has a favorite cat already established before the fire, a battle may ensue, and one or both of the pets be seriously hurt. Besides, many persons have a constitutional antipathy to dogs, and others never allow their own to be seen in the sitting-rooms. For all or any of these reasons, a visitor has no right to inflict upon her friend the society of her dog as well as of herself. Neither is it well for a mother to take young children with her when she pays morning visits; their presence, unless they are unusually well trained, can only be productive of anxiety to both yourself and your hostess. She, while striving to amuse them, or to appear interested in them, is secretly anxious for the fate of her album, or the ornaments on her *étagére*; while the mother is trembling lest her children should say or do something objectionable.

If other visitors are announced, and you have already remained as long as courtesy requires, wait till they are seated, and then rise from your chair, take leave of your hostess, and bow politely to the newly arrived guests. You will, perhaps, be urged to remain, but, having once risen, it is best to go. There is always a certain air of *gaucherie* in resuming your seat and repeating the ceremony of leave-taking.

If you have occasion to look at your watch during a call, ask permission to do so, and apologize for it on the plea of other appointments.

In receiving morning visitors, it is not necessary that the lady should lay aside the employment in which she may be engaged, particularly if it consists of light or ornamental needle-work.

Politeness, however, requires that music, drawing, or any occupation which would completely engross the attention, be at once abandoned.

You need not advance to receive visitors when announced, unless they are persons to whom you are desirous of testifying particular attention. It is sufficient if a lady rises to receive her visitors, moves forward a single step to shake hands with them, and remains standing till they are seated.

When your visitors rise to take leave you should rise also, and remain standing till they have quite left the room.

A lady should dress well, but not too richly, when she pays a morning visit.

CONVERSATION.

There is no conversation so graceful, so varied, so sparkling, as that of an intellectual and cultivated woman. Excellence in this particular is, indeed, one of the attributes of the sex, and should be cultivated by every gentlewoman who aspires to please in general society.

In order to talk well, three conditions are indispensable, namely—tact, a good memory, and a fair education.

Remember that people take more interest in their own affairs than in anything else which you can name. If you wish your conversation to be thoroughly agreeable, lead a mother to talk of her children, a young lady of her last ball, an author of his forthcoming book, or an artist of his exhibition picture. Having furnished the topic, you need only listen ; and you are sure to be thought not only agreeable, but thoroughly sensible and well-informed.

Be careful, however, on the other hand, not always to make a point of talking to persons upon general matters relating to their profession. To show an interest in their immediate concerns is flattering ; but to converse with them too much about their own arts looks as if you thought them ignorant of other topics.

Remember in conversation that a voice "gentle and low" is, above all other extraneous acquirements, "an excellent thing in woman." There is a certain distinct but subdued tone of voice which is peculiar to only well-bred persons. A loud voice is both disagreeable and vulgar. It is better to err by the use of too low rather than too loud a tone.

Remember that all "slang" is vulgar.

The use of proverbs is equally vulgar in conversation ; and puns, unless they rise to the rank of witticisms, are to be scrupulously avoided. A lady-punster is a most unpleasing phenomenon, and we would advise no young woman, however witty she may be, to cultivate this kind of verbal talent.

Long arguments in general company, however entertaining to the disputants, are tiresome to the last degree to all others. You should always endeavor to prevent the conversation from dwelling too long upon one topic.

Religion is a topic which should never be introduced into society. It is the one subject on which persons are most likely to differ, and least able to preserve temper.

Never interrupt a person who is speaking. It has been aptly said that "if you interrupt a speaker in the middle of his sentence, you act almost as rudely as if, when walking with a companion, you were to thrust yourself before him, and stop his progress."

To listen well is almost as great an art as to talk well. It is not enough *only* to listen. You must endeavor to seem interested in the conversation of others.

It is considered extremely ill bred when two persons whisper in society, or converse in a language with which all present are not familiar. If you have private matters to discuss, you should appoint a proper time and place to do so, without paying others the ill compliment of excluding them from your conversation.

If a foreigner be one of the guests at a small party, and does not understand English sufficiently to follow what is said, good breeding demands that the conversation shall be carried on in his own language. If at a dinner-party, the same rule applies to those at his end of the table.

If upon the entrance of a visitor you carry on the thread of a previous conversation, you should briefly recapitulate to him what has been said before he arrived.

Do not be *always* witty, even though you should be so happily gifted as to need the caution. To outshine others on every occasion is the surest road to unpopularity.

Always look, but never stare, at those with whom you converse.

In order to meet the general needs of conversation in society, it is necessary that a gentlewoman should be acquainted with the current news and historical events of, at least, the last few years.

Never talk upon subjects of which you know nothing, unless it be for the purpose of acquiring information. Many young ladies imagine that because they play a little, sing a little, draw a little, and frequent exhibitions and operas, they are qualified judges of art. No mistake is more egregious or universal.

Those who introduce anecdotes into their conversation are warned that these should invariably be "short, witty, eloquent, new, and not far-fetched."

Scandal is the least excusable of all conversational vulgarities.

DRESS.

To dress well requires something more than a full purse and a pretty figure. It needs taste, good sense, and refinement. Dress may almost be classed as one of the fine arts. It is certainly one of those arts the cultivation of which is indispensable to any person moving in the upper or middle classes of society. Very clever women are too frequently indifferent to the graces of the toilette ; and women who wish to be thought clever affect indifference. In the one case it is an error, and in the other a folly. It is not enough that a gentlewoman should be clever, or well educated, or well-born. To take her due place in society, she must be acquainted with all that this little book proposes to teach. She must, above all else, know how to enter a room, how to perform a graceful salutation, and how to dress. Of these three important qualifications, the most important, because the most observed, is the latter.

Let your style of dress always be appropriate to the hour of the day. To dress too finely in the morning, or to be seen in a morning dress in the evening, is equally vulgar and out of place.

Light and inexpensive materials are fittest for morning wear; dark silk dresses for the promenade or carriage; and low dresses of rich or transparent stuffs for the dinner and ball. A young lady cannot dress with too much simplicity in the early part of the day. A morning dress of some simple material, and delicate whole color, with collar and cuffs of spotless linen, is, perhaps, the most becoming and elegant of morning toilettes.

Never dress very richly or showily in the street. It attracts attention of no enviable kind, and is looked upon as a want of good breeding. In the carriage a lady may dress as elegantly as she pleases. With respect to ball-room toilette, its fashions are so variable, that statements which are true of it to-day may be false a month hence. Respecting no institution of modern society, is it so difficult to pronounce half-a-dozen permanent rules.

We may, perhaps, be permitted to suggest the following leading principles; but we do so with diffidence. Rich colors harmonize with rich brunette complexions and dark hair. Delicate colors are the most suitable for delicate and fragile styles of beauty. Very young ladies are never so suitably attired as in white. Ladies who dance should wear dresses of light and diaphanous materials, such as *tulle*, gauze, crape, net, etc., over colored silk slips. Silk dresses are not suitable for dancing. A married lady who dances only a few quadrilles may wear a *décolleté* silk dress with propriety.

Very stout persons should never wear white. It has the effect of adding to the bulk of the figure.

Black and scarlet, or black and violet, are worn in mourning.

A lady in deep mourning should not dance at all.

However fashionable it may be to wear very long dresses, those ladies who go to a ball with the intention of dancing, and enjoying the dance, should cause their dresses to be made short enough to clear the ground. We would ask them whether it is not better to accept this slight deviation from an absurd fashion, than to appear for three parts of the evening in a torn and pinned-up skirt?

Well-made shoes, whatever their color or material, and faultless gloves, are indispensable to the effect of a ball-room toilette.

Much jewelry is out of place in a ball-room. Beautiful flowers, whether natural or artificial, are the loveliest ornaments that a lady can wear on these occasions.

At small dinner parties, low dresses are not so indispensable as they were held to be some years since. High dresses of transparent materials, and low bodices with capes of black lace, are considered sufficiently full dress on these occasions. At large dinners only the fullest dress is appropriate.

Very young ladies should wear but little jewelry. Pearls are deemed most appropriate for the young and unmarried.

Let your jewelry be always the best of its kind. Nothing is so vulgar, either in youth or in age, as the use of false ornaments.

There is as much propriety to be observed in the wearing of jewelry as in the wearing of dresses. Diamonds, pearls, rubies, and all transparent precious stones, belong to evening dress, and should on no account be worn before dinner. In the morning let your rings be of the more simple and massive kind; wear no bracelets; and limit your jewelry to a good brooch, gold chain, and watch. Your diamonds and pearls would be as much out of place during the morning as a low dress, or a wreath.

It is well to remember in the choice of jewelry that mere costliness is not always the test of value; and that an exquisite work of art, such as a fine cameo, or a natural rarity, such as black pearl, is a more *distingué* possession than a large brilliant which any rich and tasteless vulgarian can buy as easily as yourself. Of all precious stones, the opal is one of the most lovely and least common-place. No vulgar woman purchases an opal. She invariably prefers the more showy ruby, emerald, or sapphire.

A true gentlewoman is always faultlessly neat. No richness of toilette in the afternoon, no diamonds in the evening, can atone for unbrushed hair, a soiled collar, or untidy slippers at breakfast.

Never be seen in the street without gloves. Your gloves should fit to the last degree of perfection.

In these days of public baths and universal progress, we trust that it is unnecessary to do more than hint at the necessity of the most fastidious personal cleanliness. The hair, the teeth, the nails, should be faultlessly kept; and a muslin dress that has been worn once too often, a dingy pocket-handkerchief, or a soiled pair of light gloves, are things to be scrupulously avoided by any young lady who is ambitious of preserving the exterior of a gentlewoman.

Remember that the make of your *corsage* is of even greater importance than the make of your dress. No dressmaker can fit you well, or make your bodices in the manner most becoming to your figure, if the *corsage* beneath be not of the best description.

Your shoes and gloves should always be faultless.

Perfumes should be used only in the evening, and then in moderation. Let your perfumes be of the most delicate and *recherché* kind. Nothing is more vulgar than a coarse, ordinary scent; and of all coarse, ordinary scents, the most objectionable are musk and patchouli.

Finally, every lady should remember that to dress well is a duty which she owes to society; but that to make it her idol is to commit something worse than a folly. Fashion is made for woman; not woman for fashion.

MORNING AND EVENING PARTIES.

The morning party is a modern invention. It was unknown to our fathers and mothers, and even to ourselves till quite lately. A morning party is given during the months of June, July, August, September, and sometimes October. It begins about two o'clock and ends about seven, and the entertainment consists for the most part of conversation, music, and (if there be a garden) croquet, lawn tennis, archery, etc. The refreshments are given in the form of a *déjeûner à la fourchette*. Receptions are held during the winter season.

Elegant morning dress, general good manners, and some acquaintance with the topics of the day and the games above named, are all the qualifications especially necessary to a lady

at a morning party, and "At Homes;" music and elocution at receptions.

An evening party begins about nine o'clock p.m., and ends about midnight, or somewhat later. Good-breeding neither demands that you should present yourself at the commencement, nor remain till the close of the evening. You come and go as may be most convenient to you, and by these means are at liberty, during the height of the season when evening parties are numerous, to present yourself at two or three houses during a single evening.

When your name is announced, look for the lady of the house, and pay your respects to her before you even seem to see any other of your friends who may be in the room. At very large and fashionable receptions, the hostess is generally to be found near the door. Should you, however, find yourself separated by a dense crowd of guests, you are at liberty to recognize those who are near you, and those whom you encounter as you make your way slowly through the throng.

If you are at the house of a new acquaintance and find yourself among entire strangers, remember that by so meeting under one roof you are all in a certain sense made known to one another, and should, therefore, converse freely, as equals. To shrink away to a side-table and affect to be absorbed in some album or illustrated work; or, if you find one unlucky acquaintance in the room to fasten upon her like a drowning man clinging to a spar, are *gaucheries* which no shyness can excuse.

If you possess any musical accomplishments, do not wait to be pressed and entreated by your hostess, but comply immediately when she pays you the compliment of inviting you to play or sing. Remember, however, that only the lady of the house has the right to ask you. If others do so, you can put them off in some polite way, but must not comply till the hostess herself invites you.

Be scrupulous to observe silence when any of the company are playing or singing. Remember that they are doing this for the amusement of the rest; and that to talk at such a time is as ill-bred as if you were to turn your back upon a person who was talking to you and begin a conversation with some one else.

If you are yourself the performer, bear in mind that in music, as in speech, "brevity is the soul of wit." Two verses of a song, or four pages of a piece, are at all times enough to give pleasure. If your audience desire more they will ask for it; and it is infinitely more flattering to be encored than to receive the thanks of your hearers, not so much in gratitude for what you have given them, but in relief that you have left off. You should try to suit your music, like your conversation, to your company. A solo of Beethoven's would be as much out of place in some circles as a comic song at a Quakers' meeting. To those who only care for the light popularities of the season, give Verdi, Suppé, Sullivan, or Offenbach. To connoisseurs, if you perform well enough to venture, give such music as will be likely to meet the exigencies of a fine taste. Above all, attempt nothing that you cannot execute with ease and precision.

If the party be of a small and social kind and those games called by the French *les jeux innocents* are proposed, do not object to join in them when invited. It may be that they demand some slight exercise of wit and readiness, and that you do not feel yourself calculated to shine in them; but it is better to seem dull than disagreeable, and those who are obliging can always find some clever neighbor to assist them in the moment of need.

Impromptu charades are frequently organized at friendly parties. Unless you have really some talent for acting and some readiness of speech, you should remember that you only put others out and expose your own inability by taking part in these entertainments. Of course, if your help is really needed, and you would disoblige by refusing, you must do your best, and by doing it as quietly and coolly as possible, avoid being awkward or ridiculous.

Even though you may take no pleasure in cards, some knowledge of the etiquette and rules belonging to the games most in vogue is necessary to you in society. If a fourth hand is wanted at euchre, or if the rest of the company sit down to a round game, you would be deemed guilty of an impoliteness if you refused to join.

The games most commonly played in society are euchre, draw-poker, and whist.

THE DINNER-PARTY.

To be acquainted with every detail of the etiquette pertaining to this subject is of the highest importance to every lady. Ease, *savoir-faire*, and good-breeding are nowhere more indispensable than at the dinner-table, and the absence of them is nowhere more apparent. How to eat soup and what to do with a cherry-stone are weighty considerations when taken as the index of social status; and it is not too much to say, that a young woman who elected to take claret with her fish, or ate peas with her knife, would justly risk the punishment of being banished from good society.

An invitation to dinner should be replied to immediately, and unequivocally accepted or declined. Once accepted, nothing but an event of the last importance should cause you to fail in your engagement.

To be exactly punctual is the strictest politeness on these occasions. If you are too early, you are in the way; if too late you spoil the dinner, annoy the hostess, and are hated by the rest of the guests. Some authorities are even of opinion that in the question of a dinner-party "never" is better than "late"; and one author has gone so far as to say, "if you do not reach the house till dinner is served, you had better retire, and send an apology, and not interrupt the harmony of the courses by awkward excuses and cold acceptance."

When the party is assembled, the mistress or master of the house will point out to each gentleman the lady whom he is to conduct to the table.

The lady who is the greatest stranger should be taken down by the master of the house, and the gentleman who is the greatest stranger should conduct the hostess. Married ladies take precedence of single ladies, elder ladies of younger ones, and so forth.

When dinner is announced, the host offers his arm to the lady of most distinction, invites the rest to follow by a few words or a bow, and leads the way. The lady of the house

should then follow with the gentleman who is most entitled to that honor, and the visitors follow in the order that has been previously arranged. The lady of the house frequently remains, *however, till* the last, that she may see her guests go in their prescribed order; but the plan is not a convenient one. It is much better that the hostesss should be in her place as the guests enter the dining-room, in order that she may indicate their seats to them as they enter, and not find them all crowded together in uncertainty when she arrives.

The plan of cards, with the names of the guests on them, opposite their chairs, is a very useful one.

The lady of the house takes the head of the table. The gentleman who led her down to dinner occupies the seat on her right hand, and the gentleman next in order of precedence, that on her left. The master of the house takes the foot of the table. The lady whom he escorted sits on his right hand, and the lady next in order of precedence on his left.

As soon as you are seated at table, remove your gloves, place your table napkin across your knees, and remove the roll which you will probably find within it to the left side of your plate.

The soup should be placed on the table first. All well-ordered dinners begin with soup, whether in summer or winter. The lady of the house should help it, and send it round without asking each individual in turn. It is as much an understood thing as the bread beside each plate, and those who do not choose it are always at liberty to leave it untasted.

In eating soup, remember always to take it from the side of the spoon, and to make no sound in doing so.

If the servants do not go round with wine, the gentlemen should help the ladies and themselves to sherry or sauterne immediately after the soup.

You should never ask for a second supply of either soup or fish; it delays the next course, and keeps the table waiting.

Never offer to "assist" your neighbors to this or that dish. The word is inexpressibly vulgar—all the more vulgar for its affectation of elegance. "Shall I send you some mutton?" or "may I help you to canvas back?" is better chosen and better bred.

As a general rule, it is better not to ask your guests if they will partake of the dishes; but to send the plates round, and let them accept or decline them as they please. At very large dinners it is sometimes customary to distribute little lists of the order of the dishes at intervals along the table. It must be confessed that this gives somewhat the air of a dinner at an hotel; but it has the advantage of enabling the visitors to select their fare, and, as "forewarned is forearmed," to keep a corner, as the children say, for their favorite dishes.

As soon as you are helped, begin to eat; or, if the viands are too hot for your palate, take up your knife and fork and appear to begin. To wait for others is now not only old-fashioned, but ill-bred.

Never offer to pass on the plate to which you have been helped.

In helping soup, fish, or any other dish, remember that to overfill a plate is as bad as to supply it too scantily.

Silver fish knives will now always be met with at the best tables; but where there are none, a piece of crust should be taken in the left hand, and the fork in the right. There is no exception to this rule in eating fish.

We presume it is scarcely necessary to remind our fair reader that she is never, under any circumstances, to convey her knife to her mouth. Peas are eaten with the fork; tarts, curry, and puddings of all kinds with the spoon.

Always help fish with a fish-slice, and tart and puddings with a spoon, or, if necessary, a spoon and fork.

Asparagus must be helped with the asparagus-tongs.

In eating asparagus, it is well to observe what others do, and act accordingly. Some very well-bred people eat it with the fingers; others cut off the heads, and convey them to the mouth upon the fork. If would be difficult to say which is the more correct.

In eating stone fruit, such as cherries, damsons, etc., the same rule had better be observed. Some put the stones out from the mouth into a spoon, and so convey them to the plate. Others cover the lips with the hand, drop them unseen into the palm, and so deposit them on the side of the plate. In our own opinion, the latter is the better way, as it effectually conceals the return of the stones, which is certainly the point of highest importance. Of one thing we may be sure, and that is, that they must never be dropped from the mouth to the plate.

In helping sauce, always pour it on the side of the plate.

If the servants do not go round with the wine (which is by far the best custom), the gentlemen at a dinner-table should take upon themselves the office of helping those ladies who sit near them.

Unless you are a total abstainer, it is extremely uncivil to decline taking wine if you are invited to do so.

It is particularly ill-bred to empty your glass on these occasions.

Certain wines are taken with certain dishes, by old-established custom—as sherry or sauterne, with soup and fish; hock and claret with roast meat; punch with turtle; champagne with sweet-bread or cutlets; port with venison; port or burgundy, with game; sparkling wines between the roast and the confectionery; madeira with sweets; port with cheese; and for dessert, port, tokay, madeira, sherry, and claret. Red wines should never be iced, even in summer. Claret and burgundy should always be slightly warmed; claret-cup and champagne should, of course, be iced.

Instead of cooling their wines in the ice-pail, some hosts introduce clear ice upon the table, broken up in small lumps, to be put inside the glasses. This cannot be too strictly reprehended. Melting ice can but weaken the quality and flavor of the wine. Those who desire to drink *wine and water* can ask for iced water if they choose; but it savors too much of economy on the part of a host to insinuate the ice inside the glasses of his guests when the wine could be more effectually iced outside the bottle.

A silver knife and fork should be placed to each guest at dessert.

It is wise never to partake of any dish without knowing of what ingredients it is composed. You can always ask the servant who hands it to you, and you thereby avoid all danger of having to commit the impoliteness of leaving it, and showing that you do not approve of it.

Never speak while you have anything in your mouth.

Be careful never to taste soups or puddings till you are sure they are sufficiently cool ; as, by disregarding this caution, you may be compelled to swallow what is dangerously hot, or be driven to the unpardonable alternative of returning it to your plate.

When eating or drinking, avoid every kind of audible testimony to the fact.

Finger-glasses, containing water slightly warmed and perfumed, are placed to each person at dessert. In these you may dip the tips of your fingers, wiping them afterwards on your table-napkin. If the finger-glass and doyley are placed on your dessert-plate, you should immediately remove the doyley to the left of your plate, and place the finger-glass upon it. By these means you leave the right for the wine-glasses.

Be careful to know the shapes of the various kinds of wine-glasses commonly in use, in order that you may never put forward one for another. High and narrow, and very broad and shallow glasses, are used for champagne ; large goblet-shaped glasses for burgundy and claret ; ordinary wine-glasses for sherry and madeira ; green glasses for hock ; and somewhat large, bell-shaped glasses for port.

Port, sherry, and madeira are decanted. Hocks and champagnes appear in their native bottles. Claret and burgundy are handed round in a claret-jug.

The servants leave the room when the dessert is on the table.

Coffee and liqueurs should be handed round when the dessert has been about a quarter of an hour on the table. After this the ladies generally retire.

The lady of the house should never send away her plate, or appear to have done eating, till all her guests have finished.

If you should unfortunately overturn or break anything, do not apologize for it. You can show your regret in your face, but it is not well-bred to put it into words.

To abstain from taking the last piece on the dish, or the last glass of wine in the decanter, only because it is the last, is highly ill-bred. It implies a fear on your part that the vacancy cannot be supplied, and almost conveys an affront to your host.

To those ladies who have houses and servants at command, we have one or two remarks to offer. Every housekeeper should be acquainted with the routine of a dinner and the etiquette of a dinner-table. No lady should be utterly dependent on the taste and judgment of her cook. Though she need not know how to dress a dish, she should be able to judge of it when served. The mistress of the house, in short, should be to a cook what a publisher is to his authors—that is to say, competent to form a judgment upon their works, though himself incapable of writing even a magazine article.

If you wish to have a good dinner, and do not know in what manner to set about it, you will do wisely to order it from some first-rate *restaurateur*. By these means you insure the best cookery and a faultless *carte*.

Bear in mind that it is your duty to entertain your friends in the best manner that your means permit. This is the least you can do to recompense them for the expenditure of time and money which they incur in accepting your invitation.

" To invite a friend to dinner," says Brillat Savarin, " is to become responsible for his happiness so long as he is under your roof."

A dinner, to be excellent, need not consist of a great variety of dishes ; but everything should be of the best, and the cookery should be perfect. That which should be *cool* should be cool as ice ; that which should be hot should be smoking ; the attendance should be rapid and noiseless ; the guests well assorted ; the wines of the best quality ; the host attentive and courteous ; the room well lighted, and the time punctual.

Every dinner should begin with soup, be followed by fish, and include some kind of game. " The soup is to the dinner," we are told by Grisnod de la Regnière, " what the portico is to a building, or the overture to an opera."

To this aphorism we may be permitted to add that a *chasse* of cognac or curaçoa at the close of a dinner is like the epilogue at the end of a comedy.

Never reprove or give directions to your servants before guests. If a dish is not placed precisely where you would have wished it to stand, or the order of a course is reversed, let the error pass unobserved by yourself, and you may depend that it will be unnoticed by others.

The duties of hostess at a dinner-party are not onerous ; but they demand tact and good breeding, grace of bearing, and self-possession of no ordinary degree. She does not often carve. She has no active duties to perform ; but she must neglect nothing, forget nothing, put all her guests at their ease, encourage the timid, draw out the silent, and pay every possible attention to the requirements of each and all around her. No accident must ruffle her temper. No disappointment must embarrass her. She must see her old china broken without a sigh, and her best glass shattered with a smile.

STAYING AT A FRIEND'S HOUSE—BREAKFAST, LUNCHEON, ETC.

A visitor is bound by the laws of social intercourse to conform in all respects to the habits of the house. In order to do this effectually, she should inquire, or cause her personal servant to inquire, what those habits are. To keep your friend's breakfast on the table till a late hour ; to delay the dinner by want of punctuality ; to accept other invitations, and treat his house as if it were merely an hotel to be slept in ; or to keep the family up till unwonted hours, are alike evidences of a want of good feeling and good-breeding.

At breakfast and lunch absolute punctuality is not imperative ; but a visitor should avoid being always the last to appear at table.

No order of precedence is observed at either breakfast or luncheon. Persons take their seats as they come in, and, having exchanged their morning salutations, begin to eat without waiting for the rest of the party.

If letters are delivered to you at breakfast or luncheon, you may read them by asking permission from the lady who presides at the urn.

Always hold yourself at the disposal of those in whose house you are visiting. If they propose to ride, drive, walk, or otherwise occupy the day, you may take it for granted that these plans are made with reference to your enjoyment. You

should, therefore, receive them with cheerfulness, enter into them with alacrity, and do your best to seem pleased, and be *pleased, by the efforts* which your friends make to entertain you.

You should never take a book from the library to your own room without requesting permission to borrow it. When it is lent, you should take every care that it sustains no injury while in your possession, and should cover it, if necessary.

A guest should endeavor to amuse herself as much as possible, and not be continually dependent on her hosts for entertainment. She should remember that, however welcome she may be, she is not always wanted.

A visitor should avoid giving unnecessary trouble to the servants of the house.

The signal for retiring to rest is generally given by the appearance of the servant with wine, water, and biscuits, where a late dinner hour is observed and suppers are not the custom. This is the last refreshment of the evening, and the visitor will do well to rise and wish good night shortly after it has been partaken of by the family.

GENERAL HINTS.

Do not frequently repeat the name of the person with whom you are conversing. It implies either the extreme of *hauteur* or familiarity.

Never speak of absent persons by only their Christian or surnames; but always as Mr. ——, or Mrs. ——. Above all, never name anybody by the first letter of his name. Married people are sometimes guilty of this flagrant offense against taste.

Look at those who address you.

Never boast of your birth, your money, your grand friends, or anything that is yours. If you have traveled, do not introduce that information into your conversation at every opportunity. Any one can travel with money and leisure. The real distinction is to come home with enlarged views, improved tastes, and a mind free from prejudice.

If you present a book to a friend, do not write his or her name in it, unless requested. You have no right to presume that it will be rendered any the more valuable for that addition; and you ought not to conclude beforehand that your gift will be accepted.

Never undervalue the gift which you are yourself offering; you have no business to offer it if it is valueless. Neither say that you do not want it yourself, or that you should throw it away if it were not accepted, etc., etc. Such apologies would be insults if true, and mean nothing if false.

No compliment that bears insincerity on the face of it is a compliment at all.

Presents made by a married lady to a gentleman can only be offered in the joint names of her husband and herself.

Married ladies may occasionally accept presents from gentlemen who visit frequently at their houses, and who desire to show their sense of the hospitality which they receive there.

Acknowledge the receipt of a present without delay.

Give a foreigner his name in full, as Monsieur de Vigny—never as *Monsieur* only. In speaking of him, give him his title, if he has one. Foreign noblemen are addressed *viva voce* as Monsieur. In speaking of a foreign nobleman before his face, say Monsieur le Comte, or Monsieur le Marquis. In his absence, say Monsieur le Comte de Vigny.

Converse with a foreigner in his own language. If not competent to do so, apologize, and beg permission to speak English.

To get in and out of a carriage gracefully is a simple but important accomplishment. If there is but one step, and you are going to take the seat facing the horses, put your left foot on the step, and enter the carriage with your right, in such a manner as to drop at once into your seat. If you are about to sit with your back to the horses, reverse the process. As you step into the carriage, be careful to keep your back towards the seat you are about to occupy, so as to avoid the awkwardness of turning when you are once in.

A DAY AT A COUNTRY FAIR.

By A. S. Appelbee.

Illustrated by A. J. Wall.

THE sedges by the riverside swayed gently in the summer breeze, and the poplar leaves whistled overhead and turned their grey faces to the sunlight, as I sat in a ferry-boat waiting to be carried to the opposite shore for a lazy day of reading in the shade. The ferryman did not believe in two journeys where one would do, and paused till an individual halfway back to the village came up, who proved to be none other than Jack Shipley, disguised in his Sunday clothes. Ordinarily Jack is a picturesque personality, well set up and well favoured, with a clear eye and a steady hand, who takes a pride in the occupation of a gamekeeper. An inquiry as to the reason of this metamorphosis elicited that it was "club-day," or the anniversary of a friendly society, in the nearest little town.

"'You be broke, Master Watson, and no mistake.'"

"It'd do you writin' chaps a sight of good to go and see some real life," said Jack sweetly. "I'll take you to the club dinner, so as you won't starve, and show you the fun of the fair after."

Of course I went. It was worth it to have the three-mile walk to the town with a man whose views were quaint and original, but whose observation might have rivalled that of Richard Jefferies. When we arrived, the three clubs in the district were taking part in a joint church-parade. The parson was slipshod and prosy, as country parsons may be without reproach, and we joined a group who had disposed themselves on the tombstones outside, to see the procession start before they walked down to dinner. Jack was cordially welcomed.

"What, Master Watson," he said to a patient-looking old fellow in corduroy, "you at the Trinity Feast again! Where be you livin'?"

"At the big 'ouse," said the old fellow quietly, using a current localism for the Union workhouse. "'Ow's your missis?"

"Oh, I didn't know. She's very well. And 'ow be you?"

"Well, in 'eart 'ealth I be as well as ever I was, but I've lost some'ow the use of one 'and"—it was plainly paralysed—"and they turned me off then from my job. But there, I were seventy-three; what else could I expect?"

There was not a trace of animosity in the tone in which the words were spoken.

"You be broke, Master Watson, and no mistake," said a young wife sitting near, with all the brutal frankness of the country. "'Ow do they use you?"

"Pretty fair, Jaën, pretty fair; but it's my last Trinity. I shall never come no more."

"Why not? Where shall you be?"

"Dead, Jaën," said the worn-out old worker quite peacefully.

Just then the brass band struck up a dance tune and Watson was forgotten in the bustle. The club members filed out in shiny black coats and trousers that had fitted their fathers, possibly, and bore evidence in their creases of careful preservation. These contrasted oddly with their rolling agricultural gait and with their brightly coloured sashes and insignia of office, as they marched two and two behind the banners of their respective orders down the entire length of the village. We went to the largest dinner, in a tent at the back of a public-house, where the local M.P. presided, sitting at a table reserved for about a dozen visitors. Viands specially cooked, and wine from his own cellar, aroused no remark among the two hundred members, who were used to this kind of thing on the part of the squire, besides being fairly occupied in obtaining their own half-dollar's worth. The platefuls that followed one another down their bronzed throats would have to be seen to be believed. My next-door neighbour put the matter in a nutshell.

"Where's your feyther, Bill?" said someone to him.

"Not comin' this year," replied my neighbour.

"'Ow's that, Bill?"

"'E says 'e's allus bad for three days after Trinity."

The pudding was stodgy and heavy, but less so than the oratory from the visitors' table and the statistics hurled at us by the secretary. Only one item relieved the gloom, and that was when an unpopular squire replied to the toast of his health. Agricultural hinds of to-day, at any rate, are not much like the popular ideal created by Charles Kingsley. Instead of showing sullen respect, the villagers suppressed the offending squire by quietly starting a universal hum of conversation on local topics, in which the speaker was bound to be stifled, shout he never so loudly.

Outside in the pure air again the place was livening up. Carts had rolled past till the inn yards had overflowed into the streets—there were two streets. Where the place simmered in the forenoon, it boiled now. Cheap Jacks and rock stalls were doing a flourishing trade with customers whose good humour was only equalled by their open-eyed astonishment, as they witnessed some simple feat of sleight-of-hand, or recognised an acquaintance never seen since the corresponding day last year. Leather-lunged rascals shouted of the ease with which cocoanuts could be exchanged for pence in alleys where the nuts had just been secured in iron hoops as firmly as circumstances and a mallet permitted. The rival orchestras of the sea-on-land and of the jenny horses blared in a brazen cacophony. Down-at-heel villains howled the latest music-hall airs—all the questionable morality that could be obtained in six of them for a penny. Showmen announced their wares in a monotone that added to the din.

And how things have progressed, to be sure, since the days of my youthful "mops!" That was not a century ago, by any means; but then we rejoiced in hobby-horses that were simply run round by a couple of men. Now the hobby-horses turn up in a train of wagons, drawn by a traction engine, which subsequently snorts amidships as the three rows of brightly painted steeds pursue their giddy way, and one's best girl bobs up and down serenely by one's side. They will be worked with electricity very soon. Indeed, I hear that this is an accomplished fact in some shows already.

Jack volunteered to show me round and began the process by making straight for the nearest shooting-gallery. Here, with fearsome weapons that would have wrought more damage than some of the battleships in the Spanish war, you fractured bottles for the modest "brown." Jack hit his first two, to the evident amusement of two townsmen who were watching the proceedings. A "bob" changed hands in the form of a bet upon the next shot—of course, to the advantage of the keeper—and, almost before I realised what was going on, Jack and one of the strangers had come to an

understanding and were shooting for a wager. The other stranger turned to me.

"Your friend will lose," he said. "Gibson is a pigeon shot in Birmingham."

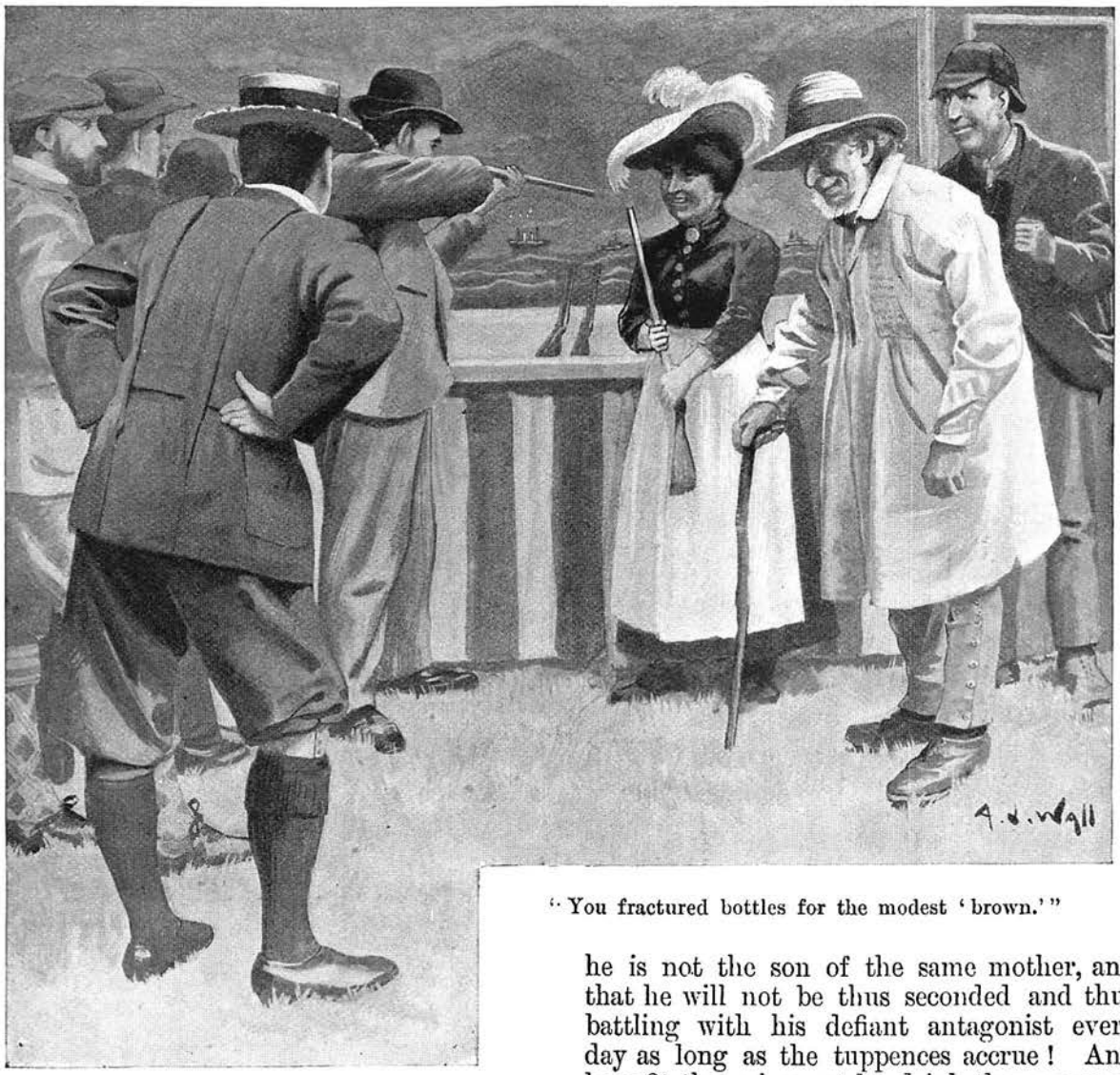
But Jack did not lose. They did not know keepers. Half-a-crown was the forfeit of the first man to miss his mark, and the large coin soon joined the small one.

The stranger grumbled, changed his weapon, and quadrupled the stake. A crowd soon began to gather, and Jack opened the ball with a bull's-eye. Amid general silence both men kept their aim perfect for several rounds and there was almost a cheer. Jack, the rural candidate, had won again, and the rural folks were mightily delighted.

"Well, I'm blowed! Me taken down by a blooming bumpkin!" said the stranger. But Jack only smiled a frank smile, and his clear eye twinkled as he added—

"A gamekeeper bumpkin. Good morning."

The boxing-booth was our next venture. It was worth the "tuppence" demanded to see two youths as like as peas introduced as Mike Sullivan, of New York, and Tom Jones, the famous boxer of "Popular." How one loves to think the Poplar hero has not ascertained his enemy's powers already in a hundred desperate encounters, where the same referee has seen fair play! and that he is not the son of the same mother, and that he will not be thus seconded and thus battling with his defiant antagonist every day as long as the tuppences accrue! And how fit the pair must be, drink they never so deeply in private life!



"You fractured bottles for the modest 'brown.'"

My old joy and relative, Aunt Sally, has also moved with the times. She is distinctly abreast of the modern spirit of progress, and in her latest phases might almost be accounted a new woman. Jack pointed out Aunt Sally in the form of a man with his head and hands through a board, as though he were in the stocks. The Circe who stood at the other end of the range, and dispensed

favours in the form of balls to heave at him, only a penny for two, was his wife. One can fancy that in case of matrimonial recriminations she might take a mean advantage by potting at him in an unguarded moment. Not but what the man in the stocks is very well qualified to take care of himself by means of adroit dodging. When the worst comes to the worst he has a padded turban on the top of his head, with which he plays the ball as neatly as W. G. Grace can return a straight one to Richardson. One return of this kind rebounded on to the thrower's chin. But an incredible number of shots Aunt Sally eludes, and a suitable grimace will often impel the infuriated person at the other end to part with a further copper in order to square accounts.

Some of the other shows were not of much account. There were the waxworks, where a collar and a little hair had transformed my old friend Dizzy by a Fregoli change into Gladstone. There was the marvellous bearded woman, as to whom Jack inquired of an unkempt imp in the tent, "Is that your ma, my boy?" and received the petrifying answer, "No, sir, that's my pa." There was the Temple of Thespis, where "The Lady of Lyons" and a farce were knocked off in twenty-two minutes, and Claude in the former hoped that he might not be "gelatined."

These and many more grew uproarious as the sun sank low in the sky and the money was mostly spent. The young people got to the state of exchanging chaste salutes without an introduction. Then we old fogeys thought it time for the sober homeward journey, but we started in a forgiving frame of mind, as for most of these merry ones it was the only holiday of the year. There was almost pathos in the discourse of a young matron whom we overtook leading her two little ones, and descanting upon the merits of sixpennyworth of "fairings." It was so much pleasure obtained at so small an outlay.

"AUNT SALLY" UP TO DATE.

FANCY WORK.

D'OYLEYS, ETC., FROM NATURAL FOLIAGE.

To young ladies desirous of making presents to friends, by whom the work of their own hands is more likely to be appreciated than the most expensive article merely bought in a shop, or to those at a loss what to contribute to bazaars or fancy fairs, we would suggest the beautiful and ingenious method of arranging ferns, or other gracefully-shaped leaves, as centres of a set of d'oyleys, where each can have a varied design, according to fancy or skill. The material should be of the finest jean, cut into circles, either with a cheese-plate or in any other simple way. The ferns or leaves selected should be flattened, by leaving them several days under pressure. The kinds which will be found most suitable, and have the best effect, are those of an open character, that is, very much pierced or perforated, such as the fern, wild geranium, oak, very young sprigs of vine, jessamine, or rose-leaves; also the airy stems of grasses and harebells; these can easily be had in the country, and seaside visitors can attain the same results with sea-weed. Many will find it most convenient to begin their work upon a drawing-board, as it gives greater facilities for being safely laid aside in the intervals of the process. Having arranged the leaves tastefully in one of the cut circles, they may be held in their place by some very small pins, standing perpendicularly. The next thing to be done is to rub down a sufficient quantity of good Indian ink, or neutral tint, with water into a saucer. It is better when not too thin. Then by dipping an old tooth-brush into it, and drawing it constantly backwards and forwards across the teeth of a small tooth comb, or a small steel instrument sold for this purpose, the d'oyley is covered all over with the finest spray, which produces the effect of a delicate granular ground, as fine as a highly-finished lithograph, or even a photograph. Continue the process until it is of the required shade; never hurrying over it, or taking too much ink on the brush, for fear of blots; nor even allowing the dots to be coarser at one time than another.

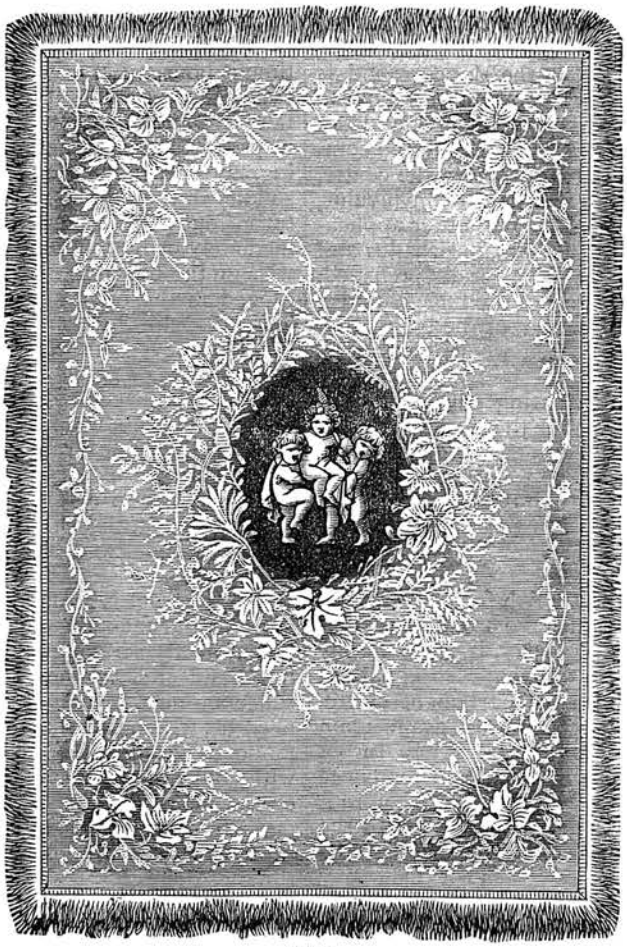


Fig. 3.

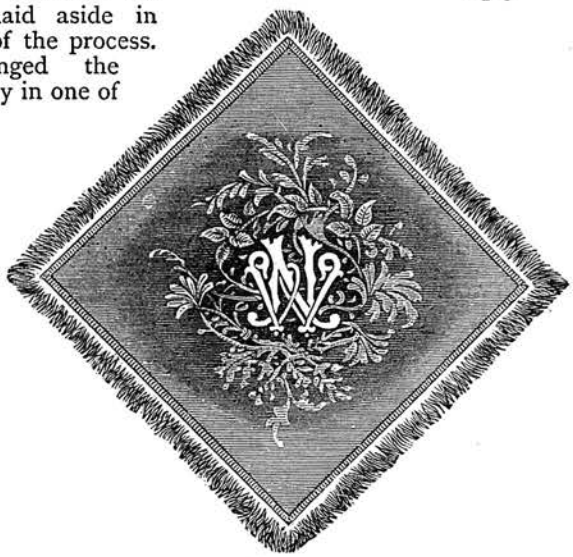


Fig. 2.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 1 is simple, but appropriate in design, consisting merely of a few young vine leaves, *apparently* laid over grasses, but in reality the grasses are laid over the vine; for the darkest leaves in the d'oyley are the first removed, the pure white always remaining till the ground is finished, which has generally the best effect when graduated or vignetted from the centre outwards. When satisfactorily concluded, it must be left a short time to dry; care also should be taken to allow it to be sufficiently dry between the removal of each layer of leaves. Then proceed with a pen, dipped in the same ink, to draw in the veins, &c., taken from the originals; the whole to be finished by a rose-coloured silk fringe round the edge; or, by way of greater variety, each might have a different-coloured fringe.

Fig. 2 is a design which is capable of extensive adaptation to a great variety of tastes and requirements, inasmuch as, instead of the monogram here introduced, anyone may substitute their crest, armorial bearings, or a scroll with motto or name. This monogram was traced on paper, afterwards cut out with the scissors, and placed on *first*, the leaves arranged as in Fig. 1. The whole effect of this d'oyley could be reversed, by keeping it darker towards the outer edge, leaving the monogram upon a light ground in white, which could be tinted with colour or gold at pleasure.

Having completed the d'oyleys, we give directions for the anti-macassar in Fig. 3. Its average size is about one yard in length by three-quarters wide. As this involves more labour and material (though nothing in comparison to the time demanded by crochet, knitting, or tatting), we would advise that it should be done with marking ink, as it then admits of being washed. A larger

kind of leaf may be selected to suit the proportion. The group of Cupids chosen for the centre of Fig. 3 was traced, cut out, and placed in the same way as the monogram, and the details finished afterwards with the pen from the original. If the drawing should prove too difficult for the artistic powers of the operator, and the engraving selected be not too valuable, an easier method is to cut it out, and paste it on, after the dark ground is finished; it has only to be carefully steeped in cold water to be taken off before the anti-macassar is washed, and can then be replaced as before. The corners should be composed of leaves a size less than those used for the centre, and the four connected by a trailing border of convolvulus, vetch, speedwell, ragged robin, or ivy. Another application of this process is the decoration of lamp-shades and fire-screens, where the green ground, generally preferred, suits admirably as the natural colour of the foliage, and it may also be used for the decoration of bedroom and other furniture, made of light coloured woods, and afterwards varnished.

We will only add that this fascinating combination of nature and art affords great scope for the display of good taste and decorative arrangement.

THE CAT AND THE POLITICIAN.

Behind the house, upon the fence,
A pussy cat was sitting,
Watching an open window, whence
Many and divers household utensils, not to speak of supervacaneous footwear and sundry ostentatious articles de vertu, were flitting.

The pussy cat, unmoved by these,
Addressed the man and brother:
"Pray, sir, desist, and let us seize
This auspicious opportunity for establishing amicable relations with one another.

"Why should you hurtle things at me,
A cat of good condition?
'Tis far more natural that we
Should get together and talk over the common interests of the cat and the politician.

"I am a brute and you a man,
But that's the only difference;
We're modeled on the self-same plan,
And in your inner consciousness you must confess that we enjoy in common an insatiate appetite to sit on the fence.

"A cat has many lives, 'tis said—
So has a politician.
How oft we hear that he is dead:
That he has been killed off at the primaries, slaughtered at the caucus, laid out in the convention, or buried at the polls, for seeking a soft position!"

EVERY-DAY DESSERTS—PART III.

And Desserts for Every Day.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 1.

Berry Rolls.

Roll biscuit dough thin, cut in small squares and spread with berries and roll up and place in a pan. Pour over one cupful of sugar, one-half of a cupful of butter, rubbed together, one cupful of boiling water beaten in till cool. Bake. Sauce No. 9.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 2.

Banana Blanc Mange.

One quart of boiling milk, four tablespoonfuls each of smooth corn-starch and sugar, boil together until thick; when cool, add one teaspoonful of vanilla and stir in three sliced bananas and mould. Sauce 10.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 3.

Orange Deep Pie.

Bake in deep pastry mixture, one-half of a pound, each, of sugar and butter creamed together. Add the juice of two oranges, the grated rind of one and five eggs beaten stiff.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 4.

Mrs. R's Pudding (nice).

One-half of a cupful of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one egg beaten stiff, one cupful of milk, one pint of flour, and three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Put one-half of the dough in a pudding dish, cover with blackberries and add the rest of the dough. Bake. Sauce 8.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 5.

Chocolate Cream Custards.

Melt, in a dish set over a kettle of boiling water, one-fourth of a cake of chocolate, and add to a boiled custard, of one quart of milk, the yolks of five eggs, six tablespoonfuls of sugar and two tablespoonfuls of corn-starch. Bake in cups and make meringue of the whites of three eggs and one-half of a cupful of sugar.

MONDAY, AUGUST 6.

White Pudding (very good).

Mix together one and one-half cupfuls of powdered sugar (sifted six times), and one cupful of milk with one-half of a teaspoonful of soda dissolved. Add one pint of flour (sifted six times), one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, five tablespoonfuls of melted butter, the whites of three eggs beaten stiff and one teaspoonful of vanilla. Bake in a loaf. Sauce 4.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 7.

Gooseberry Pie.

Bake in open shell of pastry, one large cupful of stewed gooseberries, sweetened to taste, and strew, after baking, with powdered sugar.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 8.

Lemon Float.

Boil together one quart of water, the juice of two lemons, one large cupful of sugar, and when it comes to a boil, add four tablespoonfuls of corn-starch. Boil until thick, pour into a pudding dish. Make the meringue of the whites of three eggs, and brown.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 9.

Jam Cream Tarts (very good).

Roll piecrust for tarts, and bake in patty pans. Half fill when brown with jam and when cold cover with whipped cream.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 10.

Vanilla Ice Cream.

Boil one quart of milk, add one tablespoonful of smooth arrowroot, one-half pound of sugar, and two eggs. Boil like custard. When cold, add one-half pint of cream, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of vanilla, and freeze.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 11.

Black and White Pudding.

Bake in a loaf, three-fourths of a cupful of butter, two cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of milk, the whites of four eggs beaten stiff, about three cupfuls of flour, one cupful of seeded raisins, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Sauce 7.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 12.

Tea Jelly.

Dissolve one-half of a box of gelatine, add one pint of boiling tea,

one cupful of sugar; stir together, and strain into moulds. Serve with whipped cream.

MONDAY, AUGUST 13.

Rubicon Pudding.

Line the mould with sponge cake sliced and soaked in wine, and citron; pour in boiled custard made of one quart of milk, two tablespoonfuls of smooth corn-starch, four tablespoonfuls of sugar, the yolks of four eggs boiled two minutes. Cover mould tightly and boil. Sauce 12.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 14.

Peanut Cakes.

Three-fourths of a cupful of butter, one cupful of sugar, two eggs, three-fourths of a pint of flour, one-fourth of a cupful of corn-starch, one-half of a teaspoonful of baking powder, one-half of a teaspoonful extract of lemon, one-fourth of a cupful of chopped peanuts mixed with one-fourth of a cupful of sugar and sprinkled over the cakes when dropped into the patty pans. Sauce 4.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 15.

Banana Salad (delicious).

Serve bananas and oranges in a dish, cut up in alternate layers, oranges sweetened a little.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 16.

Almond Blanc Mange.

Boil together one quart of milk, four tablespoonfuls, each, of corn-starch and sugar. When thick, stir into it thirty blanched and split almonds and mould. Sauce 10.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 17.

Blossom Pudding.

Bake in two layers, one cupful of powdered sugar, one-half of a cupful of butter, one-half of a cupful of milk, the whites of three eggs beaten stiff, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one cupful of flour, one-half of a cupful of corn-starch. Put together with boiled icing, colored pink with very little confectioners' red sugar.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 18.

Delmonico Pudding.

Boil together one quart of milk, two tablespoonfuls of corn-starch, five tablespoonfuls of sugar and two eggs. When cool, add one-half of a saltspoonful of salt, one cupful grated cocoanut, and bake until "set" and of a light brown. Eat cold covered with whipped cream.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 19.

Mrs. W's Pudding (very fine).

Soak one-half of a box of gelatine in one-half of a pint of water one hour. Add one pint of boiling water and one teacupful of sugar. Set on the back of the stove until the gelatine is dissolved. When partly cool, add the whites of three unbeaten eggs. When cold, add one teaspoonful of vanilla. Beat with an egg-beater three-quarters of an hour. Sauce 10.

MONDAY, AUGUST 20.

White Ice Cream (very good).

One-half of a box of Coxe's gelatine soaked in one pint of milk one hour; pour on it two quarts of boiling milk and leave till next day. Add, then, one pint of cream, sugar to taste and one and one-half teaspoonfuls of vanilla. Stir hard while freezing.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 21.

Sugar Biscuit.

Sift together one and one-half pints of flour, one-half of a saltspoonful of salt, one large cupful of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and rub in one tablespoonful of lard. Mix with two eggs and one-half pint of milk. Cut into biscuits and bake.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 22.

Candied Fruit.

Boil small, sweet pears, or peaches (only one sort of fruit at a time), peeled in one teacupful of water and one pound of sugar till tender. Stand in syrup two days, drain and sprinkle coffee sugar over each piece and dry in the sun, or a very slow oven.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 23.

Union Pudding.

Make as for June 18, and divide in three parts; stir in one-third of a cupful of grated cocoanut in one, one-third of a cupful of chopped almonds in another, and one tablespoonful of melted chocolate in the third. Mould in little cups, and serve three on one saucer covered with Sauce 10.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 24.

Peach Pudding.

Fill the pudding dish with alternate layers of crumbs, dotted with butter, and sliced and sweetened peaches, having crumbs on top. Pour over custard made of one pint of milk, the yolks of two eggs, and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Steam, and serve with Sauce 8.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 25.

Countess's Pudding.

Cut one stale sponge cake in two, lengthwise. Pour over one glass of sherry, and cover with jelly made of one-half of a box of gelatine, one large cupful of sugar, one large cupful of boiling water, one glass of sherry, strained and cold. Serve with whipped cream.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 26.

Banana Mugly.

Three-quarters of a teacupful of rice, four tablespoonfuls of sugar, one and one-fourth pints of water boiled until rice is tender, with one stick of cinnamon, afterward removed. When cold, stir in two sliced bananas and serve at once in a glass dish filled up with Sauce 10.

MONDAY, AUGUST 27.

Plain Pudding.

Bake in a loaf, two cupfuls of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one egg, one tablespoonful of butter, three-fourths of a cupful of sugar, one-half of a cupful of milk, one teaspoonful of vanilla. Sauce 5.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 28.

Peach Pie.

Bake in one crust, sliced, pared peaches covered with moistened sugar, and very little smooth flour.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 29.

Snow Blanc Mange.

Soak one-half of a box of gelatine in water over night, add one pint of warm milk with two tablespoonfuls of sugar and one tablespoonful of white wine, dissolve and strain, and beat in the whites of two eggs stiff. Sauce 10.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 30.

Peaches and Custard.

Double Sauce 10, and serve, in separate glass dish, with sliced fruit, prepared just before dinner and covered with powdered sugar, as it is dispensed.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 31.

Cherry Loaf.

One cupful of butter, one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, four eggs, one pint of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one cupful of dried cherries, one-half of a cupful of cream, and one teaspoonful of vanilla, bake. Sauce 8.

—Ruth Hall.

THIRTY "WAYS TO SPELL IT."

In the July number of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING "Wants to Know" inquired if any one could tell how many ways there are for spelling Shakespeare. GOOD HOUSEKEEPING offered a year's subscription to this magazine for the best list of "accepted ways of spelling the name of the great poet." The fortunate person is Emma S. Whitten of Johnson, Vt., whose list contained thirty names, "taken from Scribner's Monthly for May, 1876." Here is the list —

Chaksper,	Shagspere,	Shaxper,
Shakspere,	Shaxpur,	Shakspear,
Shaxpere,	Shaksper,	Shaxpeare,
Shakspire,	Shaxsper,	Shakspeere,
Shaxspere,	Shackspeare,	Shaxburd,
Schaksper,	Saxpere,	Shackspeyr,
Shakespere,	Shakespire,	Shakespear,
Shakespeare,	Shakespeire,	Schakesper,
Schakespeyr,	Shackespeare,	Shackespere,
Shaxespeare,	Shakaspear,	Shakyspere.

Rena Rockwell (eleven years old) of Elmira, N. Y., sent in a home-made list of seventy "ways"—really an ingenious arrangement of letters. *(Good Housekeeping, 1893)*

OUR TOUR IN NORWAY.

THE DIARY OF TWO LONDON GIRLS.

Hölmen, Friday, August 8.

VERSLEPT ourselves at Storklevstad this morning, and did not awake till seven. Our old lady put on a bright red kerchief and accompanied us in our stolkjœrre to Byhre, after we had taken a little coffee and some stale buns. Kate did not feel very well, so I decided to drive with her.

Byhre is very lovely, and here we breakfasted, but my poor little friend had not any appetite. Another stolkjœrre conveyed us to Listad, also in a lovely situation. Here we enjoyed delightful views, and refreshed ourselves with biscuits and milk. We were warned against beggars on the road to Listad, but did not see any. The authorities of the district particularly request that money shall not be given to them, which will be the only way of preventing the annoyance. At Byhre and Listad we wished to linger, but were compelled to hasten in another stolkjœrre to Skjœggestad. Here we dined sumptuously at 3.30 (at least, I did), and our attentive hostess, with her daughter, sat down with us and partook of the tea we gave them to make.

All the way we have been charmed with the delightful prospects of a rich harvest. The corn is first tied in tiny sheaves and spread on the ground to dry, then stacked to the height of five or six feet, sheaf on sheaf, with the *golden ears drooping* towards the sun. On our left they resembled golden cascades falling gracefully in gentle ripples; on our right only the stems faced us, and the stacks presented a peculiar appearance, representing in form monkeys and bears.

From Skjœggestad to Kirkestuen, about eleven or twelve miles, we indulged in two carrioles. Winding along the green river Laugen, I saw a wretched-looking man lying by the roadside whose appearance was anything but assuring. Being first, I waited for Kate to overtake me, who also had experienced a tremulous thrill while passing him, and the skydsgut who was on my carriole showed signs of apprehension. We drove quickly on, and both determined that in future we would always keep together—that on any other occasion one should not walk and the other drive. It may be perfectly safe, but while there is companionship needless fears do not arise, or do not impress in the same manner as if one is alone. Kate and I have enjoyed a walking tour at the English lakes and in North Wales with pleasure and safety, and our experience suggests to us to advise two ladies travelling without escort always to keep together. As far as we can judge, Norway is a most suitable country for ladies without chaperonage.

By the side of the river Laugen, and being borne on its bosom, were numberless logs and trunks of trees. Wood is the chief commodity of the country; it is used for fuel, the building of houses, churches, boats, stolkjœrres, carrioles, masts, bridges, ships, &c.; it is an universal substitute for ropes, rowlocks of boats, tethers for animals, springs for closing gates, and when reduced to pulp it is brought to England for the making of paper. I have a piece before me now. Felled in the primeval forests, the trunk is dragged over the hardened snow in the following winter to the nearest stream, in readiness to be floated down as soon as returning spring unbinds the waters from their frozen sleep. Then down many a foaming cataract, across many a torpid lake, along many a tributary river, must it be conveyed into the Götha or the Glommen, to be finally floated into the timber yards of Christiania, Drammen, or Gothenburg. Men with long hooked poles direct the timber over the fosses and along the tortuous channels. It is floated on a rude raft, with a still ruder sail—or, not unfrequently, with a leafy birch tree as its substitute. Besides the home consumption, so much is exported that sometimes such piles of it are seen in the ports that one would imagine it must require a long time to remove; yet the embarcations for England, Holland, France, or Spain in a few days sweep them all away, and a few weeks cover the quays again. The red fir will stand several hundred years, and from the root the peasants extract tar, even a hundred years after the trunk has been cut down.

At Kirkestuen, which is a very clean station, we engaged a stolkjœrre for Hölmen, and were fortunate in securing a splendid little black horse, which rattled through the delicious twilight at a spanking pace. Quickly making arrangements to stay the night in this red house, we hastened to the eminence behind, where we stood for some time in silent ecstasy. A lovely after-glow of gold and crimson, fading to pale rose, suffused the undulating hills clad in deep velvety softness of dense dark forests. On the right the far-distant snow-tipped mountains were almost lost in Tyrian haze, receding in ulterior wastes to pale blue and grey. It was beautiful, and we almost regretted the necessity to eat. One German gentleman supped with us. We had just finished when three young ladies (one was about twelve) and two boys came in. They were inhabitants of Lillehammer. They have been staying at Gausdal Sanatorium, and to-day have walked twenty-one miles. They persist in saying they will walk all night. It is very beautiful, but I have tried to dissuade them, thinking they have done enough.

The skydsguts, young and old, have a nasty habit of chewing tobacco. They never carry a whip from the station, but jump from the vehicle and cut a twig from a tree on the road.

	Kr.	Ore.
Stolkjœrre to Byhre . . .	2	16
Frokost at Byhre . . .	1	20
Stolkjœrre to Listad . . .	2	90
Milk and biscuits at Listad	0	25
Stolkjœrre to Skjœggestad	3	50
Middag at Skjœggestad .	1	80
Two carrioles to Kirkestuen	4	10
Stolkjœrre to Hölmen .	4	5

Fossegarden (House of the Fos).

Saturday, August 9.

Breakfast at Hölmen at 6.30. Stolkjœrre, 7.15. Most lovely drive through dense forests to Fossegarden, stopping on the road to pick ferns and wild strawberries. The young ladies had shamed us by leaving Hölmen at five o'clock. We were so charmed with the appearance of this station that immediately on entering, about half-past ten, we ran upstairs and secured the tiny bedroom opening into this pretty balcony which overlooks the green river Laugen, winding for miles right and left, calm and peaceful—then close in front here, dashing, roaring, bubbling, tumbling, the beautiful, white, foaming Hunderfos, likened to the Falls of Schaffhausen. Its deep melodious roar pervades everything. Dense forests of pine and fir, sombre and black, sweep away over hills remote, and in mitigated hues of blue-grey, deep brown, sage-green, and dying red tinge, repose on the water's edge, kissing softly undulating fields, bright green, dark brown and ruddy, or glistening and gleaming, laden with golden grain. Over all smiles a cloudless blue sky, and as "Sol" gets higher on the hills he sheds a deep blue glow over far, far forests, where wreathes and curls a faint suspicion of pale blue smoke from some solitary sœter. Delicious odours are wafted on gentle zephyrs, and one feels that every sense is satisfied. Well in the glorious and magnificent scenes which compose Norway may we feel with Milton—

"These are Thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty! Thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair: Thyself how wondrous then!

One Norwegian lady is staying here for a fortnight. She speaks English in the same sing-song manner as her own language is generally expressed. "There are in Norwegian and Swedish two accents or tones, equal in stress but differing in intonation. The simple tone belongs properly to monosyllables, as *ja*, yes; *dag*, day. It is regarded as one tone, although the voice really rises a few tones, at the same time decreasing in force. The compound tone belongs to dissyllables, and is really a kind of melody, of which the first part is felt as incomplete, and the last as the first necessary complement or finishing keynote. The voice begins in the first (accented) syllable about one tone below the keynote, sinks one or two tones, and winds up in the last (unaccented) syllable with the keynote. It is this tone especially that gives to Norwegian and Swedish their peculiar sing-song or singing character. It is difficult to imitate, but essential to the understanding. Musical accents are peculiar to the Scandinavian languages and some Slavonian dialects. The Danish substitute for the simple accent is a kind of jerk or stop in the voice, 'glottal catch,' and for the compound accent the absence of the jerk."

Soon after our arrival here we missed our picnic basket, and concluded we had left it at Hölmen. This not being a telegraph station, I was communicating my perplexities to the good-humoured young hostess, when a boy drove into the yard with a carriole containing the basket, the honest folks at Hölmen having dispatched him immediately on finding it. He shook my hand on receiving a slight gratuity, as they all do when pleased. Kate is not quite her usual self; she does not always appreciate the fare, and on her account I am longing to reach Christiania, where I hope the style of living will be more English.

The Danish ladies (the daughters of the late Professor Rafn, of Copenhagen), with their brother, arrived here this afternoon, and about half-past seven we all went together to the banks of the Laugen to see the hunder-orret caught, just below the Hunderfos. Our host caught five, weighing between nine and twelve pounds, in baskets which had been left all day in the rushing fall. One enormous trout was in a large wooden tank, through which is a constant flow of fresh water. When one is caught alive it is put in the tank and reserved for future use. We then went to see the cows which I had promised to milk, but was too late. I am to be called for the purpose at five in the morning.

The cows are small, and give little milk; but fodder is cheap, and the farmers keep a great number. In the spring, when first turned out, the husbandmen make a large fire in the fields, to which the cattle in the farmyard run, particularly on cold nights, and lie round it.

Dogs are scarce in these parts; we have seen very few. They are remarkable for their sagacity, and are very peculiar in shape, their

necks being thick in comparison with the hinder part of their bodies. Their coats are about three inches deep, the underneath hairs of which are perfectly white. A lady in my home neighbourhood possesses a very handsome leash of Norwegian dogs. She is evidently very fond of them, but says they are not good-natured. Foreign dogs are not admitted in Norway for fear of hydrophobia.

There is nothing remarkable in the sheep but their standing together in the winter under the snow, and eating each other's wool, as in other snowy countries. The place where they collect is discovered by the warm damp that rises above the snow.

The country people keep so many goats that from Bergen alone are shipped annually 70,000 or 80,000 goat-skins, exclusive of several thousands dressed for Suffian, Cordnan, and Russia leather. These creatures climb the rocks and steeps inaccessible to man. Wherever grass is to be found they will get at it; but they often get into such dangerous situations as not to be able to stir. The cattle often fall down the precipices, and are destroyed; but a peasant will cheerfully venture his life for a sheep or goat, descending from the top of a mountain by a rope of some hundred fathoms in length, till he reaches the place where he finds the animal, which he fastens to the rope, and it is drawn up with him.

The form of the elk is between the horse and the stag, very long-legged, being an ash colour, and having horns on their head like deer, but not so long and round. They are harmless creatures, and keep about the houses in winter; their flesh is much of the taste of venison; and the hide sells for a good price, being converted into buff-leather.

The reindeer are abundant. They run wild, and are shot and sold like other game. The diminutive ermine is capable of destroying the elk or bear by creeping into their ears when they lie asleep, and laying fast hold with their teeth. When the larger animal finds himself thus attacked he begins to run about, roaring till he exhausts himself. Then he becomes faint, droops, languishes, and dies. In the same manner it will steal on a sleeping eagle, and let the bird fly away with him upon his back, where he continues gnawing, till, by the great effusion of blood, the bird drops dead on the ground.

Norwegian bears are strong and sagacious, being remarkable for not hurting children. The beaver, an amphibious animal, is shaped like a long-bodied dog, with short legs, a flat, small head, round ears and eyes, a large, thick, and smooth tail, which weighs several pounds, the skin of which is covered with fish scales, and is so much of the fishy kind as to taste like fish, and cannot bear to be long out of the water. The rest of his body is flesh. His hinder feet are webbed like those of a goose, and of the same fleshy nature. As his tail cannot be long out of the water, the beaver builds his house in such a manner that he can always have his hind part hanging in a place which is open from ice all the winter, that he may continually throw his tail forward and backward in free water. To secure this advantage, even where the water rises and falls, he builds always at the water's edge a wooden house, three stories high and regularly raised above one another, like a little tower, where he and his mate have each their separate lodging and bed. To fell the trees for building these houses the wise Creator has furnished this little animal with a tooth four or five inches long, and sharp at the end, not unlike a boar's tusk. With this, as with a small axe, he prepares the wood for the joists, fits all together, and lays them over one another, that they may not fall.

White and red foxes are found. They have a particular way of drawing crabs ashore by dipping their tails in the water, of which the crabs take hold.

The most pernicious vermin is a little animal called the loemus, or lemming, which is between the size of a rat and a mouse. The tail is short, and turned up at the end. The legs are very short. Once or twice in every twenty years they assemble from their secret abodes in prodigious numbers, and proceed from Kolen's Rock, which divides the Nordland manor from Sweden—held to be their peculiar and native place—marching in vast multitudes through Nordland and Finmark to the Western Ocean, and other bodies of them through Swedish Lapmark to the Sinus Bethnicus, devouring all the grass and vegetables in their way. They do this in a direct line, going straightforward into the rivers or the sea. If they meet with a boat in any river they run in at one end or side, and out again at the other, in order to keep their course, carrying their young with them on their backs or in their mouths; and if they meet with peasants who come to oppose them they will stand undaunted and bark at them like dogs. The evil is, however, of short duration; for, on entering the sea, they swim as long as their strength lasts, and then are drowned. If any are stopped in their course, and unable to reach the sea, they are killed by the frosts of winter; and if any of these escape most of them die as soon as they eat the new grass.

Toads and snakes are only met with in the southern parts of the country, and these are less poisonous than in warmer climates. The birds which are found in Norway are numerous. Eagles and falcons are seen of various descriptions, bustards and dodrels, most of the small birds common to the northern parts of Great Britain, and an astonishing quantity of wild fowl, moor game, and aquatic birds. On the rocks which surround the coast the eider duck is everywhere met with.

	Kr.	Ore.
Bill at Hölmen . . .	3	90
Stolkjœrre to Fossegarden .	4	20
Laundress	1	0

On Balcony, Fossegarden.
Sunday, August 10, 11 a.m.

They awoke me at five to milk the cows, but, I blush to own, I was so sleepy I did not arise till nearly eight. Deliciously calm and quiet is the morning. The cataract laughs and gleams in the sunshine, the far, far hill looks a deeper blue, more soft and velvety, and the golden corn bows with an oppression of wealth. We think with regret that we are leaving, perhaps for ever, the lovely and wonderful scenes of which we have become so enamoured. The beautiful hush of the Sabbath is scarcely more conspicuous than the gentle sounds which pervade every day, and impress one almost with the feeling that every day is Sunday. There are not any loud voices nor distressing noises—only the glorious roar and rush of many waters, or the exquisite trickle of a single fall, the tinkling bell of a browsing herd, a bleating sheep, the fluttering wing of a ryper, magpie or crow, and the low chant of a kindly peasant. We have bade a fond farewell to giant mountains, with their warm snow covering, and soon we must forsake the gorgeously-coloured hills of dense dark forests, and smiling undulations of red, gold, and green. Farewell to bright-hued heather, sweet-scented clover and honeysuckle, exquisite wild roses, grasses, mosses, ferns, harebells, pansies, foxgloves, dandelions, Marguerites, and many other delightful additions to our pleasure. Then these agreeable stations—how spotlessly clean they generally are, with ivy twined across the ceiling or walls, and perfumed with oleanders, pelargoniums, scented geraniums, and heliotropes. We have often admired the handsome case clocks, carved oak, and Chippendale furniture, antique silver spoons, and other articles of vertu possessed by the owners of these stations.

A tray, with plates, a large bowl of strawberries, and a jug of cream, have just been placed on the bench beside me—a hint that it is time for us to regale ourselves before our walk to Lillehammer. We sent our luggage on last night.

Johansen's Hotel, Lillehammer, 10 p.m.

We had a delightful walk here, and then went to see the Mesna Fos. The day lost some of its brightness and became oppressive, in consequence of which we felt less energetically disposed than usual. We visited the churchyard—

"Where many a holy text around is strewn
To teach the rustic moralist to die."

Here the flowers were beautiful, and many bowls of fresh roses and forget-me-nots have been placed on the graves this morning. Not a vault was to be seen. There were small gardens containing the graves of a family, and a bench or small chair where the relatives and mourners could sit apart and think on the loved ones who have "gone before." The church is the first brick building we have seen. The town was very quiet, its inhabitants mostly standing about in groups, talking. At half-past five we returned to dinner. We were served first with anchovies, which we did not like, but soon obtained both ox and veal with potatoes and peas—cooked, as usual, with their pods. Afterwards we found the Misses Rafn and their brother at the Victoria Hotel, and accepted their polite invitation to sit with them on the slates and admire the very extensive view. We expressed our surprise that one gentleman should travel with five ladies, when "brother" told us that once in Paris he took thirty ladies for a walk, and added that he thoroughly appreciated the society of ladies, for then he was blessed with more of Heaven than of earth.

	Kr.	Ore.
Bill at Fossegarden . . .	6	20
Stolkjœrre, with luggage, to Lillehammer	3	45

Grand Hotel, Christiania,
Monday, August 11.

The folks at Johansen's were very punctual, and brought to our dormitory coffee and cakes at six a.m. The captain received us at eight on board the "Skidlabner," and, to our surprise, the two young ladies whom we met at Hölmen came to say "Adieu," and brought with them two charming bouquets, composed of stock, mignonette, pelargonium, forget-me-nots, and lobelia, as a parting gift. We took through tickets across Lake Mjosen from Lillehammer to Eidsvold, thence by train to Christiania; and after our luggage was weighed and labelled, we were told that all responsibility was removed from our shoulders till we should reach Christiania.

A good breakfast, chatting with our Danish friends, and a little Norwegian girl, who was very bright and merry, passed the time pleasantly till we sighted Hamar, about twelve, where our Danish friends disembarked. Before reaching there we called at Gjovik and several other ports. We had few passengers. Our lively little companion was quite disgusted that we had taken first-class through tickets, because she, and the ladies with her, had only taken first-class for steamer and third for train, and they felt sure that was the better and more economical plan. We reached Eidsvold at three, and there, while entering our train, another locomotive arrived from Hamar with the Danish contingent, whereupon ensued another affectionate leave-taking, with a distribution of our flowers, excepting

those we pressed and have still "in memoriam." Our first experience of Norwegian train travelling was rather dreary work. The journey was short, but stopping at every station prolonged the time, and we did not reach Christiania till a little after five.

Our intention had been to stay at the far-famed Victoria Hotel, but on our route some people advised us to go to the Scandinavie, as they thought the Victoria very expensive. Accordingly we went to the Scandinavie, which was so full that there was only one bedroom to spare, connected with a sitting-room, for which they demanded ten kroner per night. This rejecting, we were advised to try the Grand. And here we are, having, with almost insatiable appetites, enjoyed thoroughly, roast chicken, potatoes, cucumber and salad, and excellent tea. Evidently the fare here is good, and I hope Kate will reap the benefit of it, and feel better before we tempt the ocean wave. We procured our letters from the Victoria, and required no other amusement but the perusal of home news, for which we have been longing.

	Kr.	Ore.
Bill at Lillehammer . .	4	40
Stolkjœrre to steamer . .	0	80
Breakfast on board . . .	3	0
Tickets to Christiania . .	20	75

Apartment 72, The Grand, Christiania,
Tuesday, August 12.

Respectable breakfast of mutton chops. We then called at Herr Heitmann's office, and ascertaining the number of our berths to be 3 and 4, we went to the "Rollo" to inspect the same. We found them in the general cabin for ladies, with several other berths, and on interrogating the stewardess, she informed us that on her last passage to Norway the ladies' cabin was so full that she and her friend were compelled to sleep on the floor. We asked if all the other berths were engaged. She replied "No; but some were always kept vacant for gentlemen. There was a general sleeping-room for ladies, but not for gentlemen, although there was another saloon below provided with cabins for gentlemen." We returned to Herr Heitmann's office, and asked the young man with whom we had previously spoken to allow us to secure berths 34 and 35, as they were in a cabin for two. He replied that he could not do so: supposing gentlemen should come at the last moment for a berth, and there was not one left vacant? We saw from his list that 34 and 35 were disengaged, and explained that we paid quite as much as gentlemen, first-class fare, and also that Messrs. Wilson, at Hull, had told us that if we wrote in advance we should ensure a cabin to ourselves. We had written a fortnight in advance, and yet we were to be located with eight or twelve other ladies, as the case might be. Still the lad was inexorable. So we gained admission to Herr Heitmann's private office, and plainly stated the facts of the case. He fully sympathised with us, and said that ladies were not sufficiently considered, but added that we should have allotted to us the berths we requested—Nos. 34 and 35. We then went to Mr. Bennett's repository, and bought knives, photos, &c., but found afterwards we could purchase similar articles much cheaper elsewhere. While there, an American lady told us she had written to Hull for a berth on the "Rollo," and had received a reply that one was reserved for her. She did not see the ship previously to the day of departure for Norway, and then she was introduced to her berth in the general sleeping cabin for ladies. Several ladies were very ill, and altogether the voyage was a most unpleasant one. She drew many comparisons between that and her voyage from America. Henceforth I shall recommend people to see the berth they engage, not to depend upon a written application. Our next visitation was to David Andersen, where we negotiated for silver spoons, bowie knives, and carriole brooches. Then we surveyed the fort and barracks, with the badly-equipped soldiers.

Table d'hôte at the Grand was at two, to which we did full justice, and after resting for a short time on the balcony of the cosy drawing-room, we turned out again to parade the streets, and rub our noses against the shop windows, wishing we had plenty of money, so that we might take home presents for our numerous brothers, sisters, nephews, and nieces. About six o'clock we refreshed ourselves with milk and cake at Molmessen's, and at eight entered the Tivoli Gardens. Here we were much edified by an orchestra consisting of eight ladies and one gentleman. The ladies wore white muslin dresses, with pink silk scarves.

First violin, og Direktrice, Fröken Helene Hofman.
First violin, Fröken Mathilde Hütter.
First violin, Fröken Auguste Bonhaus.
Obligate violin, Fröken Elise Heller.
Obligate violin, Fröken Therese Pauhaus.
Floite, Fröken Hedvig Kosnapfel.
Harmonium, Fröken Mina Leger.
Grand cassa, liden tromme og triangel, Fru Caroline Richter.
Konsertmester, Herr G. Richter.

Returning to the Grand, about half-past nine, we saw our bill for the day on the table in our bedroom. To avoid mistakes, a list of charges is handed to the guests every day, which we think a very good plan.

Christiania, the capital of Norway, having a population of about 112,000, is situated in a picturesque valley at the northern extremity of the Christiania Fjord, a magnificent sheet of water running up a distance of about seventy English miles from the sea. It owes its foundation to King Harold (contemporary with Sweno, King of Denmark, surnamed Estritius, because he was the son of Margaret, named Estrita, daughter to Sweno II., and sister to Canute the Great), who called it Obselo. Harold kept his court here in the middle of the eleventh century. When the Swedes were besieging the fort of Aggerhuus, in the year 1567, the Danes, in order to take from them all pretences for staying in the country, burnt the town of Obselo. A peace was concluded between them three years after; and Frederick II. of Denmark, under whose reign this town was burnt, dying in 1588, his successor, Christian IV., rebuilt it in 1614, and called it Christiania, by which name it has been generally known ever since. It is built principally of white stone, and possesses, besides numerous public buildings, three first-rate hotels—the Victoria, the Grand, the Scandinavie, and other smaller ones, besides many private pensions. The old town of Christiania, now called "Oslo," was a bishopric in the mediæval age, and there are still a few remains of the Bishop's Palace ("Ladegaarden") and the main street. In this palace King James the Sixth of Scotland was espoused to the Princess Anna, sister to Christian IV. In the graveyard of the ancient church of "Oslo," W. Bradshaw, the compiler of the "Railway Guide," was buried, and a gravestone was erected to his memory. The shortest day at Christiania is five hours long, the longest of nineteen hours duration.

We have obtained "Bennett's Guide Book to Christiania," and the "Telegrafen," which is published daily, and gives much information.

	Kr.	Orc.
Admission to Tivoli . . .	1	0
Cakes and milk	1	0
Bill at the Grand, August 11th .	10	80
Bill at the Grand, August 12th .	15	50

(To be concluded.)

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A GAS-STOVE placed in the fireplace of a room should have the turning-on tap carefully placed, so that a careless knock may not turn on the gas.

PORRIDGE should not be made with new oatmeal, but with meal that has been stored for a while. Fresh oatmeal is not usually digestible.

INK-BOTTLES should be periodically emptied and carefully washed, so as to get rid of the thickness which lurks in the corners of the bottles and clogs the pens.

UNDERCLOTHES should not be worn just as they come from a shop or warehouse, but should be washed before they are worn.

CATS should not be given large fish-bones. These sometimes get embedded in the teeth or jaw, and cause great inconvenience and pain.

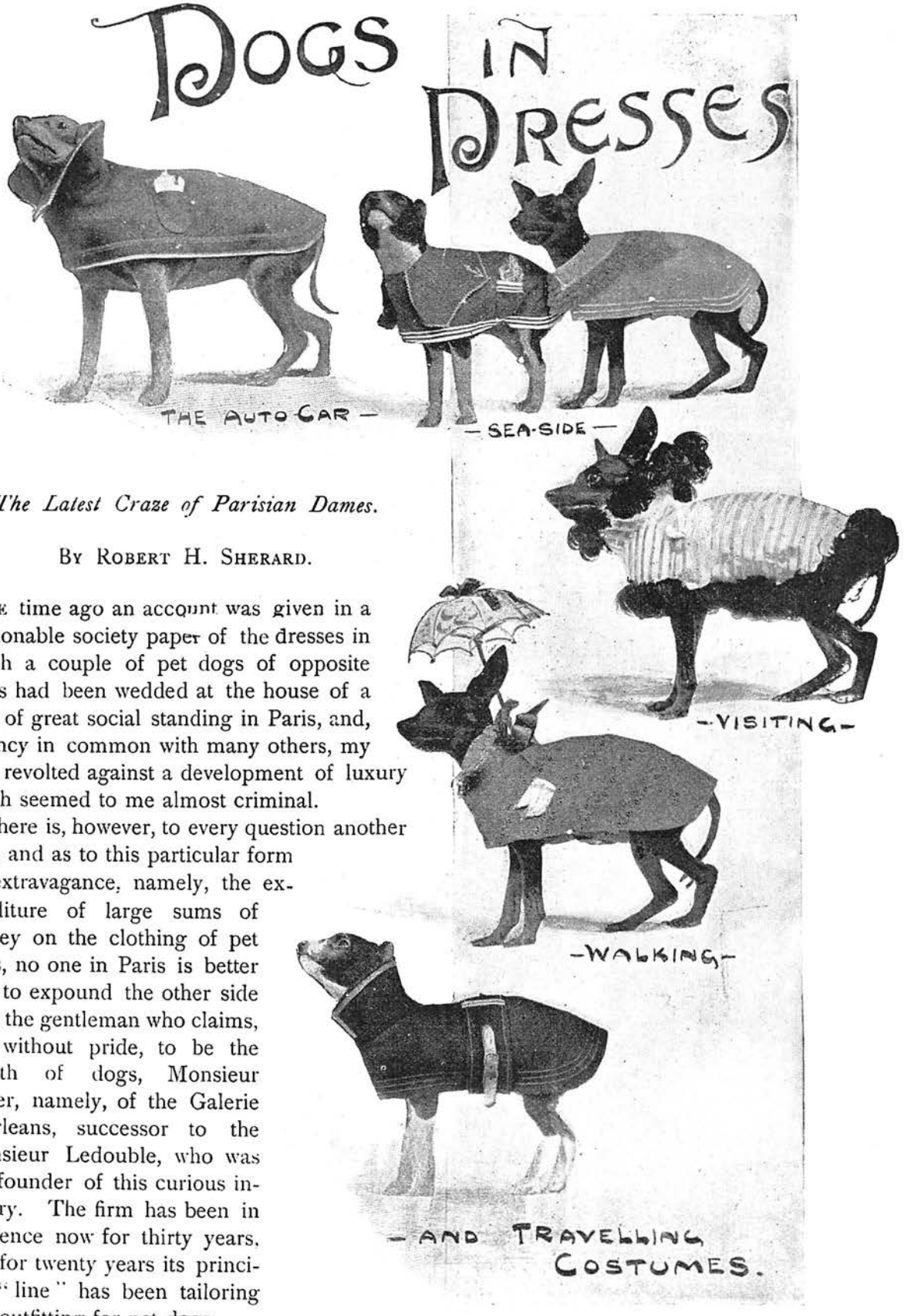
IF two medicines are being taken alternately, the same glass should not be used for both. This applies especially to homœopathic tinctures, some of which are very delicate in their action, and would neutralise the effects of each other.

A FLOWER-STAND stained and varnished, three steps high, is very useful for placing window plants to face the light, and it removes them from the draught and dust of the floor. But curtains should not come between the plants and the direct light.

THE household water-tank or cistern should be thoroughly cleaned out at least once a year; so should also the kitchen boiler.

BOOKS should be treated as bees treat the flowers, extracting the sweets without injuring the flower.

DOGS IN DRESSES



The Latest Craze of Parisian Dames.

By Robert H. Sherard.

Some time ago an account was given in a fashionable society paper of the dresses in which a couple of pet dogs of opposite sexes had been wedded at the house of a lady of great social standing in Paris, and, I fancy in common with many others, my soul revolted against a development of luxury which seemed to me almost criminal.

There is, however, to every question another side, and as to this particular form of extravagance, namely, the expenditure of large sums of money on the clothing of pet dogs, no one in Paris is better able to expound the other side than the gentleman who claims, not without pride, to be the Worth of dogs, Monsieur Vivier, namely, of the Galerie d'Orleans, successor to the Monsieur Ledouble, who was the founder of this curious industry. The firm has been in existence now for thirty years, and for twenty years its principal "line" has been tailoring and outfitting for pet dogs.

"It was my predecessor," said Monsieur Vivier, "who invented the trade. Previously dogs were dressed anyhow, without reference either to taste, fit, or current fashion. A simple cloth strapped round the neck was all that was done in this way."

There are three or four shops in Paris which exist exclusively for the furnishing of pet dogs, but it is Monsieur Vivier's establishment which is the pioneer of the trade, and which has the fashionable custom of Paris, London and New York. And be it noted that it is to Paris that the *grandes dames*, dog-fanciers of England and America, address themselves for the latest styles in shirtings, linen and overcoats which may be required by their pets.

"The rich," said Monsieur Vivier, "must spend their money in some way. This way, the dressing of their pet dogs, is as good a way as any other. If they did not spend their money on luxuries, they would not spend it at all, and trade would suffer. Half Paris lives on the caprices of the very rich."

Just as the human race may be divided into those who wear clothes and those who do not, so also the canine species divides itself. There are many kinds of dogs for whom no tailor caters; his art extends itself mainly to toy terriers, to greyhounds, and the griffon species. I have not yet heard of a bull-dog being put to bed in a silk nightshirt, and I fancy that he would strongly object to any such proceeding. And I must say that I was very much surprised when Monsieur Vivier told me that he has amongst his customers a very large number of fox-terriers.

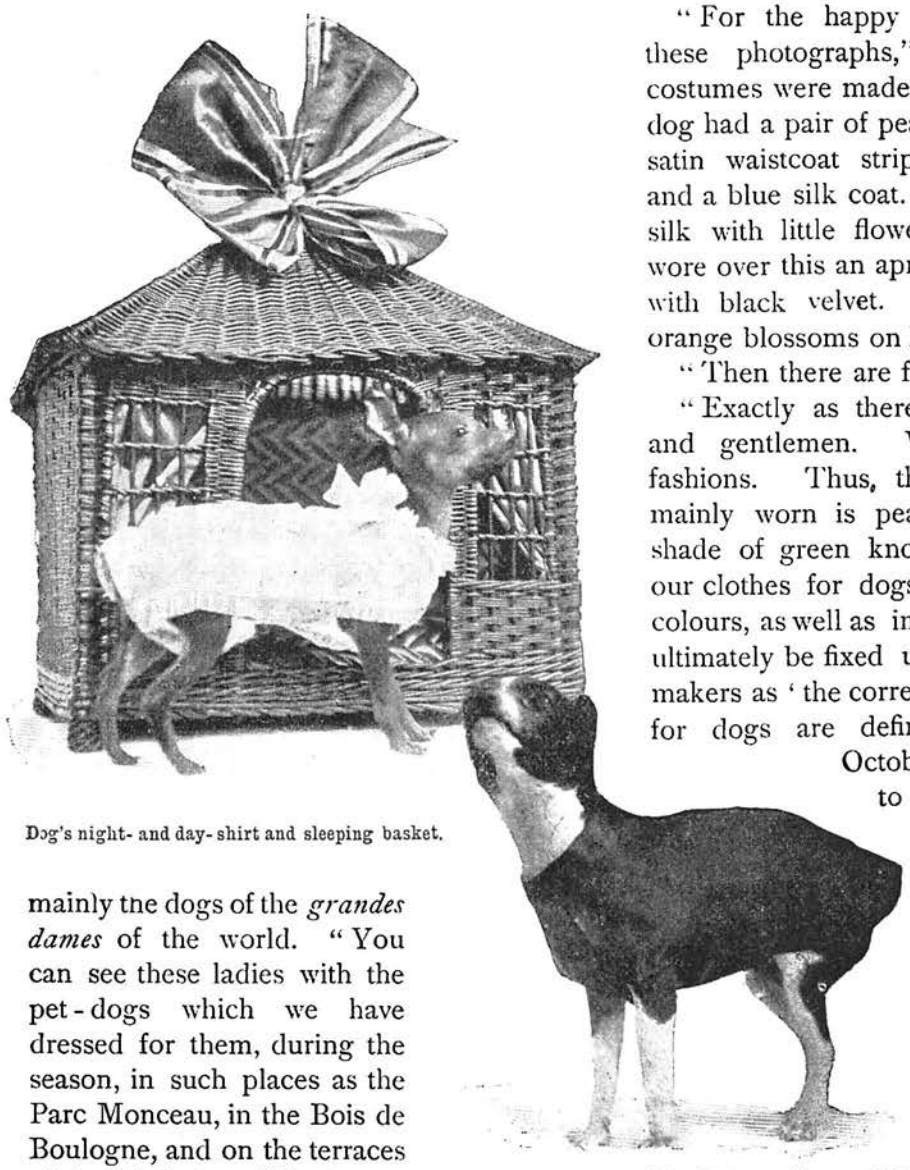
"Fox-terriers," I cried, "why there is no dog in England which has a greater reputation for hardiness."

Dogs' wedding costume.

"That may be so," said Monsieur Vivier. "The fact remains that we dress as many fox-terriers as any other kind of dog. Look here," he added, taking up a warm silk-lined overcoat of peculiar cut. "This is one of our latest creations, which is largely used for our fox-terrier *clientèle*. It is the overcoat which our customers wear when driving out with their masters or mistresses on an autocar. You see, when the autocar is driven at a high rate of speed there is always much wind, and the object of these coats is to protect the lungs of the dogs against the air. We call it the *couverture pour automobiles*. It is a stylish article which we turn out in fashionable stuffs at two pounds made to measure."

It is due, however, to Monsieur Vivier to remark, that at his establishment—and this he claims for it—only what is practical is turned out. In an adjoining shop, which was founded a year or two ago in view of the spread of the craze, there may be seen such extravagances in the way of articles of attire as tiny top-hats for male, and fashionable bonnets for female, dogs. Also elegant little straw hats, marked "Bébé" for puppies. Here, also, good taste seems absent in the selection of the stuffs. There are shot-silk pyjamas and gaudy coats of a style and material which seem intended to appeal rather to the parvenus amongst dogs. Monsieur Vivier only works for the canine aristocracy.

Indeed, as he told me, his customers are



Dog's night- and day- shirt and sleeping basket.

mainly the dogs of the *grandes dames* of the world. "You can see these ladies with the pet-dogs which we have dressed for them, during the season, in such places as the Parc Monceau, in the Bois de Boulogne, and on the terraces of the Tuileries. We do not go in for extravagances."

"But was it not at your establishment that a couple of dogs were dressed for their own marriage? All Paris talked about it at the time."

"Here is the happy couple," answered the dogs' tailor, handing me two large photographs, "or rather here are the pictures of the clothes they wore on that festive occasion, for the photographs had to be taken from stuffed dogs. It is, by the way, quite impossible to photograph a living dog in his clothes. We have tried it over and over again, as well for the preparation of our fashion-plates as for the satisfaction of customers. The dogs, however, will not lend themselves to the operation. One might fancy that they are ashamed to be seen in such attire.

"For the happy couple represented in these photographs," he continued, "the costumes were made as follows:—The male dog had a pair of pearl grey trousers, a white satin waistcoat striped with yellow stripes, and a blue silk coat. The bride was in white silk with little flowers on the pattern, and wore over this an apron of pale pink trimmed with black velvet. She had a wreath of orange blossoms on her head."

"Then there are fashions for dogs?"

"Exactly as there are fashions for ladies and gentlemen. We follow the ladies' fashions. Thus, this winter what will be mainly worn is pearl grey and a peculiar shade of green known as 'gros vert,' and our clothes for dogs will be made in these colours, as well as in the materials which may ultimately be fixed upon by the great dress-makers as 'the correct thing.' The fashions for dogs are definitely settled upon in October, after I have had time to go round the big dress-makers' shops to examine the models for the coming winter season, and to see what is being worn. Thus I have to ascertain whether during the ensuing season the collars of ladies' jackets will be turned down or in the Medicis style. This year the Medicis collar has been in great favour."

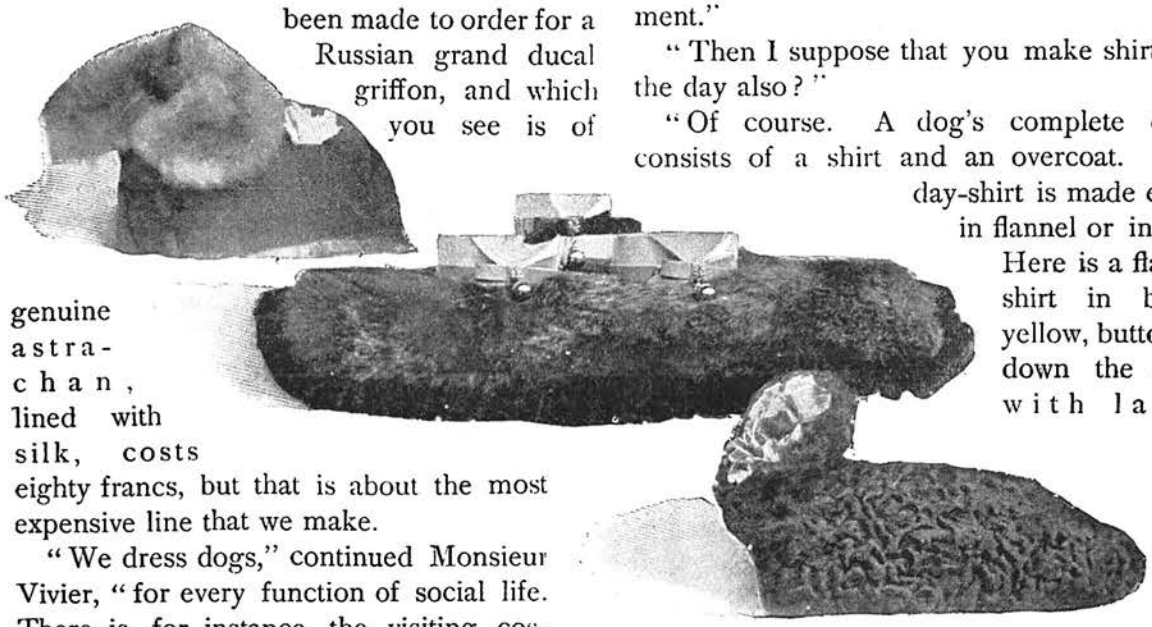
"You always make to measure? The fashionable dog spurns a ready-made article, no doubt."

"Ready-made goods would be quite useless for dogs," said Monsieur Vivier, "and all our customers are dressed to measure. See there," and he pointed to the walls of his workshop, against which numerous pieces of stout paper cut out in weird forms were hanging on files, "those are the patterns of our various customers. Each dog, that is to say, each customer has his own pattern. We have to measure the length of his back, then we go round his neck, and then round the loins.

"A dog is more difficult to dress than a lady, however capricious she may be. We

always guarantee a perfect fit, and this is very difficult to obtain, because no one dog's back has the same shape as any other dog's back, and the cut has to vary in each case. We try the things on several times, and each time a fresh difficulty presents itself. You never can get a dog to stand in any given position. One day he stands so, and the next in a different way, so that what may seem to fit to-day is a misfit on the morrow. It is rather on account of this difficulty than because of the costliness of the materials employed that the prices for dog's clothes are comparatively high.

"Not that they are by any means as high as the journalists who wish to ridicule our trade try to make out. For instance, a fashionable overcoat in good materials can be turned out at twenty-five francs. Of course, if it is lined with fur it will cost more. This little coat, which has been made to order for a Russian grand ducal griffon, and which you see is of genuine astrachan, lined with silk, costs eighty francs, but that is about the most expensive line that we make.



"We dress dogs," continued Monsieur Vivier, "for every function of social life. There is, for instance, the visiting costume, which this year has been largely made in box cloth, with leather trimmings, and the dog's initials, name, or coat-of-arms in gold lettering in one of the corners. A little bunch of artificial flowers, by preference cat's-eyes or forget-me-nots, is placed behind the Medicis collar. Then there is the 'at home' suiting, made for the most part of silk, warmly lined; the yachting costume, which is made chiefly in blue serge; and the travelling costume, which is made of Scotch tartan, fitted with two little pockets, one for the dog's handkerchief and the other for his railway ticket."

"The dog's handkerchief," I cried, "and what is that for?"

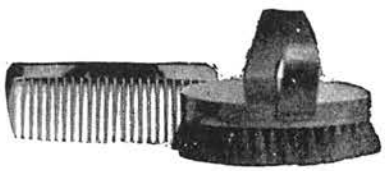
"What is a handkerchief for?" answered Monsieur Vivier in some surprise. "To wipe his eyes with, if not to wipe his nose. All our coats are fitted with little pockets for handkerchiefs, and no fashionable dog ever goes out without a handkerchief in his pocket. It is a very good line in the outfitting trade. The handkerchiefs are often very luxurious articles, made of fine cambric trimmed with lace and worked in silk with the dog's name or crest. Most dogs take three or four dozen handkerchiefs at a time."

"Is that the only lingerie which you make for dogs?"

"No; dogs' night-shirts are usually made of linen, though some of our customers prefer silk. Here you have the latest thing in night-shirts. You see it covers almost the entire body. It is a very comfortable garment."

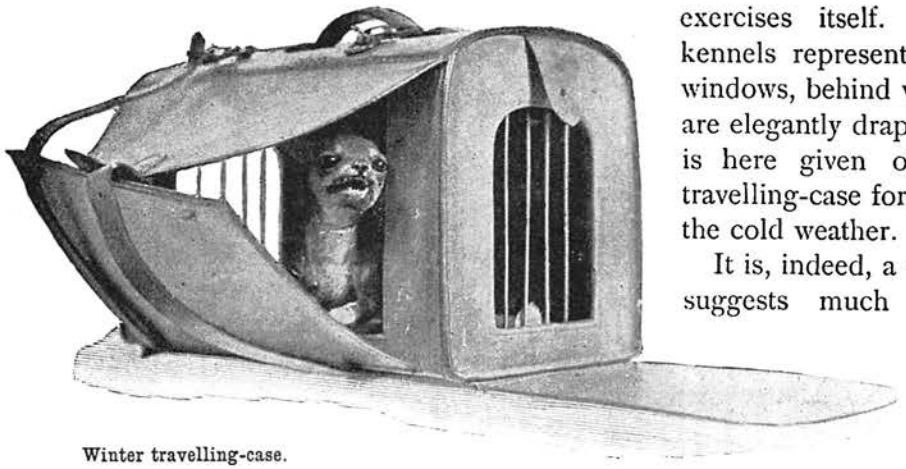
"Then I suppose that you make shirts for the day also?"

"Of course. A dog's complete dress consists of a shirt and an overcoat. The day-shirt is made either in flannel or in silk. Here is a flannel shirt in bright yellow, buttoning down the chest with large mother-o-pearl buttons. Here is a stylish article in black silk. Customers take their shirts by sixes or dozens at a time."



Society dog's winter outfit.

There seems no limit to the list of articles which are manufactured for



Winter travelling-case.

this peculiar and unique trade. The dog has his own jeweller. Indeed, I have heard of dogs who take their walks abroad with small fortunes in this form on their little bodies. Monsieur Vivier could not, however, show me any articles of such great costliness. True, he has a large stock of jewelled collars and bracelets; but, as he was careful to explain, they were of plated metal only, with imitation stones.

There are dentists for dogs also, and there are houses in Paris where a "complete set," in the latest styles of American dentistry, can be provided for toothless favourites. It is needless to say that amongst the articles of *toilette* which the wealthy amongst dogs possess figure specially manufactured toothbrushes. Monsieur Vivier had none to show me, but on the other hand was able to allow me to inspect a large assortment of other brushes, combs, and sundries.

In the matter of shoes and stockings also, Monsieur Vivier has restricted himself to what is practical only. I saw at his house a variety of gutta-percha top-boots, fastening with tiny black buttons, which are worn by his customers on rainy days, as also mackintoshes of very elegant cut for delicate females.

In another quarter I had previously seen umbrellas, or parasols, which, fastened above the dog's back, protect him from rain or sun.

There is less novelty, perhaps, in the travelling baskets, the drawing-room kennels, the pagodas in which the dogs of the rich take their ease of nights or are carried on long journeys, but here also ingenuity exercises itself. The latest thing in kennels represents a little cottage with windows, behind which red silk curtains are elegantly draped, and an illustration is here given of a particularly neat travelling-case for the use of pet dogs in the cold weather.

It is, indeed, a very curious trade, and suggests much for thought. Thus, whilst, not unbewildered, I was looking at the luxurious articles spread out before me on the "cutting-out table"—jewelled collars, silks, satins, furs, ribbons, cambrics and laces—an errant, starving, haggard, lamentable cur came slouching into the shop. His fur was torn in places, one bitten ear hung pitifully; his tongue was out, he was splashed with mud. His whole presence spoke of homeless nights, of prowling hungry days.

"I fancy," I said, "that he wishes to be measured for an astrachan overcoat for the coming winter."

The dog's outfitter smiled. What can one do in face of the great social question, but smile? Like Figaro, one makes haste to laugh, lest one be forced to tears.

Costume for a rainy day; mackintosh and goloshes all complete.

WAX FLOWERS. No. 8.

BY MRS. E. S. L. THOMPSON.

THE CARNATION PINK.

Materials.—One cutting-pin; one bunch fuchsia stamens; one bottle carmine paint; one package single white, and one package very light green wax; three or four pieces green spool wire, cut about three inches long. Arrange the stem exactly as you arranged the fuchsia stems. Then out of

Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

the white wax cut about twenty pieces the size and shape of Fig. 1. Rub these on both sides with carmine paint, but do not put the paint any farther down than the straight line drawn across the bottom of the figure. Then roll these pieces with the glass head of the pin (do not dip in water, as the paint prevents sticking,) so that the notched points will turn out a little. Arrange in rows; putting each row on the stem a little lower until the pink is large and full. Finish off with a calyx of light green wax. Closed buds may be made, leaving out the stamens, and covering the outside with light green wax. Figure 2 represents a bunch of pinks, buds and leaves.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

IT is highly dangerous to leave a gas-burner turned low unless surrounded by a globe, and even then a draught of wind may blow out the flame and leave the gas escaping.

GAS-BURNERS should now and then be cleaned out with a piece of wire or a long pin to clear out any impurities or dust accumulation.

CUPBOARDS and storerooms should periodically have the doors set open for air and light to penetrate, and the shelves should be cleaned or at least brushed out once a week.

SPONGES should never be used for applying a lotion to an open wound.

TO keep a quill pen soft, have it always in the ink and do not let it get dry.

AN old rusty pen left in the ink-bottle will be of service in attracting the corroding matter from other pens in use.

MATTRESSES, pillows, and bolsters should be periodically sent to the cleaners to be taken to pieces and cleaned. It is not good for health to use them for years uncleaned, as most people have them.

DO not let your neighbours have to complain of your gate squeaking for want of a few drops of oil applied to the joint. It is a most aggravating noise.

TEACH your children how to mend window-blinds, door-latches, and all the little things of the sort about the house; you will materially lessen your workmen's bills and give useful occupation to handy fingers.

A PIECE of black sticking-plaster, notched all round the edges, and applied outside a crack in the leather of a shoe, is a neat way of mending it, and shows very little.

BLACK alpaca is one of the nicest materials for an under-petticoat; it wears well, is light, and does not harbour dust.

TOAST to be crisp and well made should not be done all on one side and then the other, but the sides frequently changed to and from the fire; this evaporates the moisture more effectually. Much also depends on the kind of bread that is used and the condition of the fire.

NEITHER hot water nor hot ovens can be had if cleaning of the kitchen flues is neglected.

FLOWERS FOR THE TABLE.

SUGGESTIONS OF A FLORIST—HARMONY OF COLOR—A PINK CHRYSANTHEMUM TEA—BANQUET TABLE DECORATION—A GREEN DECORATION—VIOLET TEAS—HOME LIFE AND TABLE HOSPITALITY.

SUGGESTIONS OF A FLORIST.

A FEW flowers, tastefully arranged, help wonderfully to make a meal pass pleasantly. If these can be had from one's own garden in summer, conservatories or window garden in winter, all the better. If not, a standing order with a florist for flowers so many times a week is the next most convenient. A few pinks, pansies, roses, or a bit of china filled with small ferns are not expensive, and add much to the beauty and charm of the family table. Ladies giving dinners often prefer calling in a florist to arrange the flowers, rather than undertake the work themselves. Florists being experts with flowers, we may expect from them useful ideas which can be patterned after in a measure, according to the extent of the feast.

HARMONY OF COLOR.

The first thought is harmony of color; the china, the candelabra, the room and the flowers should be considered as a whole. Pink, red, white, violet, yellow and green, in about the order named, are the colors most used in decorating tables. The majority of dining rooms will admit of pink. We will describe a dinner table decorated for a lady when covers were laid for eighteen. The cloth was of the purest white linen. About fifteen inches from the edge was a pink ribbon four inches wide, laid flat at each corner. Large bows were made with ends hanging over the sides; in the center was a beautiful white silk tea-cloth embroidered in pink roses. On this cloth a cut-glass rose bowl held an immense bunch of long-stem bridesmaid roses; from this bunch fell, in a careless manner, roses, as if they had just fallen out. This is easier described than done, but have every flower appear as easy and natural as possible. At each corner of the table bountiful clusters of this same rose were intertwined with the ribbons, and at each plate a specimen rose lay on the napkin. The long strips of ribbon on the table were covered with asparagus plumosa, the same being interspersed on the ends of the table with the roses. Candelabra with pink candles and shades to match gave color to the lights, which, when ready for the guests, was a charming sight, the china, crystal and silver all being in perfect harmony. This was a dinner for which the decorations must all be low, so as not to hide the view of guests. For a tea or banquet the decorations should be different.

A PINK CHRYSANTHEMUM TEA.

Let us describe a pink chrysanthemum tea that was extremely beautiful. The linen was covered entirely with pink chiffon silk very full; over this a spread of very thin white silk net was laid, also quite full. In the center of this table was the arrangement of pink chrysanthemums spreading to within eighteen inches of the sides of the table. At each plate specimen blooms, with their stems pointing to the center, were placed. Candelabra, china and glass tastefully arranged, helped to complete the spread, ready for the guests. On the sideboard was a bountiful arrangement of the same flower as that on the table.

BANQUET TABLE DECORATION.

At a collation or banquet the flowers can be higher, as guests will not be seated. A table center can be arranged of small palms and ferns; the center can be two or three feet high, according to the size of the table. From the center plants graduate down to the cloth within eighteen inches of the edge of the table. All the pots must be hid with foliage. A tall, clear glass vase at either side of the center of green, filled with white or red roses, should be set. The linen should be of the purest white, on which may be scattered maidenhair fern, asparagus or smilax; strings of green may be festooned at the sides of the table against the white linen. Roses, the same as are used in the vases, should be scattered among the greens on the table, but none are to be used in the green centerpiece.

A GREEN DECORATION.

A truly artistic green table cannot always be set up. A most unique arrangement of this kind was recently set by a florist in New York, who used *Cyperpedium insigna* with *adiantum farleyense*. Several baskets of this beautiful lady-slipper were set on the table, the candelabra being in the center. A festoon of the same was draped at the side; ribbons of the same color added to the effect.

VIOLET TEAS.

Violet teas have been a recent favorite feature of the social world, everything used being of this color as far as possible. Crepe papers have come into use in connection with decorations. White paper with violet border may be used to cover the table, top and sides, being gathered and frilled in fanciful and artistic forms. In the center should be a plaque or silver dish filled with violets. A bunch of violets should also be placed in a small cut-glass vase (no

water) at each lady's plate. White candles, in low candlesticks with spreading violet shades, should be placed about the table, and the china be decorated in violet as far as possible. Narrow violet ribbons may be attached to the candlesticks, confections and available china.

HOME LIFE AND TABLE HOSPITALITY.

These suggestions have been used with the most pleasing results. The beauty of the floral adornment of a table is often marred by overcrowding the surroundings with dishes and the service. This is often the fault of caterers. A banquet table should be set up principally for ornament, the eatables to be served from an adjoining room and in their order. A dinner table should be set in much the same way. As I am supposed to do the decorative part of a table only, I may be pardoned for these suggestions, which come to me in connection with hostesses and caterers in the practical exemplification of their duties in the service of home life and hospitality.

—W. F. Gale.

PETER, MY DOG, AND REUBEN, MY CAT.

What care I if the great world frown?
Thumbs turned up, or thumbs turned down;
Haughty derision confront desire
False cited as truth, and truth a liar,
Sour contradiction deny me flat,—
There's Peter my dog, and Reuben my cat!

When only clouds lower in the sky
When it storms without so drearily,
When the day brings only gloom
Into my quiet little room,
Who shall doubt the peace of the dialogue,
Twixt Reuben, my cat, and Peter, my dog?

They sit on either side of the fire
And watch the bright flame mounting higher,
Or raise to me with g ances fond
The eyes that seek no world beyond
The love they bear me. Happy wights,
They never miss earth's cloy delights,
But doze upon my fireside mat,
My Peter-Dog, my Reuben-Cat.

Philosophy of fireside friends,
Life is short, yet *long*, that ends
In strife for peace, where peace is not;
Yet seeking hope in some new spot
When at my fireside lo! it lies
Watching the red spark as it flies,
Nought to disturb nought to combat,
For Peter, my dog, and Rube, my cat.

So at peace within, and at peace without,
I treasure the love that's beyond a doubt,
And hold in contempt the bitter word,
That hath all my earnest rancor stirred.
Snap fingers in scorn at the world's fiat,
While I've Peter, my dog, and Reuben, my cat.

—Olivia Lovell Wilson.

A NEW HOUSEHOLD PHRASE DICTIONARY.

IN CERTAIN WAYS SUPERIOR TO WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL; DIFFERENT FROM THE CENTURY; MORE WORDY THAN WORCESTER AND MORE STRIKING THAN THE STANDARD; TO BE ISSUED IN MONTHLY NUMBERS, IN THE PAGES OF GOOD HOUSEKEEPING; ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

Out of date.—The "Old Man."

Up to date.—The New Woman.

Pretty good.—The boy who never told a lie.

Easily deceived.—A traveling bride and groom, who think that nobody suspects them.

Something worth looking at.—A pair of shoes made up into a graceful looking package.

Worthy of trial.—To be "circumspect before folks," especially to a rich and childless uncle.

Well worth while.—When threatened with violence, to put on a bold front and a padded rear.

Not worth much.—The vows of love, constancy and devotion of young men out on a vacation.

Kind and considerate.—The landlady who has a rich bachelor boarder, and a marriageable unmarried daughter.

Sadly unfortunate.—When moolley kicks over the well-filled milk pail, just as Betty is securing the last of the "strippings."

Pretty bad.—The youth who would like to "knock the spots out of the old man," for having forbidden his going to the circus.

A word or two.—A story of no earthly interest to any one other than the teller of it, which consumes an hour or two in "giving all the points."

Easy to understand.—Why breakfast is on the table prompt when madame and the misses have planned to go down town early on a shopping expedition.

Swear not at all.—Either by the heavens above or the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth, when the milkman doesn't appear at the appointed time, and paterfamilias has an early engagement down town, and Jane and Joseph are dreadfully afraid they will be marked "tardy" by the schoolmarm.

Difficult to concede.—As an established fact, the story of the milkman, that he never did such a thing as to water his milk; Oh, no, of course not, supplemented by the assertion that he has not a pump on his place, and that it would cost more to draw water for "filling," from a well, or cart it from the river, than the blamed thing would come to.

Hints to Young Housekeepers.

TWO SERVANTS.

IN those households where but two servants are kept, one should do the cooking, washing and ironing, and keep the lower part of the house in order, and the other should be housemaid and waitress. Where the family is small, the work is not too much for two servants; where the family is large, care should be taken by the different members not to increase the work unnecessarily, and there should be a willingness to aid in keeping things in order. We live in New York, as it were, in towers, with stairs upon stairs. To those who go up and down only to their meals, to dress, and to go to bed, this mode of life is but a light affair; but to servants, who must answer the door-bell, run with letters and messages, and go up and down for their necessary work, it is often a cause of much distress. A considerate mistress will save them as much of this climbing as possible, by giving notice that she will or will not receive visitors, and by having a box in the hall, in which notes and letters may be deposited which do not require an immediate answer, and by giving such clear directions in the morning that no running to ask questions is necessary.

ONE SERVANT.

WHERE but one servant is kept, the arrangements must be very systematic, or there will be confusion. A maid-of-all-work must begin her day by opening the windows of all the lower part of the house to air the rooms. She may then brush out the range, make the fire, sweep the kitchen, fill the kettle with fresh cold water, and then go to the dining-room, to put it in order. She proceeds like any housemaid (I need not repeat the duties), and, after sweeping and dusting, lays the breakfast-table, shuts the door of the room, sweeps the hall, shakes the mats, cleans the door and bell handles and the door-steps. (If the family breakfasts very early, the hall and door-steps must be left until after breakfast.) She should now wash her face and hands, smooth her hair, put on a clean apron and collar, and be ready to take the kettle or urn to the table. While the tea is drawing, she must prepare the breakfast and serve it. She can then take her own breakfast.

While the family is at breakfast, the maid should go upstairs, empty the tubs, put the rooms in order and leave them to air. (The beds should be made and the rooms dusted by members of the family. They may have the satisfaction, in this way, of having a well-made and attractive-looking bed.) The servant should then take from the breakfast-table the meat dishes and plates, place a vessel of fresh hot water on a tray upon the breakfast-table, so that the mistress can wash the china, silver, and glass herself, and attend to castors and salt-cellars, brush up the crumbs, fold the table-cloth, and restore the room to order. A pair of gloves and a large apron, in which to perform these services, should be kept at hand. The maid should sweep down the stairs, and dust the hall and balusters. After these duties are performed, the mistress should go down-stairs and give her directions for the day, and give out from her store-room whatever supplies are needed. It would be well for the mistress to dust the drawing-room, especially the books and bric-à-brac, for the hands of a maid-of-all-work are not always in condition.

As soon after breakfast as possible, the maid, to avoid confusion and haste, should see that every thing is ready for dinner; she can then go to her washing or ironing. No maid-of-all-work can do all the washing of a family (unless it be a very small one) where tasteful order is preserved. A woman on Monday to assist with the washing is a relief, and when the clothes are washed, dried and starched, she can find time during the week to do the ironing at intervals, if her employers are reasonable people.

When the dinner hour arrives, the maid must have her dinner ready, having first set the table, and unless the plainest dinner is to be served, the family must submit to having some dishes "kept hot" (the ruin of good cookery). The maid must change her dress, bring in the dinner, see that every one has bread and water, and then prepare the second course, if there is one. When the first course is over, she should return, clear the table and put on the dessert. After dinner, she should brush up the crumbs and the hearth and go and eat her own dinner.

After dinner is over, she should wash and put away the dinner service, arrange her kitchen and put on the kettle for tea (if the family take tea after dinner). She should take in the tea, go upstairs, turn down the beds, see that the tubs are set out, and the pails full, take down the tea-service, wash it, and carry up the silver.

The cleaning of the house should be divided so that each day shall have its proper share: the parlor and dining-room on one day, two bedrooms on another, and so on, that the regular daily work need not be crowded out of its routine.

At night, the servant should leave her kitchen so that nothing but the morning work is to be done, her wood and coal ready by the range, or stove, and should see that the doors are locked and bolted.

A household cannot be carried on with system and order with but one servant unless the mistress is energetic, reasonable and ready to do what is necessary. If washing is to be done, let it not be an excuse for every mistake or omission, but press it into its proper place and time.

When there is a child or children, the mother, if she cannot have more than one servant, must be nurse herself. The necessity is very delightful for the child, but it is very hard work for the mother.

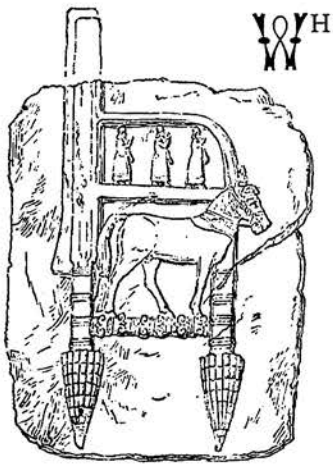
NO SERVANT.

A FAMILY can live in New York without a servant. There will be, of course, some inconveniences, but anything is better than a struggle to do what one cannot afford, or to incur expenses which one is unable to meet. This plan can be carried out by taking a small apartment, and getting one's own breakfast and lunch—an object easily attained by having cold meat (which may be bought at any

restaurant), pressed beef, tongue or ham, with the addition of a boiled egg or an omelet, toast and tea or coffee. If there are children, rice, oatmeal, or hominy may be boiled in an earthen-ware sauce-pan, which is easily washed; baked apples, a very wholesome dish, are also readily cooked. The chief trouble is the fire. A gas stove can be used, by which anything may be cooked. It is also economical, as the gas can be put out as soon as used. The dinner, or, indeed, all the meals, can be sent in from a restaurant, an agreement being made, either for so much for each person, or by the day or week. A woman can be brought in occasionally to clean the apartment. The washing, of course, must be put out. This is, in some respects, a most comfortable way of living, since it relieves a mistress of many responsibilities and doubtful expenses.

MRS. S. W. OAKEY.

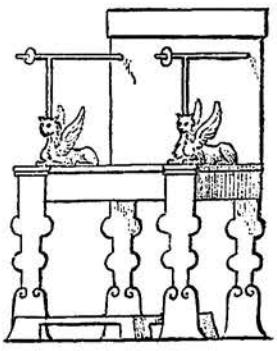
ARM-CHAIRS—ANCIENT AND MODERN.



ASSYRIAN ARM-CHAIR OR THRONE.
(*From Layard's "Nineveh and its Remains."*)

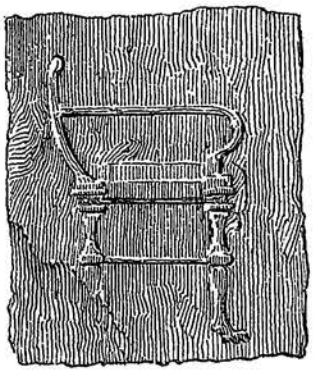
WHEN Charles Dickens looked at an arm-chair, once, it grew into the featuresome likeness of a crabbed monster. It would be cruel in us to take a modern arm-chair and distort its lines and proportions in any such fashion, and then call it "a study of the antique." An easy-chair ought to make us lose or recover our individuality, just as the need may be, without impressing us with anything very startling about itself. Yet it is such a simple, familiar, and indispensable part of a room, that it seems an affectation to talk about its history or its "evolution," though it has a record dating back to the earliest civilisations. The arm-chair and the easy-chair are not, however, of equal age, rank, or importance. They are distinct things, in a way; and our modern makers have blundered into the discovery by constructing arm-chairs that are not easy, and in pleasing us with reviving the ancient in form and forgetting the modern in ease. The arm-chair is very ancient; the true easy-chair is not more than five hundred years old.

The arm-chair is the seat of kingly power, of judicial authority, of lordly pre-eminence, of ecclesiastical rule, of professional instruction. In a word, it was the throne. Our word "throne" is from a Greek word meaning a chair, or single chair, as distinct from a *diphros*, or double chair, in which two persons could sit. But we now reserve the word "throne" for official and State chairs. Layard found on some of the tablets of Nineveh "representations of chairs supported by animals and by human figures, sometimes prisoners, like the Caryatidæ of the Greeks. In this they resembled the arm-chairs of Egypt, but appear to have been more massive." We give a representation of one from a Khorsabad slab. The throne of Solomon, as described in the First Book of Kings, was of ivory, inlaid with gold. "There were stays [or arms] on the place of the seat, and two lions stood beside the stays." The throne had steps and a canopy. The Persian throne was of gold, with light pillars of gold, encrusted with jewels, upholding the canopy. The Egyptian thrones were of the arm-chair type, the arms formed of figures of captives or subject princes. The ordinary Egyptian household chairs were armless, though Wilkinson gives one with a frail morticed bar; and even the fauteuils from the tombs of the kings at Thebes, rich and elegant as they are in form and upholstery, had merely low padded ridges, scarcely deserving of the name of arms.



POMPEIAN CHAIR.

The Greeks had reclining couches and thin-barred arm-chairs in domestic use, but they reserved the true arm-chair for other repre-



GREEK CHAIR.

sentative purposes. Mr. J. A. St. John says :—

"The thrones of the gods, represented in works of art, however richly ornamented, are simply arm-chairs with upright backs, an example of which occurs in a carnelian in the Orleans collection, where Apollo is represented playing on the seven-stringed lyre. This chair has four legs with tigers' feet, a very high upright back, and is ornamented with sculptured car and horses. They had no Epicurean notions of their deities, and never presented them to the eye of the public lounging in an easy-chair, which would have suggested the idea of infirmity. On the contrary, they are full of force and energy, and sit erect on their thrones, as ready to succour their worshippers at a moment's warning. In the Homeric age these were nobly carved, like the divans, adorned with silver studs, and so high that they required a footstool."

Lofty straight backs and low straight arms were common in all these chairs of authority. The use of the footstool was rendered unnecessary in later times, because such chairs had their seats lowered; but as long as it was required, reference is often made to it as in itself suggesting sovereignty, or completing the picture of it. Isaiah was thinking of some grand earthly chair of state when he suggested the magnificent image—"The heaven is my throne, and the earth is my footstool." Our Pompeian chair shows the more simple form of the Roman state chair.

From Roman to our own times, through various forms and local peculiarities, the association of authority with the arm-chair has continued. Shakespeare makes Coriolanus, in expressing his good wishes, say—

> "The honour'd gods
> Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
> Supplied with worthy men."

In *Timon of Athens* he turns the association into a sneer with pardonable poetic licence, if with doubtful accuracy. Alcibiades says to the senators—

> "Now breathless wrong
> Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease."

In the third part of *Henry VI.*, Edward says to Richard, after news has come of the death of "sweet Duke of York"—

FALDESTOL.—(*From the Trinity College Psalter.*)

> "His name that valiant duke has left with thee;
> His dukedom and his chair with me is left."

A French duke's chair of the seventeenth century, with upright back, carved arm, and flat cushionless seat, is represented in one of Abraham Bosse's prints. The "Chanson de Roland" describes a *faldestol*, or elbow-chair, for princes. Charlemagne had one of gold, and the Egyptian Emir one of ivory. The Trinity College Psalter contains two representations of the *faldestol*, and in one of them two chiefs are seated.

To call for a chair for a guest, when such articles of luxury were rare, was a mark of special respect. In the English romance of "Sir Isumbras," the queen pays him, in his guise as a palmer, this special honour—

> "Bryng a chayere and quschene [cushion],
> And sett yone poore palmere therein.
> * * * *
> A rich chayere than was sett;
> The poore palmere therein was sett;
> He tolde hir of his laye."

Occasionally the term "chair" was applied to what we should call a sofa, with ends and arms alike. In the early English romance of "Horn," a gentleman is invited to be seated—

> "A riche cheir was undon
> That seiven might sit thereon."

ANGLO-SAXON EASY-CHAIR.
(*Harleian MSS.*)

It was covered with a baldekin, a mark of royal dignity. A similar couch is represented in a French illuminated MS., where Charles V. is dining with the Count de Foix.

In visiting old castles and mansions, it is as well to bear in mind the part played by the arm-chair in the dining-room or banquet-hall. The benches and stools were of oak, and so were the tables and trestles. Retainers, members of a chief's family, and visitors even, sat on forms without backs. But at the end of the hall, says Lacroix, "there was a large arm-chair overhung with a canopy of silk or golden stuff, which was occupied by the owner of the castle, and only relinquished by him in favour of his superior or sovereign." A raised bench at the end of the hall, with carved back and arms, was a later form of this state chair in some countries, and an earlier one in others. There is a survival of the fact in such terms as "Benchers" and the "Bench," magisterial or ecclesiastical. In the slang of Shakespeare's time, however, a bencher was a tavern-haunter, from which circumstance we may infer that such places were better furnished than ordinary houses, where forms were general.

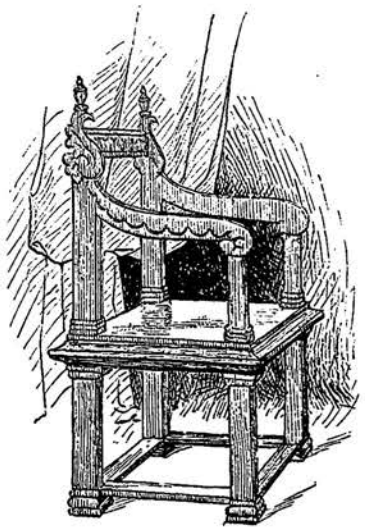
In later times the state chair was reduced in size, but it was always constructed so as to give erectness rather than repose to the body. Old inventories constantly mention such chairs as precious things, for it became common to use leather, silk, velvet, and

cloth of gold in France, Spain, and England. A canopy and state chair are still shown at Chatsworth. The chair is square-backed, straight-armed, and richly embroidered. Sauval describes the Princess of Orleans' chair as having "four supports painted in fine vermilion, the seats and arms of which are covered with vermilion morocco or cordovan, worked and stamped with designs representing the sun, birds, and other devices" (all symbols of sovereign power), "bordered with fringes of silk and studded with nails."

It is much to be regretted that when more luxurious notions began to prevail, the fine oaken chairs of our castles, halls, and country-houses were banished to the servants' hall or to the lumber-room, or sold as worthless antiquities that few persons cared to preserve. It is possible that some of them were put to even lower uses. When Sir Roger de Coverley had seen the two coronation chairs in Westminster Abbey, Addison says he "whispered in my ear that if Will Wimble were with us, and saw those two chairs, it would go hard but he would get a tobacco-stopper out of one or t'other of them."

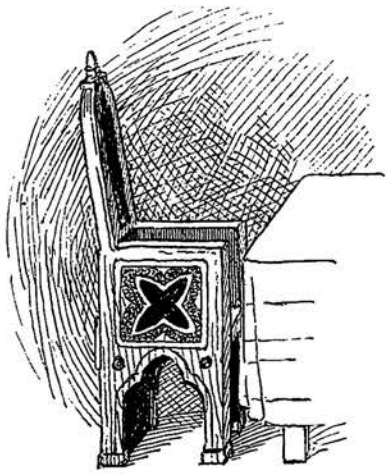
When Sydney Smith entered upon his newly-built parsonage at Foston, near York, he gave a carpenter who came to him for parish relief a cart-load of deals, and a barn to work in, with the laconic injunction, "Jack, furnish my house." One of the chairs Jack made stood for some years in Sydney Smith's "justice room," then found its way into the kitchen, was then given to Mrs. Kilvington, and is now in possession of his new biographer, Mr. Stuart J. Reid. It is a rustic chair of justice, and as such it is worth a passing allusion.

The transition from the arm-chair to the easy-chair was not made all at once. When men and women wanted real repose, they formerly found it in divans, couches, sofas, and what in Shakespeare's time were somewhat reproachfully called "day-beds." A loose



DUKE'S CHAIR (A.D. 1587).

cushion was made for wooden chairs, and it was sometimes placed upon, at other times underneath, a richly embroidered cloth or an animal's skin. It is doubtful whether for many hundred years the easy-chairs of Western Europe were anything more elaborate. The fixed seat and padded back and arms did not come into use in England until Queen Elizabeth's



BLOCK-CUT CHAIR.

time. An arm-chair was, in fact, an article of costly luxury, and sometimes of reproach. In Wiclif's New Testament, he makes the scribes fond of the "first chaieres in Sinagogis." Marston, an English dramatist, describes "a fine-fac'd wife in a wain-scot carv'd seat" as "a worthy ornament to a tradesman's shop," but he is lashing the practice with his whip. Ben Jonson, satirising the way in which women spend their time, writes—

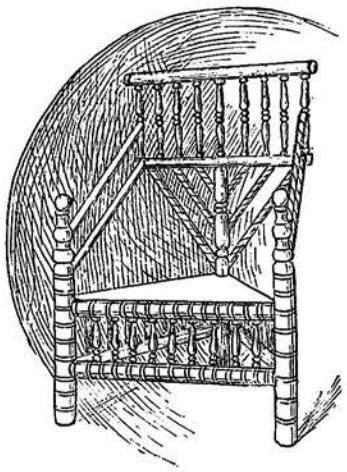
> "At twelve o'clocke her diner time she keeps,
> And gets into her chaire, and there she sleeps
> Perhaps till foure, or somewhat thereabout."

By a very picturesque phrase, Shakespeare conveys the impression that chairs were only fit for the aged. In the second part of *Henry VI.*, when the Duke of York has slain Clifford of Cumberland, the son comes upon the body of the father, and exclaims—

> "Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,
> To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve
> The silvery livery of advised age,
> And in thy reverence and thy chair-days, thus
> To die in ruffian battle?"

The turned and fanciful chairs, some of which are still in use as survivals, or as imitations, were originally made in Flanders, and persecuted Huguenots brought the art of making them to London in their brains and fingers. A good many of them had triangular seats, and arms, backs, and legs were what we should now call imitation bamboo. They were usually called "joined chairs," to distinguish them from the heavy oaken chairs, carved out of one solid piece, which they were replacing. Illustrations of the block-made chairs are found in some of our old ballads. In the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford is a very curious example of the "joined chair," said to have been used by Henry VIII. More elegant and elaborate chairs followed our colonial extensions, and the wealth and knowledge they brought. Eastern

types were multiplied, and golden cloth of Spain and India, won from captured caracks, was employed to adorn the chairs of nobles and merchants. The most



JOINED CHAIR OF THE TIME OF HENRY VIII.

fantastic art in chairs, however, did not come to us until the *ancien régime* was in its glory in France, and the drawing-room had become the centre of a dazzling and artificial kind of existence, all fine sentiment and frippery.

It is clear that in early ages the double chair without arms, on which man and wife sat, each on the side, and not on the front, was the domestic chair. The chairs in Anglo-Saxon MSS., though not positively double, retain some features of the type, as they are long in the seat, with a back on which the sitter rested his arm, as he sat sideways on the bed-like structure, projecting knobs on the real front making the common plan of sitting uncomfortable. The couch without arms or back was Oriental. In old English families we may yet meet with huge double arm-chairs, in which man and wife used to sit. They are sometimes called "courting-chairs."

A description of varieties in modern arm-chairs from the early part of the last century downwards would be tedious and out of place. The throne type and the semi-reclining type are freely used and mixed, without any regard for the fitness of things, though the first should be reserved for the dining-room, and the second for the drawing-room. The use of oak, English and foreign, has been extensively revived, though without any apparent reason; it is more costly than less common wood. Brass nails for ornamentation are being discarded, like very fantastic carving, because they tear the clothing. Chairs are much less massive in their woodwork—the seat is longer, the general design less ornate. Physicians do not recommend stuffed and spring chairs for habitual use. Artistic furniture is now lighter, more Flemish, with a tendency to follow squarer lines of structure. Combinations of lightness and strength, even with rush bottoms, are not uncommon. "The old arm-chair," in fact, has not only all Eliza Cook's tender memories about it, but it is clearly returning to older English types. A

SYDNEY SMITH'S CHAIR OF JUSTICE.

plain wooden chair with the golden-lettered inscription on it, "In this old chair my father sat," which the writer has met with in a quiet home, suggests that even in the most humble abodes there may be a domestic "throne," agreeable to the eye, convenient to use, and the centre of affectionate memories.

EDWIN GOADBY.

COMING OF AGE.

GIRLS, according to the English law, arrive at full age when they are twenty-one years old; below that age they are minors or infants in the eyes of the law, and subject to the control of their parents who are liable for their "necessaries."

Food, clothing, lodging and education suitable to their degree and position in life, and articles of jewellery for persons of rank, have been held to be necessaries. The question as to what are necessaries is one of mixed law and fact, and the onus of proving that the articles are necessaries lies on the plaintiff.

On the death of a girl's father while she is yet under age, the mother becomes the natural guardian of the girl, either alone, if no guardian has been appointed by the father, or jointly with any guardian appointed by the father.

A girl of seven may be betrothed or given in marriage. A girl of fourteen may choose a guardian for herself, and at seventeen she may become an executrix.

When a girl is twenty-one years of age she ceases to be under the control of her parents, she may live where she pleases, she may marry whom she pleases, and she becomes responsible for her own debts.

In France, America and parts of Germany, viz., Saxony, Bavaria, Baden and Wurtemburg, girls also attain their majority at twenty-one years of age. In other parts of Germany they do not become of full age until they are twenty-four.

The Regency Bill had the effect of making the Queen of full age at eighteen, but the law of England recognises no incapacity in the sovereign by reason of nonage.

G. D. L.

PARASOLS.

PARASOLS are articles of use which are constantly undergoing changes of fashion, but certain general rules may always prevail in their selection. First, avoid all extremes of shape and ornament, all eccentricity, for that will but be the caprice of an hour. Consider the purpose for which the parasol is required, the occasion, and the remainder of the toilette with which it is to be associated. The eccentric, square-shaped parasols, patched up of two colours, were an entire failure a few years ago. They were so remarkable as to attract attention to the wearer, and they were of very little use for the purpose they ought to have effected, namely, shading the sun from the face. Besides, they were stiff and ugly. An unfortunate tradesman, who had invested largely in these articles, intended to sell at 10s. 6d. apiece, has been glad to get rid of them at £2 2s. a gross.

Parasols for the sea-side and country, where the sun is very intense, or even in the parks early in the morning, are best of what are termed the parachute kind—that is, small umbrellas, with long unbending handles, and made of white holland, buff gingham, or even of tussore silk. Tussore silk parasols, lined with white or pink, are admissible for general carriage use. In the streets of London the parasol should accord with the dress, and not be too ornamental. If the dress be dark, and economy closely studied, a dark-brown parasol or parachute of silk can be carried. Twilled silk is excellent for use, from its softness ; but, with a light toilette, a grey dress, or a muslin of pale colours, a dark parasol would be very ugly. In mourning, whilst the black is deep, only a black parasol can be used, and it is in good taste to have this very plain. In half-mourning, grey becomes admissible ; but a light spot, in the shape of a parasol, over a figure robed entirely in black, would be even uglier than a dark spot hovering, like a Damoclesian blot, above the head of some fair girl in airy muslin. For walking, a parasol perfectly plain is in the best taste. A black lace covering may be used with perpect propriety. White lace covers are only fit for carriages or fêtes. At fêtes and flower-shows the most elaborate parasols may be displayed without criticism, except in regard to the good taste exercised in their adornment and their consistency with the rest of the toilette. A very magnificent costume would render a plain parasol nearly as absurd, by contrast, as the assumption of something highly ornamental with an otherwise simple and unpretending *ensemble.*

Nothing is more ladylike and in better taste than a plain écru silk parasol, lined with white or a colour. Such a parasol is fit for any occasion—for the street, the carriage, a fête, or a flower-show. Écru has the advantage of not fading, of being suitable to wear with any dress and any bonnet, and it has the great advantage that it reflects the light, and thereby aids in keeping the wearer cool. These écru parasols have been of late much worn, embroidered with a spray of flowers in natural colours on one side, the thickest end of the spray at the top of the parasol, and falling gracefully across it in a downward direction. Ends and bows of ribbon, to match the colour of the flowers, are inserted at the top of the parasol. Very long sticks with rounded or clubbed handles, and intended to be used as walking sticks, are still used ; but the last and most fashionable addition is a ring at the top by which to hold them, which is found to be a great increase of comfort. The old custom of a joint in the centre of the parasol-stick has also revived, as being more convenient for carriage use, and taking up less room when closed. In Paris, as well as in London, a spray of artificial flowers to match those on the bonnet has sometimes been worn ; but in our opinion a more ladylike idea, as well as a more enduring one, is to embroider the flowers on a black silk parasol. A bunch of scarlet poppies, and their peculiar-coloured green leaves, or a spray of forget-me-nots, are pretty designs. They should be worked in the centre of each division of the parasol. The embroidery can be accomplished on a bought parasol, or can be stretched in a frame and made-up afterwards.

Steel-grey and dove-grey can be worn with most colours, and are therefore next best to écru, and perhaps a little less liable to soil. French grey or lavender looks well in a parasol, but there are many colours with which it will not assort. Parasols should never be lined with anything but white or pink. Pink reflects an agreeable glow on a pale face, but should be avoided by ladies who are florid.

We saw very recently a parasol lined with violet. Such a colour would reflect a death-like hue on nearly every face that ventured beneath it. Decided colours, such as bright blues, violets, and greens, are not pretty for parasols ; but if they are worn, or are mixed with white, a lady will have occasion for two or three parasols at least, and should only use them with costumes that introduce the same colours.

The handle should be chosen rather thick, as cramp is induced by holding a thin one long, and especially if there be much wind to resist. Comfort and utility should be, as a rule, considered before new fashion.

Many persons of good social position and slender means are obliged to practise small economies in dress. A black lace parasol-cover is always a useful article, because it can be transferred from one parasol to another, and makes it possible to wear for some time a light parasol which is a little soiled, or which has been cleaned. They can be cleaned or dyed for a shilling, and may serve for use in the country, or for children. A parasol which was good when first bought will admit of re-covering. A very handsome one may be worth trusting to the hands of a tradesman, but ordinarily it would be more expensive than desirable. But a country, sea-side, or garden sun-shade may easily be made when the silk upon the frame is worn out. Take it off, and cut the size exactly in brown holland or buff cotton. Stitch the seams together, and hem the edge. Open the frame. Slip the cover over it. Run round the top with strong thread, and secure it well to the frame. Then tack one of the corners of the cover strongly to the little holes at the point of one of the ribs. Take the opposite corner, and so proceed all round, always taking the most opposite ribs, so as to strain the cover equally. It is then sewn to every joint of the ribs in the same way, as neatly as possible.

Old umbrellas, when quite useless, may be covered with cotton or alpaca, by cutting from the old covers ; but, if they be not very bad, these had better be done by a tradesman, when they will look equal to new. A silk umbrella which has slit in the centre of the breadths may be repaired in the following manner :—First open it. With silk the same colour draw the slits as close as possible. Then lay inch-wide strips of ribbon down every seam, running each side, first stretching them with a pin. Parasols may also be repaired this way for country or garden use with a prettily contrasting colour, and a bow at the top.

Small umbrellas, called by the French *en tout case,* have almost taken the place of parasols for the ordinary use of those ladies who walk much, as they suit all varieties of weather, either of sunshine or rain. Very dark green is the best colour for these, and the handle and stick should be in one, because if the former be only put on, the weight of the top frequently breaks it off, or renders it too unsteady for use in a high wind. A handle should be chosen, as we have already observed, which can be grasped with ease ; the comfort in the holding being of more consequence than the mere ornamental character of the stick.

Vacationing in the Rockies

The Companionship of Mountains and Streams

By Annie Curd

YES, to Colorado we would go — as Bret Harte poetically expresses it, "Speed to the sunset that beckons far away." Once we had decided, it was not long before we woke one bright July morning and found ourselves in the land of perpetual sunshine.

We made our headquarters at Colorado Springs, that little gem of an up-to-date city. Here on one of her broad avenues, with some dear old southern friends, we made our summer home. Two jolly girls in the house helped wonderfully to brighten up our social life in Colorado, and were many times our companions on picnic excursions and sight-seeing trips. But the most satisfying companion on our jaunts over the mountains was our well-filled lunch box, the contents of which we thoroughly enjoyed as we loitered in some rocky cañon, listening to the ceaseless sound of running water dashing down the mountain side. Our hunger appeased, we threw the remaining crumbs of bread, cheese, and cake to the little bright-eyed chipmunks that tipped up in their shy way to get the tidbits, then scampered away as fast as their little legs would carry them.

One charming feature of a July in Colorado is the opportunity offered of seeing the many-hued, beautifully-tinted wild flowers. Once a week during the flower season the railroad offers dollar excursions to Spinney, sixty miles away, which are worth many times the price paid. The train rushes through tunnel and rock-ribbed cañon, coming often, unexpectedly, upon a flower-decked "mesa" — Spanish for plain. The train slows up and the passengers pile out pellmell. Then the real scramble commences, and only too soon the bell rings its note of warning, and from every direction come the flower-laden men, women, and children. The engine shrieks, and we are off for "new worlds to conquer," the coaches looking like veritable nosegays with the Colorado state flower — the columbine — in the lead, followed by the bluebells and exquisite Mariposa lilies. At one point on this memorable trip we had a fine view of the Snowy Range of New Mexico, while we played "hide and seek" the day through with that hoary old mountain, Pike's Peak.

The sightseer should by all means go to that wonderful mining town, Cripple Creek—"Cripple," the natives and miners call it. The thousands of tourists who go to the top of Pike's Peak can, by the aid of their glasses, look down upon these great gold fields and count a half-dozen busy towns, built around the original camp at "Cripple." Very close to heaven we seemed as we climbed to the top of Gold Hill or Battle Mountain on that remarkable trolley line recently built. When, however, we looked at the car full of rough, begrimed miners, we realized that we were "of the earth earthy." It was during the great rush for the gold fields, that the story is told of a tired-looking waitress saying, "Keep your knives for pie, we ain't got time to change at this station."

The richest mine in the camp is "The Independence," owned by a resident of Colorado Springs, a Mr. Stratton. Mr. Stratton was a poor man, and it is said first walked into Cripple Creek to save the $3.50 stage fare. Now it is said that Mr. Stratton's foreman could easily take out $100,000 a month, but the wealthy owner says that his gold is safer in his mine than in any bank in the country. When this man, who has a reputation for a kind heart, was asked what he intended to do with his mine he said, "Keep it in trust for the poor people of whom I have always been one, and with whom my sympathies will ever remain." While circling Gold Hill we looked up amidst the clouds, and had a fine view of Altman, said to be the highest incorporated town in the world.

One of the many delightful trips which we took was the day ride over the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad to beautiful Greenwood Springs, three hundred miles west of Colorado Springs. The introduction to what lay before us was when we entered the Cañon of Arkansas, known as "The Royal Gorge," and gazing up saw the crested crags rising to such a height above us. The river foamed along its rocky bed, and anon the way became a mere fissure. All day we dashed along at a headlong speed, ever following some tortuous stream in its windings through dark cañons and deep gorges. It was after we had crossed the Great Continental Divide that we saw the famed Mountain of the Holy Cross, of which we had so often read. Now we saw it through our own vision — a great white cross of snow lying on the sloping crest of a mountain far away.

The little town of Buena Vista seemed so attractive, nestled down in the mountains, that we stopped off for a few days to try our skill angling for the gamy trout. But the trout, like ourselves, were off for a vacation. Here we saw some of the finest strawberries we had ever seen, and that, too, in August. The grand old mountains "Princeton," "Harvard," and "Yale" reared their stately heads in the distance, and the beautiful mesa that stretched between the villages and those tall, grim sentinels, certainly deserved its name, "Buena Vista,"— Beautiful View.

As we approached Leadville, a storm came up suddenly—so often the case in the summer in the mountains ; and as we stood upon the platform, the most gorgeous rainbow I had ever seen spanned the heavens from mountain to mountain, making a scene of surpassing beauty. In the distance, as the storm cleared away, we saw the Leadville graveyard, which in its neglected condition was the embodiment of grim desolation,and the words of the cowboy were recalled, "Leadville ! Why that's the fattest graveyard you ever see." We went through the Grand River Cañon by moonlight — a more magnificent cañon I've never seen — and reached Glenwood Springs about eleven o'clock.

Here we found a fine hotel, "The Colorado," owned by the Raymonds of excursion fame, — having been built midway of the continent to accommodate their parties. It is a model all-around-the-year hotel. The terraced grounds are beautifully laid out, and flowers and sward show the best of care. Vine-covered arbors lead down to the bathing pool and bath houses, grateful indeed to the tired eyes in that high, sunny altitude. At Glenwood we found fifty springs, many of them sulphur impregnated with iron. The bath houses are of stone, with every conven-

ience and best of service, and the tiled bathing pool is the largest in the world. The water is said to have great healing powers.

A burro ride up South Cheyenne Cañon, one golden summer's day, proved a novel experience. This cañon is a stupendous gorge, which untold ages have cut through the solid granite, with perpendicular walls rising from one to two thousand feet. Between these walls, which in places are only a stone's throw across, dashes a clear, sparkling mountain stream. The main part of the south cañon is about three-quarters of a mile in length, at the end of which we encountered an immense solid wall of rock, down which the stream plunges in a series of cascades called "The Seven Falls." The topmost fall can be reached by a strong, well-built stairway constructed on the rock wall. Unfortunately this cañon does not belong to the government and twenty-five cents is collected from every tourist visiting this grand mountain gorge.

A short distance from the falls a trail leads off across the stream up to the top of famous Cheyenne Mountain, to the lonely grave of Helen Hunt, the gifted writer. I was not a little surprised when the guide told me that "Satan," the burro I was riding, was the leader and always led the procession. "Satan," hearing his name, pricked up his ears and started off apparently without knowing that he was carrying 165 pounds avoirdupois on his back. Up the trail we pushed our way, zigzagging back and forth to make the ascent less steep. Finding that "Satan" knew his business better than I did, I held the bridle tightly to keep him from stumbling, turned around in the saddle, and fairly drank in the magnificent panorama below. These burros are tough, sturdy little animals — the instinct of caution showing itself in every turn they make. By the time the circuitous climb was made I felt that I would like to own "Satan" and keep him in a glass cage as a reminder that our backs are made to fit the burdens imposed upon us. At the top of the mountain we dismissed the guide, and the last that I saw of them "Satan" was still in the lead, "Solomon" following, while the guide astride of "Old Dan Tucker" was bringing up the rear. Here, in addition to a beautiful view of mountain and plain, we found the pile of stones with which Helen Hunt had requested her friends to mark her grave. In life she had loved this mountain, and it was her wish to be laid after death in this lonely spot. Years after her husband, a resident of Colorado Springs, found that her grave was becoming a resort for picnickers, so had her body interred in the cemetery below.

Of course we went to the top of Pike's Peak. It was a rare cloudless day and as we looked down, and around, the *world* seemed stretched out at our feet. Those who have not experienced this sensation can hardly realize what it is to look off over thousands of miles of the earth's surface. There were mountains, plains, streams, cities, and villages in sight. With all this magnificence spread out before us at least two-thirds of the tourists spent the hour in having their pictures taken and looking over the photo curios for sale in the summit house. But they had been to the top of Pike's Peak!

Many beautiful souvenirs can be picked up in Colorado, if one's purse is long enough. The display of Mexican goods is fine, notably the leather work and blankets. The shops everywhere are gay with the beautiful blankets made

by the Navajo Indians, and durable baskets, the work of the Arapahoes, a tribe now nearly extinct, are for sale at fabulous prices.

Colorado, with its azure skies, grand mountains, and glorious sunshine, has, too, its pathetic side. It has long been a resort for people suffering from that terrible disease — consumption. I was told by old settlers that the mistake so often made was that of invalids coming too late, and in many instances with barely enough money to get them there. The towns are overrun with poor, emaciated invalids trying to get work. It is a constant drain upon the sympathies of the churches, but they are said to respond most generously. "A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind," and many of the members of the Colorado churches — ministers as well — live there because they cannot live elsewhere. The churches in Colorado have adopted the use of the individual communion cups. The reason is apparent.

A week in Denver, a short stay in Boulder, and the wonderful journey "Around the Loop," to White Plume, wound up our vacation in the mountains. Though we may never go again, the recollections of the one summer, so charmingly spent with kindred — the mountains and streams — will always be tenderly cherished.

Fish

By A. R. Annable

FISH may be boiled (or steamed, which is superior to boiling), baked, broiled, fried, and stewed. The small fish termed pan fish are usually fried.

Fried Fish.

Clean well, removing the head, and, if quite large, the backbone also. Slice the body crosswise in five or six pieces, season with salt and pepper. Dredge with flour, brush each piece with beaten egg, roll in bread or cracker crumbs, and fry in hot lard or drippings. Be sure to have the fat hot, as it will not be absorbed so quickly. When the fish is browned, turn carefully, to avoid breaking, and brown the other side. Garnish with slices of lemon.

Broiled Salmon.

Cut slices an inch thick, dry them in cloth, season with salt and pepper, dredge with flour and broil on a gridiron rubbed with suet. Serve with anchovy sauce, adding a few chopped herbs if desired.

Broiled Halibut.

Slice the fish, salt and pepper, and lay in melted butter one half hour, allowing one tablespoonful of the butter to one pound of fish. Then roll in flour and broil for twenty minutes. Serve hot

Baked Fish.

A fish weighing four or five pounds is good size to bake, and should not be cut more than is necessary to clean nicely. Make a dressing of bread crumbs, butter, salt, and a little salt pork, with chopped parsley and onions if desired. Mix the dressing with one beaten egg. Fill the body, sew it up, and place in a dripper, with some strips of salt pork for flavoring. Put one cup of water in the pan. Bake an hour and a half, basting frequently. Take up the fish and thicken the gravy remaining in the pan to pour over it. Serve hot.

Steamed Halibut.

Take a three-pound piece of white halibut, cover it with a cloth and place in a steamer. Set the steamer on a dish of fast-boiling water, steam for two hours, remove to a hot platter, garnish with parsley, and serve with egg sauce.

Stewed Codfish.

Take a thick piece of the salt fish; lay it in cold water for a few minutes. Shred it in very small bits, put over the fire in a stewpan, with cold water, let it come to a boil, turn off the water and add a pint of rich milk to the fish. Place again over the fire and boil slowiy five minutes, add a piece of butter, a little pepper, and a thickening of flour in a little cold milk. Stew a little longer and stir in a well-beaten egg. Nice for breakfast.

Spiced Mackerel.

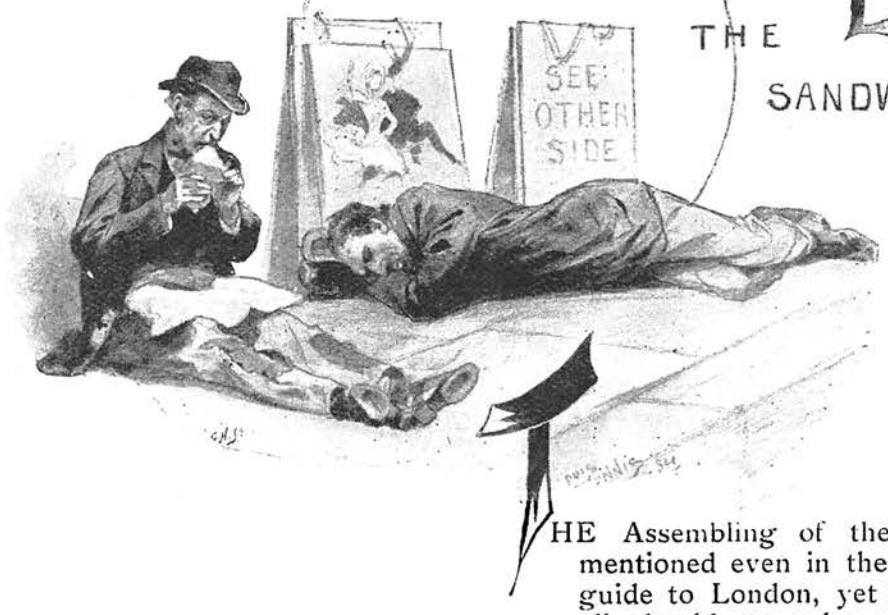
Take one-half dozen small mackerel, nicely cleaned. Mix together one teaspoonful each of cinnamon, allspice, and cloves. Open the fish and sprinkle in the mixture, then sprinkle with salt and close tightly, place in an earthen dish, cover with vinegar and bake one hour in a moderate oven.

Baked Smelts.

Wash thoroughly, dry in a cloth, arrange in a flat baking dish, after buttering both fish and dish. Season with salt and pepper, and cover with bread or cracker crumbs. Place a piece of butter on each fish and bake twenty minutes. Garnish with parsley and lemon.

HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVES

THE SANDWICH MAN

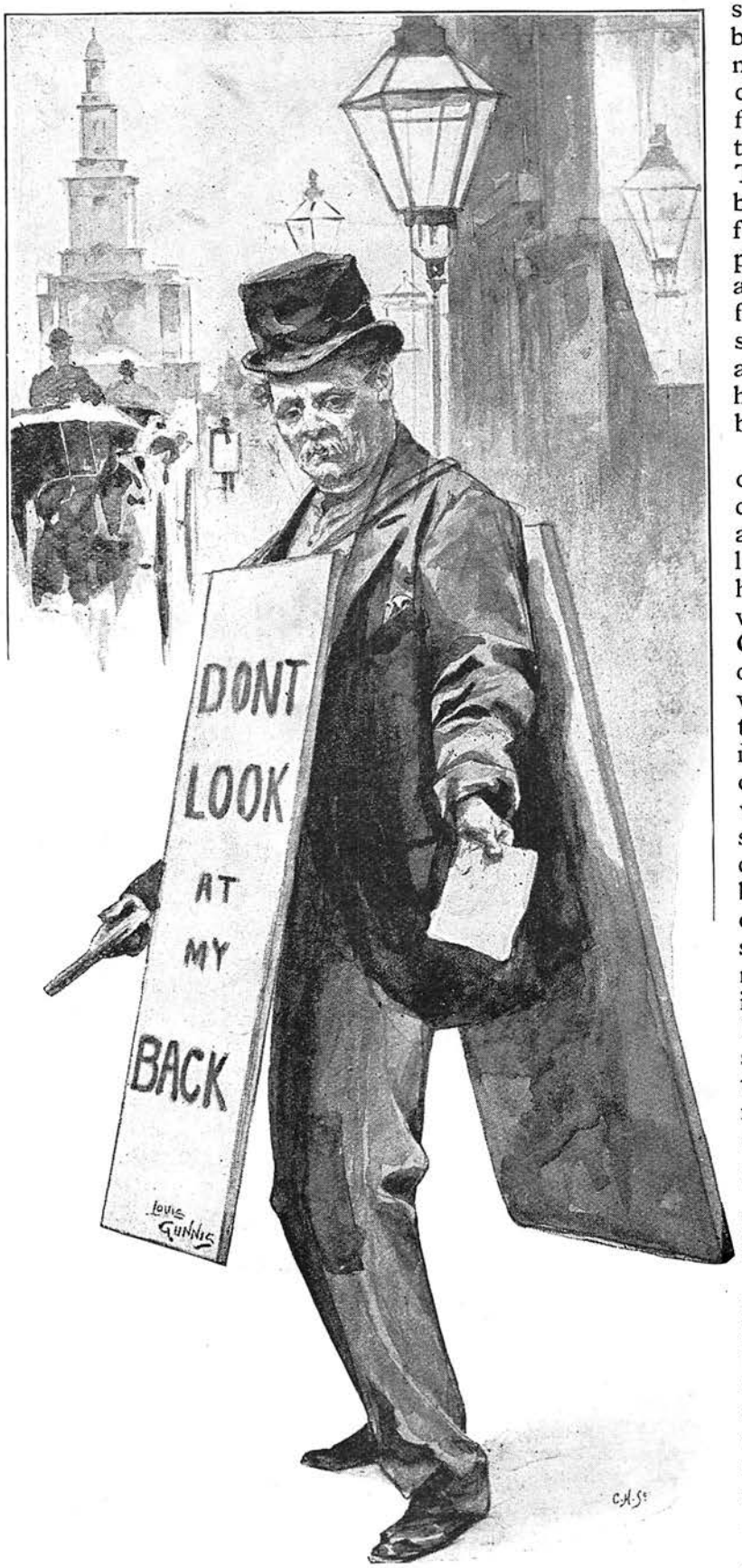


THE Assembling of the Outcasts is not mentioned even in the most voluminous guide to London, yet it is a sight that all should see who wish to realise the depths to which men can sink in the richest city in the world. It takes place every week-day morning, chiefly in Ham Yard, in Dean Street, and near the Savoy. Between the hours of eight and nine there come to those places hundreds of the most miserable and hopeless wretches in England, all seeking work as sandwich men.

When, one morning, I walked into Ham Yard, decked in the usual attire of the "dosser," I shared in the common impression that any man can obtain a job as board-carrier by applying at one of the offices. But I soon learnt my mistake. Scores of others had come on the same errand as myself, and a few words with them shattered all my hopes. "There's no chance of a new hand getting taken on," one and all told me. "Sometimes, about May, when all the plays and the picture galleries are on, they'll have strangers, but they always pick out the old hands first, as they ought to. It's no use waiting here, for you're only wasting your time. There's not enough for us, let alone you."

But in spite of the warning of the experienced carriers most of us remained in the yard. We formed up in rows near the office door, and every time the manager came out we all looked eagerly towards him. He would beckon first to one, then to another, until he had got as many as he wanted. The fortunate ones would be given their boards and go off, under the guidance of one specially chosen leader; while the remainder of us waited and hoped that next time we should be selected.

The crowd in the yard might have been divided into several distinct groups. There were some among us with bleared eyes and shaking frames, who had spent the previous night on the street, striving in vain to get snatches of sleep on the seats of the Embankment or the recesses of the Thames bridges, and hurried on everywhere by the police. One or two of these could have told, had they wished, how it feels to live for three days without food. Strange stories of starvation get whispered from one to another in the crowd in Ham Yard. Another group represented the most hopeless class of any, the confirmed "dossers." These can be distinguished at a glance by their filthy condition, their contented expression, and their dirty pipes. They have grown to like the life of an outcast, and now would not take anything better if it were offered to them. They are the plague of every philanthropic society, the absorbers of most of the money that is scattered in charity, and the greatest ne'er-do-wells possible. But most of us were not of this class, we were simply honest seekers after work. Our trousers, it is true, had all whiskers at the bottom, and most



AN OLD SOLDIER.

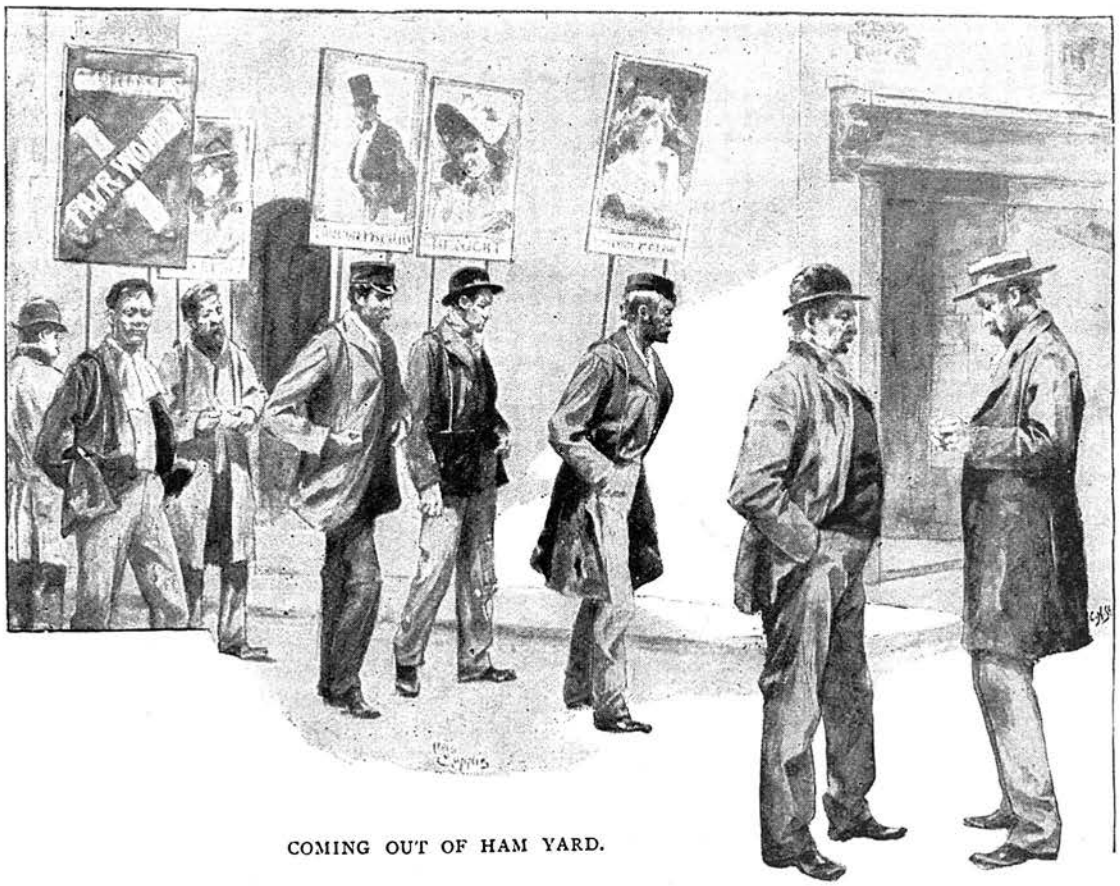
of our coats had nearly every trace of colour washed out of them. But it was pitiful to see the attempts that had been made to keep tidy notwithstanding, the clean boots, the neatly folded neckerchiefs, and the well-washed faces. The usual age was between twenty-six and forty-five, the very prime of life, though among us were to be found a few who had seen three score years and several who were hardly more than boys.

A little before nine o'clock the manager came out of his office and announced, in tones loud enough for all to hear: "No more men will be wanted to-day." On hearing this, most of us made off. Some who had money went to invest their cash in fancy articles to sell on the streets; others went to the railway stations to see if they could earn a few coppers by opening cab doors or the like, while several of us went the round of the remaining advertising yards. But we might have spared ourselves the trouble. Everywhere we met with the same reception. "There is no chance for you to-day. We cannot find our old hands work, much less others."

Street after street many of us walked, for hour after hour. Even to-day the hopeless horror, the bitterness and despair of that unavailing search, remain stamped on my mind. "Work!" cried one man to me. "Work! I'd as soon look for gold on the streets of London as I'd look for work. You can't find it, and it's not to be had. Once they

get us down they keep us down, and here we stick."

There is no need for me to relate in what way I did at last succeed in getting taken on. One morning I found myself one of a lucky band of seven, chosen by



COMING OUT OF HAM YARD.

a well-known firm in Dean Street, to perambulate the classic thoroughfares of the Old and the New Kent Roads. Our boards were of the latest pattern, the "overhead" style, and we were provided with a special uniform. In place of our own hats and coats we were given peaked caps, and semi-military coats of blue cloth, with red collars and cuffs, and brass buttons. Each of us carried our boards by means of a metal frame, fitting over the shoulders and secured by a strap round the waist. This frame supported a small iron advertising plate at one's back, and a large canvas covered board over one's head. The overhead frames are not at all uncomfortable to carry, and experienced hands say they would far rather have them than the old-fashioned kind. Pads are provided, so that the weight shall not press heavily on the shoulders, and they are lighter than they look. Their chief disadvantage is that the large boards overhead catch the wind like sails. Consequently, in the slightest breeze the carrier is almost doubled up, or feels that his back will break in the effort to stand upright.

My companions were carrying advertisements of a South London boot shop. My announcement was of a different kind, and ran thus :

"H——'S PATENT ADVERTISING BOARDS.

50,000 PERSONS SEE THIS ONE EVERY DAY.

The most effective means of securing publicity ever invented."

The seven of us started off from Dean Street at about nine o'clock, carrying our boards on our shoulders. Two of us were Irishmen, one was a Welshman, one a half-bred Scotchman, and the nationality of the others I could not tell. Judging from appearances, at least three of our party had at one time been in the Army. I was not surprised at this, for one finds nearly everywhere that about half of the unemployed are army reserve men. This is often not the fault of the old soldiers themselves, for they usually know no trade, and employers, as a whole, are unwilling to give them work. The general

aversion to the military is our national method of making the defence of our country popular.

Our leader was a specially fine fellow, tall, clear-eyed, and intelligent. He looked, in spite of his dress, a very ideal business man, and one could not help wondering what it was that had brought him down so low.

We had not to reach the New Kent Road till eleven o'clock, so we went slowly along and took abundant rest by the way. Every now and then we would turn into a side street, place our boards against a wall, and sit down on the pavement. In the course of our talks while lingering thus, I learnt many things. The subject of the best place to dine formed a leading topic of conversation. One was in favour of Ham Yard Soup Kitchen, where a dish of pea soup (so thick that the spoon stands up in it) and an unlimited supply of bread can be had for a penny. The bread, it may be added, is collected each morning from the West-end clubs.

"Grosvenor Mews is a sight better than Ham Yard," interposed another. "You have to pay tuppence at the Mews, but then you don't have such a crush, and the food is ever so much nicer. They give you a good dish of mutton broth, and you have another thing as well. Ham Yard is all very well in winter, but I can't stand its thick pea soup this hot weather. It fills a man up and makes him that uncomfortable that it's awful."

"This is very poor work," said another to me. Here let me observe in passing that sandwichmen do not always talk such ungrammatical slang as certain delineators of poor life make out. "Board-carrying is the most degrading work to be had."

"But it brings in honest money, at all events," I responded, feeling that I must say something.

"Honest? yes, but it's a poor business. A man might do a great deal better for himself than this. If you only keep up a decent appearance, and don't let yourself go down, you always stand a chance." As he said this he looked at me keenly, as though he would convey a reproach for my rags, which were the reverse of decent.

"But what is a man to do?" I asked. "Clothes wear out, and boots go in holes;" and I pointed to the leaky pair of shoes I was wearing. "Where are new ones to come from?"

"That's very true; but yet this is only a hand-to-mouth existence, just enough to live on and no more. Now you know Holborn?"

"Yes."

"Well, behind Holborn there is a place, Field Lane, where they do a fine work. If you go there, and have got a character from your last place, they'll take you in, and keep you, and find you something to do. A young fellow like you, who's been educated, would get along all right there. But you must have a character."

Then we all fell to discussing the best ways of earning a livelihood. There was a general agreement that the surest method, on the whole, is to get taken on by one of the penny evening papers as a regular street-seller. They give their men six shillings a week, besides the regular commission of fourpence on every thirteen sold; and most of us thought that any one ought to be able to make a very decent living out of this.

At eleven o'clock we paraded up in front of the establishment of the boot-seller whose wares my companions were advertising, and started our perambulations of the Kent Roads. To the ordinary reader, the Old Kent Road will probably only be known as the *locale* of a popular comic song; but before I had been tramping up and down it for a couple of hours I came to the conclusion that both the Old and the New Roads are well worthy of study. They are wide, granite-paved streets, remarkable for their noise, business, and *bons marchés*. Part of the roadway on either side is occupied by open fish, fruit, and clothing stalls, and many of the tradesmen deposit half of their wares on the pavement for people to see in passing. The price of provisions of all kinds is remarkably low. "Sterling tea" is advertised at a shilling a pound; "pure" butter (Kent Road tradesmen are very insistent on the purity of their goods) is 8*d*. a pound, and "pure new" milk twopence halfpenny a quart. The amount of heavy traffic rattling along the road all day long is considerable, and the noise is so great that at one time I stood within a dozen yards of a barrel organ without being able to hear a note of the music played by it.

The seven of us paced along, thirty yards apart, in single file. I was the back man, and I could see the long line of yellow boards ahead of me. Rival tradesmen gazed enviously at us, and for a moment I felt quite proud of being the cause of a trade triumph. But my high

spirits were soon checked. "Whatryronthftpath putyrnprsn," I heard a threatening voice cry in my ear; I looked up, and saw a short, stout, and very much excited constable standing by me.

"What did you say, sir?" I asked.

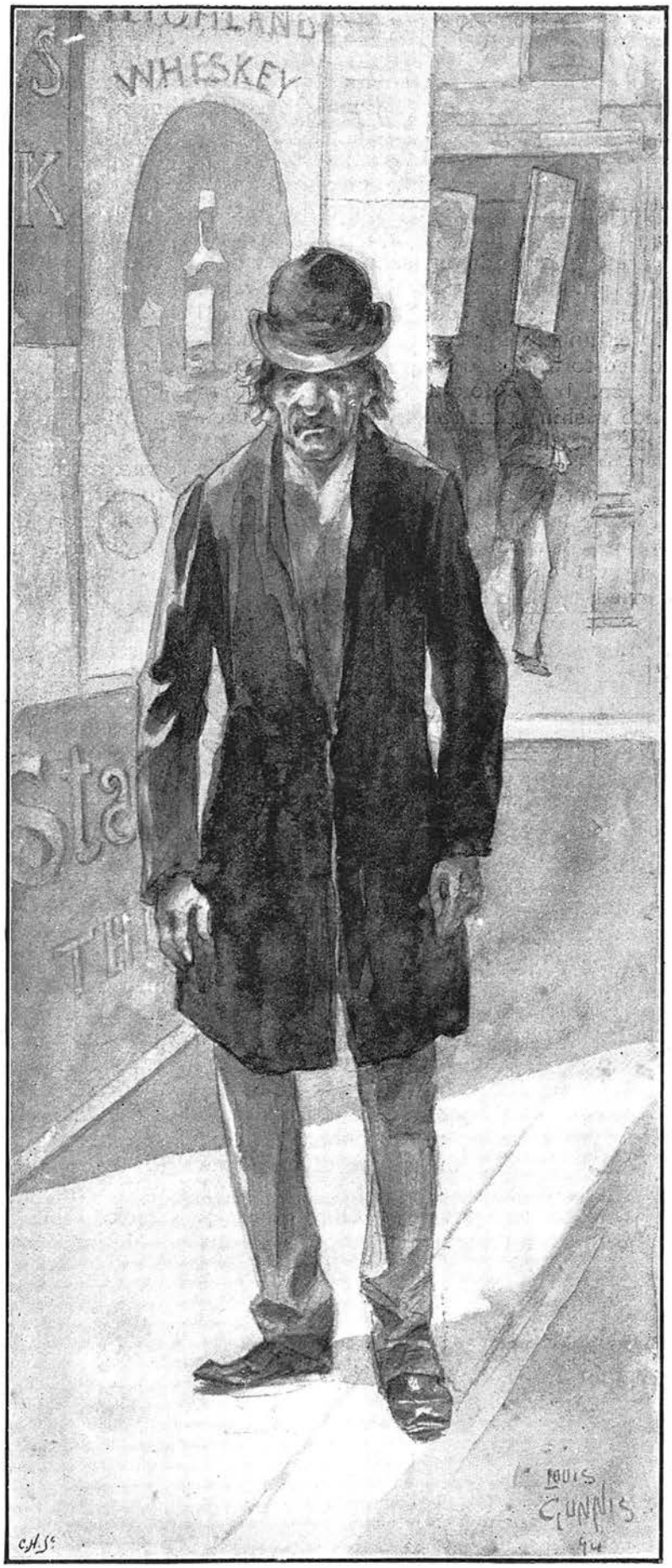
The man grew calmer. "What are you doing on the footpath?" he asked. "Don't you know I can put you in prison? Go off!"

"Please, sir, have I to walk in the gutter?" I asked respectfully. No one shall be able to say that I do not obey the Catechism, and "order myself lowly and reverently to all my betters."

"Get off the footpath, or I'll lock you up," he replied majestically.

I had now to tramp in the gutter. This did not make my walk any the easier, for the Kent Road gutters are not like ordinary ones. In one spot is a pile of fish heads, deposited from a neighbouring barrow, not far off is a heap of refuse from the greengrocer's, and next to it is a semi-liquid heap made by the water and rubbish thrown from the road-side stalls. But we board-men trudged along so slowly that we could well step out of the way of all this, though we had to keep our eyes open at the same time to avoid being run over by passing traps.

"Papa," said a little boy to his father, as they stood in front of me, and gazed hard at my boards, "what is that man?"



NO GOOD EVEN FOR SANDWICHING.

"Oh, that's only an advertising board, my child," the father replied. No doubt he was quite right, but there was no need to proclaim the fact so loudly right in front of my face. Even boards *sometimes* have feelings.

I soon found, however, that if boards have feelings they must not show them. People regarded us as quite legitimate objects of curiosity. Not content with staring at one's advertisement, they would also gaze intently at the board-carrier, taking in every detail of his personal appearance. My companions were accustomed to this, and took it as a matter of course, but I found myself more than once wishing that folks would direct their gaze elsewhere.

In the course of our morning march we came across a rather unusual specimen of the sandwich man. He was a well-dressed, venerable-looking old man, with long white beard and white hair. He carried two boards suspended from his shoulders, each having a text painted on it in large letters; and fastened to the top button of his coat was a piece of white ivory, with the words "Jesus only" stamped on it. He stopped me and entered into conversation. "Men want to know what good I am doing going about like this," he said. "What good are you doing? Why do you go round? To let men know that boots are for sale, so that when they see your notice they may think about boots. I go round too to make people think." Then he gave me, with a beaming smile, a little homily. "Ah well!" he concluded, "God bless you, my brother, God bless you," and he handed me a tract and passed on.

I echoed his blessing, for the old man was the only individual that day (with the exception of a sergeant of police) who seemed to treat us sandwichmen as men and brothers. Some swore at us, some roughly ordered us out of the way, some mocked at our poverty. One cad in a trap made ludicrous imitations of our woe-begone attitudes, as though our misery were the merriest jest in the world. Did we dare to rest for a moment, pert errand boys would be sure to command us to move on. We were ever made to remember that we were nothing but pariahs—outcasts.

At one o'clock we had an hour off for dinner. We were far away from the usual resorts of board-men, so we had to be content with what could be obtained for a few coppers in the local cheap cook shops. In the afternoon we were careful not to overwork ourselves. We could not rest quite so much as the ordinary board-man does, for we had every now and then to pass the shop of our employer, who kept a sharp watch on us. Our rule was, at the end of each hour and a half, to turn down a by-street and sit down for half an hour. Ordinarily, I may say, the board-man reckons to have something like half an hour's rest for half an hour's walk, so our gang was very industrious. But even with the rests, the walking and the noise began to tell on one before the afternoon was out, and I was heartily glad when the time at last came to unstrap our boards, sling them over our shoulders, and set out for home.

For carrying overhead boards from nine in the morning till half-past five at night, the rate of pay is sixteenpence a day. For the old-fashioned boards only fourteenpence is given, and not many years ago the remuneration was a shilling a day. But it must be remembered that very few get regular employment, even at these rates, and the few who get taken on six days a week are considered quite the aristocracy of the calling. For working longer hours the men are paid extra, and sometimes a specially favoured man, keeping at it in the evening as well as during the day, will earn as much as fifteen shillings a week. This is the height of the dosser's ambition.

FRED. A. MCKENZIE.

The Bitter Soliloquery of a Lesser Poet.

(TAKING HIMSELF INTO A CORNER BY THE EAR.)

TINKLING poet, with your lays
Nicely turned for people's praise;
With your moldy little rhymes,
They have heard a thousand times;
Wingless "songs" that tug and pant,
Airy as an elephant;
Sonnets stiff in all their joints,
Spurred by exclamation points; —
To one question pray reply,
Just one only; that is — WHY?

Has the suffering soul of man,
Since your mild "career" began,
Ever had a drop of balm
From your doleful little psalm?
Has the eager thought of youth
Gleaned from you one grain of truth?
Has the heart of human care
Leaned on you, or learned to bear?

Do you write for ducats yellow?
For the girls to say, "dear fellow?"
In some circle quite retired
Are you "very much admired?"
Tinkle, tinkle, little star!
How I wonder *why* you are;
Up above the world so high,
Tinkling,— how I wonder WHY?

Anthony Morehead.

CAMPING OUT.

Where to Go, How to Go, What to Do, and How to Do It.

TO many a tired man and woman comes the thought, "Oh, if only we could go camping this summer," and with the next breath goes a long drawn sigh, and "but we can't afford it, and if it should come on to rain, oh dear me." Don't run away with the idea that you have to own a national bank to go camping. Make up your mind to do a little actual work yourself, less than half as much as is needed at home, without making life a burden to yourself and the rest of the party, and you will have a most delightful time and vote camping out a success.

Let it be said here that there are two classes of people who should not go camping, invalids and small children. First, decide where to go. There is no need to spend a whole lot of money on transportation. There is nothing that perishes with the using like a railroad ticket. There are plenty of good camping places not far away from every reader of this article. A tent is not hard to procure. Buy one if it can be afforded; it is a good investment and is not expensive. If you can work some friend and borrow his, that's all right. Get one at least ten by twelve, and be sure to get one with a "fly" over it. Roll it up into a bundle and with it all the pegs it calls for and a few extra; also, put into the bundle an extra amount of rope about as thick as the forefinger, a hundred feet or more of it. You have no idea how convenient it may be till you want some more rope and don't have any. You can also roll into the same bundle a rug or two, a piece of carpet, some old shoes and may be some other article which your fancy suggests. It is a wise thing to take along some rubber coats, and don't let the ladies forget their overshoes.

It is no trick at all to put up a tent. It takes two people to do it though. Don't make the mistake of getting the guy ropes too tight, better have them very slack, for when it comes on to rain the whole outfit shrinks, and if too tight something has got to give way, and if it happens to be the tent that's nothing short of a calamity. Look about before setting up the tent. Select a dry knoll in preference to a low or hollow spot of ground, and be sure to dig a shallow trench, three or four inches wide all round it, that insures it being dry inside; get this trench as close to the tent as possible. It is a good idea to look up and see that there are no dead branches overhead to fall and make trouble.

It is indispensable to be near water. A spring is preferable. If practicable, get near a farmhouse and make friends with the neighbors. Milk, butter, and eggs, are very agreeable articles of diet when camping.

Take knives, forks and spoons along for each of the party. Good ordinary white tableware is what is wanted. It is easily cleaned, always looks well; take it along and keep up self-respect. Take rather more than you think you will need, and don't forget a couple of medium-sized platters, as many deep vegetable dishes, the bread knife, butcher knife and small potato knife.

A small axe or large hatchet will be found handy, and it will be a good plan to take the wood saw to pieces and drop it into one of the trunks.

Now as to what to eat and wherewithal to be clothed. Presumably the outing is for a change and rest. Old shoes (as you value comfort don't forget them), old hats, caps and clothes, not ragged ones, though ragged clothes are no disgrace when camping, but don't neglect so great a matter as the old shoes. Of course (one) good suit will be necessary for occasions of formality.

There is no need to dine like a savage. All sorts of meats and vegetables can be cooked out of doors, and should be when camping. Boiled, broiled or fried, and a little fire in a hole in the ground will do it all. Salt pork and bacon acquire a richness and flavor when cooked over an open fire that makes a dish fit for a king. Fish or fresh meats should be broiled on or over glowing coals.

An iron pot, a covered tin water bucket, a long-handled steel skillet, a long-handled spoon and fork, a wire broiler, a tin cup, a tin coffeepot, and a covered fire-proof jar in which to bake beans, cus-

tards or puddings are all that will be needed in the way of cooking utensils; better have too few than too many. A tubular lantern comes in handy, its better than a lamp for general lighting purposes. Take the tea, coffee, salt, spices, beans, rice, tapioca, gelatine, etc., in glass jars.

It is well to take as much of canned goods, meats and the like, as convenient, for economy's sake. You will hardly want to go out of the reach of the bakery, to bake bread or biscuits is asking a little too much of the cook; have mercy on him.

Smuggle away in some safe nook, a bottle of your favorite medicine, it may prove a very good friend.

As ice or ice chests are not likely to be convenient dig a hole near the camp fire (put a box in it if you have one, if not no great loss), and put in it the butter, milk, and such other eatables as you choose, in covered glass jars, and cover them with leafy brush, they'll keep all right till wanted. An alcohol stove is a handy little thing to have on which to warm up coffee or tea on rainy days. An oil stove is a vile smelling nuisance and a gasoline stove is only one degree better. Leave them at home. Make the fire under as dense a tree as can be found, the leaves shed off the rain drops. A big fire is nearly as bad as none at all. A palm leaf or Japanese fan is a good thing to have along to coax an obstinate fire into activity. Camp stools are convenient but not necessary. Hammocks are just the thing to have when in the woods.

A handful of nails and a claw hammer will delight the soul on numerous occasions; and as you value happiness, don't forget the can opener or the whetstone, or some needles and thread.

It is hardly necessary to say anything about soap and towels and a little mirror, or a supply of matches. You should have time, plenty of it, to read your favorite authors, or the last new thing in print that touches your fancy. If you have used a camera, by all means take one along.

Now everything mentioned here, provisions and all occupy very much less room than would be supposed. What will not go in the trunks should be packed in barrels in preference to boxes, every nook and cranny being filled with something. Don't bother with cots. Take ticks along and fill them with straw and make your own bedsteads, they may be rude, crude affairs but they will answer the purpose. Roll the sheets and blankets in with the tents

There is no theory about the above. Leaving out the cost of transportation, a healthy, helpful man and woman ought to get along at an expense which would be extravagant on fifty cents per day per person. Of course, by going into all sorts of unnecessary expense, board floors, iron bedsteads, a servant, a gun, a dog, and all the accessories, one can run it up as high as is liked, but there is no need to. It only adds to the care, and none to the comfort.

Don't be scared about rain. A good tent with a fly over it will shed the rain as well as any roof. And for the benefit of the timid let it be said that there is not a creature of the forest or field but will avoid you if given them a chance.

A month under a tent, close to the heart of nature will bring more of real rest than a whole season of travel, where one is the prey of porters, a slave to time tables and the fetters of fashion. Try it and in it you will find surcease from toil, it will bring you close to the heart of Him who made nature and who wants you to rest in His arms and joy in the works of His hands.

—Stanley DuBois.

A PROTEST.

WHEN we see girls and women on every hand stitching their lives away so that they may have beautiful and dainty wardrobes, is it not time that some one uttered a protest in their behalf? It is all very well to love dainty and attractive underwear and gowns when it is not at the expense of human strength.

A young girl who is soon to be a bride has been busily sewing, embroidering and hemstitching for the past few months until she is completely worn out. She is pale, thin, and nervous, and on the verge of breaking down.

How much wiser had she taken things slower and postponed her wedding for a few months, instead of wearing herself out or denied herself some of the lovely, but unnecessary articles of needlework her busy fingers have wrought.

How many cases of nervous prostration are brought on by overwork in sewing and other needlework previous to a girl's marriage.

A woman who was recently married, said in a letter to a friend: "I had no strength to waste on a large wedding or even a small home affair, as everything must devolve on me my mother being dead, we walked to the parsonage one evening and there were united." Under the circumstances it seemed a very wise and sensible thing to do. Large public weddings are a great strain on bride and groom as well as on those who have charge of the affair.

What is the use of large elaborate outfits which are likely to become out of style before they can be worn out? Oh that our living could be made more simple. Why can we not choose between the real and the artificial in this world?

It was a sensible, matter-of-fact girl who was given her choice between a large elaborate wedding and a fine wardrobe and a $500 check, and chose the latter. The wedding was a simple home affair with only relatives present, and the outfit was pretty but simple.

While it is very true that "all the world loves a bride," and is interested in a wedding, it is for each and every woman to say whether her wedding and trosseau shall be one of simplicity or an elaborate, expensive one, which is equally trying to one's strength, time and pocketbook.

—Carrie May Ashton.

FISH, FLESH AND FOWL.

Recipes for Preparing Meats, Fresh and Salt Water Food, Poultry, Game, and Sauces for Same.

SAUCES.

IF this series of papers needs an apology—which I do not admit—it is ready made for it in the following quotation from a letter to GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, some time ago: "Will some one kindly come to the rescue? We are tired of beefsteak, roast beef, mutton." I have come to the rescue. Knowing this correspondent's family to be one of many, I have here attempted to give all possible variations of the fish, flesh and fowl, which form, like the old nursery rhyme "the chief of our diet." To carry out the plan of new staple dishes of meats, I have used no "warmed overs," no matter how excellent for the purpose, nor any well-known broils, roasts, or fry; I presuppose that these are all in use, already; while here it is intended merely to offer various changes therefrom in unfamiliar meats, and unfamiliar ways of using old acquaintances. All sorts of variations are still susceptible from those given here. All good housekeepers will discover them without further hint. Sauces and other materials may be changed to taste, with like pleasing result. If some of the condiments seem odd, or, perhaps, out of the way, remember that truth which, I am afraid, a few good wives are in danger of overlooking; that *it takes trouble* to be a model housekeeper, and nowhere more than in the kitchen! Few of the materials called for cannot be obtained, even in a country town, with the great system of expressage from city headquarters that now obtains. The additional expense of the same may surely be set down against the cheaper cuts of meat that are largely called for. Certainly the results are far more appetizing than the too-familiar fleshpots of all our tables.

1. Wine Sauce.

One wineglassful of port, one each of walnut and tomato catsup, one onion, one dessertspoonful of curry powder. Boil three minutes. Bottle for use when cold, and keep well corked.

2. Curry Powder.

Four ounces of tumeric, eleven ounces of coriander seeds, one-half ounce of cayenne, five ounces of black pepper, two ounces of pimento, one-half ounce of cloves, three ounces of cinnamon, two ounces of ginger, three ounces of cumin seeds, one ounce of shallots; all ground and mixed well.

3. Game Sauce.

Put in a saucepan one tablespoonful each of Harvey's and Worcestershire sauce, salt and cayenne to taste, a small glass of black currant jelly, and the strained juice of one small lemon. Heat well, remove from the fire, and add one large teaspoonful of made mustard. Serve hot.

4. Chestnut Sauce.

Peel and pour boiling water over one-half pound of nuts and skin. Put them in a pan with one-half pint of white sauce, adding a bit of lemon peel. Simmer till soft, then rub through a sieve and add pepper, salt, and one-half coffee cup of cream, and serve.

5. Wine Gravy.

One wineglassful of port, the juice of a small lemon, one tablespoonful each of butter and flour, and one-half pint of stock heated together.

6. Parsley Butter.

Cream three tablespoonfuls of butter, add one tablespoonful each of lemon juice and chopped parsley, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and one-eighth teaspoonful of pepper. Beat all together and serve.

7. White Sauce.

One cupful of white stock, one cupful of cream, one tablespoonful each of chopped onion and lemon juice, two tablespoonfuls each of butter and flour, braided together, one teaspoonful of salt, and one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper; add the onion to the butter and flour, and cook slowly; add the stock gradually; simmer ten minutes, add cream, salt and pepper. Boil up once, strain, add lemon juice, and serve.

8. Brown Sauce.

One-half pint of boiling hot, seasoned, brown gravy; add the juice of half a lemon, one lump of sugar, one onion stuck full of cloves, a gill of port; simmer ten minutes, thicken with browned flour, and strain. Serve at once.

9. Tomato Sauce.

Cut up four large tomatoes. Put in a pan with one-half bunch of herbs, one-half an onion stuck full of cloves, allspice, whole pepper and salt. Cook soft, strain; add to one pint of boiling stock, with the yolk of an egg beaten in a little water, one-half ounce of butter rubbed in one-half ounce of flour. Heat up and serve.

10. Fish Sauce.

Melt one-fourth pound of butter; add one tablespoonful of flour; then one glassful of cider or water, with salt, pepper and herbs. Boil the fish in this. Then take out the herbs, add some mushrooms, or oysters, beat the yolks of two eggs, cool a little of the sauce, add two eggs to this then add to the whole. Just before it boils again, pour over fish.

11. Sauce Piquante.

One tablespoonful of shallot, one teaspoonful of minced parsley, one-half saltspoonful of pepper, a little salt, three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one cupful of stock. Simmer and serve.

12. English Sauce.

One tablespoonful of horse-radish, one of made mustard, four of vinegar, one of powdered sugar, rubbed together.

13. Curry Sauce.

Slice three onions and one tart apple. Fry them soft. Strain and add one tablespoonful of curry, two teaspoonfuls of ground rice, a pinch of salt, one-half cupful of extract of beef, and boil smooth. Add the meat and simmer half an hour. Serve with boiled rice.

14. Chutney Sauce (Instead of Worcestershire.)

Five pints of best vinegar, one-fourth pound of minced pickled cucumbers, one-fourth pound of bruised, white mustard seed, one-fourth ounce of fresh celery seed, one ounce of peeled and finely cut garlic. Boil in a stone jar till reduced to four pints. In another jar put four pints of water, one ounce of bruised ginger, one-fourth ounce of bruised mace, one-fourth ounce of cayenne, one pint of India chutney, or soy. Boil slowly to four pints. Mix the two jars together. Boil half an hour. Cool. Cut

the peel of three lemons in strips and brown in the oven. Add hot to the cold mixture. Cover the jar, let it stand for ten days, and then strain.

15. Tomato Sauce.

Cook one-half can of tomatoes, one slice of onion, one bay leaf and a sprig of parsley for ten minutes. Strain. Melt one tablespoonful of butter, add one tablespoonful of brown flour; add to tomato with pepper and salt.

16. Bechamel Sauce.

Melt one tablespoonful of butter, add one tablespoonful of flour, pour on one-half cupful of hot stock and one-half cupful of cream, the beaten yolk of one egg, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and one-half saltspoonful of pepper.

17. Mint Sauce.

Add sugar to vinegar in such proportion that a sub-acid taste is produced. Then add chopped mint till a spoon will almost stand upright in the mixture. Prepare just before using.

18. English White Sauce.

Two ounces of butter mixed with one small tablespoonful of flour. Put in a thick pan with a cupful of warm milk or water. Stir one way till the butter is melted. Boil for two minutes, stirring constantly. Add salt, and white or red pepper.

19. French White Sauce.

Two ounces of butter and one teaspoonful of flour melted together in a thick pan. Stir for two minutes, add a cupful of water. When this boils, add the beaten yolks of two eggs, the juice of one-half a lemon, and salt to taste.

20. French Sauce Piquante.

Add to Sauce No. 19, a little chopped onion, parsley, and pickled cucumber.

21. Egg Sauce.

Rub together one-half cupful of butter with two tablespoonfuls of flour. Stir in a pan till smooth, with a pint of boiling water, parsley and three chopped, hard-boiled eggs.

22. Hollandaise Sauce (for Fish.)

Cream one-half cupful of butter, add slowly, and beat well, the yolks of two eggs. Add the juice of one-half a lemon, one saltspoonful of salt, a pinch of cayenne. When ready to serve, add one-half cupful of boiling water, and set the dish for a moment in a kettle of hot water, stirring constantly,

23. Oyster Sauce.

To sauce No. 18, add a few small, drained oysters, and a few drops of lemon juice. Boil up and serve.

24. Sauce Tartare.

Beat the yolk of one egg light with one saltspoonful of salt, add one-half a teaspoonful of dry mustard, and beat again. Add olive oil, drop by drop, till thick, then vinegar by the drop. Repeat the process, till a gill of oil is used, and add one tablespoonful of finely chopped pickle.

25. Mushroom Sauce.

Add one-half the juice of a can of mushrooms to a cupful of stock. Thicken with a teaspoonful each of butter and flour braided together. Add pepper, salt, a few drops of lemon juice, and the mushrooms. Simmer and pour over the meat.

26. Caper Sauce.

Melt together a tablespoonful each of flour and butter. Add a pint of stock, and boil up. When ready, add the yolk of one egg, one tablespoonful of capers (pickled nasturtium seeds will do), and serve.

27. Fish Caper Sauce.

Chop fine a tablespoonful of capers, rub through a sieve and mix with a saltspoonful of salt, one ounce of butter, and a little pepper. Stir all together and put on the hot fish.

28. Maitre d'Hotel Sauce.

One-fourth cupful of butter, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-half saltspoonful of pepper, one tablespoonful each of chopped parsley and lemon juice. Cream the butter, add other ingredients and spread on the hot steak, or fish.

29. Celery Sauce.

Cut a head of celery small, and cook it in salted water (boiling) till tender. Add to sauce No. 19, and serve.

A Bouquet of Herbs.

This can be made of a few sprigs of parsley, celery, a bay leaf, six whole cloves, savory, thyme, and a bit of peppercorn.

Braided Butter and Flour.

This is butter and flour thoroughly mixed together, while heated.

Stock.

Stock must be made, if not on hand. Use cracked bones, trimmings of meat, assorted vegetables and salt, covered with water, simmered a long time, then thickened with braided flour, for white stock, or with browned, braided flour for a brown stock, and strained. Browned flour is heated to a rich golden color in a thick saucepan.

—Ruth Hall.

MARTHA WASHINGTON WAFFLES.

A corner cupboard quaint and old, and on each dusty shelf,
Queer relics of the olden times, frail glass and bits of delf.

A baby's toys, a silken purse, a fan all lace and pearls,
And shut within a dainty box, two faded yellow curls.

A girlish, dimpled, laughing face, ah! me, this faded hair
And pictured semblance, now, are all that's left of one so fair.

Great grandmamma, for fifty years, above her quiet grave,
Have blown the drifting winter snows, while summer grasses wave.

Here is the sampler where she learned to make the alphabet,
And here the satin shoes, in which she danced the minuet.

Right well, I ween, she liked to go to party and to rout,
And *yet* she was a famous cook, 'tis said—beyond a doubt.

Here is her olden cook'ry book, I look, and still can see
All faintly traced in faded inks, each old-time recipe.

They're signed by many stately dames that hist'ry knows full well,
O, could they speak, what wondrous tales, these recipes might tell!

"Writ by our hand," the legend saith, let's see, now here is one,
Why, bless me, do I read aright? 'Tis *Martha Washington*!

And did she write it? Ah who knows? These are the words I see:
"Ye Lady Martha Washington, her Waffle Recipe."

"Beat now," is writ upon this page, "six eggs till they are light,
Then, into these you lightly sift one pound of flour, white.

"Next, milk your cow; just three half pints take from the gentle beast,
Put in a teaspoonful of salt, three tablespoons of yeast.

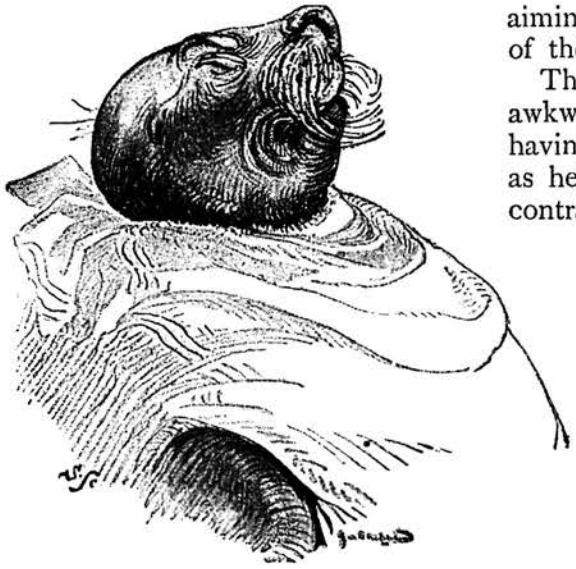
"Now call the maids, and bid them beat the whole with all their might,
Then put it by the kitchen fire and let it rise o'er night.

"When morning comes, this mixture stir," says Lady Washington,
"And then in well-greased irons, bake until the whole is done."

A simple recipe, you see, 'tis made without much fuss,
But what the country's "Father" ate, will surely do for us.

—Lizzie M. Hadley.

THE seal is an affable fellow, though sloppy. He is friendly to man; providing the journalist with copy, the diplomatist with lying practice, and the punster with shocking opportunities. Ungrateful for these benefits, however, or perhaps savage at them, man responds by knocking the seal on the head and taking his skin; an injury which the seal avenges by driving man into the Bankruptcy Court with bills for his wife's jackets. The puns instigated by the seal are of a sort to make one long for the animal's extermination. It is quite possible that this is really what the seal wants, because to become extinct and to occupy a place of honour beside the dodo is a distinction much coveted amongst the lower animals. The dodo was a squabby, ugly, dumpy, not to say fat-headed, bird when it lived; now it is a hero of romance. Possibly this is what the seal is



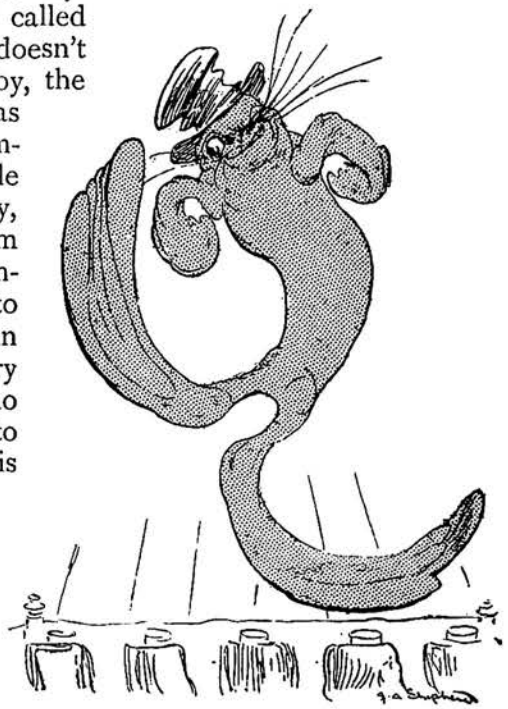
A SHAVE.

aiming at; but personally I should prefer the extinction of the punster.

The punster is a low person, who refers to the awkwardness of the seal's gait by speaking of his not having his seal-legs, although a mariner—or a sealubber, as he might express it. If you reply that, on the contrary, the seal's legs, such as they are, are very characteristic, he takes refuge in the atrocious admission, delivered with a French accent, that they are certainly very sealy legs. When he speaks of the messages of the English Government, in the matter of seal-catching in the Behring Sea, he calls it whitewashing the sealing, and explains that the "Behrings of this here observation lies in the application on it." I once even heard a punster remark that the Russian and American officials had got rather out of their Behrings, through an excess of seal on behalf of their Governments; but he was a very sad specimen, in a very advanced stage, and he is dead now. I don't say that that remark sealed his fate, but I believe there are people who would say even that, with half a chance.

Another class of frivoller gets his opportunity because it is customary to give various species of seals—divers species, one might say—inappropriate names. He tells you that if you look for sea-lions and sea-leopards, you will not see lions, nor even see leopards, but seal-lions and seal-leopards, which are very different. These are called lions and leopards because they look less like lions and leopards than anything else in the world; just as the harp seal is so called because he has a broad mark on his back, which doesn't look like a harp. Look at Toby, the Patagonian sea-lion here, who has a large pond and premises to himself. I have the greatest possible respect and esteem for Toby, but I shouldn't mistake him for a lion, in any circumstances. With every wish to spare his feelings, one can only compare him to a very big slug in an overcoat, who has had the misfortune to fall into the water. Even his moustache isn't lion-like. Indeed, if he would only have a white cloth tucked round his neck, and sit back in that chair that stands over his pond, he would look very respectably human—and he certainly wants a shave.

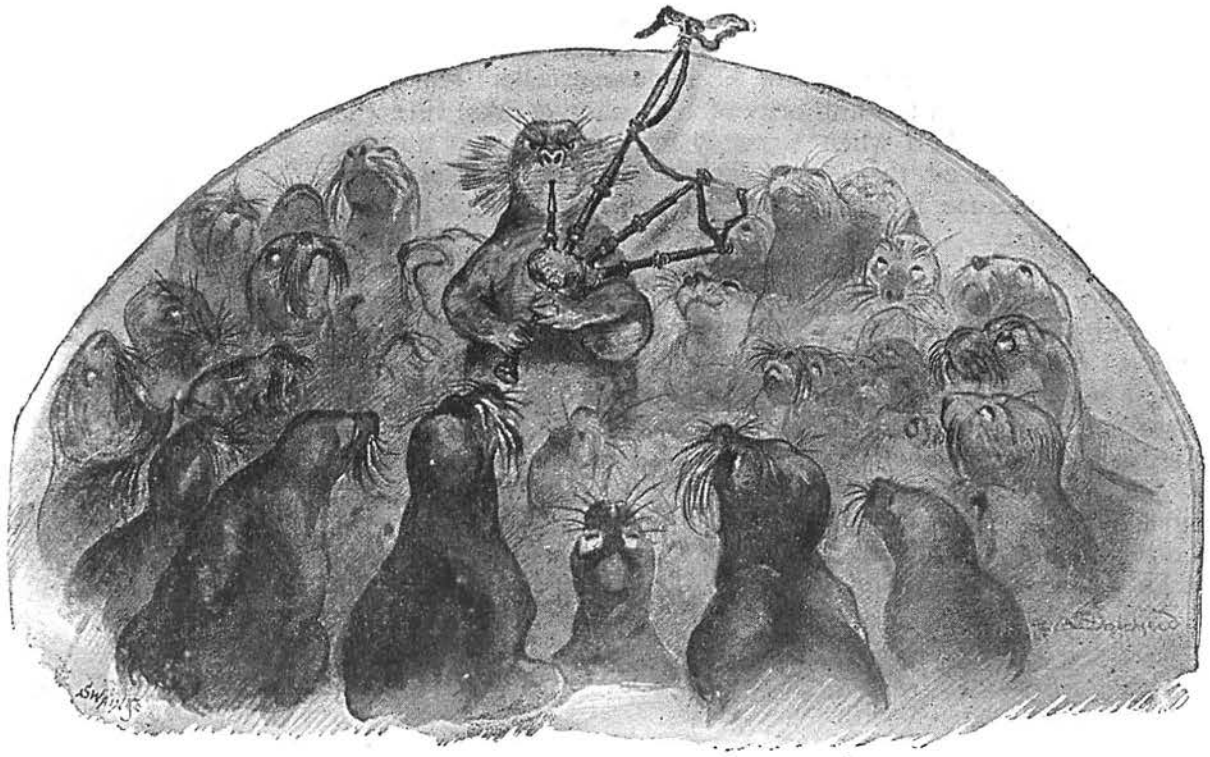
TOBY—BEHIND.



THE BIG-BOOT DANCE.

Toby is a low-comedy sea-lion all over. When I set about organizing the Zoo Minstrels, Toby shall be corner-man, and do the big-boot dance. He does it now, capitally. You have only to watch him from behind as he proceeds along the edge of the pond, to see the big-boot dance in all its quaint humour. Toby's hind flappers exhale broad farce at every step. Toby is a cheerful and laughter-moving seal, and he would do capitally in a pantomime, if he were a little less damp.

Toby is fond of music; so are most other seals. The complete scale of the seal's preferences among the various musical instruments has not been fixed with anything like finality; but one thing is certain — that far and away above all the rest of the



THE SEAL ROW.

things designed to produce music and other noises, the seal prefers the bagpipes. This taste either proves the seal to be a better judge of music than most human beings, or a worse one than any of the other animals, according as the gentle reader may be a native of Scotland or of somewhere in the remainder of the world. You may charm seals by the bagpipes just as a snake is charmed by pipes with no bag. It has even been suggested that all the sealing vessels leaving this country should carry bag pipes with them, and I can see no sound objection to this course—so long as they take all the bagpipes. I could also reconcile myself to a general extrusion of concertinas for this useful purpose—or for any other; not to mention barrel organs.

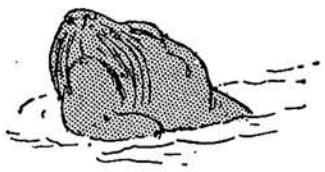
By-the-bye, on looking at Toby again I think we might do something better for him than give him a mere part in a pantomime; his fine moustache and his shiny hair almost point to a qualification for managership. Nothing more is wanted—except, perhaps, a fur-trimmed coat and a well-oiled hat—to make a very fine manager indeed, of a certain sort.

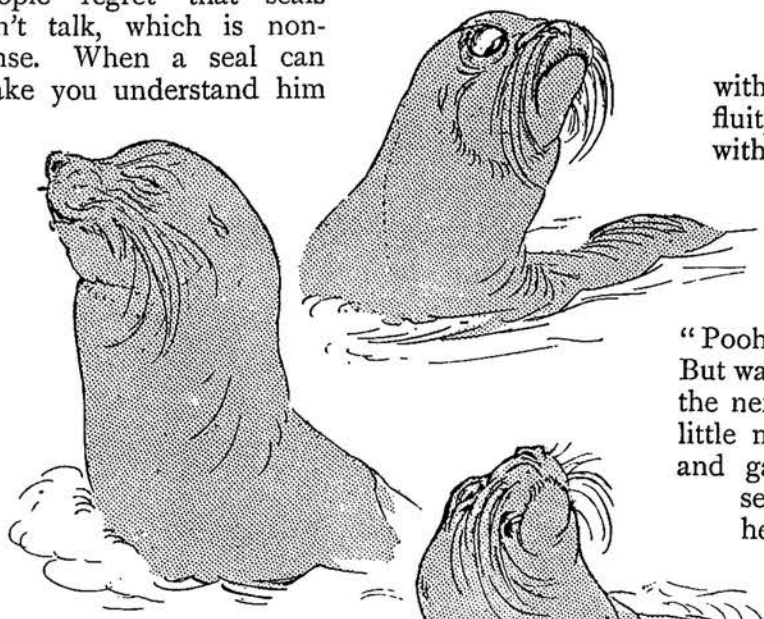
A VERY FINE MANAGER.

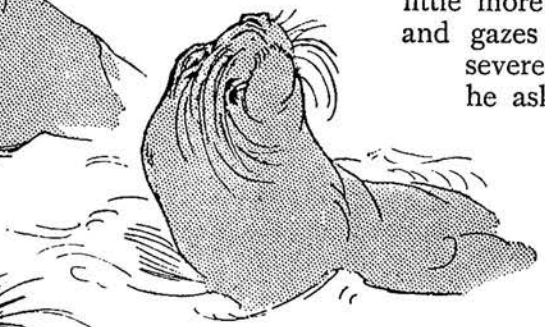
I don't think there is a Noah's ark seal—unless the Lowther Arcade theology has been amended since I had a Noah's ark. As a matter of fact, I don't see what business a seal would have in the ark, where he would find no fish to eat, and would occupy space wanted by a more necessitous animal who couldn't swim. At any rate, there was originally no seal in my Noah's ark, which dissatisfied me, as I remember, at the time; what I wanted not being so much a Biblical illustration as a handy zoological collection. So I appointed the dove a seal, and he did very well indeed when I had pulled off his legs (a little inverted v). I argued, in the first place, that as the dove went out and found nothing to alight on, the legs were of no use to him; in the second place, that since, after all, the dove flew away and never returned, the show would be pretty well complete without him; and, thirdly, that if, on

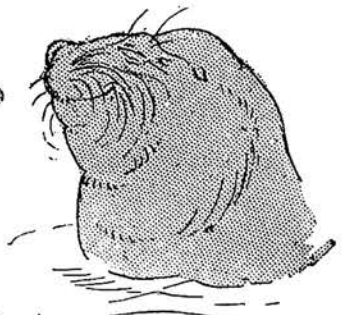
any emergency, a dove were imperatively required, he would do quite well without his legs—looking, indeed, much more like a dove, as well as much more like a seal. So, as the dove was of about the same size as the cow, he made an excellent seal ; his bright yellow colour (Noah's was a yellow dove on the authority of all orthodox arks) rather lending an air of distinction than otherwise. And when a rashly funny uncle, who understood wine, observed that I was laying down my crusted old-yellow seal because it wouldn't stand up, I didn't altogether understand him.

Toby is a good soul, and you soon make his acquaintance. He never makes himself common, however. As he swims round his circular pond, behind the high rails, he won't have anything to say to a stranger—anybody he has not seen before. But if you wait a few minutes he will swim round several times, see you often, and become quite affable. There is nothing more intelligent than a tame seal, and I have heard people regret that seals can't talk, which is nonsense. When a seal can make you understand him without it, talking is a noisy superfluity. Toby can say many things without the necessity of talking. Observe his eyes fixed upon you as he approaches for the first time. He turns and swaps past with his nose in the air. "Pooh, don't know you," he is saying. But wait. He swims round once, and, the next time of passing, gives you a little more notice. He lifts his head and gazes at you, inquisitively, but severely. "Who's that person ?" he asks, and goes on his round.

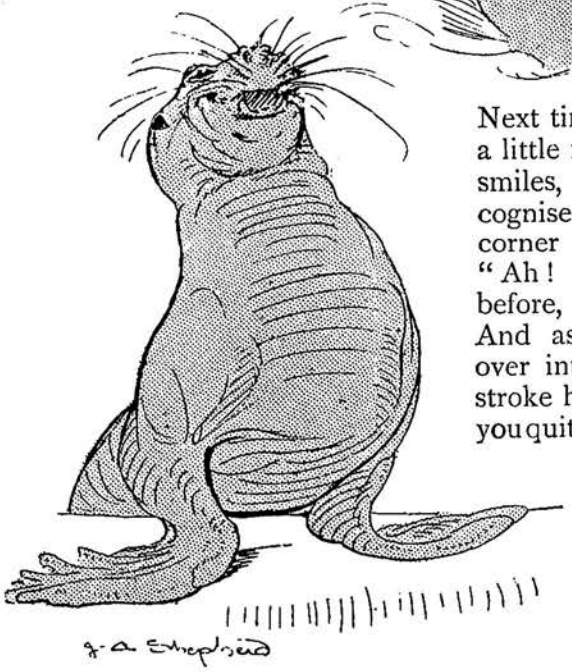


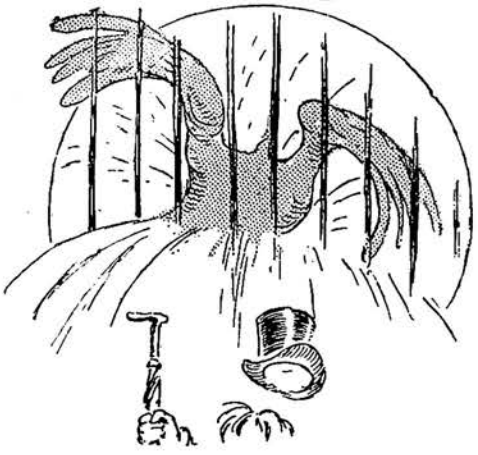




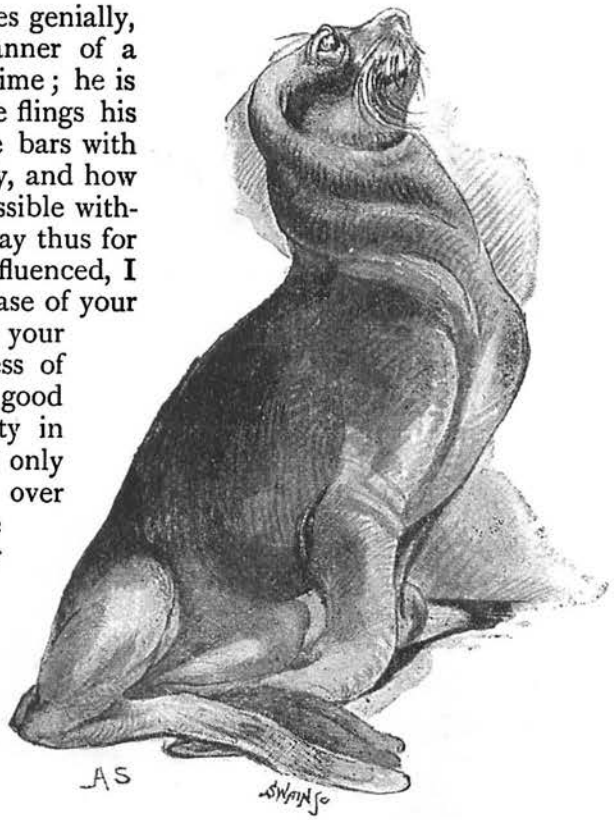


Next time he rises even a little more. He even smiles, slightly, as he recognises you from the corner of his eye. "Ah ! seen you before, I fancy." And as he flings over into the side stroke he beams at you quite tolerantly.



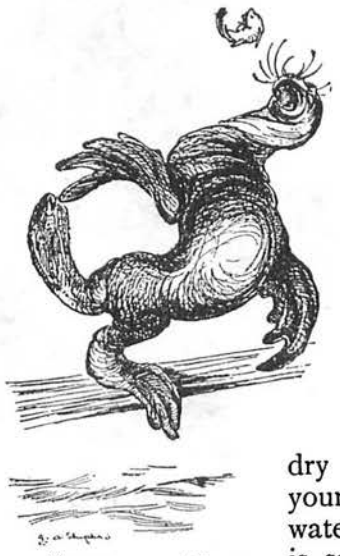


He comes round again; but this time he smiles genially, and nods. "'Morning!" he says, in a manner of a moderately old acquaintance. But see next time; he is an old, intimate friend by this; a chum. He flings his fin-flappers upon the coping, leans toward the bars with an expansive grin and says: "Well, old boy, and how are you?"—as cordially and as loudly as possible without absolutely speaking the words. He will stay thus for a few moments' conversation, not entirely uninfluenced, I fear, by anticipations of fish. Then, in the case of your not being in the habit of carrying raw fish in your pockets, he takes his leave by the short process of falling headlong into his pond and flinging a good deal of it over you. There is no difficulty in becoming acquainted with Toby. If you will only wait a few minutes he will slop his pond over you with all the genial urbanity of an intimate relation. But you must wait for the proper forms of etiquette.

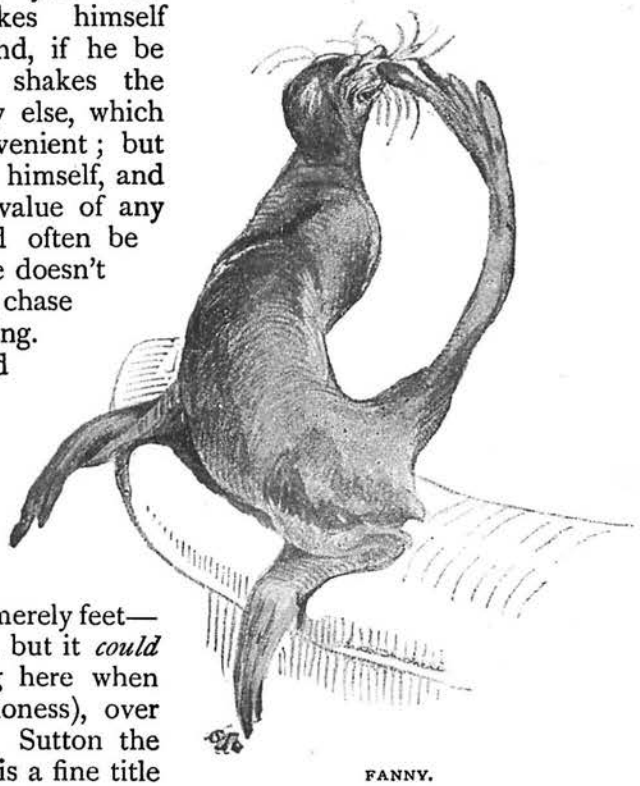


GOOD DOGGY!

The seal's sloppiness is annoying. I would have a tame seal myself if he could go about without setting things afloat. A wet seal is unpleasant to pat and fondle, and if he climbs on your knees he is positively irritating. I suppose even a seal would get dry if you kept him out of water long enough; but *can* you keep a seal out of water while there is any within five miles for him to get into? And would the seal respect you for it if you did? A dog shakes himself dry after a swim, and, if he be your own dog, he shakes the water over somebody else, which is sagacious and convenient; but a seal doesn't shake himself, and can't understand that wet will lower the value of any animal's caresses. Otherwise a seal would often be preferable to a dog as a domestic pet. He doesn't howl all night. He never attempts to chase cats—seeing the hopelessness of the thing. You don't need a license for him; and there is little temptation to a loafer to steal him, owing to the restricted market for house-seals. I have frequently heard of a dog being engaged to field in a single-wicket cricket match. I should like to play somebody a single-wicket cricket match, with a dog and a seal to field for me. The seal, having no legs to speak of—merely feet—would have to leave the running to the dog, but it *could* catch. You may see magnificent catching here when Toby and Fanny—the Cape sea-lion (or lioness), over by the turkeys—have their snacks of fish. Sutton the Second, who is Keeper of the Seals (which is a fine title

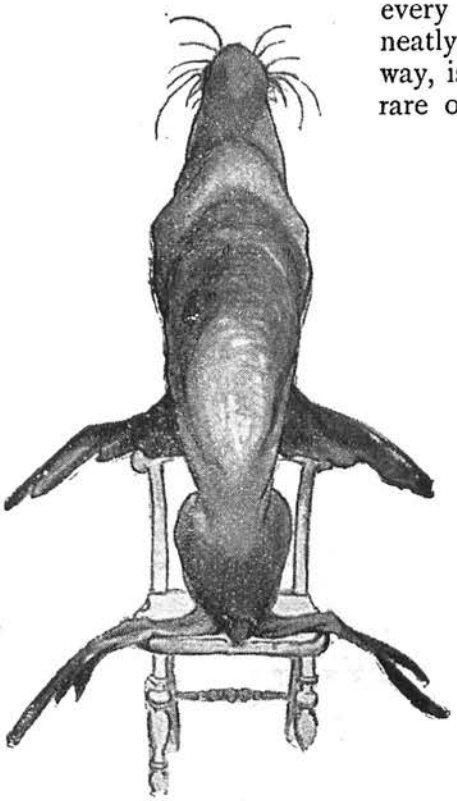


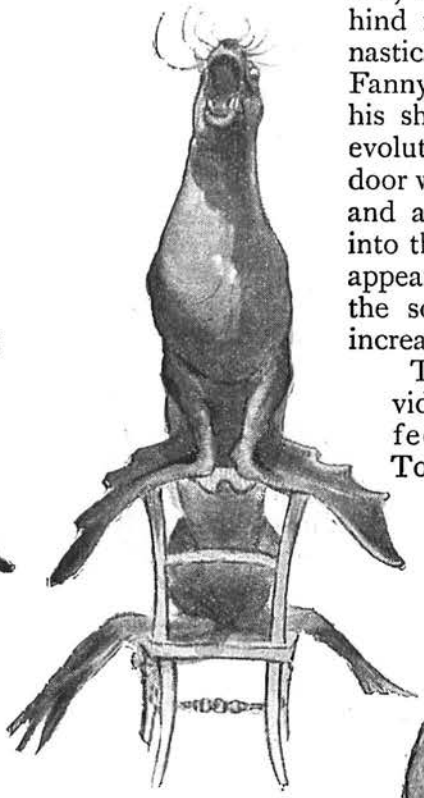
"CAUGHT, SIR!"



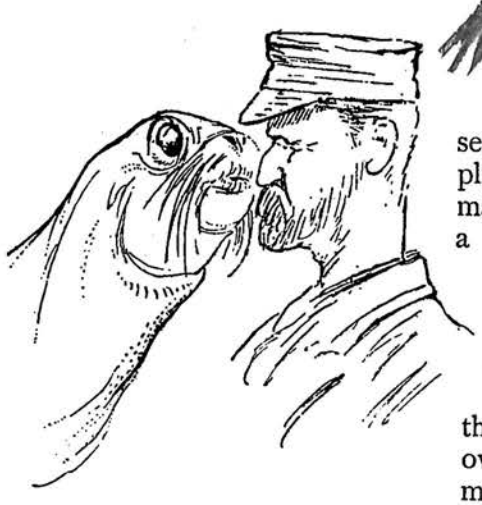
FANNY.

—rather like a Cabinet Minister), is then the source of a sort of pyrotechnic shower of fish, every one of which is caught and swallowed promptly and neatly, no matter how or where it may fall. Fanny, by the way, is the most active seal possible; it is only on extremely rare occasions that she indulges in an interval of comparative rest, to scratch her head with her hind foot and devise fresh gymnastics. But, all through the day, Fanny never forgets Sutton, nor his shower of fish, and half her evolutions include a glance at the door whence he is wont to emerge, and a sort of suicidal fling back into the pond in case of his non-appearance, all which proceedings the solemn turkeys regard with increasing amazement.

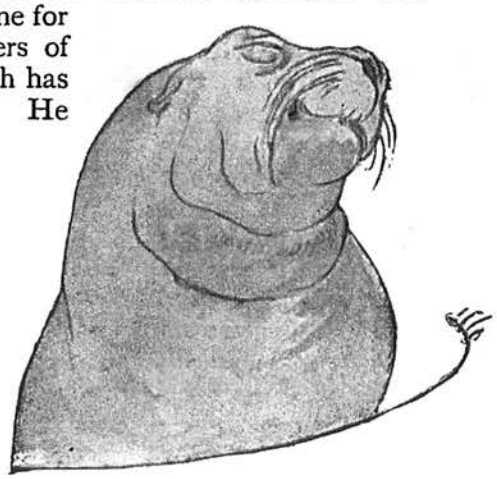




Toby, however, provides the great seal-feeding show. Toby has a perfect set of properties and appliances for his performance, including a chair, a diving platform, an inclined plane leading thereunto, and a sort of plank isthmus leading to the chair.

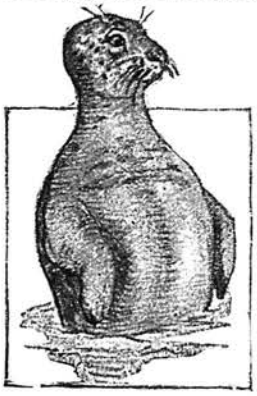


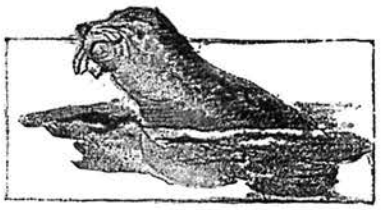
He climbs up on to the chair, and, leaning over the back, catches as many fish as Sutton will throw for him. He dives off the chair for other fish. He shuffles up the inclined plane for more fish, amid the sniggers of spectators, for Toby's march has no claim to magnificence. He tumbles himself unceremoniously off the platform, he clambers up and kisses Sutton (keeping his eye on the basket), and all for fish. It is curious to contrast the perfunctory affection with which Toby gets over the kiss and takes his reward, with the genuine fondness

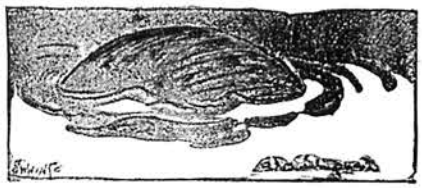


of his gaze after Sutton when he leaves—with some fish remaining for other seals. Toby is a willing worker; he would gladly have the performance twice as long, while as to an eight hours' day——!

The seals in the next pond, Tommy and Jenny, are insulted with the epithet of "common" seals; but Tommy and Jenny are really very respectable, and if a seal do happen to be born only *Phoca vitulina*, he can't really help it, and doesn't deserve humiliation so long as he behaves himself. *Phoca vitulina* has as excellent power of reason as any other kind of seal—brain power, acquired, no doubt, from a continual fish diet. Tommy doesn't feel aggrieved at the slight put upon him, however, and has a proper notion of his own importance. Watch him rise from a mere floating patch—slowly, solemnly, and portentously, to take a look round. He looks to the left—nothing to interest a well-informed seal; to the front—nothing; to the right everything is in order, the weather is only so-so, but the rain keeps off, and there are no signs of that dilatory person with the fish; so Tommy flops in again, and becomes once more a floating patch, having conducted his little airing with proper dignity and self-respect. Really, there is nothing common in the manners of Tommy; there is, at any rate, one piece of rude mischief which he is never guilty of, but which many of the more aristocratic kinds of seal practise habitually. He doesn't throw stones.



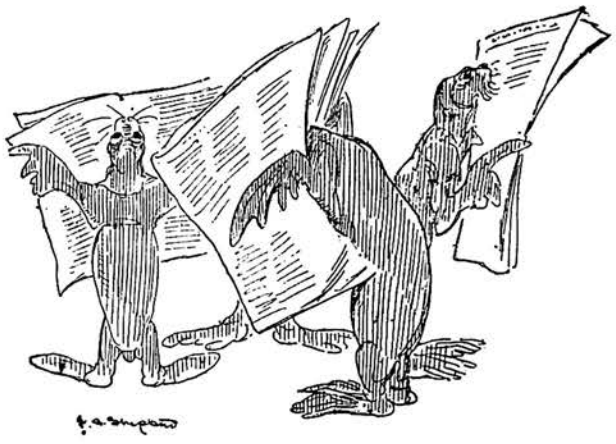




He doesn't look at all like a stone-thrower, as a matter of fact; but he—and other seals—*can* throw stones nevertheless. If you chase a seal over a shingly beach, he will scuffle away at a surprising pace, flinging up the stones into your face with his hind feet. This assault, directed toward a well-intentioned person who only wants to bang him on the head with a club, is a piece of grievous ill-humour, particularly on the part of the crested seal, who can blow up a sort of bladder on the top of his head which protects him from assault; and which also gives him, by-the-bye, an intellectual and large-brained appearance not his due, for all his fish diet. I had been thinking of making some sort of a joke about an aristocratic seal with a crest on it—beside a fine coat with no arms—but gave up the undertaking on reflecting that no real swell—probably not even a parvenu—would heave half-bricks with his feet.

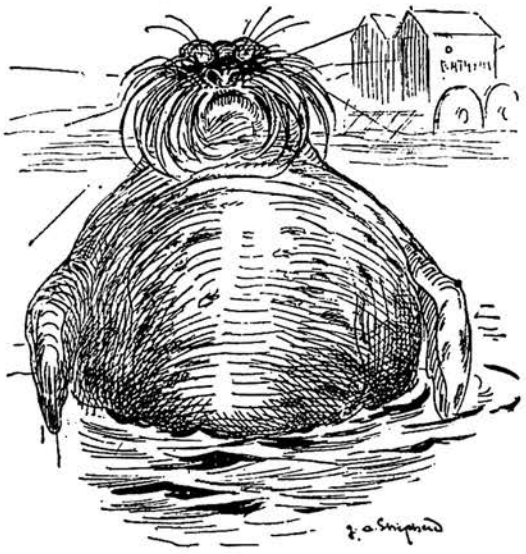
FISH DIET.

All this running away and hurling of clinkers may seem to agree ill with the longing after extermination lately hinted at; but, in fact, it only proves the presence of a large amount of human nature in the composition of the seal. From motives of racial pride the seal aspires to extinction and a place beside the dodo, but in the spirit of many other patriots, he wants the other seals to be exterminated first; wants the individual honour, in fact, of being himself the very last seal, as well as the corporate honour of extinction for the species. This is why, if he live in some other part, he takes such delighted interest in news of wholesale seal slaughter in the Pacific; and also why he skedaddles from the well-meant bangs of the genial hunter—these blows, by the way, being technically described as sealing-whacks.



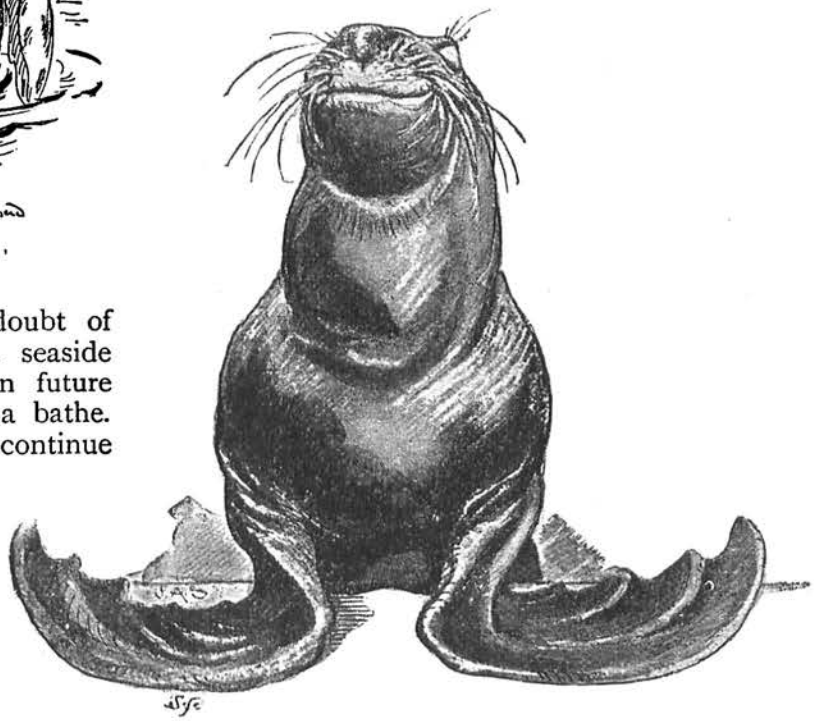
INTEREST IN THE NEWS.

The sea-lion, as I have said, is not like a lion; the sea-leopard is not like a leopard; but the sea-elephant, which is another sort of seal, and a large one, may possibly be considered sufficiently like an elephant to have been evolved, in the centuries, from an elephant who has had the ill-luck to fall into the sea. He hasn't much of a trunk left, but he often finds himself in seas of a coldness enough to nip off any ordinary trunk; but his legs and feet are not elephantine.



"DAS VAS BLEASANT, AIN'D IT?'

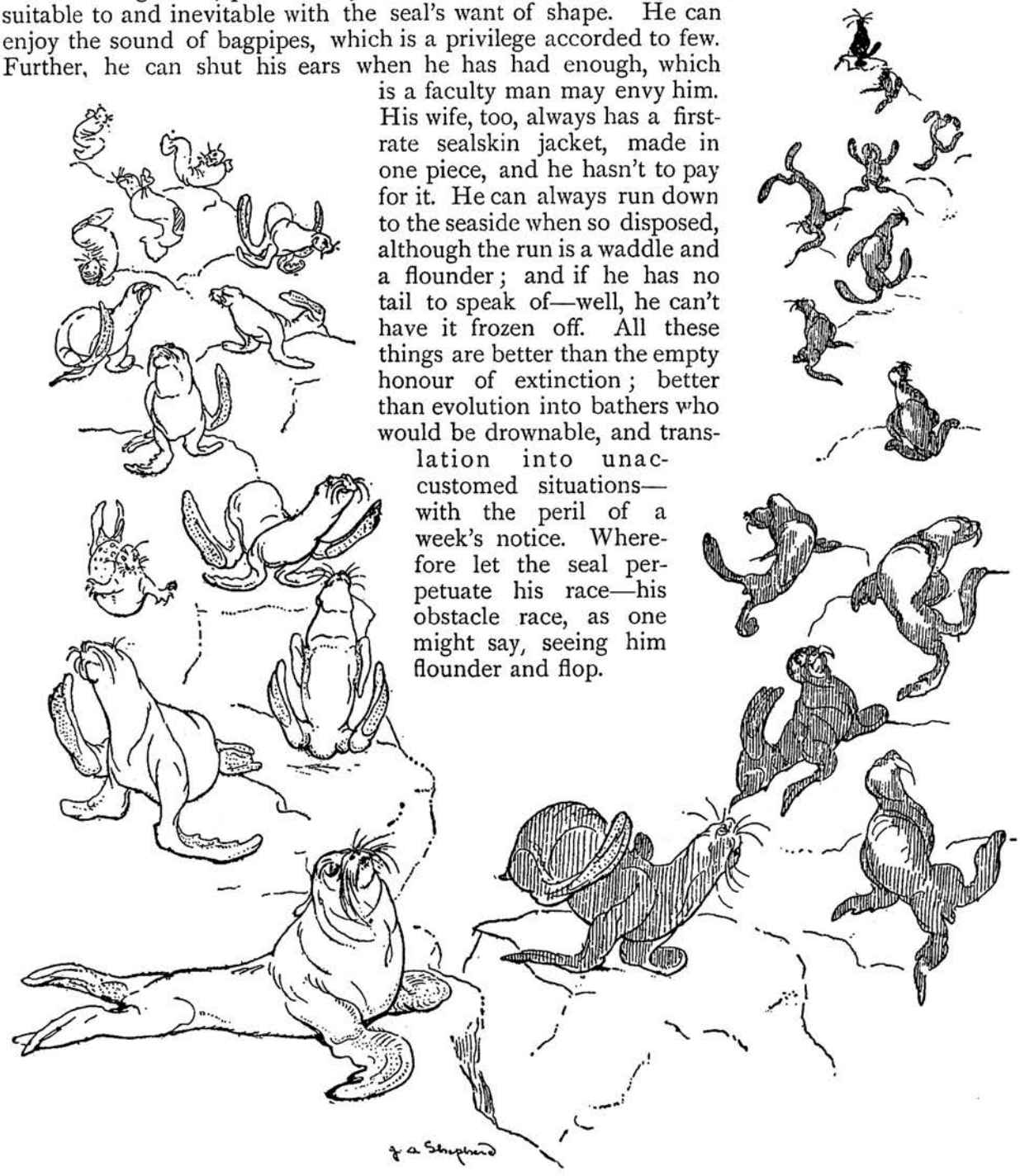
What the previous adventures of the sea-lion may have been in the matter of evolution, I am at a loss to guess, unless there is anything in the slug theory; but if he keep steadily on, and cultivate his moustache and his stomach with proper assiduity, I have no doubt of his one day turning up at a seaside resort and carrying on life in future as a fierce old German out for a bathe. Or the Cape sea-lion, if only he continue his obsequious smile and his habit of planting his fore-flappers on the ledge before him as he rises from the water, may some day, in his posterity, be promoted to a place behind the counter of a respectable drapery warehouse, there to sell the skins his relatives grow.



"AND THE NEXT ARTICLE?"

But after all, any phocine ambition, either for extinction or higher evolution, may be an empty thing; because the seal is very comfortable as he is. Consider a few of his

advantages. He has a very fine fur overcoat, with an admirable lining of fat, which, as well as being warm, permits any amount of harmless falling and tumbling about, such as is suitable to and inevitable with the seal's want of shape. He can enjoy the sound of bagpipes, which is a privilege accorded to few. Further, he can shut his ears when he has had enough, which is a faculty man may envy him. His wife, too, always has a first-rate sealskin jacket, made in one piece, and he hasn't to pay for it. He can always run down to the seaside when so disposed, although the run is a waddle and a flounder; and if he has no tail to speak of—well, he can't have it frozen off. All these things are better than the empty honour of extinction; better than evolution into bathers who would be drownable, and translation into unaccustomed situations—with the peril of a week's notice. Wherefore let the seal perpetuate his race—his obstacle race, as one might say, seeing him flounder and flop.



COUNTRY SCENES.—AUGUST.

Thou shalt hear
Distant harvest carols clear,
Rustle of the reapèd corn;
Sweet birds antheming the morn;
Acorns ripe down-pattering,
While the Autumn breezes sing. KEATS

THE dark green leaves that garlanded the rosy Summer, now begin to show upon their edges the waning yellow of Autumn; and on the skirts of the forest we can trace those rich hues which are too crimson to live long; that rise like the flushed roses on the consumptive cheek of the lovely maiden, looking too beautiful ever to be allied to death. In the oak, the elm, the chestnut, and the fir, we see the gloomy green, the burnished bronze, the fading yellow, and the dull red, lighted up between with masses of foliage that glitter like gold, all mingled and blended together so richly and harmoniously, that, in the distance, we cannot tell where the dusky green begins, nor the rounded yellow fades away; for leaves of all hues are now fast falling; the most beautiful to form a couch for Summer to lie down and die upon, while others remain behind until they are withered and shrunken by the cold and hollow winds of Autumn, then fall and bury her after she is dead. But there is yet work to be done in the fields; the great harvest has to be reaped and garnered; and now the sun-tanned sickle-bearers sally forth into the fields to cut down the golden grain which the Summer sun has ripened.

Pleasant is it to climb the verdant slope of some gentle hill that goes down with an easy descent into the valley, as if it had paused on its way to make a smooth slope here; and, lower down, to leave a little upland, as if it had there rested awhile, before it threw out the broad valley at its feet, leaving steps by which the wanderer might climb in after years, and view by degrees the beauty of the workmanship of those invisible hands. Delightful is it to ascend these table-lands; one after the other, to pause upon each easily-gained height, to raise ourselves just above the first corn-field, where the busy reapers are already at work, their rural and picturesque costumes forming a beautiful contrast to the yellow-waving and wide-spread field—to watch them half buried a moment amid the drooping ears, then to see figure after figure slowly arise, and the ripe corn tied with twisted bands into rounded sheaves, until, at last, the heavy shocks are gathered, and, above, the stubbly and furrowed lands heave up at equal distances little stacks of eary corn, which, with their ten thousand of plumy heads, are still looking cheerfully up towards heaven; then to climb the next range, which commands a view, wide out across the valley, and to see

patches of green and yellow in alternate contrast, dotted with gleaners and reapers—men, women, and children—sprinkled over the landscape, where horses are moving, and waggons laden with corn, grind down the ridgy glebe, as they rock like ships upon a sea, over the uneven furrows, and, like them, seem to roll along without a sound; for neither the creaking of wheels, nor the tramping of hoofs, is heard from the green slope which we have ascended. Nearer at hand, yet still far out below our feet, we behold the thatched grange, peeping from its little nest of trees, and can see the long or rounded stacks slowly rising higher, as the waggons come full and glide away empty; for there are human figures busy upon the corn-ricks; and the end of the bough, which, but a few minutes before, seemed resting upon the sky, is shut out by the piled sheaves which rise up so slowly and silently, that we can just perceive them grow, by keeping the eye riveted upon the increasing pile.

Higher we climb to the topmost ridge, where the eye ranges over the whole outstretched scene, to where afar off the distant hills melt dimly into the sky; and the soft outline is lost in the silvery mist of the clouds. A spire and village, a lonely grange, that seems to have wandered away by itself into the fields, are all mapped out beneath our feet; and the long hedgerows that bound the green pastures seem but higher masses of taller grass, with here and there a bush arising above them, for so are the trees dwarfed by the vast distance from which we gaze; and where between the corn-fields the same dark boundaries run, they look like little banks of green rising in Spring along a yellow fallow, a sunlighted land, upon which no green thing hath as yet sprung up; amid which little cottages occasionally arise, whose sloping roofs seem almost to touch the verdureless ground, so deeply are they buried in that ocean of golden corn; and sometimes the head of a human figure peeps up, then is lost again, as if something dark was washed slowly along, above the dreamy and yellow waves. But we must descend, and thread our way through the narrow lanes, where the high hedgerows have taken toll of the laden waggons as they passed; and here and there hung their boughs with drooping ears—a feast for the few birds that yet linger behind, and occasionally cheer the fading green of their summer chambers with a song. Up comes the great rumbling waggon, filling up the whole road above and below, and we are glad to scramble up a bank, or shelter in a gateway that leads to some field, to let it pass; or we meet it at the turning of a village, see the reflection of the sheaves cast for a few moments upon the cool bright pond; it then passes on by the low grey churchyard wall, where death is ever slowly gathering in his harvest;—round the two yew-trees which stand like gloomy sentinels at the gate, under the tall coffin-looking elms that shut out the turning of the road, and then is lost to the sight.

Now the broad fern arrests the eye with its russet-coloured leaves; and in shady places we find rich groups of fungi and agarics, stained with the deepest orange, rich crimson, gold of the clearest hue, spotted and sprinkled and starred with silver, and clothed in gaudier colours than the richest flower that ever opened its fragrant petals to the sunshine. Others again lie like huge snow-balls among the grass, as if some tiny urchin had rolled them there on the previous winter, and the giant bulk, which far outgrew his strength, had not yet melted away.

The autumn-crocus, which our ancestors set so much store by, as it supplied them with the saffron they used in dyeing, is now in bloom; and, in moist shady places, the wild mint may be found, with its round and lilac-coloured flowers, which fill the air around with an overpowering fragrance, and are musical with the hum of hundreds of congregated bees. The lavender, also, puts forth its twilight blossoms, looking, when in flower, like a vast moorland covered with heather, over which the last sun-ray is fading before the night drops down; for so does the sombre purple blend with the pinky hues, that throw a shifting and uncertain light over a lavender-field in full bloom. By the dry banks where the little green grasshopper still chithers, the blue and graceful harebell now blows; its delicate and azure cups trembling at every dallying breeze that breathes, as if they were ever afraid of being torn away from the fragile stem. On the wayssides, we meet with the large ox-eyed daisy, that grows side by side with the gaudy poppy, and where, saving the wild tansy, no other green or flowery thing shoots up amid the arid and broken ground. Wherever we look, we see the tall, golden rod, baring its yellow flowers to the sunshine; and, below, the beautiful eye-bright, nestling like an insect among the grass, its white wings interlaced with streaks of green and gold. In the corn-fields we find the rich red-coloured pheasant's eye, which our great-grandmothers called rose-a-ruby, and considered one of the most beautiful of Summer's last flowers. By the sides of streams we find the arrow-head, gazing tranquilly at its own shadow in the water, as if, like Narcissus of old, it was never weary of looking upon its three-leaved white pearled flower, with its eye of purple and gold. Our old favourite, the pimpernel, is also still out, counting the hours, which the meadow sweet still lingers behind to cheer with its perfume as they pass. In the hedgerows we find the green and crimson berries of the woody nightshade, hanging in bright and gushing clusters among the purple flowers which are still in bloom; while the ruddy hawthornberries begin to appear, as if May had carried with her all her delicate pearls, and Autumn, in remembrance of her loveliness, had hung the bowers her beauty once adorned, with pendant rubies.

The nest of that smallest of all British animals may now occasionally be found securely attached about midway to two or three corn-stems; for so small and light, and graceful is this little animal, that it can run with ease up the rounded straw without shaking the heavy ear that surmounts it. Two of them, when full-grown, will scarcely weigh a quarter of an ounce; and the nest, which you might enclose and shut up in the palm of your hand, is almost as round and perfect as the ball which has been turned in a lathe; and though sometimes containing as many as eight or nine young ones, may be rolled across a table without discomposing a single blade of grass or leaf of which it is formed. How this tiny creature contrives to give nourishment to so many young ones, crowded, as they are, in so small a compass, was a puzzle to that clear-headed English naturalist, Gilbert White, and he came at last to the conclusion that she must make holes in different parts of the nest, and feed them one at a time. If kept in a cage it will feed upon corn, lap water like a dog, and amuse itself like a white mouse or a squirrel, by turning round a wheel. From the head to the tail it scarcely exceeds two inches in length. Among quadrupeds it may be classed as the least and most beautiful, as the humming-bird is amongst the feathered tribes.

Swallows, at the close of this month, begin to assemble by the sides of rivers, and prepare for their departure. There is a noise from morning until night amongst the willows. They are ever wheeling to and fro in search of food, then returning to the same spot, when the evening shadows begin to darken, to roost. They seem as if loth to go, yet are afraid to remain. There is an evident uneasiness amongst them, like tenants who have received notice to quit, and can no longer look upon the houses in which they have passed so many happy hours as their own. The sweet rivers and green meadows of Old England have still a charm for them, and fain would they, were it not for our bleak Winters, remain with us all the year. So have we interpreted their twitterings, as we have watched them for hours in our younger days, while idling happily along the banks—now throwing in the line where we saw the fish playing—then stooping down to gather some beautiful autumn flower; or listening to the sounds which were ever falling upon the ear, while we exclaimed—

> How sweet those rural sounds float by the hill.
> The grasshopper's shrill chirp rings o'er the ground,
> The tingling sheep-bells are but seldom still,
> The clapping gate closes with hollow bound;
> There's music in the church clock's measured sound.

"It is now," says the "Mirror of the Months," that debateable ground of the year which is situated upon the confines of Summer and Autumn; it is dressed in half the flowers of the one, and half the fruits of the other; it has a sky and temperature all its own, which vie in beauty with those of the Spring. May itself can offer nothing so sweet to the senses, so enchanting to the imagination, and so soothing to the heart, as that genial influence which arises from the sights, the sounds, and the associations connected with an August evening in the country, when the occupations and pleasures of the day are done. There is no delight equal to that felt by a true lover of Nature, when he looks forth upon her open face silently, at a season like the present, and drinks in that still beauty which seems to emanate from everything he sees, till his whole senses are steeped in a sweet forgetfulness. The whole face of Nature since last month has undergone an obvious change. Everything is still green: but it is not the fresh and tender green of Spring, nor the full and satisfying, though somewhat dull green of Summer; but many greens that blend all those belonging to the above-named seasons."

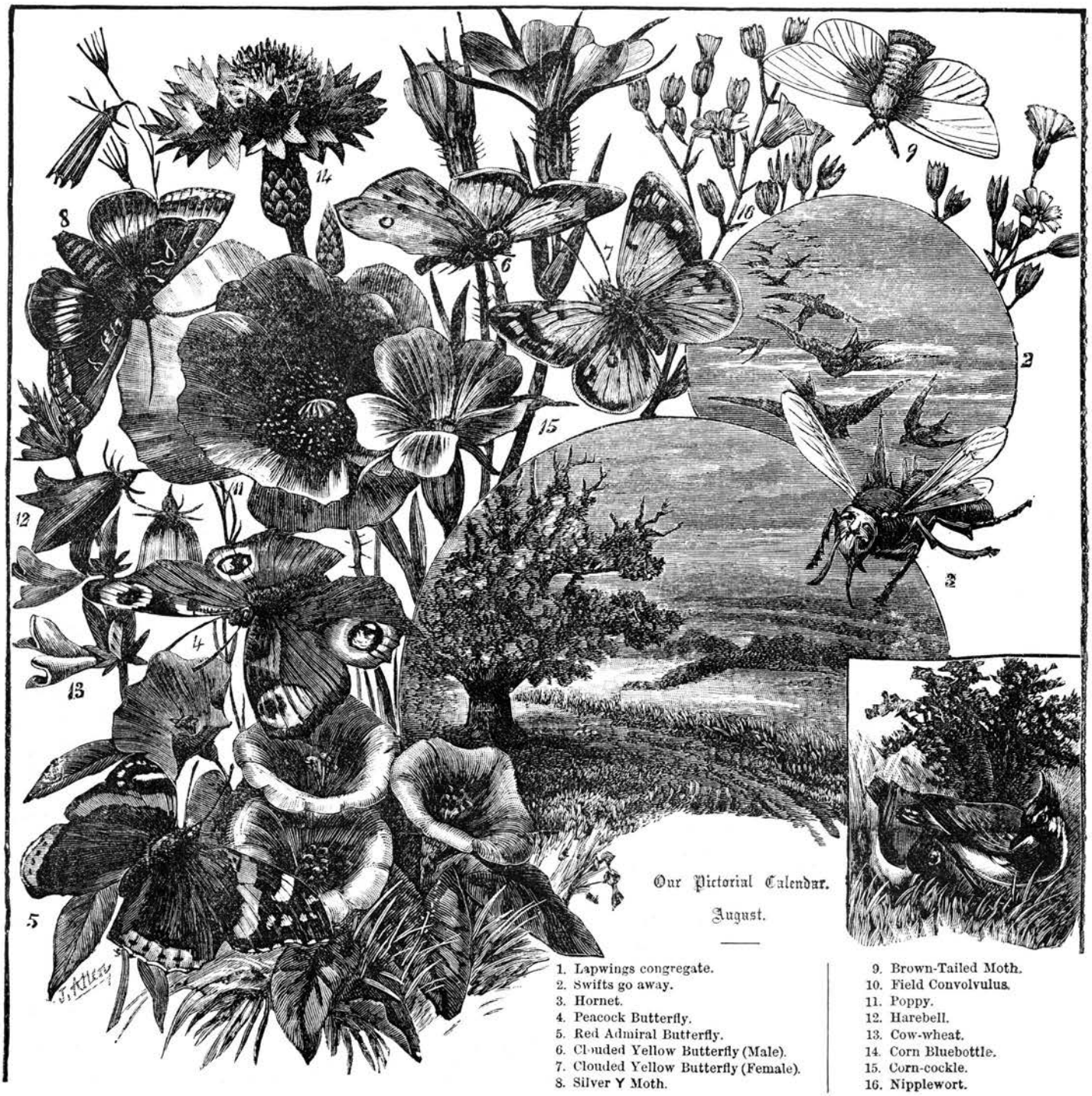
There is a peculiar beauty about the fields at the close of August, where the hay has been cleared off early, and the second crops of grass have sprung up. They look like a rich green velvet carpet, for there are now but few flowers to break up the sweep of the smooth emerald surface. On the trees, too, we behold a new crop of leaves, as tender and delicate in hue as those which first burst from the buds and trembled in the mild breezes of May. It seems as if the foliage of Summer and Spring were blended together, for the buds wear the same pale April green. At a first glance, the young leaves do not strike the eye: you imagine that the sunshine falls brighter upon these patches of foliage, until you see that it is impossible for the Sun-rays to light up the branches in such a direction; and it is then that you discover this new bursting of tender leaves—that you have found out "a new delight."

Nothing can exceed the beauty of the sky at this season of the year. The deep blue of boasted Italy cannot surpass the azure vault in which the silver clouds now seem to lie and dream, while the sunsets of Autumn are magnificent. And as we gaze we call up those visionary palaces which rise up in the pages of the Arabian Nights, and almost fancy that we see thrown open, the great ruby-pillared and golden gates of heaven. And the moonlight, though no longer cheered by the dulcet harmony of the nightingale, has a peculiar charm at this season; nor is there a grander object than the broad round harvest moon, heaving up bright and full above high green-shouldered hills, while

> All heaven and earth are still, though not in sleep,
> But breathless, as we grow when feeling most.

The ladybirds are now seen in hundreds; and this last summer, clouds of them came over from the coast of France, and were swept from off our piers into the sea. There is also a beautiful little blue butterfly now abroad, that goes flitting like a pea-blossom from flower to flower, and sometimes seems to mount the harebell as if only to rock itself for a few moments, and then again depart to alight upon the distant heather. Sometimes the woodlark rises in this "season of mist and mellow fruitfulness," singing like the lark in Spring, as it soars. Nor is the rich-toned blackbird, nor the speckled thrush, as yet silent; while the linnets and whinchats keep up their merry song, as if Summer, instead of departing, was only just making her appearance. But this chorus only breaks out when the weather is unusually fine, and the month of August in its infancy. Amongst moths, the spotted wood-leopard may now be seen; and the goat-moth, whose larva pierces the knotted ball of the giant oak, is now abroad: while the splendid tiger-moth expands its gorgeous wings; but these are only to be found in spots where

> the birch
> Displays its glossy stem amidst the gloom
> Of alders and jagged fern, and evermore
> Waves her light pensile foliage, as she woo'd
> The passing gale to whisper flatteries.



Our Pictorial Calendar.

August.

1. Lapwings congregate.
2. Swifts go away.
3. Hornet.
4. Peacock Butterfly.
5. Red Admiral Butterfly.
6. Clouded Yellow Butterfly (Male).
7. Clouded Yellow Butterfly (Female).
8. Silver Y Moth.
9. Brown-Tailed Moth.
10. Field Convolvulus.
11. Poppy.
12. Harebell.
13. Cow-wheat.
14. Corn Bluebottle.
15. Corn-cockle.
16. Nipplewort.

Boy's Own Paper, 1884

VictorianVoices.net Has Art for Every Occasion!

Over 63,000 images • Packages from $5.99-$9.99

Cats

Dogs

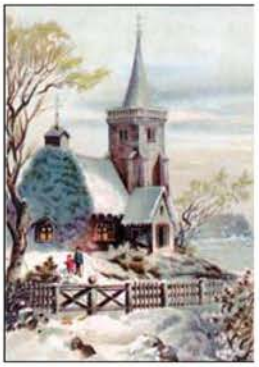
Horses

Animals, Insects, Aquatic Life, Reptiles & Amphibians

Birds

Farm Animals & Farm Life

Flowers



Winter & Christmas

Seasons & Holidays

Needlework Patterns

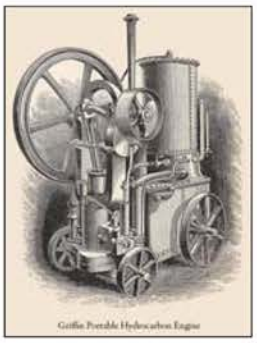
Fashion

People

Native Americans

Eminient Victorians

The Civil War



Gadgets & Gizmos

London

World Architecture & Landscapes

Ships, Boats, Seascapes & Sailors

Decorative Initials

Line Art, Ephemera & Full-Color Prints • High Resolution • No Ridiculous Restrictions

victorianvoices.net/clipart