

or another, either at private parties, or else at one of the messes. Very few grounds are turfed. You play on the gravel, which is watered and rolled, and the sun having baked it, it is something like playing on a brick flooring. People play in a blasé sort of way, as if it was even too much of an exertion holding their mallets; however, it is a capital vehicle for closing a little quiet flirtation, as also an excuse for a stroll afterwards into the refreshment tent, and having sundry pegs. Some people will persist in bringing their children. There is quite a background of ayahs and bearers carrying babies, while every now and then a precocious infant of more advanced age dashes in and carries off a ball that perhaps has just been put into position. As it is too hot to play much before six, and it gets dark an hour after, games have to be finished by the light of lanterns, which native servants carry about. Poor things! they have no easy time of it, called hither and thither. Many a stinging blow do they get on their face and ankles from hard hit balls. I should think that they were glad that the days of tight croqueting had passed away. Meanwhile, the ladies who are too elderly or too lazy to play, sit apart and indulge in a little quiet scandal, or not always the most good-natured description. Mrs. Col. Chutney is so shocked to hear Mrs. Tulwar does not live happily with her husband; she's such a nice little body, but he drinks, and all that, you know. Mrs. Curry knows that Mrs. Godown is going to give a dance. She thought so yesterday, for when she was calling on her, she saw two or three daines (native tailors) in the verandah making up ball dresses. The materials must have been bought, no doubt cheap, from a hawker, as she had inquired at both the shops, and they knew nothing about it; and she was certain she had had no box out from England. She sent her ayah that morning to find out all about it from Mrs. G.'s ayah. She pitied her, as she had been trying so to get those three daughters of hers off her hands. It was hard lines for her, particularly as those girls had brought out with them their wedding trousseaux on spec, when they came from their school in England four years ago. Moreover, she heard that, as the dresses had become yellow and spotted, Jamjee and Reetjee had taken them from her in part payment of their bill, which was a very large one, it was said.

We have a nice little theatre too, well ventilated and commodious. The drop scene is decently painted, and has the conventional lake, mountains, and Italian villas, with gorgeously-dressed, lackadaisical people lolling about in the foreground, playing guitars. With a tasteful arrangement of flowers and ferns, the proscenium looks very pretty. Performances take place usually every six weeks, two months, or even at longer intervals, should the ever-changing inhabitants be of a non-theatrical turn of mind. The acting in some instances is above the average, but the great drawback is the want of actresses; some trumpeter or youthful drummer has to take the part of a Rosalind or Lydia Languish, and though painstaking enough, yet a deficiency or redundancy of the letter H, together with a gruff voice, well-squared elbows, and thick waist, spoil the effect, to say nothing of transient glimpses of anything but twinkling ankles. However, the spectators are not very critical, and there is always plenty of good-natured applause.

There are several balls during the year. Each regiment gives one or two, then the bachelors give one, and the married people return it. Military balls are similar to those in England, inasmuch as the rooms are decorated with all the spare arms and flowers that can be obtained; but what is especially noticeable is the paucity of ladies to the number of gentlemen. Even in the most favoured places they are as one to three. There is a tale told, that once at an up-country station a ball was given. At the last moment, lady after lady sent an excuse. Whooping cough, measles, or what not, kept them at home, watching over their little darlings. One spin—the only one in the place—however, went. To her horror, she found that she was the only lady in the room. There were nearly a hundred gentlemen present, and these were crowding round, asking for the pleasure of the first dance. It was too much for her. She had only lately arrived from England. Gazing wildly about her, she burst into a flood of tears, and had to be removed. It is a lucky thing when a station can boast of a ball-room with a boarded floor. In a great many places they have no such a thing. Canvass stretched over the floor, and chalked, is the substitute; but it is a very indifferent one, as it is always tearing, the seams come unsown, and down come the dancers. However, a tailor, with a few needles threaded and stuck in his turban, is in readiness, and speedily repairs the damage. Dancing is a mistake, I think, in India. It is too hot even under a punkah; and it is not a pretty sight to see Captain Jones and the lovely Miss Smith waiting past you, the perspiration rolling in torrents down their faces. I don't wonder at the Hindoos' astonishment at the Sahib's custom of dancing, and thinking how much better their plan was of having it done for them.

The large dinner parties given by the different authorities are very ponderous affairs. The greatest care has to be taken on the part of the host to prevent any mistake as to precedence. I have myself seen, repeatedly, the host walking about the room with an Army List to refer to for the dates of his guests' commissions; but even then he does not always succeed, coming to grief over relative rank. Each guest is expected to bring his own servant to wait upon

him; if he did not do so, the chances of his getting anything to eat would be small, as each servant endeavours to get something for his master first. The competition is carried on in a very lively and spirited manner outside the dining-room door, and has to be repressed in a peremptory way by the head butler. It is getting very much the fashion for the gentlemen to leave the table at the same time as the ladies—a good practice, particularly as the wine is often very doubtful. The remainder of the evening is spent in much the same way as it is at home; then, the guest senior in rank having taken his departure, the remainder can file away as quickly as possible.

Society is ever changing in India. In three or four years you will be the oldest inhabitant of the station. Regiments leave, civilians are promoted, others go home, and the place knows them no more, fresh faces appearing to fill up the gaps. Some ladies, on leaving for England, have a curious custom of selling off their old clothes. They send round their butlers with a price list, and coolies carrying the things themselves; so, if you feel desirous of purchasing a little memento of dear Mrs. Soandso, you can do so, from her Sunday bonnet down to her crinoline. In bygone years there was a great many more particularities in the customs of Anglo-Indian Society; but as the facilities of returning home increased, and people availed themselves of them, they became more civilized, and one by one these customs dropped into desuetude. But of those that still exist, I have endeavoured to give a slight, and I fear an imperfect, sketch that perhaps may amuse the reader.

ENTERTAINING STRANGERS.

The conventionalities of society are often made to cover neglect which is without excuse. We stand on our dignity and wait for introductions and opportunities, when we should dispense with the one and create the other. The chill that comes upon one's heart in a strange place is nowhere so icy as when one is in the midst of a great congregation feels that no man cares for his soul. The very contracts in the assumed brotherhood of all the race, the oneness of Christians, the fellowship of the saints with the actual frigidity and silence and lack of sympathy, either make the stranger stay away from the house of God or rob the service of its power. We talk about the communion of saints, and yet while sitting at the very table of the Lord we are as careful to observe the prescribed rules of social intercourse as though we were in a railway carriage.

To a certain extent this is the inevitable outgrowth of regulations essential to the welfare of society, but it is quite possible for persons really at peace with God and in charity with their fellow-men, to show more attention to strangers, without in the least compromising their own social status or drawing upon themselves unprofitable acquaintances. As an illustration of this, we quote from a conversation with a friend, a journalist, who went with his family to the country during the heated season last year. "We took a seat," said he, "in a Dissenting church quite far back. Nobody spoke to us. No one asked us to sit farther forward. But one lady called on us. And there we stayed four months, attending church regularly, and making but a single acquaintance." These were people of intelligence, or virtue, of piety, capable of giving and receiving a great deal of pleasure in social intercourse. That church and that neighbourhood lost a great deal by not cultivating their acquaintance.

Country people are apt to think that city folks look down on their rustic ways and their homely style of living; that they plume themselves on their refinement, their ignorance of rural labour, and their superior intelligence. But such is the diffusion of knowledge by the daily and weekly press, by telegraph and railway, that country people who read the papers are as well informed as their city relations, and the free-and-easy way of country living, the openness of house, the roominess, the spaciousness of garden, field, and forest, more than make up to most city people for the exact and finished though contracted mode of city life.

There are many people of wealth and fashion who carry with them into the country all the society they wish; but the greater number of those who seek quiet rural resorts would be glad to exchange courtesies with their summer neighbours; and we are persuaded that both parties would be greatly benefited by this interchange. "I make it a rule," said a plain Christian woman, a most beneficent and useful "old maid," now in the spirit world, "when I see a stranger in church the second time always to speak to her." Our heart warms now as we remember the kindness of her manner, which made us feel that we were not entirely strange in a strange church.

A large proportion of our successful city men were country boys who learned how to milk, to weed in the garden, to hoe turnips, and to dig potatoes. Their mothers understood the mysteries of butter churning and cheese making, and were practically familiar with all the industries of the farmhouse. These men enjoy renewing their acquaintance with country modes of life, and are very far, if they are sensible men, from feeling themselves in any manner above the sturdy and honest farmer.

Where country people, not from vulgar curiosity or love of gossip, but from a feeling of pure civility or courtesy, make advances to city visitors, they will rarely if ever be repulsed. Few there are but are glad to add to their cir-

cle of acquaintances and friends those who are really kind and intelligent; and many there are who feel hurt at the neglect they suffer from societies to which their presence would lend a charm, and from which they might receive lasting good. "Forget not to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."—*Home Journal*.

HARDENING OF DRIED PEAS IN BOILING.

While some peas become soft in boiling, others become horny and hard, and it has been a question whether this is due to the peas or to the water. Professor Ritthausen examined two samples of peas, one said to become soft on boiling, and the other hard, and on boiling them in distilled water found these characters substantiated. The analysis of their ashes gave:—

	Soft.	Hard.
Phosphate of lime.....	10.77	18.91
Phosphate of magnesia 8.14	16.55	26.96
Phosphate of potassa....	59.74	37.43
Sulphate of potassa.....	8.10	14.80
Chloride of potassium..	4.72	6.23
Potash.....	—	11.47
Phosphoric acid.....	4.43	—

From this we see that the soft-boiling peas contain a considerably greater amount of phosphate of potassa, a smaller percentage of phosphatic earths, and more phosphoric acid than the other kind, which, for their part, are richer in the earth-phosphates, poorer in other phosphoric compounds, and contain an excess of potash. In the action of water on those peas poor in phosphoric acid, that harden on boiling, the legumine, which is present in large quantity, although partially combined with the excess of potash, has also its function. It is decomposed, with the separation of a compound of lime or magnesia, which becomes horny on heating, and brings about the hardening referred to. Cold water extracts from the meal of those peas that boil soft, 4.24 per cent. of soluble legumine, while from the hard-boiling kinds only 1.73 per cent. can be derived. The difference in the amounts of nitrogen and sulphur was so slight, that the hardening could not be ascribed either to a larger amount of albumen or of sulphuric acid. Some kinds of peas, however, represented as hardening on boiling, softened when boiled in distilled water; and analysis of their ashes gave nearly the same results as with those of the other character.

THE ENGLISH HEAVY SWELL.

I have a friend (confesses a London writer to the *Boston Post*)—though I do not boast of him—who is a simon-pure man of fashion. He is the second son of a lord, and has an income of five thousand pounds a year. Of course he is not so ungentlemanly as to engage in any occupation; I fear the old baron, his father, would make short work of his five thousand if he dared to hint a purpose of going "into trade." And what does he do? He seems to be the most enviable of men, for I never saw mortal more perfectly content with everybody, himself included. As his daily career is a type of that of high London society in general, I will sketch it for you. In his person he represents, more perfectly and exhaustively than any one I know, the spirit of aristocratic London in the season. He rises in his rooms in the Albany at half-past 8, and breakfasts at the Junior Carlton, close by; skims the *Times* and chats with his boon companions till ten o'clock. Promptly with that hour his groom appears with the sleekest of chestnuts, which he mounts and makes for Rotten Row. There he flirts, hears the latest gossip, books a wager for the Derby, and takes an hour's brisk canter. From the park he goes to lunch—not to the Junior Carlton, but to some West End house; likely enough, he drops in to lunch with Lady Blanche, and then goes to lunch a second time with Lady Amelia—that is, lounges at lunch time into perhaps half a dozen houses, where he takes a nibble at the delicacies and has a refreshing chat. The afternoon is full of engagements; it is a *fête champêtre* at Richmond or Putney, a match of cricket at Lord's, a race on the Thames, a royal breakfast party in the gardens of Buckingham Palace or Windsor, a crack game of billiards at the club, a meet of the hounds at Middlesex, a drive into Kent or Surrey, an hour at the Exhibition, a pleasant little party to the Academy, or a whitebait dinner at Greenwich. In the evening his brain is in a perfect muddle what, among so many things, to do. There is Patti as *Desdemona* at Covent Garden, and there is the bewitching Ilma di Murka as *Margaret of Valois* at Drury Lane; there is Dumas' "Diane de Lys" at the Princess's, and "The Wandering Jew" at the Adelphi. But Lady Tompkins is going to give an "at-home," and the Countess of Cranberry's ball must not be neglected; there is a musical *soirée* at Sir Titus Tite's, and the masque at Banbury House; Cremorne, with its lanterns and song and free and easy frolic, is tempting, and not less so Tom Hopkins's bachelor "punch." So our man of fashion, whom practice has made subtly perfect, dresses himself ingeniously with a view to a variety of projects. He drops for a while into his box at Covent Garden; and makes a tour of the boxes of his acquaintances. Here he sees no more than any plebeian may see for half a crown; who, from his perch in the "amphitheatre," may gaze down upon the most dazzling array of dress, jewels, fashion and rank in Europe. Covent Garden on a night in

the mid-season is wonderful; everybody enjoys himself; and the theatre is a saloon as well as a theatre—where society goes to make itself heard and seen, as well as to listen and behold. What a brilliant, noisy, chattering London it is, one of these limpid June nights! There is something infectious in the gay sounds and sights of which the stately quarters west of the parks are full. Every other house is alight from top to bottom; the roll of equipages is ceaseless; the burly, curly-wigged, scarlet-coated, cockaded coachmen are everywhere; the escutcheons on the coach doors glitter in the gaslight; little covered ways from the doors of lofty mansions to the curbstones, with carpets laid beneath, obstruct your way at every other step; and, as you pass, cloud-like forms pop out of the carriages, whisk by in a twinkling, and hurry along in over the carpeted pathway; not so quickly, however, but that you are dazzled by a glitter of jewels and a shimmer of silk. Within, there is the subdued hubbub of conversation, or perhaps the rumble of a waltz; all round about is bustle and rattling; and you ask yourself if these are really the melancholy folk which the blithe old French chronicler of the fourteenth century so lugubriously describes. My fashionable friend, who seldom goes to bed, in the season, until he has made his appearance in half a dozen West End drawing-rooms, clearly enjoys it all, and comes out next morning as only an Englishman can—as fresh and red-cheeked as if he had just come off a Devonshire farm.

THE CULTURE OF MELONS.

Both water and muskmelons require a light mellow soil, and a warm exposure to fruit abundantly. If the soil is too rich and heavy, it can be much lightened by using loads of sand or dried muck, or some material of a similar nature.

Melons can be grown so cheaply that every family should have at least a small patch devoted to their culture, and will be found a decided addition to their bill of fare in summer and autumn. There is nothing more inviting than cool, rich ripe watermelon, or juicy, toothsome, green-fleshed muskmelon when one comes from the harvest fields thirsty, tired and exhausted with the morning's labor. As soon as the soil is warm enough the seeds can be planted, and the soil for each hill should, unless the ground is dark and rich, be mixed with a forkful of old, decomposed horse or cow manure.

Then drop five or six seeds into a hill, and cover them about an inch with soil. Scatter a handful of wood ashes, plaster or bone dust upon the top of the seeds to keep away the bugs. Wood ashes are an excellent preventive against both grubs and bugs, and for the first month of the growth of the plants it is well to apply them once a week to each hill.

Lime or plaster is also good to scatter over the vines, and if applied early in the morning, while they are yet wet with dew, will be an effectual remedy for melon bugs and their like. If one application does not drive off the marauders, try another, because the lime or plaster will be beneficial for the plants, even if it does not keep away the bugs entirely.

Watermelons are usually planted in hills about eight feet apart; muskmelons need only six feet distance. If all the seeds come up, when they have formed the second and third leaves, it is better to thin them out, leaving only two or three in a hill—yet when the melon bugs are around, it is well to defer the thinning of the vines until they have fulfilled their mission of destruction, and then take out those that are the most eaten up.

All vines grow and fruit much more luxuriantly if they are frequently hoed, and it should be continued until they commence to bloom well, and cover the ground with their thrifty shoots.

ON DANBURIAL GROUND.—A broken-hearted young thing writes to a weekly paper as follows: "About three years ago I became acquainted with a young gentleman; and although he never paid me any particular attention, he would often accompany me to and from church, &c. But lately I noticed a great change in him. He avoids me as much as possible, and starts if I address him. Can he have ceased to love me?—for I know he did, though he never said so. If I thought he had, it would break my heart." Perhaps we ought not to interfere in this matter; but, as we know exactly what should be done with the young man, if we feel as we ought to speak out. Do not attempt to reason with him, or cajole him, or pacify him. The next time he calls take a monkey-wrench, fasten it securely upon his nose, lead him off to the dining-room, and ask him in a firm voice what he means. If he won't answer, twist the wrench three or four times, and butt his head up against the stove or the mantelpiece until his gloom is dispelled. If he says he has ceased to love you, let your fingers dally with his ringlets lovingly for a few minutes, and then suddenly lift out a couple of handfuls, and have an Irishman at hand to come in and sit on him awhile, and knock out his teeth, and jump up and down on him, and be sociable. Then let him go, and commence your arrangements to rope in a fresh man. You cannot afford to waste your young life upon such a wretch as this; and where heart will not throb to heart, or soul respond to soul, the best thing to do is to torture the nose at once.