

Young People's Department.

We give below an article taken from the Nation, descriptive of the country where Shakespeare lived. It is so refreshing to read of the winding banks of the Avon in this warm weather.

We think of the Judith Shakespeare, whom Mr. William Black draws with so masterly a hand, as walking beneath the white blossomed pears, and stooping in the marshy places to pull a bunch of the golden caltha (which is really our own yellow buttercup, under another name) to tuck in her belt, just as we girls do now-a-days.

Perhaps the superstition of the country folk in regard to the rosemary not growing well unless the "mistress is master of the house," is the reason why young lassies are so fond of giving a sprig of rosemary to their true loves, as an emblem of fidelity or constancy:

Every one will tell you of the luxuriant ivy on the castle walls at Warwick, but what may one not say of the orchards and quaint old farm-houses of Warwickshire surrounded by white-blossomed pears, or of the golden caltha in its ditches, of its woods and fine trees. By the winding banks of Avon there is much rural beauty, and that Wycliffe's ashes were borne down its silvery tide gives to its waters increased interest. Pretty little cottages nestle here and there surrounded by gardens full of quaint old flowers; many of them we know were there in Shakespeare's time, because he wrote of them. The Rosemary of his "Winter's Tale" is here, and the country folk ever say that it never grows well in the garden unless the mistress is master of the house. Here, too, yet lingers the old custom of planting a tree—a Mulberry often—on the birth of an heir, and the vigorous life or the death of the tree was taken as an augury for good or ill. The banks of the Avon are truly beautiful.

The party which went up the river on Monday evening was a most enjoyable one.

The gentlemen of the Athletic association were the prime movers and did everything up in their usual handsome style.

They took tea at Big Rock, then danced like so many jolly sandpipers on the sand-bar, coming home in the moonlight.

In hearing that Mrs. Langtry's latest craze is a Chinaman, who continually dances attendance upon her, I am reminded of a letter received from a friend in Connecticut describing her appearance with a Chinese escort. And this is what she says:

"I have just made the most unique acquaintance, with Mr. L. Wing, a Chinese gentleman, who is here for his summer vacation.

"He is one of the few young men of rank who passed the competitive examination in China, and were sent to America to be educated at Yale college.

"Last evening he took me for a drive an account of which I am sure you will enjoy.

"About sunset he drove a long, thin black horse up to the door, attached to a high, narrow buggy without a top. The quaint

appearance of the horse, however, did not detract from his speed, as I soon found out. Mr. Wing, attired in the latest style, climbed down from his vehicle and came up to the portico where we were sitting. Every tooth in his head shone, and his eyes were perpendicular with pleasure. Attired in my very best I rose to meet him, and with a few words to my aunt we started. A small boy, by name Ben, was given me as a 'chaperone,' my aunt explaining that it was a southern fashion. As we walked down to the gate Ben shambled along after us, abusing everything in general, because he had to 'poke along.'

"After much exertion on both my own and Mr. Wing's part, I was finally seated aloft with Ben tucked away in the back of the buggy, into so small a space that his feet had to hang out. Mr. Wing next took his place by my side and with a beaming countenance informed me that 'This second time I drive horse in Amelica.'

"Horrors, I thought, looking at the horse, whose viciousness began to show itself at the long delay as he tossed his old head and stamped. Without more words my friend moved himself onto the front edge of the seat, masked his hat firmly down on his head and took out the whip, holding the reins as if they were entirely superfluous articles; his eyes, however, twinkled, and he looked as if he had just heard the word 'Rats!'

"'Get-tep,' he said, giving our old gunpowder a lash, and for the next few minutes everything whizzed. The horse gave one long leap and I saw the trees fly by, rocks dancing in the air, and heard groans from under the seat, as we literally dashed down the hill upon which the house is situated. My parasol was gone, my hat gone, and my only idea was self-preservation as I clung wildly to the iron rod encircling the seat. After the recovery of the hat, parasol and some breath, our horse was stretching out into a long, swinging trot that jerked the buggy along in a most spasmodic fashion, I mildly said to Mr. Wing that I feared our horse was a little unmanagable, and did he think he could drive? 'Of course,' he said, giving another lash by way of emphasis that not only jerked my head back, but must have given a final wrench to the small boy, for he seized Mr. Wing's foot and called out in a sepulchral voice: 'Here, give us a rest; that's more'n a feller can stand.'

"Thus remonstrated with, our speed was somewhat slackened, and for the rest of the way, which was over a lovely green hill, under the trees, our ride was more civilized, and but one thing happened to mar the serenity.

"Mr. Wing stopped under a low hanging branch, and stood upon the seat to look into a bird's nest. Here was the revenge for Ben. He quietly raised his head above the seat, and a hand with a green apple in it was seen. The horse had the benefit of the fruit in a most astonishing manner, which upset the peaceful picture and sent our friend sprawling in the dust, taking all of my presence of mind to stop the horse.

"The sequel to this ride is enmity between

Ben and his former friend, Mr. Wing, and a collapsed condition to both Ben and myself for some days.

As to Mr. Wing, his name may have something to do with where he has gone, and although he has a superfluity of e's in his conversation, his driving is anything but easy."

OUR COOKING SCHOOL.

CHEESE BISCUIT.—One pound of flour, half a pound of butter, half a pound of grated cheese; make up as puff paste, very quick and with but little handling; salt to taste.—ANNIE C.

WATERPROOF CEMENT.—To a tumbler of sweet milk, put as much good vinegar, scald it until it curdles; strain the whey from the curd and mix the whey with the whites of five eggs, beat them well together; add quicklime sifted through a sieve until the mixture is of the consistence of thick paste. With this, breaks or cracks in glass, China or any vessel can be mended. It resists fire and water.—MRS. I.

DELICIOUS COLD SLAUGH.—Do not mash the cabbage, or the dressing will be poor and thin. Cut fine, and season with salt and pepper, put in a crockery bowl or dish. Rub well together a teaspoonful of flour, and butter the size of a walnut; pour on it two tablespoonfuls of boiling water, and stir smoothly on the stove; push back so it will keep hot, but not boil, and add two teaspoonfuls of vinegar. Beat light the yolks of two eggs, a teaspoonful of sugar, half a teaspoonful of mustard, and two tablespoonfuls of cream, sour or sweet; pour the hot mixture on this, beat well, and replacing on the stove, let it come to a boil, and pour hot on the cabbage.

TONGUE WITH CAPER SAUCE.—For luncheons, when tired of heavy meats, this will be found a pleasant change. Soak a fresh tongue in cold water twelve hours. Boil in clear hot water about ten minutes, or until the white outside skin can be scraped off; prepare four carrots, the same number of small onions, and a little parsley finely chopped together, some red pepper, salt, and three cloves. Put the tongue back in the vessel with these ingredients, cover with fresh water, and boil six hours. If it is to be very nice, have less water, and add some white wine or very nice bouillon. When done, put into a saucepan some of the liquor from the tongue, add a tablespoonful each of butter and flour creamed together, and cook a few minutes. I prefer putting the butter and flour in the saucepan, when melted stirring in enough of the liquor to form a rich sauce. When ready, add the yolk of an egg and a tablespoonful of capers well beaten together, pour over the tongue, and serve.

The best authority in England on insects injurious to crops, is Miss E. A. Ormerod, the consulting entomologist of the Royal Agricultural society.