

Victorian Times

A Monthly Exploration of Victorian Life



Vol. B-1, No. 10 - October 2024

*Haunted Britain • Traditions of the Baymen • Harvesting Maple Syrup
The Autumn Pantry • Fall Pickles & Catsups • Sailing on Land
A Wonderful Hawthorn Hedge • Secrets of Water Divining • Zoo Stories
Masquerade Costumes • Autumn Leaves • Odd Gourds • Desserts*

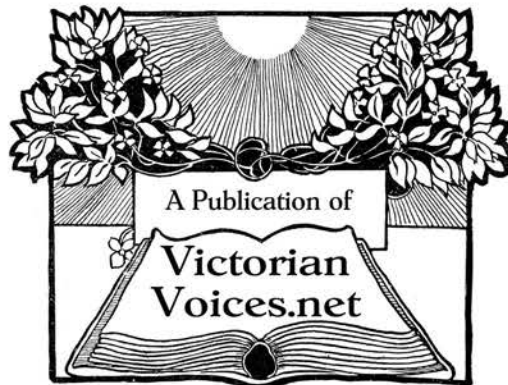
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edited by Moira Allen



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Cover Image: Masquerade costumes, from *The Season*, March 1894.

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The Victorian Information Explosion

Since the middle of the 20th century, we've been told that we are living in the "Information Age." This "age" supposedly began in the 1950's, with technological developments that changed how information could be transmitted—leading, of course, to computers, the Internet... and this magazine. Essentially, the argument is that more people today have more access to more information than ever before.

The Victorians, however, also lived in an "Information Age." Like our own Information Age, changes in how information could be transmitted radically changed how *much* information could be transmitted, and vastly increased the number of people who could (and did) receive it. This Victorian Information Explosion, I submit, was based on the proliferation of the *magazine*.

Books, of course, already existed and had for centuries. Newspapers had also been around awhile. But magazines were something relatively new. Two things had to happen to make them possible: changes in printing (and paper) technologies and costs, and a vast increase in general literacy. Literacy created demand, and by the 1880's and 1890's literally hundreds of magazines were being published to meet that demand.

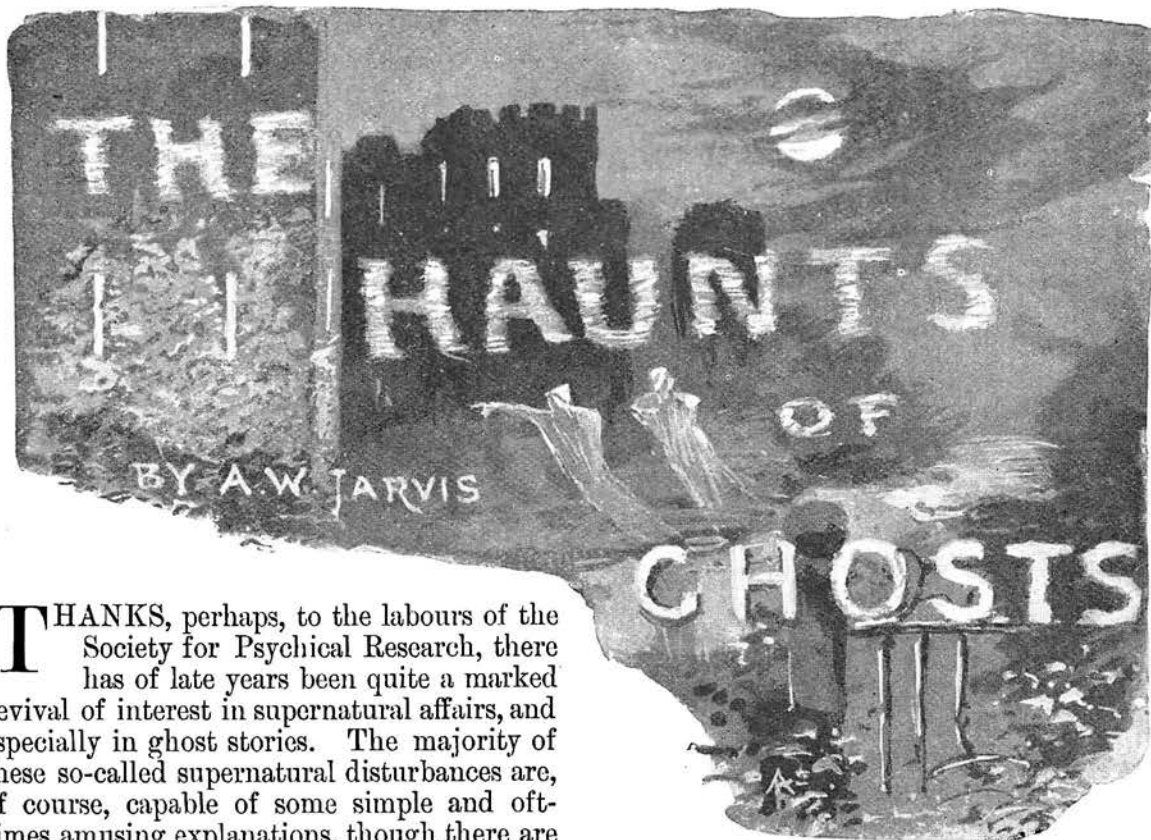
Today, when we find Victorian magazines, they are generally bound into annuals or semi-annuals, so we need to remember that when they were originally delivered, they really did look like *magazines*, printed on relatively cheap paper and packed with advertising (which, as today, made them profitable). They were also packed with information—articles on just about anything you can imagine and probably quite a few things that you wouldn't. A weekly like *The Girl's Own Paper* might include articles on fashion, cooking and cleaning (logical fare for a "woman's" magazine)—right alongside pieces on politics, perhaps a series on archaeology, something about natural history, a travel article or two, an explanation of the banking or postal or insurance system, biographies of current and past "celebrities," and more.

The rise of magazines brought about the rise of something else that wasn't so commonly seen prior to this era: the *article*. Before magazines, information was generally contained in books. But books were expensive, and, for lack of a better term, *focused*. If you wanted to learn about snakes, you bought a book on reptiles. (Or, perhaps, you got one from the library.) Magazines brought variety. One might argue that they sacrificed depth for breadth, but the end result was the ability to learn about a host of topics that one might never otherwise have encountered, let alone explored.

This need for articles (and stories) on an infinite variety of topics brought about the rise of the *writer*. (Yay!) Someone had to produce this information, week after week and month after month. Someone also had to produce the reams and reams of short and/or serialized fiction and poetry that also appeared in these hundreds of magazines. The lack of quality of much of that fiction led many Victorians to deplore "magazines" as being purveyors of low-class sensationalism that would ruin the minds and morals of the current generation—a criticism that has been leveled at *every* new information technology, from books to TV to social media.

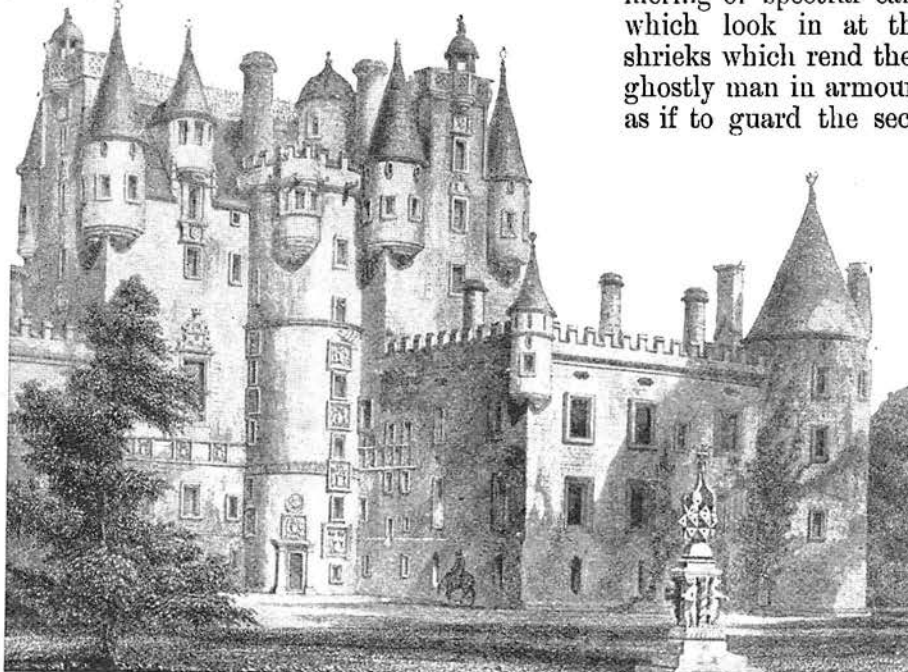
Victorian magazines were certainly in the business of entertaining as well as informing. However, they never assumed that their readers were stupid, foolish, subject to such short attention spans, or unable to comprehend articles longer than a paragraph or two. This focus on serious "content" lasted well into the 1960's. Compare, for instance, an issue of *Family Circle* from 60 years ago to one of today's "glossies," packed with photos of celebrities and bite-size articles on weight loss. We may be living in a new "information age," but today's magazines, rather than purveying information, seem to assume we have the attention span of mayflies and the comprehension of gnats. One has to wonder what happened to magazines... or to us!

—Maira Allen, Editor
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THANKS, perhaps, to the labours of the Society for Psychical Research, there has of late years been quite a marked revival of interest in supernatural affairs, and especially in ghost stories. The majority of these so-called supernatural disturbances are, of course, capable of some simple and oft-times amusing explanations, though there are others which have never been satisfactorily cleared up. Scattered about, up and down Great Britain, there are many ivy-covered old halls and castles about which weird tales are told; where at midnight hour strange sights and sounds are said to be seen and heard, the rattling of chains, and the wailing of perturbed spirits—perhaps revisiting the scene of some foul crime committed in days gone by.

Ghost-lore flourishes with peculiar strength among the ancestral halls of Scotland; but of all its haunted dwellings none seem more troubled than the glorious old Castle of Glamis, the ancient Forfarshire home of the Lyons family. Here, according to tradition, Duncan was done to death by Macbeth; and many another blood-curdling tale is told of the historic old pile—the knocking and hammering of spectral carpenters; ghastly faces which look in at the windows; horrible shrieks which rend the midnight air; and a ghostly man in armour who patrols at night as if to guard the secret chamber, which is



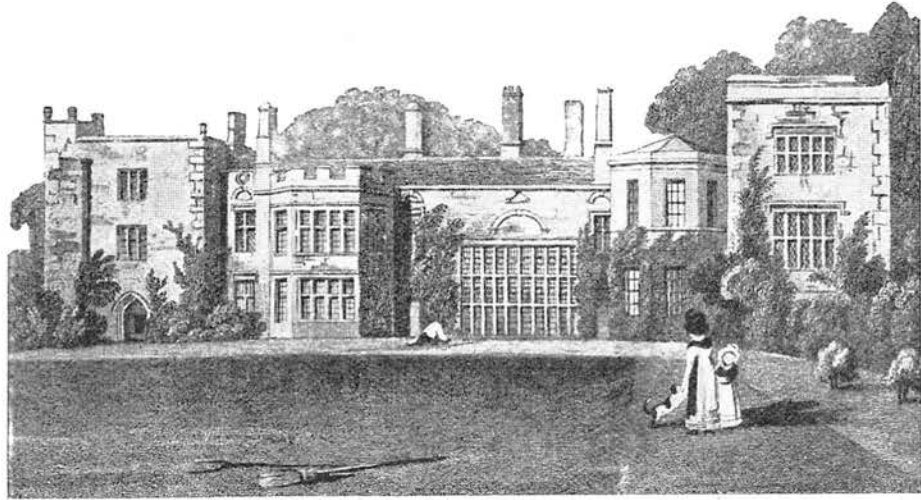
GLAMIS CASTLE.

supposed to be hidden somewhere in the ancient part of the Castle, where this gentleman delights to wander. This haunted room, about which so much has been written and so little is known, is supposed to contain some terrible secret which is very jealously guarded by the family. It seems, however, tolerably certain that there is a secret

concealed somewhere within the depths of the old Castle which is known only to three persons: the Earl of Strathmore for the time being, the heir apparent, and one other individual whom they think worthy of their confidence. Thus is the mystery handed down from Strathmore to Strathmore. Various wild tales are, of course, told

concerning this ominous chamber; but even its locality is unknown save to the three, and access to it is said to be cut off by a stone wall.

“There is no doubt about the reality of the noises at Glamis Castle,” writes a correspondent of Dr. Lee. “On one occasion, some years ago, the head of the family, with several companions, determined to investigate the cause. One night, when the disturbance was greater and more violent and alarming than usual—and, it should be premised, strange, weird, and unearthly sounds had often been heard, and by many persons, some quite unacquainted with the ill-repute of the Castle—his Lordship went to the

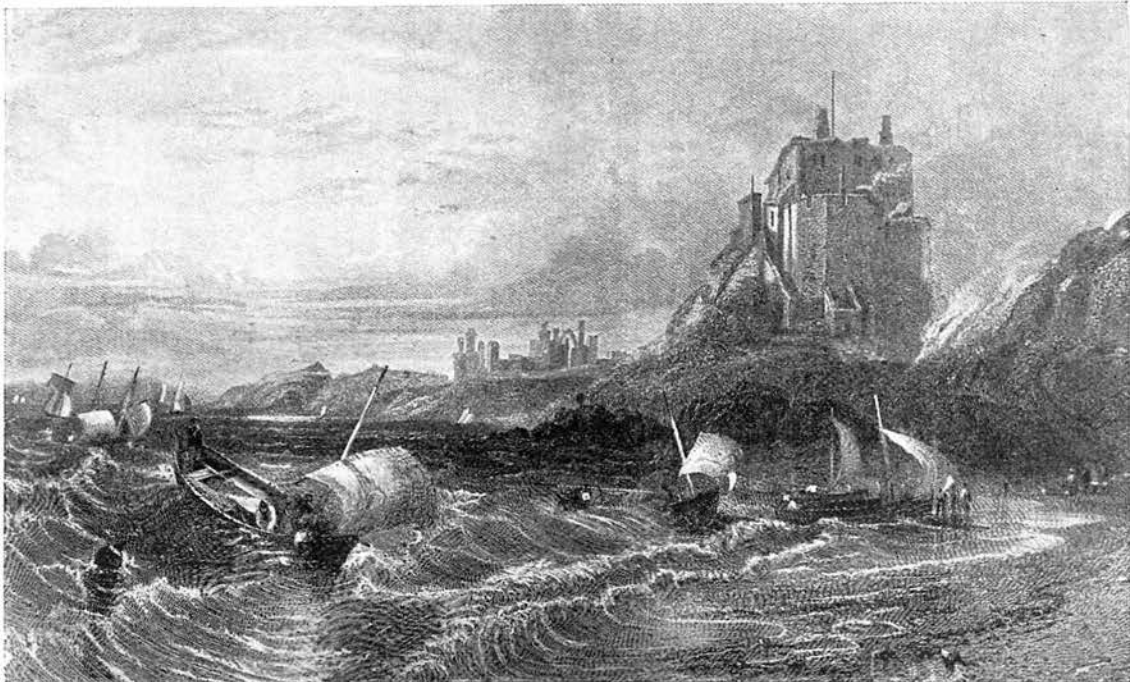


BOWLING HALL.

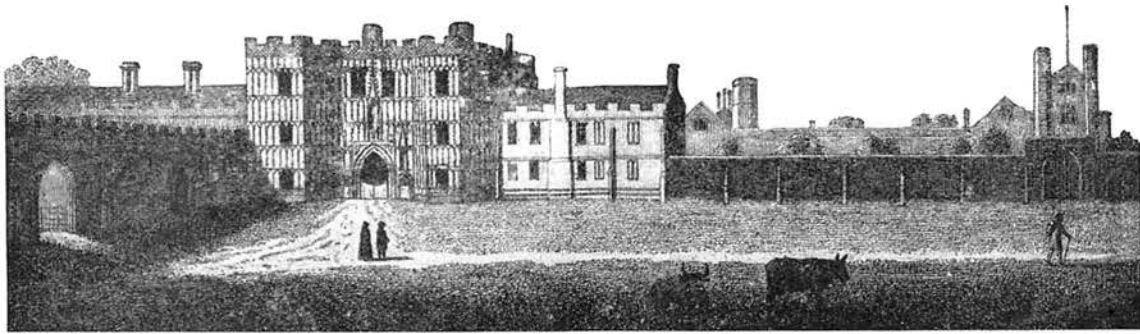
haunted room, opened the door with a key, and dropped back in a dead swoon into the arms of his companions; nor could he ever be induced to open his lips on the subject afterwards.”

There is a local tradition which might explain the horrible sight his Lordship is supposed to have seen. In the olden time a party of the Ogilvies, flying from their enemies the Lindsays, begged shelter from the Lord of Glamis, which was granted; but, under the plea of hiding them, he secured them in the ever-afterwards haunted chamber and left them to starve; and there, it is averred, their bones lie to this day.

Another version of the mystery is that



LINDISFARNE ABBEY AND CASTLE, HOLY ISLAND.



ST. OSYTH'S PRIORY.

the beautiful and unfortunate Lady Janet (the widow of the sixth Lord), who was burned as a witch on Castle Hill in 1537, was in league with the Evil One, and that her familiar demon, an embodied and visible fiend, endures to this day, shut from light in the mysterious chamber of Glammis Castle!

An altogether different tale, given by Howitt, is re-told by Ingram. The famous "Earl Beardie," popularly known as "the wicked laird," was playing at cards in the Castle. Being warned to give over, on account of his heavy losses, he swore an oath that he would play until the Day of Judgment, whereupon the Devil suddenly appeared and took charge of old "Beardie" and all his company, who were never seen again. Nor has the room ever been discovered; but many people firmly believe that old "Beardie" and his company are still playing on, and will continue to play until the end of time, and that on stormy nights the players are heard stamping and swearing with rage over their play.

There is a story of another spendthrift gamester told of the fine old manor house of Bowling (anciently Bolling) Hall, Yorkshire. The last of the Tempest family who reigned there was one Richard Tempest, who, in the time of the Commonwealth, partly by his own extravagances, and partly through his attachment to the Royal cause, became considerably embarrassed. The story goes he had been losing heavily at cards, and having

used up all his available resources, he, in a fit of desperation, staked his ancestral home, exclaiming—

'Now ace, deuce, and tray,
Or farewell, Bolling Hall, for ever and aye!'

The game went against the unfortunate man; his ruin was complete, and ultimately poor Richard Tempest died a prisoner for debt in the King's Bench.

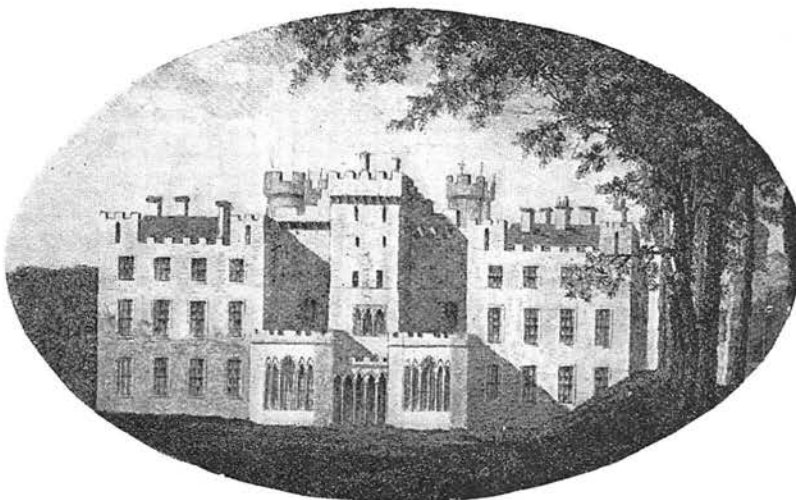
One of the chambers in the old Hall is pointed out as the "haunted room," used by the Earl of Newcastle, commander of the King's forces during the siege of Bradford, in 1643. Tradition tells how the Earl, enraged at the slaughter of the Earl of Newport, had determined to show the citizens no quarter, when, one night, just before the town capitulated, a female, arrayed in white, appeared to the Earl in this room and prayed him to "Pity poor Bradford," and hence his orders that neither man, woman, nor child was to be killed.

A strange superstition clings to the beautiful ruins of Lindisfarne Abbey, which



NETLEY ABBEY.

lie within sight of Holy Island, near the scene of Grace Darling's memorable exploit. In days gone by St. Cuthbert ruled the Abbey, and tradition tells many wonderful tales about the Saint—how he entertained the angels at Ripon; of his being fed with loaves brought hot from heaven by an angel; of a regale of fish presented him by an eagle; and one or two other little personal favours accorded him. On stormy nights he is said to



HYLTON CASTLE.



LINLITHGOW PALACE.

visit his old home, and, sitting on a rock by the shore of the island veiled in the sea mist, to make beads for the faithful and leave them on the shore.

This legend brings to mind one told of poor St. Osyth. On an estuary formed by the junction of the Stour and Black-

water, some ten or twelve miles south-east from Colchester, are situated the ruins of her Priory, and once a year her phantom is said to visit her old home. In the year 653 it is recorded that a band of Danes ravaged the neighbouring country, and, attacking the nunnery, led its young abbess forth into the Nuns' Wood, and ordered her to worship their gods. She steadily refused, and, in spite of all their efforts to terrify her into submission, the brave woman remained faithful to her



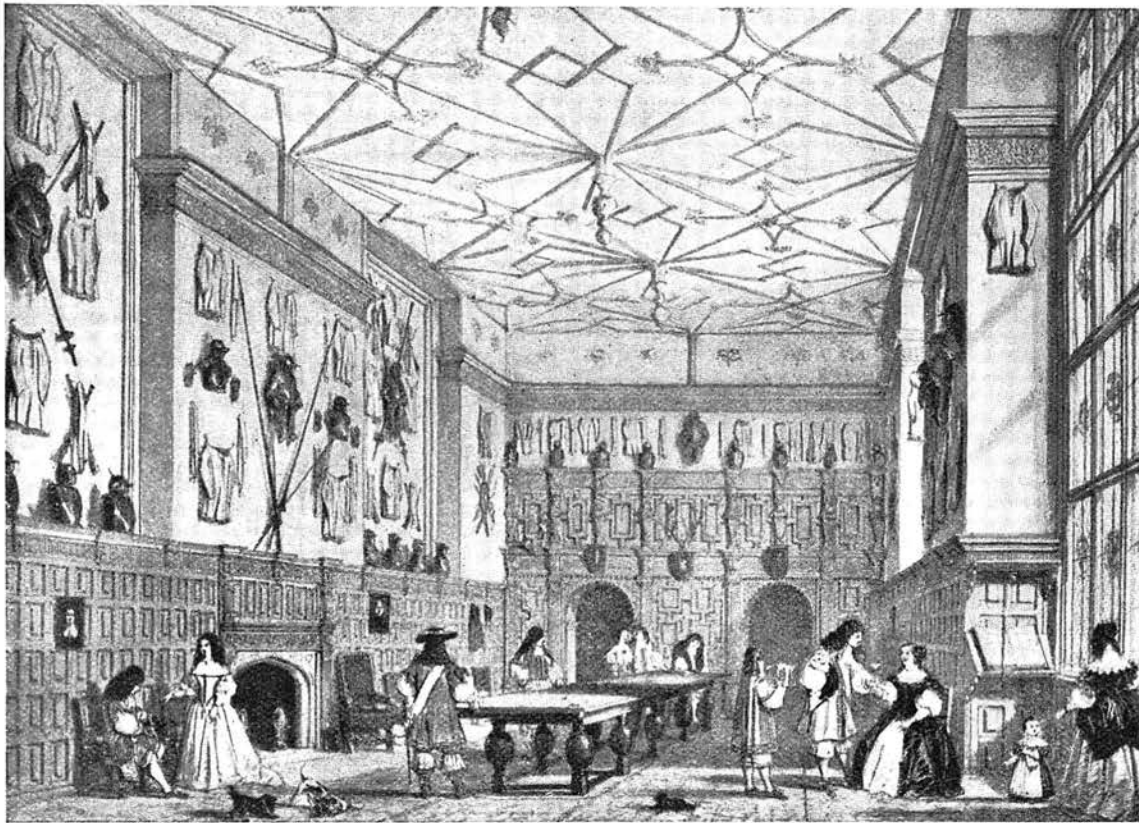
BISHAM ABBEY.

creed: "she would worship only Christ." In a fury, the leader of the band ordered her to lay her head down to be cut off. Meekly obeying, her head was immediately severed from her body, near to the fountain that bears her name. According to local tradition, St. Osyth, on one night in every year, revisits the scene of her martyrdom, carrying her head in her hands!

There is a pathetic story told of Bisham Abbey, where Princess Elizabeth was confined, in the custody of Sir Thomas Hobby, by Queen Mary. The story goes that the wife of this gentleman was most unnaturally

an old oak window-shutter of the sixteenth century was removed, "a packet of antique copy-books of that period was discovered pushed into the wall between the joists of the skirting, and several of these books, on which young Hobby's name was written, were covered with blots."

Most of our readers have heard of the haunted ruins of Newstead Abbey. Here, at midnight, the ghost of "Sir John Byron the Little, with the Great Beard," used to put in an occasional appearance; and once a year the phantoms of the hard-hearted "Devil Byron" and his unhappy sister ride



THE BANQUETING-HALL AT LITTLECOTE.

severe with her little son, who, it seems, had a great aversion to writing, and in his obstinacy would wilfully blot his copy-books. One day his mother, enraged at his perverseness, lost her self-control and beat the poor boy so severely and so unmercifully that he died from the effects. Since then, the tale goes, one of the bedrooms at the Abbey has been haunted by the spectre of the cruel woman, who glides through the chamber in the act of washing the blood-stains from her hands in a visionary basin before her. Dr. Lee mentions a very remarkable fact in connection with this legend. He assures us that, some years ago, when

forth from their old home together. According to tradition, this amiable gentleman, in consequence of some family scandal, refused to speak a word to his sister for some years preceding her death.

Here also comes the spectre of a sad-eyed Saracen maiden; but *the* ghost of the Abbey is the famous Goblin Friar, whose appearance is said to portend some dire misfortune to the master of the mansion.

Instances of supernatural warnings are by no means uncommon in the history of ancient castles and halls. Such a tale, and a very terrible one, is told of the ruined Castle of Berry Pomeroy, in Devonshire. Whenever



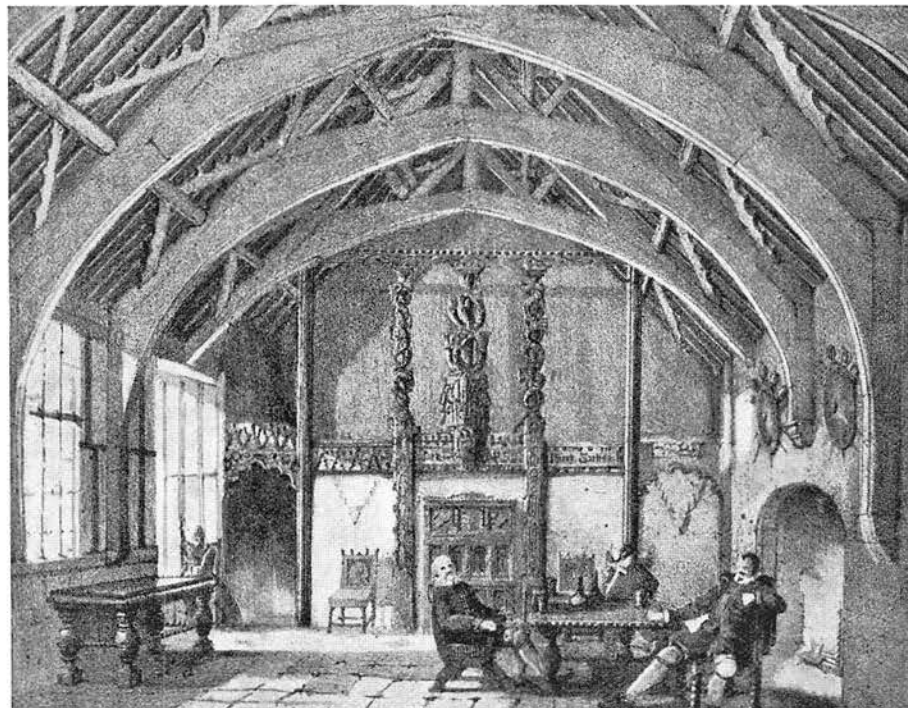
HEATH HALL.

death was about to visit the inmates of the Castle, the spectre of a lady, richly dressed, and wringing her hands as if in the deepest distress, was seen to wend her way towards a certain apartment. Here, it is said, the daughter of some former baron of Berry Pomeroy had strangled her own child.

Another tale of a supernatural warning is told in connection with Netley Abbey, the lovely ruins of which lie some eight miles from Southampton. In 1704, Sir Bartlet Lucy sold the materials of the Abbey to a carpenter, of whose death Browne Willis, and others after him, have left us the following account. While the purchaser was treating with Sir Bartlet about the Abbey business, he was much terrified and frequently haunted in his sleep by the phantom of a monk, who foretold some great evil would certainly happen to him if he proceeded with the transaction. One night he dreamed that a large stone fell from one of the windows and

killed him. A friend to whom he related all this advised him to drop the undertaking; but, others advising him not to lose such a profitable job, he struck the bargain. However, it proved fatal to him, for, as he was endeavouring to take some stones out of the bottom of the west wall, not a single stone only, but the whole of the window fell down upon him, killing him on the spot.

A somewhat similar story is told in connection with the impressive ruins of the



THE GREAT HALL, SALMSBURY.

ancient jointure-house of the Queens of Scotland, where poor ill-fated Mary is said first to have seen the light—Linlithgow Palace.

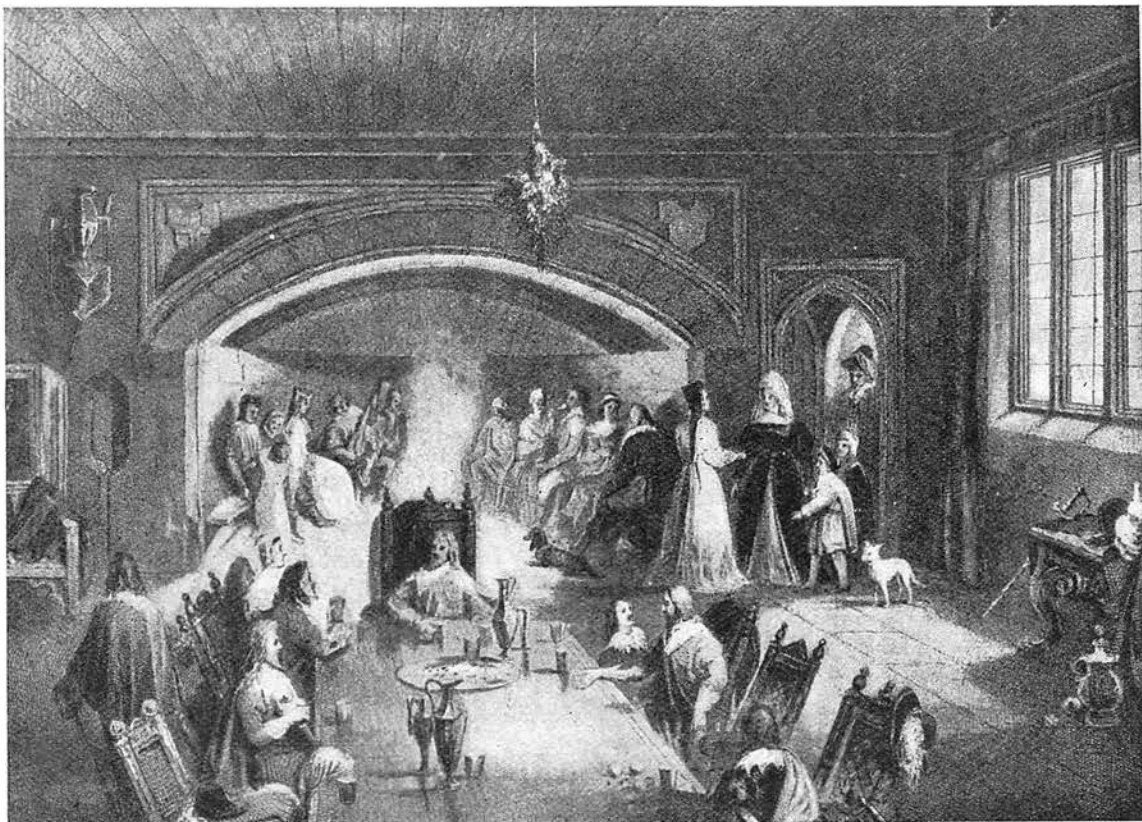
The story goes that one night, when James V. was sleeping in the Palace, his slumbers were rudely disturbed by the apparition of a nobleman whom he had recently sent to the block for treason. With looks that seemed to upbraid and threaten him, the unearthly visitor announced to his Majesty that he would next day *lose both his arms*. Believing himself to be the victim of a practical joke, the enraged monarch summoned his attendants and ordered a strict search to be made for the intruder; but without avail; and next day James received the distressing tidings that one of his sons had died at Falkland Place, and the other at the College of St. Andrews!

In days gone by, the kitchen of the ancient Castle of the Hyltons, in Durham, Surtees tells us, was the favourite haunt of a peculiarly mischievous and contrary specimen of the ghostly band—a “brownie,” or fairy, who rejoiced in the cognomen of the *Cauld* or *Cowed Lad of Hylton*. This gentleman was seldom seen, but as soon as the servants had retired for the night he commenced his pranks, throwing everything into the utmost

disorder, knocking the furniture about, and breaking the plates and dishes. Or, if he found the things in disorder, a practice it was deemed most prudent to adopt, he would arrange them with the most careful precision. At length means were found to get rid of this nocturnal visitor by the usual expedient of presenting him with a suit of clothes.

It has been supposed that there is some connection between this and another story which is told of the old Castle. One of the barons, enraged at the slowness of a stable-lad in obeying his orders, in his wrath struck him a mortal blow with a hay-fork, afterwards throwing his body into a pond. The tale goes that the ghost of the unfortunate boy used to roam about the Castle, until, by the exorcisms of a priest, he was at last confined to a particular apartment which was walled up. As a matter of fact, a free pardon for the manslaughter is duly recorded, and years afterwards the skeleton of a boy was found in the pond.

According to tradition, the fine old Hall of Littlecote, in Wiltshire, was, in the days of Elizabeth, the scene of a horrible and mysterious crime. Since then the apparition of a woman with dishevelled hair, in white garments, is said to have haunted the par-



THE BANQUETING-HALL, WYECOLLER, CHRISTMAS, 1650.

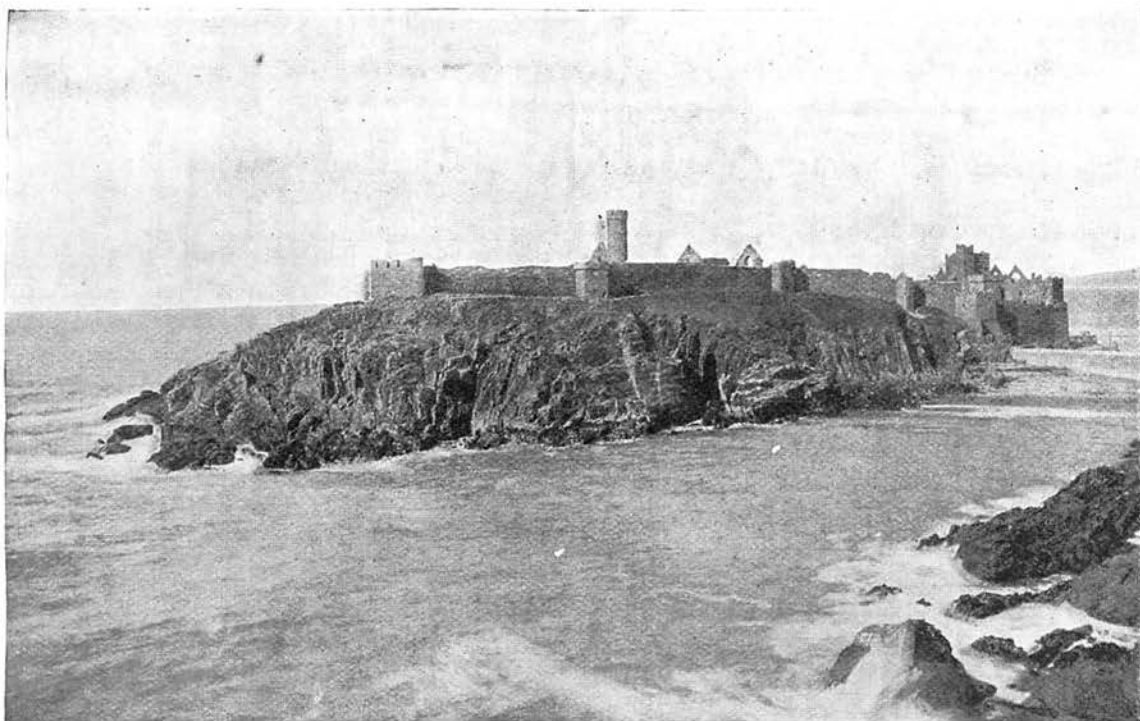


Photo by G. B. Cowen,]

[Ramsey.

PEEL CASTLE AND ST. PATRICK'S ISLE.

ticular chamber in which the tragedy was committed. The mansion was built by one of the Darrell family, from which it passed into the hands of Judge Popham—it is said, as the price of his corruptly allowing the murderer to escape—and still belongs to his descendants.

When it came to his time, the unrighteous judge was not allowed to rest in his grave. According to popular tradition his ghost is said to haunt the grounds of the historic old Castle of Kimbolton, where he sits astride the park wall or lies in wait for rogues and poachers under the great elms.

The third Queen of the fickle-hearted Henry—Jane Seymour—seems also to have been unable to rest comfortably in her grave. At all events, Jane's apparition, it is said, occasionally puts in an appearance at Hampton Court Palace at nightfall, and, carrying a lighted taper, wanders about the "Queen's Apartments."

At this Palace also, if report be true, may sometimes be seen at midnight the unhappy spirit of Henry's later love, Katherine Howard, who from time to time revisits the spot where she parted from her lord for ever. The story goes that the Queen had gone to meet his Majesty in the chapel, where she found him at his devotions; but, before she could speak a word, she was dragged away by the soldiers on guard and taken shrieking and expostulating with them along what is

now sometimes called the Haunted Gallery. And ever and anon, it is said, the stillness of the night is broken by her shrieks and cries, as the heartrending scene is acted over again at midnight hour. A more peaceful queenly visitor to the scenes of her former glory is Good Queen Bess, whose ghost has but lately been re-affirmed to "walk" in Windsor Castle.

Another ghost who refuses to be comforted is that of Lady Bolles, of the old Hall at Heath, near Wakefield. Though her spirit was once solemnly laid in a hole in the river, known to this day as Bolles' Pit, she still persists in taking her walks abroad, and pays an occasional visit to her old home. As to the cause of the lady's restlessness, tradition does not seem very clear, though various reasons are assigned. Some suppose that she is troubled by her father's death, which was attributed to witchcraft; others, that the non-observance of certain clauses in her will is the cause of the bother.

We are indebted to the "Legends of Lancashire" for the story of the ghostly lovers who are said to meet in the grounds of the grand old Hall of Samlesbury, there to renew the troth which the lady's father, Sir John Southworth, so bitterly opposed—away back in the days of Good Queen Bess—because "No daughter of his should ever be united to the son of a family which had deserted its ancestral faith." Difficulty, however,

only served to increase the ardour of the devoted lovers; and after many secret interviews among the wooded slopes of the Ribble, an elopement was agreed upon, in the hope that time would bring the father's pardon.

"On the evening agreed upon both parties met at the hour appointed; and as the young knight moved away with his betrothed, her brother rushed from his hiding-place and slew both him and two friends by whom he was accompanied. The bodies were secretly buried; and Lady Dorothy was sent abroad to a convent, where she was kept under strict surveillance. Her mind at last gave way—the name of her murdered lover was ever on her lips, and she died a raving maniac."

Some years ago three skeletons were found near the Hall; and the story goes that, on still evenings, a lady in white can be seen passing along the gallery and the corridors into the grounds. Here she meets a handsome knight, who accompanies her along the walks to a certain spot—perhaps the lover's grave. After lingering awhile, uttering soft wailings of despair, they embrace each other, and then their forms rise slowly from the earth and vanish into the darkness.

Another remarkable ghost story, included in the "Legends," is that of the Spectre Horseman of Wycoller Hall. The apparition is supposed to be the ghost of one of the Cunliffes, who in years gone by is said to have murdered his wife in a room at the Hall. Once a year, the story goes, he is doomed to visit the scene of the tragedy.

"He is attired in the costume of the early Stuart period, and the trappings of his horse are of a most uncouth description. On the evening of his visit the weather is always wild and tempestuous. There is no moon to light the lonely roads, and the residents of the district do not venture out of their cottages. When the wind howls the loudest the horseman can be heard dashing up the road at full speed, and after crossing the narrow bridge he suddenly stops at the door of the Hall. The rider then dismounts and makes his way up the broad oaken stairs into one of the rooms of the house. Dreadful screams, as from a woman, are then heard, which soon subside into groans. The horseman then makes his appearance at the door, at once mounts his steed, and gallops off up the road he came."

Most of our readers will be familiar with the highly dramatic version of the story of poor Amy Robsart given by Sir Walter Scott in his "Kenilworth"; Cumnor Place, the scene of the alleged murder, is supposed to be haunted by the spirit of the unfortunate lady.

The Isle of Man is a veritable home of superstitious belief, of which the ancient Castle of Rushen is a notable example. Tradition reports that it is haunted by the ghost of a woman who years ago was executed there for the murder of her child; and Waldron tells of some mysterious chamber which has never been opened in the memory of man.

Peel Castle also has its ghost stories. Eleanor, wife of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, was confined here until her death, on a charge of witchcraft, and ever afterwards it is said her unquiet spirit at midnight haunted the place. Nor must we forget the curious apparition, in the shape of a shaggy spaniel and known as the Mauthe Dhoo, which, Waldron tells us, loved to roam about the Castle, but had a particular fancy for the guard-room fireside.

The spaniel used to come through a certain passage, which also led to the captain's quarters; and at night, when the Castle gates were locked, the man whose duty it was to take the keys to the officer was always careful to be accompanied by a comrade. One night, however, a fellow being drunk, laughed at the simplicity of his companions, and swore he would go with the keys alone and see whether the Mauthe Dhoo was dog or devil. Presently a great noise was heard, but none was bold enough to ascertain the cause; and shortly afterwards the adventurer returned horror-struck and speechless. Nothing intelligible as to what had happened could be got from him, and in three days he died in great agony. The Mauthe Dhoo, however, was never seen again.

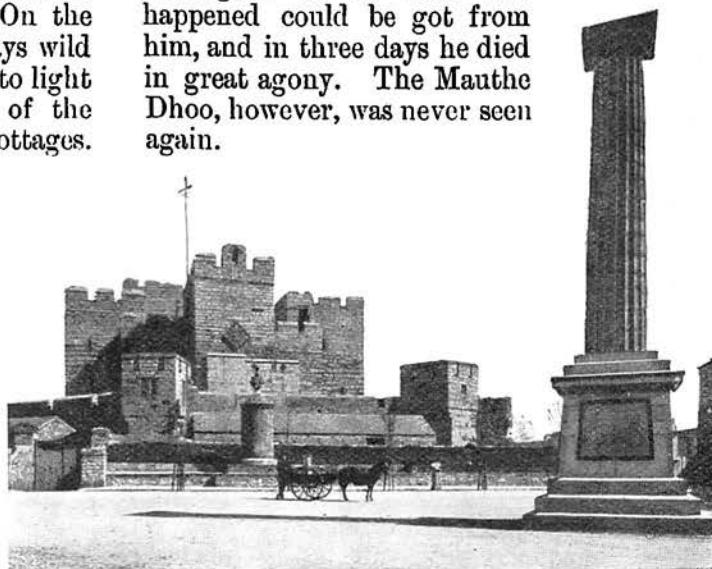


Photo by G. B. Cowen.]

CASTLE RUSHEN.

[Ramsey.]

PANTRIES.

"Don't hit that jar of cucumbers,
Standing on the broad stair!
They have not waked from their slumbers
Since they stood there!

* * * * *
Sixteen barrels of cider
Ripening all in a row!
Open the vent channels wider!
See the froth drifted like snow,
Blown by the tempest below!

* * * * *
Those are the Rhode Island greenings,
Excellent apples for pies."

—J. G. Holland's "Bitter-Sweet."



HERE are a few departments of house-keeping in which women should take a special pride, and over which they should exercise strict personal supervision. That one of these is the linen closet goes without saying; for who likes to see mussed, unmended, badly-washed linen in a house? There is nothing that will stamp a house with such an ill-kept look, as poor bed and table linen. But it is not of the linen closet that I am thinking; it is the pantry, around which

centre the household revolves. No matter what domestic service a woman employs, she ought always to attend to the pantry herself; or if she is fortunate enough to have daughters, she should bring them up, not only to see that the store-room is kept in a cleanly condition, that disarms criticism, but also to see that it is filled with delicacies of every kind, prepared as only the deft fingers of an intelligent lady can prepare such things.

The first point to be considered is the immaculate whiteness of walls and shelves. Brown paper coverings on the shelves always detract somewhat from the general effect. The first item in almost every American pantry is pickles—sweet, sour, hot, mild, mixed and plain pickles. After a long experience in making such things, I have found that the most toothsome pickles are made of small gherkins laid in salt over night, and taken out and wiped with a dry cloth, without washing, the next morning. Large stone crocks are the best receptacle for the gherkins. Place a layer of gherkins in the bottom of the crock, and sprinkle over them a handful of cloves, the same of celery seed, the same of whole black peppers, the same of mustard seed, some sprays of anise, some round red peppers, or else the long chilli peppers, and a few cloves of garlic. Then add another layer of pickles and another layer of seasoning until the jar is full. Over the whole pour cold, pure wine or cider vinegar in which a cupful of brown sugar has been dissolved, and the pickles will make the eater dream of fields elysian. The vinegar will have to be changed once or twice during the year, but that is a very simple matter, if large crocks are used.

If the men folk in the family are fond of high-seasoned food, special attention should be paid to meat sauces of various kinds. Chilli sauce is both cheap and toothsome, and enough should be made at a time so that it may be served at least once a day during the year. The best way to make this is to take one dozen large, ripe tomatoes and peel them, two large onions and three bell-peppers, and chop them all fine. Then add two cupfuls of pure wine vinegar, one cupful of light brown sugar, one tablespoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of cloves, and simmer the whole for at least four hours. If ale or porter is used, it is a good plan to save the bottles for meat sauces, as a family can use up a bottle before there is

danger of its spoiling. Besides chilli sauce, it is always well to have on hand a little soy, chutney, Indian pickle, spiced currants, and stuffed bell-peppers.

For the women of the household, and for the friends who are in the habit of dropping in unexpectedly to tea, one must prepare plenty of preserved fruits, selecting a different variety each year, in order not to have a surfeit of any one thing. One season take small fruits, made into jams, jellies, and preserves with but little sugar. The following season take fruits with pits—like peaches, plums, apricots, nectarines, and cherries. Still another season use orange marmalade, quince jelly, spiced figs, and Duchesse pears cut in half, and put up in glass.

Enough mince-meat should be made in November to last all winter; put up in glass, air-tight, it will last for several years.

In one corner of the pantry it is quite safe to keep on hand a dozen boxes of sardines, a good piece of smoked beef, a sweet, sound ham, a small firkin of thick, white salt pork, and a side of bacon.

If living in a cider country, one ought to have a row of cider receptacles along one side of the pantry; but if living in the West, where apples are not tart enough nor winters cold enough to make cider, root-beer is an excellent substitute.

Did you ever read "Bitter-Sweet," by Dr. J. G. Holland? The description of a cellar that he gives is vivid enough to inspire every housekeeper with a desire to have one as good, if not a little better. It is not a luxury that belongs only to the rich and the well-to-do; quite the contrary. In buying provisions in bulk, one saves enough to purchase many luxuries she would otherwise have to go without. Preserved fruit takes the place of meat to a great extent, and in this country, where fruit and sugar are both cheap, preserves of all kinds are easy to get. Heaven help the people who have to send out for "steak" if a guest comes in just at lunch time! Some staples ought always to be bought in bulk, viz., sugar, flour, potatoes, syrup, baking-powder, candles, soap, vinegar, olive oil, starch, canned goods, and apples in season.

It is the housekeeper's duty to see that everything is kept spotless in this pantry; that the shelves be free from dust; the glass jars ranged in neat rows; the pickle and butter crocks covered tight; mice, ants and other pests kept at bay; and, above all things, that everything is in its proper place. What can be worse than to step into an ill-ventilated pantry, and find more butter on the outside of the firkin than on the inside; the sugar barrel with a ring of dirty, ant-infested sugar around it; the pickles covered with mould; the fruit-jars sticky and fermenting; the cider barrel leaking; and the flour barrel a sight to behold! What is there in such a spectacle to stimulate the appetite of a tired, nervous, city-bred man? or to tempt the palate of an overworked mother?

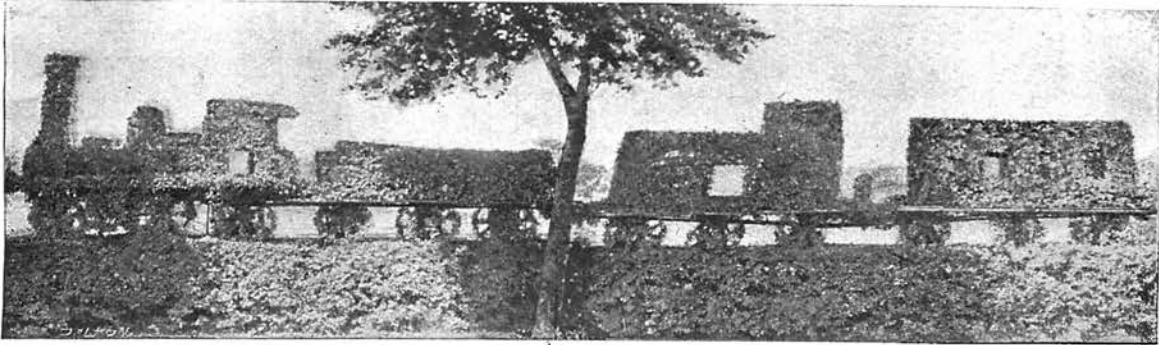
Nine out of ten women who employ servants never go near the store-room at all; and those who do their own work are very apt to be too tired to do more than care for the actual living rooms. It is a great pity, because the waste involved by inattention to these details is something enormous. No woman ever looks so well as when she is preparing and caring for the substantial and the delicacies that are to be the fuel for the engines of the living human beings that are gathered beneath her roof. Manufacturers burn the best quality of coal in their fine machines—they know it to be cheaper in the end; so, fine human organisms need the best quality of food. Then shame be to those who consider it beneath them to include the supervision of the store-rooms in their round of daily duties.

—Emelie Tracy Y. Swett.

The Most Wonderful Hedge in the World.

By JAMES WALTER SMITH.

[From Photographs specially taken for George Newnes, Limited, by F. Lammersen, Steinheim, Westphalia.]



HAWTHORN HEDGE REPRESENTING COMPLETE TRAIN.

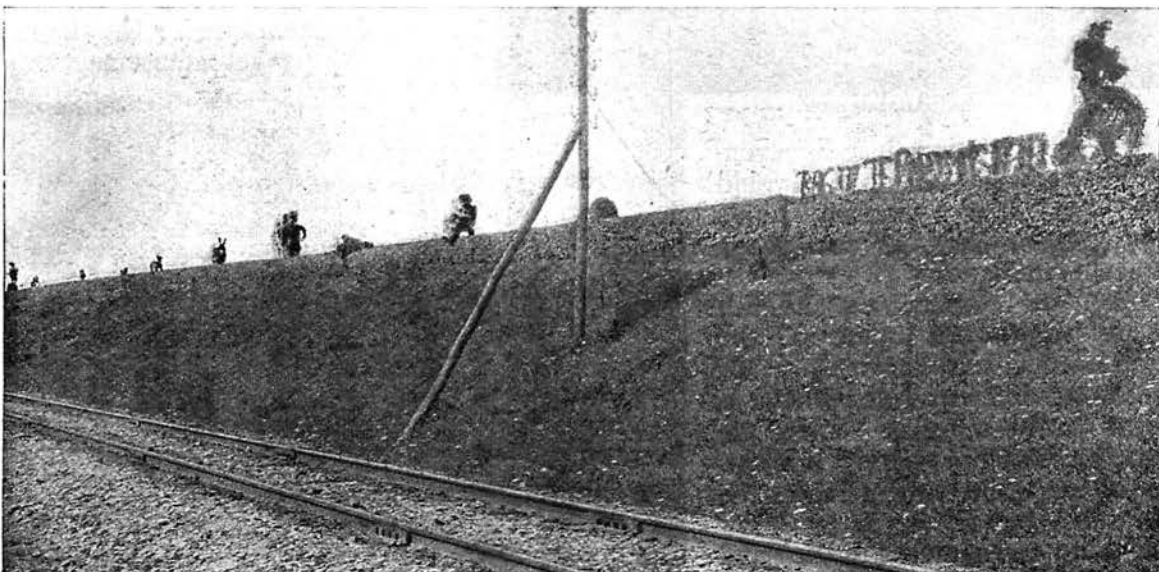


SOME months ago an article in this Magazine, entitled "Curious Clipped Trees," attracted more than a little attention. It was indeed a striking thing that so many figures of so many curious shapes should have been made by English gardeners, and that so few people should have seen them. Many letters on the subject came to this office expressing surprise. What will the senders now say when they hear that at a small German station called Steinheim a railway guard has been able, in his odd moments, to create over threescore of these hedge curios, and that they serve as a railway fence, meeting with the commendation of the railway authorities, and the admiration of visitors, as they happen to pass along the line?

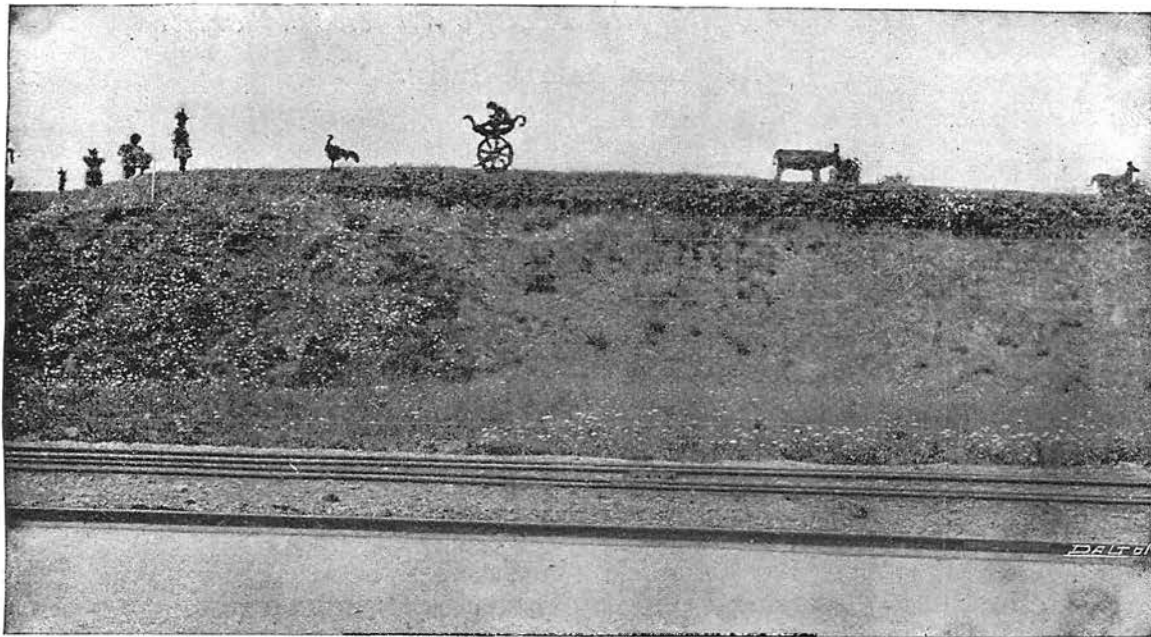
Yet there it is, to be seen by you, yourself, if you ever happen that way. Steinheim lies

in Westphalia between Cologne and Berlin. The patient guard, who, after many years of service, has been retired, is named Anton Meier, and the exact number of the figures is at present sixty-three. They lie on both sides of the line, thirty-one on one side and thirty on the other, continuing for some hundreds of yards on each side of the station, and lengthening each year in accordance with Herr Meier's ability to plant and tend them. The sixty-second figure, which we have not yet accounted for, takes the form of a locomotive and three cars, the *chef-d'œuvre* of its inventor, and, without doubt, the most remarkable thing of its kind ever done with leaves and shears.

Our article, as you have noticed, begins with this striking figure. Below, on the first page, we are able to give a general view of one side of the line, showing the various hedge-figures disappearing in the distance.



HEDGE FIGURES ON NORTH SIDE OF THE RAILWAY STATION AT STEINHEIM.



HEDGE FIGURES ON SOUTH SIDE OF STATION.

At the top of this page is shown the other side of the line, with another set of figures — all different, all elaborate, and all attractive in themselves. To stand

Steinheim. Herr Meier, training his Hawthorn bushes on wooden framework, held together by means of wire, has erected the green signs shown in the accompanying illustrations, "Berlin" and "Köln," the latter being the German name of Cologne.

Out of the sixty or seventy photographs which we have had specially taken for the readers of this Magazine, we have selected over a score for publication. These have been chosen to illustrate the variety between the figures, and the skill with which they have been executed. It is almost impossible in the limits of this article to describe them in detail, so we virtually let them speak for themselves. On the next page we may get amusement from



ORNAMENTAL RAILWAY SIGN.

at Steinheim Station just as evening is coming on one would think that these shadowy forms were veritable fays of the poetic German Fatherland.

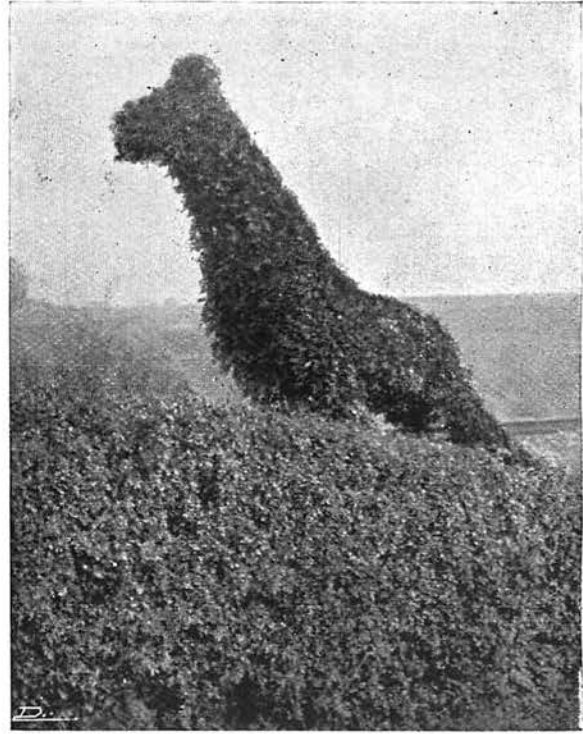
There are stations on English railways where the name of the station is effectively shown by means of rocks of different colours laid in the turf on the hill-side. There are others in which a happy arrangement of carpet-bedding achieves the same effect, but so far as we know there is no arrangement in England so excellent as that in use at



ORNAMENTAL RAILWAY SIGN.



HARES AT PLAY.

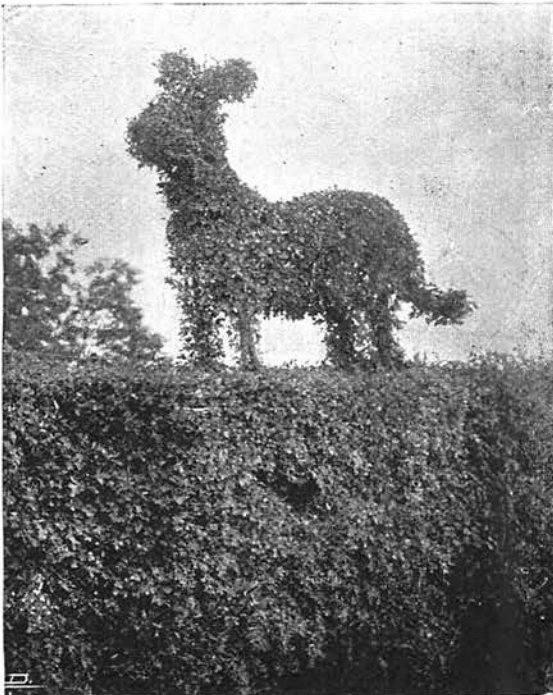


GIRAFFE.

the two hares at play on their hind legs, trying to shake hands with each other. We may almost hear the musical twitter of the giraffe in the upper right-hand corner, and we may pause, as we believe Herr Meier has often paused, to wonder at the two animals below, and to decide if each was not really intended at some time for the other. To be zoologically correct, one is a goat and the other a canine. For evidence we

have Herr Meier's statement: the horns on the goat, and the tail on the dog.

The evolution of this remarkable idea has been explained to us by Herr Meier himself. About fifteen years ago, it seems, the railway authorities planted some bushes to fence in the line. These grew quickly, and for about five years served their purpose usefully. At this time Meier was a signalman, and one day, when he was on duty,



DOG.



GOAT.

the thought struck him to beautify his cottage by cutting these bushes into different shapes. No thought of the labour involved, or its probable consequences, entered his mind, and he went stolidly to work. Cutting here and planting there, his first attempts were confined to reproductions of the commoner animals such as dogs, cats, hens, and cows, but as time went on the rarest specimens of the zoological and ornithological worlds secured his attention. As regards the creation of new figures, it may be said that it

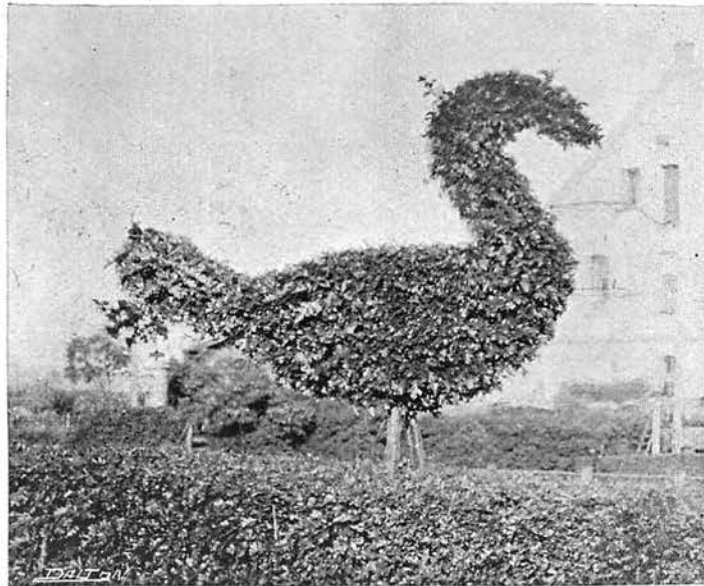
takes two to four years for the figures to grow to their full size, and that, during that time, they have to be constantly watched and trained. That is what we mean when we speak of "probable consequences."

When Meier was pensioned, the railway company gave the bushes into his charge, and allowed him to cut them three times a

year—in June, August, and October. Virtually, this was equivalent to a permission for continual cutting, as by the time the sixty-three figures were finished the cutter was ready to begin on the sixty-three again. Our photographer was compelled to wait nearly a month until the figures could be properly trimmed. Variety is further evidenced in the figures on this page, representing a swan (a very elongated and rotund swan), a woman making butter, and a circus dog. The woman carries herself

very naturally, and the dog might make his fortune at any show if he were not so deeply attached to Steinheim.

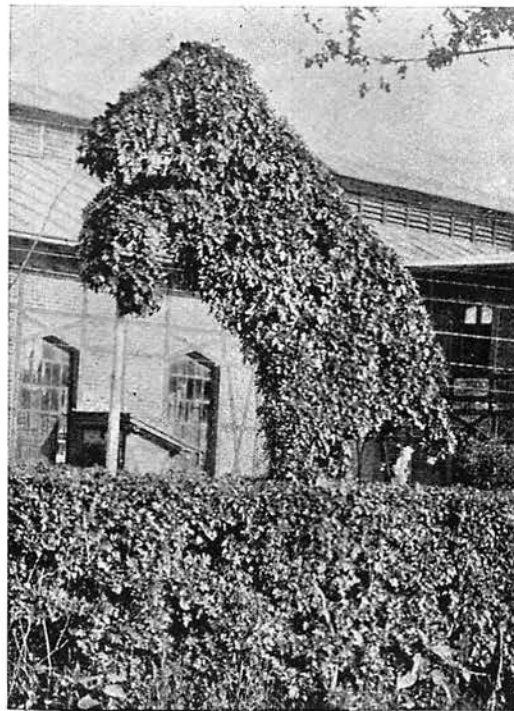
The latter figure will give us some idea of the preliminary care which must be exerted with the framework in order that a true effect may be secured two years hence. The frame is very similar to, though not so elaborate as,



SWAN.

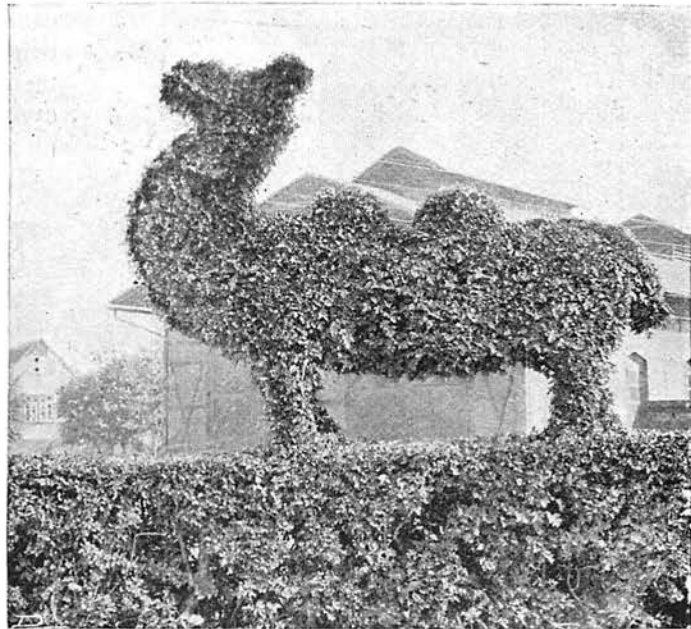


PEASANT WOMAN MAKING BUTTER.

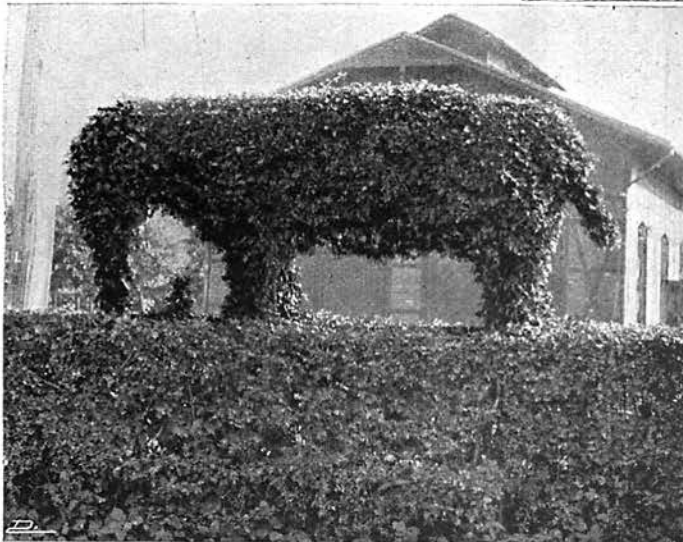


CIRCUS DOG.

the skeletons which taxidermists use to build their elephants, dogs, and other animals upon. Mention of elephants brings us appropriately to the next illustration, which, however, bears little resemblance to the true Asian or African breed. It has a trunk, but a very immobile trunk—a tail, but a very abbreviated tail. Perhaps it is not an elephant after all, but a German boar. At all events, it is one of the largest and most striking specimens of the collection, and if we had allowed Herr Meier more time to trim it we might have been able more accurately to give our readers the exact genus and species of this all-absorbing beast.



DROMEDARY.



ELEPHANT.

to uproarious amazement by the duplication and reduplication of the species, the next morning, so the story continues, when the vision was clearer, the truth of the thing dawned upon this gallant, but not until the little community of Steinheim was ringing with laughter at the story of his experience with the figures along the line.

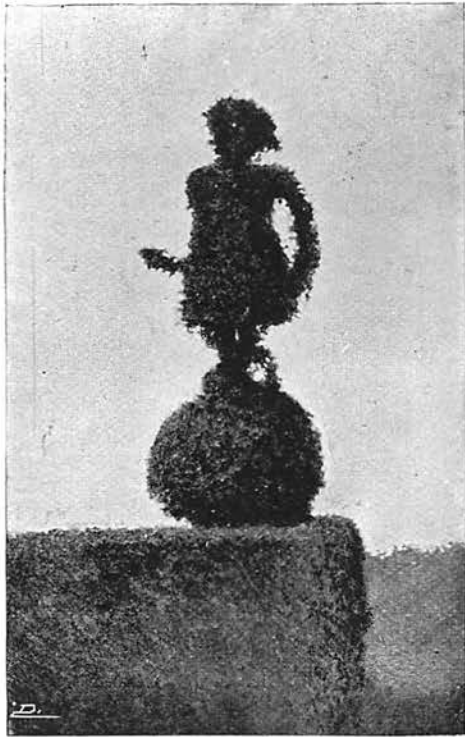
The following illustrations show several of Meier's more successful figures. Below is represented a man who appears to be in the act of scratching the back of his friend.

Another large figure is the dromedary, or double-humped camel, shown in the upper right-hand corner of this page, a great favourite with the children, and a most successful exhibit. Unfortunately, however, we have nothing more to say about this dromedary, and we let it stand by itself.

An amusing story is current in Steinheim to the effect that a certain young German cavalier, who shall be nameless, was out one evening visiting at a friend's house with particular reference to the presence of a beautiful German maiden. The story goes that good German beer ran strong, and that by the time the German cavalier was ready to start home he was in a parlous state. Crossing the fields diagonally he suddenly found himself in the presence of all sorts of animals. Obstructed at every turn by some curious creation of Dame Nature, and finally excited



THE SCRATCHER.



BALLET-DANCER.

On this page we show a ballet-dancer and an Italian hurdy-gurdy man. It took much care to perfect these figures, not only in the earlier stages, but in the constant trimming necessitated during several years of growth. The

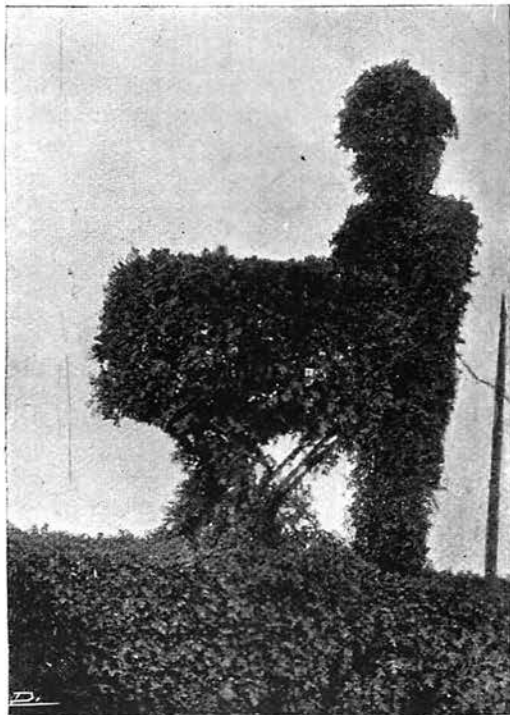
ceeding effectiveness in the organ-grinder, who stood not far removed from several members of the monkey kingdom. This evident connection between organ-grinders



HORSE.

and monkeys, in the mind of the inventor, was a happy thought, and typical of the fancy with which nearly the whole series of figures was planned.

On this page we also show a horse with huntsman as rider. On a slight slope of the hill

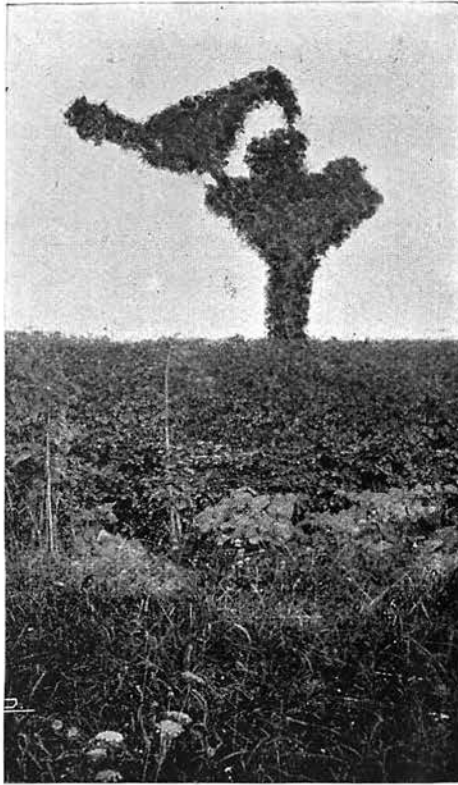


ORGAN-GRINDER.

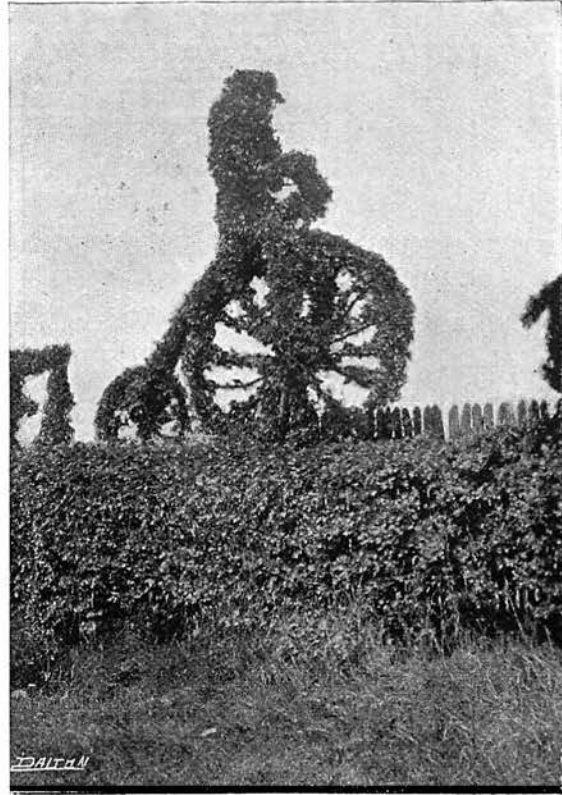
ballet-dancer is, perhaps, the most artistic of the set, and as we stood looking at it several months ago we were amazed at the naturalness of the pose. There was, too, an ex-



GAMEKEEPER.



BIRD FEEDING YOUNG.



CYCLIST.

the animal stands with feet braced against the ground and mouth wide open, as if on account of an unusual strain on the bit. Note also the gamekeeper, with sturdy figure and gun upraised. In the upper left-hand corner of this page is a very pretty representation of a bird feeding its young; and at its side is a most successful representation of a bicyclist on a high wheel. No subject, it seems, was too difficult for Herr Meier's scissors. All the figures are of hawthorn. After a figure has been made of wire and wooden rods, the branches which have been cut are trained in the various directions. We trust we may not be blamed for again calling attention to the laborious nature of this work, and we take pleasure in giving a picture of the man who has done so much

towards making this half-way place between Cologne and Berlin a thing of pleasure to the eye. Some men make it their life-work to write a book; others spend years on a piece of sculpture which brings them fame;

others, in humbler stations, find their reward in work well done, whatever it may be. Herr Meier's life-work in this distant German town is his hedge-fence which bounds the railway. People pass it only to admire, knowing nothing of the trouble which it took; others pass it by, with a sneer, as a freak of disordered imagination; while others, knowing the history of the thing and the love of the man for his work, encourage him with their words of commendation. We who have heard the story, and who know both man and work, add to this our praise.



HERR ANTON MEIER.

Weather Prediction: As Told in New England.*

All signs fail in a dry time.

Three white frosts and then a storm.

If you see sun-dogs, expect rain soon.

Three foggy mornings and then a rain.

Northern lights are a sign of cold weather.

Six weeks after you hear the first katydid look for a frost.

When you see whitecaps on the pond or river, it is going to rain.

When the wind whistles about the house, that is a sign of a storm.

When the squirrels lay in a big store of nuts, look for a hard winter.

When you hear an owl hoot, it is safe to conclude it is going to storm.

If the water boils out of the kettle, it is a sign that it is going to storm.

If the storm clears off in the night, you can expect another storm soon.

When the fire snaps and sparkles, it is a sign cold weather is coming.

If the chickweed blossoms are open, it will not rain for at least three hours.

If the corn husks are thicker than usual, the winter will be colder than usual.

When the farm animals are unusually frisky, it is a sign that it is going to rain.

If some night you hear a cricket chirping in the house, look for cold weather soon.

If the rooster crows on the fence, it is a sign that the weather is going to change.

Rub a cat's back the wrong way, and if you see sparks, it is a sign of cold weather.

If it storms the first Sunday in the month, it will storm every Sunday in the month.

When the rooster crows at nine o'clock in the evening, expect a change of weather.

If you see froth along the shores of the streams, you may know it is going to rain.

If in the autumn you find the skin of the apples tougher than usual, look for a cold winter.

When the smoke from a chimney does not rise, but falls to the ground, it is going to storm.

If the chickens' feathers are very thick at Thanksgiving time, the winter will be a hard one.

When you hear the first frogs in the spring, you may know the frost is out of the ground.

When you take up the teakettle and find sparks on the bottom, it is a sign of cold weather.

On such mornings as you see the cobwebs on lawns and grass fields shining with dew, the day will be fair.

A ringing in the ears is the sign of a change of weather. Others say it is a sign that several people are talking about you.

The twelve days after Christmas indicate the weather for the following year. Each day in order shows the weather for one month.

Blow out a candle, and if the wick continues long to smoulder, look for bad weather. If it goes out quickly, the weather will be fair.

When it begins to snow, notice the size of the flakes. If they are very fine, the storm will be a long one; if large, the storm will soon be over.

After the frogs begin to sing in the spring, if they are frozen in three times, you may be sure that afterwards you will have warm weather.

If it rains on the first dog-day, it will rain on each of the other thirty-nine. If, on the other hand, the first dog-day is dry, all the rest will be dry.

When you see a cloud in the sky that grows larger, it is going to storm. When you see a cloud grow smaller and melt away, it is going to be fair.

If the chickens come out while it rains, it is a sign that the storm is to be a long one. If they stand around under the shed, the storm will be short.

As the old woman said, "I never knew it to begin in the mornin' and rain all day in my life. But I've known it to begin at noon and rain all day lots of times."

If the breastbones of the Thanksgiving chickens are light in color, there will be a good deal of snow in the winter following. If the color is dark, there will be little snow.

When a person kills a snake he does well to consider what kind of weather he would like. If he hangs the snake up, it will rain; if he buries it, the weather will be fair.

When the cattle lie down as soon as they are turned out to pasture in the morning, it is because they feel a rheumatic weariness in their bones, and you can look for a rain soon.

When a night passes and no dew falls, it is a sign it is going to rain. This omen loses much of its mystery when one remembers that dew has not fallen because the night was clouded.

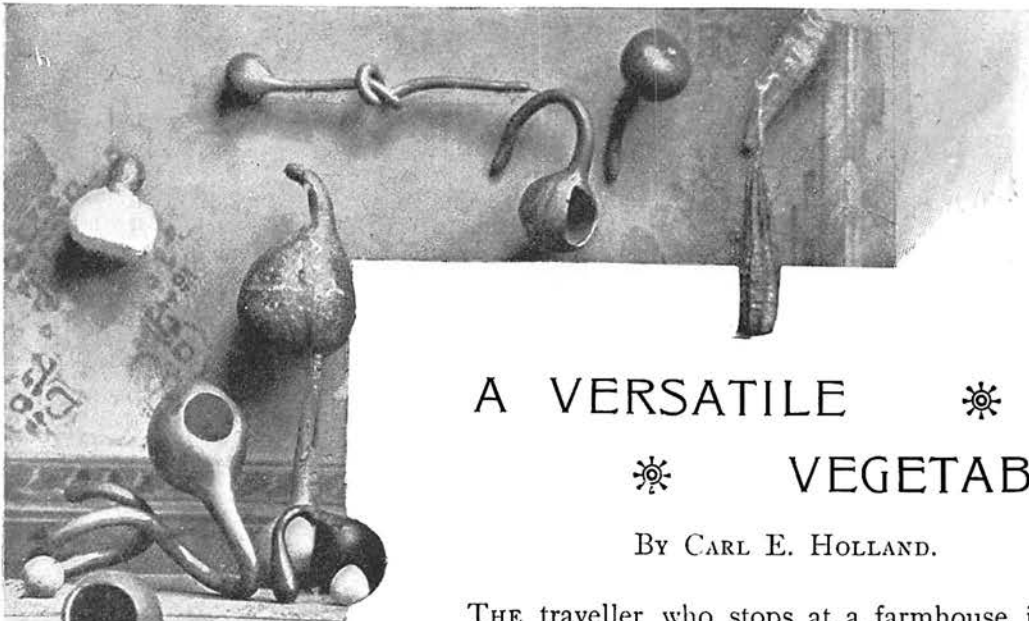
If the melt of the hog killed in the fall is big at the front end, the winter will be sharpest at the beginning. If the melt is biggest at the rear, the winter will be coldest in the latter part.

When you see the sun drawing water at night, know that it will rain on the morrow. The sun is said to be drawing water when its rays can be seen shining through rifts in distant clouds.

In winter when you see the wild geese flying south, expect cold weather. They fly south because the ponds to the north are frozen over. When the geese are seen flying north, warm weather is to be expected.

If the sun sets in a cloud, it will rain on the morrow. The person who takes this saying as literally true would do well to remember that unless the cloud that hides the sun from his sight is extremely large, a spectator a short distance to the north or south would at the same moment see the sun set in clear sky.

*Selected from *What They Say in New England*, by Clifton Johnson. Published by Lee & Shepard



A VERSATILE ☼ ☼ VEGETABLE.

BY CARL E. HOLLAND.

THE traveller who stops at a farmhouse in any of the Southern States of North America to ask for water will be invited to drink from a gourd, or will be directed to help himself at the well, where a gourd-dipper hangs in readiness. In all that section of the States, which is known in a general way as the South, there is hardly a farmhouse where gourds are not used in this manner as water-carriers; and the traveller will not be long in discovering that in many of the homes they are the only known receptacles for water, milk, food, soap, and the many other miscellaneous articles to be found in country kitchens.

The Bible tells of how a needed lesson was implanted in Jonah's mind by means of a gourd-vine, which grew up over him in a night and was cut down by a worm at daybreak. This incident in biblical history has been used by some negro poet and musician as a basis for a lullaby which has sent thousands of Southern children into dream-land. I have heard it many times, but can only dimly recall the tune. All of the words have escaped me except:

Gourda vine grew on Jonah's groun',
Incha-worm came an' cut it down.

These words are followed by a humming refrain, with a mournful cadence.

When the North Carolina farmer is planting his garden in early spring he never neglects to plant a few gourd seeds. He usually selects a place near some railings, a barn, hen-house, or other out-building for the gourds, especially for the vines that produce the dipper-gourds. If the vines, which resemble pumpkin vines in appearance, are permitted to run on the ground, the long-handled gourds will assume curious shapes, and will make several dippers. But if the vines are

permitted to trail over a fence or low building the gourds will grow suspended, and the heavy end will hang down, making the necks or handles as straight as a ruler. The gourds which do not have long necks can be allowed to grow on the ground, and the large ones must be allowed to grow in that way, as they are so heavy that the vines could not hold them suspended in the air any more than a water-melon vine could support its fruit.

The gourd vine blossoms much in the fashion of the pumpkin, and then the gourd

forms. It assumes, at an early stage, the shape which it will be when it is grown, and the "dipper-gourd" can be easily distinguished from the "jug-necked gourd," the "dumb-bell gourd," the "dish-rag gourd," or any of the other varieties. The gourd must be allowed to remain on the vine until after there is a heavy frost. If picked earlier, it will shrivel up and be useless. After the frost has killed the vine, the gourds are gathered and put away to become dry and hard.

Usually the outer skin is scraped off while the gourd is still green, but the hard rind is not cut until the gourd is dry and seasoned. Then a saw is used, and if the gourd is two or three years old when the work is done, it will be found as hard as well-seasoned oak or walnut.

Then the insides of the gourd are scraped out, the whole being often boiled in a strong solution of lye or in soap-suds, and sometimes buried in the sand, or thrown into a creek, to remain for weeks. Once thoroughly cleaned, the gourd never demands any further care beyond an occasional scouring with fine white sand and a washing with soap and water, exactly as a tin dipper is washed. The gourd used for other household purposes is subjected to the same cleansing process as is the dipper.

When the gourd is growing it can be made to assume fantastic shapes. By a little deft work each day, the handles can be tied into a knot. Occasionally, a green gourd will be caught between the two rails of a fence, and will have a bulge on either side, something like a figure 8. By putting one board under a gourd and another one on top, the gourd can be made to grow flat, so that it will fit the pocket, and can be used either as a powder horn or as a receptacle for the white liquor which is produced at so many illicit stills in the South. The bottle-gourd occasionally serves as a baby's nursing bottle and is fitted with a rubber nipple like any ordinary bottle.

The housewife has a small gourd for salt, a large one for flour, small ones for pepper and other condiments, and huge ones for lard, maize, beans, and other vegetables. These gourds have only a short neck and are shaped much like a pear. The entire top is sawn off,

and the piece thus severed serves for a lid as it fits very closely. I have seen gourds that had a capacity of more than half a bushel. When properly seasoned they form durable vessels that will last for years if kept dry.

A prominent object in the yard of nearly every Southern farmhouse is a tall pole with a cross-bar at the top, much like a telegraph pole. Hanging from this cross-bar by a string through holes in their short necks will be five or six gourds, having a capacity of perhaps two quarts, with a hole twice as big as an egg in one side. These gourds are intended for the accommodation of the little bird known as the martin. These birds have a strong enmity for hawks and owls, and will not permit these predatory creatures to come near a house where they live, and they thus serve the valuable purpose of protecting the chickens, ducks, and turkeys of the farmer.



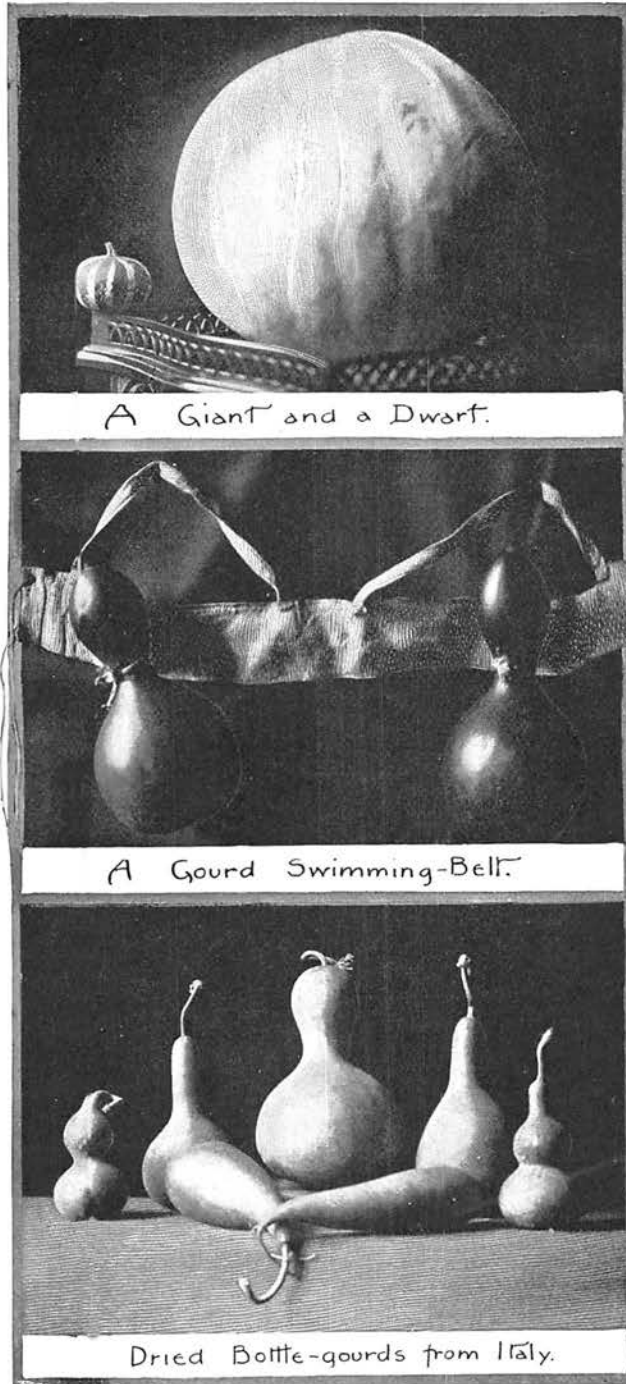
When the small boy in the South wants to learn to swim he selects two small gourds. He bores holes through the handles and inserts a stout string. Then he plugs up the holes to keep the water out, ties the gourds around his body, close up to his arms, and fearlessly enters the water. The gourds act as a life-preserver, and the boy simply can't sink. He floats around until he learns the use of his arms and legs in the water, and then he discards the gourds and strikes out without any artificial aids. The gourds are surprisingly buoyant, and two small ones will support a large man.

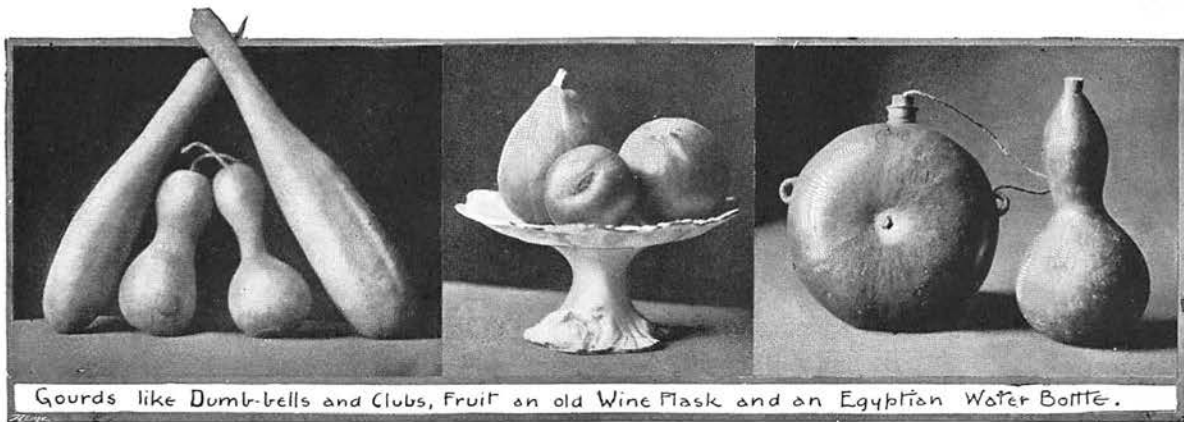
In former days long - handled gourds were used in country churches as collection boxes. As some of these gourds grow with handles four feet long, the deacon could stand in the aisle of a country meeting-house and reach either side. Small gourds have long been used by Southern women to put in the heel or toe of a stocking when darning, and these gourds remain in the family for generations. Similar gourds, which have a white skin, serve as nest eggs, and deceive many a credulous hen that has tried ineffectually for weeks to hatch them.

So essential is the gourd to rural life in the South that there are many homely expressions referring to it. When sawing the side off a well-seasoned gourd a peculiar rasping noise is produced. It resembles the sound made by some folks when they sleep, and hence the individual who snores loudly is said to be "sawing gourds." The man who rumbles and mumbles when talking is said to make a noise "like a bumble bee in a gourd."

The man who goes fishing in the South has need for two or three gourds. One will have the top cut off, and will be suspended from the shoulder by a long string, to contain the worms used for bait. A similar gourd, but with the opening smaller, will be attached to a button or button-hole, and will contain the sapheads that are often seductive to the finny tribe. These sapheads are a species of grub found under the decayed bark of a dead tree. A larger gourd, with

a crooked neck, will be taken along in which to carry home the catch. By putting a little water in this large gourd the fish can be taken to the house alive and fresh.





Gourds like Dumb-bells and Clubs, Fruit on old Wine Flask and an Egyptian Water Bottle.

The Southern milkmaid depends on the gourd a great deal in her work. The tidy housewife prides herself on her milking gourds, which are kept white by constant scouring, and sweet and clean by frequent scaldings. The milking gourd is like the dipper-gourd, though usually a trifle larger, and has a short, crooked handle.

There is another kind of gourd which is used in the South as a dish-rag, and is often seen in drug stores as a vegetable bath sponge. This gourd is shaped something like a banana, and is often 12in. or 15in. long. The outer rind is removed and is valueless, for the pith alone is used for bathing purposes. This pith is tough, and is not unlike a coarse sponge. It is particularly effective in cleaning pots and pans, and when used in the bath admirably takes the place of a flesh brush. The dish-rag gourd-vine is often used by North Carolina negroes to shade their porches, being fully as useful for this purpose as a morning glory vine, and having the further advantage of yielding useful gourds.

I have seen big gourds used for hens' nests, also as feed-boxes for horses. Harvest drinks are carried to the labourers in the fields in a gourd; a shoemaker will keep his tools in a gourd. A neatly-sawn gourd, having scallops round the edge, is rather ornamental as a hanging basket in which flowers can be grown, whilst children in the South will take a long, straight handle of a dipper-gourd and make a flute out of it, from which they can produce noises as piercing as any child ever wished to hear.

In the Southern States of America the gourd is appreciated as in no other place in

the world; here it has been cultivated from time immemorial, for even when America was first discovered by white men, the gourd was found to be a prized possession of the aborigines. How and when it entered the Continent is a question, which, like that of the entrance of aboriginal man, yet remains unsolved.

The origin of the plant, indeed, is a subject that is completely inshrouded in mystery; but its undoubted antiquity, no less than its many remarkable qualities, entitle it to rank as an aristocrat of the kingdom of plants. It has been associated with the history of many lands. From the earliest times it has been cultivated in India, in the warmer parts of Asia, in Egypt, and in North Africa generally. In England, however, it has never met with due recognition, and the gourd family is chiefly associated by the lay mind with such commonplace representatives as the vegetable marrow or the cucumber.

Among the members of this old, aristocratic plant's family we find the giants of the plant kingdom. No other fruit can approach certain gourds in size and weight, for a globular specimen may be more than a yard in diameter, and weigh more than two hundred weight. A length of 4ft. is by no means uncommon. There are dwarfs in the land, as well as giants, however, in these days, for some varieties do not weigh so much as an ounce when fully grown.

I have already mentioned the curious shapes which gourds may be induced to assume; but they often will grow naturally into the strangest forms. Some so closely resemble other fruits—pears, oranges, or bananas—that if placed on a dessert dish

they would deceive anyone. Certain gourds are known from their shape as "Turk's Caps," or "Turbans," the former a uniform rich orange in colour, and the latter striped alternately green and white.

The highly ornamental gourds are not, as a rule, good to eat; they either lack flavour entirely, or are distinctly unpleasant to taste, though this does not prevent them from being used by various nations as food. The orange gourd is particularly bitter, for instance, but is cooked and enjoyed by the Turks, who also make great use of pure white gourds, which resemble nothing so much as snow-balls when displayed in the sunny market at Constantinople. Although the insides of most gourds are bitter, there are sweet varieties, containing a quantity of sugar, and it has been suggested that



A Long-necked gourd



Gourd Powder Horn

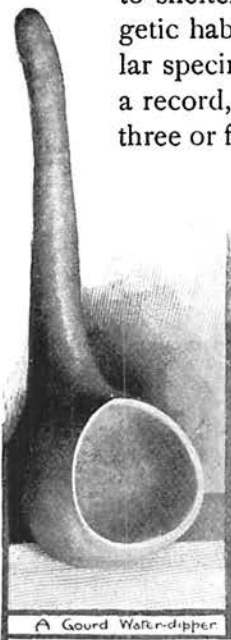
the sugar might as easily be extracted for commercial uses from gourds as from beetroot. On the plains of Hungary this idea has been partly carried into effect.

With the notable exception of the melon, nearly all gourds are more palatable when cooked, and they are

chiefly used as vegetables. In India and China, the elongated, snake-like gourds, natives of those countries, play a great part in the curries and stews of native preparation. In Arabia, the bottle-gourd is known as Carrah, and is commonly eaten boiled in

vinegar. The young shoots, when boiled, furnish an excellent vegetable.

Perhaps the most striking characteristic of the gourd has yet to be mentioned—the extraordinary rapidity, that is, with which it grows. The gourd that grew up in the night to shelter Jonah is typical of the energetic habits of the plant. That particular specimen, however, probably created a record, for in the ordinary way some three or four months are required before the gourd attains a weight of several hundreds of pounds. The rapid growth of the plants is one of their great recommendations, for they very quickly cover up unsightly corners in a garden, or adorn bare trellis work, while an ideal arbour is made by the broad spreading leaves and handsome yellow fruit. The beauty of the fruit and leaves of the gourd was recognised by the wise king Solomon



A Gourd Water-dipper

when he caused the cedars of his temple to be carved with "gourds and open flowers."

When the Southern American boy makes a gourd into a musical instrument, he is only doing as primitive people in all parts of the world have done before. Weird, even beautiful, music is produced in some parts from gourd instruments. The Matabele place their primitive pianos in hollow gourds to increase the volume of sound, whilst the well-known instrument, the Sitar, is composed solely of strings stretched across a dried gourd.

A curious wind instrument hails from Borneo of the bag-pipe variety. Its mouth-piece consists of a curving, pear-shaped gourd, dried and hollowed out, as though for a water-bottle, and generally about a foot in length. Five bamboo tubes, perforated with holes, are inserted half-way down, the longest measuring about two feet. The performer blows down the hollow neck of the gourd, stopping the holes with his fingers to change the notes, and makes music, sometimes soft and melancholy, at others, primitively discordant, according to his capabilities.



MAKING MAPLE MOLASSES.

A DAY IN A CANADIAN SUGAR BUSH.

“Woodman spare that tree.”



EARLY in spring—say a clear, warm, sunshiny day in March—when the snow still lies in banks in the wooded hollows, and not a sprig of spring verdure has ventured to push its way above the matted covering of faded leaves, the backwoods farmer and his children enter their leafless beech and maple grove, their treasured bit of “sugar bush,” to begin preparations for their annual making of “maple molasses;” for a “run” of a few frosty nights and warm sun-

shiny days, that melts the snow in the open fields, is to them an unerring sign that the sap is rising in the “sugar maple.”

They go about these preparations, which are primitively simple, with great alacrity, for after a three-months’ confinement to a close, perhaps uninviting interior, they take a gypsy-like enjoyment in the freedom of the woods, the balmy freshness of the air, and their almost boundless view of a fleecy-clouded bright blue sky. There is a continual tripping of all the members of the family from the house to the sugar bush and back again. The dog is first on the ground, and in the afternoon, when the housework is done up, and mother goes, the cat sedately follows her.

At the approach of a favorable season, I was once invited by a friendly German neighbor to “come all the time” into their sugar bush. I gladly accepted the invitation; for it is conceded by all that the German settlers make the best sugar and syrup. The small quantity of syrup they offer for sale, full-bodied in flavor, soft and rich as fine oil, always commands a premium. According to advice, as I had expressed a wish to see “everything from the beginning,” I was early abroad. As I went towards the house, I met the whole family—father, mother, Katie, Fritz, Lizzie, Adam and Lina,—on their way to the sugar bush. They were in a large lumber wagon, drawn by two stout field horses. Amid friendly greetings and jocular remarks, as to a city-bred girl being able to get up so early, I clambered into the wagon, and away we went to the selected spot of operations. The two stout horses were needed to draw the wagon, for besides the eight of us, it contained two large hogsheads, two immense iron “kittles,” axes, augers, levers, big pails and little pails, tin pails and wooden pails, newly bought pails and borrowed pails, pots, pans, and neatly fashioned troughs of cedar and blackash; in fact, anything and everything that could be converted into a receptacle for dripping sap.

When the wagon was unloaded, the mother, whose chosen work it was to get the dinner, drove the team home. The

father and the boys then set to work to “tap” the trees. While they were doing that, the girls with my feeble assistance distributed the vessels that were to hold the sap at the foot of the sugar maples and gathered firewood; dried leaves, chips from the lumberman’s axe, hemlock bark, left by the tanner when stripping hemlock logs, discarded fence rails, pine tops, pine chunks, all the tinder wood the bush offered to furnish fuel for a rousing fire. If the wildwoods have orderly instincts, they must be thankful for this annual tidying up, for they never get any other unless they are degraded into a “cleared patch.”

The “tapping” of the trees is generally done by an inch or an inch and a half auger; a smooth hole being bored in the trunk of the tree, about three feet from its base. The hole is bored through the bark and about an inch beyond, that is, through to the sap vessels. The scars of former taps could be plainly seen in the form of ringed hollows. When the hole has done its duty it fills up, but not quite to the level of the old wood, which unites with it and forms the ridged ring that attracts attention. While they were boring, I asked if it did not injure the trees to tap them. The father smiled as he answered, “No; but it might, if you bored too far.” As the holes were bored, pieces of sheet iron, such as stove pipes are made of, and which are selected from the refuse of the village tinsmith’s yard, are formed into spouts. These are about six inches long and two inches wide, slightly turned up at the sides. By a smart tap of a mallet one of these is punched into the bark beneath the hole, and immediately, or in time, the sap, clear as spring water, trickles, drop by drop, or runs in a tiny stream into the pail or trough beneath. When a small quantity of sap had been gathered everybody quaffed a cupful. In the backwoods—barring well-known rank poisons—medicinal or cordial virtues, which are not always specified, are attributed to all natural products. Adam offered me a cupful. When I tasted it, I looked at him in blank astonishment.

“Don’t you like it? It’s good for you,” said Lizzie.

“Why, this has no taste of the syrup—of the maple, I mean. Perhaps, Adam, you made a mistake, and tapped a tree that is not a sugar maple.”

Adam laughed uproariously and Lina giggled, but Lizzie said, with a sedate smile: “It has to be boiled down already yet.”

“I suppose you think I am very stupid and ignorant,” I said, deprecatingly.

“Not more than most city people,” Adam replied consolingly.

The sap tastes just like slightly warmed spring water well sweetened with the best of granulated sugar. It was well named by the North American Indians who first discovered its virtues, “Sweet Water.” When about fifty trees had been tapped the father and the boys turned their attention to the hanging of the “kittles.” As there were none lying about that would serve the purpose, a minute or two sufficed

to cut down a slender tree of tough fibre. It was about twenty feet long and about a foot in diameter where it had been cut. A deep hole was bored in the stump with a large auger; another of the same size was bored in the log about six feet from its thicker end. This stout, tough pole was lifted by the three men and the hole in it carefully placed above the one in the stump. A long stake of tough wood was driven through both, down, down, down into the bowels of the stump, holding the two together with immovable firmness. About six feet of the thicker end of the log projected over one side of the stump and fourteen feet of the tapering end over the other. Upon this primitive crane—upon the shorter, thicker end of this suspended pole, the two, large, black “kittles” or caldrons were hung side by side. This order is sometimes reversed, and the kettles hung on the longer, tapering projection, but it gave the kettles a “slipping off” look, which, considering their boiling contents, was not pleasant to contemplate. After they had laid a fire beneath the kettles, the father and the boys, assisted by iron levers, rolled two, large, half-decayed logs up and placed one on each side of the kettles to form a fire guard. They were long enough to extend from the stump to about three feet beyond the outer kettle, and high enough to be almost on a level with both. By this time, the keen fresh air and the active exercise made us feel hungry and tired enough to hail with pleasure the tooting of the horn announcing dinner.

After dinner, while the father tapped trees and the boys filled the kettles and lighted the fire, I helped the girls gather sap to replenish the hogsheads, which had been planted securely at the base of a stump close to the fire. In the intervals of doing this and poking and replenishing the fire we “bossed” the boys, who completed their labors by putting up a tent for the girls to take refuge in during stormy weather. They securely suspended a long, stout pole in the branches of two contiguous trees and laid long slender planks against both sides, in a slanting direction, to the ground. They made this primitive hut weather proof, planked up one end and hung an old horse-blanket at the other, to form a door. When the floor was laid with a carpet of clean straw, and it was furnished with a “bunk,” and a section of a hard wood log for a table—such as you may see any day in a butcher’s shop—and smaller ones for seats, one need not ask for a more comfortable place to sit down in when chilling winds blow, snow swirled about and rain beat upon the roof.

When the boys had done what they considered their fair share of the work, they followed their father to the fields, to gather stones, mend fences, and do other odd jobs of spring work, leaving the girls to “tend to things.” The first thing I tended to was my own comfort and pleasure. I sat down on a mossy log to bask in the grateful warmth of the fire and watch the curling, crackling flames encircle the black pots. Being an Old Country girl, it comes more natural to me to call the “kettles” pots. The cool winds that surrounded us were tempered by the spicy resinous odors they carried from the cedars and the pines, and the faint sweet smells that rose from the moist earth beneath our feet, blended delightfully with the warmth of the fire. When Luther, the dog, scampered after the boys, the squirrels came out of their hiding places by the dozen and whisked and frisked about in a sort of pleasurable consternation, calling to mind

“The days when we went gypsyng
A long time ago,”

when they disappeared as if by magic, only to return and ask many questions in a series of affrighted squeaks. Shortly after the boys left, the mother, Lina and the cat came. “Mutter” brought her knitting, a coarse, gray, ribbed sock of home-spun yarn. She kept the needles continually twirling, even when she went from tree to tree, inspecting the

flow of sap. If any tree did not give forth the sap freely she shook her head over it as sorrowfully as if it were a sick or a wayward child. When I left for home, after a gossip chat, to take a rest, the kettles were nearly “on the boil;” when I returned, after an early tea, the bubbling contents of the outer kettle could hardly be seen for clouds of steam. As I peered through the vapor there appeared a brownish green, unctuous looking substance, about the size of a man’s clenched hand, dangling from a piece of wire fastened to the handle of the kettle. I asked Katie what it was.

“A chunk of fat pork”

“Good gracious! What is that for? At first I thought it was a squirrel.”

“It keeps the molasses from boiling over. No matter how hard the molasses boils, it won’t boil above the pork.”

Truly a homely application of “oil on the troubled waves.”

“Why don’t you put a piece of pork over the syrup in the inner kettle, Katie? I think you are neglecting it. It isn’t boiling yet, and you have hardly any fire under it.”

“Oh, that ‘kittle’ is the feeder. We don’t want that to boil; only to get very hot to fill up the other from. If we filled up this ‘kittle’ with the cold sap, it would go off the boil, and it wouldn’t be good for the molasses to go off the boil. They have four ‘kittles’ slung at Schmidt’s and three of them are feeders.”

When the weather keeps favorable, one gallon and a half of syrup can be made from twenty-eight gallons of sap; but if it storms, and snow and rain get into the sap, despite all precautions, it requires thirty or more gallons to make a gallon and a half of syrup. While boiling it in the woods, everything is done, by careful workers, to keep the syrup clean and uncontaminated by smoke, but ashes will fly up into it and twigs and leaves will fly down into it, necessitating a division of labor.

After a pail or two of syrup is carried home, it is strained and set upon the stove, in a brass or enameled preserving kettle, by those detailed for that purpose—generally the mother and eldest daughter. While the syrup is thus being further reduced, milk is poured into it to clarify it. As it foams up it is skimmed. In pioneer days the settlers were glad to get any odd mugs and jugs to store away their syrup in, but now it is universally “canned,” and kept in the cellar. It usually keeps very well there, but sometimes, like preserved fruits, it is fond of “working;” and if its surroundings are damp and cold, it protects itself by donning a coat of mould, as jelly often does. Such solicitude for its own comfort is not appreciated by those who have to eat it, so it has to be skimmed and reboiled and immediately used to save it from further deterioration. The syrup is “sampled” very often in the process of reducing it. That is the only way of testing it and knowing just when to take it off. The consequence is, that those who help to make it care very little for it, after it is first put up.

As a rule, the Germans grudge none of this labor and painstaking. But a good deal of syrup reaches the market directly from the woods. It can easily be identified, being dull to the eye and thin, tasteless and smoky to the palate. Well-made syrup has a pronounced flavor of the peculiar properties of the sugar maple, has a clear, but dark, golden brown color and slips down the throat like fine oil. If a moment’s neglect has allowed it to over-boil, it has rather a heavy “burnt sugar” sort of a flavor. According as the season is favorable or unfavorable, the syrup sells from a dollar to a dollar and a half a gallon. Thrifty, well-doing people, be they Germans or not, when they take the trouble to make good syrup sell very little of it; often not enough to supply the demands of the nearest village shopkeepers for home consumption. Thanks to the sugar combines, “store”

sugar is dear in Canada. Rather than buy it, many people sweeten their tea and coffee with maple molasses, which, would seem to be a spoiling of three good things and a robbing of city people's buckwheat cakes of a most delightful condiment.

In the homes of many frugal, well-doing people, maple molasses takes the place of jam and jelly on the tea table; the wild fruits being either eaten in their natural state or sold. It also sweetens sour apple sauce, and dried apple pies, and smothers the fine flavor of wild fruits that are made into jam by its use. On festive occasions, such as the marriage of a son or a daughter, it enters largely into the composition of the iced fruit or "black cake" which adorns the center of the table as the "wedding cake."

According to the weather, again, the sugar season—a time of commingled work and play—lasts two or three weeks. The spring of 1888 was a good season, for March borrowed nearly a fortnight of warm sunshiny days from April; but the spring of 1889 was a poor one, for March was in a blustering mood throughout. A heavy snow storm diluted the sap, grudgingly given forth, and strong north-west winds sent it flying "every which way." But good season or bad, every enjoyment possible is extracted from it. It is considered a social duty to call upon each other in the evening. Tea over, chores done, and toilets attended to, boys and girls, and often fathers and mothers "make a bee line" for the sugar bush of some friendly neighbor. Big logs are rolled up as close to the fire as possible. Smaller ones are placed beneath them for footstools, and soon fitful lights play, in an eerie sort of a way on rows of healthy, smiling faces and sturdy bodies in every position conducive to comfort. When the cry of "sugar off" is heard there is a laughable commotion and a good natured scrambling for the sweet morsel in the bottom of the pot, consecrated to hospitality. At such times tin cups and teaspoons are treasures and patty-pans are at a premium. Fathers and mothers fill tiny patty pans with the thick syrup, and set them in the snow to congeal their contents into fancifully shaped cakes of maple sugar. These are for their little ones, sound asleep in their beds at home. The boys pour cupfuls of it into the snow to make "sugar wax," or "taffy" for their "girls," who are sipping demurely what they have dipped from the pot with a spoon. The makers of "sugar wax" take a malicious delight in giving innocent unwary strangers a generous mouthful of it. Of course, they chew it reflectively, when it proves to be—as Adam and Lina said, when they beguiled me—a "regular jaw sealer." The proper way is to let a modest mouthful dissolve into deliciousness down one's throat.

It is often midnight, and sometimes later, before the last boil is ready to be sugared off and carried home. But the time spent in waiting does not seem long to those busily occupied in gossiping, singing and telling stories. All hail the moon when she condescends to rise between two massive majestic pines—a beautiful sight. Her kindly light permits the lovers to take a stroll. When the nights are dark, frisky girls and boys get up an entertainment of fireworks. Despite authoritative prohibition, they snatch brands from the burning, go into the dark recesses of the woods and wave them in intricate mazes. When it is managed cleverly, one seems surrounded with a wall of fiery serpents. Two mischievous imps will conspire together to paralyze a timid city visitor with the sight of two fiery eyes gleaming in the darkness. But these dangerous doings are frowned upon by those who have had to count their losses by bush fires.

In old time days when the family were discussing in my hearing the advantages and disadvantages of emigrating to Canada, I could see myself going out into the woods with a cup to gather "maple syrup," for my little brothers and sisters to eat with their bread and butter and dumplings. I thought it exuded from the trees ready for use—a sort of an

aromatic gum—a balm of Gilead. I know better now. So do many of those who thought it was scooped as a sugar out of the trunk of the growing tree. We all seemed to be of the opinion that Canada was not only a land of promise but an Eden, where Eve's daughters, like their mother, were spared in their housekeeping all toil and moil.

—Mary A. Todd.

WASHINGTON PIE.

"Why do you sift that pan of flour?
What are you going to make?"
Cried curious Ted, as he watched mamma,
"Is it bread, or pie, or cake?"
Between mamma's eyes a wrinkle came,
And ere she made a reply,
"A pound and three-fourths of flour," she said,
Then to Ted—"A Washington Pie."
"That's good," wee Teddy smacked his lips,
"Do you make it for his birth-day?
Is that why you call it Washington Pie?
Mamma, I wish you would say!"
But mamma had opened her cookery-book
And as cooks will—you understand,—
Though she seemed to Ted to be standing there,
She had gone to Recipe Land,
Where odors straight from the sweet spice isles
Are wafted on every breeze,
And candied oranges, cherries and plums,
Hang on the candy trees.
The houses are built of cinnamon bark,
Sliced citrons for windows and doors,
The walls are currants and apricots,
And raisins inlay the floors.
The rivers are syrup, the lakes of milk,
And they always have sugar for snow,
In this queer and curious Recipe Land,
Where mammas delight to go.
Is it strange that Teddy was quite forgot
In such a wonderful place?
That he questioned unheeded until a pout
Stole over his childish face?
But little mattered a pout or frown,
Mamma had no time to reply,
For conning her cook-book in Recipe Land,
She was thinking of Washington Pie.
"Ten eggs, a pound and a half of sugar,
And a pint of cream," she read,
"One ounce and a half of baking-powder,"
"What is that for?" said Ted.
Still mamma unmindful of what he said
Read on for a little space,
"To the juice and grated rind of a lemon
Add a teaspoon quite full of mace.
"To the sugar add fourteen ounces of butter,
Sift flour and powder together,
Put the lemon and mace with the eggs, and beat
Till the whole is light as a feather.
"With jam or jelly, preserves or cream,
You will fill this cake, I wis,
And then you will say a Washington Pie
Was never so good as this."
Mamma as she read, still beat and mixed,
Till each ingredient was in,
The whole she stirred with a silver spoon,
Then baked in a buttered tin.
"There!" she said as she shut the oven door,
"I think that will soon be ready,
Now, what is the matter with mamma's boy?"
And she turned to pouting Teddy.
"Why do we call it Washington Pie?
Was that your question, my lad?
I think it must be because it's a kind
That Washington never had."

—Lizzie M. Hadley.

SEASONABLE WORK FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

FALL PICKLES AND CATSUPS.



RESERVING and canning fruits is now done on so large a scale by many excellent manufacturers, that, in many cases, housekeepers find it cheaper to purchase these supplies than to make them at home, but this is not advisable with regard to pickles, which are very much adulterated, and in the making of which articles known to be injurious are used. It is, therefore, best for all who have the health of their families in view to have their pickles and catsups prepared at home under their own supervision, where the best ingredients may be used. A

beginner will find the process a little difficult, but experience will render the art easy. In making pickles, none but the best cider vinegar should be used, and they should be heated in a porcelain kettle; brass is poisonous, although some people are so reckless as to use it to green the pickles.

A lump of alum added to the vinegar in which pickles are scalded renders them crisp and tender, and if covered with cabbage or grape leaves a fresh green color will be imparted. Pickles will keep best by being bottled, sealed while hot, and set in a cool place. Bits of horseradish and a few cloves, with a handful of sugar to each gallon of vinegar, assists in preserving its strength. Ginger is the most wholesome spice for pickles, cloves are the strongest, then allspice, cinnamon and mace. Mustard seed is considered by many cooks an improvement. If pickles are prepared in brine at home, an oaken cask should be used, and they should be kept well covered, with plenty of salt at the bottom of the cask. In making brine for pickles it should be sufficiently strong to bear an egg. A pint of salt to a gallon of water is the usual preparation.

The following recipes will be found excellent for those wishing to make their winter supply of pickles:

Cucumber Pickles.

Soak cucumbers taken from the brine, put in a kettle and cover with vinegar, add to each gallon half a teacupful of mustard seed, celery seed and bruised ginger root each, two onions, half a dozen heads of garlic, two tablespoonfuls of black pepper, half an ounce each of cloves, mace, turmeric, one pod of red pepper, a teacupful of grated horseradish, and three pounds of brown sugar. Let boil, put in a jar and let stand over night; pour the spiced vinegar back into the kettle and let come to a boil, then pour over the cucumbers again. They will be ready for use in a week.

Bottled Pickles.

Let a hundred small fresh cucumbers stand in salt and water for three days. Boil ten minutes in half a gallon of good vinegar, one ounce of mustard seed, one of juniper berries, one of celery seed, a dozen green peppers, two pounds of sugar, a few small onions, and a lump of alum. Pour the vinegar while hot over the pickles for three mornings, heating each time; mix a quarter of a pound of mustard with the vinegar. Put the pickles in bottles and seal.

Tomato Pickles.

Take ripe, sound tomatoes, puncture with a needle. Put a layer of tomatoes with chopped onions, sprinkle with salt and put on other layers; when the jar is full let stand a week, then lay in a dish to drain. Give each tomato a gentle squeeze to get the salt water out, put in a jar and cover with strong vinegar, seasoned with red pepper, horseradish and mustard.

Yellow Pickles.

Take two gallons of vinegar, two pounds of sugar, one ounce of turmeric, three of allspice, one of cloves, one of mace, one pint of mustard seed, and two tablespoonfuls of celery seed. Pound all together and stir in hot vinegar. Take three large firm heads of cabbage, slice and scald in brine, squeeze dry and hang in the sun,

when bleached put first in cold strong vinegar, then put in a jar and pour over the spiced vinegar.

Yellow Cucumber Pickles.

After soaking cucumbers, scald in strong vinegar, put in a stone jar and pour over two gallons of vinegar, one pint each of mustard seed, black and white, two ounces of ground mustard, four of white ginger, three of pepper, three of allspice, one ounce each of mace and cloves, two ounces of turmeric, one handful each of horseradish and garlic, one spoonful of salt, one gill of celery seed, six lemons, and five pounds of brown sugar. If this vinegar is prepared several weeks before being used, and set in the sun, it will be greatly improved.

Onion Pickles.

Take large white onions, remove the skin, and pour over boiling salt water, let stand three days, pour off and add fresh brine, let stand over night. Then take one gallon of vinegar, adding two ounces of turmeric, scald and pour over the onions, cover the jar, and let the onions stand for ten days, then pour off, and put on them strong vinegar, seasoned with red pepper, horseradish, celery seed, mustard and small spices.

Pepper Pickles.

Cut out the stems of fifty large pods of peppers with a sharp pen-knife; fill the peppers with chopped cabbage, horse radish, mustard seed, and salt; replace the stems, tie with a strong thread, pack in a stone jar and cover with vinegar.

Pyfer Pickles.

Salt pickles down dry for ten days, soak in fresh water one day, place in a porcelain kettle, cover with water and vinegar and a little pulverized alum. Set over night on a stove which had fire in it during the day. Wash and put in a jar with cloves, allspice, pepper, horseradish, garlic and onions; boil fresh vinegar and pour over all; in two weeks they will be ready for use. These pickles are always fresh and crisp.

Spanish Pickles.

Take two dozen large cucumbers, one peck of full grown green tomatoes, and one dozen onions. Let the cucumbers and whole tomatoes stand in brine three days; cut the onions up and sprinkle with salt. Take half a gallon of vinegar, three ounces of white mustard seed, one each of turmeric and celery seed, one box of mustard and two pounds of brown sugar. Simmer for half an hour, pour over the cucumbers. Put in a jar and seal.

Virginia Mixed Pickles.

Seventy-five large cucumbers, half a peck of green tomatoes, fifteen large onions, four heads of cabbage, one pint of horseradish, half a pound of mustard seed, half a teacupful of ground pepper, half a pint of salad oil, one ounce of celery seed, cinnamon and turmeric each. Slice the tomatoes and large onions, chop the cabbage and quarter the cucumbers. Mix with salt, let stand twenty-four hours, drain, and pour on vinegar. Let stand a day or two, strain, mix the spice well, then boil one and one-half gallons of fresh vinegar, pour boiling hot over the pickles; repeat for three mornings. The third time add a pound of sugar and the oil to the vinegar.

Pickled Cauliflower.

Take good white heads, break in pieces and boil in strong salt and water. Skim out the pieces, lay on a towel to drain and when cold put in a pickle jar with a few cloves, allspice, pepper and sticks of cinnamon tied up in a cloth; boil and pour over the cauliflower.

To Pickle Martinis.

Take one gallon of martinis, make a strong brine, in which keep them ten days. Take out, wash, and put in cold vinegar. Let stand two weeks, then drain and put in a jar. In half a gallon of vinegar scald a large handful of horseradish, a cupful of black pepper and ginger each, half a cupful of mustard, three tablespoonfuls of cloves, three onions sliced, one pod of red pepper and three pounds of brown sugar. Pour over the pickles, and fill the jar with cold vinegar.

Walnut Pickles.

Put tender young green walnuts in a jar, pour over them boiling salt water. Let soak ten days, changing the water every third day. Pour off the brine and pour on vinegar seasoned with garlic, ginger, mace, horseradish, red pepper, orange peel and nutmeg.

To Pickle Nasturtions.

Gather the berries when full grown, put them in a kettle, pour

boiling salt water on them, let them stand three or four days, then strain off and cover with cold spiced vinegar.

Piccalilli.

One large cabbage, fifty cucumbers, five quarts of string beans, eight carrots, five pods of red peppers, two heads of cauliflower. Chop fine, soak over night in salt water, wash well and drain. Cover with hot vinegar well spiced.

Chow-Chow Pickles.

Fill a three gallon jar with small green tomatoes, cucumbers, nasturtions, onions, cauliflower, horseradish and whole green peppers, let stand in salt and water two days, drain, put all in a kettle and boil ten minutes, drain and put in a jar. Put three quarts of vinegar in a kettle to boil; take half a pound of mustard and a little sugar, beat up in cold vinegar, pour over the pickles and cover with hot vinegar.

Oil Mangoes.

Put the mangoes in strong brine for a week; wash and remove the seed, stuff with one pound of mustard seed, quarter of a pound ginger, half a pound of black pepper, four tablespoonfuls of celery seed and three ounces of mace. Mix these ingredients with a little oil; stuff the mangoes with it, adding scraped horseradish and one blade of garlic. Pour cold vinegar over them, with one pound of salt. Press down under the vinegar and keep covered.

Peach Mangoes.

Remove the stones from white heaths by cutting in halves. Fill with mustard seed, pounded mace, celery seed, turmeric and ginger. Sew up and drop in a jar with yellow pickles.

SWEET PICKLES.

Sweet pickles are a nice relish with game or poultry, and are much more wholesome than ordinary pickles. They may be made of any fruit or vegetables that can be preserved, including the rinds of melons. The proper proportion of sugar to vinegar for syrup is three pints to a quart. Sweet pickles are difficult to keep unless made by an experienced hand, and should be frequently examined, and rescaled if any signs of fermentation are shown. The best spices for sweet pickles are cinnamon and cloves.

Sweet Pickled Peaches.

Make a syrup of one quart of vinegar and three pounds of sugar; peel the peaches and put them in the vinegar, let get hot, then take up until the vinegar boils, and pour over the peaches; repeat every day for a week, or until the syrup is thin. The proportion of spices to a gallon of syrup is two tablespoonfuls of cloves and four of cinnamon.

Sweet Pickled Pears or Quinces.

To one pound of sugar take a quart of vinegar; dissolve the sugar, season with mace, cinnamon and nutmeg. Peel and quarter two pounds of fruit, drop in the syrup and boil five minutes. Rescale nine mornings.

Sweet Pickled Plums.

Take ripe firm plums, prick the skin with a needle, and put them in a jar. Make a syrup of vinegar and sugar, and pour over boiling hot. Seal.

Sweet Pickled Blackberries.

One pound of sugar, one pint of vinegar well spiced. Boil and pour over one gallon of blackberries. Seal.

Sweet Grape Pickles.

Take six pounds of sugar, ten of grapes on the stem; boil a quart of vinegar, spice and pour over boiling hot.

Sweet Cantaloupe Pickles.

Take six small cantaloupes, quarter and cover with vinegar, pour half the vinegar off; add to each quart of vinegar three pounds of sugar, a tablespoonful each of cloves, mace and cinnamon; drop in the melon, boil half an hour.

Sweet Watermelon Rind Pickles.

Weigh twelve pounds of rind and put in a kettle, cover with salt water, let boil for a half hour, drain and wash. Put one quart of strong vinegar and three pounds of brown sugar, with spices, in a kettle, let come to a boil, and drop in the rind, boil half an hour, take up and put in a stone jar. Add two pounds of sugar to the syrup, with the juice and peel of two lemons. Boil thick and pour

in the jar over the rind. This is one of the most delicious of sweet pickles.

Watermelon Rind Sweet Pickles No. 2.

Cut watermelon rind in fancy shapes. Soak in salt water seven days. To eight pounds of rind put five of sugar. Make a syrup of the vinegar and sugar; spice well. Take the rind from the brine and boil in strong ginger tea, drop in the syrup. Seal.

Sweet Apple Pickles.

Take four pounds of firm sweet apples. Make a syrup of four pounds of sugar and one quart of vinegar, flavor with lemon or orange, only. Boil the apples in the syrup until tender.

Sweet Green Tomato Pickles.

Take six pounds of green tomatoes and slice. Boil a quart of vinegar and three pounds of sugar, flavor with cinnamon, allspice and mace. Put in the tomatoes and boil fifteen minutes. Put in stone jars.

Sweet Cherry Pickles.

Take large ripe cherries, do not remove the stems, put in a stone jar. Make a syrup of vinegar and sugar, spice and boil, pour over the cherries for nine mornings.

CATSUPS.

Always use perfect vegetables and fruits for catsups, and cook in a porcelain kettle. Bottle in stone or glass; never put in tin cans. Keep in a cool, dry place. Catsups are very useful in flavoring soups, gravies and sauces, and well repay the housekeeper for the labor of making, as they are economical as well as wholesome, and convenient in the kitchen.

Tomato Catsup.

Take two pecks of ripe tomatoes, cut up, and put in a porcelain kettle; boil and strain, then boil the juice with two ounces of salt, two of mace, black pepper and cloves, each, six of ground mustard, a little garlic and an ounce of celery seed; boil three hours, when cold add a pint of vinegar, bottle and seal.

Cold Tomato Catsup.

Take sound ripe tomatoes and grate them, strain through a wire sieve, put the liquor in a bag and let drip, take the pulp and thin with vinegar. Flavor with salt, pepper, garlic, horseradish and spice. Bottle and seal.

Tomato Soy.

Take a bushel of tomatoes, cut them in slices and skin, sprinkle the bottom of a tub with salt, put in a layer of tomatoes, and then salt until all are in; cover the top with sliced onion, let stand three days, then put in a large kettle and boil slowly all day; stir to keep from sticking. Set to cool over night, in the morning, press and strain, add one ounce of cloves, two of allspice, two of black pepper, four pods of red pepper; let boil slowly for two hours.

Cucumber Catsup.

Take three dozen large, ripe cucumbers, two onions, and slice. Let drain over night. Add one tablespoonful of pepper, one of salt, and three pods of red pepper, put in jars and cover with scalding hot vinegar.

Grated Cucumber Catsup.

Grate a dozen large yellow cucumbers, drain through a sieve several hours. To every quart of cucumbers add three grated onions, and a teaspoonful each of pepper, salt and cloves; cover with strong vinegar and seal.

Spanish Catsup.

Half a gallon of green cucumbers; after being peeled and cut up, sprinkle with salt and let stand six hours, pour the water from them, and scald in vinegar. Prepare half a gallon of cabbage in the same way, chop one dozen onions and let stand in boiling water half an hour; also chop one quart of green tomatoes, one pint of green beans, with one dozen green peppers, and one dozen very small ears of corn; scald and drain, then mix two tablespoonfuls of grated horseradish, one teacupful of ground mustard, two cupfuls of white mustard seed, three tablespoonfuls of turmeric, one of mace, three of celery seed, one of cinnamon, one of cayenne pepper, two of olive oil, and one pound of sugar; put in a jar with the prepared articles for catsup, and cover with scalding hot vinegar.

Mixed Catsup.

Slice four dozen cucumbers, four green peppers, two dozen onions, and four dozen large green tomatoes. Sprinkle with one

pint of salt and let stand over night, then drain. Put the whole in a preserving kettle, and add sliced horseradish, an ounce each of mace, white pepper, white mustard, turmeric, cloves, celery seed, and a half pound of brown sugar in a gallon of vinegar. Boil one hour.

Walnut Catsup.

Take one hundred young white walnuts and put in a gallon of vinegar after pounding, put in two tablespoonfuls of salt, a teacupful of horseradish, mustard seed and garlic, two ounces of allspice, cloves and nutmeg each, one ounce of black pepper and celery seed. Boil half an hour and strain. Bottle.

Southern Catsup.

Take one peck of green tomatoes, a gallon of onions, three ounces of white mustard seed, one ounce of allspice, one of cloves, one bottle of mixed mustard, one ounce each of black pepper and celery seed, one pound of brown sugar. Chop the tomatoes and onions, put in a kettle, cover with vinegar and boil one hour.

Green Tomato Catsup.

Chop very fine one gallon of cabbage, two gallons of green tomatoes, one quart of onions, eight pods of pepper; add an ounce of mustard, ginger and celery seed, one tablespoonful each of cinnamon, cloves, allspice, horseradish and mace, a pound of brown sugar. Put the spices in half a gallon of vinegar, pour over the catsup and boil three hours.

Red Pepper Catsup.

Take four dozen red peppers; put on the fire in a quart of vinegar and water each, with two roots of horseradish grated and six sliced onions. Season with salt, pepper, spice and mustard seed; boil ten minutes and strain. Then add a teacupful of brown sugar, two ounces of celery seed, one of mace and a pint of strong vinegar. Boil one hour, and bottle.

Grape Catsup.

Boil six pounds of grapes in a little water, strain, add three pounds of sugar, one pint of vinegar, and spices to taste; boil thick and bottle.

Mushroom Catsup.

Take large mushrooms, put in a jar, salt and mash. Let stand two days, strain and boil; add pepper and spice, and a teacupful of vinegar to every quart of juice. Bottle and seal.

Chili Sauce.

Take twelve large tomatoes, three pepper pods, two onions, two tablespoonfuls of salt and a small teacupful of sugar, with three cupfuls of vinegar. Peel and chop the tomatoes and onions, add the pepper and boil three hours; season with cinnamon. Bottle and seal. This sauce is excellent with cold meats, fish, etc., and much less trouble to prepare than strained tomato catsup.

Pepper Sauce.

Three dozen peppers, two heads of cabbage, one root of horseradish, two ounces each of mustard seed, cloves and sugar. Boil in two quarts of vinegar; strain and bottle.

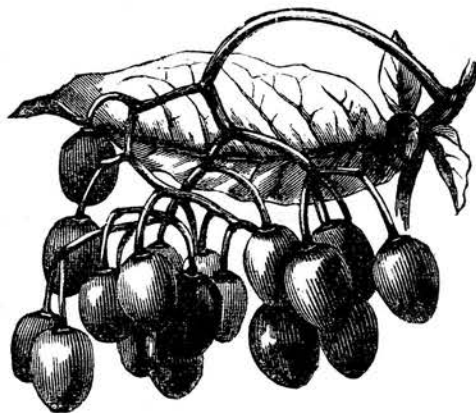
Horseradish Sauce.

Grate a teacupful of horseradish, add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt and pepper, with a pint of vinegar.

Home Made Celery Vinegar.

Pound a gill of celery seed, put in a bottle and fill with strong vinegar.

—*Eliza R. Parker.*



EVERY-DAY DESSERTS—PART V.

AND DESSERTS FOR EVERY DAY.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 1.

Transparent Pudding (very nice).

One-half of a pound of sugar, one-half of a pound of butter melted slowly together, add four eggs beaten stiff, cook till thick, stirring constantly. Pour in a pastry shell and strew slices of thinly cut citron over the top and bake.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 2.

Lemon Apple Pie.

Bake in two crusts, one large, chopped apple, the juice of one lemon and one-half of the rind, one egg, one cupful of sugar, and butter the size of a walnut.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 3.

Baron's Pudding.

One and one-half cupfuls of bread crumbs, one pint of milk, one-half of a cupful of suet, one-half of a pound of seeded raisins, three eggs beaten stiff, two teaspoonfuls of smooth corn-starch. Boil in mould. Sauce 9.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4.

Peach Custard Pie.

Press six canned peaches through a sieve, and add one pint of milk, one-half of a cupful of sugar, four beaten eggs. Bake in one crust.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 5.

White Mountain Cake (good).

Bake in layers, batter made of one-half of a cupful of butter, two cupfuls of powdered sugar, one cupful of milk, one-half of a cupful of corn-starch, two and one-half cupfuls of flour, the whites of four eggs beaten stiff, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Cover each layer with boiled icing and that with grated cocoanut, lightly but thickly laid on. Eat the same day.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6.

Apple Custard.

Stew two pounds of apples, sweetened to taste, till soft; rub through a sieve, add one tablespoonful of butter and when cool beat in the whites of three eggs beaten stiff. Bake in a buttered dish, till slightly browned, then strew powdered sugar over.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 7.

Cornmeal Pudding.

One cupful of cornmeal, one-half of a cupful of flour, one tablespoonful of molasses, one and one-half cupfuls of sour milk, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one teaspoonful of soda, one saltspoonful, each, of salt and cinnamon. Boil one and one-half hours. Sauce 5.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 8.

Queen of Puddings.

One pint of bread crumbs soaked in one pint of milk, then add to one pint of milk, the yolks of four eggs, one cupful of sugar, butter the size of an egg, and one teaspoonful of vanilla. Bake, spread with strawberry preserve, then meringue made of the whites of four eggs.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 9.

Sweet Roll.

One pint of milk, four eggs beaten stiff, one-half of a teaspoonful of salt, about three-fourths of a pint of flour. Bake on a griddle in large cakes, butter them, spread quickly with powdered sugar, roll up and serve at once with sauce 7.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 10.

Chestnut Pudding (good).

Shell one quart of chestnuts and remove the brown skin by plunging them in boiling water and then in cold. Then boil till soft, drain and mash smooth with a rolling pin (I find this, and the mixing board, better for such purposes than the potato masher, and Every Day Receipts do not generally possess pestle and mortar); add to one quart of milk, two tablespoonfuls, each, of sugar and smooth flour, when hot one saltspoonful of salt. Boil till thick, and bake, then, till brown. No sauce.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11.

Scotch Baked Apples.

Peel, fill the core with sugar, butter and candied lemon peel. Brush all over with sweetened water and sprinkle with bread crumbs, browned in hot butter. Bake. Sauce 10.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 12.

Fruit Pudding.

One cupful of milk, one-half of a cupful of molasses, one-third of a cupful of butter, two-thirds of a cupful of raisins, one-third of a cupful of currants, two cupfuls of flour, one-half of a teaspoonful, each, of soda, cinnamon and nutmeg. Steam one and one-half hours. Sauce 5.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13.

Peach Charlotte.

Cut off the top of a stale loaf of sponge cake, scoop out the inside, put in a layer of canned peaches, then fill up with (sweetened) whipped cream.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 14.

Baked Pears.

Pack the fruit in a pudding dish, and pour over one cupful of sugar dissolved in one cupful of water. Cover and bake.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 15.

Currant Fritters.

One pint of milk, two teacupfuls of flour, one-half of a teacupful of currants, three eggs beaten stiff, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half of a teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Drop in hot lard. Sauce 7.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 16.

Medley Pudding.

Boil together till thick one small teacupful of rice, four tablespoonfuls of sugar, one and one-fourth pints of water, one stick of cinnamon. Remove the last named, and pour in a mould, strewn with thin slices of citron and split peanuts. When cold, cover with crabapple jelly, and pile up with whipped cream.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 17.

Macaroons.

Blanch, and roll smooth one-half of a pound of almonds, work in one tablespoonful of lemon juice, add one cupful of powdered sugar beaten with the whites of two eggs. Work well together and drop on buttered paper. Bake in a slow oven.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 18.

Fig Bread Pudding.

One-half of a pound, each, of bread crumbs, suet, and sliced figs. Two eggs beaten stiff, milk for a stiff paste. Boil three hours. Sauce 7.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 19.

Fruit Puffs.

One pint of milk, two eggs, one teaspoonful of baking powder, flour for soft batter, one-half of a cupful of seeded raisins. Bake in patty-pans. Sauce 8.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20.

Tutti Frutti (good).

Put a layer of bread crumbs, sprinkled with butter in a dish, then, sliced apples sweetened, then a layer of seeded raisins, then crumbs, apples, layer sliced citron, then crumbs, plenty of butter. cover, and bake. Sauce 8.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 21.

Plum Dumplings (Delightful).

Three cupfuls of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, water for soft dough, stir in canned plums and steam in cups one-half an hour. Serve with sugar and cream.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 22.

Duchess Pudding.

Make jelly of one-half of a box of gelatine soaked in milk, added to one pint of boiling milk, one-half cupful of sugar, when cold, the whites of two eggs beaten stiff, one cupful of whipped cream. Line a dish with stale cake, wet with sherry wine, stick blanched almonds over it, and then pour on this jelly.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 23.

Apple Fitters.

Slice apple into a batter made of one pint of milk, two teacupfuls of flour, three eggs beaten stiff, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and one-half of a teaspoonful of salt. Drop in deep lard. Eat with maple syrup.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 24.

Peach Cake (good).

Bake in three layers, one cupful of sugar, one cupful of flour three eggs beaten stiff, one tablespoonful of milk, one and one half teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake and spread canned peaches between and powdered sugar over the top.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25.

Lemon Meringue.

Pour one and one-half pints of boiling milk on three-fourths of a

pint of bread crumbs. Add one cupful of sugar, the yolks of four eggs, one tablespoonful of butter, juice of one lemon. Bake. Make meringue of the whites of four eggs.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 26.

Thick and thin Pudding.

One teacupful of tapioca soaked in three cupfuls of milk five hours, stirred occasionally. Pour over six sour, cored apples filled with sugar. Sauce 8.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27.

Strawberry Trifle.

Cut off the top of a sponge cake, scoop out the inside, and fill up with strawberry jam. Replace the top, and ice. Serve with sauce 10.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 28.

Pink Pudding (very nice).

One-half pint of milk, two eggs, one saltspoonful of salt, one teacupful of baking powder, one pint of canned cherries, one-half of a pint of cherry juice. Flour for a stiff batter. Boil one hour. Sauce 8.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 29.

Rice Cones.

Boil one teacupful of rice, with one teaspoonful of salt till tender. Mould in small cups and, when cold, take out and carefully arrange on a platter, scoop out a hole in each one and fill, some with crab-apple, some with blackberry jelly. Pour around. Sauce 10.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 30.

Apple Pie Pudding.

Bake in deep pastry, one cupful of apple sauce, one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, one-half of the grated rind of one lemon, one egg beaten stiff, one-third of a cupful of butter, one teaspoonful of mace.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 31

Mrs. O's Pudding.

One cupful of finely chopped suet, one cupful of molasses, one cupful of raisins, three and one-half cupfuls of flour, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of soda, one-half of a teaspoonful of cinnamon. Steam three hours. Sauce 12.

—Ruth Hall.

"BROWN OCTOBER."

I wrote some sad verses about "Brown October,"

When into my room she whisked—mad as could be;
Her cheeks red and wrathful—her bright lips demanding,
"Now pray, is there anything 'brown' about me?"

I sat there aghast, while she fixed her eyes on me—
Her blue, brilliant eyes, from soft mists coldly free.
She shook her long locks (they were yellow as sunshine)
With, "Pray, is there anything 'brown' about me?"

"It might do for March, or for poor washed-out April,
And August, I'm sure, is as tanned as can be:
November deserves it—with all his bare branches;
But why should you choose 'Brown October' for me?"

"Just look at my skies; were there ever such blue ones?
See the far-flying gold of that great maple tree!
I've set the whole roadside ablaze with my sumachs—
Pray, where is the 'brownness' you speak of in me?"

"Perhaps," she continued, in accents quite cutting,
"Perhaps 'tis the tender young grass that you see,
Or the fringed purple asters, or rosy-streaked apples
Have fitted the name 'Brown October' to me."

"But there! I've no time to stand wrangling with scribblers;
I've woodbine to tint, and the milkweed to free:
But this I will say,—if you *must* scrawl poor verses,
Don't write any more 'Brown Octobers' to me."

She swept from the room, and I followed her, meekly:
The gold leaves were flying as fast as could be;
The rich sumach blushed—and the wind echoed softly,
"Now pray, is there anything 'brown' about me?"

I cried, "Dear October, forgive my dull blunder:
I'll dip a gold pen in a rainbow-hued sea
To write your bright name—and if that doesn't soothe you—
Just think how *uncommonly brown* you've done me!"

—Margaret Gilman George.

AMATEUR WATER-DIVINING.

BY G. P. MACKENZIE.

IT is curious to notice that, despite the matter-of-fact, common-sense element that practically rules the beginning of this new century, now and again superstition startles us in the most unlooked-for places. Some old myth displays an unexpected vitality; a so-called fable turns out to be unquestionably possessed with an element of truth; until, at last, we find Science fairly driven into shifting her ground, and at best but covering her retreat by stipulating for a change in the terms of expression.



ON THE WATER-TRAIL (OVER DARTMOOR).

Take, for example, the Oriental belief in the Evil Eye. At the present moment, doctors—most sceptical of classes—in Paris—most doubting of cities—are carrying on experiments in public hospitals as to a certain strange natural power or force—animal magnetism, electro-biology, hypnotism, call it what you will.

Again, we find recurrent paragraphs in our daily papers concerning thirsty corporations who officially summon professional water-diviners to their aid, and—*pace* Mr. Labouchere and his scientific tests in *Truth*—with results conclusive and satisfactory beyond question.

Various magazine articles have lately dealt with the ways and manners of professional water-diviners. Perhaps some interest may

be felt in the account of a few slight experiments made, in moments of leisure, by a complete amateur.

A doubt had arisen as to the impeccability of the town water. The burgesses were divided into two hostile camps—almost unto the separating of life-long friends. A London expert had been called down. Personal inspection of the reservoir was part of the programme. A body of some nine or ten representative townsmen had been mustered as escort; and, with a local farmer trudging at its side, the little party was tramping steadily forward over a breezy Devonshire moor.

Water was the one subject in everyone's mind, but, since both sides of the question were represented on the escort, a delicate subject. Divergence to water-divining was obvious and safe, and came in naturally from the fact that the speaker, an elderly member of the party, himself possessed the gift: or, rather—with a touch of ruefulness—had possessed it. As a young man he had been quite an adept; as years crept on—he did not know whether this was a common experience: it had,

at any rate, been his own—the power had waned.

Yes, it ought to be a hazel-bough—like a capital Y. A capital Y turned upside down, with its stem nearly straight up, pointing to the sky, and the extremities of the two branches slightly bent outwards and grasped in either hand; the hands held palm upward, and the upright position of the stem maintained by the firmness of the grasp.

“And then you walk straight on, and when you come above underground water, the stem turns right over and points straight down.”

As to the gift itself, he had an idea of his own that it was by no means so rare as was supposed. People had it without being aware of the fact. No one could possibly tell till

he tried. His own impression was that a safe average would be—well, say one in a hundred.

The remark, coupled with the coincidence of a hazel-wood copse, was suggestive. A minute later nearly a dozen experiments were going on together; with, as immediate result, demonstration that a higher average might have been struck. One in every hundred? The present experiment-makers were under a dozen; and out of that dozen two emerged triumphant, both well known townsmen. Two out of twelve; with no one more surprised at the result than the experimentisers themselves.

Let us follow here the experience of one. Interested, but not by any means expectant, he had provided himself with his Y-shaped bough, had turned it upside down, and slightly bending outwards the ends of the two branches, so as to admit of the firm grasp with the two hands held palm upward, had marched composedly forwards.

Suddenly, and without himself experiencing the smallest preliminary sensation, the bough in his hand apparently developed a distinct personality of its own. A slight momentary quiver,



“NO WATER HERE.”

and then the upright stem bent over, lowering itself from its erect position with composed precision; bent over steadily—the astonished holder could feel the two ends pressing hard against the sides of his closed hands—and finally brought itself up with the point absolutely reversed, pointing now straight down to the ground. And then, as, astonished and bewildered, the ex-

periment-maker moved a step or two forward, with a quick jerk the stem righted itself sharply.

And at this moment the local farmer found breath to speak—and to speak with authority. For miles round he knew the land; and knew, as a matter of fact, of running water flowing under that very spot.

An eliminating process followed. With boughs on high, the rest of the party advanced over the same track. At the critical moment, one stem—the town mayor’s—bent perceptibly; the others stood inflexibly upright.

A general demand followed for a repetition of the first experiment. Interested, surprised, puzzled, the experimentiser—let us call him Mr. X.—complied. Once more grasping his bough, and with his trained legal mind keenly



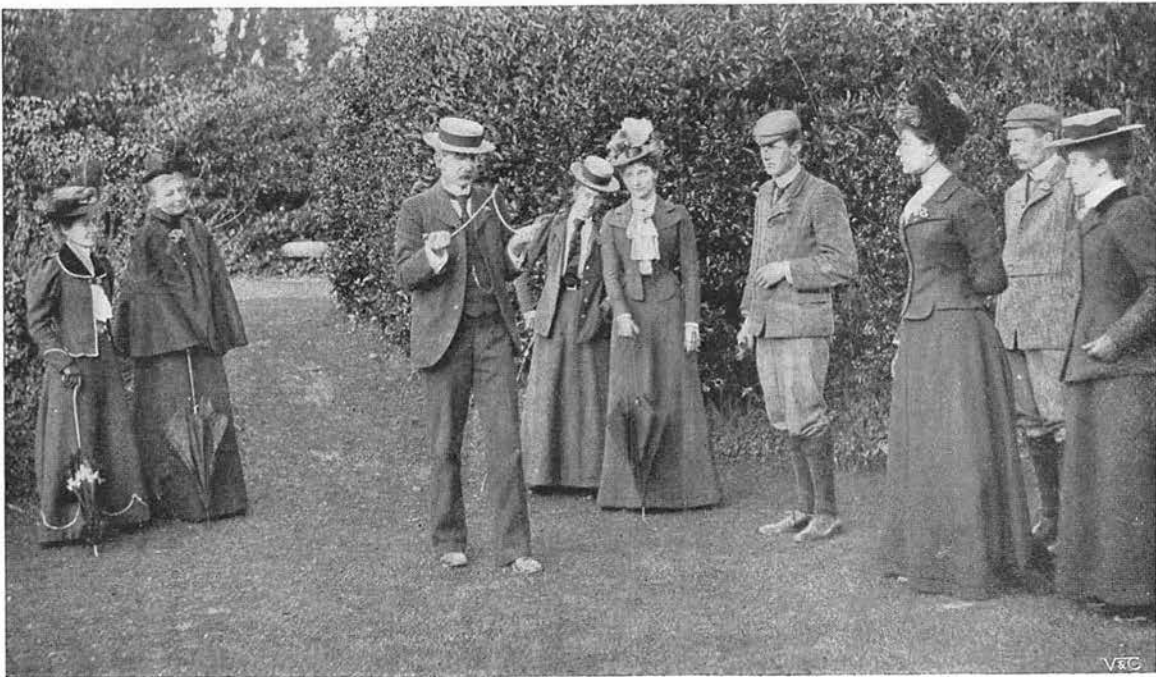
“EUREKA!”

on the alert against chance, imagination, delusion, mistake, he crossed and recrossed the critical point. With each time the same result. Each time at the same spot the bough became instinct with a separate personality and worked its own will.

This effect was so curiously vivid that Mr. X. found himself involuntarily developing an attitude of almost angry antagonism. He would cross the spot once more, and this time he would not *let* the stick go down. A moment later and he was standing the amazed centre of an astounded group; all looking down in bewilderment on bruised marks at the edges of the man's palm, on half rubbed off patches at the sides of the stick's

the light next day of a tap in the wall, revealing the fact that at that very spot water had been laid on for the watering supply of a garden on the other side of the road.

An arranged testing experiment in a friend's garden, with a large party assembled to watch the performance. A challenge to discover at what precise point in a given space a small stream ran underground. The obstinate resolve of the stick to turn down at one special spot, repeated again and again, despite the vexation of the operator, for the first time experiencing the disconcerting effect of laughter and of exclamations as to complete failure; and the sudden recollection of the host that at that very place



THE CONFUSION OF THE SCEPTICS.

bark. It had come to a fight, and the stick had won.

* * * * *
 During the next few weeks Mr. X. tested his newly discovered power in a variety of experiments. A couple of these may, perhaps, be given as a sample of the whole.

A walk, hazel-fork in hand, late one moonless night down a long road, with houses at intervals on either side: and the stem turning down persistently at each point—accuracy verified by daylight inspection the following morning—where water was laid on across the road for each house in succession.

The dogged determination of the stick to lower itself at one point where there was no house on either side; and the discovery in

was an old underground tank, covered up so long ago that its very existence had been half forgotten, but with the pipe connecting it with the drain from the house roof still unsevered.

During the experiments of these few weeks sundry distinct points of interest were noted. First, that the phenomena observed did take place over water, and only over water. This was determined beyond a doubt; as also the fact that ignorance or knowledge on the part of the operator as to the locality of the water had absolutely nothing to do with the matter. Moreover, that the manner of the process never varied. The instant the operator stood above the water, the stick turned over and pointed down. So long as the operator so stood, the stick continued so



“THERE ARE MORE THINGS IN HEAVEN AND EARTH—”

to point. The instant he stepped out beyond the water, that moment the stick righted itself. Moreover, the process repeated itself exactly, though with more rapidity in the several stages, if the operator walked straight across without a pause. The swift dip down and up again of the stick in such a case had always a very curious effect.

Another point was this—the power varies. It is undoubtedly much stronger some days than others; a fact possibly due to atmospheric changes, possibly to some variation in the operator’s own state. One curious little touch seems to point to the latter. Mr. X. repeatedly noticed that immediately after a meal the power was at its minimum—even when not quite non-existent.

This, too, was ob-

served. Apparently a hazel-bough, though undoubtedly a singularly good medium, is not an absolute *sine quâ non*. One or two other kinds of trees gave partially successful results. One in particular, a forked bough



THE TEAPOT TESTS.

from the smooth young shoots of a may-tree, answered exceptionally well ; so much so, that for a moment Mr. X. imagined himself on the verge of a discovery—that the special virtue of the hazel lay simply in the fact of its exceptionally smooth, knotless bark. But the theory collapsed wholly before the cruel irresponsiveness of a sycamore.

Another doubtful point was decided by careful experiment. Does the stem turn down when the hazel-bough, held necessarily a little in advance of the operator, is over the water, or when the operator is over the water ?

This is, of course, more than a simple point to solve, precise knowledge of the exact boundaries of underground water at any given spot being not always easy to obtain. But the truly scientific spirit will not shrink from the homeliest of experiments. A big teapot, full of water, was placed on the ground. The operator advanced tentatively, hazel-bough

in outstretched hands well in front. At the moment when the upright stem arrived exactly above the teapot, the operator paused and awaited developments. None followed. A long step forward, and the operator himself stood over the teapot. The stick instantly dipped.

Taken as a whole, the amateur experiments answered as conclusively as the professional. But on one point to this day Mr. X. respectfully admires the professional water-diviner a long way off, and that is for the power by which the latter not only knows that water is there, but tells you at what precise depth beneath the surface it is to be found.

One word as to the kind of stick. The more perfect the fork the better. Each branch should be about ten inches long, and the two branches should be of the same thickness—speaking roughly, about half the thickness of a man's little finger.

ABOUT KID GLOVES.

WHAT THEY ARE MADE OF AND HOW.



HE popular notion that not all kid gloves are made from the skin of kids is true, though all poor kid gloves are not necessarily frauds. Lamb, sheep and antelope skins are used in glove-making and pass for kids, but the best ones are made of real kid. Some other material besides those mentioned may be sometimes used, but not commonly. France and Saxony produce the best kid skins, chiefly because there the most pains is taken in raising the kids. The least

scratch on a kid's skin while alive damages it, and even spoils it for colored gloves, as the slightest scar shows when the skin is dyed. The skins so damaged are much used for other purposes than glove-making. Most kid is dressed abroad, but of late Americans are finding ways of doing the work economically and more skins are imported with the hair on. For coloring light shades, the white dressed skins are dipped in the dye. For darker colors the skin is stretched smoothly on a table and the color applied with a brush on the hair side. After being dyed and dried with heat, the skins are shaved to the desired thickness by expert workmen and passed to the cutters, who cut them up into oblong pieces large enough for a glove and pile them in pairs. A dozen kid skins will make 21 pairs of average-size gloves, and a dozen ordinary lamb-skins will make 30 pairs. The pieces are next cut into the form of a glove by means of dies made from steel in a press, very much as envelope blanks are cut in an envelope factory. The scraps and edges of the skins are utilized for the gussets and forjects, or inner sides of the fingers, edgings, findings, etc. Several kinds of machines are used in sewing the gloves together, and they do the work very rapidly and more neatly than it can be done by hand. There is no such thing as a real dogskin glove ; so-called "dogskin" is made from sheepskin. Sheepskin and goatskin are extensively used for heavier kinds of gloves that do not pretend to be kid. Very cheap kid gloves are not made in this country, \$8 a dozen being about the low-

est reached by American manufacturers. Some cheap foreign gloves run as low as \$3. Fine all-kid gloves go as high as \$18, and fancy styles, novelties, various kinds of lining, etc., sometimes carry up the figures to \$25 and \$30. The glove-making industry in this country is not so extensive as might be supposed, its principal seat being in and about Johnstown and Gloversville, N. Y., where the product is over \$8,000,000 a year. Other producers of skin gloves are scattered about the country, but the total number is not large.

Cheap kid gloves are dear at almost any price. One wearing and sometimes one putting on ruins them usually. It is better to pay a little more for a good glove. In buying, the stitching should be carefully examined. If it has broken through the leather, or if on stretching the seams the surface breaks around the stitch, showing a white spot, the gloves are not good. The kid should stretch easily and be elastic and "springy" to fit or wear well. Care is needed, too, in putting on gloves for the first time. The hands should be cool and perfectly dry. If naturally moist, powder should be used, but ordinarily it is unnecessary. The fingers should be carefully worked on first and smoothed, before the thumb is inserted, the wrist of the glove being turned up. Then put in the thumb, still working slowly and with great care, and then work on the hand, resting the elbow on the knee or table. When hand and wrist are thoroughly smoothed, button the second button first and so on to the end of the wrist, then smooth all down again before buttoning the first button. This is important to the fit and durability of the glove.

Gloves should not be pulled off by the fingers, but the wrists should be turned up and the whole pulled off carefully. They will come off wrong side out. Turn them right side out and smooth them lengthwise to as near as possible the shape they had on the hands. Light gloves should have a piece of white flannel between them when put away. Do not roll or fold them, as they will be quickly spoiled by such treatment.

Soiled gloves are best cleaned by professional cleaners. Black ones may be freshened by applying olive oil in which have been stirred a few drops of black ink. Benzine may be used to clean white gloves, and light colors may be treated with dry corn meal.



THE TRADITIONS OF THE BAYMEN.

By EDITH SELLERS.

“**N**AY, nay, there’s no smuggling noo ; too many eyes about noo for aught o’ that sort. Why, when I wur a lad,—I’s eighty come th’ twenty-second o’ th’ next month—a man had allus a bit o’ real good bacca in his pocket, and summut strong i’ th’ cellar too to wash it down wi’. Smuggled? Why, o’ course it wur ! What o’ that? Ya beant agoing to think good King George would ’a’ grudged a poor fellow his glass o’ grog?”

The old whaler looked up with a gleam of fierceness in his eyes, as if to suspect a sovereign of entertaining such a feeling were little short of treason.

“Eh, man,” he continued after a pause, “what wi’ th’ whaling i’ th’ summer, and th’ smuggling and th’ hunting i’ th’ winter, life wur stirring like i’ them days. Whalers allus hunted i’ th’ winter then. Th’ farmers lent us th’ hosses, in return like for th’ whales’ jaw-bones. It were fine hunting up them dales.” The old man sighed regretfully at the remembrance.

“Yes, yes, it’s a bonny bit o’ land enough,” he added as he turned to go on his way ; “but it’s dowly and lonesome-like noo. Ya should ’a’ seen it i’ th’ old smuggling days ! Eh ! them wur days ! them wur days !”

Ichabod ! Ichabod ! In the eyes of the Baymen all glory departed from their land when smuggling went out of fashion. Well might smugglers in the old free-lance days look on Fylingdales with loving eyes, for nature seems to have had their special needs in view when she designed it. It lies around Robin Hood Bay, a little inlet on the Yorkshire coast, which takes its name from the robber chief, to whom it served as a harbour for his flotilla. The shore sweeps in with a bold curve just there ; high rocks afford shelter from the winds ; thus, when furious storms are raging on all sides, the little bay seems a perfect haven of rest, peace, and safety. Seems !—yes, and is too for those who know its ways—but then it takes a lifetime to learn them. How were the coastguards to know before the days of surveying and chart-making that just where the water ripples and dances most playfully are dangerous rocks? How were they to discover that, in all Robin Hood’s Bay, three miles from the Peak to the Ness, there is only one channel hardly fifty yards across by which a boat can sail in safety to the shore? Such things are handed down from father to son by the Baymen, but there was not one amongst them in the old smuggling days who would have given a hint to the enemy tribe for uncounted gold. Once round the Peak, the Baymen were in safe water ; there they could rest on their oars, for nature herself fought their battles if the coastguards pursued them.

By the middle of the last century Robin Hood’s Bay had become a name of such evil omen to government officials, from the number of gallant cutters which had met their fate on its hidden rocks, that the Baytown was often left unmolested whilst dire punishment was meted out to her much less guilty neighbours. Still, from time to time, the defiant bearing of the natives became too trying even for the patience of the coastguards, and then a raid was made. Once, as a punishment for some audacious piece of lawlessness, the authorities organized a land expedition against the Baymen ;

but they gained little by that move : as they found to their cost, Fylingdales is as well protected on the one side, as on the other. As its name implies it is not one dale but many, each with its own particular stream which twirls and twists in the wildest fashion as it makes its way to the sea. All these streams spring from the side of a great semi-circular hill which, rising some hundreds of feet above the sea, shuts in the little dales with huge arms as it were, and forms them into one wide-mouthed valley. This hill stands due west from the sea, and beyond it wolds and moorlands stretch for miles away.

The coastguardsmen in this particular expedition made their way in great force over the brow of the hill. That was plain sailing enough ; it was not until they were in the ravines, where no two men could walk abreast, that their difficulties began. Trailing briars then caught their feet ; willowy branches switched their faces ; and prickly bushes tore their clothes. They stumbled and they fell : all around were natural pitfalls, rabbit-holes, mole-holes, moss-covered boulders, to say nothing of those human cunning had devised. For the smugglers who had friends in the enemy's camp had received timely warning of the attack, and had taken their precautions accordingly. The coastguards soon discovered they had fallen into a trap, and then farewell to discipline and order. No one knew which way to turn, for on every side were dangers, hidden dangers too, always the worst to face. Just when the men were most sore beset, peal after peal of scornful laughter rang through the air ; and women's faces, flushed with triumph, gleamed down from a safe vantage ground upon them struggling below. They were the Baymen's wives and daughters come to enjoy the battle. Nor were they there as mere spectators ; most of them were well supplied with handy missiles, and wrought with them great damage amongst the foe. How they jeered and flouted the while ! Why, at length the smugglers themselves were touched with pity for the woeful plight of the coastguards, and gave them a helping hand ! Some half a dozen were kept as hostages, and the rest were allowed to go, as best they could, back to their ships again.

There were high festivities that night in the Baytown, and before morning dawned coastguard officers were smacking their lips over contraband whisky, and vowing eternal friendship with smugglers. The old whaler was right : " Them wur stirring days."

A second raid, undertaken some years later, had a more tragic ending. The Baymen, relying upon the terror their name inspired, had become reckless, and no longer troubled to preserve friendly relations with the outside world. They had even been guilty of the folly of quarrelling with their neighbours on the Peak who, in earlier days, had always kept a sharp watch for them on the movements of the common foe. This coming to the ears of the coastguard authorities, they at once organized an expedition to land some miles south of the Peak, enter Fylingdales by the way of Stoupe Brow, march on the Baytown, and utterly destroy it. So skilfully was this plan conceived and carried out, that the coastguards were already within hail of the town before the alarm was given.

It is a queer little place that Baytown. It is there to-day just as it was at the time of that famous raid more than a hundred years ago. A few of the cottages may have crumbled away, a few perhaps have been built in their place, but that is the only change. It is more like one of those little German burgs Haig so loves to etch, than an English fishing village. The houses are all clumped together in the strangest fashion on the sides of a deep ravine, which, after curving about for some half a mile in a way no man can account for, falls down to the shore with dangerous abruptness. The houses themselves, with their high-vaulted, red-tiled roofs, around which the setting sun lingers so lovingly, have a weird, picturesque beauty of their own. It is evident they have been planned by sea-faring men, everything about them is so " ship shape."

Many of them are perched high up on the side of the rock and can only be reached by long flights of steps, the fashion of which has clearly been suggested by ladders. The rooms look just like cabins, they are so small and compact ; whilst the tiny gardens, adorned as often as not with some battered old figure-head, have quite a quarter-deck-like air. But the oddest thing about the village is the way the houses stand. They are built in streets, or rather alleys, which run up the hill-side at right angles to the ravine. Some of these alleys are not more than five feet in width, and have, stretching across them, bars of iron such as one sees in Eastern villages where earthquakes have to be coped with. It seems strange that, as there are miles of good land

around the Baytown with hardly a habitation, the natives should have chosen to pitch their tents so near to their neighbours' that daylight can hardly penetrate between. Herein, however, these fisher-folk showed their wisdom in their generation, as history clearly proves; for, if the Baytown had been built in more commonplace fashion, nothing could have saved the Baymen when the coastguards made their raid. In wide, open streets the soldiers must have swept all before them; in dark narrow alleys the contest was none so unequal.

As the coastguards, sword in hand, rushed down the ravine, women shrieked and men turned pale. The strongest and boldest of the Baymen were at sea that day, and what could the handful at home do, old men and boys, hampered as they were with women and children, against well-trained, well-armed troops? For a moment all seemed lost. But despair gives strength to the weak, counsel to the simple. There was not a man in the town but knew what his fate would be if he were taken: no mercy would be shown to a Robin Hood's Bayman; better die fighting than be strung up on high. "Bar the doors!" The very stones seemed to tremble as these words echoed through the ravine, so fierce and hoarse were the voices in which they were uttered. There was a rushing and clashing of doors, a locking and drawing of bolts; and then all was still.

The coastguards looked around in wonder; there was not a Fylingdaler to be seen! Yes, one, if Fylingdaler be not too grand a name to give to the tiny specimen of humanity which was sitting there so contentedly by the roadside, with a broad smile on its little round face, a look of mingled amazement and delight in its great dark eyes, as it clapped its chubby hands together, as if to bid the strangers welcome. A laugh went round amongst the men when their eyes fell on this the town's sole representative; and one of them, a great tall fellow, stretched out his hand to raise the little one. Then the queerest thing took place. Out from a window which opened on to a little wooden balcony, twenty-five feet at least from the ground, a something—the coastguards could never agree as to what, but they flouted the idea of its being a woman, for it had eyes of fire they said, and wings—swooped down upon the child, seized it, and vanished. It seemed to go through a door at the top of a long flight of steps, but its movements were too swift to be followed. One of the men in the front rank later maintained that, as that door shut, he heard a heavy thud, and then a faint piteous moan, as of a human being in the throes of death. There was no time that day however, to think of such things.

The coastguards rushed up the narrow streets: the Baymen gave them a warm welcome. From every window there flashed forth a volley; for in every house there were goodly weapons, and men and women too who knew how to use them. Before many minutes had passed the ground was strewn with dying men. The battle raged for hours. Sometimes it seemed as if the coastguards were victors: they forced a door or two, entered some few houses. From one of these, though guarded only by some fisher girls, they were driven with terrible slaughter. All the time the firing from the high windows continued with pitiless precision, and mowed them down most ruthlessly. Again and again they rallied, but what could hired soldiers do against men and women fighting for life and all that makes life worth having? Slowly but surely they were driven back; but it was not until the bravest of them were dying, that their comrades fled for shelter to the shore.

It chanced that the Baymen's largest cutter was lying there at anchor. The coastguards sprang on board, cut the cable, and sailed away, paying as they went little heed to the exulting cries of triumph of their foes. On they went in gallant fashion straight for the place where the water was smoothest. Hoarse shouts of joy were raised by the Baymen, mingled in a somewhat ghastly fashion with wild oaths and prayers. "The Lord has delivered them into our hands!" cried an old man as he raised his trembling arms to heaven, "Glory to God!" "Glory to God!" the very waves with their dull moaning seemed to echo back the words. Then every voice was stilled; every eye was fixed with feverish anxiety on the cutter. On it went straight for the Syren Rock. There it struck, and went down with every man on board.

"Glory to God!" the old man muttered fiercely; but his comrades hung their heads, and there was wild sobbing amongst the women.

The victory was dearly bought. Every Fylingdaler was a mourner in the long procession which, a few days later, made its way slowly, wearily, up the hillside to the little churchyard. No one had the heart to count the coffins. Amongst those buried

that day was a poor widow woman. She had not been killed in the fight, it seems, but had died from so-called natural causes. The people who stood around her grave spoke of a marvellous leap she had taken to save her only child. The chief mourner in this case was the curly-headed little fellow, who had paused in his game in the gutter to bid the coastguards welcome.

If the dead visit the place where they die, what crowds must flutter round that peaceful-looking fishing village, and the smooth blue waters of that little bay.

When news of the disaster which had befallen the expedition reached head-quarters, it was resolved that condign punishment should be administered, no matter at what cost, to the lawless Baymen. But the ships which were sent to carry out the decree fell in with some French frigates on the way, and turned off in pursuit of them. It was a task much more to their taste to fight with French than smugglers; thus once again the Baytown escaped scot-free.

It is not in modern days alone that deeds of violence have been wrought around Robin Hood's Bay. The first spot where the Danish raven was raised was in Fylingdale, just at the southern point, on the Peak, where Raven Hall stands to-day. If tradition speak the truth for once, it was a woman's hand, the hand of a British Tarpia, working for love though not gold, which guided the first Dane up that perilous cliff-side. The Danes seem to have fancied Fylingdales, and to have at once resolved to make it their home. By threats, bribes, and possibly more ruthless means, they induced the Brigantes, who still linger there, to move inland. They then set to work to restore, for their own protection, an old Roman fortress on the Peak. This fortress, as a curious stone fragment informs us, was erected in the early part of the fifth century. "Justinian, governor of the Province," so runs the inscription, "and Vindician, general of the forces of Upper Britain for the second time, with the younger provincial soldiers, built this fort; the manager of public works giving his assistance." There are some few traces of it to be seen even now. Many were the efforts made to dislodge these formidable foreign intruders, but they all failed; the Danes still hold Fylingdales. The men who waged war so ruthlessly against the coastguards and the press gang were the descendants of the old Vikings.

Wreckers and smugglers are now things of the past, and the Baymen, as the rest of the world, have grown out of their lawless ways; still even to-day, keen, dark-eyed, stalwart men as they are, they are a race apart, with manners, customs, and traditions which have nothing in common with those of the other Yorkshire dalesmen.

On Thanking Your Hostess

When you have gaped some ball to
end,
Which you could not refuse,
In vain regrets you did not buy
A larger pair of shoes;
When you have watched the
couples spin,
Until they spun your head,
And wished yourself a thousand
times
Undressed and home in bed;
When at the last release doth
come—
Oh, moment most sublime!—
You must assure your hostess that
You've had a *glorious* time.

The Reason.

The fib is told that you may get
Another bid next week,
For we are told, if bored to death,
To turn the other cheek.



EVENING ENTERTAINMENTS.

A FANCY-DRESS PARTY OR MASQUERADE.



WRITER has said: "There are few entertainments more delightful than either a fancy-dress party, or if the company is select, a masquerade. There are so many pretty ideas, charming devices, and becoming little fancies, that the looker-on is both bewildered and enchanted."

Invitations should be sent out at least ten days or two weeks in advance for such a party in order to allow time for arranging and planning costumes. Some friend should act in the capacity of "master of ceremony" and the guests as they come in should give him a card

containing their name and what character they represent.

A hall is better suited for giving such an entertainment than anything else, although a large, private residence answers all purposes where it is roomy and the rooms can be thrown together. At many fancy-dress parties the guests are asked to personate the characters of some book or to appear in historical costumes of a certain period.

Fancy costumes can be hired for the occasion, but it is much more enjoyable to arrange and plan them at home, for there is so much more individuality to them, then. A print or sketch of the character represented will be of great assistance in arranging the costume.

For a dark brunette there is no prettier or more effective costume than that of the Gypsy or Fortune Teller. The short, full petticoat should be of red cashmere or flannel with several rows of gold braid one inch wide. A black velvet bodice over a white waist with a kerchief is worn with this. A scarlet silk handkerchief fashioned into a cap by pins is worn over the head and the long, dark hair should be allowed to hang loose. A pack of cards is attached by a cord to the waist. Lawn Tennis makes a graceful costume and is both simple and inexpensive. A short flannel skirt with blouse to match of navy blue, black, white or red is all that is necessary, with a Tam O'Shanter cap. White racquets are oftentimes embroidered on the sailor collar and cuffs. A racquet is suspended at the side. A more elaborate costume can be made of China silk or fancy satine and draped with white fisher's net, caught up here and there with small pins in the shape of racquets. Music is a particularly pretty costume for a blonde, as pale blue is usually chosen for it. A full skirt should be worn and around the bottom should be the two staves, treble and bass, with the scales or music written on them. A fancy waist with full sleeves can be worn with this and a cap with a staff and scales plainly visible on that. In her hand should be carried a music-box on which from time to time she should play.

Art is often the companion of music and is personated by a dark-haired maiden. The dress for this should be hand-painted and is often of pink silk or satin. The hair is dressed high and has various-sized paint brushes stuck in. A pallet is carried in the hand. There is no better costume for disguising one than that of the Monk with his long robe and cap. Oftentimes four take the part of Monks, and it is almost impossible to tell them apart. The character of a Nun is equally good and very easily arranged for a plain, black dress, black shawl, which can be draped into almost any shape; a long, black veil and cap are always available.

The Quakers in their soft grays are always effective characters. Plain, full skirts with round waists, white ker-

chiefs and caps are all that is necessary for the ladies. For a man taking that character, an old-fashioned gray suit and a large, soft gray hat will be needed.

The Milkmaid with her milk pail and milking stool can be easily personated. A simple dress of some dark cloth with a round waistband, and full skirt, are all that is necessary. The Tin Peddler with his pack on his back affords considerable amusement. At a masquerade given not long since, six young men made lively music personating jail birds with their ball and chain.

"Ole Olson" just over from Sweden with all his worldly belongings tied up in a handkerchief and dressed in the worst-looking old suit made of coffee sacking, afforded no end of amusement, and when carried out well is an excellent character. The Greek lady in her graceful Grecian costume of white, which is in one piece and more drapery than anything else, is truly a picturesque costume for a tall and stately blonde.

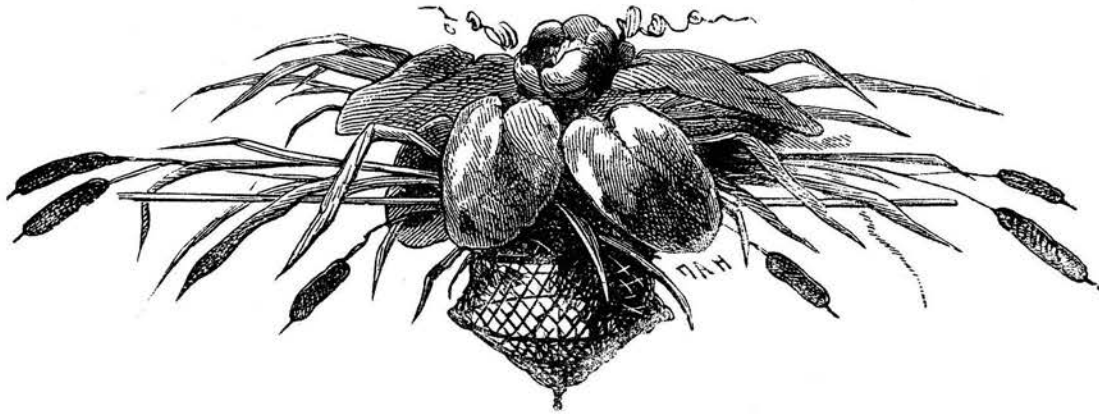
Night and Morning, although old, are always effective costumes. Night in her robes of somber darkness with golden stars glistening all over her black gown and crown is truly a pretty picture. Morning should be all in white with soft, flowing draperies. A dainty costume for a young girl is snow. The gown is of white Canton flannel made with a full, short skirt, round waist and sash. With this is worn a Tam O'Shanter cap. Diamond dust is profusely sprinkled over the entire costume. The Flower Girl should be costumed in white with smilax and flowers gracefully festooned here and there over her dress. A small bonnet fashioned of smilax, roses, and carnations is a most effective head-dress for this suit. A basket of flowers in small bouquets is carried on the arm. The Pop-corn Girl with her basket of pop-corn should have her dress literally covered with strings of pop-corn.

Uncle Sam with his blue coat, red vest and striped trousers and large, soft hat covered with gilt stars is truly a striking character. The Newspapers are both novel and pretty when tastefully costumed, the entire suits, caps and all, being fashioned of newspapers. Three Little Maids from School, although not by any means new, are cute and quaint in figured red gowns with broad sashes looped up in the back and loose, flowing sleeves. The Spanish costume is very becoming to a slender, dark woman and should be of maize, or corn-colored satin with draperies of black, Spanish lace. The hair should be dressed high with a comb and a Spanish scarf of lace carelessly thrown over the head. Silk hose and satin slippers to match the gown, with long gloves and fan of the same shade should accompany this costume.

For a young girl there is nothing prettier or more picturesque than a Butterfly costume. The gown should be of gold-colored silk or satin, with gauze drapery. Many and various colored and sized butterflies should be arranged on the corsage and drapery. These can be either natural or clever imitations made of paper and painted. There should be loose, flowing sleeves with large wings fastened over the shoulders. Butterfly ornaments should decorate the hair. Gold-colored satin or kid slippers with butterfly bows and a butterfly fan are worn with this striking little costume.

A Peasant costume is both simple and pretty, with a short, red skirt trimmed with several rows of black velvet or braid. A white guimpe and black girdle or bodice and a white apron, a Toboggan cloak and cap make a pretty suit. The Turk with his loose trousers and striking make-up is truly an odd character. Romeo and Juliet, Paul and Virginia, the Shepherd and Shepherdess, Brother Jonathan, Marguerite, Winter and Summer, the Tamborine girl, the Bicyclist, Base Ball Crank, Page, the Granger, and Cinderella are all good characters to assume and worthy of representation.

—Carrie May Ashton.



DECORATED GOURDS.

BY W. J. VAN OOST.

THE uses the gourd may be put to for decorative purposes are unlimited. It need no longer simply hang on the wall as a pilgrim bottle; it can be decorated with carving or pyrography, stained with aniline dyes, and mounted in various metals for a great variety of purposes, to wit, vases, using the various forms of the gourd or calabash; drinking cups, finger bowls, print bowls, card receivers, ash trays, pen trays, candlesticks and water bottles, using the various shapes and sizes for the article desired. The gourd or calabash was much used in the remote ages of antiquity, where clay was not available or unknown. The Mexicans used the gourd very extensively, which they ingeniously carved and colored with various stains or dyes. Many specimens of these may be seen in our museums.

Fig. 1 is a Mexican decorated egg-shaped gourd. It is cut off at the small end to form a drinking cup; it is stained black and polished. The flowers are cut out and left the natural color underneath; the leaves are stained green; the borders and spots are also cut out and stained dark red. The effect is very charming. The cutting of these gourds is very easy, using a sharp-pointed penknife. Draw or transfer the design; if transferred, the lines should be gone over again with India



FIG. 1.—MEXICAN GOURD CUP.

ink and allowed to dry. Cut all the lines inward, just a little way through the hard skin, using only the point of the knife; the handle and most of the blade should have a piece of linen wrapped around it, which will prevent the blade from closing, and also act as a preventive against cutting the fingers. The gourd is not the fragile thing which its light weight would seem to indicate; on the contrary, it can stand moderately rough usage without sustaining any injury. The thickness is about 3-16 of an inch to 1-4 of an inch, consisting of three grades of hardness. The outside skin is very hard and brittle, much like the shell of an egg and about as thick. Under the first layer it is medium hard about 1-16 of an inch. The remainder, or third skin, is very soft and pithy. When the outlining of the design is done, with the point of the knife remove only the shell, cutting very little away at a time; a woodcarver's 1 1-8 of an inch flat gouge will be found much better than the knife to those who can use it. The underneath layer will soak up a stain or dye very readily. The outer shell will not; it resists dyes almost as much as porcelain. Therefore the outer should be dyed first. Before the gourd is cut to shape it should be filled with shot or small pieces of lead, then corked up, and

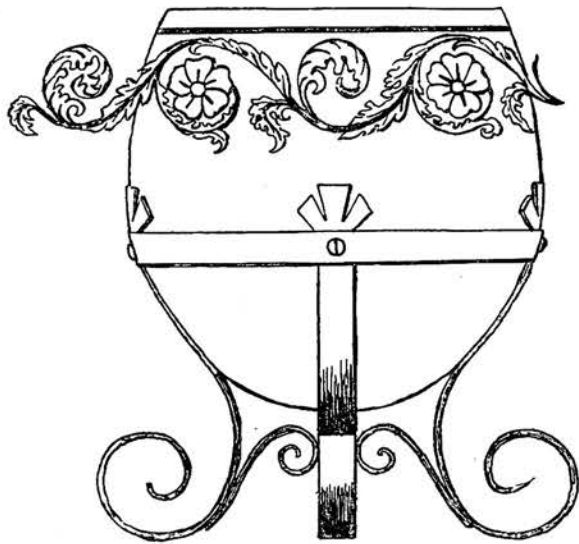


FIG. 2.—EGG-SHAPED GOURD DECORATED WITH PYROGRAPHY.

immersed two or three times in hot water, almost boiling, then several times in hot dye, until the desired shade is obtained. Let it get pretty well dry before working upon it, or it may be washed with ammonia and lacquered the color desired; warm the gourd before applying the lacquer. The feet are a modern addition; they are three $\frac{3}{4}$ inch brass pole ends—those that have a threaded end and nut, or those with the ordinary wood screws will do, providing that no water has to be put into the vessel. Find the centre of the bottom as nearly as possible, taking no notice of the eye of the gourd, as that is not always in the centre. Scribe a circle where you would like the feet to come; divide the circle into three, make a small hole with a brad awl, screw in the feet. The nuts should be put on with a little white lead, when they will be perfectly watertight.

Fig. 2 is the same kind of a gourd decorated with pyrography, mounted upon iron scroll feet—the ordinary sheet iron that can be purchased from any stove store or tinsmith. The tools required for the work are a pair of tinsmith's shears (or a pair of strong old scissors will do), a pair of long round-nose pliers, two brad awls, one fine and the other stout, for making holes; a 6-inch half-round file; an old flatiron without a handle, or one of the modern kind, will answer the purpose of an anvil; a pair of steel compasses for scribing off the width of the metal to be cut; a small copper bit, some tinman's solder, and ten cents' worth of muriatic acid and a piece of old zinc. In this case the mounting of the gourd is the first thing to be considered. Extend your compass to half an inch. Scribe off a line on the sheet iron, the length that will pass round the

middle of the gourd, and leave a lap of half an inch. Puncture a hole with the awl in one end of this band, pass it round the gourd, and then scribe off the other hole; puncture as before. Now cut out the scrolls for the feet. The strips of metal can be strengthened by folding several thicknesses of paper. Place the strip of metal between the paper, pulling the metal through and holding the paper in the right hand and the metal held by the pliers in the left hand; a good deal of the large bends of the scrolls can be done this way. The final trueing and small bends are done with the round-nose pliers. The band should now be divided into four and the other three holes pierced. A small rivet might hold the band together temporarily. Put the band around the gourd and mark off the holes in the scroll feet. The feet can now be riveted with small iron rivets on to the band, or holes may be punctured through the gourd and small roundheaded stove screws used; these screws have a nut which is screwed on the inside. The small scrolls should be soldered on, using the copper bit and moistening the parts to be soldered with muriatic acid, which is used as a flux. The acid must first be prepared, which is called "killed." Cut up small some pieces of zinc, put the acid into a stone pot in the open air, as the fumes are very obnoxious. Put the zinc into the acid in small



FIG. 3.—COCONUT-SHELL CUP.

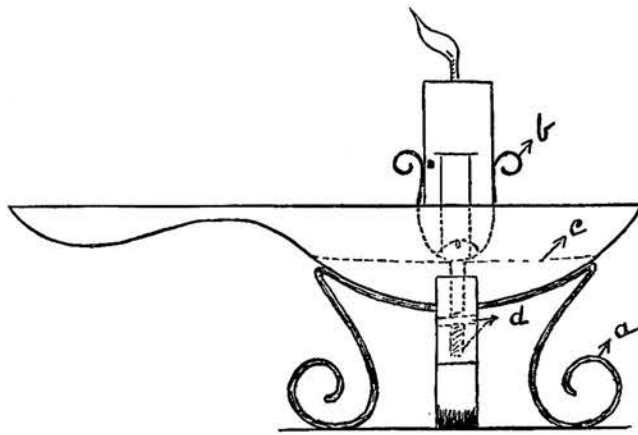


FIG. 4.—HALF-GOURD MOUNTED AS CANDLESTICK.

quantities till all boiling ceases, then the killed spirits will be ready for use. Dampen the part to be soldered with the spirits, have your soldering bit moderately hot, put the point of the bit in the spirits, then on the solder, which will adhere, and carry to the joint, which is held in position with the pliers while being soldered. The mount is now taken off the gourd entirely. The iron is blackened to preserve it from rust, a dead black being most desirable, composed of drop black ground into a fine paste with gold size laid on thinly with a brush and polished with a piece of leather when dry. The gourd is now to be prepared for pyrography. Scrape the gourd all over evenly with a piece of glass, then rub well with emery cloth. Polish with dry putty powder on Canton flannel, and finish with chamois leather. If this process is carried out the gourd will look like antique ivory. The design is now sketched on and finely scorched in, and a most beautiful effect can be gotten. The gourd is mounted upon its stand and the nuts put on with white lead, and the work is finished, which will be found most charming, and well repay those that can afford the time. It is not necessary that all gourds that are to be decorated with pyrography need be scraped and polished. There are some that have most beautiful natural tones; these can be cleaned with ammonia, which will strengthen the colors, or they can be left natural, or either scorched or lacquered to brighten the colors. It will always be found a great improvement to give a good rubbing with a piece of Canton flannel. It will not be out of place to mention that all kinds, sizes and shapes of gourds can be purchased from most wholesale seedmen and some of the Japanese stores at a very trifling cost.

Fig. 3 is a carved nut from Central America used as a drinking vessel. The decoration is

very simple, and can be applied to the gourds. The very unevenness of the zigzag cuts lends to its beauty. The two lines that are cut around the middle should be a little wider than the metal band that secures the modern-addition scroll feet, which are secured as before described.

Fig. 4 is a candlestick, a piece cut from a small double-bulb gourd. Lengthwise the gourd is divided into about three equal parts, which will make two candlesticks. Two strips of metal are cut and bent up as shown at *a*, which have a small hole punched through the middle for the feet; *b* is the nozzle for the candle, which is likewise made of two strips of metal scrolled at each of the ends, a hole being also punched through the centre of the two strips; *c* is a round metal disk that fits in the bottom to act as a receiver for the candle grease. A hole is made through the centre of the gourd, and the whole of the metalwork and gourd is bolted together with a small stove bolt, the nut being screwed up underneath, as shown at *d*. It is advisable when possible to blacken the iron before finally putting together, as it can be done so much more quickly and easily.

Fig. 5 is mounted upon three C-scroll feet,

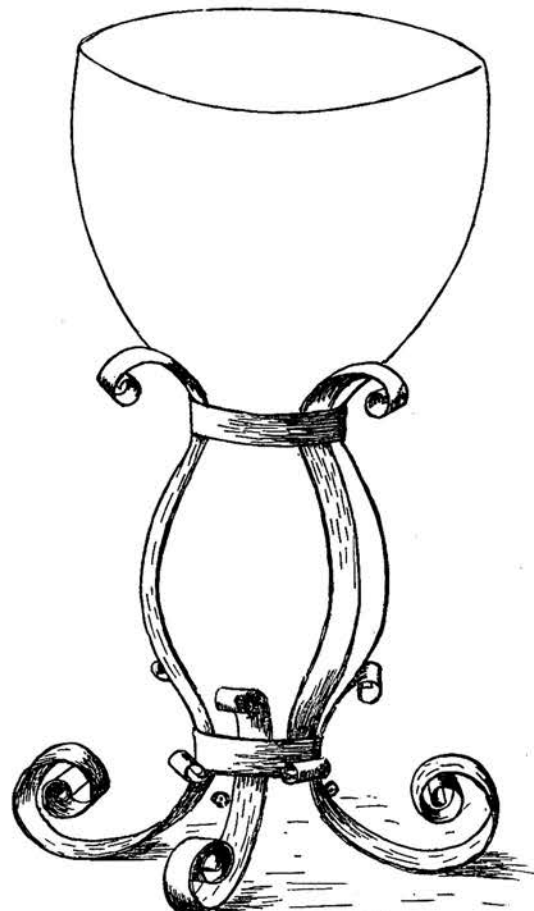


FIG. 5.—GOURD MOUNTED AS VASE.

which are soldered or riveted to the lower band. The three strips are only curved at the upper end; the band is soldered around the gourd with the strips in their places. They are then soldered to the band. The bottom band, with the feet secured in their places, is slipped up over the upper slips, which are then curved with the pliers, binding the whole together firmly. Broken wine-glasses, tumblers, quaint-shaped bottles and coconut-shells might be utilized by mounting them in this sheet iron.



WAX FLOWERS, No. 10.

BY MRS. E. S. L. THOMPSON.

THE BUTTERFLY GERANIUM.

Materials.—One-half package white, one-half package rose-pink wax, two yards green spool wire, one bottle deep purple (dry paint), one bottle Prussian blue (dry paint), glass-headed cutting-pin, one-half package single green wax (a light shade), and a rose geranium leaf mould.

Take your leaf mould, dip it in water, shake off the drops, then lay on a piece of the light green wax, press it down gently, and place a piece of wire two inches long in the centre. Lay on another piece of wax, and press firmly down. Now slip your leaf from the mould, and trim the edges, if a little rough, with a small pair of sharp scissors. All leaves are moulded in the same way. Group the leaves together as near like the natural flower as possible.

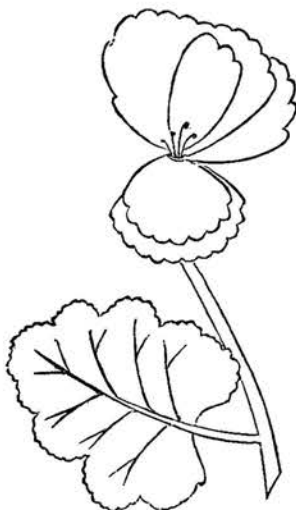


Fig. 1.

We are now ready for the flower. There are a number of varieties: white with purple spots, pink with purple spots, and light canary color with pink spots, are the most beautiful.

Fig. 1 represents the flower and leaf, half size, taken from a fine specimen in the study of the writer.

Cut of the pink wax three pieces, shaped like Fig. 2, one and one-eighth of an inch wide, and

one and a-fourth long. Mix a little of each of the two shades of purple, and rub on the place designated by A, then with your glass-headed pin roll these pieces until they are a little cupped.

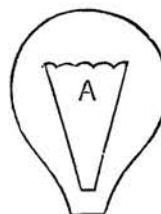


Fig. 2.

It is not necessary to wet the head of the pin when anything has been rubbed with dry paint. Lay these aside and cut three pieces the shape of Fig. 3, same size as Fig. 2, and one piece two sizes smaller.

Make some pointed edges, as indicated by the straight line drawn across the top of the figure below B. Color these around the edges with some of the paint you have already mixed. Now roll them a very little around the edges.

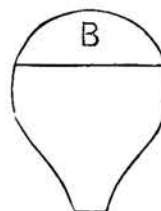


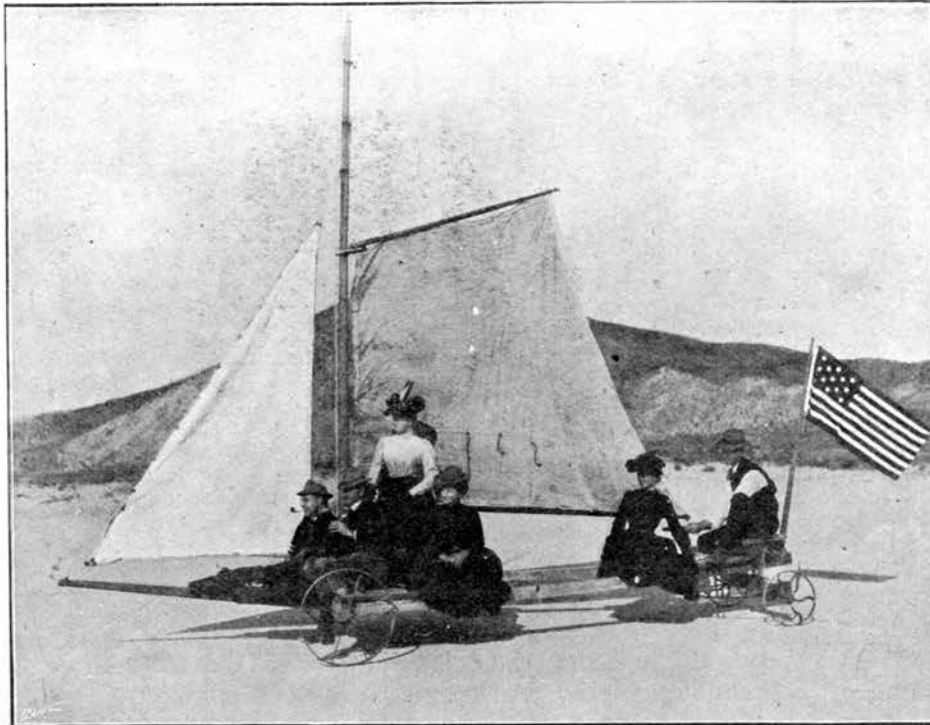
Fig. 3.

Cut a stem three inches long, double it over to form a small hook at one end; cover this hook with a small piece of light green wax, rolled round like a ball, and wind the stem with a narrow strip of green wax. You are now ready to put your flower together.

The pieces like Fig. 2 are put on first; they are arranged as indicated in Fig. 1. The pieces like Fig. 3 are next put on; finish off with a small piece of green wax for calyx. Join the flower to the leaves already moulded. The white ones are cut by the same patterns, and spotted with the dry purple paint.

Sailing on Land.

BY JOHN L. VON BLON.



From a] THE "DESERT QUEEN." [Photo
Copyright, 1902, in the United States of America by John L. von Blon, Los Angeles.



GLIDING over the pathless stretches of shifting sand that comprise the dreaded Mojave Desert in Southern California is the queerest craft that ever sailed. Strange tales of a phantom ship that have lately come from that forlorn region, the last place in all the world where a clever modern invention would be looked for, may be traced to this. It is a yacht on wheels, a graceful land-going clipper, faster than any that ever rode the main, and is aptly named *Desert Queen*. To the very heart of the great sun-blistered, forbidding waste this odd thing carries its plucky navigators, and ludicrous stories are brought to the outer world by solitary prospectors who in their roamings have seen the white sails silhouetted against the ever-changing background. Who would not be surprised, or even awed, by the remarkable spectacle of a trim craft, such as ordinarily belongs to the sea, skimming over this barren place where not a drop of water ever falls?

Beyond doubt this is the most singular vehicle ever conceived to be propelled by the wind. It was built by two miners, Carl H. and Charles S. Hoyt, of Cleveland, Ohio, nearly a year ago. It has been in use ever since, covering thousands of miles. The

Hoyts have a gold mine in the buttes near the town of Rosamond, and live nine miles away, at the other end of a peculiar dry lake, which is hard as concrete and swept smooth as a tennis court by the sands for ever driven over it before the fierce winds rushing through Tehachepi Pass. This level tract suggested the novel idea of a sailing machine, and it was built of odds and ends picked up about the camp.

For the front support an old buggy axle was used, and to this were attached two iron wheels, 30in. in diameter, which had done service on a farming implement. Other parts were improvised with similar ingenuity, and the result is a stanch "boat" 14ft. long, 8ft. across the front, and tapering to the rear, with a mast 15ft. high, mainsail 10ft. on the boom and 10ft. on the mast, jib and jibboom to match. The steering contrivance is like those used on hook and ladder trucks. The "ship" answers her helm perfectly, and sails about as close to the wind as the ordinary water craft. On her initial run *Desert Queen* got beyond control, and while tearing along at a terrific rate came to grief with a crash. Broken timbers, bruised men, and wrecked sails were littered on the plain, and it took many days to repair the damage and make needed alterations. Now she

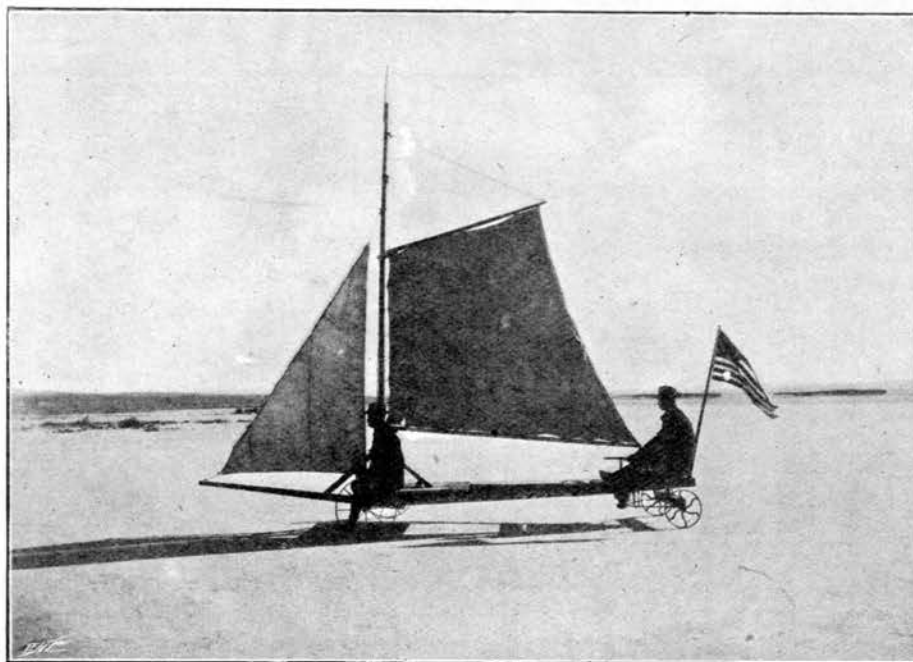
carries her owners and their tools and supplies to and from the mine every day, and often they take out excursion parties of half-a-dozen people. She is the wonder of all who have heard of her, and hundreds have gone to Rosamond from far and near to see her.

The most astonishing quality of the *Desert Queen* is her speed, which is almost incredible. Fifty

miles an hour has been attained on the dry lake under favourable wind, and her owners believe that she could readily make seventy-five, but the danger would be too great. The longest fast run was forty miles on the open desert in eighty minutes. What the possibilities of a carefully-balanced machine with larger frame and wheels, ball-bearings and rubber tyres, and plenty of canvas would be on the smooth lake-bed can hardly be conjectured, but it is to be demonstrated. Several mining capitalists are talking of building two such craft for racing and for experimental purposes in other directions.

Various possibilities have been suggested by this invention, including a new, quick, and cheap mode of transportation across the Sahara, where winds are said to constantly prevail. Thus may a rival of the camel spring up in a place where camels were tried without success years ago, and where a few are said to be wandering still.

A fast ride on the *Desert Queen*, amid surroundings more desolate than the mighty ocean, is thrilling and exciting, to say the least. You go dodging, at the start, between dots of greasewood and cacti as the "ship" leaves camp with the rising wind; here and there grotesque yucca trees stand like sentinels, with limbs like long arms outstretched to reach you; horned toads scurry away over the hot sands, and lizards dart, looking like blue streaks, for the shelter, but not always quickly enough, for the *Queen's* wheels have crushed many before they could move;



From a]

ON THE DAILY RUN TO THE MINES.

[Photo

jack-rabbits go skittering through the brush, and little ash-coloured desert chipmunks scatter the sand about in their frenzied haste to get into their retreats; an occasional coyote, long and grey and lean—the picture of starved want—rises upon his scraggy hind legs and sniffs; now and then you may run over a deadly "sidewinder" (rattlesnake), or pass the bleaching bones of some poor creature, human or otherwise, that suffered the horrors of starvation and probably sucked the blood from its own parched tongue before the end came.

These things you notice at first; but the wind increases and the pace grows madder. You tie a string to your hat and anchor it to your suspender; your handkerchief is whipping from your neck and goes sailing and writhing up and away—away out of sight almost before you realize that it is gone. This is, indeed, a different wind from any that ever blew in any other part of the world.

You are fairly flying now, and but a little sail is up. The air is filled with sand and pebbles as large as buckshot, and they pelt you hard; all around towering spirals of dust—small end of the spiral down—go springing across the plain, whirling up food for the terrible storm that is sweeping from the Sierra Mountains to Death Valley. Wilder becomes the dash of the *Queen*, and you hang on frantically with both hands and find it hard to catch your breath. The man who steers and the man who hauls in canvas are too busy to see you gasp and shudder; but at last, when Doomsday seems near, the

sails are all lowered and the terrifying voyage is ended. And then you are told that it has not begun to blow yet! Thirty minutes later it would be impossible to stand erect anywhere on the ground over which you have passed! That is just a little taste of the Mojave Desert.

An experience never to be forgotten is a night run on the *Queen*. Through the weird surroundings that are her element it is more impressive than a voyage over the most tempestuous sea. There is something uncanny about the singular craft, shooting noiselessly through the moonlight like a white-sheeted spectre, and when first "launched" stray gold seekers who met her were frightened almost out of their wits, and many will swear that they have seen the real "phantom ship."

Surprising pranks have been played with the new land yacht by the ever-present and wonderful mirage. A hundred miles from Rosamond a sailing vessel has been fre-

quently seen against the horizon, sometimes apparently in a blue sea studded with islands green with waving palms, and again inverted and seemingly suspended in the sky. Several times have been sighted what looked like a score of schooners standing one above another and then resting on calm water in a line. These phenomena have been observed at a distance in various directions from the borders of the desert, and there is no doubt that all were but reflections of the *Desert Queen* projected on the endless screen by Nature's projectoscope, which cuts no such capers anywhere else.

One of the remarkable features of the Rosamond dry lake is a mud geyser, near the centre, constantly flowing, and so deep that it never has been fathomed. Not long ago a party of cowboys attached a leaden weight to a line and dropped it hundreds of feet, but no bottom was found, though the diameter of the hole is but a few yards at the opening.

Grasses and Ferns Gathered in Summer for Winter Use.

Anybody who is lucky enough to summer in the country, or even to go there for a little space, with a very little trouble may lay up treasures against winter weather. Nearly everybody has plucked handfuls of grain and marsh and meadow grasses, but very few know that the beauty of their winter bouquets depends largely upon when they are gathered and how they are cured. Choose a bright day—the warmer the better. Pull stalks of all sizes, taking those that have the grain still in the milk. Leave stems of generous length, and be careful not to get your hands too full. The temptation of abundance is one to be strongly guarded against. Put the stalks loosely in a wide-mouthed jar, letting them hang over in graceful curves. If you wish to keep them green, set the jar in a dark, airy place, and leave it undisturbed for a week. To make them bright golden yellow, let them wilt for twelve hours, then set them where they will get the full sun-blaze and the dew. If you want wreaths and garlands of them, braid the flexible stems together, taking care to choose the feathriest sorts, and hang them inside the glass of a south window to dry.

When you go after ferns to mix with them, take a book made by folding newspapers in four, and tacked and cut. Have a loose cover of stout cardboard, with tapes for tying at the outer edge. Choose only the most graceful stalks, and get as much variety as possible. As they are gathered, pin them flat against a leaf of your book. Do not lap one fern on another, and let two thicknesses of paper come betwixt each layer of leaves. When the book is full, take it out of the cover and let it dry under weight. If you have

not time for that, lay thick paper over each fern-filled leaf, and press dry with very hot irons. Thus treated they keep color wonderfully. A wreath of them, half on, half off, a mirror whose frame you have enameled, silvered or gilded, makes a thing of beauty out of something that was commonplace.

Grasses and ferns, though, are but a trifle of the possible salvage from summer's sea of beauty. Not to mention golden-rod and cat-tails, pine cones and acorns, there are pads of silkweed ready to burst into foam of floss, everlasting flowers—the pale-yellow upland sort, and the big dull-pink one that haunts rich lowland—feathery sprays of aster, and a hundred small, nameless things whose seed vessels star the hedgerows. None of them can outdo the wild clematis, variously known as "virgin's bower," "bride's wreath," "traveler's joy," etc. In August it hangs rampant trails of greenish-white flowers along every lane and brookside. They fade quickly and are followed by starry clusters of fluffy seed. Cut long lengths of the vine just as the seed are fully formed, and tack them in place as quickly as possible. Let them run up and around your pictures, or all along your wall, above door or windows, or else mass them in a corner all their own. The leaves will wither into nothingness, but in three days each seed spray will be a mass of tufts, lighter than thistle down and a soft gray-white in color. If you cannot bring it home green, make loose wreaths of it, lay them in the shade to dry, and put them lightly in a box to themselves when your homeward journey begins. By careful handling you may arrange them to look very well indeed—though nothing like so well as if put in place while green.—New York Tribune.

ZIGZAGS

OF THE

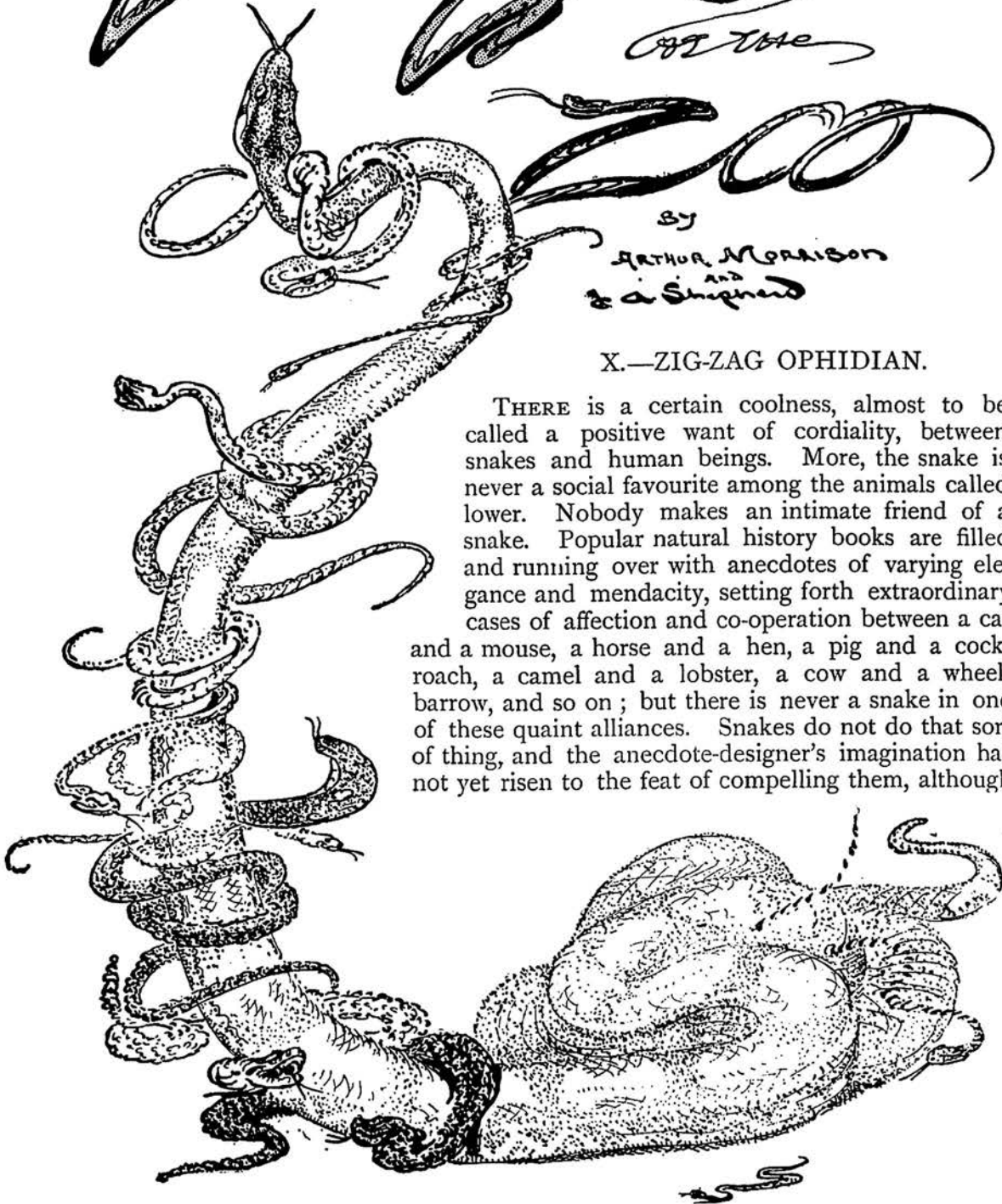


BY

ARTHUR MORRISON
AND
A SIGNER

X.—ZIG-ZAG OPHIDIAN.

THERE is a certain coolness, almost to be called a positive want of cordiality, between snakes and human beings. More, the snake is never a social favourite among the animals called lower. Nobody makes an intimate friend of a snake. Popular natural history books are filled and running over with anecdotes of varying elegance and mendacity, setting forth extraordinary cases of affection and co-operation between a cat and a mouse, a horse and a hen, a pig and a cockroach, a camel and a lobster, a cow and a wheelbarrow, and so on ; but there is never a snake in one of these quaint alliances. Snakes do not do that sort of thing, and the anecdote-designer's imagination has not yet risen to the feat of compelling them, although





LANDLORD.

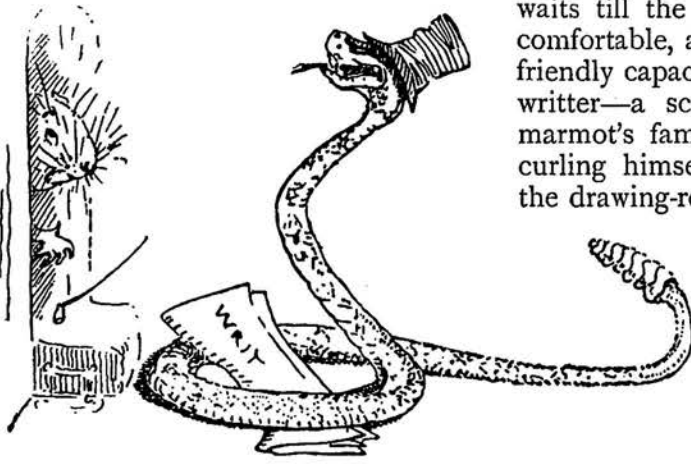
The prairie marmot takes a lot of trouble and builds a nice burrow, and then the owl, who is only a slovenly sort of architect himself, comes along and takes apartments. It has never been quite settled whether or not the lodger and the landlord agree pleasantly together, but in the absence of any positive evidence they may be given credit for perfect amiability; because nobody has found traces of owl in a dead marmot's interior, nor of marmot in an owl's. But the rattlesnake is another thing. He

the stimulus of competition may soon cause it. The case most nearly approaching one of friendship between man and snake known to me is the case of Tyrrell, the Zoo snake keeper, and his "laidly worms." But, then, the friendship is mostly on Tyrrell's side, and, moreover, Tyrrell is rather more than human, as anyone will admit who sees him hang boa constrictors round his neck. Of course one often hears of boys making pets of common English snakes, but a boy is not a human creature at all; he is a kind of harpy.

The prairie marmot and the burrowing owl come into neighbourly contact with the rattlesnake, but the acquaintance does not quite amount to friendship.



LODGER.

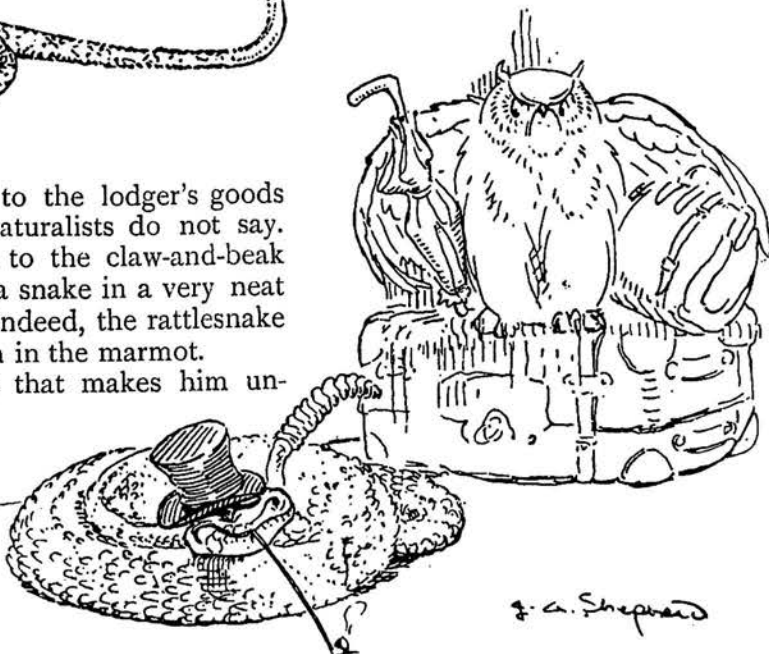


WRITTER.

waits till the residence has been made perfectly comfortable, and then comes in himself; not in the friendly capacity of a lodger, but as a sort of unholy writer—a scaly man-in-possession. He eats the marmot's family and perhaps the marmot himself; curling himself up comfortably in the best part of the drawing-room. The owl and his belongings he leaves severely alone; but whether from a doubt as to the legality of distraining upon the goods of a

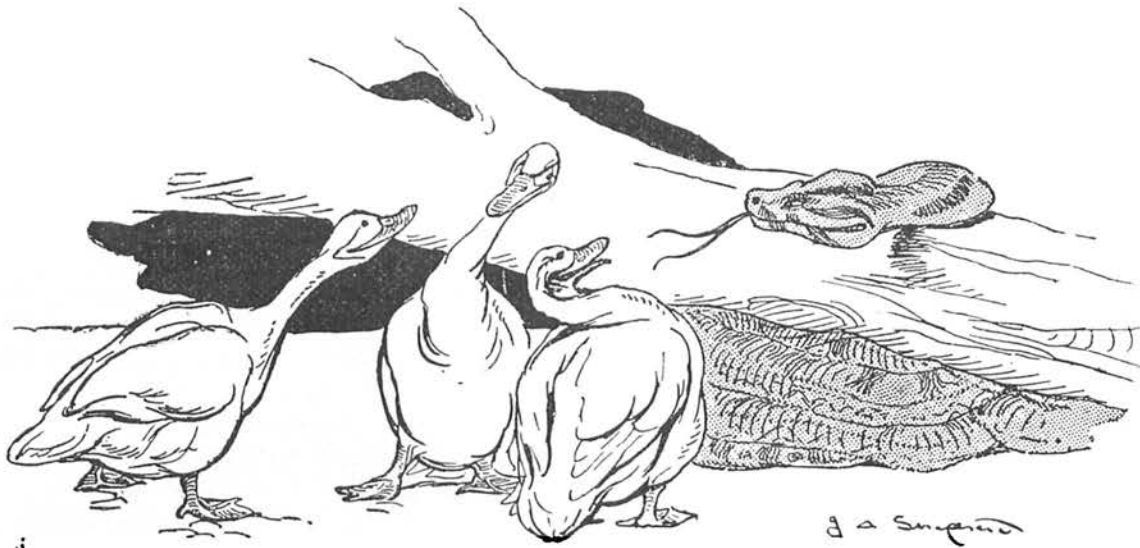
lodger, or from a certainty as to the lodger's goods including claws and a beak, naturalists do not say. Personally, I incline very much to the claw-and-beak theory, having seen an owl kill a snake in a very neat and workmanlike manner; and, indeed, the rattlesnake sometimes catches a Tartar even in the marmot.

It isn't terror of the snake that makes him unpopular; the most harmless snake never acquires the confidence of other creatures; and one hesitates to carry it in his hat. This general repugnance is something like backing a bill or paying a tailor—entirely a matter of form. Nothing



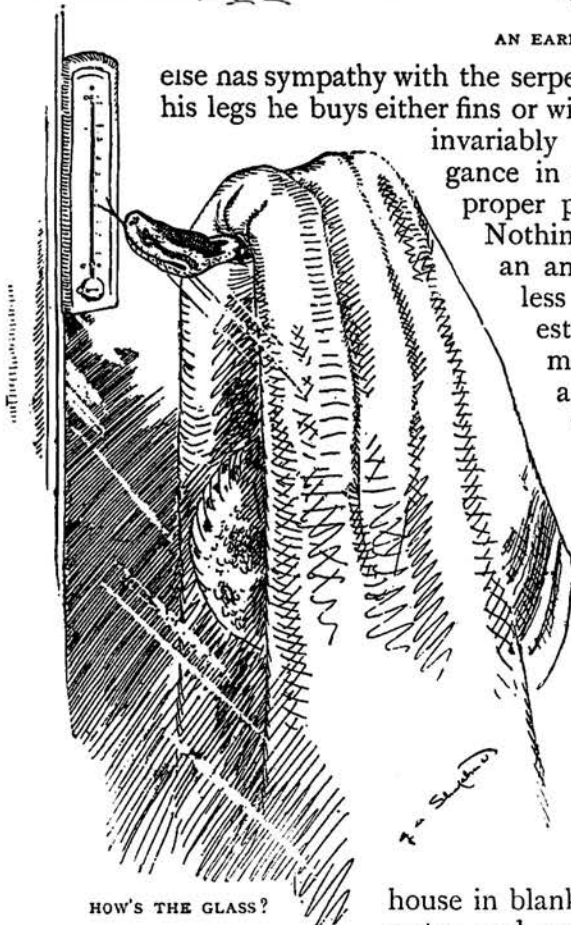
IN POSSESSION.

J. A. Shepherd



AN EARLY WORM.

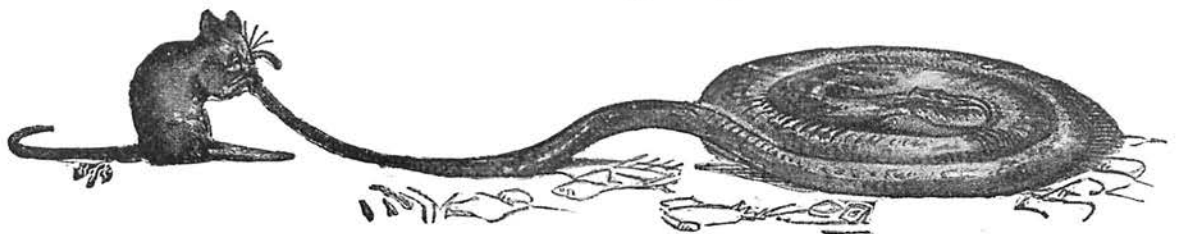
else nas sympathy with the serpent's shape. When any other animal barter away his legs he buys either fins or wings with them; this is a generally-understood law, invariably respected. But the snake goes in for extravagance in ribs and vertebræ; an eccentric, rakish, and improper proceeding; part of an irregular and raffish life. Nothing can carry within it affection, or even respect, for an animal whose tail begins nowhere in particular, unless it is at the neck; even if any creature may esteem it an animal at all that is but a tail with a mouth and eyes at one end. Dignify the mouth and eyes into a head, and still you have nothing wherewith to refute those who shall call the snake tribe naught but heads and tails; a vulgar and raffish condition of life, of pot-house and Tommy-Dod suggestion.



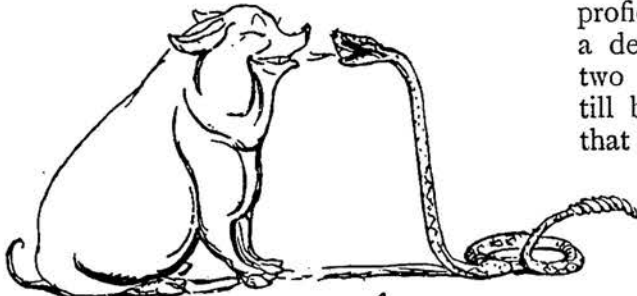
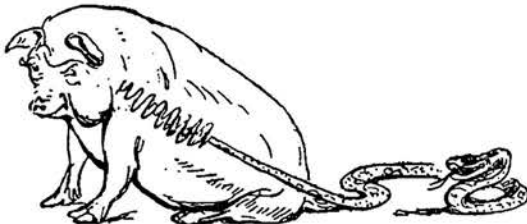
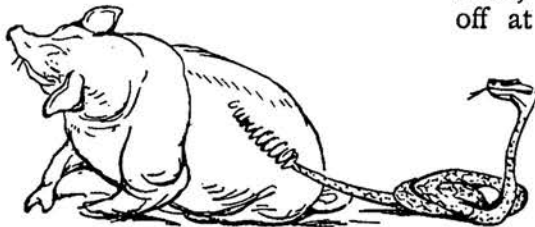
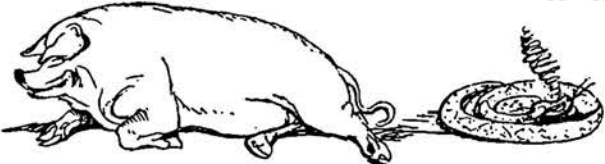
HOW'S THE GLASS?

And this is why nothing loves a snake. It is not because the snake is feared, but because it is incomprehensible. The talk of its upas-like influence, its deadly fascination, is chiefly picturesque humbug. Ducks will approach a snake curiously, inwardly debating the possibility of digesting so big a worm at one meal; the moving tail-tip they will peck at cheerfully. This was the sort of thing that one might have observed for himself years ago, here at the Zoo; at the time when the snakes lived in the old

house in blankets, because of the unsteadiness of the thermometer, and were fed in public. Now the snakes are fed in strict privacy lest the sight upset the morals of visitors; the killing of a bird, a rabbit, or a rat by a snake being almost a quarter as unpleasant to look upon as the killing of the same animal by a man in a farmyard or elsewhere. The abject terror inspired by the presence of a snake is such that an innocent rat will set to gnawing the snake's tail in default of more



THE FASCINATED RAT.



usual provender; while a rabbit placed with a snake near skin-shedding time will placidly nibble the loose rags of epidermis about the snake's sides.

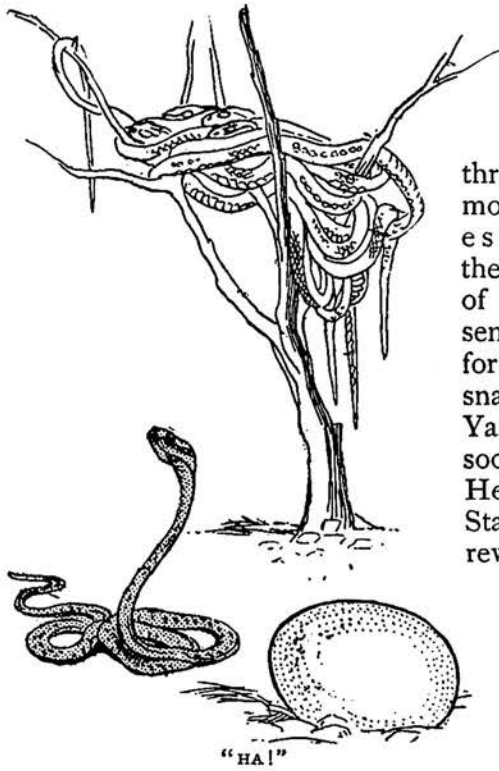
The pig treats the snake with disrespect, not to say insolence; nothing, ophidian or otherwise, can fascinate a pig. If your back garden is infested with rattlesnakes you should keep pigs. The pig dances contemptuously on the rattlesnake, and eats him with

much relish, rattles and all. The last emotion of the rattlesnake is intense astonishment; and astonishment is natural, in the circumstances. A respectable and experienced rattlesnake, many years established in business, has been accustomed to spread panic everywhere within ear and eye shot; everything capable of motion has started off at the faintest rustle of his rattles, and his view of animal life from those expressionless eyes has invariably been a back view, and a rapidly diminishing one. After a life-long experience of this sort, to be unceremoniously rushed upon by a common pig, to be jumped upon, to be flouted and snouted, to be treated as so much swill, and finally to be made a snack of—this causes a feeling of very natural and painful surprise in the rattlesnake. But a rattlesnake is only surprised in this way once, and he is said to improve the pork.

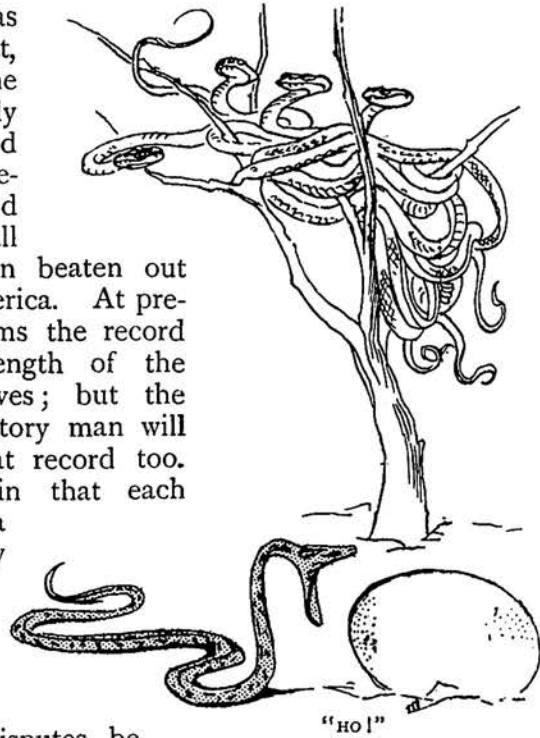
As a *tour de force* in the gentle art of lying, the snake-story is justly esteemed. All the records in this particular branch of sport are held in the United States of America, where proficiency at snakes is the first qualification of a descriptive reporter. The old story of the two snakes swallowing each other from the tail till both disappeared; the story of the snake that took its own tail in its mouth and trundled after its victim like a hoop; the story of the man who chopped a snake in half



THE DISRESPECTFUL FIG.



just as it was bolting a rat, so that the rat merely toddled through the foremost half and escaped — all these have been beaten out of sight in America. At present Brazil claims the record for absolute length of the snakes themselves; but the Yankee snake-story man will soon claim that record too. He will explain that each State pays a

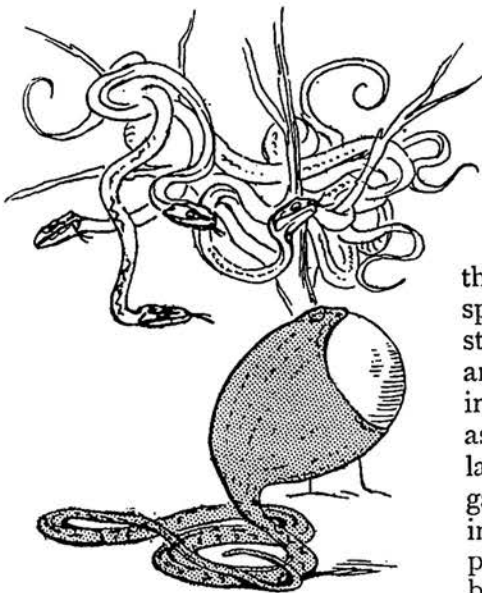


reward for every snake killed within its own limits; but that there are always disputes between the different States as to payment; because

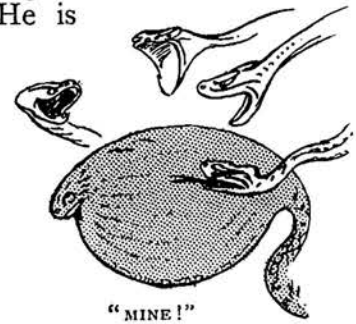
most of the snakes killed are rather large, crawling across several States at once.

Here, among a number of viperine snakes of about the same size, is a snake that lives on eggs. He is about as thick as a lead pencil, but that doesn't prevent his swallowing a large

pigeon's egg whole, nor even a hen's egg at a pinch. It dislocates his jaw, but that is a part of his professional system, and when the business is over he calmly joints up his jaw again and goes to sleep. He is eccentric, even for a snake, and wears his teeth on his backbone, where they may break

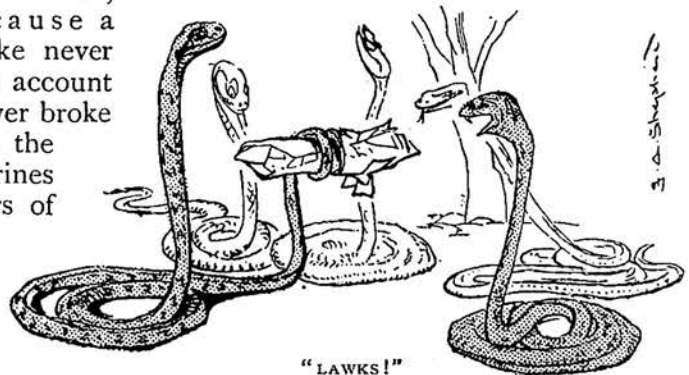


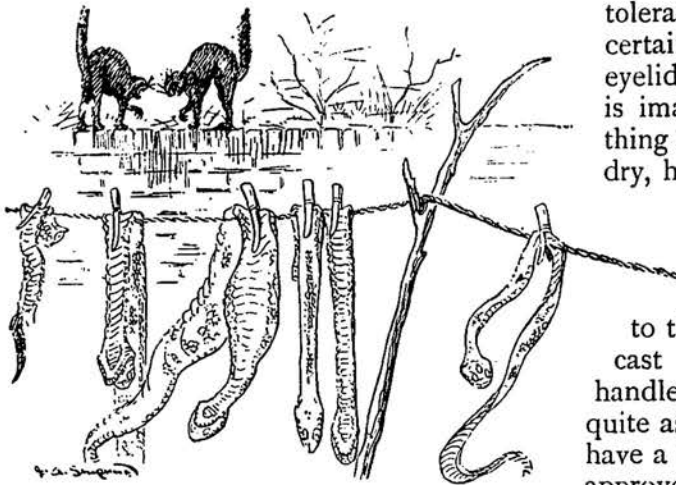
the egg-shell so that he may spit it away. When he first stretched his head round an egg, the viperine snakes in the same case hastily assumed him to be a very large tadpole; and since tadpoles are regarded with gastronomical affection by viperine snakes, they began an instant chase, each prepared to swallow the entire phenomenon, because a snake never



hesitates to swallow anything merely on account of its size. When finally the egg-swallower broke the egg, and presented to their gaze the crumpled shell, the perplexed viperines subsided, and retired to remote corners of the case to think the matter over and forget it—like the crowd dispersed by the circulating hat of the street-conjurer.

Familiarity with the snake breeds





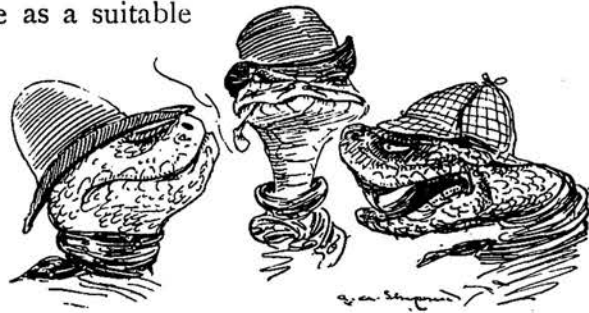
OLD CLO'.

toleration. He is a lawless sort of creature, certainly, with too many vertebræ and no eyelids; but he is not always so horrible as he is imagined. A snake is rather a pleasant thing to handle than otherwise. Warm, firm, dry, hard and smooth on the scales, rather like ivory to the touch. He is also a deal heavier than you expect. When for good behaviour I have been admitted to Tyrrell's inner sanctum here, and

to the corridors behind the lairs, where hang cast skins like stockings on a line, I have handled many of his pets. I have never got quite as far as rattlesnakes, because rattlesnakes have a blackguardly, welshing look that I don't approve. But there is a Robben Island snake, about five feet long, with no poison, who is

very pleasant company. It is a pity that these snakes have no pet names. I would suggest The Pirate as a suitable name for any snake from Robben Island.

For anybody who has been bitten by a cobra, or a rattlesnake, or a puff-adder, there are many remedies, but few people who can recommend them from personal experience. It is to be feared that most of them unfortunately die before writing their testimonials. Perhaps they were too long deciding which thing to take. The most famous of these remedies, and probably the best, on the whole, is to get excessively drunk. It is



WELSHERS.

expensive to get drunk after a poisonous snake-bite, because something in the veins fortifies the head against the first bottle or two of whisky. Getting drunk before the bite won't do, although there would appear to be a very widely prevalent impression that it will, and a very common resolve to lay up a good store of cure against possible accidents in the future. This may be misdirected prudence, and nothing else, but there is often a difficulty in persuading a magistrate to think so.



DRUNK TOO SOON.



RESULT.

The snake *will* be eccentric, even in the matter of its eggs. Most snakes secure originality and independence in this matter by laying eggs like an elongated tennis-ball—eggs covered with a

sort of white parchment or leather instead of shell. All the rest go further, and refuse to lay eggs at all.



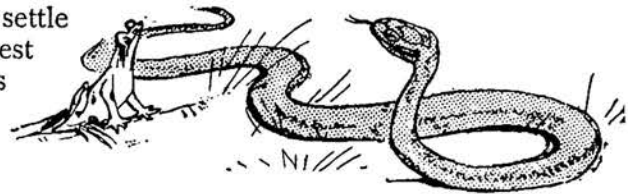
FIRST THIS TIME, I THINK!

The snake insists on having his food fresh; you must let him do his own killing. Many carry this sort of fastidiousness so far as to

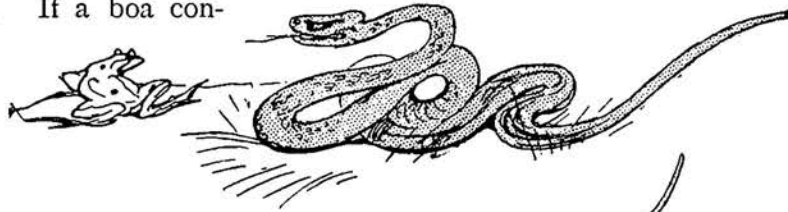


LOR!

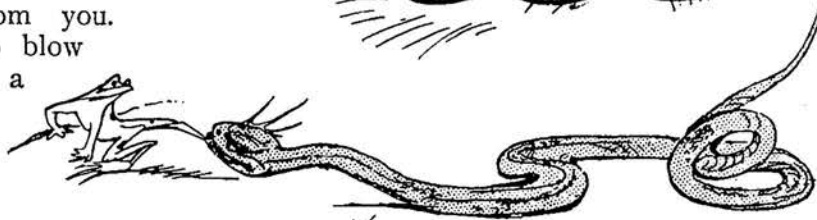
prefer taking it in alive, and leaving it to settle matters with the digestive machinery as best it may. A snake of this sort has lost his dinner before now by gaping too soon ; a frog takes a deal of swallowing before he forgets how to jump.



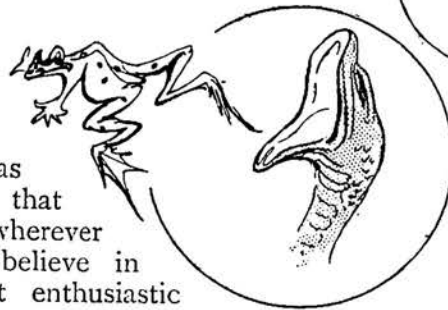
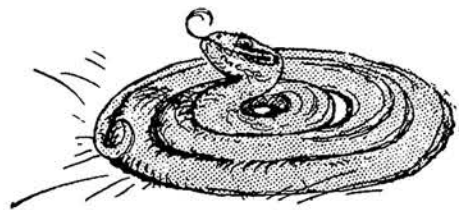
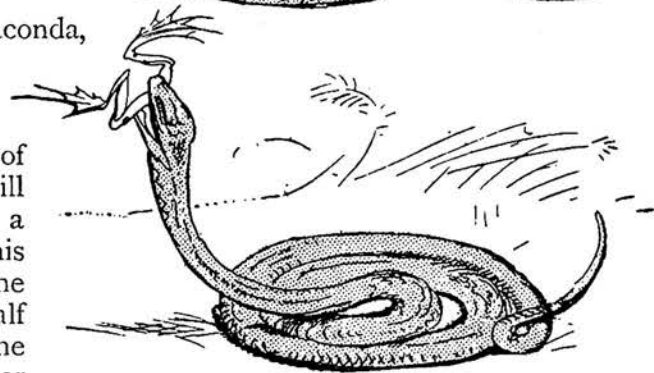
It is well to remember what to do in case of attack by a formidable snake. If a boa constrictor or a python begin to curl himself about you, you should pinch him vigorously, and he will loosen his folds and get away from you. Some may prefer to blow his head off with a pistol, but it is largely a matter of taste, and one doesn't want to



damage a good specimen. The anaconda, however, who is the biggest of the constrictors, won't let go for pinching ; in this case the best thing is not to let him get hold of you at all. Tobacco-juice will kill a puff-adder. If you come across a puff-adder, you should open his mouth gently, remembering that the scratch of a fang means death in half an hour or so, and give him the tobacco-juice in a suitable dose ; or you can run away as fast as possible, which is kinder to the snake and much healthier for yourself.



By far the biggest snake here is the python, in the case opposite the door ; he is more than twenty feet long, and is seriously thinking of growing longer still. Tyrrell picks him up unceremoniously by the neck and shoves him head first into a tank of water, when he seems to need a little stir and amusement. I think, perhaps, after all, the most remarkable being exhibited in the reptile house is Tyrrell. I don't think much of the Indian snake-charmers now. See a cobra raise its head and flatten out its neck till it looks like a demoniac flounder set on end ; keep in mind that a bite means death in a few minutes ; presently you will feel yourself possessed with a certain respect for a snake-charmer who tootles on a flute while the thing crawls about him. But Tyrrell comes along, without a flute — without as much as a jew's-harp—and carelessly grabs that cobra by the neck and strolls off with it wherever he thinks it ought to go, and you believe in the European after all. He is a most enthusiastic

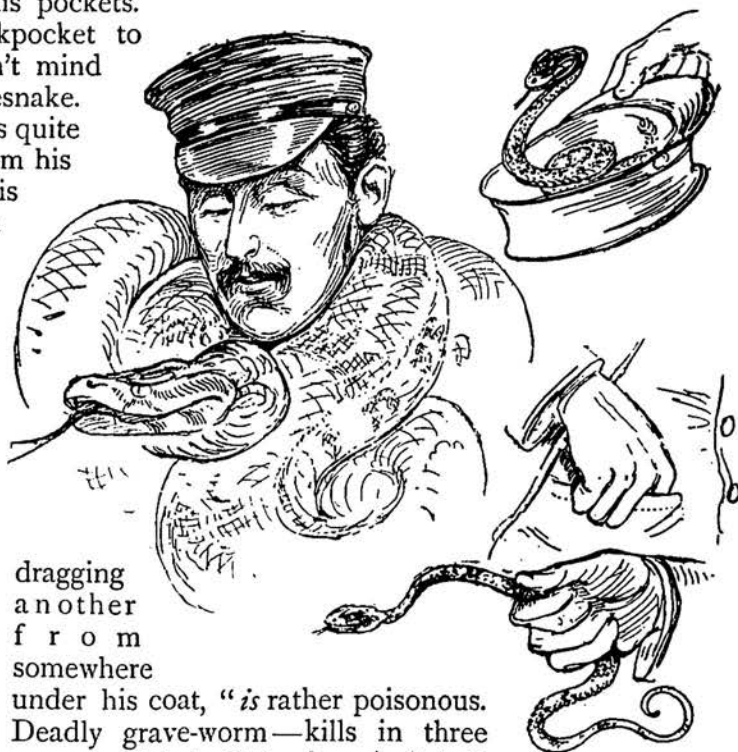


THE SNAKE THAT GAPED : A MORAL LESSON.

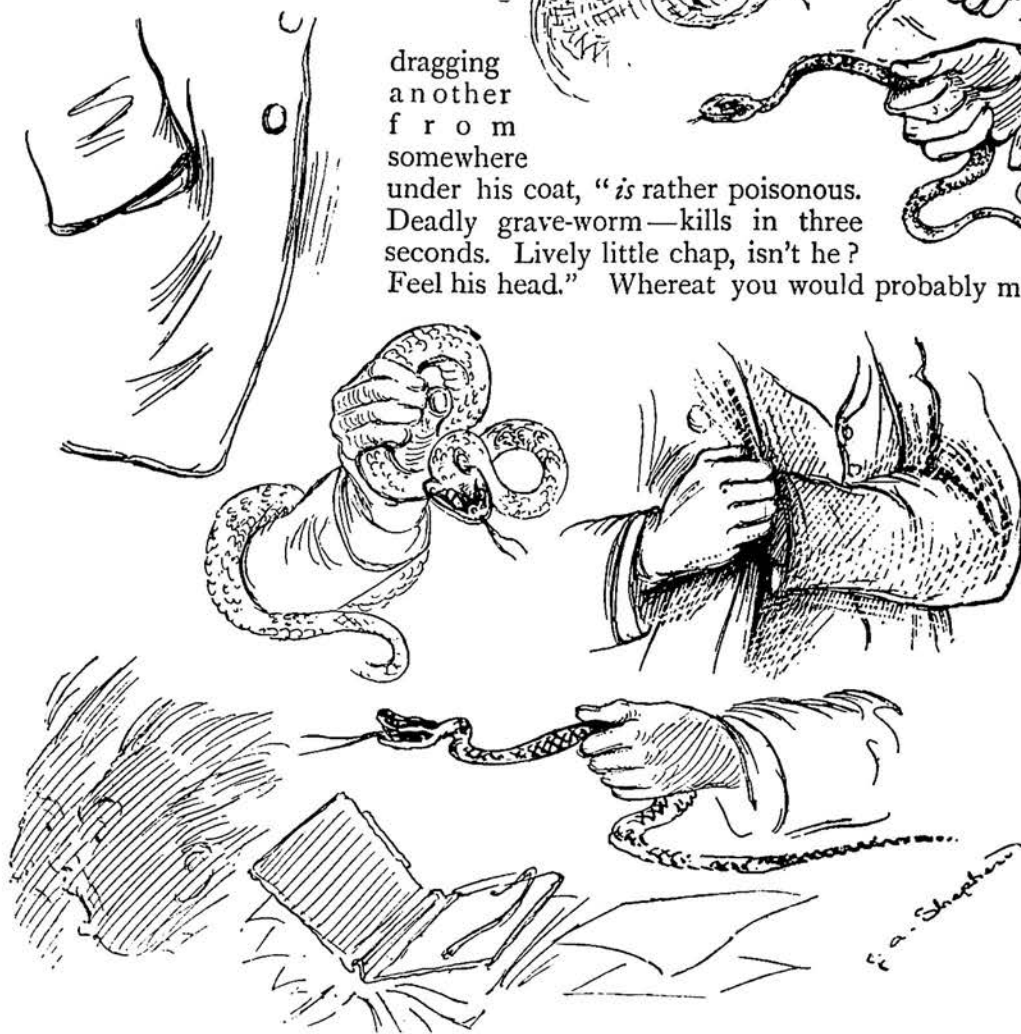
naturalist, is Tyrrell. He thinks nothing of festooning a boa constrictor about his neck and arms, and in his sanctum he keeps young crocodiles in sundry watering-pots, and other crawling things in unexpected places. You never quite know where the next surprise is coming from. I always feel doubtful about his pockets.

I shouldn't recommend a pickpocket to try them, unless he really doesn't mind running against a casual rattlesnake.

Tyrrell is the sort of man who is quite likely to produce something from his cap and say: "By-the-bye, this is a promising youngster—death adder, you know. And here," taking something else from his coat or vest pocket, "is a very fine specimen of the spotted coffin-filler, rather curious. It isn't *very* poisonous—kills in an hour or so. Now, this,"



dragging another from somewhere under his coat, "is rather poisonous. Deadly grave-worm—kills in three seconds. Lively little chap, isn't he? Feel his head." Whereat you would probably move on.



F. A. Stephens



The trudging sow leads orth her numerous young,
Playful, and white, and clean, the briars among;
And o'er their heads, loud lash'd by furious squalls,
Bright from their cups the rattling treasure falls.

BLOOMFIELD.

FOREST scenery never looks so beautiful as in Autumn; and at no period of this season can it be seen to better advantage than between the shutting in of September and the opening of October. It is then that Nature seems to have exhausted all the fantastic colours of her palette, and to have scattered her richest red, brown, yellow, and purple, upon the foliage. Every gust of wind that now blows, brings down thousands of golden-coloured acorns, that come pattering like little feet among the fallen leaves, leaving empty their smooth, round, hollow cups, from which the old poets in their fables framed the drinking vessels of the fairies. We need not wander further than the New Forest to witness one of those scenes which Scott, in his "Ivanhoe," has steeped in the sunniest hues of poetry, and where we can see realised the vision of Gurth, the swineherd, tending his noisy and grunting charge, as they feed upon the fattening acorns. It is only amid forest scenery that hogs have a poetical appearance; there is then a clear, silvery look about their bristly hides, which is beautifully brought out by the green of the underwood, and softened by the shadows of the overhanging branches. The picture is also more endeared to us through its antiquity; for, excepting in the change of costume of the swineherd, we know that our old English forests presented just such another scene above a thousand years ago. We find it recorded in the earliest descriptions we possess of the manners and customs of our Saxon forefathers. In Doomsday Book it is frequently mentioned; and, among the old Forest Laws, we find the seasons of mast, and pannage, and fence-month, regu-

lated by Regarders, Verdurers, Agisters, and all those grim guardians of the green wood, who knew

Each lane and every alley green,
Dingle, or bushy dell of that wild wood,
And every bosky bourn, from side to side,
Their daily walks and ancient neighbourhood—

Who were ever wandering about with bolt and bow in hand, ready to shoot a shaft at either dog or man, if they were found trespassing upon the Royal chace.

Those who live on the borders of the forest have the privilege of feeding their hogs upon acorns or beech-mast throughout the month of October, and they are still intrusted to the care of a swineherd as they were in the olden time. The modern Gurth, however, first sets out to reconnoitre the forest; and, having found a shady and favourable spot, where acorns or beech-mast are abundant, and water is near at hand, he next commences erecting a habitation for the reception of his ravenous herd. Having selected some huge, gigantic oak, he encloses a large space around it with a wattled fence, makes a warm bed inside, of fern, weeds, and withered forest grass, then covers it over with branches and entangling underwood. After this is completed, he collects his herd amongst the neighbouring foresters, who generally pay a shilling a head for all they intrust to his care; and, driving them where there is a plentiful supply of food, he allows them to eat their fill, and after this urges them on to the clear water-course,

when, having drank, he forces them back to the large sty he has erected, and leaves them, in all their swinish ease, to repose until the following morning. After a day or two they require but little looking after; for, although they will wander away two or three miles into the depths of the forest, and be divided into numerous parties, yet each division of the herd has its leader, who is sure to return at nightfall, trudging before his followers, to the accustomed resting-place, beneath the huge, broad-branching oak. By the end of the month, the whole herd is in such excellent condition that but little food is required for fattening them before they are slaughtered.

One of the most beautiful pictures in Bloomfield's "Farmer's Boy," is a description of swine coming to drink at the forest-pool, and startling the wild duck from her lonely haunt, who, in her turn, alarms the whole herd by the noise she makes with her wings, as she rises, when

With bristles raised, the sudden noise they hear,
And ludicrously wild, and wing'd with fear,
The herd decamp with more than swinish speed,
And snorting, dash through sedge, and rush, and reed.
Through tangling thickets heading on they go,
Then stop, and listen for their fancied foe:
The hindmost still the growing panic spreads—
Repeated fright the first alarm succeeds.

Now the villagers are busily employed in gathering the last clusters of the ripe elderberries, which, having picked, they either make into wine, or carry to the neighbouring market town, where they dispose of the fruit at eightpence or tenpence per gallon. A few groups of men, women, and children, may yet be seen in the fields, blowing their fingers for very cold, during the first frosty mornings of October, while they gather the heavy potatoes, pile them in their baskets, and carry them off to the lumbering cart to be stored up against the coming Winter. The ploughman and the sower are now in the fields, making ready and casting in the seed, which shoots up so early in the following year, and is the first to give that green and velvet-like look to the opening landscape of Spring. As the flowers die away, the evergreens seem to come out with a Summer-like freshness; the holly and ivy have a greener and glossier look; the alder still retains its vernal hue, and the hedges are hung with the crimson hips of the wild rose, the dark red berries of the hawthorn, and the gushing scarlet and emerald branches of the nightshade; while below, the arums have risen up, stiff and perpendicular, like stems carved out of the richest coral.

Fieldfares, and redwings, and snipes now visit us, and we already see the woodcock, with his long bill, and his black and grey plumage, hurrying across the open glade, to conceal himself amongst the trees, for he has returned from his long sea voyage, and contrived to land, somehow, unseen by any one, during the night. Now the whole landscape is occasionally buried beneath a mist, the progress of which can be traced as it first slowly arises from the river, spreads over the low meadows beside its banks, burying in its folds hedge, and stile, and tree; and looking as if the clouds had dropped down, settled upon, and shut out the scenery. The meadow paths are now wet and damp; there is a clammy moisture about the fallen leaves—a slipperiness on the footpaths which the trees overhang—a reeking of vapours that ascend in the air—all telling that the work of decay is slowly progressing, and that Nature is busy preparing a bed for the far-distant flowers of Spring. But, amid all this silent desolation, at no season of the year have the objects whose shadows fall upon the water so beautiful an appearance as now, when the sky is clear. Masses of foliage no longer darken the deep mirror, but far down falls the sharp outline of the trees, and in depths which look unfathomable, we see the clear blue of heaven, and the white silver of the moving cloud beautifully reflected. Sometimes we see imaged, as they sail slowly across, long lines of water-fowl, which are ever shifting their ranks into arrow-headed shapes and broken triangles, as the vaulted sky rings back the harsh scream which they now and then utter, while they,

Ranged in figure wedge their way,
Intelligent of seasons, and set forth,
Their airy caravan, high over seas
Flying, and over lands with mutual wing,
Easing their flight. The air
Floats as they pass, fanned with unnumber'd plumes.

Squirrel-hunting is an exciting amusement amongst boys in the country during Autumn; for when the leaves have fallen from the trees, this beautiful and graceful little animal can then be seen leaping merrily from branch to branch, or sitting contentedly on some moss-covered bough, holding the ripe brown nuts in his fore paws, and quite enjoying his woodland repast. What shouting, and hallooing, and tearing of clothes, and losing of shoes, and getting entangled in the briars, is there amongst the boys while hunting him: and no sooner has some little fellow, after much labour, climbed up the tree on which the squirrel is perched, when, just as the adventurer is about to extend his hand, and, as he thinks, seize the prize by the bushy tail, at one leap, and without any apparent effort, away bounds the squirrel to the next tree, which is probably so strong that all the united efforts of the hunters cannot for a moment shake it. It is only while leaping from branch to branch, when the squirrel sometimes misses his footing, and falls upon the ground, that there is any chance of capturing him. Then it is that a dozen hats come off like one, every boy eager to catch, or cover up the little animal; and many a hat-crown gets crushed amid the scramble in their eager endeavours to seize him. Scarcely any bird forms a more beautiful nest than the squirrel. The moss and leaves, and the fibres of trees, are all neatly interwoven together, and generally placed so artfully at the fork of some branch, as to look more like a knot of the tree itself than a nest. There is scarcely any inhabitant of the wild wood that pays more attention to its young than the squirrel; for, although they are brought forth about the middle of June, the parents never leave them until the next Spring. The following exquisite description of Squirrel-hunting is so truthful and life-like, that any one who has seen a parcel of noisy boys busily pursuing the little forester, will, while reading it, have the whole scene again as vividly before the eye, as when they last witnessed it; although it was written above two hundred years ago, by that most truthful of all rural landscape-painters, William Browne, from whose writings we have before made a short extract:—

A nimble squirrel from the wood,
Ranging the hedges for his slybert food,
Sits partly on a bough, his brown nuts cracking,
And from the shell the sweet white kernel taking:
When with their crooks and bags a host of boys,
To share with him, come with so great a noise,
That he is forced to leave a nut in broke;
And for his life leap to a neighbouring oak;
Thence to a beech, thence to a row of ashes;
While through the quagmires, and red water plashea,
The boys run, dabbling on through thick and thin;
One tears his hose, the other breaks his shin;
This, torn and tattered, hath, with much ado,
Got through the briars—and that hath lost his shoe;
That drops his band, that headlong falls for haste;
Another cries behind for being the last:
With sticks and stones, and many a rounding hollow
The little fool with no small sport they follow;

Whilst he, from tree to tree, from spray to spray,
Gets to the wood, and hides him in his drey [nest].

In what pleasant situations do we sometimes find those old-fashioned wayside houses, where the tall sign-post steps far out into the road, as if it had come to meet the traveller, and tell him that there he can find both welcome and refreshment. There is something cheerful in the very creaking of the old weather-beaten sign, which is probably the "Blue Bell," or the "Old Bull's Head," or perchance the "George and Dragon," or it may be the "Black Bear;" for these are among the most ancient emblems of mine host. It is generally a long, low house, with a bay-window, or two, projecting out, along the angles of which comfortable seats are placed in the inside, so that, on whichever side you look, you have a pretty view up the road or over the fields, which you have not twice to glance at to tell you that you are at last far away in the country. The door-way is generally covered in with a porch, with its pent-house roof; and on each side there is a seat between the pillars, which are painted with green or red-and-white checkers, or sometimes encircled with a rose-tree, woodbine, or jasmine. Facing the bay-window, is a long trough filled with clear water, near to which stand curious baskets, placed on long slender legs, ready to contain a few handfuls of hay or corn, in case the traveller should not choose to have his steed stabled. Either beside this trough, looking up and down the road, or in the centre of the porch, stands the healthy-looking landlord, with his pipe in his mouth, ever ready to give a welcome good-day to his customers. The bar, in which his pretty daughter, perhaps, presides, is a perfect pattern of cleanliness and tidiness: everything, down to the very bird-cage, is as clean as hands can make them; and it would fill a catalogue to enumerate all the things which are stowed away in that small space. But it is the great, ample, and sanded kitchen which attracts the eye of the cold and hungry wayfarer. Oh! how different to a smoky, beer-deluged tap-room; for it is here where mine host and his family dine, excepting on rare occasions. The floor, though sanded, is white and dry; the tables have also been scoured with free-stone; and he who has walked ten miles cannot refrain from throwing hungry glances at the juicy hams, and large fitches which are hung around the wall. Then, the cooking utensils, of brass, copper, or block-tin, all wear such a bright and tempting appearance, that you cannot help looking first at them, then at the couple of plump pullets which are pecking about the door, and the ham which has just been cut off, and the sweet-looking greens which you catch a glimpse of through the window in the garden; and, taking off your hat, and rearing up your stick, you have a glass of ale and a crust of bread and cheese, while these good things are in preparation. After this, you saunter about for an hour or two, and the landlord, finding that you are about to dine with him, shows you over his garden, orchard, or stables, points out his choicest trees, tells you the quantity of fruit each has borne; and so you while away a pleasant hour; enjoy a comfortable dinner; and, when refreshed and rested, proceed on your journey again, with a light and happy heart.

Sometimes, in the twilight at evening, you come unawares upon a group of gipsies, who are now huddled around the large camp-fire, which throws a warm glow upon their nut-coloured countenances, while their black eyes roll upon you like rounded beads as you pass. On turning the corner of the village, you see the blacksmith's ruddy forge, and the country gossips who assemble nightly around the smithy fire, to talk over the news of the day. You meet with quiet foot-passengers, who exchange a friendly "good night"—or a light cart hurries past you at a brisk pace, filled with a merry party, who are returning either from market or a visit; and you hear their joyous laughter ringing upon the silence, until the clapping of a gate, or the barking of a dog, next arrests your attention. And you wander on, long after "twilight grey"

Has in her sober livery all things clad

until, high above the dim wood-crowned hill, "Hesperus that leads the starry host" appears with dazzling front upon the blue vault of Heaven; her beauty only dimmed when the Moon,

Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent Queen, unveils her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle throws.

You wander along in wonder, while gazing upon those mysterious worlds which lie mapped out upon the face of Heaven, revolving round and round for evermore—for, whether inhabited or silent, we know not—for He who formed them and hung them in the vast realms of never-ending space, alone knoweth "their end and aim."



Our Pictorial Calendar.

Typical Moths and Butterflies of the Month.

Queen of Spain Fritillary Butterfly.

Death's-head Moth.

Humming-bird Moth.

Feathered Thorn Moth.

Dotted Chestnut Moth.



Typical Flowers, Fruits, and Grasses of the Month.

Meadow Safron.

Ragwort.

Autumnal Hawkbit.

Dove's-foot Geranium.

Winter Green.

Cowberry. Bilberry.

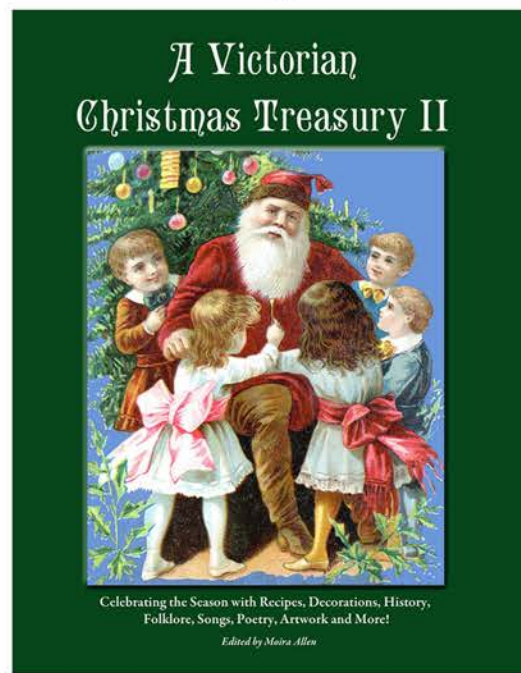
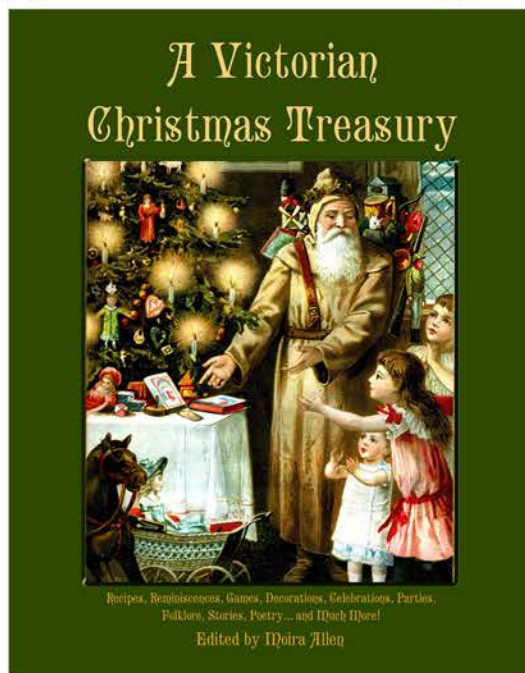
Juniper. Blackberry.

White Bryony. Mushrooms.

Clavaria. Toadstool.

Grasses, etc.

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