HOME.

WAYS OF USING PEACHES.

The peach is the most delicious as well as the most generally available of the larger fruits, and while to a perfect peach the addition of sugar, cream or other ingredients is like gilding refined gold, yet in its early days it is apt to be tart and is often improved by cooking. The best fruit in the basket should be reserved for eating, while green and imperfect ones are to be put aside for immediate use in made dishes or for pickling, marmalade, etc. When cooking peaches in any way it will improve the flavor if the stones are cooked, the kernels removed, cut into strips and added to the peaches in about the proportion of one kernel to a dozen or more of peaches.

Peach Sponge.—Pick over and wash a cupful of rice, then cook in one pint of milk in a double boiler until tender and the liquid is absorbed. Add a half a teaspoonful of salt, one cupful of powdered sugar and the juice of half a lemon. Into this fold the whites of eight stiffly-whipped eggs. Pour into a buttered fancy bordered mould, stand in a pan of hot water, cover and bake in a moderate oven for half an hour. Let stand until cooled, then carefully turn out on a serving dish. Have ready pared and halved or quartered peaches, if hard they may be carefully cooked in a little sugar and water. Heap a part of them in the centre of the mould, place a ring of the most perfect ones round the outside of the base. Over the centre heap a little stiffly whipped cream.

Peach Bavaroise. — Pare mellow peaches and rub enough of them through a sieve to have one pint of pulp. Add to it fifteen drops of almond extract, a scant teaspoonful of vanilla and one cupful and a half of sifted powdered sugar. Soak three-quarters of a package of granulated gelatine in three-quarters of a cupful of cold water and stand over hot water to dissolve. Strain this into the prepared pulp and let stand until the mixture begins to thicken. In the meantime, whip one pint of very heavy sweet cream to a solid froth. When the peach preparation is like butter whip thoroughly for a moment then mix in lightly the whipped cream and continue to turn through very lightly and carefully until quite thick. Turn into a wetted mould and stand on ice until thoroughly chilled; or turn into a tightly-covered mould and pack in ice and salt for several hours until frozen.

Peach Souffle.—From some very ripe peaches (possibly the good portions of bruised fruit) take sufficient to make, when rubbed through a sieve, one cupful of pulp. Add sufficient sugar to make quite sweet, and cook slowly until as thick as marmalade. Put aside until cold. Whip the whites of four eggs to a soft froth; add one-quarter of a teaspoonful of cream of tartar and beat until stiff and dry; then lightly cut into the mixture. Pour carefully into a slightly buttered baking dish, stand in a pan of hot water and bake from fifteen to 25 minutes in a moderate oven, according to the thickness of the souffle. Serve immediately with or without cream.

Surprise Peaches.—Soak a half package of granulated gelatine in a half-cupful of cold water. Turn into a cupful of scalding hot cream and stir until dissolved. Strain and when partly cooled add sufficient saffron or yellow coloring to tint prettily and a teaspoonful of orange extract. When cold and beginning to thicken add one pint of heavy cream which has been whipped to a stiff froth and fold lightly together. Have ready a mould lined with thin strips of angel cake or split lady fingers (having first lined the bottom with a fitted piece of paraffin paper to prevent adhering). Fill the mould with alternate layers of the mixture and mellow peaches which have been diced and sprinkled with powdered sugar and sherry; the first and last layers should be of the cream. Put on the tightly-fitting cover, bind the edges with a narrow strip of thin muslin dipped in melted lard and bury in a pail of ice and salt for several hours.

Peach Fritters.—Beat together the yolks of two eggs and a half cupful of cold water. Add one cupful of sifted flour mixed with a pinch of salt and olive oil and beat well again. Then stir in lightly the whites whipped to a stiff froth and set aside in a cool place for several hours. Have ready a kettle partly filled with smoking hot fat. Dip pared and halved pieces of peaches into the batter. Hold on the fork for a moment that any extra amount may drain off, then drop into the hot fat and cook golden brown. Skim out and drain for a moment on unglazed paper, then roll in powdered sugar and send at once to the table.

Peach Popovers.—Break three eggs in a bowl and beat very lightly with a fork—just enough to mix—then add one pint of milk. Mix together one pint of sifted flour and a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt. In this stir enough of the liquid to make a thick batter and beat until smooth, no longer. Gradually blend with this the remainder of liquid, then strain into deep buttered popover pans, filling them two-thirds full. Put into a moderate oven and let them rise slowly. When the oven is quite hot, and they rise rapidly there is a great danger of their falling. To be at their best, they should take fully 45 minutes to rise and bake a golden brown. In the meantime, make a hard sauce and beat into it as much peach pulp as it will take without curdling, adding a drop of almond extract. When the popovers are done, turn out, break each open, add a spoonful of sweetened peach pulp and a little of the sauce, then serve with the remainder of the sauce piled on a small dish.

An Easy Peach Dessert.—Pare hard imperfect peaches and cut in quarters. Place in a large kettle with a little water and sufficient sugar to sweeten, and stew slowly until soft. Have ready thick batter made with one pint of flour, one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder, a teaspoonful of sugar, a pinch of salt and one scant cupful of milk. Drop this by spoonfuls over the top of the boiling fruit and cover closely. Keep where the boiling will be slow but steady for from ten to fifteen minutes without uncovering. Then dish, the fruit in the centre and dumplings around the edge of the dish.

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

Before papering a whitewashed wall wash it over with vinegar or you will find that the paper will not adhere properly.

The juice of a raw onion is the antidote to the sting of a bee or wasp. When stung remove the sting if it be left behind, and then lay a slice of raw onion on the place. The smarting will cease at once.

Wood worms in furniture are very difficult to destroy entirely, but by constantly rubbing on turpentine the pest can be kept quiet. Also use turpentine and beeswax instead of any other furniture polish.

Black and white silk may be washed in rainwater to which a good handful of salt is added. Do not rub the silk with soap, but lather it in a warm lather, then rinse and fold in clothes to dry. Iron while still damp.

Soap Suds. If these be thrown on a garden or used for watering window-boxes they will be very beneficial to the plants; sometimes they are used for cleaning window panes. This is a mistake, for after the sun has shone on the glass it will get cloudy; a newspaper dipped in petroleum will clean windows better, after which they should be polished with a chamois leather.

Flies are not merely annoying, but they are often positively dangerous, and therefore, should be relentlessly exterminated from health considerations. There is no doubt that flies, alighting on any kind of matter often convey infection. In India it has been proved that cholera germs are often carried in this way, and, of course, small-pox and many kinds of fever may be carried in the same manner.

SOME HINTS ON IRONING.

Be careful in ironing lace, ribbons, or any long, narrow strips, not to stretch them crooked, but to do them slowly, straight and evenly, the point of the iron pressing out every stitch separately.

Always iron lace and needlework on the wrong side. Collars should be done first lengthways, then crossways. Take care not to stretch one half larger than the other.

Sheets and tablecloths should be ironed double with a large iron, pressing on them hard and heavily.

All colored things must be done with the iron rather cooler than for white clothes, as too great heat will injure the color. Iron them always on the wrong side, whenever the manner in which they are made will allow it.

When about to iron a dress, begin at the bodice, next iron the sleeves, and lastly the skirt, commencing at the upper part.

ROYAL MISCHIEF.

An Incident in the Life of the Present Prince of Wales.

Prnice Edward of Wales, son of the Prince of Wales and prospective heir to the throne, is just beginning his education as a cadet at the Royal Naval College on the Isle of Wight. Prince Edward, a little more than thirteen, is entered as an ordinary cadet, and shares all comforts and discomforts with the rest of the lads. If he resembles his father at that age, he is capable of getting a good deal of boyish fun out of life. In a book on the "Private Life of King Edward VII" some of the escapades of the present Prince of Wales are given.

Prince George and his elder brother were "rare young rogues," as an old midshipmidy remarked. They received their training on the school-ship Britannia, and afterwards went on a cruise in the Bacchante. They had to rough it with the rest, and were treated without distinction.

When the Bacchante touched at Bermuda, on the famous cruise, the authorities of the island were anxious to present a box of Bermuda lilies to Prince Eddy, and anxiously inquired his identity. Prince George, ever ripe for mischief, gave his brother an answer that the embarrassing bouquet was presented to several midshipmen before it reached the proper hands.

When the party went on shore to lunch, the two princes got together in the bow of the boat and occupied themselves very mysteriously. When they landed, the assembled natives were astonished to see the future king and his brother both dressed in the most brilliant yellow. The two had used the pollen of the lilies to adorn themselves with.

It was probably their enjoyment of this joke which led the two not to contradict the statement which was soon after published to the world, that the heir to the throne had an anchor tattooed on his nose. The Prince of Wales was made exceedingly anxious by the report, and for a long time the story was believed.

ELECTRICITY IN JAPAN.

While all the progressive nations of the Occidental world have been vying with one another in the utilization of waterfalls for the production of electric power, Japan, a country where waterfalls abound, has almost entirely neglected this source of mechanical energy. But inevitably, in view of the extraordinary development which Japan has recently undergone, such a state of affairs could not endure. A beginning has now been made, and the work will doubtless be pursued with characteristic Japanese energy and intelligence. Several Japanese companies have recently been organized for the establishment of hydroelectric stations. The most important of them, with a capital of $10,000,000, proposes to furnish 40,000 horse-power of electric energy for distribution in Kioto and the surrounding region. The Hanshin railroad is soon to be supplied with electric trains, and another company proposes to furnish electric power to Nagoya.

"Of course," she said, "the earrings are quite pretty, but—er—the stones are very small." "But, my dear," replied Mr. Slye, "if they were any larger they'd be all out of proportion to the size of your ears!"

FRANCE'S ALPINE ARMY

DRILL OF MEN AND GUNS IN THE MOUNTAINS.

Organized Battalions Guard the Frontier—Supplies Carried on Muleback.

The most picturesque group in the French army is the Alpine chasseurs who guard a section of the eastern frontier. Their service adds to the ordinary hardships and perils of the soldier's life the hazards of mountaineering.

There are several thousand of them, recruited in the valleys at the foot of Mont Blanc and all along the Swiss border. They are organized in groups of six companies of 150 men each. There are infantry battalions and batteries of artillery. Thousands of mules are used to transport the guns, ammunition and camp material.

The Alpine soldiers wear a special uniform. For the artillerists the distinction is in a short tight-fitting jacket; for the infantry in a peajacket with turned back collar and cuffs.

All wear cloth caps closely resembling the Scotch Glengarry bonnet, hobnailed shoes and leggings. The artillerists are picked men of powerful frame; the infantry soldiers are short, thickset fellows of great endurance and hardihood.

The ordinary French private carries a weight exceeding fifty-six pounds when on the line of march. To this the Alpine chasseur, though he hardly ever treads a mile of level ground, adds an extra blanket and a tent cloth, weighing together

NEARLY FIVE POUNDS.

Carrying this weight he climbs mountains at the rate of about 1,000 feet an hour. He goes downhill at double that rate. An ordinary day's march will lead a company or a group over a pass 6,000 feet above the starting point to a final halt 7,500 feet down on the other side.

There is no place that the infantry go that the artillery do not follow. The guns are packed on mule back; so are the carriages.

Sometimes conditions are encountered when even the mules are unfitted for the task imposed on them. Then the men unload their packs, the guns are put on the carriages and the carriages on wheels. Ropes are attached and the men do what the mules could not.

During the summer months the Alpine troops are constantly in motion. Some are doing scout duty, studying the country for lines along which an invasion might be made and for strong defensive points. Others are engaged in mimic warfare.

There is no elevation that they do not attempt. A company of the Twenty-second Chasseurs of Albertville made a march on Mont Blanc last year.

Almost every important expedition is attended with a mishap of some kind.

On December 22, 1903, eleven men under a sergeant were

CAUGHT IN AN AVALANCHE.

They were in three groups united by a rope. The two rear groups were caught by the mass of snow and dragged the others after them. A second fall completely buried them, but five men dug their way out. This was on the Col d'Arrondez.

December 18, 1901, an entire company of the Thirteenth Battalion was crossing the glacier of Baounet in the valley of Averole under guidance of a mountaineer. As they came upon a tract of recent snow the whole slope gave way under them and they seemed on the point of being hurled over a precipice, when a hidden rock ridge stopped the moving mass, and men and snow and stones and ice were heaped up in promiscuous confusion. Only one man was killed.

All through the season of field exercises the men sleep indifferently in the open or in the villages of the herdsmen in the upper valleys. Rolled in their blankets they do not feel the cold too much. The tent cloths are stretched over light iron frames to keep out the damp of the Alpine night. Once a week the companies spend a day in some village to rest, wash and repair their clothes and

FURBISH UP THEIR WEAPONS.

Sham battles are carried on in all the passes of the mountains which might tempt an invading force. Large groups are brought together under general officers, and attacking and defending forces are organized.

During the winter detachments of the Alpine troops remain on guard in the fastnesses of the mountains despite the rigors of the climate. There are outposts at elevations ranging from 6,500 to 8,000 feet. The post at Sollieres is about 7,800; that of Acles 7,500, and there is a battery at Vyries at about 8,000 feet elevation.

Each post is generally under a lieutenant, and all the vigilance of frontier military duty is exercised. The cold is intense; the thermomenter often records 25 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit, and the little garrison is often cut off for days from communication with the outside world.

When the weather conditions permit frequent supply trains visit the posts, and a daily courier with letters and newspapers meets an orderly sent down the mountain. When the weather is somewhat worse, dogs are employed to carry despatches, which are strapped to their backs in portfolios.

If some people only spoke their minds they wouldn't have so much to say.

Uncle Joe—"Yes, Tommy, it is quite possible that there are people in the moon." Tommy—"Well, what becomes of them when there isn't any moon?"

"I believe," said the cheery philosopher, "that for every single thing you give away two come back to you." "That's my experience," said Phamley. "Last June I gave away my daughter, and she and her husband came back to us in August."

LEARNED AFRICAN CHIEF

MUTAHANGARUA IS AN AUTHOR AND PUBLISHER.

A Student for Many Years, Now One of the Greatest Native Scholars In Africa.

The richest and most intelligent native chief in the western part of German East Africa is becoming well known in Germany because of his excellent qualities and his great helpfulness, as the friend and ally, as well as subject, of the ruling white power. Every public act and many of the private enterprises of the Sultan Mutahangarua are deemed worthy of record in the German newspapers, because he has much power and uses it wisely for the good of his people and the Germans, as well as for the advancement of his own interests.

Mutahangaraua is lord over a beautiful and healthful region to the west of Victoria Nyanza in the Bukoba province of the colony. His country is the Kisiba district, a land of plain and mountain from 4,000 to 8,000 feet above the sea. More than 50,000 people own him as their native ruler.

The Germans give him entire charge of the collection om the hut tax on the 50,000 habitations of his subjects and pay him a commission for the work. This is one of the few districts in the colony where the white rulers have no difficulty in collecting the full tax imposed upon the natives.

When Mutahangarua first heard of the arts of reading and writing he became very eager to acquire them and gave

A HEARTY WELCOME

to the teachers who came into his country He has been a student for nearly twenty years, and is now one of the most proficient native scholars in tropical Africa.

The following facts from the Deutsch-Ostafrikanische Zeitung of Dar es Salaam, the capital of the colony, are the latest that have been published about this remarkable man.

He knew long ago that some of the learned men of Europe were especially desirous to collect information about the customs and arts of the less advanced races, to study their history and to record their folklore and traditions. This was an opportunity which the Sultan gladly embraced.

He wrote a history of his people as far as tradition and the memory of living men could hand it down. He made a large collection of the tales, fables, proverbs, songs, and myths that are current in his country.

HE DESCRIBED HIS LAND

with its diversity of resources, the advent of the new civilization and its effect upon his subjects. He wrote from fulness of knowledge and with the advantage which his [illegible] and exceptional intelligence gave him.

Of course his writings are not scientific works, but they have their special value as giving the native point of view and as a large collection of facts recorded by a man who desires to tell the truth and is well qualified to get at the real gist of things. If a large proportion of Arab blood mingled with the Bantu blood in Mutahangarua's veins he would have been more diffuse and indulged in many speculations. But his style is concise and his statements are not long spun out. He has collected the raw material for the anthropologist, who will doubtless give full credit to the native historian and chronicler.

A man of means, he is able to be his own publisher. His writings are now being issued from his own printing press.

Many of his subjects can read and write, and bright students are not lacking among them. He saw to it that the art of printing was represented among the industries taught to his subjects.

He imported a printing press, and trained natives are now putting his pages into type and turning out the printed sheets. The Sultan is the first native author near the shores of the greatest of African lakes.

A while ago Mutahangarua decided that his residence did not befit his position in the world, and he is now erecting a new palace, which is to be

A WONDERFUL BUILDING

for Central Africa. It is three storeys and is to have a number of towers, plenty of windows and European furniture.

When ground was broken the Sultan appropriated $10,000 for the bare building. Perhaps he will find, as other builders do, that first estimates must be supplemented by later appropriations.

The Sultan was the first native to introduce coffee culture on the mountain slopes of Central Africa, and his plantations are larger than those of any of the German planting companies, though most of his trees have not yet come into bearing. He employs hundreds of workmen to care for his trees, about 1,000,000 in number, that spread along the mountain sides for many miles.

His first planting of 80,000 trees, is now yielding well, and British steamers calling at the port of Bukoba take the output to the Uganda railroad, which carries it to Mombasa for shipment to Europe, where it brings a good price.

It was thirty-seven years after Stanley tramped through this region before a single trace of white influence reached it. No one would have dreamed that such a story as this could be written today of the enlightened ruler of a land that but yesterday was steeped in barbarism.

BROTHERLY.

Any small boy knows more about his big sister in a minute than any man can find out during a year's courtship.

Merchant—"Yes; we are in need of a porter. Where were you employed last?" Applicant—"In a bank, sir." Merchant—"Did you clean it out?" Applicant—"No sir. The cashier did that."

Mrs. Talkmore—"Your husband is a great lover of music, isn't he?" Mrs. Chatters—"Yes, indeed. I have seen him get up in the middle of the night and try to compose." Mrs. T.—"What?" Mrs. C.—"The baby."

SECRETS OF MANLY BEAUTY.

Men in the Aggregate Declared Handsomer Than Women.

Why are men better looking than women? demands a courageous writer in the Gentlewoman. It is a problem which must perplex and pique modern women, for, taking them in the aggregate, men nowadays leave women behind in personal beauty.

Various reasons contribue to this. Man has many points of advantage.

Has he a weak and retreating chin, indicative of imbecility and entire lack of character? There is nothing easier than to cover it with a neat Vandyke beard, and at once he assumes quite a virile and attractive aspect.

Is his mouth weak or cruel? A well trained moustache is an invaluable asset in this case.

Does he wish to create an impression of piety and moral rectitude? He may be the biggest villain alive, but if he cultivates a long flowing beard of patriarchal aspect he is at once invited to become a churchwarden, the rector refers to him affectionately as "our beloved brother," local papers allude to him as "our esteemed townsman," the widow and the orphan fly to him for sympathy and consolation, little children prattle artlessly to him and put their little hands in his, while the British public point to him with pride as a representative citizen—a man sans peur et sans reproche.

Yet it is within the range of possibility that if he were divested of his beard he would be hustled out of the country in less time that it takes to say Jack Robinson.

Then, again, what possibilities for a poetic appearance lie in a man's hair. Take away the flowing locks of a number of distinguished musicians and what would happen? Assuredly what is alliteratively described as a convict clip would result in much fewer feminine ecstasies, a sudden slump in requests for autographs and photographs and a considerable diminution in the number of broken hearts.

And the irony of it is that men's looks do not matter very much, and in this fact also lies a reason of their superior position. The first gray hair does not plunge them into a dark night of despair, while the initial wrinkle is passed by unnoticed. They do not worry over their looks, and so their looks give them no cause to worry.

ALL DAY BEFORE HER.

How Public Vehicles are Utilized in Old Ireland.

In on other town than Dublin is the traveller so impressed by the fact that the public vehicles are really servants of the public. A writer in Macmillan's Magazine declares that in Dublin are a people who refuse to be dictated to. No white posts, registered stopping-places, are considered. Passengers get in where they will and out where they will.

Occasionally, of course, conductors, being, after all, only mortal, deem it necessary to hurry the leisurely pedestrian, who clambers slowly and majestically into the car, but his urging is always resented.

One evening an old dame's feelings proved too much for her. She hailed the car too late; we had passed, and by the time we pulled up she was several yards down the road.

She was becomingly arrayed, I remember, in a spotlessly white mob-cap and a blue check apron, that covered her ample petticoat to the very hem. She had a big basket on her arm, and came trundling after the car in a very aggrieved fashion.

Perhaps the conductor was in a hurry; perhaps he thought her pace unnecessarily slow; at any rate, he clanged the bell vociferously.

Jerking her basket on the foot-board and catching the brass rail in one hand, she stood on the road and treated him to a flood of eloquence, while he tried vainly to make her either enter the car or release her hold. The driver was growing impatient, and the other occupants were so openly amused that the conductor lost his temper.

"Will ye get on or will ye not?" he thundered.

"Get on? What else would I be doin', if ye'd only give me time."

Then she did condescend to get on, and finally seated herself with a genial smile that embraced the entire company.

"My," she remarked, "what a hurry we're in! Sure, we have the day before us,"—it was six in the evening,—"and that young man rampagin' and clatterin' as if Ould Nick was after him."

SAVING LIVES OF NATIVES.

Professor Koch's Success in Treating Sleeping Sickness.

An account of some of the recent experiences of Professor Koch in Central Africa, where his prolonged enquiry into the causes of and cure for "sleeping sickness" is nearing an end, has reached a medical friend of the professor in Berlin, Germany.

About eighteen months have elapsed since Koch left Germany on his present mission. The letter received is dated from Sese, near Emlebbe, Uganda, July 6, and relates how native messengers from the Sultanate of Kisiba, situated some two hundred miles southward, in German territory, had been imploring the "Great White Wizard" to come and cure their dying relatives.

The professor, accompanied by Drs. Kubicke and Feldman, traveled in native boats to Bukaba, and thence went by caravan, inland to the great village of Kigarahana, consisting of about 1,000 huts.

The German physicians were joyfully received by the natives, and huts were erected for the party, an extraordinary large one, as big as the Sultan's house, being built for the microscopic work of Professor Koch and his assistants, who had impressed on the natives that it was necessary that suitable quarters be assigned to them for their work.

Within a few days 200 sufferers were brought to the hospital enclosure and injected with atoxyl, according to Koch's method, and the usual excellent results followed. In all, the professor and his assistants treated about 400 natives.

FROM TRAMP TO BARGEE

SOME ECCENTRICITIES OF HOLIDAY-MAKERS.

A Wealthy Man Invariably Spends a Month Every Summer on the Old Farm.

The eccentricitils of the holiday-maker are as varied as it is possible to conceive, and it would be at least as easy to discover an untried method of proposing or spending a honeymoon as to invent a novelty in holidays, says London Tit-Bits.

The pastor of a church in Washington seems, however, to have succeeded in this difficult tastk; for he has just petitioned the authorities to allow him to act as chief of police for the city during his monthly vacation. "If the privilege of acting as police-chief is granted me," he says, "I shall appoint my own deputies and shall demonstrate to the mayor that I can make Washington a model city."

But America is pre-eminently the country of the novel and the unconventional. One of the wealthiest men in the States invariably spends a month every summer working on the very farm on which he toiled forty years ago as a lad for a few cents a day. "And," he confesses, "I get more real value out of that month than out of all the other eleven." Another Wall Street magnate found health and enjoyment last year by acting as steward on a Mississippi steamer; while a third Crœsus spent an occasional happy week in serving customers in a country store where he earned his first dollar as

A BOY IN THE SEVENTIES.

But for combining variety with profit, the students of Yale, Harvard, and other American Universities cannot be beaten. Some keep themselves during the vacations and earn their college fees by punching tickets as tram-conductors; others hire themselves out as waiters at seaside hotels, or as oilers, stokers, and cleaners on Transatlantic liners. There are scores of undergraduates who, during the summer months, act as cabmen, tramway-drivers, ushers or supers in theatres, book-canvassers, carelakers, or reporters. Others run summer hotels and boarding-houses, work on farms, collect bills, run country grocery stores, sell newspapers and cigars—in fact, it would be difficult to name any calling, from peddling milk to driving an ice-wagon, which these enterprising students overlook in their efforts to turn their holidays into dollars.

But America has not by any means a monopoly of unconventional holiday-making. Not long ago we read of an eminent professor of an English University, who was supposed to spend his summer holiday in Egypt or Assyria rummaging for antiquities. Not a bit of it. As a matter of fact, he was recognized last summer by a pupil on a canal barge, where he was filling the role of bargee to perfection. "You must understand," he explained to his discoverer, "that I—er—do this—in order to—er—study human types and different modes of life."

No similar excuse, however, is made by one of our leading lawyers, who frankly admits that he never enjoys himself more than when "on the tramp," hobnobbing with his fellow

"KNIGHTS OF THE ROAD,"

sleeping under friendly hedges and haystacks, and eating his bread and cheese at village inns. A well-known clergyman confessed only the other day that his ideal holiday was in the hayfield. "For years," he wrote, "I have spent a delightful and most healthy holiday helping an old farmer friend in his haymaking. He gives me excellent board and lodging; but, so far I have successfully resisted the temptation to take the proffered wages, which he is good enough to say I earn as well as my professional fellows."

A London solicitor, who served his apprenticeship to the sea, often "signs on" as an extra hand on a cargo-boat, the skipper of which is an old friend. He is rated as an ordinary seaman, and his wages are entered on the official sheet at 1s. a month—a remuneration which we may be sure he earns; for though he has a seat at the captain's table and a cabin to himself, he does his duty as if his living depended on it. There are, by the way, many professional men who get a cheap and enjoyable holiday by shipping on colliers bound for Algiers, Palermo, Stockholm, or elsewhere, masquerading as "stewards" or "cook's assistants."

A well-known London man tones up his nerves by a fortnight spent in a northern light-house; another known to the writer has had many a delightful, if unexciting, holiday, with a friend of kindred tastes, as tenant of a Martello tower on the south coast; while a prosperous engineer goes every summer to some manufacturing town where he secures employment

AT BOILER OR GIRDER MAKING.

Lady Arthur Grosvenor, as we have learnt from the papers, considers it an ideal holiday to tour the country in a caravan, selling baskets in remote villages and generally leading the free, careless life of the gypsy; hop-picking-parties are the latest craze of fashionable circles, the work of hopping being varied by excursions on foot and wheel through the breezy Kentish uplands; and not long ago a large landowner stated that his game-preserving in summer was done by city clerks, who keep an eye on his partridges and pheasants in return for lodging and plenty to eat and drink, with unlimited rabbit shooting thrown in.

A leading church paper some time ago gave several remarkable examples of clerical holiday-making. Thus, one clergyman worked for a fortnight as a laborer in order that he might give his family a trip to the sea; another hired himself as lecturer to a travelling side show; while a third spent an agreeable holiday as a strolling player.

Gentleman (indignantly) — "When I bought this dog you said he was splendid for rats." Dog Dealer—"Well, isn't he splendid for the rats?"