Victorian Times

A Monthly Exploration of Victorian Life

Vol. B-2, No. 2 - February 2025

London Street Studies • The Queen'sTrain • Zoo Stories • Animal Criminals
A Latin American Fiesta • Traveling Third Class • English Convent Life
A German Wedding • Everyday Desserts • A Glimpse of Paris • The Governess
The Morning Paper • "Flatting" in New York • A Valentine Party • Embossing

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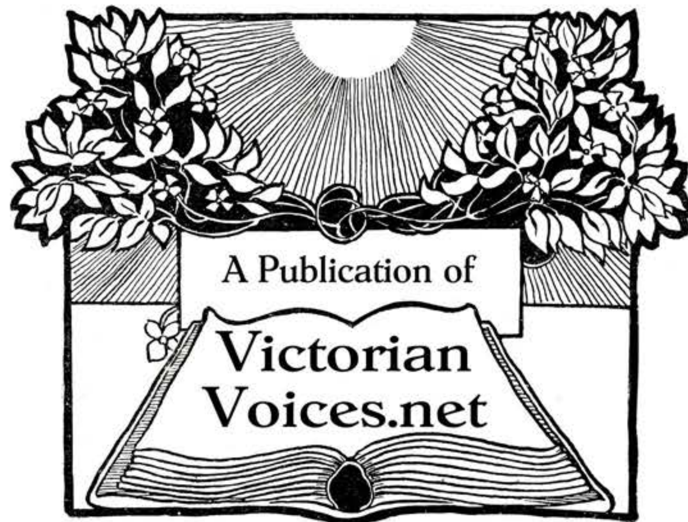
edited by Moira Allen



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February 2025

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They Had a Word For It…

Reviewing articles for *Victorian Times* is full of "ah-hah!" moments of discovery—especially, discovering how much the Victorian era still carries on into our own lives. Often, we don't have the least notion that something we say or do or deal with on a daily basis has its roots in the Victorian age.

This month's "ah-hah!" moment came to me in reading the article, "A Night on a Morning Paper." It struck as I came to the description of the type compositor's station, with its cases of type… the upper case, and the lower case.

We all know about "uppercase" type and "lowercase" type, right? If you go to the menu at the top of a Word document and hover over the option with "Aa", good old Microsoft Word—a product very much of the 20th century—gives you the option to set your type in uppercase, lowercase or other capitalizations.

I always supposed (if I thought about it at all) that this designation of "upper" vs "lower" was a matter of size—uppercase letters are capitals and "bigger" than lowercase letters, right? But no. Size has nothing to do with it. Capital letters, punctuation and other less-used bits of type were in the compositor's "upper case." Small letters, which were used more and needed to be more readily accessible, were in his "lower case." And that's how those words came to be so much a part of our language. Today, we use them without thinking, and without any idea why we call them that.

If you're a writer (and especially if you write books), chances are that you have also had the opportunity to review "galley proofs." A few decades ago, these were long strips of paper printed off by the typesetter. As an author, you were supposed to check them for typos introduced by the typesetter. Turns out (same article!) that "galleys" were the frames that held the lines of type in place for printing. Such "galleys" probably existed well into the 20th century, as physical typesetting didn't start giving way to electronic type until the 1980's. But even today, though a "galley" is now most likely to be sent as a PDF file, it is still called a "galley."

Our language is filled with words and phrases that have their origins in the Victorian era. Take, for example, the taxicab. You holler "taxi!" in order to "take a cab." The word "cab" comes from the Victorian hansom cab (which replaced the hackney "carriage"). The actual vehicle known as a hansom cab was a "cabriolet," which was shortened to "cab." Soon, the person driving such a vehicle became known as a cabby, and Victorians picked up a cab at a cabstand… just like today. Ah, but I hear you saying, *today* we call it a *taxi* cab, and surely that *taxi* is something a bit more modern, right? Well, actually the "taxi" part is Victorian as well; it comes from the taximeter, invented in Germany in 1891. The taximeter was mounted on the horse-drawn *cab* to measure the distance traveled… and so, eventually, "cabs" became known as "taxi-cabs." So when you shout "taxi!" you are in fact shouting yet another Victorian word.

Such survivals show that language has a life of its own. Our children will, perhaps, have a similar reaction to learning the origins of words and phrases from our own generation (assuming yours is somewhere near mine) that refuse to die. They will probably understand you, for instance, if you declare that someone sounds like "a broken record," even if they (or perhaps even you) have never played an actual record or know what it sounds like when it's broken. And in this day of cell phones, we still listen for a "dial tone" when we make a call. I can just imagine some young person's "ah-hah!" moment as they excitedly relate that, once upon a time, in great-grandmother's day, you actually had to use your fingers to turn a dial to make a call. I don't really want to be there to hear it—so just beam me up, OK? (Oh, yeah, and "OK" is definitely Victorian.)

—Moira Allen, Editor
editors@victorianvoices.net

A MUSICAL FAMILY.
From a Drawing by W. D. ALMOND.

LONDON STREET STUDIES.

OUTSIDE SOMERSET HOUSE.
From a Drawing by W. D. ALMOND.

"SNAZZLETOOTH" —Yes, that was the first London character that I became acquainted with. I have been studying London characters ever since I began to "take notice." I remember Snazzletooth before I could walk, and his personal appearance is forcibly impressed on my mind by the following circumstance. I recollect being carried out by my good old nurse and taken into a baker's shop and treated to a very large bun—it always strikes me as being the very largest bun I have ever seen either before or since the event alluded to. We proceeded to our walk, I with my head over the nurse's shoulder, browsing on the Brobdingnagian bun. I suppose my tiny muscles were scarcely equal to the task of holding securely the aforesaid light refreshment in my hands, for I dropped it on the pavement and Snazzletooth, who happened to be following, picked it up and ate it. My nurse knew nothing of this till aroused by my howls, and by that time Snazzletooth had disappeared altogether. How many years ago that occurred I do not dare to think, but at the present moment I could give you an accurate photograph of the old rascal. I have the most vivid impression of his red nose, his tearful eyes, his four days' grizzly beard, his battered hat, his shuffling gait, his split boots, his shiny black coat, white at the seams and ragged at the collar, so split all over that it looked as if it had been used by an amateur tailor for experiments in buttonholes. I could tell you how his buttons had been wrenched off ; I could point out a brass button, a horn button, a half pewter button, and a bit of string that

ON WATERLOO BRIDGE.
From a Drawing by W. D. Almond.

did duty as a buttonhole. I could describe to you the gnarled stick with which he supported his tottering footsteps. I could sketch the knots, and could show you how it had spread into a kind of disreputable fungus at the point on account of its ferrule having long ago disappeared; indeed had I not other things to talk about I could give you a most finished and elaborate study of that fearsome, growling, greasy, disreputable old drunkard, whose image often used to disturb the dreams of my childhood. Thus it was that my first impressions of London characters were that they were very bad.

I can also call to mind a horrible man who sold clothes horses and used to clap them together to announce his presence, that used to frighten me fearfully; there was also "Moptoos"—so he was christened by us children—who was a buyer of bottles; there was the Old Clo' Man with his black bag over his shoulder (in which all naughty children expected to be some day carried off), and his two or three hats; and there was the perambulating pot-boy who carried a row of pewter pots of beer in a wooden stand, and announced the fact that he had it for sale as he went along. These were types and not specialties, but they seem to have completely disappeared from London life. I can also call to mind a queer old seller of matches who rode about in a Bath chair drawn by a donkey. There was a half-witted Italian with a broken-down organ from which he evoked the most hideous tones, but who, strange to say, attracted more people and received more coppers than if his instrument had been a good one. There was a poor deformed creature, who used to push himself along the pavement on rollers; there was a Welshman with a white beard who sang incomprehensible songs and accompanied them with a cracked guitar; there was a thin, gaunt, red-nosed man who used to sing "Unfortunate Miss Bailey" in a gin-voice, and croon dismal airs on the clarionet; there was the vendor of dolls, copper coal scuttles, and dog-collars, under the shadow of Bow Church; and there was his rival at the gates of St. Mildred, Poultry. It often struck me as odd that the church should extend its

"IL TROVATORE."
From a Drawing by W. D. Almond

patronage to dolls, copper coal scuttles, and dog-collars, and it seemed extraordinary that there should be room for two such establishments within a stone's throw of one another.

Then there were the Italian image-men —who seemed to carry a perfect gallery of sculpture on their shoulders—and the Italian *tombola* men, who never, as far as I could ascertain, had much custom ; there were also the vendors of ballads who displayed their wares upon blank walls, or railings, and the men who exhibited prints within an inverted umbrella. There were two notable performers on the harp and cornet ; there was a disreputable person, who looked like a decayed Don Quixote, who sold small drums that on being twirled violently around a stick made an ear-piercing noise, who announced the price of his wares in a guttural voice as "on'y a 'apeny !" There was a tall, gaunt man with a nose like a danger-signal, who used to haunt old book-stalls ; he might be often seen carrying a shabby volume or two in his hand and was said to have been the original of Newman Noggs ; there was the stout old fellow with a gray beard and a couple of sticks, who was at one time an artists' model ; there was Holt, known as the King of the Cabmen, who wore a wonderful bell-topped, curly-brimmed hat, and was immortalized by John Leech. In addition to these I might mention the man who exhibited the "Happy Family"—this was a collection of cats, dogs, birds, rats, mice and all kinds of natural enemies, apparently living in harmony in the same cage. This always reminded me of a dinner party composed exclusively of one's relations, every one looking bland and pleasant, but every one hating each other with the bitterest hatred.

BLIND CABBAGE-NET-MAKER—ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH.
From a Drawing by W. D. ALMOND.

I often used to notice a snarling terrier who was the very image of my uncle Buzwig, and a vicious cat who forcibly reminded me of my aunt Foozle.

I am reminded however that my business is rather with the street characters of the present than the past. Therefore I will

THE FORTUNE-TELLER.
From a Drawing by W D. ALMOND.

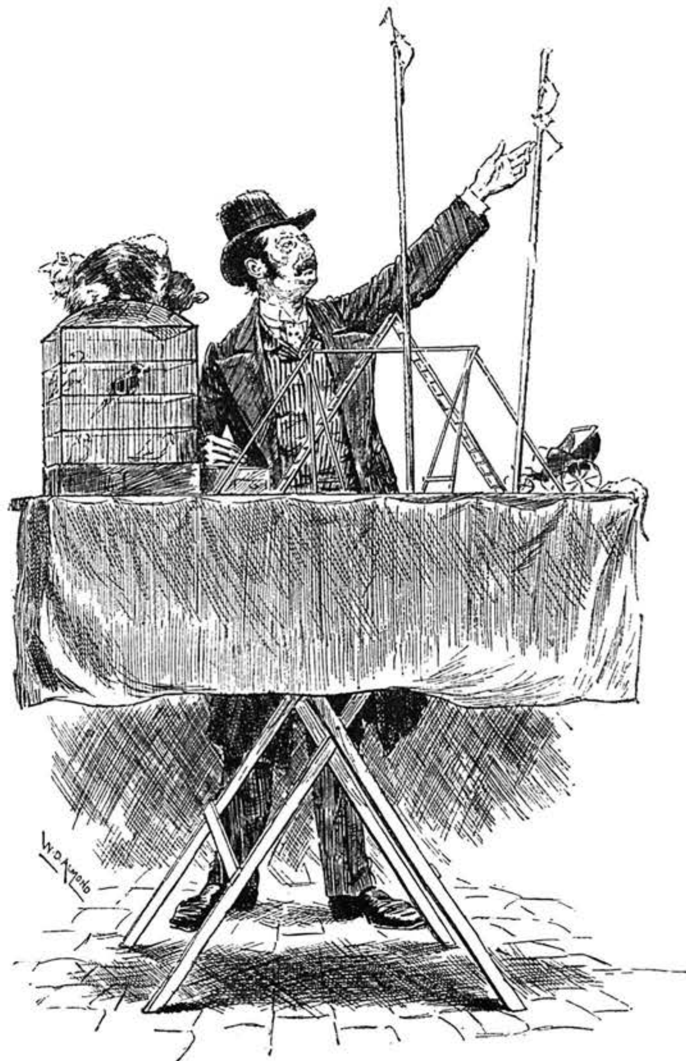
mention one who only died the other day, who was perhaps better known than any in London, and whom I can recollect as long as I remember anything. That is the concertina player who used to be in front of the National Gallery. He was quite a link between the characters of the past and those of the present. I always took the greatest interest in this patient little fellow, and on several occasions I have written about him in some of the popular journals of the day. All kinds of stories were in circulation about him, and he was said to have grown rich and prosperous, that he fared sumptuously, and had a pleasant dwelling-place in the suburbs. He had nothing of the kind. He lived in Bedfordbury, and was but poorly off, as the following letter that I once had from him will show, "I take the liberty of writing you these few lines to thank you most sincerely for the kind manner in which you noticed me, and I would

try and solve the problem 'who I am, &c.' My name is Jacob Oxford, living as above. You ask also have I any relatives, and I am sorry to say I have not. My father and mother having died eight years ago, and left me a poor cripple to battle through life the best way I could. With reference to my making a deal of money out of my occupation, I can assure you I cannot earn sufficient to buy the common necessities of life, and my object in writing you the particulars as above is in the hopes that you will give them publicity, and thereby enable me to follow my proper profession, that is a music teacher."

The first of the street characters of to-day to which I will direct your attention, he was for many years a contemporary of the Concertina Player, is the Blind Cabbage-net-maker, who is to be found most days when the weather is at all decent, sitting on the pavement, hard by the Vestry Hall, opposite Saint Martin's Church. His hearing seems to be wonderfully acute. If you watch you will see him salute exactly the people who are likely to give him a copper. This is curious, to think that generosity is indicated in some subtle fashion by the tone and character of the footstep. His dog is quite as well known as his master, and people will often pitch a copper as they pass to see the skilful manner in which the dog will run after it and bring it back, and deliver it up to the head of the firm. The Italian Fortune-teller, usually to be found in Regent Street, is a somewhat picturesque object. She knows very little English, so over the cage is inserted, " Ladies and gentlemen, take advantage of the occasion, these Indian birds will for one penny select from the box a planet of your fortune, which will tell you the history of your past and future life." To look into the future by means of an Italian woman and Indian birds in England, seems a somewhat roundabout proceeding, but I dare say it is quite as satisfactory as any other attempt in the same direction. Most Londoners know the Old Blind Bible Reader on Waterloo Bridge. He has been there for more than thirty years. What experiences he must have had, for London has changed wondrously in the last thirty years.

IN PARLIAMENT STREET.
From a Drawing by W. D. Almond

An equally well-known figure is the man who has had that extraordinary stall for apparently the sale of everything in Parliament Street. He has been there since 1873. Previous to that he had been in the 60th Rifles, then he was in the navy. He seems to do all sorts of things; he beats carpets, he cleans windows, he sells roasted chestnuts, he blacks boots, and he announces he is patronized by the Prince of Wales. His wondrous array of polished coins on his boot-box suggests that he cannot get sufficient interest for his capital. A very respectable, hard-working person is he who stands outside Somerset House, who sells boot laces, hat guards, shirt studs, and the like. He has been an old soldier and has served in India, and has some taste for drawing. He somewhat objected to our artist taking his portrait, as he fancied it was going to be a caricature. Every one will recognize the picturesque Italian who plays the organ and sings selections from *Il Trovatore* with wondrous force and energy. He has been about London for at least thirty years, and for a considerable time was an artist's model. A familiar figure is the amusing Capo Caffo. He has the great art of collecting a crowd, and also collecting money before the performance comes off. He is a very intelligent man, his stick-throwing is marvellously clever, so is his imitation of the gorilla, his banjo playing, and his accompaniment of castanets on his teeth. The man with performing mice and birds and cats, whose portrait you see here, generally attracts a large crowd. It is a species of Happy Family, but it is neither so large nor so varied as that I remember years ago, therefore they are less likely to fall out. Possibly



A HAPPY FAMILY.
From a Drawing by W. D. ALMOND.

the most popular of modern street musicians are the German Family. They are very clever and industrious; they support an invalid father who formerly kept a lodging-house at Manchester. These clever children are good, unique and skilful instrumentalists leave school at three and then go out and perform; they come from Hesse Darmstadt, and hope to return there and live on their land when they have made enough money.

These are just a few, a very few of the specimens that the casual observer may find if he goes about picking up character in the London streets—a very good place to pick up character too—seeing, as Jerrold once remarked of another place, that so much has been lost there. But as London becomes bigger, as the life therein becomes busier, and as the population becomes larger, as people have less time to spare, I am quite certain that characters become fewer, less marked and varied than they were in years agone.

J. Ashby Sterry.

The Festival of Lovers

Choice Menu for a Valentine Party

By Eliza R. Parker

"Good St. Valentine wandered by,
Pausing his festival gay to keep.
Already the feet of the winter fly,
And the pulse of the earth begins to leap,
Waking up from the frozen sleep,
And knowing beautiful spring is nigh.
To life she wakes, and a smile and a sigh
Thrill her with melody dear and deep,
Spring with its mating time is nigh,
Already the feet of the winter fly,
And the pulse of the earth begins to leap."

St. Valentine's day is a red letter festival in Cupid's calendar, and its celebration is traced back to a period of great antiquity.

The patron saint of lovers, strange to record, was an Italian bishop of the third century, whose life was given to good works, until it ended in martyrdom, February 14, 270. His connection with lovers is given no explanation in the pages of history, and like many other facts must be blindly accepted as truth.

St. Valentine! Youth his votaries, pink his color, roses his chosen flower, — what can be more appropriate than a party to celebrate this joyous festival? From a very early age Valentine parties are mentioned as being given in England and France, and in the history of the fifteenth century old and young alike participated in the February gayeties; while the closing years of the nineteenth century find lads and lassies worshiping as of old at Cupid's shrine, guarded by Saint Valentine, and echoing the words of Shakespeare:—

"Love's heralds should be thoughts
Which ten times faster glide than sunbeams,
Driving back shadows over low'ring hills,
Therefore do nimble-pinioned doves draw love;
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings."

For a valentine party, the invitations should be engraved or written on cards, which should be adorned with Cupid blindfolded, in silver illumination. The parlors should be garlanded with roses, floral bows with silver arrows, and other suggestive emblems.

The table should be in pink and silver, at each plate a rosebud, a heart of roses for a centerpiece, with silver arrows piercing it. Cakes, ices, and bonbons should all be heart shaped.

The menu should be light and dainty, the cards being of pink satin lettered in silver.

MENU

Shaved tongue—lettuce sandwiches
Chicken salad
Cheese straws—crackers—olives
Orange ice
Valentine cake—angel cake
Bonbons
White grapes
Coffee

Lettuce Sandwiches.

Spread bread with butter, and slice very thin, place crisp lettuce leaves between the slices. Cut each in two, and tie with pink baby ribbon; pile on a flat glass dish.

Chicken Salad.

Cut the white meat of a cold boiled chicken into dice, and set in a cold place. Wash and chop the white stalks of a bunch of celery, and throw in ice water. To a pint of chicken, allow half a pint of celery, and a cup and a half of mayonnaise dressing. Dry the celery, mix it with the chicken, dust with salt and pepper and mix with the mayonnaise. Heap on a cold salad dish, and garnish with celery tips.

Cheese Straws.

Mix two ounces of flour, three ounces of grated cheese, a little salt and cayenne, with the yolk of one egg; work to a smooth paste, and roll out thin. Cut some of the paste in small rings and some in narrow strips, place on a greased paper, and set in the oven to bake ten minutes. Take up carefully and put the straws through the rings.

Orange Ice.

Put a quart of water and a pint of sugar in a saucepan, and set over the fire to boil. Chip the yellow rind from four oranges, add it to the sirup and let boil two or three minutes, and stand aside to cool. Peel twelve oranges, cut them in halves, take out the seeds, and squeeze out the juice; pour in the sirup, strain, turn into a freezer and freeze.

Valentine Cake.

Beat twelve ounces of powdered sugar, and six ounces of butter together, add the yolks of three eggs, and beat until very light. Add half a pint of milk, and the stiffly beaten whites of five eggs alternately. Sift three ounces of cornstarch, half a pound of flour, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder together, and add gradually to the batter. Flavor with half a teaspoonful of extract of vanilla, the juice of one lemon, and a saltspoonful of powdered mace. Pour into a greased cake mold, and bake in a moderate oven for forty minutes. When cold ice with cocoanut frosting, place a candy figure of Cupid in the center, and ornament with pink bonbons and tiny silver arrows.

Angel Cake.

Take the whites of eleven eggs, one and one-half tumblers of sifted powdered sugar, one tumbler of sifted flour, and one teaspoonful of baking powder. Sift the flour three times, beat the eggs to a stiff froth, add the sugar very lightly, then the flour, flavor with extract of almond. Beat, and turn carefully into an ungreased pan, and bake in a moderate oven for forty-five minutes. Turn the pan upside down to cool. When cool, loosen around the sides and turn out. Ice with white icing, and place a candy angel in the center.

A NIGHT ON A MORNING PAPER.

HOW we all enjoy our morning paper! What a gap in our existence its few crisp sheets seem to fill up daily! How many of us are there who look upon it as a regular companion at our breakfast-table—a fit accompaniment to coffee and toast! How many more of us, too, who, in these days of high-pressure, never dream of being hurried away to our places of business, whether it be by rail or road, unless we have our morning paper to demand our attention, to amuse and instruct us during the time occupied in transit! At what a loss, too, we should often be, in the course of our daily commercial undertakings, if we had no morning paper lying ready to hand to show us the state of our markets and trade, to tell us the events of the present, the probabilities of the future! Most of us have, in fact, come to look upon our daily paper as a regular thing; and yet in all probability how few ever stop to think of the immense amount of labour, of the toil of hand and head during the still hours of the night, when most of us are asleep, that is involved in its production! But come, let *us* do more than pause to consider the magnitude of the work; let us watch for ourselves the gradual progress and development of the paper, from the time when the first type is set until the perfect sheets are brought from the machine-room.

It is early afternoon as we enter the composing-room. Ranged on either side are rows of wooden frames for holding the compositors' cases. These frames, or desks, stand about as high as the waist. On the frame is placed, at an angle about the same as that of an ordinary writing-desk, two so-named cases. These cases resemble the shallow drawers, or shelves, of a cabinet for the reception of geological or other specimens. One case, the upper, leans back at a slight angle, and within easy reach of the fingers, and is about a yard long, a foot wide, and an inch deep. This is divided into nearly 100 square boxes an inch deep. These boxes hold about 100 various kinds of types, consisting of capital letters, figures, small capital

letters, fractional figures, accented letters for foreign languages, and many marks and signs used in arithmetic, science, and literature. All the boxes are of equal size—about one inch and a half square.

The lower case (the most important, since it is used exclusively for the general letters, and not for capitals, &c.) is very irregularly divided and subdivided into large and small square and oblong boxes, about fifty in number. And here let us stop awhile to notice the very curious difference in the comparative quantity required of each of the twenty-six letters in the English language. The vowels, of course, predominate. The letter "e" occurs more frequently than any other letter, so that its special department is a third larger than any other receptacle in the case; it is three times larger than that required for some letters, and six times larger than that for others.

We have scarcely finished our examination of the cases before in come the compositors. Let us watch one of them. He is soon in harness, with apron on, and sleeves tucked up. See, here lies the type, in long columns, which was set up for the last morning's paper, and now awaits manipulation for the paper tomorrow. Observe, with a large sponge the compositor wets the type; this is necessary to hold it together when taken out of the galleys which kept it wedged together, otherwise it would fall apart in irregular and mixed heaps (technically called "pye"). He grasps smartly with his two hands about twenty-five lines of type; this he places in his left palm, in which he carefully holds it with the fingers, and with the face of the type presented to his view. He holds thus about 1,200 types, in words, and this has to be separated, and each letter, punctuation mark, or space must be dropped into its proper box or receptacle. Watch carefully. With one or two fingers and the thumb of his right hand the compositor deftly takes a word or two from the lines in his left hand, and, *presto!* a quiver of the right hand over the cases and the words are gone—the separate letters in a couple of seconds have been dropped into the proper boxes. In fifteen minutes the compositor has dropped, sprinkled, or "distributed" (that is the technical term) upwards of 1,200 types into the 150 divisions of his upper and lower cases. Another handful of about the same quantity—another—another—and when an hour has elapsed he has "distributed" more than 100 lines, or half a column, of the morning paper—some 5,000 letters have been sorted and arranged for the coming night.

But let us pay a passing visit to the counting-house. At large desks are a number of clerks, entering, in huge thickly-bound ledgers, a series of apparent mysteries in words and figures. This is one of the most important departments—the cash and credit region. Here, too, are arranged the advertisements—the body, soul, muscle, and sinew of a newspaper—from the proprietor's point of view, at any rate.

And now for a moment let us pass down the thickly carpeted stairs, and glance at the rooms occupied by the proprietor and the editorial staff. Hence come the materials for the night's work—the mysterious "copy" which is to keep so many hands busy during the midnight hours. Here orders are issued and arrangements made for leaders and general columns. Hence members of the staff are sent forth on various expeditions, but all in search of one object—news. But hark! it is seven o'clock, and we must go back to the composing-room.

We were all of us astonished when we saw the quantity of type so quickly separated, sorted, sprinkled or distributed, a short time ago; but how much more surprised are we when we hear that the compositor, as he reads off words from his "copy," picks out from the 150 boxes in his two cases from 1,000 to 1,500 types per hour, takes them with his right thumb and forefinger, and places them one after another—shoulder to shoulder—in a receptacle held in his left hand, where each letter is received, and instantly adjusted by the left thumb! Thus word after word is spelt, types are picked up, phrases and sentences punctuated, at the rate of from 1,000 to 1,500 types per hour; a quicker man will manage 2,000 an hour; a quicker still, 2,500; and there *are* compositors who can even exceed that number; and this, too, notwithstanding the strange, almost unreadable, hieroglyphics of that amiable and gifted race of men—authors and reporters.

And now, after this little digression, let us return to the actual business of the evening. A pile of "copy" has been brought up, and arranged in order—a mass of writing, of heterogeneous description—general news, paragraphs, advertisements, correspondence, and perhaps a withering party leader, written with great dash, heavy downstroke and splutter, the ink scarcely dry. All hands are at once busily at work.

Eight o'clock arrives, and with it a terrible reinforcement of copy; the pile, indeed, assumes gigantic proportions. Here are births, marriages, and deaths; agricultural news; reports of shows, theatres, and concerts; police, law, and county court news. The compositors are settling down to their work, and are at it with a will.

At nine o'clock little change is discernible. Busy hands are still making incursions on the manuscript, which, in its turn, is continually being piled up and renewed. The diversity of the manuscript is to us rather bewildering: here are telegrams and letters of all sizes; and here is a strange mass of reporters' copy. Some of these reporters are regular bashi-bazouks to the compositor. Their copy is written anyhow, of anything, and *on* anything. They can demand, or command, any quantity of writing or copy paper; but it occasionally pleases these "free-lances" to use anything handy on which to write their report—envelopes, the blank backs of paid or unpaid bills; and, rather than lose their "happy thought" in procuring proper paper, they would use the lining of their hat, or the leather palm of their white "kids."

And now the pile is reinforced by a quantity of very thin, and *very* unfragrant, oil-saturated tissue paper (technically called "flimsy"), on which the telegrams of Parliamentary debates, latest United Kingdom and foreign news, are written at the telegraph-offices.

Eleven o'clock, and evidence of the work that has

been done is afforded us when we glance at the long columns of type lying on the "stone"—a large table or slab, consisting formerly of a very thick smooth stone, but nowadays of polished iron. These are "finished" columns, only waiting to be arranged into pages before they pass to the stereotyping-room, and thence to the machine. An anxious time now ensues; for, at the hour fast approaching, the first of several editions must go to press, as "time and tide (and railway-trains) wait for no man." Quickly are the "articles" placed in proper order, carefully made up, put into the hands of "captains of columns," packed side by side, screwed up, and away they go to be stereotyped.

It is now midnight, and the "copy" has almost disappeared; but another supply arrives—more fiery leaders, more unpleasant "flimsy."

Two o'clock approaches, and it seems that all is over; the "pile" has vanished. But stay, there is one more addition, the "sporting copy" comes in; this set up, the work is ended. And now, as we pass the editorial "sanctum," on our way to the machine-room, the piles of crumpled newspapers and envelopes, the waste-paper baskets full of torn and rejected "copy," alone remain to tell of what a struggle against time has been going on.

But while we have been lingering, the pages have been stereotyped; and for some time past we have heard in the distance a dull, regular, rushing sound, resembling the boom of the surf sweeping up over the boulders on a rocky shore. Let us hasten to the machine-room. We must speak loudly, for the din is deafening. In this mighty machine, what a bewildering combination of wheels, rollers, bands, and tapes! We watch the large sheets of damp paper supplied to this huge creature; we see them pass in blank among the rollers, finally emerging perfectly printed newspapers, which are laid down in even heaps, by large thin wooden frames, or wickets, extending from the machine like giant arms.

At last from the machine-room we pass to the publishing office; here many hands are busily employed, packing, directing, and transmitting by road and rail the damp, printed newspapers, the fruit of the night's work.

MY PACKING-CASES, AND WHAT I DID WITH THEM.

PACKING-CASES! My eyes light and my heart throbs with gratitude at the very words. I have disparaged their use. I have even written in these pages and advised against it; and, in spite of all they have been to me, I still say that in these days of cheap and artistic furniture it is a waste of force to spend time in manufacturing articles out of packing-cases if—here mark the words—we can afford to do better.

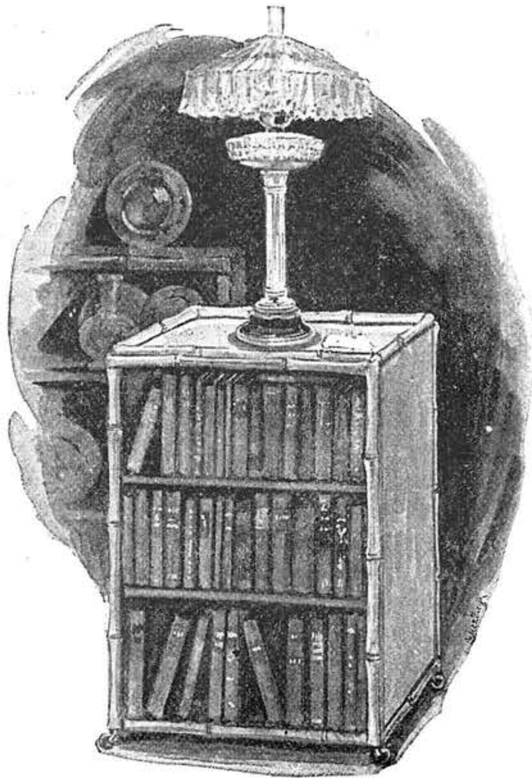
A little while ago a party of six people left England for the Australian bush. They were artists and writers by profession, and wished for the cause of work to get some experience of these wilds. Before they started they took the house attached to a sheep-run, belonging to a young fellow who had come home for a year, and who was glad enough to let it, and to throw in the services of his handy man.

He told us it was plainly but comfortably furnished. He advised us, however, to take our bedding and linen; and as the scholars wanted so many books and the painters such an amount of canvas, and as we all had to take enough garments for nine months, our luggage was considerable.

I was the raven of the party. I did not believe in that fine-spoken youth, who was so glad to let his house and loll about in English drawing-rooms. But as my croaks only served as an aggravation to the rest, I had to be silent, and all I could do was to pack, in an aggressive mood, a case of odds and ends of useful carpentering materials.

The house was eighty miles from a railway-station, and, with the exception of the people who were taking charge of our landlord's sheep, the nearest neighbours lived at a distance of forty miles. The scenery was most beautiful, the quiet for literary work excessive;

AN EXTEMPORISED COT.



BOOK-CASE AND LAMP-STAND.

as to the furniture, we found two beds, and a third for a servant. There was no book-case of any sort—no cupboard, either for hanging dresses nor for tea-cups—no cradle for the unfortunate baby, who had lost his own on the journey.

The first few days were dark indeed. The men of the party were not so natty with their hands as some artists, nor did they seem so willing to help; in fact, as soon as their canvas saw daylight they heard Art calling them, and were off, leaving the women-folk to do the best they could.

Necessity made us desperate : bedsteads we must have, or sleep on the floor for nine months. The lumber-room was empty, but in an outhouse we found a quantity of packing-cases, in which the furniture of the house must have once arrived. We brought the three largest into the house, and set them in their places in the bedrooms. In my box of treasures were several dozen yards of webbing, and, using long nails, we fastened strips of it across the open top of the case for the bed to lie on. The cover, which was already detached, we used to form a head to the bedstead, using very strong and long nails for the purpose. After rubbing all the wood smooth, we varnished it ; to the top of the bed's head we attached little hooks, from which hung frilled curtains of butter muslin.

The baby's cot, made by his fond mother, was more ornamental. She found a small packing-case, and lined it first with wadding and then with pink sateen. She then, with tiny nails, fastened along the outside edges some strips of Carvina—a new invention, of stamped wood, exceedingly pretty. She left this in its natural colour, and stained the inside mahogany ; while, for want of something better, she used a small Japanese umbrella to hang the curtain from, fastening it over the head of the cot with two long nails passed through a hole bored in the handle.

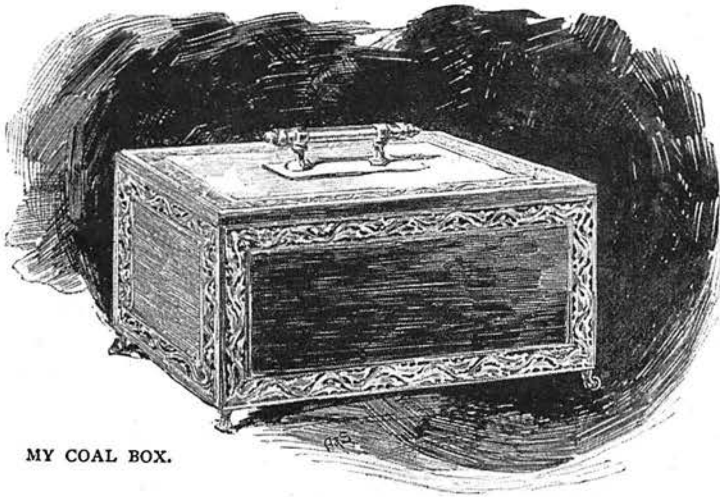
Our next necessity was a book-shelf, and we tried to combine with it a movable lamp-stand. For this purpose we again brought out a packing-case, and fitted the interior with shelves ; we made them fast by screwing a little wedge of wood exactly under where each shelf was to come upon each side of the interior of the case. We used short screws, and bored the holes first with a gimlet. We had to be very exact in our measurements, or our shelves would have been crooked. We sawed some deal exactly of the length required, and fitted it in ; then we rubbed all the wood well with sand-paper, and stained the whole, outside and in. It wanted three coats before it was dark enough, and between each coat a rub with sand-paper. When perfectly dry, we French-polished. I had a ninepenny bottle of polish with me, and I poured a very tiny drop on the surface, and rubbed with a soft rag until it began to feel sticky. I then added more polish and began again ; and so on, little by little, till the lovely transparent surface was gained that lasts for ever.

For the top of the case upon which the lamp was to stand we used some lengths of bamboo, cut them into required measurement, and arranged them to form an outside edge by boring holes and fastening them on to the wood with little screws. When all was done, we screwed castors to the bottom ; it is better to do this the last thing, as otherwise your case will wriggle about when you particularly want it to be motionless.

We made a hanging dress-cupboard out of another case, decorating it in the same manner.

Another way of using a packing-case is to make it into a china cupboard. For this purpose the cover can be left on, but it is prettier without it. Arrange the shelves in the interior with wedges of wood as described, but in this case let them be irregular. For instance, let the top one go all the way along for plates ; then put one below reaching three-quarters

CHINA CUPBOARD.



MY COAL BOX.

down; and which was in fact my exact passage money home. And when, after a time, in the middle of making furniture, doing housework, cutting up the sheep after it had been killed, and cooking it as best I could, I realised that, though I had come into unutterable quiet as far as society went, I had not had one moment to write a line or read a book, I resolved that as I was in no way obeying the call of duty but had come on a pleasure trip, I would break away from my friends and return once more to civilised life.

They write kindly from that far distant land, and say that the artists help more than they did at first, and that the baby does not cry quite always. I am glad to hear it, and am thankful indeed to feel that the ship is not yet made which will carry me again to that wild life, to find my only comfort in a packing-case.

across, and another, about four inches below, only a quarter, and so on, taking for your copy a Chinese china cupboard. You may line the inside with velvet or with gold Japanese paper, or, if you want to do it cheaply, paint the inside dull red or blue and the outside with enamel, using a very fine brush and giving two coats. Remember before painting to rub down the wood, or it will never look well. If you use the door, fasten a Lincustra panel in the centre with indiarubber solution, and paint it with two coats.

While in the bush I made a beautiful coal (or rather wood) box, for our logs, out of a small wine-case. I used a bordering of stamped Carvina, and painted all a good black, giving three coats to make it look rich. I put on castors, and for a handle screwed into the cover a brass front-door handle, costing about three shillings and sixpence. A most handsome box was the result. Of course, the inside was also black. I have since carved such a case and then stained it with oak-staining, and the result has been most satisfactory. A movable tin lining is an improvement.

The last article I helped to make was a cosy corner. We draped two large cases with a wide frill of cretonne, and covered them with cushions covered with the same material, making the seats of webbing in the same way that we managed for the bedsteads. This webbing is much less hard to sit upon than the wood would be. We then draped the cretonne from the top of the wall, where it was fastened with a double frill, meeting, of course, in the corner, and we leant one or two cushions against this background.

By this being the last piece of handiwork I can boast of, you must not suppose that the house was complete—we were very far from that desirable ultimatum. But I used occasionally to slip my hand into my pocket and feel something hard that weighed it

MY COSY CORNER.

SOMETHING FOR BREAKFAST.

BY LIZZIE HERITAGE.

"WHAT shall we have for breakfast?" This apparently trifling question is in reality an important one, for is not the old adage, "No breakfast, no man," as true to-day as ever? Yes, depend upon it there is something radically wrong when the members of a family are disinclined for a substantial morning meal.

Assuming, for our present purpose, fairly good appetites on the part of our readers, then come the questions of variety, nutrition, and suitability.

In England, in thousands of homes, bacon, with or without eggs, is the staple breakfast dish, often served daily for weeks or months without intermission; and while admitting that few delicacies can beat good home-cured bacon and new-laid eggs, it is a grave mistake not to vary one's food to a greater extent than is customary—at breakfast especially.

We must remark that we are not referring to homes where there are staffs of servants, but rather to those where a general servant shares the work in all its branches with the mistress or her daughters.

Most foreigners, particularly Americans, are struck with our lack of bread—not quantity, but variety. It is fortunate for our digestive organs, however, that so many hot cakes, rolls, and biscuits, always present at their own tables, *are* absent from ours. Still, the reproach is to some extent deserved, and it would be easy to introduce light, wholesome bread of several kinds at little cost or trouble.

One American custom we might follow with advantage is the introduction of fresh ripe fruit at breakfast. In that country it is eaten at the beginning and end of the meal. Morning is unquestionably the time *par excellence* for fruit, *but* only a small quantity of fluid should be drunk, otherwise it is injurious, simply because the fruit itself conveys so large a quantity of water into the system, and a superabundance of liquid is at the root of many troubles of a dyspeptic nature.

Salad plants are admittedly cooling and wholesome, but, on the whole, they are not easy of digestion, owing to the large percentage of water they contain.

Let the chief breakfast dishes be of a kind, and cooked in such a manner, as to be readily digested. We remember hearing a famous scientist lecture on waste of food. He spoke of that absolutely thrown away; of food burnt, or otherwise spoiled, in the cooking; lastly—and upon this he laid greatest stress—of edibles of every description cooked in such ways as deprived them of their nourishment and rendered them indigestible.

When eggs are plentiful, *Omelets* afford a pleasant change, and are, when properly made, easily digested; but we incline to the opinion that the making of an omelet is just one of those things that can only be learned by experience, and a badly-made omelet is an abomination.

Those who *have* grasped the method may find the following two recipes of service:—

Italian Omelet.—Mix a table-spoonful of cooked macaroni, cut into half-inch lengths, with an equal bulk of grated cheese—Parmesan is the nicest—and a dessert-spoonful or so of tomato conserve; add a grate of nutmeg and a suspicion of cayenne, then stir the whole in a stewpan until hot. Put the mixture into the centre of a medium-sized omelet, just before folding, and serve at once.

Indian Omelet.—A table-spoonful of rice, previously boiled and drained, is to be added to a tea-spoonful or less of curry paste that has been liquefied by a small quantity of cream. Heat as above directed, and serve in the omelet in the same way.

Watercress and other herbs are in France frequently put into the omelet mixture before cooking.

Kedgeree is tasty and easily made. Put into a saucepan an ounce of butter, four or five ounces of cold fish—any kind—flaked, and half the weight, or more if liked, of boiled rice. Season with salt, pepper, and a few drops of white vinegar or lemon-juice. Pile lightly on a hot dish. When appearance is an object, the whites of two hard-boiled eggs may be cut into rings for garnish, and the yolks rubbed through a sieve and sprinkled over the whole. Although *fresh* fish is most suitable, the remains of a dried haddock will do for this.

Savoury Pyramid is a mixture of cooked rice and any white meat minced, and made hot in a small quantity of white sauce or tomato sauce; or tomatoes may be sliced and grilled, and served round it. As its name implies, it should be served pyramid shape. Boiled or roasted fowl is delicious in this way; the bones should then be stewed for the sauce. A small quantity of ham will improve it, together with some savoury herbs.

Brown Macaroni is excellent. The common pipe macaroni is used for it. It is first boiled, then cut up and stewed in brown stock until it has absorbed the whole, when it should be spread on a flat dish and a little more stock poured over; the dish should be garnished with fried or toasted bread in nice shapes.

Cooked Vegetables, so little prized in England, furnish foreign breakfast-tables with many a dainty. Cauliflowers, divided into sprigs, dipped in batter, and fried crisp, are good, either as a separate course, or with kidneys, cutlets, &c. Celery, asparagus, and many others can be so treated, or they may be cut up and mixed with the batter, and fried a table-spoonful at a time.

Any flat fish may be filleted and baked, the fillets

first rolled up and skewered in a straight row. Butter a baking-sheet, lay them on, and cover with a buttered paper. In a good oven they will be done in ten or fifteen minutes, when the paper should be removed and each little roll covered with chopped parsley mixed with cream. Let this get hot, then serve them at the last moment, squeezing some lemon-juice over, or any flavoured vinegar. People who like hot dishes may substitute chopped Indian pickle, or a dash of chutney, for the parsley and cream.

For *Fish Cutlets* few modes equal that of wrapping them in buttered paper and cooking on a gridiron, or in a hot oven, as the paper keeps in the flavour and goodness ; but the time of cooking must be a little longer than for cutlets cooked minus the paper.

A word now about twice-cooked meats. It is not advisable to serve them too often, but as they are so convenient where cold meat is disliked, and form the base of such a variety of snacks, we think a recipe may not be unwelcome. There is a golden rule to be remembered : let the time of exposure to the action of heat be as short as possible to prevent undue hardening, and in the case of hash or mince and all similar dishes, take care that the gravy does not reach boiling point after the meat is put in.

Gâteau of Cold Meat.—For this the meat *must* be underdone. Mince four ounces, add some chopped thyme and parsley, and a shalot chopped and fried brown. Season nicely, and mix with a table-spoonful of bread-crumbs, and one of stock or thick gravy. Lastly, add one whole egg. Grease a small cake tin, sprinkle all over with bread-crumbs, press the mixture in firmly, and cover with more crumbs, then bake in a brisk oven about twenty minutes, and turn out. If more convenient, this can be shaped with the hand into a roll, and baked ; in a Dutch oven will do. The bread-crumbs should be of the kind called "browned crumbs."

A good breakfast dainty may be made as follows ; if tried it is sure of a repetition :—

Australian Salad.—Take from the tin a pound of boiled or corned mutton (that imported by any good well-known firm), cut it into pieces the size of a walnut, put aside the fat, and melt any jelly there may be ; if insufficient add a little stock. Arrange the meat in a dish with a few slices of boiled beetroot, and some celery and tomatoes, raw, and sliced thinly. Put into a basin the yolks of two raw eggs ; then add, drop by drop, a quarter of a pint of salad oil ; when thick, stir in the liquid jelly, after it has cooled, a table-spoonful of strong vinegar and one of onion, shalot, or any other pickle vinegar that may be handy. Season with salt, pepper, and a pinch of white sugar. Pour this over the whole, and it will be relished at any meal. When time permits, the whites of the eggs may be put in a cup and steamed until set, then cut up and used for garnishing the salad. Those who object to oil may use a little thick cream.

Another way, and a more economical one, of making the dressing is to use the yolk of one hard-boiled egg and a cooked potato pounded with the yolk, then less cream or oil is needed.

A very delicious salad can be obtained by using tinned salmon or lobster with lettuce, cress, &c., adding to the dressing a small quantity of anchovy essence.

Very good *Lobster Cutlets*—a most appetising dish —are made in the following manner:—Cut up small the white meat of a tinned lobster and pound the coral with a couple of ounces of butter ; then mix the whole well together in the mortar, adding cayenne and a few drops of the essence of anchovies. Shape them as nearly as possible like mutton cutlets, only much smaller; egg and bread-crumb them in the usual way. They take but half a minute or so to fry.

We recommend the best brands which bear the names of leading English firms, as, so far as we know, they are the only tins of lobster that contain any coral. We have found them equal to fresh lobster for many purposes.

Fish Cakes are very easily made, and excellent when salmon is used. If tinned, the oil must be all drained off, and the fish cut up, mixed with an equal weight of mashed potatoes, and seasoned nicely. No butter will be needed. Egg, crumb, and fry as above directed, or, if more convenient, bake them in a Dutch oven.

Many of the preceding recipes, we are well aware, can only be carried out where there is a gas or an oil-stove at hand, and where many little preparations are made overnight.

In conclusion, we have a word to say about cereals. Where they form the staple breakfast dish of the juveniles, it is well to remember that variety will be appreciated.

Oatmeal porridge is good, but it is too heating for some constitutions, and it may be supplanted with advantage by hominy in the spring. This, if well made, is simply delicious, and in the States is enjoyed by old and young alike ; but it must be well cooked. A good plan is to soak it all night—two ounces of hominy in half a pint of cold water. In the morning put it in a saucepan, and cook for an hour, stirring often, adding more water as it thickens until another half-pint has been added. Serve with sugar and cream, or good milk. Some prefer less water, and milk to make the quantity, in which case the hominy and water must be cooked thoroughly first, and the milk added just before serving. Lined saucepans or those of fire-proof china are the most suitable for making porridge ; better still the double saucepans—then burning is impossible. Never omit a little salt.

A last word about bread-and-milk. We saw a statement lately, by a medical man, to the effect that he should like to see the eating of whole-meal bread made compulsory by Act of Parliament. We do not go so far as this, but we do most strongly advise the adoption of whole-meal bread for growing children. Let it be a day or two old, sliced, and cut into dice, the milk just brought to boiling point, not actually boiled, and there is someting wrong if they do not enjoy it—at any rate, for a change, *not* morning after morning the year round.

TRAVELLING THIRD CLASS.

IN third-class travelling—when you are weary of contemplating the advertisements, and have ceased to find anything entertaining in the illustration of a gentleman decidedly out of sorts, who seems to have caught up an opera-glass under the impression that it is a smelling-bottle, or of an old gentleman in an arm-chair and a good humour, who is insanely patting the head of a quartern loaf with the idea that it is one of his children, and when a general idea exists in your mind that Her Majesty the Queen takes snacks at the bar, and finds them of the greatest service in allaying all disorders of the head and throat, and that somebody's sewing-machines are the best because they are made by simply pouring on boiling water and stirring until the train stops—you may vary the monotony of the journey by turning your attention towards your companions.

Not that all noticeable points and eccentricities of travelling humanity are to be observed in third-class passengers, but it is amongst the mass of persons that amusing incidents are more marked and more varied, and "the people" having a strong partiality for travelling as cheaply as possible, much prefer the third class to any other at present existing. Our London railways too, bearing as they do such multitudes of people, who use the railway as they use the streets, without that preparation and travelling reserve which Englishmen assume on long journeys, present generally the most extensive field of observation.

For there is something amusing in the very crowding of the railway carriage if you only look at it in the right light, and do not happen to be the corner man when there are nineteen people in the same compartment. We are ten in, already, perhaps. Three men rush to the door, jump in, and finding no room to sit down, range themselves along the middle of the compartment. But two other baffled wanderers have seen them enter, and following the rule of the railway, which, on such occasions, seems to be "jump in where you see others jump in," they open the door, step in, and smilingly endeavour to climb up your shins, failing which, they trample heavily on your ankles and feet. They are in the midst of an apology when they are pushed along by a stout lady and her daughter, followed by a gentleman, who would never get the whole of his body in if the guard did not at this moment shut the door forcibly on his back. We are now packed so tight that we can only hope the doors will not burst open, or we shall fall out on to the line like stones out of a cart when the tail-board is let down. The train starts. Instantly four people standing up fall into the laps of their fellow-passengers, and the train is well on its journey before they have managed to get up, and the laughter is over.

It is to be regretted that the intoxicated man should claim such a prominent notice here. But it is true that a vast number of that genus seem to avail themselves of railway services when the natural mode of progression fails them. We can recollect a white-headed old gentleman, quite tipsy, who fancied that he was the guard of the compartment, and accordingly stood by the door all the way, and fell out every time it was opened. This however did not abate his good humour, for he always jumped in again, and called out the name of the station we were approaching, which announcements might have been of some service had he not entirely omitted to mention the first part of the name, only shouting, "Street, street, street," "Road, road, road," "Cross, cross, cross," as we glided into the various stations.

A singular type to be met on railways is the "man who knows." It is he who possesses an acquaintance with the ramifications of the line by which you are travelling, which is fairly staggering. For ourselves we confess to a most unqualified ignorance of how we are going to get to any station on any line—the task of getting into the right train and changing at the right points being all we can encompass. But the "man who knows" understands the programme of the journey

TOO LATE!

better than the engine-driver, and the working of the line better than the superintendent.

When an average man travels with the "man who knows," conversation like this will often ensue :—

"THE FIRST NOTES OF 'MADAME ANGOT.'"

"This train is half-an-hour late," says the average man.

"It had to wait for the up-express," says the "man who knows."

"Oh, indeed! I thought there was no up-train after nine o'clock."

"Not on the main line. But this is worked in with the branch from Addleborough, and they shunt a carriage here, and then take us right up to London."

The average man, being tolerably bewildered, says he was not aware of that.

"Oh, yes," returns the "man who knows," "there are two of these trains a-day, worked by different engines, half-way with each. This isn't the engine that we had when we started. That's gone to Bristol. The company don't like it, but they can't help it, because this is a loop. That's the reason we had to change at Mumby. If we'd kept straight on, we should have been in the train we're waiting for now!"

And having aroused a suspicion in the minds of all his fellow-passengers that they are in the wrong train, he relapses into silence.

He is unsympathetic too, generally. It is he who tells you, when the stoppage of the train has made your backbone vibrate like a Jew's-harp, and has seemed to nearly shake your brains out, that "that's the hydraulic brake," and it is he who knows all the spots on the line where accidents have happened, and he never fails to mention such occurrences when you are going past the place.

There is a lurking creature who prowls about the railway, who is much to be avoided. He enters quietly when the train is on the point of starting. He is ragged, dirty, and he wipes his face with his coat-sleeve. As the train moves off he glances furtively around, and commences to fumble in his breast for something which turns out to be a battered cornet. He places it to his lips, his eyes glare, his cheeks swell, apoplexy is imminent, when the first notes of "Madame Angot" issue from the instrument, and every one in the carriage assumes an abstracted air, as if they had been asked a particularly good riddle, which they had hopes of guessing after a little consideration.

We are earnest supporters of the practice of conversing on journeys, and regret in common with most people the reserve which is a natural characteristic of English people when travelling. But at the same time it is difficult to escape the conclusion that the Metropolitan Railway is not exactly the place for conversation, especially in the middle of the tunnels. Yet there is always some one who will insist on talking in these cases, and who consequently brings about the following painful state of circumstances:—You have a man opposite you violently moving his jaws, while a clear gong-like noise seems to come from the middle

"WE ARE NOW PACKED SO TIGHT."

of his head, and to go right into the middle of yours. When you see his lips at rest, you have to raise your eyebrows expressively or smile meaningly, or to adopt any neutral form of expression in order to keep up a pretence of interest, although you have not heard a word of what he has been saying. But do not be entrapped into anything more decided. It was once our misfortune to travel with a gentleman who, as the train was moving out of the station, commenced an anecdote of how he once saw a very respectable man —and here the progress of the story was rendered inaudible by the noise. When we drew up at the next station, the gentleman was still pursuing the same story, and was in the midst of a simile about swans when his voice was drowned in the roar and rattle again. He continued in this way for four stations, and as we approached the fifth, the anecdote came to an end, and as the finis was accompanied by some gesture and a bump of the narrator's hand on the window-ledge, we thought it incumbent on us to pay him the tribute of a little interest, so said—

" Dear me ! Well, I should really never have thought that. That's the most extraordinary part of all."

" Eh? " said he, rather abruptly, as the train drew up.

Being fairly in for it, we repeated that we thought that very odd indeed—in fact, the oddest part of the whole affair.

Upon which, after a gloomy silence, he said—

" I am sorry you have such a poor opinion of my honesty."

" Bless me ! what gave you that idea ? "

" Why, I tell you that after I found out who the purse belonged to, I gave it him back again, and you say that that was very odd indeed, and the oddest part of the whole affair ! "

Picture my feelings ! A. H.

HOW THE QUEEN TRAVELS.

BY HENRY FRITH, AUTHOR OF "A RACE FOR LIFE," "ON THE WINGS OF THE WIND," ETC.

"SHE'S due at 11.30 ; it's almost that now. There, you can see her waiting to cross over. She will run in here from the slow line as soon as the main road is clear."

These words were addressed to the writer by Mr. Woods, the indefatigable and courteous station-master at Willesden Junction, on the forenoon of Monday, the 16th of August last. The "she" referred to was the Queen's train, which, having been "made up" at Wolverton, was then approaching Willesden, where it would be inspected, tested for electric communication, supplied with gas, and generally prepared, before proceeding to Gosport to convey Her Majesty and suite to Edinburgh and Ballater.

As we stood, privileged spectators, in the carriage-shed outside Willesden Junction, we could perceive a fine "goods" engine approaching, followed by a snake-like tail of white-roofed carriages, which compose the Royal train. The rear of the train was brought up by a carriage-truck. The arrangement of the vehicles and Royal saloons—an arrangement seldom, if ever, departed from on such journeys—was as follows :—

The Royal train, provided by the London and North-Western Company, consists of twelve vehicles, counting the two Royal saloons and omitting the truck. Below is a plan of the train, which was supplied by the courtesy of Mr. Neill, the superintendent of the line.

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

ARRANGEMENT OF CARRIAGES COMPOSING HER MAJESTY'S TRAIN, FROM GOSPORT TO EDINBURGH,

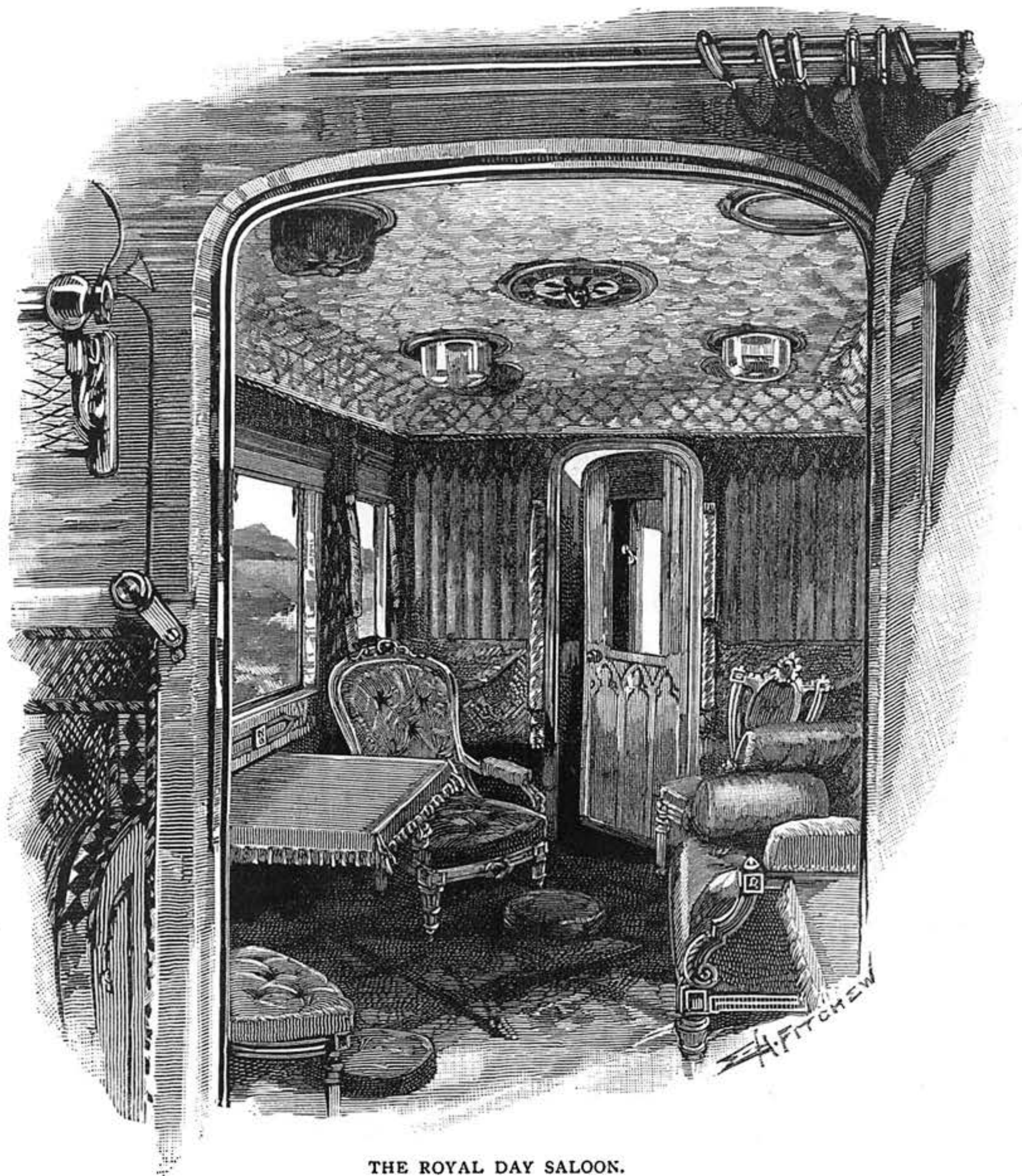
On Tuesday, the 17th, and Wednesday, the 18th August, 1886.

Engine.	Break.	For Men Servants.	For Pages and Upper Servants.	Dressers and Ladies' Maids.	Lady Waterpark. Hon. Horatia Stopford.	Personal Servants. — Queen's Dressers.	Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice.	Prince Henry of Battenberg.	Viscount Bridport. Sir Henry Ponsonby. Major Edwards. Dr. Reid.	Directors.	Directors.	† Queen's Fourgon.	Break.
	Van. No. 210.	Sleeping Carriage. No. 870.	Day Saloon. No. 72.	Day Saloon. No. 73.	Double Saloon. No. 65.	ROYAL	SALOONS.	Second Royal Saloon. No. 132.	Double Saloon. No. 131.	Double Saloon. No. 4.	1st Class. No. 75.	Carriage Truck. No. 137.	Van. No. 272.

<..........212 feet 6 inches..........> <..........237 feet 6 inches..........>

Miss Stopford and Major Evans will join the Train at Basingstoke.

† To be attached at Basingstoke.



THE ROYAL DAY SALOON.

(*Looking from the Personal Servants' Compartment. The Distant Compartment is the Night Saloon.*)

The Queen's saloons are in the centre of the train, and these commodious carriages, fitted for day and night travelling, Her Majesty occupies with Princess Beatrice. There are two beds in the sleeping compartment, which opens from the day saloon. The beds are simple, in green and gilt furniture and fittings, something like elaborate "cots" in shape; and generally the interior fittings of the train leave nothing to be desired. The floors are carpeted, the ceilings padded, the wide windows curtained, the lamps deeply shaded. Electric bells communicate with the attendants or the officials, and by pressing a button at the end of a long variegated cord or bell-pull, the alarm is sounded in the van. A separate electric button is fixed in each side of the sleeping compartment, by which the attendants may be summoned; another button when pressed will cause the train to stop as quickly as may be. There are the Westinghouse, vacuum, and ordinary brakes fitted to the train, which are worked as required by the exigencies of the locomotives of the different companies over whose lines Her Majesty travels, some engines being fitted with vacuum, and others with the Westinghouse brakes.

The usual furniture, comfortable but simple, and a lavatory, are all included in the Queen's saloons. There are hooks and racks for parcels, wraps, birdcages, and small bundles, of which Her Majesty and the Princess convey a goodly supply. The late John Brown used to occupy a seat in the Royal day saloon, back to the engine as the train stood, and facing the door of the Queen's apartments, so as to be within call at once.

The Royal saloon devoted on this trip to Prince Henry of Battenberg, who was temporarily separated from his wife, is one used by the Prince of Wales, and fitted with smoking cabinet and bed-room, with

two beds, a lavatory, and a stove. The Queen's carriages are warmed in the usual way with hot water.

Nothing is wanted to render the journey as little irksome and as little fatiguing as possible. The carriages exteriorly are bright and clean, and newly polished. The wheels are "solid"—blocks of wood taking the place of spokes; the springs are massive; the tires glide smoothly over the rails; the gas is a patented article; the carriage-steps let down as in road carriages, and the wide plate-glass windows permit an extensive view of the country through which the train is passing.

The train, we will suppose, has been supplied with gas and tested generally. It is then handed over, in good condition and in working order, to the South-Western officials, who acknowledge its receipt and take it carefully to Gosport, where Her Majesty will enter it at 6.40 on the afternoon of Tuesday, the 17th of August.

The luggage is in the vans; the parcels, wraps, rugs, and pet birds, &c., are all in their places; the attendants and the suite are seated. Time, 6.45: and the train, with a South-Western engine attached, quits the Royal Clarence Yard, Gosport, for Edinburgh direct, passing over the lines of four different companies *en route*—viz., the South-Western, Great Western, North-Western, and North British Railways.

Her Majesty is supplied with a special time-table printed elegantly in mauve on thick white paper, bordered in gold, and surmounted by the Royal arms. This time-table shows the hours of arrival and departure, the duration of each stoppage, and the distance between stations. The time is regulated by Her Majesty's wishes, signified beforehand. The train proceeds from Gosport to Basingstoke, where the Great Western engine and officials await it. Thence, *viâ* Banbury, to Bushbury Junction, where a Webb's locomotive is (probably) attached, and the North-Western people assume command at midnight. Thence, *viâ* Wigan and Oxenholme, to Carlisle, on the North British system, which place is reached at 5.7 a.m. At 5.14 the train again resumes its journey, and arrives in Edinburgh punctually at 8 a.m., or probably a few minutes before time.

But, the reader may inquire, does the Queen travel like her faithful subjects, with a few extra precautions, at a regulated speed of (about) 35 miles an hour, including stoppages?

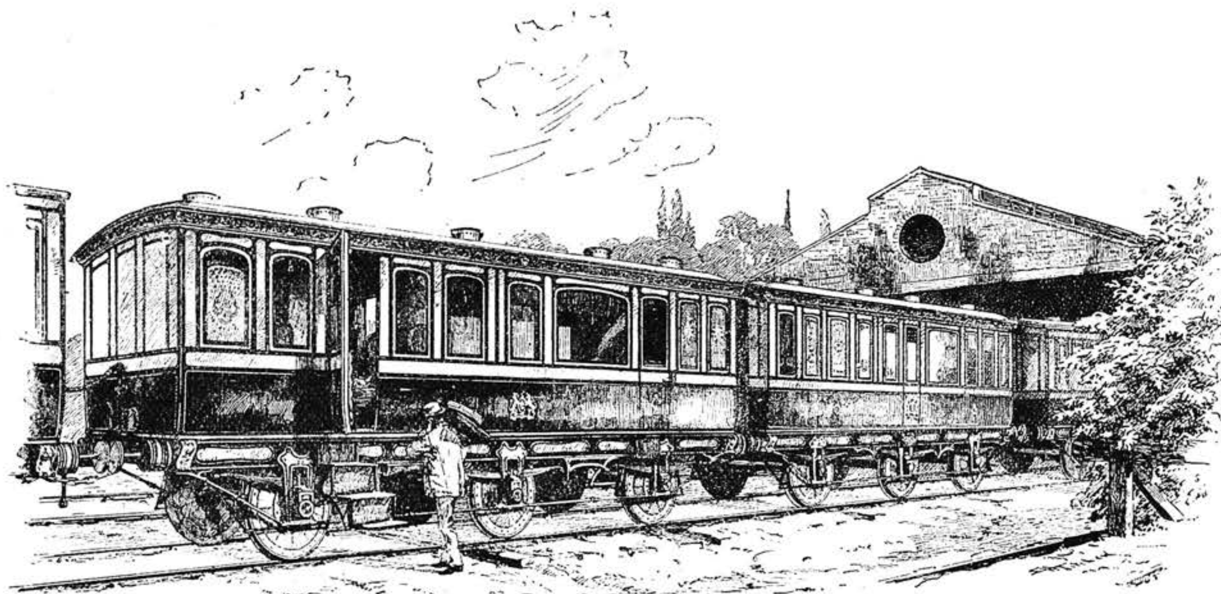
Yes; but the precautions for her safety are elaborate, and will surprise many. The regulations for Her Majesty's journey from Bushbury to Edinburgh fill five closely-printed foolscap pages, including the time-tables, which occupy two pages. These are the London and North-Western rules only; other lines, of course, issue similar instructions.

Let us glance at these regulations for all concerned. The times of departure and arrival having been mentioned, and the metals on which the train will travel specified, the regulations provide:—

(1) For a pilot engine, accompanied by a locomotive foreman of the various districts, and by a guard, with lamps, flags, and fog-signals. This engine precedes the Royal train at a uniform speed, and always fifteen minutes in advance of it.

(2) The drivers and firemen, as well as the engines for the Royal train, are specially selected. Telegraph men accompany the train under a superintendent, and workmen, fitters, lamp-men, and greasers travel in the train all the way, keeping a constant watch; and at stopping-places they must alight and examine the train and grease the axle-boxes.

(3) A look-out man is placed on the tender of the engine, and, seated with his face to the train, observes any signal that may be given by the occupants. This position is by no means an enviable one, as may be



THE ROYAL TRAIN.

imagined, particularly at night, when more than ordinary vigilance is required.

The above are a few of the precautions which the railway companies adopt to secure Her Majesty's safety, and her comfort is no less carefully studied. The Queen travels on the down line, and so for thirty minutes previous to her coming no train, nor even a light engine—by which is meant an engine without carriages attached—or any vehicle is permitted to proceed upon or cross the main line—the pilot engine alone excepted.

Not only are these regulations enforced on the down line, but on the up line also it is ordained that, when passing the Royal train, drivers going in the opposite direction must reduce speed to ten miles an hour, and on no account open the whistle when passing Her Majesty's train. Furthermore, no passenger trains are permitted to pass through the stations while the Queen's train is stopping at such stations for refreshment, or to change engines.

Not only are these rules expected to be, and are, strictly conformed to, but all goods trains are examined to see whether anything is projecting which might strike the Royal train. No driver is permitted to allow his engine to blow off steam, or to permit any smoke to escape, or to whistle while in a siding near the Queen, or while she is passing. The facing and other points are properly secured and bolted before the train passes; the gates of level crossings, where are no gatekeepers, are locked an hour before the Queen comes; and a long line of platelayers, at distant intervals, like a row of sentries, guard the permanent way. Special telegraphic signals are employed, the public are excluded from the stations, and the servants of the company must perform all their duties "silently and without noise."

In this luxurious and eminently peaceful manner, in as strict privacy as if in her own apartments, does Her Majesty the Queen speed across England by day or night. While we are sleeping or tossing in bed, while moon shines or thunder rattles, through calm or storm, the Royal train continues its unerring way in darkness, and almost in silence. A monster engine rushes by—fifteen minutes afterwards the lights of the Queen's train flash past, and then, after a pause, the hand of discipline is partially relaxed. Locomotives run off on errands to reclaim wandering carriages, goods engines snort and wheeze again, "facing points" are left as usual, gates are unlocked, platelayers return to bed, station-masters turn in and leave the platform to the porters and the stars, the "servants of the company" once again revel in banging milk-cans and luggage about, with their ordinary disregard for other people's property. Brakesmen of goods trains get into their vans and apparently don't care whether anything projects or not; express-drivers rush by whistling in their regained freedom! The Royal train has passed! The line assumes its normal condition. Conversely, as the arrival of the prince started the sleeping palace into life, the departure of the Queen is the signal for the resumption of the bustle, and noise, and turmoil which her presence or her approach had mesmerised into silence and restfulness.

So far as regards Her Majesty's railway and home journeys. But when she leaves this country the Queen has equally elaborate arrangements made for her. There are some very particular items to attend to. For instance, the Queen will always sleep in a bed of particular pattern: plain maple with green hangings arranged tent fashion, muslin curtains, and a hair mattress.

When travelling abroad Her Majesty usually adopts the *incognita* of the Countess of Kent, but last time she changed this "travelling name" to that of Countess of Balmoral. The Royal yacht, escorted by a flotilla, generally sails from Portsmouth to Cherbourg, where the strictest attention is paid to her.

The Queen generally dines and sleeps on board the Royal yacht on the evening preceding her departure, so that she may not be disturbed. In 1883 she quite dispensed with state, but usually she retains all her surroundings in accordance with her position. The suite abroad consists very much of the same ladies and gentlemen as when the Queen travels at home. For instance, last year Her Majesty was accompanied by Lady Churchill, the Marchioness of Ely, Sir Henry Ponsonby, Major Edwards, and Doctor Reid.

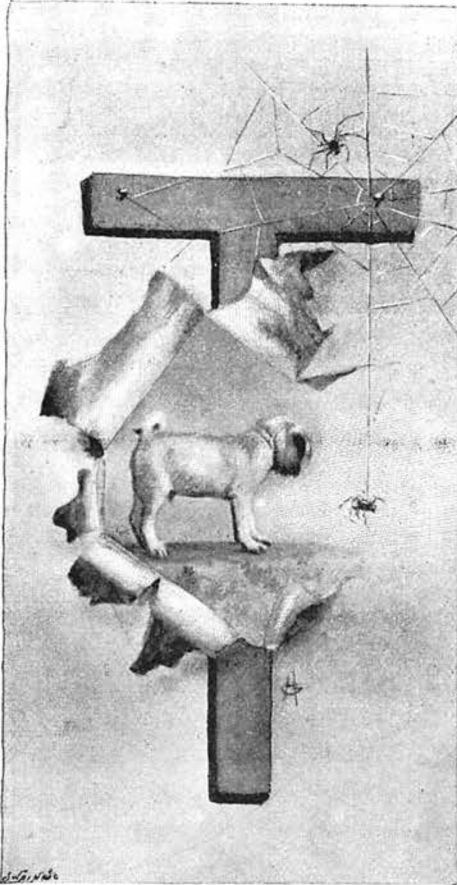
As at home, despatches and telegrams follow Her Majesty, or await her at the halting-places. Many questions are discussed and many papers perused and signed while the Queen travels. Our gracious Sovereign is a hard worker, and comparatively few persons outside of the Royal circle know what an immense deal of business the Queen gets through, and the close attention and clear mind which she brings to bear on all questions. So, as the Queen travels she works—her kingdom and its interests are never absent from her, although she may be away or in comparative seclusion.

Thus, while Her Majesty travels she is virtually never absent. How she travels we have seen. Her expenses in locomotion are heavy—for the Royal trains are not put at the Queen's disposal by grateful directors. The Swiss Administration on one occasion charged Her Majesty 20 francs (or 16s. 8d.) per kilometre (less than five furlongs), a pretty stiff charge, for the portion of her route through Switzerland on the journey to Baden from Aix-les-Bains!

There are other details which we need not now enter upon. We have indicated the chief points of the Queen's journeys; and it now only remains for the writer to acknowledge publicly his indebtedness to Mr. Neill, the superintendent of the London and North-Western Railway, and his assistant, Mr. Goulborn; to Mr. Woods at Willesden, and the attendants and officials of the company generally, for the facilities afforded him, and for their courteous compliance with his requests for information.

Animals as Criminals

By J. Brand.



HE title of this article is not intended as a joke. It is a matter of fact that almost every form and variety of human crime is to be found among animals. There are burglarious bees, filibustering sparrows, and murderous individuals among nearly all animal species. And not only is criminality existent among insects and animals, but it has attained such proportions that Professor Lombroso, the eminent Italian savant, has made it a branch of study in the school of criminal anthropology that he has founded.

Bees, in order to save themselves the trouble of working, have been known to attack well-stocked hives in masses, kill the sentinels, massacre the inhabitants, rob the hives and carry off the provisions.

Repeated success in these nefarious enterprises begets in them such a taste for robbery and violence that they recruit whole companies, which get more and more numerous, until regular colonies of brigand bees are formed.

The most curious fact is that crime can be produced by drink among bees just as it is among men. By giving working bees a mixture of honey and brandy to drink you can introduce brigandage into an otherwise well-conducted, moral hive. The bees soon acquire a keen taste for this beverage; they become ill-disposed and irritable, losing all desire to work; and, finally, when hunger comes upon them, they attack and plunder the well-supplied hives of their sober neighbours.

One variety of bees lives entirely by plunder. They are born with defective organs of nidification, and are what Professor Lombroso would call born criminals—that is, individuals who are led to crime by their own organic constitution.

It is almost impossible to suppress a certain feeling of sinful satisfaction at this discovery. From our childhood up, we have had the example of bees cast in our teeth. Their natural history has been made up in portable doses, mixed with trite moralities, and administered for the correction of youthful backslidings. And, after all, bees are no better than they ought to be—they are drunkards, thieves, housebreakers, and murderers. Not a bad record for a little insect that has for generations posed as a model of sobriety and well-ordered industry.

Sparrows and swallows are, I am sorry to say, very little better, but they have not the excuse of drink. Here are two instances of criminal outrage.

"Some swallows had built their nests under the windows of the first floor of an uninhabited

house in Merrion-square, Dublin. A sparrow took possession of the nest, and in vain the unfortunate swallows endeavoured to retain their hold upon it. They were forced to abandon the nest; but they returned with a band of their companions, each of whom was provided with a little lump of mud. The entrance to the nest was soon blocked up, and the intruder found himself a prisoner."

Sometimes revenge takes a form even more demoniacal. "At Hampton Court a couple of sparrows took possession of a nest built by a couple of swallows, in spite of an obstinate resistance on the part of the latter. Having once established themselves, the intruders were no longer molested. But the day came when they were obliged to leave the nest in search of food for their young: then, as soon as they were out of sight, several swallows came to demolish the nest, and I saw the young sparrows lying dead upon the ground."

Theft is a common crime among pigeons, even in the civilised communities of artificial dove-cotes. An Italian naturalist tells us that in almost every dove-cote of the Roman Society for pigeon breeding there are individuals who try to obtain the material necessary for their nests by abstracting it from the heap of straw collected by others for that purpose; in fact, they rob their neighbours rather than work for their own families.

Among female dogs theft is not uncommon, but in almost all such cases maternal love is the cause of their lapse from virtue. Dogs ordinarily moral and self-respecting, are known to have begun stealing when they had puppies, when they steal anything that the latter will eat. This is a form of crime that may well be viewed with leniency.

The child-stealing of which sterile dogs have been proved guilty is more serious. Lady dogs whose maternal instincts have not been gratified will frequently steal the young belonging to others, in order to complete their own family circle. The family in these cases generally dies, in spite of the solicitude of the adopting parent, who is affectionate but inadequate maternally.

A Spanish naturalist has detected the same form of crime among mules, certain mules luring foals away from their mothers in order to satisfy a morbid maternal instinct; then, being unable to nourish the foals, they let them die of starvation.

This is a serious indictment against the animal kingdom, but it is not the whole of my case. Murder in its worst form, committed under the influence of malice and passion, has been proved among animals.

Karl Vogt, the celebrated German naturalist, quotes the case of a couple of storks that had for several years built their nest in a village near Salette. One day it was noticed that, when the male was out in search of food, another younger bird began to court the lady. At first he was repulsed, then tolerated, and at last his insidious attentions were welcomed. Finally, one morning, the graceless pair flew away to the field where the husband was hunting for frogs and ruthlessly murdered him.

According to another authority storks often murder the members of the flock who refuse to follow them at the time of migration, or are unable to do so.

Murder is a common crime among parrots, who will attack their companions and crush their skulls by repeated blows from their beaks. Partridges will often kill each other's young, and monkeys, especially females in menageries, are given to fits of frenzied hatred which frequently lead to murder.

Most of us who have kept animals could quote cases of infanticide among them.

In short, you will find all the phenomena of human crime among animals, but on a smaller scale, and in rough outlines. You will find among animals, crimes very closely resembling those caused by madness in men. Elephants, normally the most meek and peaceable creatures, are sometimes seized with a desire to kill; and at those moments they are not fastidious—they will kill other elephants or men without provocation.

Rodet, the distinguished French veterinary surgeon, tells us that in every regiment of cavalry one finds some horses which rebel against discipline, and lose no opportunity of injuring man or horse.

With all their wickedness, however, animals are less criminal than men, and not even an enraged elephant will attain the hideous monstrosities of which his master is capable.

EVERY-DAY DESSERTS—PART IX.

AND DESSERTS FOR EVERY DAY.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 1.

Porcupine (Delicious).

Pour over a loaf of stale sponge cake, one glassful of sherry wine; stick full of blanched almonds (shell, and pour hot water over to remove the brown skin, and split in pieces), and then pour over Sauce 10, and serve cold.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2.

Fried Apples.

Slice unpared apples and fry in hot butter, and sprinkle with sugar. Serve with any plain cake.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 3.

Boiled Pudding (Good).

One cupful of sour milk, one-half of a cupful of molasses, one-half of a cupful of butter, two teaspoonfuls of soda dissolved in hot water, one-half of a teaspoonful of salt, about two and one-half cupfuls of flour. Boil one and one-half hours. Eat with Sauce 3.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 4.

Dried Apple Pie (Very good).

Fill open crust of pastry with this mixture: One pint of dried apples stewed soft; rub through a colander and add a piece of butter the size of an egg, one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful each of mace and cinnamon, one-half of a grated nutmeg, and bake.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 5.

Manchester Pudding.

Grease a pudding-dish and put two cupfuls of strawberry jam in, covering with one quart of boiling milk, three-fourths of a pint of bread crumbs, six tablespoonfuls of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, three stiff eggs, one teaspoonful of vanilla.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 6.

Currant Pudding.

One cupful of sugar, one-half of a cupful each of butter and milk, two eggs, one and one-half cupfuls of flour, one cupful of currants, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Bake in patty-pans, and eat with Sauce 5.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 7.

Jam Popovers.

Two cupfuls each of flour and milk, two eggs (stiff), one-half of a teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of melted butter. Bake in cups; when done, cut a little slit with a sharp knife and insert one teaspoonful of jam in each. Eat with sweetened cream.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 8.

Apple Mould.

Boil one pound of apples tender and rub through a colander. Boil three-fourths of a pound of lump sugar, in water enough to moisten it, to thick syrup. Remove the scum, add the juice of one-half of a lemon, boil with apple till thick. Pour in a mould and strew over the top slices of citron. Eat with plain cake.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9.

Chester Pudding.

One pint of flour, one-half of a cupful of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one-half of a pint of milk, one egg, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Steam one and one-half hours. Eat with Sauce 7.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 10.

Jelly Tarts.

Make tarts, as for January 5. When baked, fill half of them with crabapple and half with currant jelly.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 11.

Orange Pudding.

One pint of milk, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, three eggs, the juice of one large orange and one-half of its peel, grated, and enough flour for a stiff batter. Boil one hour. Sauce 4.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 12.

Troy Pudding.

Make a cake (in layers) of one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, one-half of a cupful each of butter and milk, two cupfuls of flour, the stiff whites of four eggs, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Make icing by boiling two cupfuls of powdered sugar and ten tablespoonfuls of boiling water till the syrup hardens in cold water, then beat in the stiff whites of two eggs till cold, and add one tablespoonful of vinegar. Stir in one-fourth of a cupful melted chocolate and one tablespoonful of grated cocoanut, and spread the mixture between the cake layers.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 13.

Macaroni Pudding.

Boil one-fourth of a pound of macaroni in one pint of water, with one-half of a teaspoonful of salt, till tender; add one tablespoonful of butter, one large cupful of milk, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and bake. Eat with Sauce 12.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14.

Deep Peach Pie.

Half fill a pudding-dish with drained, canned peaches, sweetened. Cover with pie-crust, and bake.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 15.

Amber Pudding.

Line a dish with pie-crust and fill with this mixture: Six tart apples stewed (covered) three-fourths of an hour, the juice and rind of one lemon, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one-fourth of a cupful of water. Rub through a colander and add one cupful of sugar, the yolks of three beaten eggs. Bake one-half hour, and cover with meringue, the stiff whites of three eggs, one-half of a cupful of sugar, and brown.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16.

Merry Pudding.

One pint of sponge-cake crumbs, one pint of boiling milk, one cupful of grated cocoanut, four stiff eggs, one cupful of sugar, one-half of a teaspoonful of vanilla. Bake. Eat without sauce.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 17.

Fruit Short-Cake.

One-half of a cupful each of sugar and sour milk, one-fourth of a cupful of butter, one egg, one-half of a teaspoonful of soda, flour enough to roll it out. Bake in an oblong tin, split in two layers and spread with jam. Eat with sweetened cream.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 18.

Apple Batter Pudding.

Cover the bottom of a pudding-dish with apple-sauce, made by stewing one-half of a pound of apples till tender, rubbing through a colander and adding one-fourth of a pound of sugar and a little grated nutmeg. Pour over a batter of one pint of flour, one-half of a pint of milk, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, one saltspoonful of salt. Bake. Sauce 9.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 19.

Lemon Jelly.

One-halt of a box of gelatine dissolved in one-half of a pint of water; add one pint of boiling water, the juice of three lemons, one and one-half cupfuls of sugar. Stir till dissolved, and strain into moulds.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 20.

Hominy Croquettes.

One cupful of boiled hominy, one tablespoonful of melted butter, one stiff egg, one tablespoonful of sugar. Make into floured balls and fry in deep lard.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21.

Peach Snowdrift.

Boil one pint of milk and one-half (small) of a cupful of sugar, and two smooth tablespoonfuls of cornstarch till thick; then add the stiff whites of three eggs, and pour over a dish of drained, canned peaches. Eat with Sauce 10.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 22.

Fried Cake Pudding.

Dip slices of stale cake in hot milk, drain, and fry in hot butter. Spread each with jam, and eat, hot, with Sauce 3.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23.

Sally Lunn (Good).

Three teacupfuls of flour, three tablespoonfuls each of sugar and melted butter, three eggs, one cupful of milk, three teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Bake like cake. Eat with butter.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 24.

Rice and Jam Pudding.

One-half of a cupful of rice soaked in warm water, to cover, two hours, then boil in one and one-half pints of milk till thick. When

cool, add four stiff eggs, one tablespoonful of melted butter, one small cupful of sugar. Bake, and spread with jam and then a meringue of three eggs.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 25.

Sussex Pudding.

One cupful of bread crumbs soaked in one pint of milk, added to a custard of the yolks of four eggs, two tablespoonfuls of rice-flour, one pint of milk, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one cupful of seeded raisins, one teaspoonful of vanilla. Boil two hours, and eat with Sauce 3.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 26.

Cocoanut Sponge.

Fill a dish with alternate layers of stale sponge-cake, covered with grated, sweetened cocoanut, and a custard made of one quart of boiling milk, the yolks of four eggs, four tablespoonfuls of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch (smooth), one teaspoonful of vanilla. Use this custard cold. Bake the pudding, and eat with Sauce 8.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 27.

Swiss Pudding.

Make apple-sauce as for February 18. When cool, add one stiff egg. Line a pudding-dish with bread crumbs and pour in the sauce; cover with crumbs and bits of butter. Sift powdered sugar over when done. Eat with Sauce 9.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28.

Hanover Pudding.

One and one-half cupfuls of milk, one-half of a cupful of molasses, one cupful of raisins, one-half of a cupful of butter, three cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful each of soda and salt. Boil three hours. Sauce 9.

—Ruth Hall.

The Wearing of Amulets.

WHO wore the first amulet it would be impossible to say; but the adoption of a talisman to ward off evil is of very ancient origin.

Phylacteries, the Greek word for amulets, were worn by the Jews, to which allusion is made in the Scriptures. These phylacteries were a narrow strip of parchment, on which were written passages from the Old Testament. This strip was placed in a small leathern box, and bound to the left elbow by a narrow strap. There was a smaller phylactery for the forehead, the box for which was about an inch square.

The word amulet is of Arabic origin, and implies a thing suspended. Amulets were of various kinds. The moonstone found in the desert of Arabia was worn as a talisman against enchantment by the women, who suspended it around the neck. It was a white transparent stone, the time of searching for it being midnight.

In India a variety of gems and stones are used as amulets. The most common is the *salagrama,* a stone about as large as a billiard ball, and which is perforated with black. This is supposed to be found only in the Gandaki, a river in Nepaul. The person who possesses one of these stones is esteemed highly fortunate; he preserves it in a clean cloth, from whence it is sometimes taken to be bathed and perfumed. He believes that the water in which it is washed, if drank, has the power to preserve from sin. Holding it in his hand the dying Hindoo expires in peace, trusting in a stone rather than in the living God.

The modern Egyptian is a believer in the Evil Eye, to avert which he hangs around the neck charms supposed to possess a magic power. These are usually worn by children, and consist of little tin or leather cases, which inclose words either from the Scriptures or Koran, if the children are of Moslem parents.

Even the Romans were not without their charms. They hung little cases around the neck which contained a charm, generals not disdaining the same. Augustus thought it would bring him good luck to wear a piece of the sea-calf, and, therefore, never went without this talisman.

In Greece the priests sell the sick charms consisting of pieces of paper, on which is written the name of the disease from which the person is suffering, and these are nailed to the door of the chamber. Pliny tells us that any plant, gathered by a river before sunrise by a person, if unseen, tied on the left arm of an ague-patient, without his knowing what it is, will cure the disease.

Queen Elizabeth, during her last illness, wore around her neck a charm made of gold which had been bequeathed her by an old woman in Wales, who declared that so long as the queen wore it she would never be ill. The amulet, as was generally the case, proved of no avail; and Elizabeth, notwithstanding her faith in the charm, not only sickened but died. During the plague in London, people wore amulets to keep off the dread destroyer. Amulets of arsenic were worn near the heart. Quills of quicksilver were hung around the neck, and also the powder of toads.

It was not at all unusual for soldiers and others who were exposed to danger to wear talismans by way of protection. A story, which gained credence, is told of a soldier in the time of the Prince of Orange. He was a Spanish prisoner, and, on being condemned to be shot, it was found that he was invulnerable. The soldiers stripped him to see what kind of armor he wore, when it was discovered that he was not protected in that way, but an amulet, on which was the figure of a lamb, was found on his person. This was taken away from him, and the shots took effect. During the Prussian war of 1870, after the battles, the field was frequently found full of amulets which had fallen from the dying grasp of the soldiers. It was ascertained that the more ignorant the Russian soldier, the more he clung to the belief in the protective power of the amulet.

In 1838 a beautiful locket, forming a small padlock, was found in digging a grave in a churchyard at Devizes, in Wiltshire, England. This was a charm, and, being valuable, was buried with the owner.

Louis Napoleon, who believed himself, even amidst exile and poverty, destined to that throne which the prestige of his name and his cunning *coup d' etat* enabled him to reach, was not without his superstitions. In his will he says, "With regard to my son, let him keep as a talisman the seal I used to wear attached to my watch." This talisman had no power to turn aside the fatal balls of the Zulus; and the young Napoleon met a sadder fate than his father's worst fears could have imagined for him.

What were known as anodyne necklaces, which were beads made out of the root of the white bryony, were hung around the necks of infants to ward off convulsions. The Chinese wore pearls as a charm against fire; and in some countries the agate formed an amulet that was supposed to protect from disease.

THE ETIQUETTE OF PUBLIC PLACES.

Some Requirements of the Present Day, Modifying the Old Time Rules.

HILE instructions as to matters of etiquette between the sexes are properly addressed to gentlemen, as being the positive factors in the business, it is none the less appropriate that young women should understand and recognize the rights and privileges which are properly theirs. Naturally the changing conditions of life in these days change in some degree the rules of former times; though the fundamental principles of true politeness are unchangeable, being founded upon considerations for the comfort, convenience and safety of the supposedly "weaker" sex. While, therefore, it is by no means necessary to go over the entire matter of proper behavior, it is surely appropriate to refer in a brief way to such observances as have been modified or changed by recent innovations, or are made desirable by new conditions.

In the matter of recognition, it is well understood that where the acquaintance is but slight or formal, the lady holds the full and unquestioned title to the initiative, and may recognize or not at her pleasure. But in the case of close friends, where the matter of acquaintance has long since passed the questionable stage, either may bow first, and better still if on the meeting of the eyes the recognition shall be heartily simultaneous. Of course the gentleman should in all cases lift his hat, and should do the same in recognizing a friend of his own sex when in company with a lady.

The matter of handshaking is more complicated, and "doctors disagree" on many little points in that connection. Of course the lady should first offer her hand, and it may be gloved or ungloved, according to circumstances; but the man's hand should always be bare. If the lady is gloved, her fingers should be lightly taken, and shaken on a level with the chest; but if her hands are bare, and the friendship between the parties is confirmed, a warm, sympathetic clasp of the hand is better and more appropriate than a hundred languid, nerveless slidings of the hands together under the impression that they are being shaken. On the other hand, a muscular, crushing clasp should always be avoided, as the token of mere brute strength, which has no place between earnest friends.

A meeting upon the street is liable to present some of the most trying of problems. Ordinarily a mere exchange of greetings is the most appropriate observance; but where more than this is required the gentleman should walk with the lady, even though he may be obliged immediately to retrace all of the steps thus taken. The hat should be lifted upon meeting and parting from a lady on the street; but it is not obligatory to remain uncovered out of doors during conversation, and indeed would be rather affected than otherwise, though it is a custom prevailing in some Southern countries, where the climate is more favorable.

So great an amount of travel is done by the electric or other street cars that the knowledge of what is considered good fashion in such cases is of the utmost importance. A gentleman accompanying a lady should always permit her to enter the car before him, but he is not required to give precedence to others, after his companion has entered. It is his duty to remain near her, in order to guard her interests and look out for her convenience. But the gentleman who is not accompanying ladies should wait patiently till all such and their escorts have passed into the car.

Inside the car, the principal question likely to arise is whether a gentleman shall rise to offer his seat to a lady entering after all the seats have been filled. As a rule, it may be said that he should do so, lifting his hat respectfully. The lady should take such seat with a word of thanks, without discussion, while her escort, if she has one, should also lift his hat in acknowledgment of the civility. The true gentleman will be especially careful not to allow an aged or infirm woman, or one burdened with parcels or hampered by a child to remain standing. Young, strong women of culture invariably yield a seat or other desirable privilege to one of their own sex thus placed at a disadvantage.

In leaving a car, the rule of precedence is reversed; the gentleman alights first, turning quickly to aid his companion. It is also considered entirely proper for him to respectfully assist any lady, especially if aged or encumbered in any manner, who may immediately follow him from the car. Having done so, he should simply lift his hat and go his way without further comment.

In making a short call, the hat, gloves and cane should be carried in the left hand into the drawing room, and the gloves should be retained in hand throughout the call, the hat and cane being placed upon any convenient piece of furniture. Where a reception is being held, these articles—the hat and cane—should of course be left in the hall.

It is in passing through doors and ascending and descending stairs that there is most danger of transgressing the usages of what ought to be. The former may first be considered. Not a little confusion arises from the fact that, while the gentleman is to open doors in case they are closed, he is not first to pass through them, but should stand at one side, allowing the woman to enter. This is entirely convenient if the door is already open; if that is not the case, he is to open it, stepping to the hinged side and, with his open hand, holding it swung back while the lady passes through. This in case it opens into the room; where it swings toward them the movement is similar, only that in that case he will keep his hand upon the knob of the door.

Stairways constitute an even more serious problem, owing to their length and the liability to confusion. In going up or down it should be borne in mind that the man is always upon the stairs above the lady. He precedes her in ascending, and follows her in coming down; but above all, no matter how wide the stairway, he should never attempt to walk at her side. Nor is it less a violation of good usage to pass a woman on the stairs. Whoever is first upon the stairs is understood to have the way clear till the passage is finished. Where the stairway is broken by a landing, however, it is proper for either to pause and allow a person of the other sex to pass.

In many cases, what was formerly done by the tedious climbing of stairs is now accomplished by the rapid movement of an elevator, and this has an etiquette of its own, though simple. In this case the woman is given the preference both in entering and leaving, except that in the latter case, where the elevator is well filled and men are standing near the exit, they may properly leave first, to make the passage of the ladies more convenient. All gentlemen should remove their hats, if a lady is present in an elevator, and of course the cigar should not be known there under any circumstances.

Entering a theater or other place of amusement, the gentleman takes precedence down the aisle, giving attention to the usher, and following all details till the seats are reached and identified. He then steps aside, allowing the lady to pass to her seat; but in leaving the place he precedes her along the aisle. He always rises when a lady is obliged to pass in front of him to a seat, giving all the room possible; but it is not required, nor is it the correct thing, for him to step to the aisle.

It is not so much as formerly the custom for women to take the arm of their escort after nightfall; but it is entirely proper to do so, and is almost indispensable in crowded places or where difficulties of any kind are encountered. It is sometimes found more convenient for a man to clasp the woman's elbow lightly with his hand, for the purpose of guiding her movements, and that may be done at any time of the day, especially in assisting aged persons. For the usual order to be reversed, however, and the man to take the woman's arm, is allowable only in case of the extreme feebleness of the man, from whatever cause it may arise. In that case, the natural relations are reversed, and the woman has become his assistant and protector.

Above all, the true gentleman learns to be such easily and unobtrusively, as well as at all places in every condition. That courtesy which parades itself for the sake of being seen by others is not courtesy at all, but affectation, and every sensible person places upon it its just estimate. The golden rule in these matters is to do a kindness for the sake of being kind; and whoever does that thoughtfully and under all circumstances will be recognized for what he is—the true gentleman!

—*Good Housekeeping.*

THE WIFE'S COMMANDMENTS.

I.

At the early morn thou shalt aspire
To get up first and light the fire.

II.

Not any morning shalt thou miss
Bestowing on thy wife a kiss.

III.

If in the night the baby cries,
Thou shalt the infant tranquilize.

IV.

Thou shalt take care thy wife can find
Her pocket-book with bills well lined.

V.

Thou shalt not criticise her cakes,
Her cooking, nor the bread she makes.

VI.

Thou shalt not fail at Eastertide,
To keep her with new hats supplied.

VII.

A sacred duty thou shalt deem
To treat her daily to ice-cream.

VIII.

Thou shalt not speak in temper rash
If she desires some extra cash.

IX.

Thou shalt not come home "full" at night,
With lame excuses for thy plight.

X.

This is the tenth—thou shalt not chide,
But shalt by all her laws abide,
If to these ten she adds ten thousand more beside.

—*Munsey's Weekly.*

THE BROOK AND ITS BANKS.

BY THE REV. J. G. WOOD, M.A., Author of "The Handy Natural History."

CHAPTER III.

Enemies of the water-vole—The heron—The death-stroke—Ways of the heron—Watching for fish—A hint to naturalists—Observers in the New Forest—Return to wild habits—The fox, the cow, and the owl—The heron and the eel—The cormorant and the conger—The heron's power of wing—How the heron settles—Its resting-place—Power of the heron's beak—Heronry in Wanstead Park.

THE water-vole has but few enemies whom it need fear, and one of them is now so scarce that the animal enjoys a practical immunity from it. This is the heron (*Ardea cinerea*), which has suffered great diminution of its numbers since the spread of agriculture.

Even now, however, when the brook is far away from the habitations of man, the heron may be detected by a sharp eye standing motionless in the stream, and looking out for prey. Being as still as if cut out of stone, neither fish nor water-vole sees it, and if the latter should happen to approach within striking distance, it will be instantly killed by a sharp stroke on the back of the head.

The throat of the heron looks too small to allow the bird to swallow any animal larger than a very small mouse; but it is so dilatable that the largest water-vole can be swallowed with perfect ease.

The bird, in fact, is not at all fastidious about its food, and will eat fish, frogs, toads, or water-voles with perfect impartiality. It has even been known to devour young waterhens, swimming out to their nest, and snatching up the unsuspecting brood. In fact, all is fish that comes to its beak.

If the reader should be fortunate enough to espy a heron while watching for prey, let him make the most of the opportunity.

Although the heron is a large bird, it is not easily seen. In the first place, there are few birds which present so many different aspects. When it stalks over the ground with erect bearing and alert gestures it seems as conspicuous a bird as can well be imagined. Still more conspicuous does it appear when flying, the ample wings spread, the head and neck stretched forwards, and the long legs extending backwards by way of balance.

But when it is on the look-out for the easily-startled fish it must remain absolutely still. So it stands as motionless as a stuffed bird, its long neck sunk and hidden among the feathers of the shoulders, and nothing but the glancing eye denoting that it is alive.

This quiescence must be imitated by the observer, should he wish to watch the proceedings of the bird, as the least movement will startle it. The reason why so many persons fail to observe the habits of animals, and then disbelieve those who have been more successful, is that they have never mastered the key to all observation, *i.e.*, refraining from the slightest motion. A movement of the hand or foot, or even a turn of the head is certain to give alarm; while many creatures are so wary that when watching them it is as well to droop the eyelids as much as possible, and not even to turn the eyes quickly, lest the reflection of the light from their surface should attract the attention of the watchful creature.

One of the worst results of detection is that when any animal is startled it conveys the alarm to all others that happen to be within sight or hearing. It is evident that all animals of the same species have a language of their own which they perfectly understand, though it is not likely that an animal belonging to one species can understand the language of another.

But there seems to be a sort of universal or *lingua-franca* language which is common to all the animals, whether they be beasts or birds, and one of the best known phrases is the cry of alarm, which is understood by all alike.

I need hardly say that it is almost absolutely necessary to be alone, as there is no object in two observers going together unless they can communicate with each other, and there is nothing which is so alarming to the beasts and birds as the sound of the human voice.

Yet there is a mode by which two persons who have learned to act in concert with each other can manage to observe in company. It was shown to me by an old African hunter, when I was staying with him in the New Forest.

In the forest, although even the snapping of a dry twig will give the alarm, neither bird nor beast seems to be disturbed by a whistle. We therefore drew up a code of whistles, and practised ourselves thoroughly in them.

Then, we went as quietly as we could to the chosen spot, and sat down facing each other, so that no creature could pass behind one of us without being detected by the other. We were both dressed in dark grey, and took the precaution of sitting with our backs against a tree or a bank, or any object which could perform the double duty of giving us something to lean against, and of breaking the outlines of the human form.

Our whistled code was as low as was possible consistent with being audible, and I do not think that during our many experiments we gave the alarm to a single creature.

When the observer is remaining without movement, scarcely an animal will notice him.

I remember that on one occasion my friend and I were sitting opposite each other, one on either side of a narrow forest path. The sun had set, but at that time of the year there is scarcely any real night, and objects could be easily seen in the half light.

Presently a fox came stealthily along the path. Now the cunning of the fox is proverbial, and neither of us thought that he would pass between us without detecting our presence. Yet, he did so, passing so close, that we could have touched him with a stick.

Shortly afterwards, a cow came along the same path, walking almost as noiselessly as the fox had done. It is a remarkable fact that domesticated animals, when allowed to wander at liberty in the New Forest, soon revert to the habits of their wild ancestors.

As the cow came along the path, neither of us could conjecture the owner of the stealthy footstep. We feared lest it might be that of poachers, in which case things would have gone hard with us, the poachers of the New Forest being a truculent and dangerous set of men, always provided with firearms and bludgeons, having scarcely the very slightest regard for the law, and almost out of reach of the police.

They would certainly have considered us as spies upon them, and as certainly would have attacked and half, if not quite killed us, we being unarmed.

But to our amusement as well as relief, the step was only that of a solitary cow, the animal lifting each foot high from the ground before she made her step, and putting it down as cautiously as she had raised it.

Then, a barn owl came drifting silently between us, looking in the dusk as large and white as if it had been the snowy owl itself. Yet, neither the fox, nor the cow, nor the owl detected us, although passing within a few feet of us.

In the daytime the observer, however careful he may be, is always liable to detection by a stray magpie or crow.

The bird comes flying along overhead, its keen eyes directed downwards, on the look-out for the eggs of other birds. At first he may not notice the motionless and silent observer, but sooner or later he is sure to do so.

If it were not exasperating to have all one's precautions frustrated, the shriek of terrified astonishment with which the bird announces the unexpected presence of a human being would be exceedingly ludicrous. As it is, a feeling of wrath rather prevails over that of amusement, for at least an hour will elapse before the startled animals will have recovered from the magpie's alarm cry.

Supposing that we are stationed on the banks of the brook on a fine summer evening, while the long twilight endures, and have been fortunate enough to escape the notice of the magpie or other feathered spy, we may have the opportunity of watching the heron capture its prey.

The stroke of the beak is like lightning, and in a moment the bird is holding a fish transversely in its beak. The long, narrow bill scarcely seems capable of retaining the slippery prey; but if a heron's beak be examined carefully, it will be seen to possess a number of slight serrations upon the edges, which enable it to take a firm grasp of the fish.

Very little time is allowed the fish for struggling, for almost as soon as captured it is flung in the air, caught dexterously with its head downwards, and swallowed.

It is astonishing how large a fish will pass down the slender throat of a heron. As has been already mentioned, the water-vole is swallowed without difficulty. Now the water-vole measures between eight and nine inches in length from the nose to the root of the tail, and is a very thickset animal, so that it forms a large and inconvenient morsel.

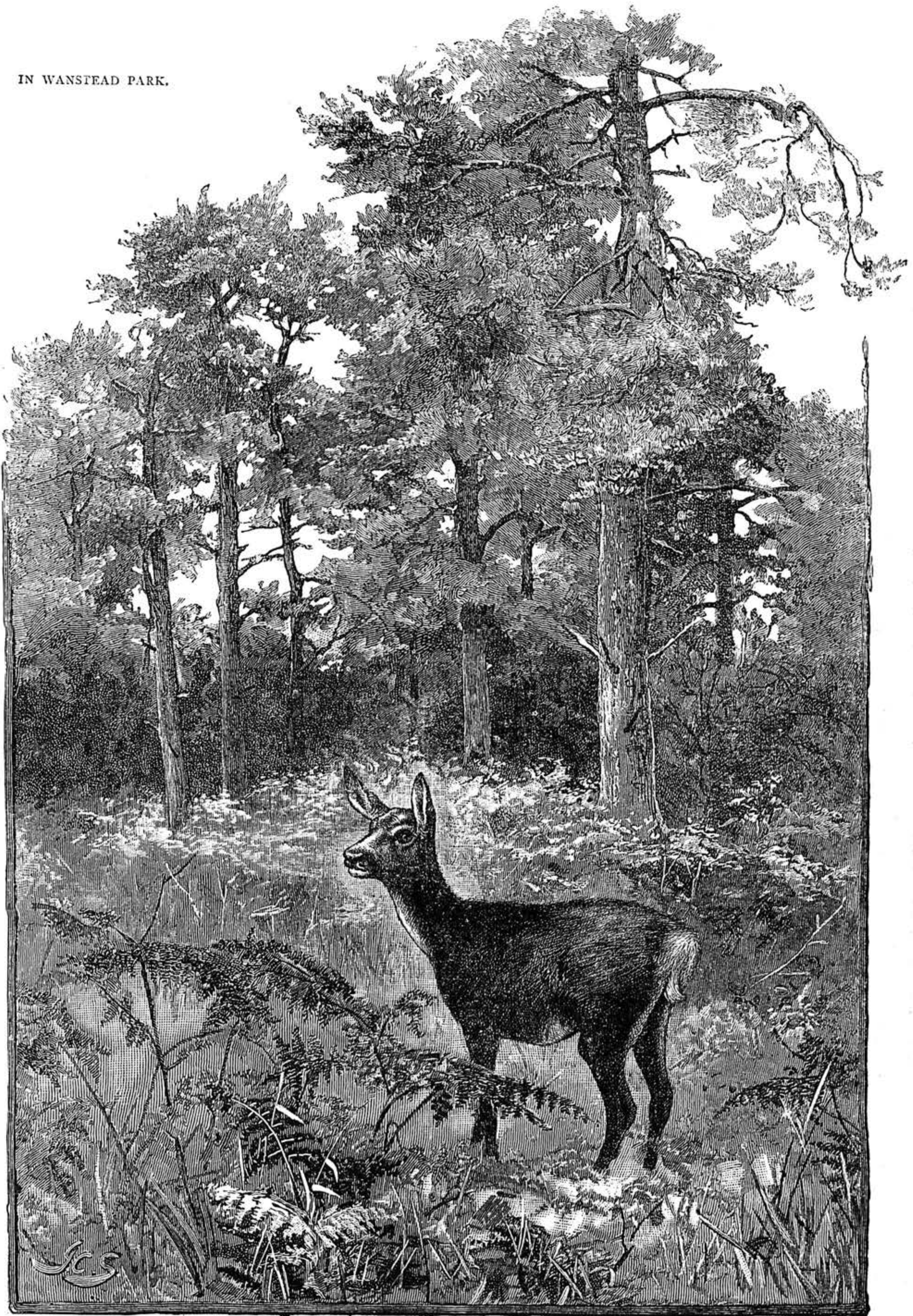
It is seldom that the heron has, like the kingfisher, to beat its prey against a stone or any hard object before swallowing it, though when it catches a rather large eel it is obliged to avail itself of this device before it can get the wriggling and active fish into a suitable attitude. The eel has the strongest objection to going down the heron's throat, and has no idea of allowing its head to pass into the heron's beak. The eel, therefore, must be rendered insensible before it can be swallowed.

Generally it is enough to carry the refractory prey to the bank, hold it down with the foot, and peck it from one end to the other until it is motionless. Should the eel be too large to be held by the feet, it is rapidly battered against a stone, just as a large snail is treated by a thrush, and so rendered senseless.

If the feet of the heron be examined, a remarkable comb-like appendage may be seen on the inside of the claw of the hind foot.

What may be the precise office of this comb is not satisfactorily decided. Some ornithologists think that it is utilised in preening the plumage, I cannot, however, believe that it performs such an office. I have enjoyed exceptional opportunities for watching the proceedings of the heron when at liberty, as well as in captivity, but never saw it preen its feathers with its foot, nor have I heard of anyone who has actually witnessed the proceeding.

It is not always fair to judge from a dead bird what the living bird might have been able to do. But I have tried to comb the plumage



IN WANSTEAD PARK.

of a dead heron with its foot-comb, and have not succeeded.

Another suggestion is that the bird may use it when it holds prey under its feet, as has just been narrated. These suggestions, however, are nothing more than conjectures, but, as they have been the subject of much argument, I have thought it best to mention them.

Sometimes it has happened that the heron has miscalculated its powers, and seized a fish which was too large and powerful to be mastered. Anglers frequently capture fish which bear the marks of the heron's beak upon their bodies, and in such cases neither the fish nor the heron is any the worse for the struggle.

But when the unmanageable fish has been an eel, the result has, more than once, been disastrous for the bird. In Yarrell's work on the British birds, a case is recorded where a heron and eel were both found dead, the partially swallowed eel having twisted itself round the neck of the heron in its struggles.

A very similar incident occurred off the coast of Devonshire, the victim in this case being a cormorant. The bird had attacked a conger-eel, and had struck its hooked upper mandible completely through the lower jaw of the fish, the horny beak having entered under the chin of the eel.

The bird could not shake the fish off its beak, and the result was that both were found lying dead on the shore, the powerful conger-eel having coiled itself round the neck of the cormorant and strangled it. The stuffed skins of the bird and eel may be seen in the Truro Museum, preserved in the position in which they were found.

Having procured a sufficiency of prey, the heron will take flight for its home, which will probably be at a considerable distance from its fishing ground. Twenty or thirty miles are but an easy journey for the bird, which measures more than five feet across the expanded wings, and yet barely weighs three pounds. Indeed, in proportion to its bulk, it is believed to be the lightest bird known. The Rev. C. A. Johns states that he has seen the heron fishing at a spot fully fifty miles from any heronry.

The peculiar flight of the heron is graphically described in a letter published in the *Standard* newspaper, Sept. 25th, 1883.

"One summer evening I was under a wood by the Exe. The sun had set, and from over the wooded hill above bars of golden and rosy cloud stretched out across the sky. The rooks came slowly home to roost, disappearing over the wood, and at the same time the herons approached in exactly the opposite direction, flying from Devon into Somerset, and starting out to feed as the rooks returned home.

"The first heron sailed on steadily at a great height, uttering a loud "caak, caak" at intervals. In a few minutes a second followed, and "caak, caak" sounded again over the river valley.

"The third was flying at a less height, and as he came into sight over the line of the wood, he suddenly wheeled round, and holding his immense wings extended, dived, as a rook will, downwards through the air. He twisted from side to side like anything spun round by the finger and thumb as he came down, rushing through the air head first.

"The sound of his great vanes pressing and dividing the air was distinctly audible. He looked unable to manage his descent, but at the right moment he recovered his balance, and rose a little up into a tree on the summit, drawing his long legs into the branches behind him.

"The fourth heron fetched a wide circle, and so descended into the wood. Two more passed on over the valley—altogether six herons in about a quarter of an hour. They intended, no doubt, to wait in the trees till it was dusky, and then to go down and fish in the wood. Herons are here called cranes, and heronries are craneries. (This confusion between the heron and the crane exists in most parts of Ireland.)

"A determined sportsman who used to eat every heron he could shoot, in revenge for their ravages among the trout, at last became suspicious, and, examining one, found in it the remains of a rat and of a toad, after which he did not eat any more herons. Another sportsman found a heron in the very act of gulping down a good sized trout, which stuck in the gullet. He shot the heron and got the trout, which was not at all injured, only marked at each side where the beak had cut it. The fish was secured and eaten."

I can corroborate the accuracy as well as the graphic wording of the above description.

When I was living at Belvedere, in Kent, I used nearly every evening to see herons flying northwards. I think that they were making for the Essex marshes. They always flew at a very great height, and might have escaped observation but for the loud, harsh croak which they uttered at intervals, and which has been so well described by the monosyllable "caak."

As to their mode of settling on a tree, I have often watched the herons of Walton Hall, where they were so tame that they would allow themselves to be approached quite closely. When settling, they lower themselves gently until their feet are upon the branch. They then keep up a slight flapping of the wings until they are fairly settled.

An idea is prevalent in many parts of England that when the heron sits on its nest, its long legs hang down on either side. Nothing can be more absurd. The heron can double up its legs as is usual among birds, and sits on its nest as easily as if it were a rook, or any other short-legged bird.

In many respects the heron much resembles the rook in its manner of nesting. The nest is placed in the topmost branches of a lofty tree, and is little more than a mere platform of small sticks. Being a larger bird than the rook, the heron requires a larger nest, and on an average the diameter of a nest is about three feet.

Like the rook, the heron is gregarious in its nesting, a solitary heron's nest being unknown. In their modes of feeding, however, the two birds utterly differ from each other, the heron seeking its food alone, while the rook feeds in company, always placing a sentinel on some elevated spot for the purpose of giving alarm at the approach of danger.

The heron is curiously fastidious in its choice of a nesting-place, and, like the rook, prefers the neighbourhood of man, knowing instinctively when it will be protected by its human neighbours. Fortunately for the bird, the possession of a heronry is a matter of pride among landowners; so that even if the owner of a trout-stream happened also to possess a heronry, he would not think of destroying the herons because they ate his trout.

In captivity the heron can be tamed; but it is not to be recommended as a pet. It is apt to bestow all its affections on one individual, and to consider the rest of the human race as enemies, whose eyes ought to be pecked out.

I was for some time acquainted with such a bird, but took care to keep well out of reach of its terrible beak, which it would dart to an unexpected distance through the bars of its cage.

It formerly ran loose in a garden, and was almost slavishly affectionate to the gardener, rubbing itself against his legs like a pet cat, and trying in every way to attract his attention. He had even taught it a few simple tricks, and I have seen it take his hat off his head, and then offer it to him.

But just in proportion as it became friendly with the gardener it became cross-grained with the rest of the world, attacking everyone who came into the garden, and darting its beak at their eyes. Its last performance caused it to be placed in confinement.

An elderly gentleman had entered the garden on business, when the bird instantly assailed him. Knowing the habits of the heron, he very wisely flung himself on his face for the purpose of preserving his eyes, and shouted for help.

Meanwhile the heron, wishing to make the most of its opportunity, mounted upon his prostrate victim, and succeeded in inflicting several severe pecks upon his body and limbs before the gardener could come to the rescue.

The peck of a heron's beak is no trifle, the mandibles being closed, and the blow delivered with the full power of the long neck, so that each blow from the beak is something like the stab of a bayonet, and so strong and sharp is the beak that in some foreign lands it is converted into an effective spearhead.

Few people seem to be aware that a large and populous heronry exists in Wanstead Park, on the very outskirts of London.

At the end of summer, when the young birds are fledged, the heronry is nearly deserted, but during the early days of spring the heronry is well worth a visit. The great birds are all in full activity, as is demanded by the many wants of the young, and on the ground beneath may be seen fragments of the pale-blue eggs. On an average there are three young ones in each nest, so that the scene is very lively and interesting, until the foliage becomes so thick that it hides the birds and their nests.

(*To be continued.*)

A GERMAN NUPTIAL EVE.

By ONE WHO WAS PRESENT.

It is an old custom in Germany, and one which we may hope will never die out, to have a gathering of friends on the nuptial eve, either at the house of the bride elect, or, when this is too small, in a hotel. Most of the guests are expected to appear in some character, and give a recitation or song, if possible, composed for the occasion, and referring in some way to the bride and bridegroom. It is a cheerful, pleasant custom, and helps to make the last evening in the old home a happy and joyous one, by surrounding the bride with the friends of her youth who come to wish her God speed in the new life about to open up. It seems in many ways much better than having a party after the wedding, when the bride and bridegroom are no longer among the guests, and it is pleasanter to remember that the last festivities in the old home were brightened by their company.

Let me give a sketch of a nuptial eve, or, as our German cousins call it, a "Polter Abend" gathering, at which I was present, held at the house of the bride, and for that reason more homelike than if it had been held in a hotel. In former times it was common among all classes, but now chiefly among the poorer, for the guests to bring old crockery and smash it before the door of the house, so that next morning, if it had been a large party, the unfortunate father had to employ a man and cart to carry away the fragments. I was unable to discover the origin of this, but it seems like our throwing an old shoe after the bride as she leaves home. Has it anything to do with the German custom of giving the baby a shilling when he breaks his first plate? Most people appear to be not altogether sorry that this marriage custom is dying out.

Without any crockery, but with a little inward fear and trembling, owing to my slender knowledge of the language, I stood, one evening last September, at the house of my friend, waiting for the door to open to introduce me into the midst of the excitement. Glad I was to find several who could speak English, and I was tempted to talk more English than German.

The programme of the evening commenced by Fräulein and a young medical student singing a very humorous duet together, containing some warnings to the bride and bridegroom, who, however, seemed to enjoy it as much as anyone. In accordance with a time-honoured custom, which is also observed when moving into a new house, a little girl went up to the bride, and, after reciting a poem, gave her a stand containing salt and a bread-basket, in order that the newly married couple, on commencing housekeeping, might have something with which to begin and keep them from starvation. Perhaps the salt may also be meant for a warning against ever letting any bitter words pass between the two who are now so loving to each other, and the bread may also signify contentment with the simpler things of life, coupled with the rich delicacy of love.

After the bride had received this present, a dwarf with a long white beard, described by Scheffer, the German poet, as Perkeo, dwarf of Heidelberg Castle, came forth, and sang a song of his own composition. It narrated several events in the lives of the bride and bridegroom in a very amusing manner. The dwarf was personated by the medical student, a younger brother of the bridegroom, and he told how, in the earlier days of courtship, they used to send him away to play with other boys, in order to be alone together, and how, having wisely learnt English, they would tease him by speaking in that language, which he, poor fellow! did not understand. But now that is all forgotten, and he is quite ready to forgive them for all their misdeeds in the past, ending by wishing them a very happy and joyous future.

While we were having some refreshments, a peasant girl from Southern Germany appeared, dressed in the pretty costume peculiar to the district, and with a basket upon her back such as is seen in all pictures of German market-women. It contained crockery. Addressing the bride, and after praising up her wares, and saying how impossible they were to break, she carelessly let fall an already broken cup, but in such a manner as to make it appear as if it broke in falling. She quickly atoned for her stupidity by presenting the bride with a beautiful china tea and coffee set painted by her mother, and which she was very careful *not* to break. Very heartily she was received, and continued to receive the congratulations of her friends until no less a person than the self-appointed ambassador of her most gracious Majesty Queen Victoria and of the President of the United States is announced. He came as a joint ambassador of the two nations, partly because he had himself lived some years in England, and partly because the bride had lived in America, so that it was fitting that someone should represent these nations. The manner in which he was received showed the cordial relationship existing between Germany and these countries. He finished, after mentioning the recent marriage of the President, by conveying united congratulations to the bride, who was delighted with the voice from the old country, and who, by the way, had placed a small American flag above a large German one.

The young Englishman having finished, a lady decorated the bride with the bridal wreath, reciting a poem composed by herself. A pretty custom usually takes place at this moment. All the young people present form a circle round the bride, who stands blindfolded in the centre and places the wreath upon someone's head, showing who will be the next to be married. Unfortunately, it was omitted on this evening, so we did not know on whom the lot would fall, much as we should have liked to, and the question remains unanswered.

When the bride had received the wreath, the bridegroom's father recited a poem, and gave the bride a box containing the rare meerschaum powder, brought from Ruhla, a great seat of the meerschaum pipe trade in the Thuringer Wald. The German wives are noted for being good *hausfraus* (housekeepers), and frequently a girl will go into a *pension* to learn housekeeping before she is married. This powder is for cleaning purposes, and serves as a reminder of what is expected from the bride.

The evening finished by one more very clever speech from the student, who made some capital jokes about the partnership of the two names, which were, both in German and in English, names of very common businesses, without which we could not live, and certainly, if they did not go hand in hand with each other, a general failure would be the result. And with everyone in good humour, we bid adieu at half-past eleven, we English almost thinking that we might take a lesson from the Germans, and very much increase the pleasures of a wedding by instituting a "Polter Abend" in England.

W. A. H. Legg.

Arnstadt, Nov., 1886.

The Truth About It.

"Spring," sang the poet, "budding Spring."
Alas! the boughs were bare;
He was himself the one green thing,
For ice lay everywhere.

"Hail, Spring, with breezes soft and sweet."
The Spring returned his hail;
There came a shower of snow and sleet
Upon a wintry gale.

"Sing, merry birds, in bush and tree."
He read the almanac;
The birds were wiser far than he,
And did not hurry back.

"Spring, gentle"—here he ceased to sing.
Let the sad truth be told:
The while he sang of balmy Spring,
He caught an awful cold.

Mrs. M. P. Handy.

A Sign of Spring.

The frozen brooks refuse to flow;
The air is filled with flying snow,
In sudden showers:
Yet something tells me Spring is near,
Sweet Spring, who brings the waiting year
Its birds and flowers.

'Tis not that I have faintly heard
An echo from some singing bird,
Adown the gale;
Nor in the leafless woods have found,
Half hidden in the icy ground,
One blossom pale:

No, something fairer proves the birth
Of sunny days, a sign that's worth
A Herrick's sonnet.
'Tis Delia with a charming frown,
In doubt just how to trim the crown
Of her Spring bonnet.

Dudley C. Hasbrouck.

A NEW HOME OCCUPATION FOR LADIES.

CABINET PANEL.

HOW many women there are who admire pretty things, and long to have their houses full of them, but yet have no opportunity of executing any pieces of art work that require much time or labour! Some of the minor arts must be thoroughly studied before good specimens can be produced; for example, wood-carving, *repoussé* work, glass-staining, and china-painting. So the busy ones content themselves with needlework, which they can take up or put down at a moment's notice. A change of occupation, however, is pleasant, and I think that hundreds of young women will be delighted to find what charming articles they can produce in Bossa Fascilis.

It is well known that our Royal Family feel a great interest in all kinds of artistic work, so it did not surprise me to learn that the Princess Louise had taken a lesson in Bossa Fascilis from the inventor. It is so easy to do, that for a skilled artist like the Princess Louise one lesson would suffice.

I intend to describe the work fully, so that our readers will have no difficulty in producing perfect specimens. No one need fail with a little perseverance and determination to succeed; still, practice is indispensable if we would turn out first-class examples. The firm, clear outline, the exquisitely rounded curve, show the master-hand, and at a glance we can tell the faltering lines of the amateur's first attempts.

Bossa Fascilis somewhat resembles *repoussé* work when completed, but it is not laborious, as that is; nor is it noisy, for there is no punching or hammering to be done.

Only the simplest of materials are needed. To enumerate them: first, there is the thin metal plate which looks much like silver, and which is to be embossed. These can be had of all sizes and shapes, to suit any ordinary purpose; they are, in fact, metal panels. A few wooden tools of varied forms, but all with rounded tips, are specially made for the embossing. An agate style, some "filling," a wooden panel, a square of glass, and a piece of thick felt are also required. For the further decoration of the panel, oil and lustra colours are used; also for certain specimens imitation jewels, which can be obtained ready set in gilt mounts. The materials and tools, with requisite instructions, would cost the worker a guinea. This includes a panel ready traced and commenced, but oil and lustra colours are extras.

To give our readers a fair idea of the art of Bossa Fascilis, I will describe the entire working out of one piece. On the thin metal plate the design can be sketched direct, or a tracing taken from a drawing may be transferred to it; the latter plan is the best for amateurs, especially those who are not particularly good draughtsmen, to adopt. Red or black transfer-paper can be used, and the design can be fixed by going over the outlines with oil colour. For a beginner this will prove helpful, but when, after practice, the work can be quickly done, it will be unnecessary. The tracing, or sketch, is made on the face of the plate; the outlines are next gone over with the agate style, which indents the metal so that the lines show on the back. Now the plate is turned face downwards on the piece of felt, and the design is embossed by the aid of the rounded wooden tools. The metal is sufficiently soft to allow of the design being simply pressed out, so that no exertion is required on the part of the worker. When the whole is well modelled the plate is again turned over, but this time the back rests on the square of glass. The outlines are then gone over to make them perfectly clear, firm, and even; for this purpose a wooden tool that is only slightly rounded at the tip is employed. The reason why glass is selected for laying the plate upon during the process of marking out the design finally, is found in the fact that it does not yield to pressure.

The embossing being thus successfully accomplished, the next move is to make it invulnerable, as far as possible, to knocks, for as the metal is thin it easily dents. There is a particular kind of "filling," or paste, which is found to answer better than plaster of Paris, which was used when Bossa Fascilis was first brought out. The design at the back of the plate is concave, and this is filled in with the paste, which soon hardens, and becomes a support for the embossment. A sheet of paper is pasted over the back, and the piece is then ready for mounting on the wooden panel. The edges of the metal are turned over the sides of the wood panel, and nailed down to it; a few nails are also hammered through the design to keep the metal close to the mount; these do not show when the piece is painted.

The modes of decorating the embossed panels are so various that an ingenious worker can use the same

design several times, and yet secure quite different effects. Lustra colours are particularly well suited for the work; the metallic glitter corresponds with the metal design, or ground, which is left visible. If a floral arrangement is only slightly conventionalised, then I think oil colours are preferable, but this is all a matter of taste. Camel-hair brushes are used for laying on the colours. Occasionally a piece is done with transparent oil colours that allow the metal to show through; this manner of working imparts a gleaming silvery effect that is extremely pleasing. In colouring a panel, the design may be left plain, and the background alone be painted, or the design may be touched in parts with colour. On the contrary, the ground may be of the metal, with an embossed coloured design upon it. Metal backgrounds may be incised with set patterns by the aid of a pointed tool. These should be simple—such as the scale armour pattern—so as not to detract from the embossment. Then, again, backgrounds may be painted entirely in one colour, or varied tints may be employed between different portions of set designs; for example, an embossed monogram may be backed with a contrasting colour to that laid on the rest of the ground of the panel. Old illuminated missals would afford hundreds of good ideas to workers. Once more, backgrounds may be shaded from light to dark, or one colour may be gradually blended into another.

It will be as well for me to take our illustrations, which have been supplied by the inventor of Bossa Fascilis, Mr. Elliott, and describe how they can be successfully decorated with colour. These clever, effective, bold designs are from Mr. Elliott's own hand; our readers, therefore, enjoy not only the opportunity of copying a true artist's work, but of executing designs made expressly for Bossa Fascilis.

MONOGRAM BOOK-COVER.

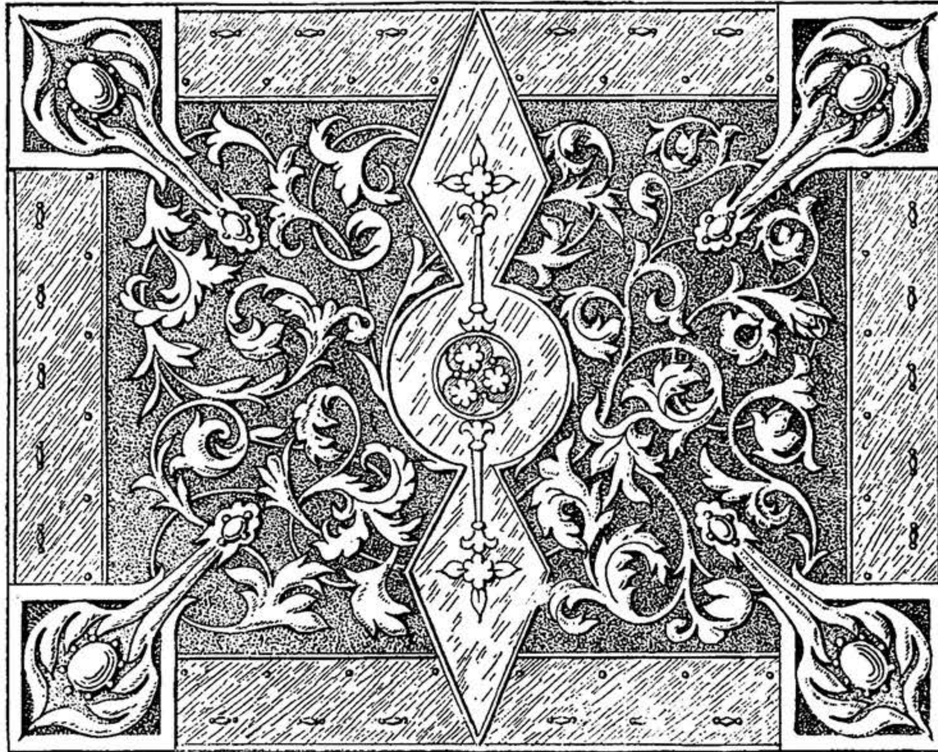
The monogram book-cover can be made to resemble, when finished, old leather. It is a splendid design, and, if well executed, makes an exceedingly handsome album-cover, blotter-case, or book-cover. The background of the design is partially carried out in deep rich blue, and partially in a tan shade. The upper portion is blue, whilst the broken semicircles in the left-hand lower corner are tan-coloured. The conventionalised leaves are all of silver, and lozenges of silver encircle the monogram, and the flowers are tinted. The border is tan with silver design, and the edging is of blue and silver. I allude to the metal when I speak of silver, for no silver is laid on when carrying out any of the designs. These articles cannot be satisfactorily mounted at home; leather is the best combination, but brocade can be used.

The second illustration represents a blotter-case, enriched with arabesque design, and studded with jewels. The groundwork of the centre is the metal left untouched with colour. The embossed arabesques are tinted with shades of chrome and Indian red, and the border is chrome, with imitation opals, emeralds, and diamonds placed on it at set intervals. At the four corners are jewels; three ornament the centre, and each of the raised diamond-shaped portions of the design has one jewel to relieve it. The tone of colouring is soft brown, ranging from yellow to deep, warm, red-brown.

Both these designs can, of course, be coloured to suit the worker's fancy. I have described the scheme of colouring used upon the finished specimens, thinking that it would be a help to beginners, and would give them some idea of the work when complete.

Our initial illustration, of poppies, may be done entirely in oils in naturalistic style; the background may be of cream shade, with wide bands of deep blue crossing it diagonally. This makes a pretty wall-plaque or cabinet panel. None of the metal is here left visible; it differs from an ordinary painting only so far as regards the embossment.

For photo-frames an excellent effect is gained by painting the ground some rich colour, such as olive-green, deep red, or blue, and tinting the fine design to resemble ivory. A large oblong panel, with space for photo, can bear a design of acorns done in transparent oil colours, to show the metal slightly through the colours.



EMBOSSED AND JEWELLED BLOTTER-CASE.

Some charming panels have been designed as upright backs for brackets. One has the background shaded from brown to cream, and upon this is a group of terra-cotta and yellow-tinted chrysanthemums. The second has a blue-grey ground, with graceful yellow and cream poppies ; these form a pair. Sconce-panels are also arranged with wrought-iron candle-holders. Some of these are diamond-shaped ; they make a very agreeable change from the now general *repoussé* brass and copper sconces. Wall-plaques and photo-frames can be mounted in mahogany beadings, or in wood enamelled to correspond with the design. Bossa Fascilis is just the thing for ornamenting writing-table sets, which are now made *en suite:* blotter, envelope-case, ink-stand, post card case and calendar, letter-rack, and open box for unanswered notes. I think, too, a panel of Bossa Fascilis would greatly enhance the beauty of an expanding photo-screen for the table. These are some of the smaller articles it will suit, but it can be used for door-panels, heraldic shields, friezes, mirror-frames, and furniture decorations.

E. CROSSLEY.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Hot Sweet Mango Chutney.—One hundred green mangoes; syrup of four pounds of brown sugar ; three quarts of vinegar ; four pounds of tamarind, stoned and strained ; eight or ten bay-leaves ; one pound of ground chillies ; two pounds sliced ginger ; one pound of raisins ; and two pounds of salt.

Peel and cut the mangoes into fine slices, and steep them in salt for twenty-four hours, remove the mangoes from the salt water, and boil in syrup and three quarts of vinegar. When quite cool lay in a preserving pan, sprinkle over the remaining salt, add all the condiments, tamarind, raisins, etc., and allow the whole to simmer for half-an-hour, stirring all the time. The ingredients should not be washed in water. When quite cold, put into bottles.

Hungarian Tea Loaf.—As this is intended for slicing as bread and butter it should be at least a day old before being cut ; if kept in an airtight tin it will remain moist for several days.

Of Hungarian flour take a pound and mix with it two ounces of castor sugar and a pinch of salt. Dissolve two ounces of fresh butter and add it to half a pint of warmed milk, then a whole egg well beaten and two tablespoonfuls of brewers' barm, or an ounce of creamed German yeast. Make a dough with the flour and these ingredients and leave it to rise for an hour or two in a warm place. Place in a well buttered tin, which the dough should only half fill, and put this into a brisk oven ; when well risen brush the top over with the white of an egg and sugar, shield with paper to keep from burning and finish baking in a slower heat. Let it cool on a sieve.

Seed Bread, made from bread dough into which two ounces of dissolved butter, as much sugar and a tablespoonful of crushed caraways to every pound of dough are kneaded together, then baked in small loaves, cut thinly and spread with butter, makes a welcome variety among plain cakes.

THE GOVERNESS.—I.

THERE is no class of female labourers whose vocation is generally so little appreciated, and respecting whose position in a family so many differences of opinion exist, as that of the resident governess. Daily teachers do not suffer under similar disadvantages. They give their lessons at appointed times, and when the task is done they are free to exercise their leisure as they please. The chief responsibility of the latter is confined to imparting the particular branches of learning in which they are supposed to be well versed, leaving the general moral culture of their pupils to other hands. It does not need much argument to show that the daily governess's duties, both in point of work and moral responsibility, are infinitely lighter than those which attend her sister-labourer in the field of education—the resident governess. Neither is the average payment of both classes of teachers fairly balanced. Many well-informed people—liberal in other respects—seek to secure the constant supervision of their children in intellectual knowledge, health, and moral guidance, at a salary which they know it would be folly to offer as wages to any good cook or upper domestic servant. The deplorable part of this state of things is that situations of the kind, on the terms named, still find many candidates.

Hitherto the sphere of female labour has been so limited, that the calling of "governess" has been almost the sole refuge for those compelled to earn their bread. False notions of propriety have, until recently, interfered to prevent women from engaging in any pursuit save that which bears the stamp of gentility; and needlework and teaching being considered the only employments to which the above designation might be unmistakably applied, both needlewomen and teachers have abounded in proportion to the pressure of circumstances which has driven unmarried women to become self-supporting. Any young woman who can read and write, and has been a certain number of years at school, feels herself qualified to turn governess for a living. Whether she have been specially educated for her vocation or not, matters little. Provided board and lodging, and a pittance for pocket-money and clothing be offered, applicants for vacant situations are numberless. Under such circumstances, it would be a marvel if the services of the class of teachers had not depreciated. The profession of governess is now, however, assuming a more elevated character than it has ever held hitherto. A class of female teachers is springing up, duly trained, accredited as competent to discharge their adopted profession, and capable of exercising an enlightened influence over the minds of young girls confided to their care.

Without pretending to decide whether the generality of young children are better taught at home by a governess, or at school, during morning hours, it is very certain that the teacher should possess certain indispensable qualifications. Any one exercising authority over the minds of little folks should be, in the most literal sense of the word, a superior person. A governess should not only be thoroughly conversant with the subjects she professes to teach, but she should be an example to the children under her charge—in conduct, deportment, and general personal habits. Many things in life tend to efface the book-learning we acquired in childhood; but the example of our elders and teachers is rarely forgotten. The manner of viewing the ordinary affairs of life, the interpretation we give to inexplicable facts, the prejudices which influence our judgment in mature years, may all be prompted by the unwritten lessons we learnt from simple contact with a refined, or vulgar mind—an uneducated, or intellectual person, as the case might be.

It is not reasonable to expect that a very desirable teacher can be found without considerable search. Superior abilities in followers of every calling of life are the exception, not the rule. If difficulty be experienced in selecting proficients in mechanical arts, how greatly is the task increased when the more subtle distinctions of mental qualifications are in question! Judging from external appearances, numberless eligible teachers may be found on every side. Style of dress and pleasing manners are very much the effect of the prevailing taste of the day, and are adopted accordingly; and the peculiar cast of the mind is not easily discerned beneath exterior attractions. It is only by intimate acquaintance that one is enabled to discover the inner-self of those with whom we associate.

In engaging a governess, her competency for the situation should be regarded from two aspects; viz., the intellectual, and the moral. As regards her qualifications in the first place, a certificate as "acting teacher" should be required, and we refer the reader to our series of papers on the "Occupations of Women," in which the whole question of the training of Teachers and Governesses has been fully discussed.

As regards her fitness in a moral point of view—her uprightness, and good temper—some private recommendations are desirable; while her pronunciation, manners, and general bearing must be judged of by the person who engages her. The question of salary, though one for which no absolute rule can be prescribed, should be met in a liberal spirit, if a corresponding feeling of generous personal devotion be desired by the lady with whom she is to reside.

Lastly, there is a point to which we should direct particular attention; viz., that the seasons of vacation be provided for by special arrangement. If a governess be compelled to leave the shelter of her employer's roof at certain seasons, and to provide for lodging and board, and to defray the cost of a double journey; whether she have a home, or the house of a friend to receive her, or is obliged herself to pay all expenses out of the few months' salary she has earned, is a very serious consideration, and one hitherto most inexcusably overlooked.

Enquire of the lady about to be engaged as your governess whether she have a home, or friends to receive her during the vacations, prior to fixing the amount of her salary; and take care that she enter your family with a clear and satisfactory settlement of the question. The mere shelter of your roof when you remove for change yourself would sometimes be of the utmost value to your homeless governess, even if she agreed to board herself.

THE GOVERNESS.

II.

As in every other kind of engagement, the exact details of the governess's duties vary according to the peculiar wants and habits of the family. At the same time, the clearer the understanding arrived at as to where responsibility begins and ends, the more secure are the chances of comfort on the part of all concerned. As a general rule, governesses in middle-class families are expected not only to teach little children, but to be to some extent both nurse and needlewoman. What is called by some employers "filling up spare time by making one's-self generally useful," is a most unsatisfactory state of being for a governess. No sooner is the teaching at an end, than the sewing claims attention; and if special care for a sick child be necessary, the governess is required to be its attendant. In the general desire to do something of everything, the all-important work on hand is liable to be neglected. The teacher's mind becomes distracted, her temper is sorely tried, and disorder reigns where calmness of demeanour and unvarying regularity are vital necessaries. No teaching can be successful under such circumstances. No good servant, in any branch of household labour, would endure such interruptions in her work as many governesses are daily subject to; and people commit an act of utter delusion, if they imagine that they are doing justice to their children by such supposed economy.

The duties of a governess should lie exclusively in teaching. If in presence of children, she should be teaching all day by word and deed. Not only in the school-room is the sphere of her labours, but out of doors when taking walks, and in the drawing-room. Whatever draws her attention from the training of her young charges is so much loss to them.

A great deal of bitterness is sometimes felt at the invidious position which many governesses are placed in by the parents whose children they teach. The situation has been defined as that of a baize door, which swings between the kitchen and the parlour. Allowing that such an uncomfortable position is not unfrequent, the fault rests principally with the governess herself. Should she have a proper sense of the importance of her calling, and entertain a right appreciation of her true position, she will not fail to impress those around her with a feeling of esteem as far removed from patronage as from undue familiarity. But if, on the other hand, she lose sight of her dignified calling on some occasions, whilst expecting absolute deference on others, her pretensions to respect are apt to be regarded as ridiculous, whenever an unusual attempt is made to enforce her right.

However kind employers may be, it is best that a governess should bear in mind that her position in a family is not exactly an independent one. Although with commendable courtesy, the parents of children may place her apparently on the footing of a member of the family, it is advisable that she should acknowledge to herself that she is not in reality of their kindred. She should be on her guard, in fact, to keep within her own sphere, however tempted by circumstances to identify herself with that of children and friends belonging to the family. There is no degradation to the calling in this view. On the contrary, the observance of slight self-restraint is the most effectual means of preserving genuine esteem.

It ought to be unnecessary to comment on the danger which arises from repeating before servants and strangers conversations and remarks made relative to household and family affairs. Yet so frequently is this error committed, that a word of warning is not out of place. A governess should be beyond suspicion in the confidence which is naturally reposed in her. The sanctity of home life is at an end whenever subject to similar unpardonable indiscretions.

Whenever it is possible, it is a great comfort to a governess to have a room to herself. Let it be ever so small an apartment, any one engaged the greater part of the day in teaching values the solitude which her own chamber affords. Privacy also tends to secure respect. At times, and under exceptional circumstances, when the presence of a governess is felt to be neither desirable nor desired, exclusion from the family circle is felt less keenly when in one's own room. Surrounded by the little personal comforts and resources which a well-balanced mind contrives to provide in the smallest space, the governess is mistress of her own home for the time being, and glad, perchance, to enjoy her liberty in her own way.

With the plan of studies, it is not advisable here to treat, save in as far as regards one chief point—regularity. That which wars against the success of most attempts at home-tuition is the want of punctuality. Having ascertained from the mistress of the house the hours at which the meals of the day are taken, a plan of study should be framed accordingly. Whatever interruptions may occur in other parts of the establishment, the school-room should be placed beyond their reach. When there, both governess and pupil should endeavour to consider themselves out of the house, and strangers to every one within it.

Apart from intellectual culture, the duties of a governess should consist mainly in the ability to instil into the minds of her pupils correct moral principles, and rules for guidance in the practical details of life. A mere knowledge of accomplishments does not suffice. Pianoforte playing, drawing, dancing, and singing, may be taught or not, according to the means and wishes of the parents; but right-mindedness cannot be dispensed with, without risking the future happiness of the pupil. In speaking of a governess's duties, it is implied that the teaching of young girls is chiefly in question. Boys, if confided to her care, are mostly of a tender age, and, consequently, fit for the same moral treatment as their sisters. Later in life their respective pursuits may necessitate different studies and different recreations. Up to the age of seven years, however, the more closely a boy is subject to female guidance, the more sensitive is he likely to be to tender reproofs, and appeals to the sympathetic faculties of his nature. Without some "womanish" teaching, the heart and judgment of boys are liable to be wanting in the true graces of spirit which pre-eminently distinguish the Christian character. These qualities are seldom acquired late in life; the seed-time is in infancy, and the best field for their development is a well-conducted, cheerful home, where sound-minded, affectionate women are the active ruling influence. All that the mother, or nearest female relative, may be in such cases to the rest of a household, should the governess be in the nursery or schoolroom. Her impartial reasoning, her spirit of justice, and reliable common sense, should be appealed to with confidence in all cases where disputed rights are in question, or whenever differences of opinion prevail. Compared with these sterling qualities, minor considerations should have no weight in selecting a governess for children.

As we have already remarked, it is not proposed in this place to describe a plan of intellectual studies. Some remarks may, nevertheless, be acceptable as to a general system to adopt in teaching young people. In the first place, no governess should consider herself capable of imparting any branch of knowledge with which she is not herself perfectly familiar. She should know her subject *well.* Having mastered its difficulties, she should be able so to smooth the way for her pupils that no difficulties appear. This result can only be gained by a complete knowledge —not a smattering of knowledge. The benefit is twofold. The pupil not only learns with facility, but instinctively

regards her teacher with genuine admiration. It is to be deplored that the exacting demands of parents too often render these happy relations between pupil and governess impossible. No human being can, by any means, acquire the amount of learning and accomplishments one sees so often advertised for in public journals. Putting the miserable pittance offered to governesses as remuneration out of the question, such advertisements are folly, and can only be answered by persons whose needy circumstances compel them to secure a temporary home at any sacrifice of personal comfort and high principle.

Another chief point to bear in mind, in seeking to enter a family as governess, should consist in ascertaining the religious principles of the parents. It is most desirable that both the employer and the employed should be of the same faith, and observers of the same form of worship. A system of teaching, in which any reserve upon religious matters is imposed, cannot fail to have serious inconveniences. The extent to which religious instruction is to be imparted, is best left to the decision of the parents themselves. Some persons attach supreme importance to the matter, and others are equally indifferent. In any case a conscientious teacher will, under all circumstances, endeavour to make the Christian code the mainspring of her pupil's mind, whether much or little time be devoted to outward religious observances.

With regard to mental culture, a governess will confer an everlasting boon upon her charges if she can succeed in teaching them to *work alone.* Herein lies one of the greatest drawbacks to home-tuition. The governess is always at hand to refer to, and most young people, in consequence, do not sufficiently apply themselves to surmount difficulties. They are apt to get too much assistance in learning their lessons, preparing exercises, &c.; and for all purposes of self-application they are usually untrained. When it is considered how short a period of life is comprised in school-days, and how much there is to learn in after-life, it will be seen that the faculty of solitary study is one of the most important to cultivate. For this purpose it is desirable that a resident governess should place herself in the light of a visiting professor. Whatever the lesson to be acquired may be, she should give just as much personal attention as is necessary to make the subject clear to her pupil's mind. Having done so, she should leave the task to be completed by the child's own effort. If, added to the above practice, the pupil is old enough to reproduce the substance of the lesson in some form different from the original, a proof will be given that the lesson has been unmistakably committed to the memory. Reproduction, in fact, is the test of knowledge. If it were possible to make a child apply every lesson learnt, to some transaction or passing event in life, teaching and learning would possess an ever active interest for both pupil and teacher. A very successful mode of teaching young persons is by verbal explanation. Comparatively little "learning by heart" is needful, provided the teacher has the gift of illustrating by word of mouth the lesson to be acquired; at the same time guard must be kept, lest the illustration should pass beyond proper bounds, and merge into profitless chit-chat. Here again the best proof of the result will be found in the pupil writing down any notes she may have remembered during the lecture. Certain facts there are which must be learnt by heart. Of these, the principal dates of historical events, grammatical rules, and the technical terms used in scientific learning of every kind, are amongst the chief. The multiplication table, together with the tables of weights and measures in general use, are also important branches of rudimentary knowledge.

The most difficult of all tasks is generally considered that of teaching little folks to read. Some have a natural aptitude for learning to read, and almost teach themselves; others find reading a real stumbling-block, only to be overcome by time. When the latter is the case, there is some danger lest intellectual culture should be retarded, upon the supposition that reading is the indispensable first step on the ladder of learning. This is an error to be avoided, particularly as the most promising children in other respects often show the greatest tardiness in learning to read. The very activity of the mind, and the rapidity with which one thought succeeds another, will often stand in the way of a brilliant intellect making the necessary start, whilst a dull-witted child may reach the journey's end without difficulty. However long the power of reading may be deferred, the child's studies in other subjects should proceed all the same. The steadying influence of mental application, in matters most remote, apparently, from the one desired object, will insure its advancement. All children of volatile minds, in fact, are liable to appear dunces at book-learning, simply because too much play is allowed their imagination. Curtail a random habit of thought in one subject, and power of application will appear in another.

When the memory is sufficiently strong to comprehend abstract reasoning at all, arithmetic will be found a very strengthening discipline of the mind, quite as essential for girls as for boys. As soon as a little child can place small objects in a row, it is a good plan to begin the rudiments of arithmetic by learning to count—passing from simple numeration to addition and subtraction. This can be done with reels of cotton, playthings, or any articles at hand, and the way is thus prepared for more ambitious efforts at calculation.

Writing is, generally, a very pleasing art with young people. Beginning with copying large capitals, children pass easily enough to the higher branches of caligraphy. As a general rule, there is not much to comment upon in the method according to which children are taught to write, except that it is better to begin at once with the use of pen and ink, instead of the ordinary slate and pencil. Many children, who can write very fairly on a slate, find themselves at a total loss to form the same characters with a pen. Whatever a child has to learn had better be taught in the right way at once.

It is superfluous to enter upon the question of the elementary education of children, as a properly qualified teacher will have informed herself of the latest reforms in and additions to the old routine. But a suggestion out of the ordinary course may not be regarded as superfluous. From its earliest years a child should be trained to repeat or tell a story simply, clearly, and without repetition of words or hesitation. The value of such a training, especially to boys, in after life, must be as obvious as the neglect of cultivation in this respect has been extraordinary. The utter inability of men to speak in public, when unexpectedly called upon, would not then be a matter of such constant occurrence as it is now.

Accomplishments, as the lighter branches of learning are commonly called, being generally considered indispensable to the liberal education of young ladies, something must be said on the subject. Unfortunately, more stress is usually placed on the variety of accomplishments a girl has acquired, than on the manner in which she acquits herself in any. So long as parents consider a superficial knowledge of music, drawing, dancing, and similar arts sufficient, so long will people of good taste be more offended than pleased by the exhibitions which are the result. After all, there is not time for everything in life; and it is unreasonable to suppose that a girl in her teens can excel in all the studies prescribed for her. Any attempt to do so must result in failure. It is better to be satisfied with less show of knowledge and more reality. In most children there are innate tastes and predominant dispositions. A wise parent will study these inclinations, and only require of her child that for which a natural tendency predisposes.

Uncle Esek's Wisdom.

ALL political parties are made up of foxes and geese — about five thousand geese to one fox.

THE great beauty of charity is privacy; there is a sweet force even in an anonymous penny.

I AM an uncompromising Radical up to date, but when I reach the other world I can be a Conservative, if it is the best thing to do.

MEN of great genius should not forget that their failings, or vices, are more apt to be noticed, and even admired, than their virtues.

ALL Conservatives have once been Radicals, and their virtue consists in having found out that half a loaf is better than no bread.

MY friend, if you must keep a pet, let it be one of the serene kind (a rattlesnake or snapping turtle, for instance); this will exercise your caution and strengthen your genius.

I KNOW of nothing that will test a man's true inwardness better than to feel like the Devil, and be obliged to act like a saint.

MY dear boy, if you must part your hair in the middle, get it even, if you have to split a hair to do it.

INDEPENDENCE is a name for what no man possesses; nothing, in the animate or inanimate world, is more dependent than man.

IT isn't so much what a man has that makes him happy, as it is what he doesn't want.

THERE are many comfortable people in the world, but to call any man perfectly happy is an insult.

THERE is nothing so valuable, and yet so cheap, as civility; you can almost buy land with it.

THE great mass of mankind can only gaze and wonder; if they undertake to think, they grow listless, and soon tire out.

Uncle Esek.

Janitors I Have Met, and Some Others

By Albert Bigelow Paine

I.—THE FIRST HOME IN THE METROPOLIS

WE had never lived in New York. This fact will develop anyway as I proceed, but somehow it seems fairer to everybody to state it in the first sentence and have it over with. Still, we had heard of flats in a vague way and as we drew near the Metropolis the Little Woman bought papers of the train boy and began to read advertisements under the head of "Flats and Apartments to Let." I remember that we wondered then what was the difference. Now, having tried both, we are wiser. The difference ranges from three hundred dollars a year up. There are also minor details, such as palms in the vestibule, exposed plumbing, and uniformed hall service — perhaps an elevator, but these things are immaterial. The price is the difference.

We bought papers, as I have said. It was the beginning of our downfall, and the first step was easy — even alluring. We compared prices and descriptions and put down addresses. The descriptions were all that could be desired, and the prices absurdly modest. We had heard that living in the city was expensive; now we put down the street and number of "four large, light rooms and improvements" and were properly indignant at those who had libeled the landlords of Gotham.

Next morning we stumbled up four dim flights of stairs, groped through a black passageway and sidled out into a succession of gloomy closets, wondering what they were for. Our conductor stopped and turned.

"This is it," he announced. "All nice light rooms, and improvements."

It was our first meeting with a flat. Also, with a janitor. The Little Woman was first to speak.

"Ah, yes, would you mind telling us — we're from the West, you know — just which are the — the improvements, and which the rooms?"

This was lost on the janitor. He merely thought us stupid and regarded

us with pitying disgust as he indicated a rusty little range, and disheartening water arrangements in one corner. There may have been stationary tubs, too, bells, and a dumb waiter, but without the knowledge of these things which we acquired later they escaped notice. What we could see was that there was no provision for heat that we could discover, and no sunshine. We referred to these things, also to the fact that the only entrance to our parlor would be through the kitchen, while the only entrance to our kitchen would be almost certainly over either a coal box, an ironing board, or the rusty little stove, any method of which would require a certain skill, as well as care in the matter of one's clothes.

But these objections seemed unreasonable, no doubt, for the janitor, who was of Yorkshire extraction, became taciturn and remarked briefly that the halls were warmed and that nobody before had ever required more heat than they got from these and the range, while as for the sun, he couldn't change that if he wanted to, leaving us to infer that if he only wanted to he could remodel almost everything else about the premises in short order. We went away in the belief that he was a base pretender, "clad in a little brief authority." We had not awakened as yet to the fullness of janitorial tyranny and power.

We went farther uptown. We reasoned that rentals would be more reasonable and apartments less contracted up there. Ah, me! As I close my eyes now and recall, as in a kaleidoscope, the perfect wilderness of flats we have passed through since then, it seems strange that some dim foreboding of it all did not steal in to rob our hearts of the careless joys of anticipation. And yet, hope can never die. Even as I write, the Little Woman looks up from the Sunday paper and tells me of new apartments on Washington Heights, where they are to have all the latest —

But I digress. We took the elevated and looked out the windows as we sped along. The whirling streets, with their endless procession of front steps, bewildered us. By and by we were in a vast district, where all the houses were five-storied, flat roofed, and seemed built mainly to hold windows. This was Flatland — the very heart of it — that boundless territory to the northward of Central Park, where nightly the millions sleep. Here and there were large signs on side walls and on boards along the roof, with which we were now on a level as the train whirled us along. These quoted the number of rooms, and prices, and some of them were almost irresistible. "6 All Light Rooms, 20.00," caught us at length, and we got off to investigate.

They were better than those downtown. There was a possibility of heat and you did not get to the parlor by climbing over the kitchen furniture. Still, the apartment as a whole lacked much that we had set our hearts on, while it contained some things that we were willing to do without. It contained, also, certain novelties. Among these were the stationary washtubs in the kitchen, the dumb waiter, and a speaking tube connecting with the basement. The janitor at this place was a somber Teutonic female, soiled as to dress, and of the common Dutch-slipper variety.

We were really attracted by the next apartment, where we discovered for the first time the small button in the wall that, when pressed, opens the street door below. This was quite jolly, and

we played with it some minutes, while the colored janitor grinned at our artlessness, and said good things about the place. Our hearts went out to this person, and we would gladly have cast our lot with him.

Then he told us the price, and we passed on.

I have a confused recollection of the other flats and apartments we examined on that first day of our career, or "progress," as the recent Mr. Hogarth would put it. Our minds had not then become trained to that perfection of mentality which enables the skilled flat-hunter to carry for days mental ground-plans, elevations, and improvements, of any number of "desirable apartments," and be ready to transcribe the same in black and white at a moment's notice. I recall one tunnel and one roof garden. Also one first floor with bake shop attachment. The latter suggested a business enterprise for the Little Woman: and the Precious Ones, who were with us at this stage, seemed delighted at my proposition of "keeping store." Many places we did not examine. Of these the janitors merely popped out their heads — frowsy heads, most of them — and gave the number of rooms and the price in a breath of defiance and mixed ale. At length I was the only one able to continue the search.

I left the others at a friendly drug store, and wandered off alone. Being quite untrammeled now I went as if by instinct two blocks west and turned. A park was there — a park set up on edge, as it were, with steps leading to a battlement at the top. This was attractive, and I followed along opposite, looking at the houses.

Presently I came to a new one. They were just finishing it, and sweeping the shavings from the ground-floor flat — a gaudy little place — the only one in the house untaken. It was not very light, and it was not very large, while the price was more than we had expected to pay. But it was clean and new, and the landlord, who was himself on the premises, offered a month's rent free to the first tenant. I ran all the way back to the Little Woman, and urged her to limp, as hastily as possible, fearing it might be gone before she could get there. When I realized that the landlord had held it for me in the face of several applicants (this was his own statement), I was ready to fall on his neck, and paid a deposit hastily to secure the premises.

Then we wandered about looking at things, trying the dumb waiter, the speaking tube, and the push-button, leading to what the Precious Ones promptly named the "locker-locker" door, owing to a clicking sound in the lock when the door sprang open. We were in a generous frame of mind, and walked from room to room praising the excellence of everything, including a little gingerbread mantel in the dining room, in which the fireplace had been set crooked,— from being done in the dark, perhaps,—the concrete back yard, with its clothesline pole, the decorated ceilings, the precipitous park opposite, that was presently to shut off each day at two P. M. our west, and only, sunlight; even the air-shaft that came down to us like a well from above, and the tiny kitchen, which in the gathering evening was too dark to reveal all its attractions. As for the Precious Ones, they fairly raced through our new possession, shrieking their delight.

We had a home in the great city at last.

Home Correspondence.

THE GOWN IN FICTION.

Editor of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING:

They say it is "woman's mission to be beautiful." If she really must have a mission (though why a woman needs a mission and man does not, passeth my understanding), being beautiful is as good a hobby to ride as anything. A little study of the way the women in stories are dressed is interesting. In a recent story, "Roweny in Boston," the heroine is described as wearing a shawl—a thick woolen shawl—not one of the airy structures which may be lightly thrown over the head and are erroneously called "fascinators," but a regular blanket shawl. Moreover, Roweny is said to wear the shawl with an air of charming distinction. It is rarely one sees the woman who can wear a shawl and not look like a bean pole with a rag around it. But it seems Roweny could do it. Somebody else, a man probably, told of a woman who could wear a thick veil, one of those brown, woolen horrors, with great effect. Very likely she was so homely that her face was better covered. At all events, it is safe to say that barége veils do not generally add to the picturesqueness of feminine attire.

"Some soft, clinging white stuff," or "some airy black material" are expressions that have been worn threadbare by masculine writers. The dainty material is trailed about regardless of weather or time. A writer tells of a poor, but beautiful girl, who drives out in a storm to meet her sister who has been hurt and is staying at a country house. She was very appropriately attired in a gown of clinging white wool. Now in reality, a poor girl, no matter how beautiful, generally possesses less than a dozen white woolen gowns. Any one knows that rain and clinging white gowns are incompatible with poverty. Strange how well poor girls dress in novels!

In George Eliot's time gowns did not need to fit as though the wearer had been melted and poured in. Maggie Tulliver wears her aunt's dress of black brocade, the only change being that the sleeves are removed, and black lace substituted. Occasionally a writer goes deep into cut, material and style. A few years later how antiquated it sounds. Pictures of twenty years ago will almost spoil a very good story. Still, in Amelia Rive's story, "According to St. John," the pictures seem incongruous. The scene is laid in war times, the costumes are those of '91, noticeably the high sleeves and blazers which the heroine wears.

In that once famous story, "The Bread Winners," we can almost see Mattie as she stood before Farnham. "She had thrown her shawl over one arm, because the shawl was neither especially ornamental nor new, and she could not afford to let it conceal her dress, of which she was innocently proud; for it represented not only her own beautiful figure with a few reserves, but also her skill and taste and labor. She had cut the pattern out of an illustrated paper, and had fashioned and sewed it with her own hands. She knew that it fitted her almost as well as her own skin; and although the material was cheap and flimsy, the style was very nearly the same as that worn the same day on the Boulevard of the Italians."

When Daisy Miller first appears on the scene, Mr. James says of her, "She was dressed in white muslin with a hundred frills and flounces and knots of pale-colored ribbon. She was bareheaded, but she balanced in her hand a large parasol with a deep border of embroidery, and she was strikingly, admirably pretty."

Reading these stories is like looking at old photographs. One is apt to say, "Did I ever dress like that?"

EDNA MCELRAVY.

HELPS TO HOUSEKEEPING.

SIX KINDS OF CAKE AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.

Our Ellen has a rare nack at making light, delicate, *plain* cakes. She never follows the rules in the cooking books, as they invariably make cake too rich for our table,—where everything must be of the plainest. The following are some of her recipes:

SNOW CAKE.—The whites of two eggs well beaten, one cup of sugar, a cup and a half of cornstarch, half cup of water, a half teaspoonful of soda, a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of flavoring;—we prefer vanilla. Bake in a quick oven for half an hour. Sometimes more or less time is required. This makes a delicious cake.

JELLY CAKE.—The yolks of two eggs, one cup of sugar, one and one-half of flour, a little more than one-half cup water, or milk, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of soda. Bake in a large dripping pan. When taken from the oven turn the pan up-side down and the cake will come out. Spread on the jelly and roll while hot; or bake in thin, small cake tins, and spread between them, and on top, chocolate prepared in this way: Take about four square inches of Baker's chocolate and two-thirds of a cup of sugar; add a very little water and melt them thoroughly together. If you use too much water the chocolate will be sticky when cold, but the right quantity will make a smooth and sufficiently hard paste. Must be applied *very hot*. Or, bake the cake in a long, deep pan, and when nearly cold spread over the top canned grapes, plums, or whatever you prefer; over this spread the beaten whites of two eggs, with a tablespoonful or two of sugar added, and brown lightly in a hot oven. This makes a nice dessert.

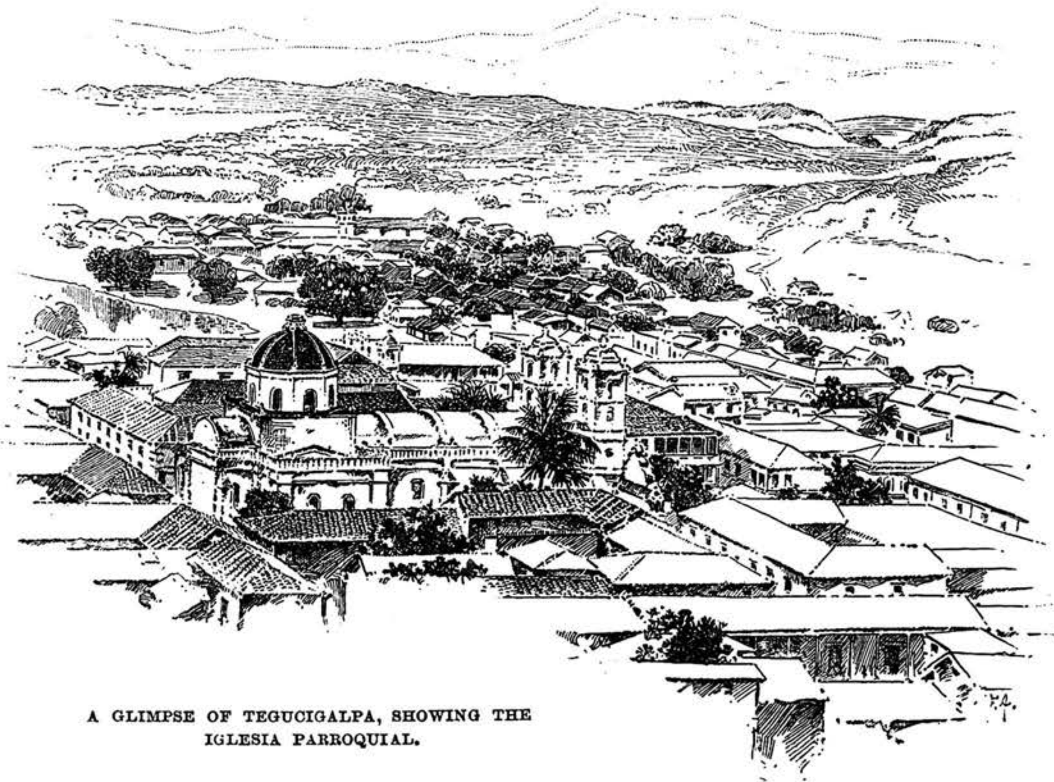
CHOCOLATE CAKE.—One cup of sugar and one egg stirred well together, a cup and a half of flour, a piece of butter half the size of an egg, two square inches of Baker's chocolate. Melt the butter and chocolate together, and add them last of all. Use half a cup of water stirred in gradually, a teaspoonful of cream of tartar and half a teaspoonful of soda, a teaspoonful of vanilla.

BUTTERNUT CAKE.—One egg, one cup of sugar, and one cup of butternut meats, stirred well together; then add a cup and a half of flour, and stir in gradually a half cup of water with a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and one of soda. If you soak the butternut meats for an hour or two, the brown skin will slip off easily and leave them clean and white. They should be chopped fine after they are pealed. Measure them before they are chopped.

ALMOND CAKE.—Half a cup of cornstarch, a cup and a quarter of flour, a cup of sugar, the whites of two eggs, half a cup of water, with a teaspoonful of extract of almonds, a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and half a teaspoonful of soda in the water. The whites of the eggs should be well beaten, then the sugar and flour added and the water poured in gradually last of all. Bake for half an hour or more in a quick oven.

BREAD AND FRUIT DESSERT.—Heat currants, or any fruit you like (either fresh fruit or canned), boiling hot, have some thick slices of bread well buttered, put a slice of bread in the bottom of a deep dish and cover it well with the hot fruit, then add another slice of bread and another layer of fruit, until the dish is full, having fruit on top. Eat while hot or warm.

—M. E. C.


A GLIMPSE OF TEGUCIGALPA, SHOWING THE IGLESIA PARROQUIAL.

A SPANISH-AMERICAN FIESTA.

By E. W. Perry.

"Come, Elena, it is time to awake. Let me dress you. Remember, it is the day of the blessed fiesta."

"Oh, go away, Mercedes! I don't care for the old fiesta. I am *so* sleepy!"

"Ah, quirida mia, think; you are to be dressed, oh, so prettily, to-day. The men will carry you on their shoulders to church, and all the people will see how pretty you are. See, I will let in the sunlight."

The good-tempered Indian woman, who had attended Elena through every one of her ten years of life, opened a little shutter in each of the two doors of thick planks, that swung on massive hinges laboriously forged by hand from ore from the iron mountain of Agalteca, a day's journey away from the "City of the Silver Hills." These doors were thick studded with great iron nails with conical heads, each hammered by hand from the rough iron, and served securely to close a wide and deep window that was still further guarded by a heavy grating of iron wrought into graceful, waving lines and scrolls surmounted by a row of spearheads.

Through the openings the sunlight slanted, and lighted a room that was big enough for a dozen frolicsome girls. The rays fell warm on a floor of red tiles each about nine inches square, and every one of them warped in the kiln by the burning.

Some of those tiles held marks of curious interest to Elena. One had on its surface the footprint of a dog that had carelessly stepped on the clay, soft from the mold, when it lay drying on the ground. No doubt he was soundly berated and probably stoned by the irate maker of the tiles. In another of the flat bricks a cross had been made by two firm strokes of some pious finger, a sacred symbol that would keep evil spirits away from the kiln while its fires were burning.

None of those marks were so full of interest as was that left by a little, fat hand pressed by a baby girl into the plastic clay. Elena had long ago come to the conclusion that it must have been a baby girl who had put her sign manual on that tile, who can guess how many long years ago! It must have been very, very long ago, for Elena's grandfather had told her that that very tile was laid many a year before he was born. And he was very old and wise. His hair and long beard were as white as the clouds that floated away before the north winds, high in the clear blue sky, every day. He was so old that he could tell many

stories of the time when Spain ruled Honduras, and of the dreadful acts that followed when the Spanish soldiers were driven from the country, and the monks and nuns were also compelled to go.

One story he loved to tell her was that the tile with the imprint of the baby hand once covered a store of golden money, and rings and precious stones. They were hidden there when insurgent soldiers swarmed in the house and commanded the frightened women to deliver all their jewels and silver and gold. They were brave women, and steadfastly refused to betray the hiding place, even when the robbers threatened to kill all the people and destroy the house. Truly, those squares of dull red did hint at most thrilling tales, so it is little wonder that Elena loved to sit awhile on the edge of her bed and meditate, and put off a little longer the time for dressing. Not that much time was needed for putting on the two or three garments that made up all she wore.

The middle of the room was covered by a mat woven of rushes by the Indians of the mountains of Lepaterique, there in the hazy south, beyond the grand, sweeping crest of the Cerro d'Hule. Colored rushes in stripes and squares made rather pretty patterns in the mats. Cool and clean they always were. Beside the bed lay a jaguar skin, that the child's bare feet might rest on it as she got out of bed.

High overhead was a ceiling of panels of mahogany darkened by age. Against the walls of snowy plastering hung pictures of the blessed saints, and a gilded image of the Virgin stood on a table in one corner.

Yawning and stretching comfortably, Elena threw off the single cotton spread that was her only covering during the night. Mercedes wrapped a shawl about the naked little form, and the two raced along the wide corridor to the bathroom at the further end. The floor of this room was of cement, smooth and cool. The bath tub was built of solid masonry, covered inside and out by a coating of cement, and was big enough to take in a horse.

Two sides of the room were as smooth, hard and white as polished marble. On the other sides immense Venetian blinds gave free entrance to cool breezes from the top of Sierra de Leona, the pine-clad mountain against which the city rests. Great fun it was to splash about in that immense stone tank in the cool morning air, and then be rubbed dry and warm with big towels, woven thick and soft in the looms of far-away England.

Before the child's scant attire covered her Juanita came into the bedroom, bearing on her curly head a wide tray covered by a snowy napkin. On that was a plate of "pan huevos," or egg bread, very like sponge cake that is not too sweet. Beside that stood a dainty pitcher of china half full of strong coffee, and a big tin coffeepot holding ample supply of scalding hot milk, brought that morning in bottles, slung by their necks to the saddle on the back of a burro, over miles of mountain paths.

After Juanita came Arcadia, dancing in from the patio where the orange trees, the pomegranate and the jasmine made shade brightened by sweetly fragrant blossoms. She was scarcely more eager for her café than was the paroquet perched on her hand. Behind her waddled a great macaw of bright-red and blue and yellow plumage, pushing its big white bill along on the floor, for its haste was too great to allow of an attempt at walking with that top-heavy bill held up from the ground. Before the girls were fairly seated the paroquet was on the table, sampling the bread and hunting for butter, and the macaw had climbed to the top of the chair back, and was begging for food and insisting on having its full share of cakes and coffee.

Often after café the girls used to go with Mercedes to market, where each morning she bought enough food for the breakfast and dinner of the day. She made much bantering and good-humored squabbling over quantities and prices, with people she had bought of so many years that they had long ago become fast friends. How vigorously Mercedes would declare that they were all a pack of robbers; that the stone with which they balanced the bit of beef, or the frijoles, or the rice, was not one-half as heavy as it should be; that were it not for such honest and faithful servants as she, employers would soon be beggared by extortionate rascals of the markets!

How delightful it was to stroll down the lines where women sat on boxes, bags or bales, or squatted on the dusty floor amid piles of maize, of which nearly all the people of Central America have for countless centuries made their bread! And there were boxes filled with frijoles, or red and black beans, better than the best white beans ever known; bags of coffee fresh from the hills about the city, with rice from the high mesas on the mountains hereabout; and maizena, that the English call Egyptian corn. Of course there were plátanos and other bananas, and baskets of mangoes with a taste of turpentine in their smooth green skins: mangoes that when unripe make very good apple pies, and are good to eat in whatever way one takes them.

Aguacates there were also, out of which one makes good salad, if he prefers that to eating

them without vinegar and salt. Oranges and pineapples there were in abundance, and matasanos—though why so good a fruit should have so bad a name as "kill-health" is a question. Of other fruits in their season there were always plenty, and sometimes there were beautiful cabbages, of which the sellers were proud. It is true the apples and peaches were never ripe and of good flavor, and were always small and hard; but the blackberries gathered from the gigantic canes growing wild in all the mountains were big and sweet and juicy.

Then there were the stalls hung about with strings of bright beads and ribbons, and handkerchiefs red and blue and yellow, that looked much brighter and prettier there than those in the stores uptown.

It was fun to visit the queer huts of poles covered with palm branches, where women cooked great pots of rice and cocos or yams, with chunks of beef or of pork, all colored a rich, fat-looking yellow by a few seeds of annatto, and spiced by bright-red little peppers. Or they made tortillas, which are flat pancakes of corn soaked in lye until it is soft, and then ground on a stone and patted between the hands into a flat shape, and baked on a stone. When one buys a breakfast in one of those restaurants a tortilla is given to him. This he lays on his palm; and the restaurant keeper then dips up with a wooden spoon or flat paddle as much rice and meat stew or as many frijoles as she thinks a fair equivalent for the money paid, and places them on the tortilla, which is the only plate the establishment affords. The customer has his fingers; what need, then, of fork or spoon?

Perhaps the customer will buy a cup of coffee, and, if he has made many or very profitable sales that day, he may indulge in the luxury of a roll or a cake made of the fine white wheat flour that comes from the sunny fields of far-away California.

Sometimes they saw in the market a party of Indians who had climbed up and down many a mile of mountain trail, carrying curious baskets in light wooden frames, having leathern straps to pass around the forehead or across the breast of the bearer. In these they might have aniseed, or seeds of other and strange plants, and roots, gums or powders to cure the sick—for everybody knows that those Indians have many medicines that heal the ailing.

Always the girls could see, squatted on the pavement in the shade beside the high walls, women who sold pottery made of red clay. While they waited for customers they spat on the outside of the vessels, and rubbed them with a bit of ochre until they were a smooth bright red. There were great ollas, such as lean against the walls in the corners of kitchens and hold the day's supply of water; and there were other kinds of wares of clay, down to toy pots, kettles and pans for babies to play with, and even whistles of terra cotta in the form of ducks and dogs, cats and tigers, armadillos and other animals—such toys, in fact, as were made to please baby Mayas and other dwellers in this fair land; for who can even guess how many centuries before Columbus came sailing across the eastern seas! maybe before the Chinese missionaries came from the Far East by way of the west, to teach the lore of the Buddha, some fifteen centuries ago.

But on this day, the day of the great fiesta, they could not go to market. Indeed, they could not even go to the kitchen to watch Juana—that kitchen with its stove built up of clay and brick, and its conical oven smoothly plastered with white earth, from which so many dainties had issued during all the years the girls could remember, and many more. There was the long and heavy table of Spanish cedar, its warm red softened by a gray bloom that came of much scouring with ashes and finest sand from the river. On one end of that table stood the metatl, carved from a black block of scoria from a volcano that became cold ages ago. It was black and hard, and at one end was adorned by the head of a vulture, which stood out full four inches beyond the rest. Four stout legs, with claws like those of a turtle, supported the metatl.

Beside the metatl stood a great bowl full of corn soaked soft in water mixed with ashes. As soon as she had taken her coffee Juana would begin grinding this corn for tortillas for the dinner of the servants, and for any others who might like to eat of this kind of bread, which has been for many a hundred years made in this way by all peoples from California to Patagonia.

The kitchen had little charm for the girls this day, for they were much taken up by the pleasing task of dressing. Mamma herself came to lend a helping hand. Arcadia could put on her own white stockings and the pearl-white satin shoes with silken tassels, and with the help of Mercedes could manage the bodice of silk and the snowy skirts; but it was mamma who put around the girl's neck the strings of rich pearls, and draped her in filmy lace. It was her hands that clothed Elena, and fixed the white plumes that looked like the wings of an angel, and placed the headdress on the curly pate. You may be quite sure that it was she who stood beside the children when the men raised to their shoulders the platform on which the two were triumphantly borne

through the roughly paved streets to the ancient parroquia.

It is a long way from a man's shoulders to the ground, but there was a crowd of friends close to the bearers—so close, in fact, and so many, that it would have been quite impossible for the girls to fall further than the upturned faces around them, and the fall would not be far. It would have been very unpleasant, though; therefore both clung tightly to the support, that had been fixed to resemble a clump of small trees springing up beside a rock.

ARCADIA AND ELENA—SPANISH CHILDREN OF TEGUCIGALPA (HONDURAS), IN FESTIVAL DRESS.

How beautiful the old church was, decorated with palms and flowers, draperies of many kinds, and with blue and white flags! Really it had never been more bright and cheerful; the wonder is that the grim old place could be made so charming. The music, too, was so soft and sweet that the people would have no doubt been glad to listen to it all the day long; only it was almost breakfast time, and the excitement of sightseeing and tramping through the streets could not make them long forget that they were hungry. So all were glad when the ceremonies ended and the platform was borne out through the great arched doorway, past crowds of friends in the pretty plaza, while the old bells in the massive square towers of the church jangled merrily and most discordantly.

The return was a delight. The streets were crowded with people, many of them women who had walked perhaps ten, maybe twenty, miles to see the parade and take an humble part in the ceremonies; and the girls had been carried past the palacio, and the President himself had bowed to them, and kissed his fingers and smiled—yes, it *was* a happy day.

Had anyone ever a better breakfast? Of course it was an hour later than usual, quite twelve o'clock, in fact, which was rather hard on little girls who had been too excited to eat more than a mouthful at café. How good the fried plantains did taste! and the roast chicken was so brown and tender, and the turkey was even better than the chicken. Of course the frijoles were burning hot and fried to a nicety, but they were always that; and the conserva, made of oranges and lemons and pineapples, was surely the best ever known. The dulces, too, were better than ever before. Some were pink, and like squares of sponge made of sugar and foam; others were brown and some were yellow, and all flavored like fruits and flowers.

How deliciously cool the corridors were, after dinner! The noonday sun flooded the patio where the tame bittern stalked on his pipestem legs, hunting for insects that might be hiding among the geraniums. the lilies or the tall hollyhocks. In the tamarind tree the chachalaca

preened his glossy plumage, while the little chickens he was set to guard scurried about below, making great pretense of pursuing bugs or other prey, a couple stopping now and again to battle valiantly with each other, with ferocious ruffling of yellow down. The mocking birds sang gayly, in rivalry with the trained chorcha, and *he* whistled the tune he had been taught, and dashed from end to end of his cage, and jumped from perch to perch, with much flirting of his yellow and black wings the while. A right bold bird he was, ever ready to welcome one with clear, loud notes of defiance, for he knew quite well that he would have a great fight with an intruding finger. How bravely he would peck at it when the end was poked between the wires, and how fiercely he would jump on and tug and twist at the enemy that had never given other cause for offense than might be in pointing at him, and then suddenly withdrawing before he could attack. He could well be confident of victory, for had he not come off unharmed, and had not his foe retired defeated from every battle ?

No sooner did the girls sit down on the mat lying on the tiles of the corridor than both paroquets, scarcely larger than canaries, scrambled down from the pomegranate bush and scampered to their owners. In the orange tree a couple of parrots scolded in choicest of the words at their command, and seized each other with handy claws, and made much show of biting each other's nose off. The tinkle of the music box came dreamily from the *salon*, the saucy clarinero strutted to and fro along the coping of the patio wall, and the droning voices of two or three servants gossiping of the sights of the day came from the kitchen. High overhead the sun blazed, and puffs of cooling breezes swept down from the waving fringe of pines standing, clearly drawn against the blue sky, on the very edge of the mountain, so near that it almost overtops the city. All was cheerful, homelike and soothing. No wonder both girls were soon sound asleep on the mat, which was about as soft and yielding as a couch of solid rock.

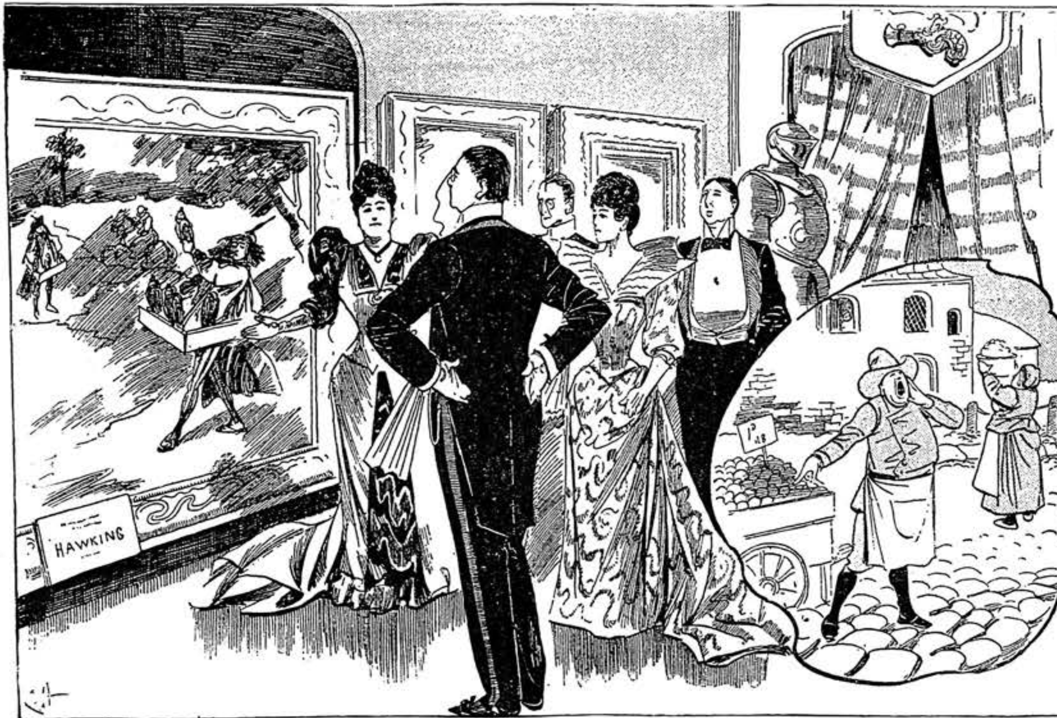
It was after five o'clock when they were called to dinner. It was a state occasion, therefore they were to dine with parents and their guests : it is unusual for women and children to sit at table with men in Honduras. This dinner was very like the breakfast, as dinners usually are in that country. After the meal, which took some time, the whole family and their visitors seated themselves where they could watch the people gathering in the Plaza Morazan, where forty musicians were grouped about the beautiful bronze statue of Morazan, the Washington of Central America, to give an open-air concert, as they do each Thursday and Sunday evening.

While the torches flared over the music stands many of the grown-up girls, prettily dressed in dainty gowns of lawn or other light stuff, promenaded marble walks that were bordered by geraniums, callas and hollyhocks, and wound among oleander and jasmine bushes that gave their fragrance to the breezes every day of the year. Every dark-eyed señorita had jet-black wavy hair, long and thick, and her little feet were clad in French shoes of satin, or of other stuff that was prettier to look at than it was good for service. Some of them wore hats very like those you may see any day on the heads of well-dressed young women of the United States. This is a sign that the wearers have cut loose from the traditions of their fathers, and more especially from those of their mothers, to follow the example of the bright and dashing daughters of that great America of the North.

There were some girls who still wore the rebozo, or shawl, over their heads, half concealing their faces, and trotted demurely around beside their dueñas. They scarcely ventured to glance at the young gallants who love to walk those same marble paths, even when they are so crowded by damsels that it is not easy to pass without occasionally jostling, which makes it necessary to lift the hat and bow profoundly, and apologize profusely. Then they would smile and part, the youth go swinging their canes and puffing their cigarettes along the walks, and the chances were that there would be another jostle, and more apologies and smiles, with, perhaps, a compliment to the bright eyes. Quite possibly the dueña would frown severely when these things happened ; but it must be confessed that the young folk did not seem to be much concerned about the frowns.

When the bells rang out on the stroke of nine the band put away their instruments, and the people began wending their way homeward, for they go early to bed and get up early in that sunny, sleepy, slow-going land where "mañana es otro dia," and it is not well to do all to-day, if tomorrow *is* another day.

Mercedes brought into the *salon* sweet cakes and delicate china cups filled with rich chocolate. Then followed a few airs from the great music box from Switzerland, there was a good-night salutation to all, and another day was passed in the life of two sleepy, happy and proud Honduranian girls.



A SIMILARITY OF TASTES.

Duchess (showing family pictures)—"THAT PICTURE SHOWS ONE OF THE MOST DISTINGUISHED OF OUR ANCESTORS INDULGING IN HIS FAVORITE PASTIME OF HAWKING."
Mr. Thomas Trotter—"AH! THAT'S VERY INTERESTING, AS I BELIEVE THAT ONE OF MY ANCESTORS WAS EXCEEDINGLY PARTIAL TO THE SAME PURSUIT."

DOLLS AND THEIR MANUFACTURE.

IT seems to be almost an act of sacrilege to enter upon the discussion of such a momentous topic as the manufacture of dolls without a due feeling of reverence. To doll-worshippers—and they constitute a very large and influential section of the community—the creation of these divinities of the nursery will probably appear to be a subject only one degree less sacred than the princes and princesses of fairyland itself. Yet it is an undeniable fact that all dolls, from the bride, who is resplendent in silks and satins, to the tiniest of little cherubs, clad in the scantiest of garments, had a beginning. We may here remark that there is a great misapprehension with regard to the making of dolls. Although run into the same mould, no two dolls are exactly alike; and the little or big girl, who joyously superintends the toilette of one of these waxen beauties, utters a more than half-truth when she gravely assures "Her Highness" that there never was a doll half so beautiful as her before.

Dolls are among the inhabitants of childhood's wonderful dream-world, and there are few diversions from the stern realities of daily life more instructive than a glimpse behind the scenes of childhood's fancy. It would be an interesting inquiry to trace out the antiquity of doll-worship. Like most of our nursery traditions, it would probably be found to date from prehistoric times. It is difficult to understand how there could ever have been a time when there were no dolls, and the nursery would indeed be a dull world without these pretty puppets. The rare and enviable faculty possessed by children of all ages, known in childhood's language as the art of "making believe," is an inheritance that has been handed down from age to age in uninterrupted succession. The mothers of one generation initiate the mothers of the next into the mysteries of doll-life; and so the pretty play goes merrily on, never losing its freshness or its charm.

There is much that may be seen by a visit to a doll factory, that would have for many people all the force of a revelation. Few probably realise what a number of processes are necessary before even the tiniest of dolls is ready for the nursery. There is certainly a bewildering number of suitable substances. Besides the various kinds of wax from the best English to the commoner foreign sorts, there are spermaceti and various kinds of composition; india-rubber, gutta-percha, wood, and rags, not to mention various judicious combinations of these and other materials. But the best dolls are made only of the best English

wax. Then come the composition dolls, which are much more durable, and some of which have their faces protected by a thin piece of muslin, and so on through the whole list. It is, however, the waxen dolls that appeal most powerfully to the affections and the admiration of the girls of England.

The construction of the moulds in which these are made involves some knowledge of modelling. The moulds are made of plaster of Paris, the various sections being deftly joined together with such nicety as to leave but few marks of the joints. Into this the melted wax is poured, while still very hot, and a thin film immediately adheres to the sides of the mould, which is quickly inverted in order that the molten wax in the centre may flow out. But although this rough mask is fairly complete in point of outline, much remains to be done before it can be regarded as possessing those charms which are commonly believed to be a doll's rightful inheritance. The roughnesses have to be smoothed down, a distinctive character has to be given to the mouth and nose, the eyebrows have to be delicately pencilled in; and we may well cease to wonder that Shakespeare's lover should have written an ode "to his mistress's eyebrow," when we see the wonderful effect produced on a doll's face by various arrangements of brow and lash. Then the eyes, which are like beautiful shells, although they can be bought by the gross, of any colour and size, have to be fixed in, which is done by plastering them at the back with a little soft wax. The method of fastening the hair so as to give it a natural appearance, is one of the best tests of the care with which a doll has been made. In the best dolls almost every strand is attached separately to the wax itself, while in the cheaper kinds a wig is roughly stuck on the doll's head. This is a very important point, which doll-worshippers will properly appreciate, for is not the most delightful part of a doll's daily toilette the brushing and combing of her hair? Then there are many qualities of hair, from the best mohair to common flax.

MOULDING ARMS AND LEGS.

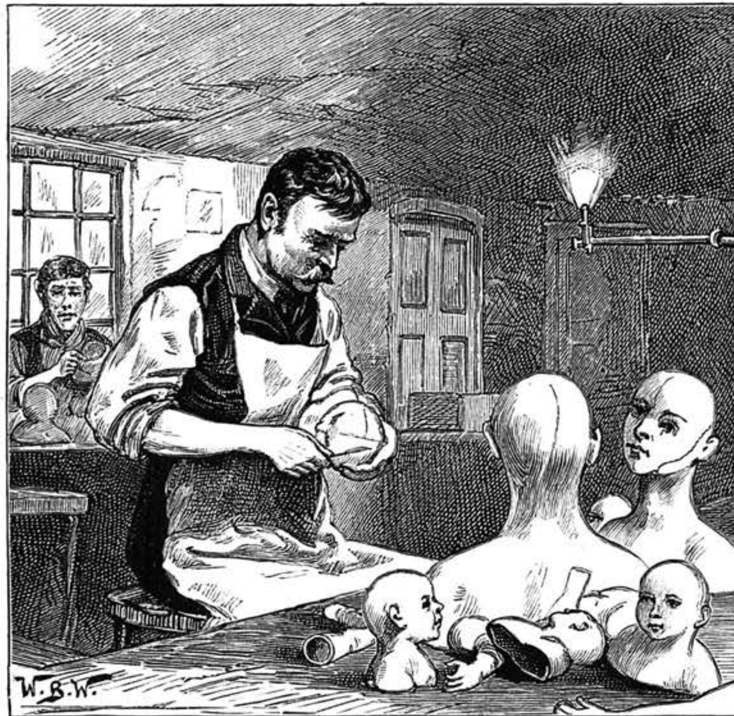
FRENCH DOLL.

COMMON ENGLISH DOLL.

We have said little about the tinting of lips and cheek, processes which involve a nice appreciation of effect. So far doll-fanciers seem to be believers in the ruddy hue of health, for we have never yet seen an "interesting" doll with cheeks of the colour of underdone pastry. But it would be rash to speculate upon the future, for the new science of taste may yet influence even the nursery and the doll trade. The composition of dolls' bodies is a sore subject. Who has not heard of that common tragedy of the nursery when, by mischief or mischance, the sawdust has come out of the body of a favourite doll, and witnessed how real was the anguish endured by the doll-mother?

MAKING AND FILLING DOLLS' BODIES.

Of other dolls the most artistic are the French kid dolls with flexible joints. These are remarkable for possessing the best-modelled bodies, a feature which is certainly not a strong point in English dolls. They are, however, made in France, and are not very largely imported into this country. Then there are china dolls with sawdust bodies, and china dolls with china limbs and wire joints, most of which are of German make. Rag dolls do not call for special comment, nor, of course, the time-honoured wooden farthing dolls, which are turned out of the manufactories by the million; they are the cheapest and commonest members of the species. Their most distinguishable features are their painted faces and indispensable night-caps. It is scarcely necessary to go into the numerous classes of dolls that are got up as caricatures. These, although very realistic, possess but little attraction for children, and belong to the category of models rather than dolls. The same, too, must be said for the mechanical dolls who talk and walk, shake hands, and play drums. They are never regarded as anything more than ingenious puppets. Dolls, properly so called, are very human in the eyes of childhood.



FINISHING TOUCHES.

There is, too, a science in the dressing and nursing of dolls, which is every whit as profound as that of the nursery. Dolls have a multitude of ailments, their likes and dislikes are as marked as any of those that trouble real men and women. Their houses have to be very tastefully and completely furnished. Indeed the manufacture of furniture for dolls' houses is a trade of considerable importance. Then dolls have their shoemakers, and their milliners, and hosiers, who follow the fashions with the greatest care. Indeed, if the study of dolls gives us a peep into the happy dream-world of childhood, the manufacture of dolls and of their wants affords employment to hundreds of working men and women.

THE CONVENT.

ENGLISH CONVENT LIFE.

By SISTER ALOYSIA.

Illustrated by GEORGE LAMBERT.

Vocation.

NOTHING would satisfy my aim but to enter a convent. "Better wait a little. It is an outburst of fervour," cautiously remarked the Celtic Friar to whom I owed my conversion. He succeeded in damping my ardour a little. I began to think. Was I mistaken?

"Vocation" was the word which worried me most. That perpetual question, "Have you a Vocation?" I could not grasp the meaning of that term in its application to religion. Could I not be trained to the religious life as to any other profession? I was willing to learn. Argument followed argument; the more the Father pointed out the difficulties and trials of a religious, which I regarded as spurious, the more I clung to my purpose. There were intervals of silence on the subject, but they were repeatedly broken by unmerciful importunity on my part, which eventually ended in landing me at the door of St. Mary's Convent, situated near a Cathedral town in the west of England.

Down the lintel of the door on the left was a stiff iron rod, with a dangling wooden handle at the end. I tugged at it tremblingly. The invisible bell tinkled quietly, yet busily. My courage was sinking fast. I would have given anything to have yielded to the impulse of running away; but my feet felt weighted with lead and I was as if rooted to the doorstep. Shuffling footsteps approached, and a good-natured girl's face appeared at the grating. With an ominous click the door opened, and the next minute I stood in the stone-paved hall, innocent of any covering except a door mat. "*So* bare," I thought, and my spirits sank lower; there was an emptiness about

the entrance too which brought home to me the absence of luxuries more forcibly than I had expected. I do not think I spoke intelligibly; I believe I stammered something; but just then a sister appeared. She had a very pale face; doubtless it looked paler than it really was, being surrounded by the dainty cap and deep white wimple; but she struck me as looking very ghostly.

"Reverend Mother is not in just now," she said, smiling faintly, and shaking hands with me, eying me rapidly from head to foot at the same time; and having made her mental observation she looked straight into my eyes, then dropped the grave lids over her own gray orbs, and folded her thin hands under her scapular. "She expected you; but she has been obliged to visit an invalid. She will not be long. Perhaps you would like to go to your cell at once, and then you will take your tea—she may be in by then," whereupon without waiting for a reply she conducted me along a corridor with windows on one side and cells on the other, to the little room which I was to occupy, and withdrew.

MOTHER CHARITY.

I was tired after a long journey, and began to miss the petting which had always been lavished upon me; yet I resented the weakness that caused my eyes to grow dim, and the choking sensation in my throat. Curiosity however came to the rescue. The first thing I did was to inspect the bed, for I wanted a night's rest to brace me up for the new life. When I left home in the morning, I should have scouted the idea of anything softer than a plank as unsuited to my standard of mortification, yet here I was with a tolerably soft mattress, orthodox sheets and blankets, and a snowy quilt! There was a chair, a washstand, and a cupboard for the Sunday habit—if I stayed long enough to get it; some pictures of saints were carefully pinned to the walls, which I mentally vowed to turn blank side out because they did not please my artistic taste; and a holy water stoup and a little crucifix. The window was too high for me to see out; and even if it had not been there was not much entertainment in a "dead" wall.

My observations were cut short by a scrambling noise. I looked out of the door to know the cause, and saw Sally, and a plump, happy-looking sister, hauling my trunk up the stairs.

"I couldn't let you do that, sister; let me take the handle," I said, trying to put her aside. "Oh, no! I'm stronger than you," she replied, and before I had time to remonstrate further, the trunk was occupying the vacant space on one side of the cell.

"Is there anything you would like to know?" she inquired.

"Yes; what is your name?"

"I'm Sister Mary of the Cross; they gave me that name because I suppose they thought I should have some crosses to bear. What's yours?" taking both my hands and shaking them together.

"I want them to call me Aloysia! May I kiss you?"

"Yes, if you like," she answered her eyes brimming with fun, and the dark well-defined eyebrows elevated themselves into a pretty arch, at the request.

"What is that Sister's name whom I saw first—pale rather?"

"She is Sister Cecilia."

"How many Sisters are there?"

"Five besides Reverend Mother;" giving me their names—"now you will make six. But won't you come down to tea. I'll show you where you are to have it, and you must be hungry—perhaps the Reverend Mother has come in by now." We exchanged another hug, unclasped our hands, and I was marshalled into the "big parlour" only used on grand occasions. I felt better for that short interview, and thought I could face a good deal in the society of such a little woman.

I had not long to wait for the Superior. Mother Charity was a fine old lady of seventy, boasting modestly of her fifty-two years' nunhood. She looked fully ten years younger. Her face, daintily framed in the stiff cap, had hardly a wrinkle. Very cordial and motherly was her greeting, my vague fear vanished at her first word; we were not long in understanding each other, and my nervousness was soon forgotten in listening to her interesting account of the Mission.

A CUP OF TEA.

A NOVICE.

The supper bell cut short our little talk, and in answer to my request to go to the refectory with her, she patted me on the shoulder and jokingly remarked—

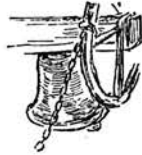
"Why, child, we eat like other people."

THE COMMUNITY.

The convent in its infancy had been a manor-house of some importance; but time and neglect had brought it down to more humble pretensions, and the vandalism of the modern county-town builder had hidden the massive oak beams of its ceilings beneath layers of plaster and whitewash and covered its fine staircase with a thick coat of brown paint.

The hospitable hearth which was wont to smile benevolently in the flickering light of its log fire had its arms folded in for ever with bricks and mortar; and its fire-dogs had given place to the miserable fire baskets of Birmingham manufacture. But, as if in defiance of the depredations it had received from the hand of man within, Nature, with her wonted generosity, had counterbalanced them without. She had tenderly wreathed its walls with ivy, honeysuckle, clematis, and roses; speckled its glowing tiles with mossy cushions, and fringed its eaves with stonecrop, behind which the swallows twittered busily as they brought thither fresh material for their dainty nests. There was a good sweep of lawn, studded with buttercups and daisies; winding paths tinged with green and a border of forget-me-nots running round the flower garden, and growing in wanton patches, now thin, and now in tufts. Silvery beds of carnations clung lovingly to the stems of the young fruit trees, and the rich purple pansies crept about the roots of the standard roses. Tender ferns uncurled their graceful fronds, and forced themselves through the rocky stonework, relieved by bright clusters of wall-flowers. Butterflies chased each other, and eventually lost themselves among the blushing apple-blossom, mingling with the pale lilac, which drooped gracefully overhead.

At the end of the kitchen-garden was a low wall built on a hillock, which was ascended by half a dozen steps, and over which one looked into a delicious hay meadow, bright with marguerites and waving grass. Away in the distance the hills rose gently, broken here and there by a clump of trees, through which one could just distinguish a fairy wreath of smoke ascending from a red chimney which peeped from its embowered retreat. There also was the summer-house, hidden by a snowy hawthorn-tree, with its hermit-like occupant—a young hedgehog, bequeathed to the community by the last tenant. On the right and left was a high wall, crowned with weeds and grass, and awkward spaces of broken glass edging, trellised with fruit trees. At unexpected turns in the box-bordered pathway, clusters of herbs exhaled a delicate fragrance as one brushed past them. Stray rose-trees in their wild grace grew side by side with the gooseberry bushes, and here and there was a tiny grotto with its white statue wreathed with twining plants and bright with scarlet geraniums. There was also the pigeon-house, a greenhouse for altar flowers, and a space by the sombre cedars, divided by a rudely-constructed paling, which was to be the last resting-place on earth of the self-sacrificing sisterhood.



The furniture had neither pretensions to fashion nor comfort. The "big parlour," to be sure, had a hearthrug and a so-called easy chair, with its six straight-backed companions ranged stiffly round the room at respectful distances apart; a centre table with its drapery of dingy red, and occupying one side of the apartment was an ancient piano.

The private chapel was the best room in the house; it had a square of carpet before the altar, but the stainless boards beyond it gave evidence of a considerable expenditure of "elbow grease," of which the sisters were ever prodigal and counted of little value.

RINGING BELL.

My spirits were rising to their usual elasticity. The quiet influence of the place was having its effect. I was getting more satisfied with myself, and glad that I was there. I had seen three of my future companions, and they passed muster; if the other three were of the same spirit I should be happy enough, and I was going on to wonder what impression I had made upon them when Mother Charity beckoned me in to vespers. Here I had them all before me, and it was a splendid opportunity to make my mental notes without being noticed. Vespers over, they filed out of the chapel, reciting the *De Profundis.*[1]

Mother Charity took me back to the garden. She put her arm through mine and leaned gently upon it; if I had not already determined to render her obedience that action would have won me; for youth is ever flattered by the seemingly acknowledged infirmity of the aged.

Coming towards us was Sister Louise, knitting and quietly talking to a child on each side of her; she was preparing them for first Communion.

"This is the novice mistress," said Mother Charity, introducing me; "we will place you in her hands in a day or two, when you get accustomed to our routine."

She had blue eyes, which were capable of merriment, or they could go through and through you like steel. I felt she could read my very thoughts. It was not easy to

[1] Offices and meals always ended with the *De Profundis.*

determine whether she was hard by nature, or whether personal discipline had brought that self-restraint.

I had never yet known what it was to have " no " said to me ; but I was convinced that she would not spare my sensitiveness, if an opportunity arrived for testing my obedience.

" We will pay a visit to the bakery, now," suggested the Reverend Mother, ushering me into a good-sized room fitted with a couple of gas ovens for baking altar-breads. " This is Sister Monica—and that is Sister Angela the novice ; now I think you know us all."

We were soon friends with each other ; they cut away at the " breads " and packed them for post ; nor were our tongues less busy ; needless to say my questions were numerous. We were like a lot of schoolgirls and laughed as heartily, Mother Charity not excepted.

AN EVENING CONCERT.

" I thought nuns were not allowed to laugh ? " I exclaimed.

My remark was greeted with a burst of light-hearted merriment.

" Not laugh ? " answered the Reverend Mother, her face beaming with good-humour. " We serve a good God, why shouldn't we laugh ? " and she went on with her knitting, which was her inevitable resource at every spare moment, taking a small pinch of snuff now and then, which I found she indulged in when she was particularly amused or at such times as some difficult matter needed her more careful attention.

When the necessary packing was finished, we migrated to the parlour for a little music. Sister Cecilia possessed a good soprano voice ; she played the organ and sang the solos in the little church " over the way," and trained half a dozen choir-girls.

At nine o'clock the bell rang for " Silence," and the day ended with the other offices, meditation, night-prayers, and the *De Profundis* which (after having received the blessing from Mother Charity as we passed out of the chapel) lasted until we reached our cells, and the *Gloria Patri* seemed to radiate about the house, and fade away with the receding steps.

The Daily Routine.

Altogether, I was well pleased with my first impressions. Thoughts, plans, and resolutions chased each other through my mind. I might find it difficult to bear the monotony of conventual life ; but I would fight hard. A little feeling of loneliness came over me. I missed the affectionate " good-night." It is only when we are deprived of what hitherto have seemed to us the common courtesies of life, that we really appreciate their value.

THE COOK.

If I could have seen the stars, I thought it would have been a comfort. I rated myself roundly for childishness, choked down the sentimental feelings, groped in the dark for the little crucifix over the bed, put it carefully beside my pillow, and after a time fell asleep. It was no difficulty to wake at five o'clock; I had already trained myself to that, and although I did not feel much rested, I was ready to get up in answer to the bell next morning. There was a long peal to awaken the community, immediately followed by three little ones in succession for the *Angelus*.

Then with a quick step the sister whose turn it was to take that duty, passed from cell to cell; at the door of each she knocked sharply, repeating the words "*Benedicamus Domino!*" and receiving the answer "*Deo gratias!*" from within, proceeded to the next and the next; until arriving at Sally's room, the handle was gently turned, and a quiet voice could be heard. "Sally, Sally, it's time to get up!" A rustling which seemed very like a gentle shake followed; and Sally was roused from her dreamland. A few minutes later quiet footsteps hurried hither and thither, until another bell summoned all to the lengthy meditation in the chapel, during which time the banisters outside were festooned with aprons and dangling strings.

Then came breakfast. The meals, whether on fast days or feasts would have afforded little satisfaction to the epicure; there was always enough to eat of plain wholesome food, but there was nothing to tempt the appetite of a gourmand. My first experience fell on a Friday. Two plates of bread and butter,—school boy slices—cut with little regard to pretty mouths, were placed at the top and bottom of the table respectively, a coffee-pot of no small capacity occupied the centre. The cups and saucers were of yellow ware, lined with white, and thick, not made for dainty lips either.

THE KITCHEN-MAID.

In response to the bell, the sisters filed in, and each stood behind her seat, and waited until the Reverend Mother had said grace, and had taken her place. The cups were already filled with steaming coffee and good coffee it was, with milk, but no sugar. I missed my three lumps! The bread and butter plates were handed up and down, and each took her share, but not a word was spoken. They had not said "Good-morning" to each other; nor, as far as I could detect had they even looked at each other. All eyes were down—all lips compressed.

My vanity was touched—nobody had noticed me, except to motion me to my place next to the pretty novice. I wanted to say "No, thank you," when they handed me

the plate for another piece, but the words died on my lips, and I couldn't swallow what I had taken. I was between laughing and bursting into tears ; the silence was so ghostly, only broken by the reader's voice as in a monotonous key, she endeavoured to enlighten our minds from a chapter of the *Imitation*.

Breakfast over, Sister Louise went out to her school-room. Sister Monica in blue striped apron betook herself to the kitchen—she was cook and housekeeper. The novice did the "washing up," the others went to their work in the bakery, and the

HANGING OUT THE CLOTHES.

Reverend Mother to write her letters. I slunk away like a whipped kitten, as noiselessly as I could, that no one might know where I was, and having reached "our" cell dropped on my knees, and, burying my face in the snowy quilt, sobbed away to my heart's content.

I couldn't bear the silence. If I had only dared to speak. In despair, I went down to the bakery door. I was ashamed to go in. "Sister, sister ! " I called.

"Which one do you want ? " asked Sister Cecilia, with provoking coolness, and coming out to me.

"I don't care which one it is. I can't bear this silence, I'm so stupid. Where is Reverend Mother, can I see her, do you think ? " Then I gave way altogether, and my head sank on her shoulder. I was like a big baby. I couldn't speak for sobbing.

WASHING DAY.

She did not laugh, as she must have felt inclined to do ; she kindly led me into the bakery and consoled me. Sister Angela, and Sister Mary of the Cross assured me that they had shed many tears, did shed them still sometimes, and that, after all, my weakness and stupidity was only the common malady of postulants.

From the table drawer one of them took the green leg of a stocking, to which she was knitting a black foot, and asked me to do a row or two for her. I worked away

for my very life, and tried to suppress the sobs which would come up, and threaten to choke me.

"Reverend Mother wishes you to go down to the parlour, to make the acquaintance of Father Norbert," whispered[1] Sister Monica, who came up from the kitchen in the midst of making a tart, her hands covered with flour. So I hastily sluiced my face, arranged my hair, made a grimace at my swollen eyelids, which did not improve my looks, and went down stairs.

SATURDAY.

"Come in," said Mother Charity in answer to my tap at the door. Father Norbert had just finished his breakfast; the Reverend Mother was knitting. "Good morning, dear," she said kindly. "I want you to know Father Norbert—this is our new postulant, Father—" she looked at me as she spoke—"Oh, what's the matter?"

Father Norbert took my hand kindly and pretended not to notice. "I can't bear the silence, Reverend Mother, and I've been having a good cry—I'm so stupid—" I blurted out, trying to appear self-possessed and endeavouring to sidle to a chair that I might have my back to the window. But Mother Charity was too sharp for me—she motioned me to take the chair placed for me, with the light full on my face.

They rallied me about giving way so soon, and my spirits were soon revivified by the sparkling jokes and anecdotes *à propos* of the subject, of which the *padre* seemed to possess a store.

Meanwhile the batter "fizzed" between the baking irons, and the thin wafers came from under the cutters in their perfect circles, and with their delicate impressions. As each hour passed there was a murmured meditation on the various scenes in the Passion until twelve o'clock, when the *Angelus* was rung; soon followed by dinner, with its reading from à Kempis, or other book of a similar spiritual tendency.

SCRUBBING.

Afternoon's occupations were but a repetition of the morning's until supper time. Day after day, the same routine except on washing days, when the bakery was deserted for the wash-house and the garden festooned with white draperies.

RECREATION.

A cup of tea always followed the mid-day meal, then we had half an hour's recreation as well as the time between supper and nine o'clock, but the evening recreation was only an indulgence so far as talking went, for except on Sundays and Holy Days of Obligation, work was never neglected.

If our tongues were tied during the morning, there was no doubt about their elasticity when the time came to use them. My ignorance of conventual anecdotes

[1] It was still silence, we had to speak in a whisper when talking was necessary.

afforded them much amusement. "Your education has been neglected, evidently," facetiously remarked Sister Louise, standing with cup and saucer in one hand and the other arm a-kimbo, her veil fastened back with a bent white pin.

A CONVENTUAL ANECDOTE.

I have hitherto left two inmates of the convent in the background, because they were more particularly associated with recreation-time; namely, Stellino the kitten, and Tommy the canary. Any one professing an elementary knowledge of natural history will know well how great was the love of Stellino for his brother in captivity. He was constantly meditating a stratagem for his release, and on the joy of a fraternal embrace.

But Mother Charity and the Sisters kept so close a watch upon his movements that he had no opportunity for carrying his plans into effect. The rest of his time was pretty much taken up by chasing his tail and stray bits of paper; he had made one or two futile attempts to get into the chapel, but summary measures had been taken with him, and he found it wiser to confine himself to the boundaries of the kitchen and garden.

The days were passing slowly and pleasantly for me. Little duties were intrusted to me, and I had a pair of socks in process of manufacture to fill up odd times. So far, I had not met with many crosses. I was getting accustomed to the silence; indeed, began to appreciate it.

In its observance lies much of that peace which we love to associate with religious life; and if it does nothing more, it prevents the possibility of one bickering with one's every day companions, and would often be a good rule for those outside the cloister as well as those within.

WRITING.

Although I expressed repeated wishes to feel the weight of a novice's penance, and I am sure I must have often merited it, neither Mother Charity nor Sister Louise thought it prudent to inflict one at so early a stage. But there came a day when I vehemently expressed an opinion, unasked, and utterly against the spirit of obedience.

I immediately remembered what I had done, but no heed was taken of it at once, and I thought it had escaped unnoticed. I had almost forgotten it myself.

"I want you to come with me," said Sister Louise, plucking me by the sleeve.

I fancied there was something ominous in the tone, but I imagined it was to do some work for her. I was always glad to be employed.

"Oh! she is going to re-arrange the flowers and let me help her," I thought gleefully. It was a pet occupation. I looked upon it as the future balm for the "dish-washing" which I knew I should never take to kindly—I would rather have to clean

the house from top to bottom. But I knew I could not choose, I should have to do as I was told.

She did not say a word. I could not understand.

There was a wide landing to the right of the staircase, it was called the housekeeper's room—why, I never knew. It had a good-sized press, in which the holiday cloaks were kept, and a heterogeneous collection of other things. The community room was on one side of it, the bakery on the other, and on the wall to the right was a large black cross, with a life-sized figure. To this crucifix I was conducted.

The fact dawned upon me that I was about to bear the penalty for expressing my own opinions. I was told to kiss the ground. I felt resentful.

RECREATION.

"You deserve it," whispered conscience. I obeyed.

"You know what this is for?" inquired my monitress in a tone which inferred, "You cannot deceive me; it is useless to deny it if you would."

I didn't try to.

"If you ever hope to receive the habit of this Order, you will in future consider yourself at the foot of the Cross. Remain there until I send for you."

So there I was on my knees, in the full view of the Sisters who passed to and fro to the bakery. The rule did not permit them to speak to me. I had time to smother pride; and a new and salutary seed was planted, for which I shall ever thank the sower.

That evening I sat on the window seat with my work; Reverend Mother was sewing away at a charity garment, and my severe mistress filling up holes in the gaping heels of the community's stockings. There was nothing stern then about either of them; I thought they seemed gentler than usual—but I was a different girl.

There was one battle I found more difficult than any. I longed for a good walk, to feel the fresh air over the hills, which rose so gently, bounding the horizon; and I would have given anything to get into the meadows over the low wall, and gather the starry marguerites, and the red sorrel, and the waving grass fast ripening for the scythe.

"When you have had an eight or ten miles walk on a begging expedition, you'll not be so anxious to go out, I assure you," remarked the Sisters.

"Perhaps not," I replied, but I had my doubts on the matter.

"Or two or three hours district-visiting," they continued.

Truly the latter had not much attraction for me.

Feast Days.

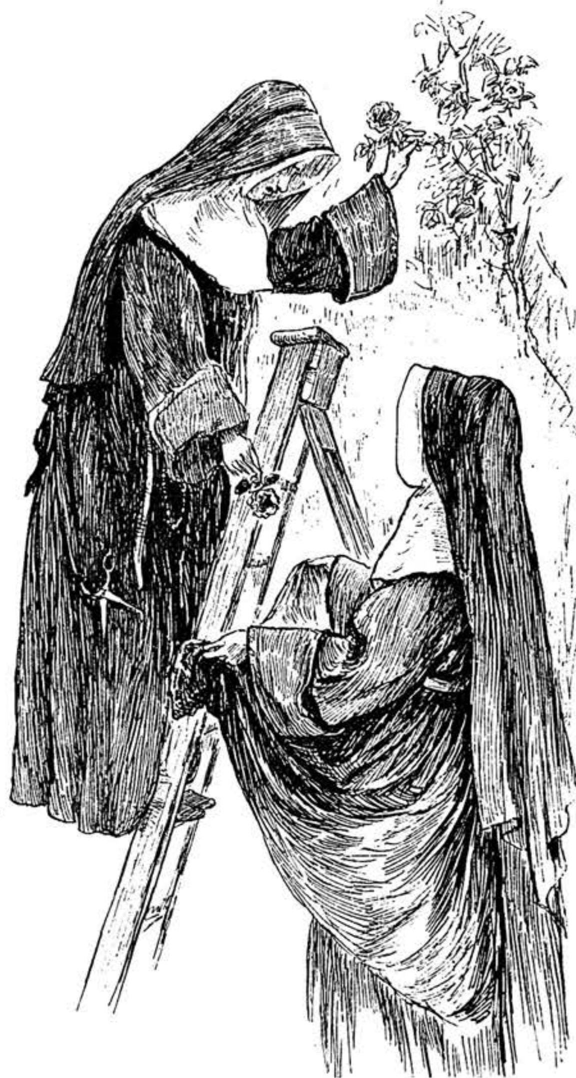
I don't think any of us cared much for Holy Days of Obligation. There was not the repose of Sunday about them, and they were deprived of the vivacity of active life. I used to think we could have observed them as well if we had been allowed to work half the day at least.

There were two days in the year to which we looked forward with great interest, one was Reverend Mother's feast day at midsummer, the other was Christmas Day. The midsummer feast was preceded by a week or two of mystery: we each had a little present in preparation for Mother Charity, and great secrecy was supposed to exist.

But at those times she assumed an extra cloak of discretion, and any undue scramble from the cells to chapel or refectory she would pass over and pretend not to notice; or perhaps on Saturday afternoon, when the weekly cleaning was finished, and we had a little time to ourselves, she would occasionally inquire for a truant sister with simulated displeasure.

The summer-house was our favourite workroom, it was at the end of the garden; we used to migrate there with a book which we had ready at hand if she should happen to look for us; one of us mounted guard to warn the others if she should put in an appearance.

Each had two big pockets (nuns are always well armed with pockets), and there was little difficulty in stowing away what we did not wish her to see prematurely. But I remember that Sister Mary of the Cross narrowly escaped a reprimand one night for burning the little benzoline lamp too long, "contrary to the observance of holy poverty," when she knelt on the floor of her cell, and laboriously designed the letters for *Sancta Maria*, on a new altar cloth for Our Lady.



FLOWERS FOR THE FEAST.

Christmas time was always busy; telegrams, letters, and postcards arriving at the last moment for altar breads "at once" or "by return." I know I abused the correspondents for their want of thought, in very unconventional terms, when I saw those poor Sisters slaving in the bakery until eleven o'clock at night, baking, cutting and packing, even up to the last post on Christmas Eve. One of them was so exhausted that she had to be sent off to bed to get a little rest before the midnight Mass.

The bells of St. Ethelbert's, the parish church, rang out lustily, and the rich tones of those in the Cathedral tower responded in all their sweetness—the crisp frosty air vibrated with their music. The strains of the local drum and fife band, the drum predominating, came from the market place, and then the sound seemed to be moving as if they were parading the busy streets. Handbells tinkled quaintly the "Blue Bells of Scotland," and "Home, Sweet Home." Children sang out their little hearts in carols at the convent door, and tugged away vigorously at the bell afterwards for their reward. Nor was the song of the unsteady carouser wanting to complete the universal hilarity.

By eleven o'clock "the Crib" in the little chapel was completed, and we were ready for a cup of coffee to freshen us up for the Mass. The pudding wobbled plethorically over the kitchen fire. The Sisters in their long flowing cloaks stepped over the stony road to the little church with its glowing windows. The Mass proceeded, until the clear voice of Sister Cecilia burst upon the silence with *Adeste Fideles*. The curate of St. Ethelbert's, hurrying home, after putting the finishing touches to his Church decorations, stopped to listen, and by degrees he wriggled into the portico, and unlatched the inner door that he might not lose a note. The

doorkeeper in high dudgeon made a dart towards him, thinking he was one of the boyish tormentors, who were the plague and terror of the old man's Sunday existence, and the High Churchman half ashamed to be caught, made a precipitate retreat. The stars shone brightly, as we returned to the convent, but the cutting wind seemed spiteful and unsympathetic, as it whistled along the road. We hurried in, gave each other an affectionate hug on the door mat, and mutually exchanged Christmas greetings.

AN ERRAND OF MERCY.

Another cup of coffee—and to bed. I was awakened a few hours later by the salutation, "*Qui natus es de Maria Virgine!*" to which I responded a hearty "*Deo gratias.*"

* * * * *

The convent was in an unwonted state of confusion, and it was in my honour. There was a new black gown and scapular, a spotless cap, wimple, and veil, with an untouched cloak of soft white wool; a crucifix and rosary, and an uncouth-looking leathern girdle, waiting to be donned. The "big parlour" table was laid for the Bishop's lunch, and graced by a snowy pyramid of cake.

The chapel looked festive too with its multitudinous candles, we were to have solemn Benediction; and the harmonium stood open, ready to do its part in accompanying the *Veni Creator Spiritus*.

I went into the garden to take a last longing look at the hills which had seemed to beckon me so often, and on that day I received my new name.

Henceforth I was known in the community as Sister Aloysia.

XIII.—ZIG-ZAG CANINE.

THE dog is a strange and mysterious creature, and what he *is*, innately, is a problem of life. To consider him a mechanical organism on four legs intended to carry sticks and provide a benevolent Government with an annual seven-and-sixpence, is the mooning of the common fool; of the fool, moreover, who never knew a dog to speak to. To talk of instinct is but to announce oneself the empty creature of a formula. The fact that he is derived (ages back) from the wolf increases, if possible, his mystery; for every bad quality which the domestic dog has not the wolf has, with no compensating virtue, except that you needn't buy a license to keep him; notwithstanding which recommendation most people prefer to keep a dog for ordinary purposes. That the dog did not arrive at his

TOM.

present moral state at any extremely remote age is evident from the popular fables and proverbs relating to him, for therein he always appears a mean, wolfish beast, and a fool to boot. As witness the Dog in the Manger, the Dog with a Shadow, the Dog with an Ill Name, and the rest of them. So that the reformation of the dog has come about in comparatively recent times, and it is a testimony to his innate worth that constant association with man since his conversion has not corrupted him.

FEROCITY.

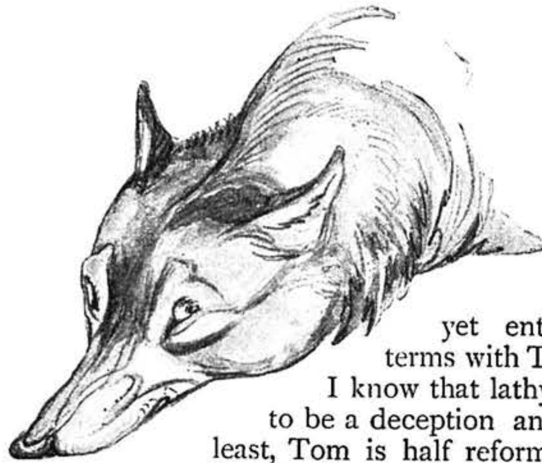
Tom, the large grey wolf here at the Zoo, is, I am almost convinced, somewhat in a way of reformation himself. If he feels hungry, you may see him approach the bars and wag his tail; this on the off-chance of your having a bit of raw beef about you. But he can't smile with anything like cordiality; no wolf can. His tail looks amiable enough, but he conducts business with the opposite end, which is not so reassuring to look at—which, in fact, contradicts the tail flatly. As he stands thus, end on, you would scarcely guess the number of pounds of solid meat that Tom has put away within a couple of days. He has a lanky, thin, edge-forward sort of aspect, as though he were cut out of a deal board with a saw, and only intended to be looked at broadside on, like a piece of stage scenery. Tom won't show his teeth quite so readily as Coolie, the Indian wolf, next door. You cannot make a captive wolf show his teeth by the ordinary means of waving a hat or an arm—he disregards this sort of thing entirely. You must catch him unawares, and startle him by a sudden rush towards the bars with your head down. This will give you an undesirable appearance of mental derangement; but, properly executed, it will startle the wolf.

BOREDOM.

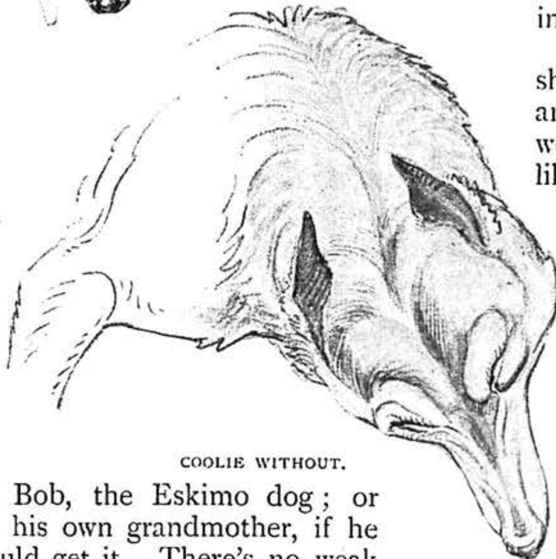
You will betray Tom into a temporary exhibition of ferocity, but he will recover instantly, and pretend that he only opened his mouth to yawn. When he has finished his yawn he will glance casually and serenely down the cages, with a contemptuous air of never having seen you at all, and of being quite unaware that such a person as yourself was ever born. This treatment is very galling, coming as it does from a wolf whom even its proprietors are fain to label

INDIFFERENCE.

"common"; but you shouldn't have laid yourself open to it, to begin with. The gentleman who sent Tom here can handle him as much as he pleases, and treat him precisely as one would treat an ordinary house-dog, but Tom has a persuasive way of inducing other people not to try the game on their own account—not to try it more than once, at any rate. He will recognise his old master joyfully after a year or two's absence, but I have not yet entered upon patting terms with Tom myself; because I know that lathy appearance of limb to be a deception and a snare. But, at least, Tom is half reformed, and if he lives another few hundred years will probably develop in the regular way into a dog.

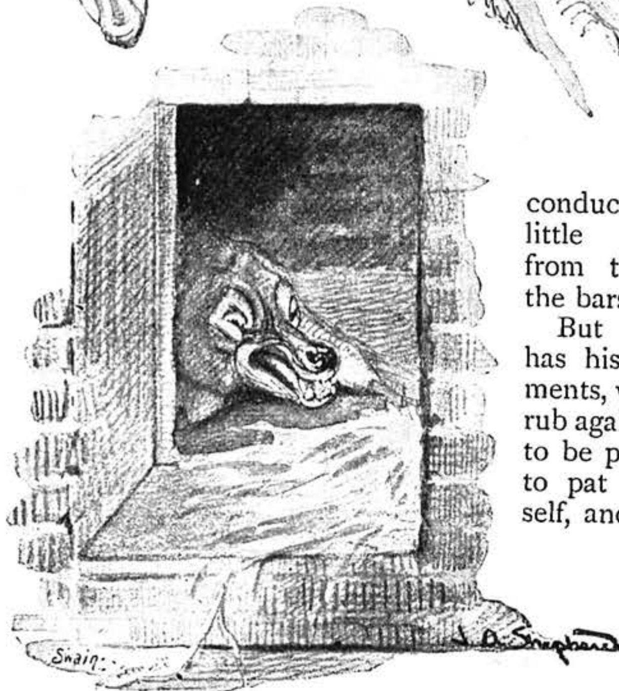


Coolie, next door, is a ruffian, and makes no shame of it. He would like a piece out of you, and doesn't care if you know it. If anything, he would prefer two pieces. Failing that, he would like a piece of Tom; or of North, the keeper; or of Bob, the Eskimo dog; or of his own grandmother, if he could get it. There's no weak sentiment about Coolie. The only thing that would dissuade him from eating a relation would be the event of the relation first eating him. I don't altogether like Coolie; he is not the sort of chap that anybody would fall in love with at first sight. He won't meet your eye so long as he is out in the cage. Try to fix him for a moment; try to annoy him, in fact. He will evade your eye in the shiftiest fashion, keeping you in sight, however, with the corner of his own, for fear of accidents. Presently, at the end of his patience, he will retreat into his lair and give you a straight look at last; one which will convince you at once of the multifarious advantages of conducting these little experiments from this side of the bars.

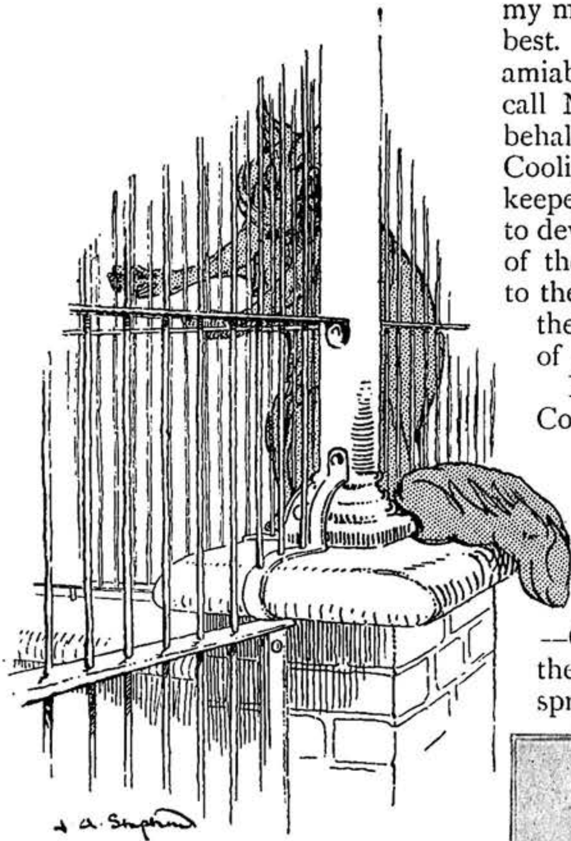


COOLIE WITHOUT.

But even Coolie has his softer moments, when he will rub against the bars to be patted. I like to pat Coolie myself, and I consider



COOLIE WITHIN.


CHARLIE.

my method of patting him to be in many respects the best. When I see Coolie against the bars and looking amiable (for Coolie), and I feel disposed to pat him, I call North, and authorize him to pat Coolie on my behalf. In this way I have become quite friendly with Coolie, who is as affable under my pats as if I were his keeper. I shall always pat Coolie like this; I am able to devote more attention to the general superintendence of the proceedings when I have an assistant to attend to the manual detail. Sometimes Sutton helps me pat the lions in the same way. It requires a little nerve, of course, but I am always perfectly cool.

Bob, the Eskimo dog, lives in the next cage to Coolie, and in the next cage still there are a pair of prairie wolves, whose improvement on the common wolf lies only in externals. To look at, they seem a kind of collie, but with a finer model of head than any collie-breeder can produce. Except in appearance, they are far back in the blackest ages of wolfdom. One of them --Charlie—has an offensive habit of sitting up on the coping-pier from which the cage division-bars spring, because that is regarded as a sort of feat of gymnastics, impossible to the other wolves, since they are too big. If you particularly want him to perform, for your amusement, he won't do this trick, small as it is; but when you are not looking he persists in it, by way of annoying the neighbours who can't perform it. Perhaps, after all, the Dog in the Manger wasn't a dog at all, but a prairie wolf. The man who called him a dog didn't examine him closely enough; few people stay long to examine a loose wolf. Like a dog as the prairie wolf is—and he tries his utmost to maintain this respectable appearance—his drooped tail, his snarling mouth, and his small eyes, expose the pretence. He is attempting his promotion in the wrong way—merely by imitating the uniform of the superior rank.

GOOD WOLF OR BAD COLLIE?

There can be no reasonable doubt that the wolf wants to be a dog if he can. He quite understands his rascally inferiority, but will never give up his social ambition, especially when so many visitors encourage his vanity, time after time, by mistaking him for a dog. There are times when such a mistake is natural — almost pardonable. On a hot day, for instance, a wolf, to cool his mouth, will muster up a most commodious smile —present an open countenance, in fact — strikingly like that of an amiable retriever out for a run. But the wolf is too sad a

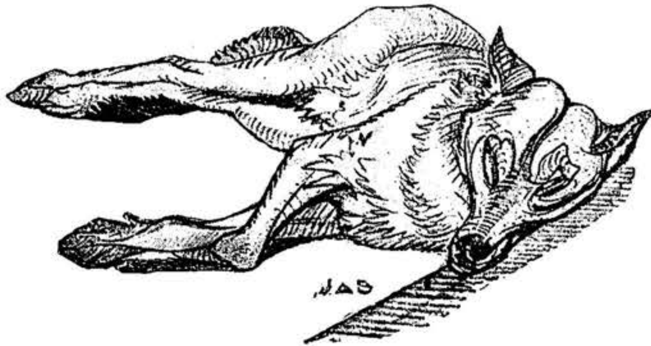
GOOD OLD DOG!

EH!

blackguard to redeem himself by an occasional smile; nothing but orderly centuries of evolution will be of much use to him, and his present *parvenu* attempts to assume a position in life to which he was not born make him look worse than ever. He betrays himself — like a *parvenu*—by small and unconscious habits. Give a well-bred

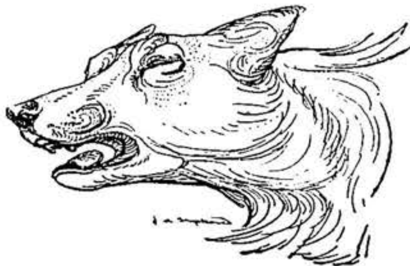
HONEST SLEEP.

dog a biscuit, and he will munch it with gentlemanly relish and keep a polite welcome ready for another. A wolf, being always hungry enough to eat anything, will take it, but in an indifferent, perfunctory disdainful fashion, not vouchsafing the courtesy of concealing his contempt for your present; while animal food drives him to the opposite extreme. The wolf can't even sleep like a dog. Bob, the Eskimo (who is a gentleman among dogs, with low neighbours whose manners he despises), sleeps as an honest dog always does sleep; flung upon the ground with his legs, head, and tail spread about fearlessly, and his mind as conscious of rectitude as if he could tell you so in Latin. Tom or Coolie can't sleep like that. The wolf tries to hide under himself. He remembers his many



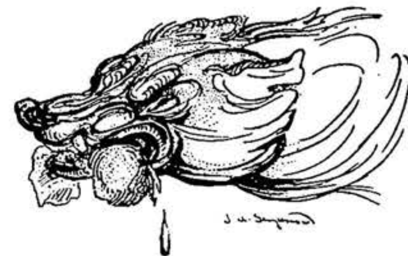
DISTRUST.

crimes, even in sleep, and can't trust his legs or his tail or anything else in sight. He hides his tail between his legs, and resorts to the most complicated and twisty devices for arranging his legs to hide each other. He gets underneath himself, covers himself over him, and tucks in the corners; and even then his sleep is restless. I don't think Red Riding Hood's grandmother has ever been properly digested.



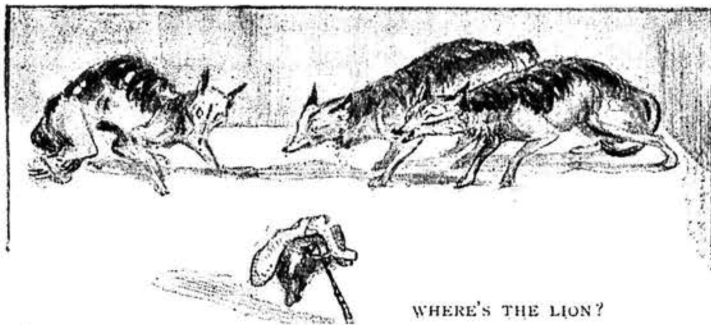
A MERE BISCUIT.

Bob, the Eskimo dog, is a fine fellow, as friendly as any dog you may name, except to wolves. He would be glad to visit the wolves next door, and take their machinery to pieces hastily with his



SOMETHING BETTER.

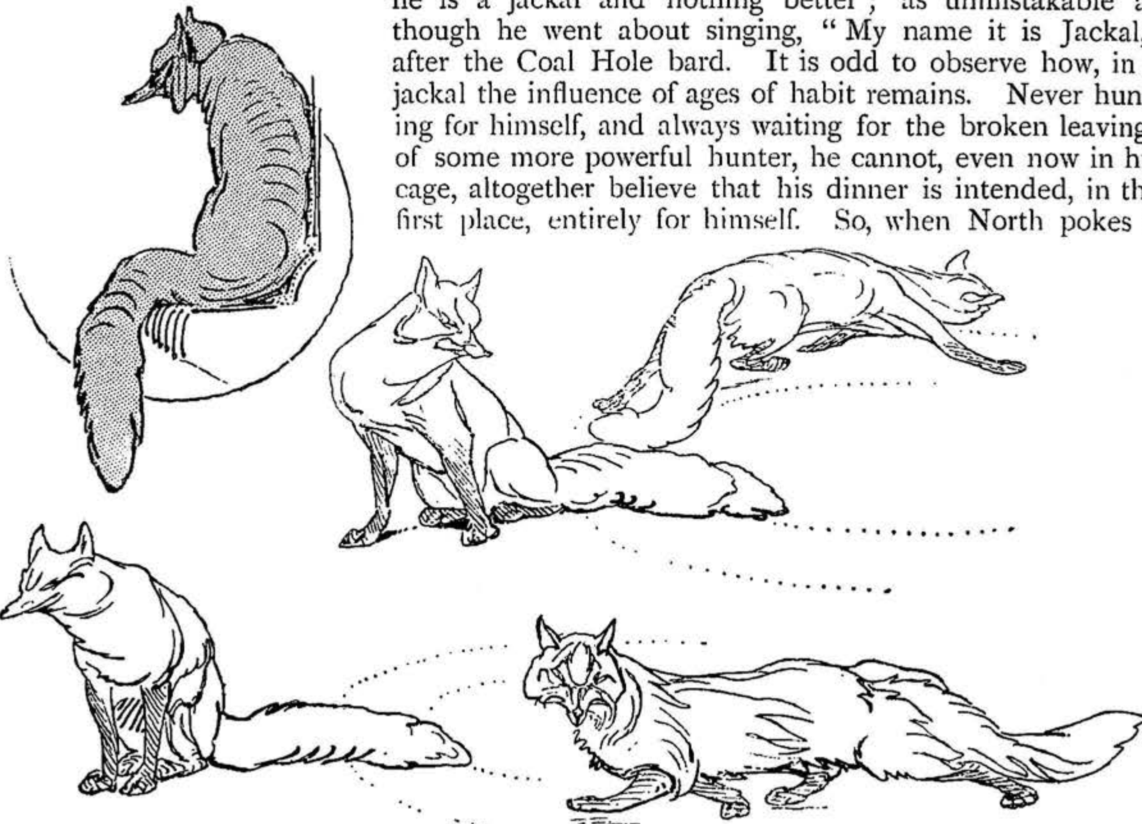
teeth, and the wolves so heartily reciprocate the sentiment that a sheet-iron memorial of the fact has been erected between the cages. There is another dog called Bob a little further along—the Dingo dog. He is a cunning-looking fellow, of more civilized condition than the wolves, but sharing with them their chief characteristic of eternal hunger. The Dingo dog is the only animal that can beat the cat's collection of nine lives; he is calculated to possess twenty-seven. If you give a wild Dingo a single bang on the head he will lie down as if killed at once, shamming; lying doggoh, in fact. But you may beat him out flat and dissect him, and as soon as your back is turned he will gather together his outlying fragments, blow himself into shape, and walk home. He doesn't mind a little accident of that sort.



WHERE'S THE LION?

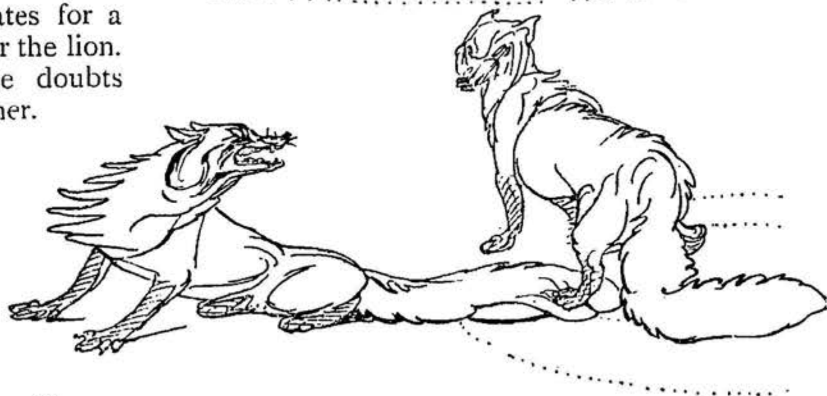
In this row of cages, too, are jackals — black-backed jackals,

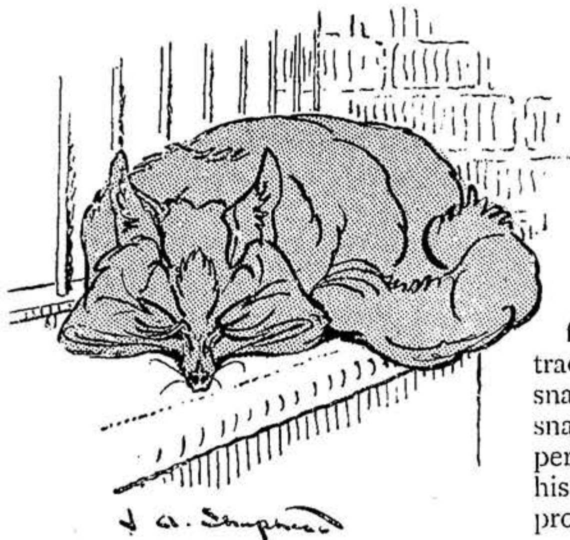
ordinary jackals, and extraordinary jackals, as well as foxes. A jackal is recognisable at once —a mean-looking fox of the wrong colour. The prettiest jackal is the black-backed, but still he is a jackal and nothing better; as unmistakable as though he went about singing, "My name it is Jackal," after the Coal Hole bard. It is odd to observe how, in a jackal the influence of ages of habit remains. Never hunting for himself, and always waiting for the broken leavings of some more powerful hunter, he cannot, even now in his cage, altogether believe that his dinner is intended, in the first place, entirely for himself. So, when North pokes it



between the bars he hesitates for a moment, and looks round for the lion. It is sad life wherein one doubts ownership in one's own dinner.

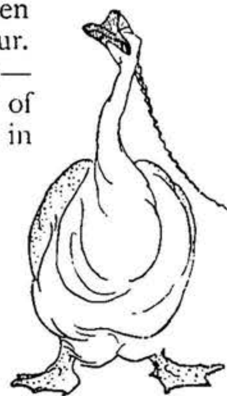
A fox must be an unpleasant sort of person to live with, for other reasons beside the smell. A fox's conversation consists chiefly of snarls. Put two foxes together, and they will at once begin to





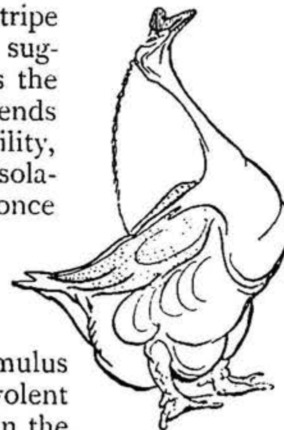
invent occasions for snarling at one another. They don't quarrel outright, probably from fear of the consequences. The favourite device of one of the Indian desert foxes here is of a Donnybrookian flavour. His mate has a way of amusing herself with a little circus—just trotting round the floor in a ring. He watches her at this amusement, and when a snarl seems desirable, he dismounts from his perch and lays his tail just across her track, and waits for her to trample on it; then he snarls and snaps at her face, and she snarls and snaps at his. This being accomplished, he returns, perfectly satisfied, to his roost, to rest and doze till his system requires refreshing with another snarl. A properly-executed, mutual snarl, almost approaching

THAT GOOSE IS SOUR.

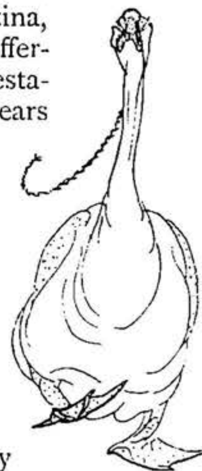


a bite, will last him for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour.

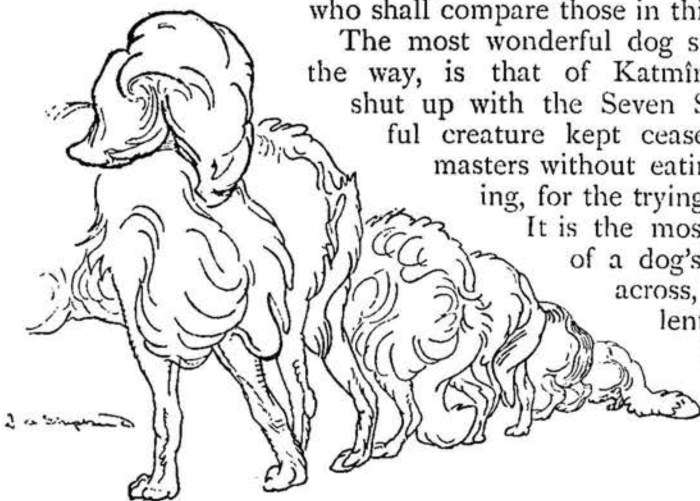
These foxes—all of them—have a very irritating cause of bad temper to contend with in the existence of a fine pair of Chinese geese a few yards beyond the obstructive bars. The ordinary fox has arrived at a stoical attitude of indifference to the Chinese goose. He affects to believe that he is uneatable. The Chinese goose wears a black stripe behind his neck, rather suggestive of a pigtail; this the fox points out to his friends as evidence of uneatability, having learned the consolation from a relative who once had a fancy for grapes.



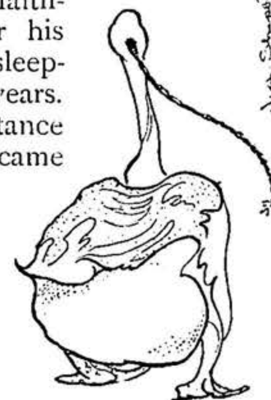
As for the wolf, the cause of man's hatred for him lies in the fact that a wolf nursed Romulus and Remus. If this malevolent creature had left them as they were, they would have been drowned in the Tiber. Thus Romulus would never have built Rome, and there would have been no Cæsar, no Dr. Smith's Smaller Roman History, no Principia Latina, and untold misery would have been spared many generations of long-suffering schoolboys. No wonder that the wolf is held in horror and detestation by all nations, and is exterminated mercilessly wherever found. Years of bitter tears, bitter Cæsar, bitter Accidence, bitter Smith's Smaller, and bitterest swish have left their scar upon the human soul, and roused up an hereditary and traditional hatred of the beast, but for whose malignant interference All Gaul would never have been divided in Three Parts; a hatred only second in its wild intensity to that of the snake who beguiled Eve. Consequently the wolf for ever wears his tail between his legs, as does every member of the canine kind unbeloved by man, which, by-the-bye, is a noticeable thing in itself, but obvious to everybody who shall compare those in this row.



The most wonderful dog story on record, by the way, is that of Katmîr, the dog who was shut up with the Seven Sleepers. This faithful creature kept ceaseless watch over his masters without eating, drinking, or sleeping, for the trying period of 309 years. It is the most wonderful instance of a dog's fidelity I ever came across, and an excellent specimen of the dog story in several respects.

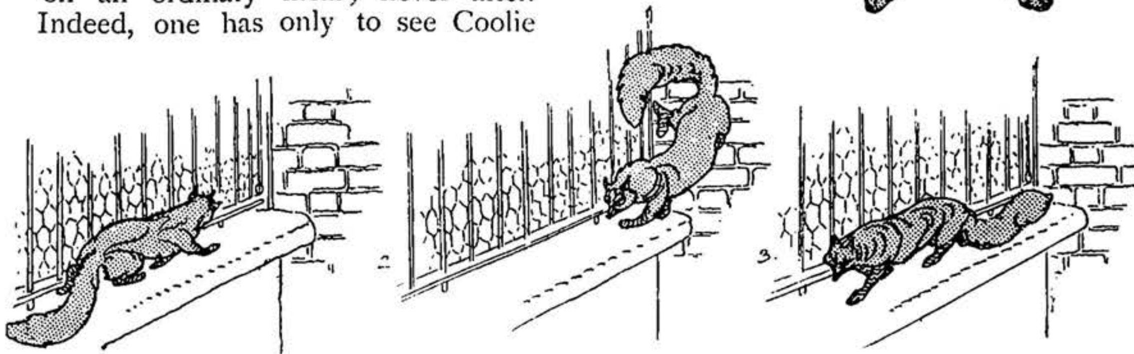


A STUDY IN TAILS.

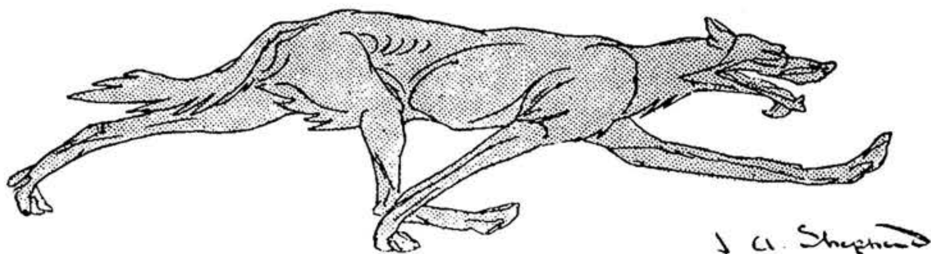


Speaking of facts, it is not generally

known that some day a great wolf is to arise in the North (according to Scandinavian prophecy) and swallow the sun and moon. One is usually a little inclined to distrust this statement until he has seen a wolf at work on an ordinary meal; never after. Indeed, one has only to see Coolie



louping swiftly to and fro, and Tom bouncing against his back door when feeding-time approaches, to feel that it wouldn't be altogether safe to leave the moon loose hereabout with nobody to take care of it.



SOUP.

GOOD soup is such a decided addition to the dinner table that it is surprising that it is not more commonly used by housekeepers, particularly those obliged to practice economy. Nearly every country in the old world has its national soup, not of course to the exclusion of all others, but especially its own. Good soup should appear on the dinner table every day in the year, and would be found the healthiest diet for young and old. It is a common idea with many housekeepers that they cannot make soup unless they purchase fresh meat for the purpose every day, but this is a mistake. In France the leading and uppermost thought in every good housekeeper's mind is economy (and yet, among the poorer class our American soup bone is unknown), and meat is never purchased expressly for the soup, but when vegetables are boiled the water from which they are taken is never thrown away, it being considered the essence and substance of the article boiled. The soup kettle is kept as the suitable receptacle for the various things that seem to be proper only for that use. Every little bit of bone and gristle that is trimmed from the meat to be fried, baked, or boiled, every leaf of celery, core of cabbage, the wing tip, feet and head of fowls, the crumbs that fall from the loaf of bread when sliced, and every eatable thing not otherwise available, is thrown into the soup kettle, or, as the French term it, *pot au feu*, and soup thus made is by no means weak or insipid, as some inexperienced cooks might fancy, or does it have any unpleasant flavor. On the contrary, it is rich and delicious.

In making soup, always use soft water and carefully proportion the quantity of it to that of the meat. Something less than a quart of water to a pound of meat is a good rule. Soups which are to make the chief part of the dinner should be richer than those which simply come before heavier courses of meats and delicacies.

The best ingredients for soup is, lean, raw meat—beef or mutton—to which may be added veal and ham bones, as well as chicken and turkey bones. In making soup of fresh meat, cut up the pieces and throw into the required quantity of cold water and let stand until the juices of the meats are extracted, and begin to color the water, then put on to boil.

The best herbs with which to flavor soups are, sage, thyme, sweet marjoram, tarragon, mint, parsley, bay leaves, and chives; the most suitable vegetables, celery, onions, leeks, carrots, rice, and sage; also vermicilli and macaroni, while the proper spices are, clover, mace, aromatic seeds, and pepper. Catsup, tomato, walnut, and mushroom, with sauces, are frequently used. By properly commingling these seasonings, it is surprising from what a scant allowance of meat a delicious soup may be made.

For coloring soup use brown flour, onions fried brown, browned butter, or meat with cloves in it. Poached eggs are an excellent addition to some kinds of soups.

As making soup is a tedious process, it is an excellent and economical plan to keep soup stock always prepared; this is particularly convenient to housekeepers living remote from a meat market. The whole character of the commonest foundation for soup may be changed with very little trouble or time.

To prepare stock for soup: Buy a nice bone of beef with marrow left in it, and it can be used as a basis of stock for twelve or fourteen days. It is best to soak the meat over night in cold water. In the morning, break the bones and put in a kettle of cold water; boil very slowly, and skim occasionally. It should be kept covered tightly, and after boiling several hours taken from the fire and the meat removed. Set the liquor where it will cool, then skim all the fat from the top, and strain, return to the fire and boil very slow, when it may be poured out to cool. It can now be seasoned, if desired. It will be firm and can be cut like jelly. A slice added to boiling water which may be seasoned with vegetables, or in any way desired, will make a delicious soup.

BOUILLON.—Chop raw, lean beef very fine, and to every pound put a quart of cold water, and put it in a closely covered vessel, when it should be set where it will barely heat in an hour's time. Increase the heat slowly after the first hour until it begins to boil gently. Keep it at this point six hours stirring, now and then gently with a wooden spoon. Turn it into an earthen pan. Salt to taste, cover and let cool, then remove the meat from the liquor, squeezing hard to extract the juice; skim the fat from the liquor when perfectly cold. Throw in the shell and white of a raw egg, put over the fire in a tin saucepan, and bring quickly to the boiling point at which it should be kept eight or ten minutes; then lay a clean cloth in a fine sieve, pour the bouillon into it and let it filter through very slowly into a bowl or pan; do not squeeze. When strained the liquor should be a pure amber color. If desired a richer color can be given the bouillon by burning a little sugar and stirring in. Bouillon should be served very hot, and should never be sipped with a spoon, but drank at once from the cup or small bowl in which it is served.

CONSOMME SOUP.—Take one chicken, three pounds of beef, one onion, one turnip, two carrots, half a cup of sago, soaked in cold water. Cut the beef in pieces, and joint the chicken; put with the vegetables on the fire, boil six hours, season with salt and pepper.

PLAIN BEEF SOUP.—Crack the bone of a shin of beef, and put on in cold water; let boil two hours and skim. Add four turnips, four onions, two carrots and one root of celery. When done, add minced parsley with salt and pepper.

OX TAIL SOUP.—Take two tails and put in a kettle with one gallon of cold water, and a little salt; skim when the meat is well cooked, take out the bones and add a little onion, carrot and tomato. Boil until done.

PUREE OF FOWL (*A la Reine*).—Roast two large-sized fowls. Clear all the meat from the bones; chop and pound it thoroughly with half a pound of boiled rice, dilute it with three pints of soup stock, and run it through a seive. Take the purée up in a soup kettle and set to cool, then warm. Mix in a pint of boiling cream, and serve hot.

GUMBO SOUP.—Two small chickens fried, half a gallon okra cut up, three onions, one bunch of parsley, one quart of tomatoes, a teacupful of walnut catsup, put in two gallons of water and boil. Season to taste.

VEGETABLE SOUP.—Four onions, three turnips, four carrots, one small head of cabbage, one pint of butter beans, and a bunch of sweet herbs. Boil until done; add a quart of soup stock, take two tablespoonfuls of butter and one of flour, beat to a cream; pepper and salt to taste; add a spoonful of sugar. Serve with fried bread chips.

SWISS SOUP.—To two gallons of water add six potatoes, three turnips; boil five hours, add a tablespoonful of butter; season with salt and pepper.

PILAU—The Turkish Soup.—Put three slices of raw ham in a soup kettle, also a knuckle of veal, a large, fat chicken, and such vegetables as desired. Boil slowly; when the meats are all done take them up and trim carefully from the bones. Put in a kettle with a little rice, and the liquor in which they were boiled; season with pepper. Boil, and add two ounces of raisins, dried currants and dried cherries. Boil twenty minutes, and serve hot.

JULIENNE SOUP.—Scrape two carrots and two turnips, and cut in pieces an inch long; put them in a saucepan with two ounces of butter, a teacupful of chopped cabbage, half an onion fried in butter; salt and pepper to taste. Boil two hours.

—Eliza R. Parker.

FEBRUARY.

1	W	*Partridge and Pheasant shooting ends.*
2	Th	*Candlemas Day: Scotch Quarter Day.*
3	F	Marquis of Salisbury born, 1830.
4	S	George Herbert, poet, died, 1633.
5	S	**Sexagesima Sunday.**
6	M	Henry Irving, actor, born, 1838.
7	Tu	Charles Dickens born, 1812.
8	W	Sun rises, 7h. 31m.; sets, 4h. 59m.
9	Th	Sir Evelyn Wood born, 1838.
10	F	Queen Victoria married, 1840.
11	S	Vice-Chanc. Sir James Bacon b., 1798.
12	S	**Quinquagesima—Shrove Sunday**
13	M	Lord Randolph Churchill born, 1849.
14	Tu	*Shrove Tuesday—Valentine's Day.*
15	W	*Ash Wednesday.*
16	Th	Sun rises, 7h. 16m.; sets, 5h. 14m.
17	F	Duchess of Albany born, 1861.
18	S	Martin Luther died, 1546.
19	S	**Quadragesima—1st Sun. in Lent.**
20	M	Princess Louise of Wales born, 1867.
21	Tu	Cardinal Newman born, 1801.
22	W	Sun rises, 7h. 4m.; sets, 5h. 25m.
23	Th	Cato Street conspirators arrested, 1820.
24	F	*St. Matthias.*
25	S	Sir Christopher Wren died, 1723.
26	S	**2nd Sunday in Lent.**
27	M	Corn Laws abolished, 1849.
28	Tu	Tichborne Trial ended, 1874.
29	W	Sun rises, 6h. 49m.; sets, 5h. 37m.

THE MOON'S CHANGES.

Last Quarter, 4th, 7h. 26m. aft.
New Moon, 11th, 11h. 53m. aft.
First Quarter, 20th, 1h. 59m. morn.
Full Moon, 27th, 11h. 58m. morn.

FIXED AND MOVABLE FEASTS, ANNIVERSARIES, &c.

Epiphany .. .. Jan. 6.
Septuagesima Sunday.. .. .. ,, 29.
Quinquagesima.—Shrove Sunday.. Feb. 12.
Ash Wednesday .. .. .. ,, 15.
Quadragesima Sunday. — First Sunday in Lent .. .. .. Feb. 19.

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