

Dr. Grotto's residence was hard by, and Mrs. Grotto, having been informed of her husband's state, now entered the room and added her lamentations. I believe she visited the doctor's mishap, in some way, upon me; for I know her eyes were vengeful as well as tearful, and she perhaps fancied that I had quietly seduced the doctor into drinking the stuff with the object of ridding myself of a professional rival. She certainly eyed me very strangely and suspiciously, and said it was "an abominable thing that people should be murdered in that way;" and the big footman, as he bore away his luckless master, gave a sympathetic grunt, and muttered that "some people ought to be hanged—that they ought."

However, there was work to be done for my patient who was left. Here I was in sole charge of this most important case. No thought of the holiday now. Late in the day my wife came, too, but I would not even see her, and I did not return home that night. Ah! there are some very great, some very grand pleasures in medical life. Death and I fought in hardest, bitterest fashion over poor Mr. Paynter. The chances were dreadfully against me. In the language of the Ring, I was "shockingly punished." One important point was not to let the patient remain still a single moment, and anybody who had come in suddenly, without a knowledge of the state of things, and had seen us—the footman and me—rolling poor Mr. Paynter over and over like a cask, would have fancied we were robbing and killing him at the same time. It was fearful exertion; and a variety of other remedial

measures, which had to be rapidly thought of and instantly put in practice, with the utmost care, taxed my energies to the utmost.

Reviving! So thankful! A little increase of the breathing, the faintest shade of returning colour, the smallest tremulous motion of the hands. Did I hear a sound? Did the lips move? He is——

Dying! Alas! the pulse utterly fails. Behold the blanching of the lips, the *settling* of the features. There is not a movement now; the body seems to lengthen; he is——

Better! Something occurs which to my experienced eye tells of fresh hope, reviving strength. We ply the remedies afresh. Weary hours pass and see us still there working, fighting that grim enemy, struggling to retain every small point gained and still to advance, until——

"*Saved!*" I cry; and I am not ashamed to own the tear of gratitude dims my sight, so that for the moment I actually do not see the patient has raised himself, and is trying to speak.

He says something; and there is even a little smile upon his face.

"You have won," he whispers.

No moment of all my life has brought me the happiness I felt in *that* moment. Yes; I had won. As a humble agent of the Great Physician of both souls and bodies I had fought the fight with Death, and I had won the victory.

When next day Milly and I went on our holiday, do you think we regretted the short delay?

SOME NEGLECTED ARTICLES OF FOOD.



TO any person accustomed to American life and habits, there is nothing more extraordinary than the absolute disfavour and neglect with which two prime transatlantic favourites are treated in England. Bereft of Indian meal and the pumpkin, the American housekeeper would be indeed a lost woman, and breakfast, dinner, and "high" tea be shorn of more than half their attractions. The prejudice against the former is to me a source of continual wonder, and when we discover that the principal sufferers from it are little children, we shall be rather sorrowful too, the nursery dietary being, at best of times, a very limited one. Perpetual bread-and-butter, or bread-and-milk, with occasional diversions into oatmeal porridge, and boiled eggs, are the daily food of most children throughout the United Kingdom; and if this little talk on paper should persuade one mother to add Indian meal, in its infinite varieties and possibilities of preparation, to the list, it will be a rich reward for the trouble of writing it.

Servants' prejudices are the general cause, I fancy, of the rejection of this delicious food. Children, as a rule, if carefully guarded and brought up, have really no likes or dislikes, I think, although they are too ready to pick up ideas of what is "nice" or "nasty" from their elders. In proof of this we see likes and dislikes continually expressed by little children, evidently copying papa and mamma, who have, in our own hearing, frequently said the same. As I have mentioned oatmeal porridge, I will begin with what our American cousins call "mush," a very pleasant substitute for it, and much more nourishing.

"Mush" is made in the same way as ordinary porridge, the meal being carefully stirred into the water, while boiling, until the mixture is of the proper consistency; a little salt should be added, and the whole boiled about ten minutes. It can then be turned into a dish, and eaten with milk or "golden syrup."

"Mush" is known amongst the lower orders in Italy under the name of "polenta," and forms a great part of their daily food, and is sometimes mixed with the flour made from the chestnuts which flourish so wonderfully there. A careful analysis, made by the late Professor Johnston, proves the Indian corn meal

to be richer in gluten and fatty matter than wheaten flour, with much less starch and water, to which circumstance it owes its extremely nutritive character. The attempt made by Mr. Cobbett to introduce the cultivation of it into England failed, owing to the variability of the climate. It can be grown in the Channel Islands, however, as I have eaten it there, as a green vegetable, boiled, and brought to the table on the stem or in "cobs," as they are called; and a most delicious addition to the table it is, though mostly used at breakfast. English people, upon first arriving in America, are usually much shocked at the very primitive way in which it is "gnawed" off the cob by the natives, and fancy they never could fall into such a really disgusting-looking habit. A few days' futile and discouraging attempts at cutting and shaving it off with a knife are usually sufficient, and they quietly drop into the manners and customs of those about them, to their own evident enjoyment. When cold, "mush" is very nice fried—cut into smooth slices, and fried a nice brown. It can then be eaten with preserve of some kind, or with sugar and a squeeze of lemon-juice. Hominy, which is a different method of preparing the corn, can now, I hear, be obtained in London. The corn is ground nearly into meal, the broken grains being larger than a pin's head. The flour is then sifted from it, and the husks or bran carefully taken away. The way of preparing it for breakfast, to be used as porridge, is by boiling one pint with two pints of water for about twenty minutes, by which time it will have soaked up all the water, skimming carefully, and standing it on the hob for twenty minutes more to soak again. It is eaten either warm or cold, with milk and sugar, butter, or treacle. Hominy also makes delicious puddings. Boil half a pound in milk, add three-quarters of a pound of butter, three or four eggs, nutmeg, and a little grated lemon-peel, with sugar to your taste. Mix the ingredients carefully, and bake in the oven, in a pie-dish.

Boiled "Indian meal pudding" is very excellent, and is usually much enjoyed by children. The method of making is as follows:—For a very plain pudding, stir two quarts of the meal into three pints of boiling water, with a pinch of salt, and one gill of molasses or treacle. Tie up in a strong cloth, allowing room for the pudding to swell, and boil for three hours. A rather richer one is made with one pint of meal, three pints of milk, two eggs, and half a gill of golden syrup. Stir the meal and milk together thoroughly, that no lumps may remain; add the eggs (well beaten) and the golden syrup. This pudding will swell very much when boiling, so plenty of space should be left in the bag. Boil for three hours. A very nourishing addition to these puddings is a quarter of a pound of finely chopped beef suet. With this the pudding will require a little more boiling. A recipe for a very nice pudding was given to me by a Canadian lady some years ago, which, I think, has never been published before. I give it for the especial benefit of those who depend much on nice puddings, as it will be found well worth a trial. Take a breakfast-cupful of currants, the same amount of chopped suet, and as much also of sugar and

of new milk respectively; beat them up together with three eggs, stir gradually into it six table-spoonfuls of Indian meal, and two of flour, mixed together. Boil for three hours. The favourite American sauce for these puddings consists of butter, sugar, lemon-juice, and a little nutmeg, beaten together to the consistency of cream—a very agreeable sauce, but rather an extravagant one for a large party.

Bread made from this flour is much used in Italy. Of the precise method of making it there, I am unaware; but it looks as if it had wheaten flour mixed with it, as is usually the case when made in America, in the proportion of half and half. The dough must stand all night and rise, like any other species, and there is no difference in the succeeding procedure, except that the Indian meal will require more kneading and less baking.

What is known under the name of "Johnny-cake" is made as follows:—To one quart of milk add three eggs, one tea-spoonful of carbonate of soda, and a tea-cupful of wheaten flour, mixed with Indian meal enough to form a thickish batter. Bake very quickly, and eat hot with golden syrup or butter. Corn bread is made for breakfast in the same manner; both are very nice when cold.

Ginger-cake is made with Indian meal in the Far West, and is considered excellent. The recipe is:—One quart of sour milk mixed with a tea-spoonful of soda, one quart of meal, one pint of flour, and one gill of molasses. Ginger must be added according to taste.

"Hoe-cake," so called from being baked on a hoe, "griddle-cakes," and "corn-dodgers" are all well-known varieties in various parts of America; and the "tortillas," so well known to Mexican travellers, are made from Indian corn, the corn being simply bruised between two stones, and mixed into thin cakes, which are baked like Scotch "bannocks." "Tortillas—tortillas calientes!" is one of the best-known street-cries of that unhappy empire. Many of the recipes most used in America I am obliged to discard, on account of saleratus being one of the ingredients.

The other neglected esculent is the pumpkin, called in France—where its virtues are much esteemed—"Le Roi Potiron" (King Pumpkin), a grand fête being held in his honour at the Halles Centrales in Paris, at about the middle of September, when the beautiful bright yellow-green gourd is in perfection. It can be grown in England equally well, I am told; and certainly would prove a very valuable addition to the food of the people, could they be induced, by the example and precept of their superiors, to adopt it. In America the pumpkin is an old and well-established favourite, and "pumpkin pies," jams, and preserves are made in every farmhouse. As a groundwork to the latter, the pulp of the pumpkin is excellent, as any flavour can be given to it.

An American recipe for preserved pumpkin is as follows:—Choose a fine ripe pumpkin, cut it in halves and quarters, pare off the rind, and take out the seeds. Cut into neat slices of any size or shape you may fancy, which you should endeavour to keep whole

in boiling. Weigh the pieces, and to seven pounds of pumpkin put five of sugar, four lemons, and two ounces of ginger-root. Boil the pieces till tender in water enough to cover them; then take them out, and to the water add the sugar, and the lemon and ginger—the lemons sliced and the ginger whole. Boil the syrup until thick enough to keep without fermenting, and then add the pumpkin slices to it.

Another method is to place the slices, without boiling, in a deep dish, with sugar sprinkled in between the layers, and the lemon-juice squeezed over them, and to let them remain thus for three or four days. Then to boil all together; adding one pint of water to every six pounds of sugar used, till the slices are tender. If the syrup be not thick it must be poured off, and boiled again by itself.

Having once explained that the pumpkin is always pared, and the seeds taken out, it will not be needful, in the following recipes, to mention it again, excepting to say that the parts nearest the seeds being the sweetest, the insides must not be scraped too much; but only the really stringy parts removed. To make that famous "institution," pumpkin pie, the slices of pumpkin are stewed with a little water and a pinch of salt until quite tender, then rubbed through a colander, and to every quart of the pulp a quart of new milk and two or three eggs, well beaten, are added. A tea-spoonful of ground Jamaica ginger, a little powdered cinnamon, and enough sugar to sweeten it, complete the list. Grate off the yellow rind of a lemon, and add to it, with a little of the juice. Mix all thoroughly together in a large bowl, and having lined a shallow plate or dish with a thin paste, fill the middle with the pulp. Bake in a moderate oven for three-quarters of an hour. This may also be made with one pint of milk and three eggs to the quart of pulp; but in this case it must be baked in a rather cooler oven.

A richer pulp, with more eggs, a little butter, and

some brandy to flavour it, is frequently used as a pudding; the pudding-basin being first lined with paste, and then baked in a moderate oven. A delicious *soup maigre* is made in France from this gourd, which is so simple in its composition that, I think, any person, however inexperienced, could make it.

Into one quart of water put one pound and a half of pumpkin, weighed after cutting up and peeling, a large onion sliced, and half a tea-spoonful of essence of celery, or a very small head of celery itself—if you have it at hand—finely cut up. Boil all together for two hours very slowly; then add an ounce of good salt butter, rubbed smoothly into a large table-spoonful of flour, with a little seasoning of cayenne pepper and salt. Keep stirring and boiling slowly for half an hour longer, when it will be ready to serve. This recipe is intended to make two quarts of soup.

In giving the foregoing recipes, I do not wish them to be considered perfect, as after the first trial any experienced cook will, I have no doubt, be able to make improvements in them. For instance, in making the soup I have found dripping quite as good as butter, and less expensive; and a friend of mine prefers pea-flour as a thickening instead of the wheaten. A very ripe pumpkin is best for making soup, and indeed, I think, for all uses. They are quite in their perfection in October, and I only hope my poor little effort towards recommending them may induce the readers of CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE to give them a fair trial. The pumpkin is grown with but little difficulty, and after a month's growth will need no shelter in the open ground. It may be treated in every way like the cucumber, but needs much less care. In dry weather the plants want frequent watering, and the runners should always be pegged down to the soil. The fruit can be kept perfectly good throughout the winter, and will always form an enjoyable change from the eternal round of winter vegetables. D. DE B.

STONE STEPS AND WOODEN STAIRS.

By BEATRICE LEIGH HUNT, Author of "Two Points of View," &c.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.



UNT VALENTINE received a hurried note from Dr. Frost one morning, not many days later, in answer to one which she had written to him.

"MY DEAR MISS HOLMAN,—I will be with you to dinner to-morrow with pleasure, and will be careful to avoid Edith's knowing your wish that I should see her. I have, as you know, shared your anxiety about her for some time, all the more because I have felt as powerless as yourself to restore her health. I fear the cause is out of my reach to remove. But I must talk with you when I have seen her.

"Believe me, yours very sincerely,

"CHARLES FROST."

"Where are you going, Edith?" said Aunt Valentine, as Edith entered the drawing-room rather late in the morning, ready equipped for going out.

"To the Sedleys to lunch," returned Edith. "It is an old-standing engagement."

"You will be back to dinner, I suppose? Don't let them keep you to-day, for Dr. Frost is coming to dinner."

"Is he?" said Edith, in a pleased tone. "And nobody else?—that will be nice."

"Nobody else, except Mr. Cardross," answered Aunt Valentine.

"Mr. Cardross?" repeated Edith, standing still, just as she was coming to bid Aunt Valentine good-bye. "Why, he was not coming to-night. He told me so," added Edith, who had looked forward to this evening as a rest from any claims upon her—no going out, no visitors to entertain, and not even Victor present to disturb her peace.