

had "flitted." Yet in all her thoughts the grim reality had no place. Her perfect innocence and singleness of heart had never suggested such a possibility to her.

The days went by from the 13th to the 22nd, yet he came not. After working-hours Simon tried to hunt him up; but the billeting system, and ill-lighted streets, set his simple tactics at defiance.

On the latter day, Lord Wilton gave a dinner in the quadrangle of the college, to the non-commissioned officers and privates in his regiment, to celebrate their return, and the peace and plenty then restored to the land.

At the first sound of fife and drum Bess snatched up Jabez, and leaving house and batting-frame to take care of themselves, rushed along the street to the Sun Inn corner, where Long Millgate turns at a sharp angle, the old Grammar School and the Chetham College gate standing at the outer bend of the elbow. The better to see, she mounted the steps of the house next to the Sun—a house kept by a leather-breeches maker—and strained her eyes as the gay procession wound round from the apple-market, past the handsome black and white frame-house of the Grammar School's head master, and with banners flying, and drums beating, marched under the ancient arched gateway, between a double row of blue-coat boys.

She held Jabez high up in her arms to let him see,

and his little arms clasped her neck, as she scanned every passing soldier's features. Two-thirds the corps had passed—she saw the loved and looked-for face, and radiant with delight, stretched forward and in eager tones called, "Tom!"

There was a mutual start of recognition, two faces crimsoned to the brow, then white as ashes, a keen meaning glance at the child, teeth clenched and eyes set with stern resolution; and, without another look, without a word, Tom Hulme went on under the whale's jawbone gateway; and Bess, with brain bewildered, hands and limbs relaxed, sank on the breeches-maker's steps in a dead faint.

A lady (Mrs. Chadwick), who had a little girl by the hand, caught Jabez as they fell, and putting the boy's hand in hers, bade her take care of him—she was perhaps a year or two older than he—whilst she raised the poor young woman's head, and applied a smelling-bottle to her nose.

Strange parting, strange meeting! How close the founts of sweet and bitter waters lie! How often separate streams of life meet and part again; some to meet and blend in after years, some to meet nevermore!

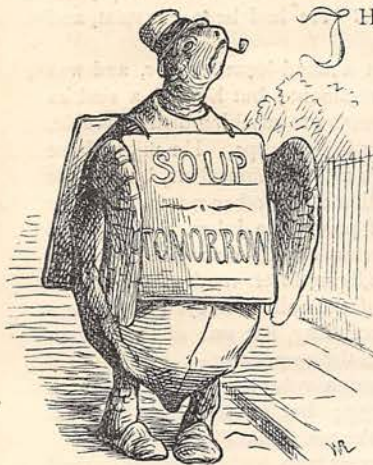
Another week, and Lord Wilton's Lancashire volunteer regiment had a man the less, the line had a man the more. Private Thomas Hulme had exchanged.

END OF CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

IS IT GOOD TO EAT?

BEING COMMON-SENSE PAPERS ON COOKING.

II.—HOW TO MAKE REAL TURTLE SOUP.



year! The hallowing influence of this holy season may be seen in all classes. The haughty abate somewhat of their pride, and have what is called quite a family party, often the event of the year to the children of the above-mentioned poor relations. How much more of true enjoyment to the giver is there, however, in this dinner than in some of a different nature during the height of the season! So gracious and so hallowed is the time, that the miser relaxes,

though reluctantly, his purse-strings; the workhouse master approaches nearer to a man and a brother. The weary and heavy-laden prisoner is, in his fare, reminded once again of the outer world from which he is debarred. And even the hobnailed-booted ruffian refrains from kicking his wife on Christmas Day.

But the part of Christmas with which we are more especially concerned is the dinner-party. And our endeavour will be to help and advise that large class, the very back-bone of English society, whose status may perhaps be best described by saying that they are blessed with neither poverty nor riches. To the really poor, the Christmas dinner is very dependent on the poor man's friend, the baker's oven. Early on the day, the goose is carried there, prepared often in the somewhat primitive fashion of a heap of sage and onion on one side of the dish, and a pile of potatoes on the other. It is to be trusted that the baker's man is an honest one. A small piece cut off each joint of meat before baking, on Sunday, too often maintains the man for the week. The poor know to their cost how much meat will shrink in the baking. On Christmas Day, the number of geese sent to each baker's is something extraordinary.

But we will now soar into the more aristocratic region of mock-turtle soup and boiled cod-fish, roast sirloin of beef, boiled turkey and oyster-sauce, plum-

pudding and mince-pies. At least, we think we have heard of such dishes at this season of the year as being occasionally used.

However, one word of warning. The following awful catastrophe actually occurred: *Scene*—A dinner-party. *Time*—Soon after Christmas. *Host*—A

but every housekeeper knows how exceedingly expensive they are at this season.

The change, however, of real turtle soup for mock is in the opinion of most people a change for the better, and we will fulfil the promise we made in our last article, and describe as clearly as we can how to



"I'LL STAND IT NO LONGER!"

nephew, with a wife and very large family. *Important Guest*—An uncle, rich—very rich; a bachelor; elderly, but irritable. At the moment the covers are taken off, he rises from the table, wrath written on his brow. "I will stand it no longer; give me my hat. This is the twelfth day running I have had roast beef and boiled turkey. I'll stand it no longer!" (*Exit in a rage.*)

Now, as I said in my last article, there is such a demand for mock-turtle soup about Christmas time that calves' heads have been known to fetch a guinea apiece,

make *real turtle soup* from the dried turtle-flesh, at a less cost than mock-turtle soup can be made from calf's head when the latter is very dear.

The first thing to be done is, of course, to purchase some of the dried flesh, which is generally about ten shillings a pound, and can be obtained from any of the large London provision merchants, and is also occasionally kept by the better-class grocers.

Now the general fault that we have found people express in regard to cookery-books, is that they invariably

describe how to make such large quantities that the recipes are only adapted to hotels. It is evident, too, that if a cook can make three pints of soup, she could make three gallons. We will therefore describe how to make a small quantity of turtle soup—viz., three pints, which, by-the-by, is amply sufficient for ten people, or even more. Let those who doubt this—and they will be many—go at once, and see how many ladlefuls there are in a pint—the average is five. Now, at the commencement of a good dinner one ladleful is ample for each person. Three pints of soup would therefore give fifteen people one help each, but of course it would not do to have only just enough. Beau Brummel once said that he would never speak to a man again who came twice for soup; but he would be a brave man who would risk no one asking for more, when the party is a family one at Christmas time, and the soup real turtle.

First, the turtle-flesh must be obtained at least three days before the soup is required. Suppose then a quarter of a pound to be in hand. It has somewhat the appearance of glue. Place it in a basin of cold water about the temperature of a hot summer's day, and let the basin, which had better be covered with a plate, be kept in a warm place, such as a top shelf in the kitchen. The very last thing before the cook leaves the kitchen for the night, or when the kitchen fire has got low, and will have no more coals put on it, is for the basin to be placed in the oven. This is especially necessary in winter. In the morning the basin must be taken out before the fire is lit, and the water changed—i.e., the flesh, which will be found to be a little swollen, put into fresh cold water, and if it smells rather offensively, somewhat like high fish, there is no harm in rubbing it all over gently with a lump of salt. This soaking process had best be continued for three days and nights, at the end of which period the flesh will be comparatively speaking soft, especially the thinner pieces. The last twelve hours the water may be quite warm, but not hotter than that the cook's hand can be borne in it without inconvenience.

The turtle-flesh must be then cut up into small pieces about two inches square, and boiled for about twelve hours in some stock prepared as follows—and it is in the preparation of this stock that the real secret of making good turtle soup lies.

Now, turtle soup requires far stronger stock than is required for ordinary soup, and it should be borne in mind that it is always considered a great luxury, and when purchased ready-made the usual price is a guinea a quart. I have mentioned this, as I consider in the present day an apology is due for recommending the buying of gravy-beef for making soups for small families where economy is of the slightest moment. It is as a rule quite unnecessary.

But to proceed—we consider real turtle rather an exception to general rules:—

Take a pound and a half of gravy-beef, an equal quantity of knuckle of veal, and one slice of lean raw ham, and place them in a large saucepan, which we will suppose to be perfectly clean, lid as well. Place in

also the following:—One head of celery, two onions—one of which has half a dozen cloves stuck in it—a small turnip and carrot, about as much parsley as would fill a tea-cup, three tea-spoonfuls of dried marjoram, three tea-spoonfuls of dried basil, half a tea-spoonful of lemon-thyme, and rather less than half a tea-spoonful of a herb called pennyroyal. All these herbs can be obtained at Covent Garden Market in sixpenny and shilling bottles, the last-named being sold by the bunch. Add a small tea-spoonful of salt and a little cayenne pepper, bearing in mind that these last commodities vary considerably in strength, and that it is always easy to add more, but impossible to take back. Fill the saucepan, which ought to be a gallon one, nearly full with cold water. Put it on the fire to simmer gently for at least twelve hours, occasionally skimming off any scum that may have risen. Unless the above has been placed on the fire early in the morning, it will be necessary to continue the operation of extracting the flavour and goodness from the meat, herbs, &c., the following day, in which case recollect that the whole must be turned out into a large basin at night, and covered over with a cloth. Inexperienced cooks would do well to bear in mind the following maxim:—*If soup be left in the saucepan all night, it will be utterly spoilt.*

When the above has simmered long enough, and has been reduced by this means to about two quarts, it must be carefully strained into a basin, and all the fat removed in the usual way. We would then recommend as follows, premising that it is not absolutely necessary, though a great improvement, mentioning this as in some parts of the country the ingredient could not be obtained.

Get, if possible, a couple of pounds of conger eel, and boil it in the stock thus made for an hour or more; this had better be done where conger eel is readily obtained, and cheap. Where, however, it is not, get for the previous day's lunch, or dinner, a pound or a pound and half of the ordinary fresh eels; cut them into small pieces about two inches long, and let them boil gently in the stock till they are quite tender. Take them out with a strainer, throw them into a saucepan of boiling water for a minute, and then place them in a dish with enough boiling water to cover them, throwing in a couple of sprigs of fresh parsley. It is an exceedingly nice dish, often served at fish dinners, and called eel-souquet. Brown bread and butter should be handed with it. By this means the soup gets a fish stock added to it, and there is no waste, as the fish is eaten. Of course the ordinary method of cooking the fish is to boil it in water. When this is done it will be found that the water in which the fish is boiled, when it is cold, becomes quite a jelly. Now all this glutinous substance helps the soup. The soup must be again carefully strained, and, if it is necessary, cleared with a couple of whites of eggs, and then run through a jelly-bag a few times in front of the fire. The soup must then be placed in an enamelled saucepan, and the turtle-flesh added to it and boiled till it is as tender as thoroughly cooked calf's head; during this process of boiling the soup will probably reduce itself to the

desired quantity—viz., about three pints; to this must be then added a claret-glassful of Madeira, which can now be obtained really good at forty shillings a dozen from any respectable wine merchant. If, however, it is not thought necessary to have Madeira bought on purpose—and it is a somewhat rare wine in the present day—a similar quantity of *good* golden sherry will do. The soup is now done, and only requires a few drops of lemon-juice added to it after it is put in the tureen.

One of the greatest mistakes in the use of wine for cooking is to think that any wine will do. I have known cases where people have ordered a few bottles of what they chose to call “cooking sherry” from the grocers, and filthy stuff it has been, enough to spoil anything. If you think turtle soup does not deserve a glass of good wine, my advice is, do not make any. It is no use adding a glass of some horrible concoction called sherry or Madeira, and then tasting the soup and saying, “Ah! it is not a bit like what we had at Francatelli’s.” Of course it is not, and you have only yourselves to blame. The same thing applies to real mock-turtle. “What does he mean by *real* mock-turtle?” I can imagine you saying. But we live and learn. This is exactly the question I asked a waiter many years ago. We were discussing the important subject of what I should have for dinner.

“Soup, sir? yes, sir; very nice mock-turtle, sir—real mock-turtle, sir.”

This led to the disclosure—it was in the country—that it was made from calf’s head, not pig’s head.

Now, more than three parts of the mock-turtle soup sold in London—I do not mean in the better-class hotels or restaurants—is made from pig’s head, and very nice it is too. Were it really made from calf’s head, it could not possibly be sold for the money. At some future period, when speaking on the all-important subject of “economy” in cooking, I will give you the recipe. Half a pig’s head can be bought for ninepence; nine persons out of ten would not tell the difference between soup made from it and soup made from calf’s head. As the pie-man said to Sam Weller, “It’s the seasoning as does it.”

In the above directions, I have only mentioned what I consider absolutely essential. When too many things

are mentioned in recipes, people are apt to despair of trying them. However, there are several little things that might be added to the above stock during the period of making with advantage: some chicken-bones, bearing in mind that they must have no white sauce in connection with them or the soup will never be clear. A mushroom would be another little improvement. Any odd scraps of meat, especially roast meat, may be added. The only difference between clear turtle and thick is that the latter has some brown thickening added to it. But it is, in my opinion, a great mistake to begin dinner with a thick soup, which is a capital thing to lunch off in cold weather, but it is apt to spoil the very best sauce—viz., appetite. The best recipe I know of for this sauce is exercise. Of course it is quite possible to have too much of a good thing, and this was the opinion of a certain gentleman, who once went out to dinner, as follows:—

He was a short, middle-aged gentleman, with a waistcoat that conveyed the idea of having swallowed a water-melon. He was not, as may be imagined, fond of exercise as a rule, and therefore took a cab. Unfortunately, the cab was old and rotten, and the bottom gave way and came clean out, seat and all. The unlucky man inside had consequently to trot the whole way through the mud. As the cabman, quite unconscious of what had happened, drove on at a brisk pace, the middle-aged gentleman fruitlessly endeavouring to attract his attention all the time, on arriving at his destination, his feelings, as well as his legs, can be better imagined than described.

Cooking is a high art. There was some great foreign minister, I forget who, who owed his great success as a diplomatist to his cook.

I have got another recipe for an old aunt, worth thousands. I would not divulge it at any other time of the year but the present, when every one must be good-natured. It is, as I say, worth thousands—*i.e.*, if the aunt be old, rich, and capable of making a will. Yes, I will tell, and in so doing probably make hundreds of fortunes for others, some of whom may one day recollect me. The recipe is as follows:—Make the tipsy-cake with brandy. A. G. PAYNE.

WOMEN WHO WORK.

POST OFFICE CLERKS.

TELL you about my work, ma’am?

Well, I don’t know that there is much to tell. I’ve been at it three years, and I get eight shillings a week and my food. Only that? Yes, ma’am, only that. It isn’t much, certainly; but I’ll tell you how I manage. I’ve an

uncle living near by, and I pay him three shillings a week for my lodging, so that I’ve the other five for dress, washing, travelling, doctors, and—everything, in fact.

There are some young women who manage

it, but I think they must have help of some sort. I know a lot live in kinds of Homes, managed by charitable people on purpose for them and needlewomen and teachers—respectable kind of young women, you know, ma’am—where they pay a trifle, and get lodged, and sometimes boarded too, if needful. Well, yes, ma’am, you’re right; it is a kind of living on charity; but then, you see, it’s to keep them decent and honest, and how are they to do it otherwise? One must live somehow, and they pay all they can. It’s the fault of their employers that they can’t pay more. If I liked, mine would give me ten shillings a week and my tea only, instead of eight and all my meals; but I couldn’t

