

this over a slow fire, stirring well till as thick as double cream. Pour into the glass dish and use cold.

*Lemon Pudding.*—Half a pound of butter, one pound of sugar, six eggs (whites and yolks separately), the juice of one lemon, the grated rind of two, one nutmeg. Cream butter and sugar, beat in the yolks, lemon, and spice; stir in the stiffly-beaten whites last. Bake in a paste-lined dish, and eat when cold.

*Lemon Pudding.*—One cup of sugar, four eggs, two tablespoonfuls of cornflour, two lemons, the juice of both and grated rind of one, one pint of milk, and a tablespoonful of butter. Heat the milk to boiling, and stir in the "wet-up" cornflour; boil five minutes, keep stirring; while hot, mix in the butter and set away to cool. Beat the yolks light, add the sugar, and mix well before putting in the lemon juice and rind. Beat to a stiff cream, add gradually to the cold cornflour, and when quite cold stir smooth; put into a buttered dish and bake. Eat cold.

*Semolina Cream.*—Soak an ounce of semolina in a gill of cold milk for an hour, then boil it until soft in three gills of milk. Stir this into the contents of a large tin of Nelson's blanc-

mange dissolved in a pint of milk; flavour to taste; put into a wet mould and stand till set.

*Italian Cream.*—Take three quarters of an ounce of Nelson's gelatine and soak it in half a pint of cold water; boil the thin rind of a lemon in a pint of cream, add the juice of the lemon and three spoonfuls of raspberry syrup to the gelatine; pour hot cream on the above ingredients, stirring gently. Sweeten to taste; add a few drops of cochineal, whisk till thick, and pour into a wet mould.

There are also many varieties of cornflour shapes, for which directions are given on the packets, so that I need not take up space to repeat.

*Apricot Compote.*—Take a stale Madeira cake, cut off the top, and from the centre cut a large piece, leaving a wall of cake all round of two inches thick. Stew a tin of preserved apricots with a teacupful of sugar for a little while. Fill up the centre of the cake, put on the top slice again, and pour over enough of the hot syrup to soak the cake. When cold, pour either a thick custard over it or else spoonfuls of thick cream whipped stiff with a little sugar and essence of vanilla.

A very good summer pudding you will find the following to be, though it is served hot. The lemon flavouring makes it very refreshing.

*Lemon Pudding.*—Wet with a very little cold water two good tablespoonfuls of cornflour, then pour over it, stirring well, as much boiling water to make it to the consistency of thick starch; add five or six spoonfuls of sugar, the juice and grated rind of two lemons, and the yolks of two eggs, beaten well. Bake in oven ten minutes, spread the two egg whites beaten up with a little sugar, and very slightly brown in the oven.

A very good mould can be made in much the same way, making the starch very thick, adding sugar, lemon, and one egg yolk and white, returning all to the pan and allowing it to cook for a little while, then pouring it into a wet mould. Let it get cold, then turn out. I have no doubt that amongst the foregoing recipes each one will find something new, and I can confidently assure you that they are all very good. Many of them are suitable for use at garden parties and all such outdoor entertainments.

"CONSTANCE."



## LAVENDER AND ROSES: A VILLAGE INDUSTRY.

By FANNY L. GREEN.

SOUTH of Croydon there lies a great flower-growing district, whose fragrant products, instead of finding their way to Covent Garden, are distilled in the service of the druggist and perfumer. Some plants grown there, such as poppies, liquorice, aniseed, and chamomiles, are purely medicinal; but others—the luscious-scented Provence rose, "sweet lavender," rosemary, and peppermint—are largely used in perfumery.

In summer, the air of Mitcham, of Wallington, and of Carshalton is fragrant with the odour of whole fields of "the queen of flowers," lavender, and sweet and pleasant herbs; and numbers of men, women, and children receive steady employment in tending the crops, cutting and carrying them, and preparing them for the market.

There are several farms and distilleries in the district, but the most interesting is the farm and distillery of the energetic woman to whom the revival of the lavender industry at Wallington is due.

More than a quarter of a century ago a succession of bad seasons seriously reduced the Surrey crop, thereby raising the price of the English oil, or otto, of lavender so considerably, that the foreign oil, which is much cheaper, but far inferior in quality, nearly drove it out of the market. Numbers of poor families in the district were thus deprived of their livelihood, and great distress ensued. Miss Sprules,

whose family had been engaged in flower-farming and distilling for more than a century, determined to manufacture lavender water, or "essence," as it is properly called, out of a portion of the oil, and to send only the rest to the London dealers in the otto. She has now a large business at Wallington—the Wallington Distillery—which gives employment to a number of the village folk, and for some years has been by special appointment, "Purveyor of Lavender Essence to the Queen."

Lavender, roses, peppermint, rosemary, and chamomile are all part of Miss Sprules' fragrant stock-in-trade; but the manufacture of perfectly pure home-distilled lavender water is her staple industry. Its production is the result of a long course of cultivation and skilful treatment.

The lavender bushes, which are a little over two feet high, are propagated from slips which are struck under hand-lights, and subsequently placed in specially-prepared beds, where they remain for twelve months. During this time they are carefully clipped, to strengthen the growth. When the young plants are a year old, they are planted out in rows in sunny open fields, but for some time they are not allowed to flower. Short manure and superphosphate of lime are put to the roots, and the bushes are kept clipped.

The lavender plants are most productive when they are four years old; and even when

the worn plants are judiciously and assiduously replaced by young ones, the crop cannot be grown on the same land for more than six years. At the end of that time, or sooner, the bushes are taken up, and the crop changed to potatoes, or some other vegetable.

In August, the "spikes of azure bloom" are ready for cutting, and a series of busy scenes ensues. First, the stalks are taken two or three together in the hand and carefully cut with the sickle; then they are bound in sheaves, and carted to the distilling shed.

The process of packing the still is very interesting. There is an aperture at the top through which a man enters, and the sheaves are handed down to him from a sort of stage, which is level with the top of the still. He packs them carefully in, pressing down the stalks fairly tightly till the still is full, when they are covered with water. The still-head, which communicates with a coil of copper pipe contained in a tank filled with cold water, is then bolted down, and heat is applied. After a time, the crude oil of lavender, a yellow, slightly turbid liquid, distils over with the vapour of water, and the two pass out together into the receiver. The oil, being much lighter than the water, rises to the top, and is carefully skimmed off and filtered. Half a hundred-weight of good lavender flowers will yield from fourteen to sixteen ounces of the otto.



To the pure oil, mixed with the finest rectified spirit, a small quantity of rose-water is added, and the mixture is carefully distilled, the result being a deliciously fragrant perfume which is perfectly white, and will keep in any climate. The exhausted lavender stalks, which look like rushes, are used for manure, and as litter in stables.

Oil of lavender and cloves are the chief ingredients in the powerful perfume called "Rondeletia," but this scent contains also otto of roses, otto of bergamot, and the extracts of musk, vanilla, and ambergris.

Fragrant lavender sachets and faggots are also sent out by Miss Sprules. The flowers for the former are dried on canvas trays in warm cupboards, and then ground and mixed with powdered gum benzoin, a small quantity of otto of lavender being added to the mixture. The lavender faggots are cut when the flowers are fully expanded, the spikes being spread and dried slowly in a cool shady place before the bundles are made up.

The peppermint plant, like the lavender, is grown in fields, and two kinds are under cultivation in Surrey—the black mint, with purple stems, and the white mint, which has green stems, and yields an oil of greater delicacy. The former is more generally cultivated, because it is hardier and more prolific in oil than the latter, which is principally grown for drying in bundles, or "bunching."

The peppermint requires a moderately rich, friable soil, and the quality of the oil is best when it grows in dry ground. The crop is allowed to stand till the heads are coming into flower, when it is cut down. So important is it that other plants should not be mixed with the peppermint, that the ground is kept very carefully weeded; and it is customary with some growers to give the labourers a gratuity to induce them to be careful in throwing out other plants while they are cutting the herb.

The gathering and tending of the peppermint at Wallington is chiefly in the hands of women and children. The oil is distilled in a similar

manner to otto of lavender, but the distillation takes place at the lowest possible temperature. Miss Sprules allows her labourers to take away the peppermint water which runs out of the stills. They bottle it, and use it for medicinal purposes. Oil of peppermint is chiefly used in the preparation of the well-known cordial, in the manufacture of lozenges, and other forms of sweetmeats, and in prescriptions, to disguise the taste of nauseous drugs.

Rosemary is cultivated in a similar manner to the lavender, but it requires a longer period of growth before it is ready to be cut with the sickle. English oil of rosemary is ten times as valuable as the oil which is imported from Germany, France, and Spain. It is an indispensable ingredient in the manufacture of Eau de Cologne, and is extensively used in hair-washes and eye-lotions, and in scenting soap.

Chamomile is a purely medicinal plant. The flowers are carefully gathered and dried by artificial heat. The best are large, double, and of a good white colour. For the latter quality, fine dry weather during the flowering season is essential. Wet changes them to a buff or brownish hue. Chamomile flowers are a soothing remedy for toothache, and an oil is distilled from the plant which is used medicinally.

The Surrey cabbage roses are used in the preparation of rose water, and the deep red Provence roses are cultivated for the manufacture of rose confections and infusions. The processes to which these two varieties are subjected are quite distinct.

The cabbage roses are gathered in successive crops about the end of June or beginning of July, and sent to London in sacks. When they arrive there, they are immediately spread out on a cool floor, for if left in a heap they will be so heated as to be quite spoilt. They are then pickled. First the leaves are pulled from the calyx; then every bushel of flowers has about six pounds of common salt thoroughly rubbed in. The salt absorbs the moisture from the petals, and rapidly becomes

brine, reducing the whole to a pulpy mass, which is finally stowed away in casks. The mixture will then keep for almost any length of time without losing its fragrance.

The Provence roses are gathered while they are in the bud, just before expansion. The petals are cut off near the base, leaving the pale portion attached to the calyx, and are gently sifted, to remove any loose stamens that may remain. The petals adhere together loosely in the form of little cones, and have a delicious rosy odour, and mildly astringent taste. The "confection of roses," which is said to be good for delicate chests, is made by beating up the petals in a fresh state with sugar. An infusion of rose leaves, acidulated with sulphuric acid and slightly sweetened, is found to be a pleasant vehicle for other medicines.

It is satisfactory to know from Miss Sprules that these pleasant forms of industry are more profitable than the run of women's work; but it must not be forgotten that she reaps the fruit of long experience, and has succeeded to her father's connection. It is true that she has developed and extended his business; but a woman who knows nothing of the processes of flower-growing and distillation, and has no acquaintances among wholesale druggists and perfumers, would find it extremely difficult, if not impossible, to get a footing in the trade.

Many poor women are, however, employed in these industries, and several ladies now add to their incomes by selling Miss Sprules' dainty wares—the fragrant essence, lavender-salts, sachets, and faggots—on commission. These home-grown products are used now in all our own royal palaces, and are exported to several foreign potentates.

Very charming the bottles look in their cupboards, with their dainty labels and pale blue ribbon bows, and almost as attractive is the lavender, "in arid bundles bound," to "lurk amid the labours of the loom." There is no more ideal odour for the linen which is still a good housewife's pride.

## THE SECRET OF ROUGEMONT.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

### CHAPTER XIII.



WHEN Adrien de Riancourt reached Paris in the Reign of Terror was at its height. Robespierre, beginning to falter on his unhappy imminence, was clutching at his waning popularity by more and more ruthless executions. It was the worst moment in which he could have ventured into so fearful a position. But de Riancourt possessed high and undaunted courage. He had fully faced his intention; he had come to Paris to save his brother by his own death.

Adrien went straight to the authorities and demanded leave to visit one whom he described as his foster-brother, in prison. There was little difficulty in discovering where the supposed young Marquis de St. Eustache was imprisoned, but for a long time Adrien could not

obtain the necessary permission. His story was a very ingenious one, told as it was in Breton French. He described the young Marquis as his foster-brother; he pretended that money and jewels had been secreted by him, and that unless he could obtain the secret of their hiding-place they would be lost to the nation.

Adrien was a good actor; a grim sort of smile crossed his face as he reflected that once, in one of the ill-fated Queen's comedies at Versailles, he had played much such a part as he was now assuming, and with the most rapturous applause.

The officials, on hearing of treasure, pricked up their ears. Adrien obtained permission to have a quarter of an hour's interview with the prisoner in the evening.

One of them informed him, with a wink which made his blood run cold, that to-night was the last chance of obtaining information from that prisoner.

There were some hours to spend before he could go to the Conciergerie, and Adrien felt wistfully that he would like to make the most of his few short

hours of liberty. Protected by his peasant disguise, loose hair, and tricolour cockade, he walked through the streets. The faces of the passers-by were a curious and painful study. They were either reckless and turbulent, or wore a strangely scared and hunted expression. The very gait of the people was altered; there were a thousand gradations, from the *rolling slouch* of men intoxicated with emotions, reeling from the satiety of unbridled excitement, to the hurried, terrified scamper of many whom the hysterical fury of the times had reduced to the torments of shattered nerves.

Adrien was worn out with fatigue. He had ridden fast and long; hardly yet recovered from the weakness of his illness, nothing but his dauntless courage would have borne him through. He returned to the tiny room over a shoemaker's shop which he had hired. He sat down, but he could not rest; a feeling pressed on him that in a few short hours he would be no longer at liberty, but restricted to four narrow walls, to the loss of the light and air which he felt passionately that never till