ANCIENT COVENTRY.

Made Famous by Lady Godiva and Peeping Tom.

Interesting and Curious Structures—St. Mary's Hall and Ford's Hospital—Wakeman and His Wanderings.

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The pertinacity with which a single fact, belief or legend from bygone times finds lodgment in the minds of men, and eventually becomes a bulwark of local pride and power as well as a subject of universal interest is nowhere in Britain more strikingly illustrated than in this ancient city of Coventry.

Every well-known old world place has its greater or lesser shining beacon of splendid fact or myth to which the tourist, like a mariner, directs his often tempestuous way. Blarney has its "stone." Belfast its spinning mills and historic places of riot. Old St. Ives and Banbury are dear in nursery-rhyme memory. York and Canterbury are rich in cathedrals and lore of pilgrims. Saulisbury was the Old Sarum of Britain. Bristol had its Chatterton. Grasmere and Rydal Mount knew Wordsworth, and Keswick was the home of Southey and Coleridge. When Gad's Hill is mentioned we see Dickens and all his wondrous brood of tender creation. Yarmouth is simply where the "Peggottys" dwelt. Newstead only recalls Byron. Abbottsford, Melrose and Dryburgh tell more than all else of Sir Walter Scott. Naseby and Culloden mean the dethronement of one King and the utter obscuration of a heroic Prince and his glorious house. Gloucester recalls the origin of the Sunday-school. Kenilworth reveals the reveiries of Elizabeth, Rugby suggests everything wholesome and good in school-boy life. One sees in the mere words of Dumfries or Ayer the radiant face of "Bobby" Burns. The name Aughrim discloses the entire tragedy of the Irish nation's overthrow. Stratford to the mind is but another word for Shakespeare. And Coventry has for 800 years meant, and will forever solely suggest—Lady Godiva and Peeping Tom.

Nor does it matter whether these personages and the curious drama in which they are placed by popular and historic belief as actors were fact or fiction. The warp and woof of it are set so firmly in the texture of romance, ballad and song, that even a Cromwell of literature would meet but ignominy and defeat in attempts to raze these splendid cloisters of tradition and drive them from their recluses of tender conceit. Matthew of Westminster, who flourished about 1300 and 1310, first set down the episode as sober history, but failed to make a place for "Peeping Tom." He says:

"This Countess (Godiva) devoutly anxious to free the City of Coventry from a grievous and base thraldom, often besought the Count, her husband, that he would, for the love of the Holy Trinity and the Sacred Mother of God, liberate it from such servitude. But he rebuked her for vainly demanding a thing so injurious to himself, and forbade her to move further therein. Yet she, out of her womanly pertinacity, continued to press the matter, insomuch that she obtained this answer from him. 'Ascend,' he said, 'thy horse naked, and pass thus through the city, from one end of it to the other, in sight of the people, and on thy return thou shalt obtain thy request.' Upon which she returned, 'And should I be willing to do this wilt thou give me leave?' 'I will,' he responded. Then the Countess Godiva, beloved of God, ascended her horse naked, loosing her long hair, which clothed her entire body except her snow-white legs, and having performed the journey, seen by none, returned with joy to her husband, who, regarding it as a miracle, thereupon granted Coventry a Charter of Freedom, confirming it with his seal."

Everyone has lingered with infinite charm upon the continued tale of how

Then she rode forth clothed on with chastity;
* * * * * * * * * * *
And one low churl, compact of thankless earth,
The fatal byword of all years to come,
Boring a little auger hole in fear,
Peeped—but his eyes before they had their will
Were shrivell'd into darkness in his head,
And dropt before him. So the Powers, who wait
On noble deeds, cancel a sense misused.

How or when this "one low churl, compact of thankless earth," was first made the horrid antithesis of Lady Godiva's noble sacrifice, or why the honest vocation of a tailor was called upon to supply a culprit, no one can tell. But sure it is that "Peeping Tom," whose pseudonym will continue for all time as type of execrable and insufferable inquisitiveness, was none other than a tailor, and that all these terrible things happened to him in ancient Coventry. Worse shame than all other to Peeping Tom are his appalling remaining effigies. They are countless here in Coventry—in stone, in wood, in delft, in porcelain, in wax, while the very school-boys are eternally testing new jacknives upon grotesque imitations of the repulsive object. The thing leers at you from niches above ancient buildings; seems to crane its lecherous head from the cornices of new and old hotels; shows its horse-like teeth from among shop window trifles, and haunts and pursues you until you are startled to see its lineament reproduced in the faces of tramps and beldames in shadowy quarters of the musty old town. Truly the Peeping Tom you will find everywhere in Coventry is a dreadful travesty upon the human form and face. They have put his trunk and chest in armor. He is made a man of arms as well as shears, with a military cocked hat decked with a huge rosette. His face is wide, square and white. The eyes are Brobdignagian in size and possess a leer both sanctimonious and repulsively suggestive. His bearded chin looks the mirage of a savage flame. And the mouth, as wide as a cow's, disclose a ghastly row of gravestone teeth.

If this luckless wight has been merely a popular embodiment of evil as opposed to good, Lady Godiva certainly existed in the flesh. She is a historic character of authentic certification. She was sister to Thorald, Sheriff of Lincolnshire, and wife of Leofric, Earl of Mercia, a prime favorite of Edward the Confessor, and in his time at the head of various great state transactions. Both history and tradition unite in honoring Lady Godiva with the possession of unusual piety, goodness and beauty. The devout pair certainly founded here a great monastery for Benedictine monks, which attained enormous wealth and splendor, suffered strange vicissitudes, passed into silence and decay, and massive vestiges of its remains are still seen on the banks of the river here. Leofric died at Bromley, Staffordshire, but was buried in one porch of the monastery at Coventry, while his wife who, at her death, gave a "rich chain of precious stones to be put around the neck of the blessed Virgin's image, so that those who came of devotion thither should say as many prayers as there were several gems within," was given burial in the other. It was incontestably true that the citizens of Coventry, when Leofric's vassals did receive, through Lady Godiva's efforts with her grim warrior husband, some sort of manumission from servile tenure, as not only ancient records prove, but as was also clearly evidenced by the memorial window which stood in the south transept of Trinity Church up to the fifteenth century, and contained a picture of Lady Godiva and Leofric, the latter holding in his right hand a charter bearing the following inscription:

I, Lorich, for love of thee
Doe make Coventre tol-free.

This much for history and historical tradition. Literature and art, sometimes more powerful and incisive than history, have done the rest. Coventry is not a very large city, containing barely 50,000 inhabitants, but some of its quarters are very ancient and picturesque. The wonderful spires of its churches, especially of Trinity and St. Michael, the latter being 303 feet in hight, add much interest to the old city. Then in the old days of the monasteries Coventry was noted for its pilgrimages from France. Later, Parliaments were held within it. The pageants of Kings and Queens to the pious city have equaled the most splendid processions at ancient Canterbury. Great jousts and tournaments were held here. The old city walls were three miles long and nine feet thick, and were surrounded by thirty-two lofty towers. The old-time Cross of Coventry gave the place a certain fame. Mary Queen of Scots was for a long time imprisoned here in the Mayoress' parlor of St. Mary's Hall, still standing, though more than 500 years old. All these, and countless more things of exceeding interest develop and charm all pilgrims here, though the central figures which originally attract them all are radiant Godiva and rascally Peeping Tom.

One's first impressions of Coventry are disappointing. From a score of miles away its beautiful spires are visible and are enchantingly suggestive of antiquity and repose. Nearing the city it rises from a monotonous champaign country, little wooded, and with an unpleasant red of the clayey soil checkering the fields and outlining the rather lonesome and hedgeless adjacent highways. Entering the city from any direction, modern streets, bordered with modern houses, hint of a sponging out of all the old nooks and nests, and give a foreboding sense of vainless quest. But, once well into High street, to the right and left, in every direction and in interminable maze, are narrow thoroughfares winding and interlacing in quaint and charming confusion. Godivas and Peeping Toms begin to smile and glower upon you from every niche and window.

Up there to the right runs a narrow street. Your impulse leads you thither. Not a hundred yards more, and down to your left, opens one of the most characteristic thoroughfares in Europe. It is Butcher's Row. You instantly step from the nineteenth to the sixteenth century. A day's loitering would be amply rewarded here. Just behind its ramshackle old houses are, perhaps, primeval trees fringing a shadowy close, into which are huddled the churches of St. Michael's and Trinity. All about them is almost unrecorded age in architecture. Half-timbered houses, two, three, four and five centuries old, crowd around the place in all manner of angles and fantastic facades. At the corner of Hay Lane and Barley Lane, just where the fine old picture is mellowest as you look back upon the half-verdure-covered masses of angles and carvings, stands a 300-year old inn, restored in its zigzag pattern of oak and mortar, black and lavender paint and overhanging stories, that the visitor may know how the old town looked when its builders had left their work spick and span in the glory of first completion.

A little beyond, its low, wide front a mass of crumbling carving, stands one of the most interesting structures of a former age in England. This is St. Mary's Hall. The other, to me most fascinating spot in Coventry, is Ford's Hospital in Gray Friar's Lane, an almshouse for old, old women. There are many, many other structures most rare and curious here, among them St. Michael's Church, over which even a Hawthorne could be warmed into exclaiming: "So old, yet enduring; so huge, so rich; with such intricate minuteness in its finish, that, look as long as you will at it, you can always discover something new directly before your eyes," and that, "of all English things I have seen methinks the churches disappoint me least." Trinity Church with its pulpit, accounted "the very finest in the kingdom; and Bond's Hospital, a remarkable structure, founded nearly 400 years ago as a home for aged men. But these two places are so perfect in their linking of an olden with the present day, preserve in themselves such striking pictures of a remote and mellow past, and, withal, present so fully and at a glance the very rime and mold of that which has held all English-speaking lands to the pleasant pages from the golden age of English literature, that one comes to them in their hale and sturdy age as we turn with heart thrill and delight to the beaming faces of dear old friends.

As nearly as can be ascertained by antiquarians the date of St. Mary's Hall is between 1400 and 1425. It is therefore nearly 600 years old. The ancient guilds of Coventry were famous for their wealth and sumptuous hospitality, and this hall was the gathering place of the united guilds. It stands entire just as it was built. It is also remarkable as being one of the few places of public interest to which strangers are admitted in England where a fee is not demanded or expected. That alone makes one fond of the splendid antique. Its entrance is opposite St. Michael's Church. The carvings, though crumbled badly, were originally almost as rich as those of Melrose Abbey. This arched way leads through a sumptuously decorated court over an open gallery directly to the great hall of entertainment. In the other buildings upon which the court opens are seen the arrangement of ages in which the whole business of festival was conducted within the walls of one establishment. The kitchen, entered beneath the gallery, is one of the largest and most antique now existing in England. Its lofty arches are supported by octangular columns. A tremendous arch vaults the coppers, and at each side is an angel holding a shield. The four chimneys are the largest of this kind now extant, and have communicating arches. Adjoining the kitchen are the vaults in which were stored records, treasure, wines and ales. It is said that the kitchen and cellar of no king or potentate surpassed these in their day. They are in every particular now as they were used in the time of their early and splendid wassailry.

The entire wall and ceiling of the interior of the great hall is a solid mass of sculpture, painting, tapestry and carving. Almost every development of art in emblematic decoration for 600 years has found expression here, and more extraordinary than all else, each object or design stands in its respective place just as it left some master's hand. Coventry folk themselves have no adequate comprehension of the mine of art wealth these rotting walls contain. I have the word of a famous London connoisseur that he had, out of personal curiosity, attempted a careful valuation, but had given up in discouragement after he had but fairly begun and had reached the sum of £200,000, or about $1,000,000!

Only a little way from St. Mary's Hall, down a narrow wynd called Gray Friar's Lane, is found Ford's Hospital, an early and unique specimen of architecture prevailing in the early part of the sixteenth century. The entire front is covered with the richest of wood carving. Three huge and canopied gables project from the second story. A wide, low carved archway leads to a long, narrow court, open to the sky, whose sides are wholly composed of carved supports and frames set with countless tiny panes. Thirty old women are in the charity. Sixteen are housed here in the sixteen quaintest rooms to be found in the British Isles. The entire structure stands precisely as it was built 364 years ago, and is absolutely untouched by innovation. The sixteen housed hospitallers receive each per week four shillings, free washing and physician's attendance, and, annually, two tons of coal. They cook their own food, and come and go at will. Those living outside receive the allowance, and all are given six shillings and eightpence per annum for snuff. Potted flowers, loud-ticking clocks and purring cats are noticed in each room. The garden wall behind is a part of the old city walls and is pierced for cannon. Each hospitaller is allotted a separate bit of ground ten feet wide and twenty feet long for a "garden." I was shown one upon which aged Mrs. Noon was bestowing the night of her dim old life. It was a marvel of neatness and luxuriance, filled with candy tuft, field corn flowers, a few rosebushes, some mint and mignonette, several varieties of ferns and a wealth of Aaron's rods with their gaudy yellow blooms.

"Ah, yes," said Mrs. Rainbow, the brisk matron, at parting, "we has what ye might call a comfortable lot jess now; but sometimes," this with a sigh of commendable toleration, "it's a proper rum lot, a proper rum lot, as you'll find I has to care for!" EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

BETWEEN THE GATES.

[JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.]

Between the gates of birth and death
An old and saintly pilgrim passed,
With look of one who witnesseth
The long-sought goal at last.

"O, thou whose reverent feet have found
The Master's footprints in thy way,
And walked thereon as holy ground,
A boon of thee I pray.

"My lack would borrow thy excess,
My feeble faith the strength of thine;
I need thy soul's white saintliness
To hide the stains of mine.

"The grace and favor else denied
May well be granted for thy sake."
So, tempted, doubting, sorely tried,
A younger pilgrim spake.

"Thy prayer, my son, transcends my gift;
No power is mine," the sage replied,
"The burden of a soul to lift,
Or stain of sin to hide.

"Howe'er the outward life may seem,
For pardoning grace we all must pray,
No man his brother can redeem
Or a soul's ransom pay.

"Not always age is growth of good;
Its years have losses with their gain;
Against some evil youth withstood
Its hands may strive in vain.

"With deeper voice than any speech
Of mortal man to man,
What earth's unwisdom may not teach
The spirit only can.

"Make thou that holy Guide thine own,
And, following where it leads the way,
The known shall lapse in the unknown
As twilight into day.

"The best of earth shall still remain,
And heaven's eternal years shall prove
That life and death, and joy and pain
Are ministers of Love."

—New York Independent.

Newburyport, Mass., September, 1891.

ADVICE TO THE SUMMER GIRL.

Being a Compilation of the Opinions of Seventy Somnolent Chaperons.

Never tell your age to anyone, excepting only your dearest girl friend. It will be unnecessary. She will tell it for you.

Always remember that your father is a prominent merchant. A number of clever ways to drop this into conversation will readily suggest themselves to you, and will be much better than frankly giving away the poor old gentleman's financial difficulties. Moreover, it will be in the great majority of cases perfectly truthful. A merchant can be prominent through success, failure, honesty, fraud, bankruptcy, or a number of other things.

Remember, also, that your mother is one of the sweetest women imaginable, likes young men, is very clever (just like yourself), and when young was very beautiful (also like yourself).

When asked to marry, feign surprise, blush, if possible. Do not appear too delighted. It will give you away. Tell him, "mother must not know of this; and really papa will be very angry." At the same time do not fail to tell papa and mamma about it by the first post. You will probably be able to work the old gentleman for a new dress and an increased remittance.

When asked your preferences regarding a ring, say merely, "a solitaire, dearest." Say it loudly and distinctly, putting a special emphasis on the "dearest," for some men are mean enough to buy the cheapest they can find.

When engaged act with great caution. Everyone will be watching you, and they will be valuable witnesses in case of a possible breach of promise suit. Permit him to buy you only a few simple presents, such as candy, ice cream, flowers, gloves, fans, and jewelry. Do not ask him for a house and lot just yet.

If possible get one or two other men on the string in case of a rainy day. Should the engagement be broken, which, according to the last census, it is ninety-nine times out of every hundred, retain all presents. He will, of course, return the little gifts you have made him, if any, and will be too embarrassed to call or write. You are not expected to waste your time for nothing, especially as time is very valuable to you at your age. Your father will attend to the breach of promise suit.

When not engaged, let everyone understand distinctly that your mother thinks you are too young to be engaged yet, and go to the sea, the mountains and summer hotel merely for much needed rest after your winter's work for charity.

Should you happen to have any accomplishments be sure to tell everyone. Your best girl friend will always think that you wish to keep them secret if you tell but her, and may even go so far as to say you have none.

Memorize a few choice quotations from Browning, for use when with intellectual young men. Study the baseball reports in the daily papers carefully for use with all other men.

If your dresses are not as good as those of other girls it might be well to feign an abnormal intellecuality and deep-rooted contempt for the frivolities of social life.

Cut this advice out and memorize it in your leisure moments.

Fecundity of the Fly.

Here is the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat's* little annual essay on the fly: "The common house fly does not, in the ordinary sense of the word, migrate, though of course individuals of the species frequently travel long distances. The remarkable fecundity of the fly is quite sufficient to account for its numbers during the early summer. A few individuals, in the torpid state, survive even the coldest winter, and with the first warm days of summer lay their eggs. When deposited under favorable conditions these are hatched in from twelve to twenty-four hours, and in twelve days the worm changes into a nymph, and in ten days more into a perfect fly. A fly will lay four times during the summer, about eighty eggs each time, and careful calculations have demonstrated that the descendants of a single insect may, from the 1st of June to the end of September, exceed 2,000,000. Were it not for bats, insect-eating birds, and the innumerable microscopic parasites with which the fly is particularly afflicted, there would be no worse pest in the world than the fly."

Help But Don't Coerce.

To help nature in its efforts to throw off the trammels of disease is, of course, the legitimate method of medication. This method is, unfortunately, too often diverged from and help perverted into coercion. Drastic, excessive purging is undoubtedly the most frequent form of coercion of this sort. The bowels are forced, literally wrenched into action. Of course this is accompanied with much griping pain, and succeeded by exhaustion, which leaves the organs of evacuation in a state incompatible with subsequent regularity and activity. The last state of that man or woman who uses drastic cathartics for constipation is decidedly worse than the first. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the finest laxative in existence, since it produces the needful but no abnormal action, is progressive, not abrupt in operation, and strengthens instead of weakening the organs upon which it acts. Use it for malarial, kidney, rheumatic and dyspeptic ailments.

The Bi-Chloride of Gold Club at Dwight, Ill., composed of graduates and undergraduates of the Keeley Institute for the Cure of Drunkenness, occupies and has fitted up handsomely for its use the abandoned Presbyterian Church in that village, which was mainly built by funds presented by the Prince of Wales on his visit to this country, when he stopped four days at Dwight to shoot prairie chickens. The club now numbers 500 members.

If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a peculiar medicine, possessing, by virtue of its peculiar combination, proportion and preparation, curative power superior to any other article of the kind.

DORFLINGER'S AMERICAN Cut Glass FOR THE TABLE Is Perfection. Look for this trade mark label.

THE SILK WORM.

Singular Origin of a Most Important Manufacture.

Care of the Worms—Unwinding the Cocoons—Enormous Prices Paid in Early Times for the Fabric—Worth Three Times Its Weight in Gold.

The credit of originating the silk industry is due to a woman. About 4,500 years ago, the Empress Si-Ling-Chi was passing an artificial pond in the palace grounds, when she perceived, lying in the water, certain cocoons of a bright yellow color, from which pretty threads floated away on the surface of the water. She bade one of her maids stoop and gather up the threads, when, to her astonishment, they unwound from the cocoons. The process continued, the bright yellow strands were wound round a stick until the cocoons were exhausted, and thus was begun what, next to tea-growing, proved to be the most important industry of the Chinese Empire. The incident led to the prosecution of experiments; the threads were spun and woven, and gorgeous fabrics, such as till then the world had never seen, soon adorned the Princess and her maids of honor. For her discovery she was held in the highest esteem; she was enrolled among the Chinese goddesses under the title of Sienthsan, "the first who raised silk worms," and to the present day is the patron deity of all silk-worm growers and silk workers.

Understanding the importance of their newly discovered manufacture, the Chinese made an effort to keep it a secret and derive a benefit from the export of silk, without allowing others to share in the knowledge of the manner in which it was made. The frontiers were guarded. It was made a crime punishable by death to carry either silk worms, their eggs, or cocoons out of the Empire. The silk only was exported, and for twenty centuries the Chinese enjoyed a monopoly of the silk manufacture and trade. The fabric was excessively rare in every country but China, and the most fabulous tales were told of its origin. People said it grew on trees like cotton, that it was made of the wool from the sheep on the Elysian Fields, that it was woven of thread sent by the gods, that it was the clothing of the deities, loaned by them for the use of men.

Finally, however, the secret of the manufacture spread to India, brought either by traveling merchants or by Chinese who traversed the passes of the Himalaya Mountains, but the process was even in India kept secret from all save those immediately engaged in the manufacture, and to prevent injury, or perhaps to satisfy idle curiosity, even wilder tales were told concerning its manufacture. Hints of the truth, however, began to reach the Western World, and more than one European writer intimated that silk was the product of some sort of worm, but, as truth is stranger than fiction, this method of accounting for the gorgeous fabric was deemed too wild to be believed. About 530 A. D. a couple of monkish missionaries, in the course of their wanderings, crossed the Chinese frontier. They were kindly received, and for some years abode in a city in the south of China. There they learned the secret of the silk manufacture, and on their return determined to convey their knowledge and the means of spreading the industry to Europe. Each prepared a hollow cane as a walking staff, and filled the hollow with silkworm eggs. These they smuggled across the frontier, and after many weeks of weary travel finally reached Constantinople and were admitted to the presence of Emperor Justinian. To him they related their marvelous story and presented their treasure. Under the instruction of the monks who had witnessed the methods practiced by the Chinese, the eggs were placed under favorable conditions, the worms reared and the first cocoons ever seen in Europe were spun into thread.

From this humble start the silk industry of Europe began. It was destined to reach mighty proportions and in time to be so aided by machinery and mechanical devices of various descriptions as scarcely to be recognizable by the originators. In certain essentials silk industry is, of course, practically to-day what it was in the time of Justinian, or for that matter in the time of the Empress Si-Ling-Chi, but the use of machinery for unwinding the cocoons and for spinning the thread has practically placed the business under new conditions. Meantime, however, the Chinese have kept on in the same way without the slightest improvement on the methods of 4,000 years ago, and in a Chinese village of the present day men and women may be seen reeling off threads from the cocoons just as their ancestors did in the time of Christ. It is an industry which can be followed anywhere, and in the humblest Chinese dwellings, in the boathouses along the rivers, in the alleys which, in every direction, branch out from the main streets of any Chinese city, the silk reeler and his primitive apparatus may be seen.

Anyone, however, who, from the fact that the work is done by ignorant people, comes to the conclusion that a fortune is easily made by raising silk worms, labors under a serious mistake. There are few industries in which chance plays so large a part, or which require such earnest and constant attention of the manipulator. The eggs are uncertain in hatching, the worms require almost continual attention, both as to their food, temperature and light. A sudden draught may destroy the owner's hope of a crop. Even the cocoons must be looked after, for if they are killed too soon the total amount of silk will not have been deposited by the inmate, while if left too long the worms burst through their covering and spoil the product. The insects are subject to all sorts of diseases, innumerable parasites feed upon them and impair their health, and even after the cocoons are prepared for the winder improper treatment may subject the grower to a heavy loss.

The silk worm is commonly spoken of as though there were but one kind. As a fact, every caterpillar produces silk when spinning its cocoon. There are twenty-nine varieties of worm which produce an excellent article of silk, but only three or four are raised exclusively for this product, and of these one is best in China, while another is better adapted to the climate of India, still another fares best in Asia Minor, and another in Europe. The eggs of the best kind, the Chinese worm, are exceedingly minute, about 100,000 to the ounce, and the caterpillar when first hatched is less than a quarter of an inch in length. The insect lives from forty-five to fifty-three days, and increases in a month to a length sometimes exceeding three inches and a weight 9,500 times that at hatching. He eats incessantly, save when throwing off the old skin, when he desists for a day or so, only to begin with fresh vigor, and to make a marvelous increase in size within a few hours after the skin is shed.

The best food is the leaf of the white mulberry, but in default of this, other leaves are greedily eaten, and the worm will thrive on the leaves of the black mulberry, or the osage orange, or even of the lettuce. The disadvantage of using these, however, is the fact that they produce a poor quality of silk, and wherever silk culture is to be practiced with the hope of profit, the white mulberry should be previously cultivated. Seven hundred and thirty-nine pounds of leaves are required to make seventy pounds of cocoons, and the greatest care is needed in feeding the worms. The leaves must be chopped and evenly distributed throughout the trays, otherwise the worms will be unequally fed. The products of two hatchings, unless of exactly the same size, must be kept apart, or the smaller worms will starve. After eight weeks of eating, the worm requires four or five days to spin his cocoon, and in two or three weeks will emerge a perfect moth. Both as worm and moth, however, he is sluggish in the extreme, the worms seldom moving from the trays in which they are placed, and the moths rarely attempting flight. They lay their eggs upon the cloth placed to receive them, and die in a few hours, taking no nourishment after reaching the moth or perfect state.

Only those insects designed to propagate their kind are allowed to come to perfection, for as soon as the spinning ceases, which is determined by the absence of sound from within the cocoon, a small instrument having been devised for the purpose of ascertaining if the worm is still at work, the cocoons are stifled or placed in hot water in order to kill the insects and prevent further development.

In Mount Lebanon, where the silk manufactures are extensive, the cocoons are frequently crushed with a mallet; but the general impression is that by this process the silk is injured. Both in China and India the insects are killed with boiling water, which is believed to do its work effectually, without in the least harming the precious covering. After stifling the cocoons they are loaded into trays or baskets, and transported to the reelers, who begin operations by stripping the cocoon of its delicate flossy covering, which then becomes "waste" or rejected silk. The cocoons are then placed in water and stirred with a carefully-trimmed birch rod, which is lifted from time to time to ascertain if any threads are adhering to it.

As soon as one is found it is carefully traced to its cocoon, another is picked out and joined to it, and when four or five are thus collected the combined thread is placed upon a reel which is slowly turned and the threads unwound from the original package. Much care is required at this part of the operation, for the threads are of unequal length, and, besides, are frequently broken, so as soon as one runs out or breaks another is found and joined at as nearly as possible the same point. The reel must be far enough from the pan containing the cocoons to allow the thread to dry in transit, and the tediousness of the process may be judged from the fact that the threads are often from 600 to 1,000 feet in length, and one pound of cocoons ought to give a combined thread about 528,000 feet long. The process of raising silk worms is tedious from beginning to end, as may be judged from the fact that the product of 1,600 worms is required to make a single pound of merchantable silk.

The strands thus made into thread are passed on to the weaver and manufactured into the delicate fabrics which delight the eyes and gladden the hearts alike of pagan and Christian belles. At this point of manufacture, however, when the product passes into the loom, adulterations and frauds become possible. It is impossible to adulterate the thread, but when the thread becomes combined with many thousands of others to make cloth frauds are frequently practiced. In few lines of dry goods is adulteration more frequently practiced than in silks, a fact which has been caused by the demand for cheap yet showy goods, for in this country the servant must look as well as the millionaire's daughter; the woman who scrubs the front steps is as ambitious, so far as dress is concerned, as the woman who sits in the parlor. There being a demand, therefore, for the greatest possible show at the least possible price, metallic dyes came into use, and also the practice of weighing the yarn, especially that which goes into the manufacture of black silk tassels and fringes, and to such an extent is this adulteration practiced that oftentimes these goods are, in weight, two-thirds dye and one-third cloth.

The adulterations do not always pass undetected. There are several tests which may be relied upon at least to give an indication of the presence of an adulterant. By weighing a sample of the goods carefully, then boiling it in water, drying and again weighing, an approximation may be made of the loss, which is, in great part, adulteration. An easier and quicker method is to soak a sample in warm water, then squeeze it in a white handkerchief and ascertain whether any color comes off. Another test is by burning on a white plate a bit of the goods to be tested. The pure silk will burn to a fine charcoal, the adulterated will smoulder to a greasy ash. But the adulteration does not always consist of dyeing matter, for even in far-away India there is an herb, the urtica, a sort of nettle, the bark of which is used as an adulterant even in the fiber of the goods. Inferior goods are also made of the "waste" which formerly constituted from two-thirds to three-fourths of the silk. The waste is carded, and even the cocoons from which insects have escaped are manufactured into an inferior grade of silk.

Aside from China, where silk has always been made in abundance, silk culture is an important branch of industry in Palestine, in Syria, particularly in the Lebanon Range, where both Christians and Mohammedans work side by side in the manufacture and realize well on their labors. It is manufactured with profit in Turkey and Greece, and also in Italy. In San Remo and Genoa, in Naples, and almost any other town on the western coast of the peninsula, whole streets are given up to silk workers, and picturesque spectacles are presented by these people with their spinning wheels and looms, their trays and cocoons, and the huge baskets of leaves brought in from the surrounding mulberry plantations for the sustenance of their stock in trade. Largely cultivated in Spain, Portugal and the south of France, the attempts which have been made in England and Germany have not realized the success hoped for them by the projectors. The climate of the north of Europe is not sufficiently warm, the changes are too great, the proper food for the worm is not always to be found, and the quality of the silk depends in no small degree upon the proper leaf furnished for the food.

The quantity of silk annually produced is almost incredibly great. There are every year imported into England over 8,000,000 pounds of raw silk, over 4,000,000 pounds of "waste," and upwards of 100,000 pounds of various grades of thread, a total of more than 12,000,000 pounds a year, to say nothing of silk goods already manufactured, exceeding in value $60,000,000. Nor does this represent more than the consumption of a single nation, and it is estimated that the total annual consumption of the world exceeds 100,000,000 pounds a year.

Attempts have been made to raise the worm in the United States, but not with marked success. Before the Revolutionary War the silk worm was introduced into Virginia, North and South Carolina and Georgia, but the industry died out completely during the Revolution, and has not been resumed to any considerable extent. But the silk manufactures of this country form an important part of its business. By the census of 1880 it appeared that there were 382 factories with a capital of $19,125,300, employing 30,000 hands, and turning out in the preceding year $34,519,723 worth of goods.

Common as is silk nowadays, in earlier times it was a most precious material. When it was first brought into Europe, silk commanded three times its weight in gold, and so valuable was it deemed that in the reign of Tiberius a law was passed forbidding it to all save noble ladies, and prohibiting men from wearing it on the grounds of its effeminacy. So unusual was it even 200 years later for a man to wear silk that every historian of the time of Heilogabalus noted the fact that that Emperor had a silk gown. For ages it continued at an abnormally high price. Charlemagne, in the year 780, could send to King Offa of Mercia no more valuable present than two silk coats. In Kenilworth Castle, the scene of Scott's famous novel, silk was first worn in England, two mantles on the shoulders of noble ladies belonging to Elizabeth's court, attracting more attention than even the Queen. The manufacture of goods from raw silk began in England in 1604, and was brought to perfection by the Huguenot refugees in 1688. Even at that time, however, silk was very costly, a pair of stockings costing in our money a little over $100, a cloak a little less than $1,000. Among the 3,052 dresses left by Elizabeth at her death only twelve were of silk, and Leicester, more than his knighthood, prided himself on a pair of silk breeches, which he had imported from Italy at an expense of over $500.

The days of the excessive costliness of silk have gone by, and the probability is that in the next few years large additions will be made to the silk-producing area of the world. Southern California, many parts of the Southern States, the West Indies, Mexico, Central America, the northern part of South America, and large districts in Africa are excellently well suited to the growth and development of the worm, as well as of the mulberry on which it feeds, and in not a few localities arrangements are now being made, both in this and other countries, by planting mulberry groves to prepare for silk culture. Good silk is still costly enough, but the change in price from the time when Leicester imported his famous breeches to that of the present day augurs well for a still further reduction in the future.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

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