

onward, as though urged now by some fixed eager purpose. On and on, plunging through dry bracken, climbing over great rocks, groping his way through the pine-wood, he found himself at last by a narrow wooden bridge spanning the stream that roared and foamed far below—a seldom-used bridge, slippery with green lichen, and guarded only by one slender rail.

This was his goal. Hereabouts in the blithe days of his boyhood he had shot many a rabbit, robbed many a bird's nest, and here he had now come to die. Yes, to die! That was the only way in which he could make her happy. Had he not told her that he was ready to do *anything*? And this was no light thing to do. He was young, and life was strong in him. He clung with passionate yearning to all that he was leaving—his wife, his child, his home—he shrank from the death he had come to seek. He looked down into the white seething cauldron. He remembered once saying lightly to his wife that he would have that rickety old bridge taken away, and a safer one built. He wondered if she would remember it when they found him. Ah, well! neither she nor any one would doubt that in crossing those green planks in the uncertain moonlight his foot had slipped, and—

One step on to the bridge—one whisper of his wife's name—one more gaze into the gulf beneath, and then he fell, and lay bruised, and crushed, and senseless, washed by the hurrying water.

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"Allan, do you know me?"

The dark head upon the pillow did not move: there was no strength for that, but the white lips parted and whispered, "Is it you, Louise? has it always been you?"

"Oh, Allan, yes! who else should it be?" Her tears were dropping fast upon his breast; her lips were pressed to the powerless hand she held.

"Where am I? I thought the stream was sucking me in—I thought I was out of your way."

"Darling, you are at home. You have been very ill, but you are better now, thank God!"

"Do *you* say that? are you glad?"

"Glad!"—her eyes, her voice, answered for her.

He lay for a few minutes musing.

"Did they find me there—under the Crow Bridge?" he asked at last.

"Yes; old Trower found you, in the early morning, as he went to his work."

"How long ago?"

"More than a month."

"And so it did not kill me—that fall?"

"You fell between the rocks. But you were terribly hurt—at first they said you could not live."

"Louise, I did not slip. I meant—"

"My husband—I know! Oh, Allan! when I believed you would die, and that I should never be able to tell you—" she stopped, fighting with her sobs.

"Tell me what?" he asked, his sunken eyes fixed on her face.

"That I do love you—more than all the world beside. When I thought you would never know it my heart was ready to break."

"My wife!" He said no more, but into his wasted face there came a tremulous joy.

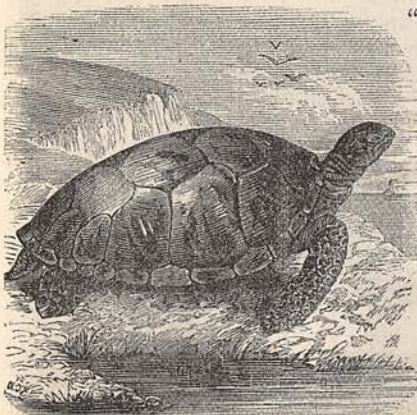
"Listen, dear," she went on softly. "I had better say it all now, and then you will be at rest. It has come back, Allan—the love of the old days, only more a thousand-fold. It has come back, and all the rest seems blotted out."

Then she leant over him, and kissed him with a long, lingering kiss.

"And now, my Allan, we are going to be quite, quite happy. But we must not talk any more. Let me sit here beside you, and sing you to sleep."

He was content, for he was strangely, blissfully weary. And so, sitting with his hand locked in hers, she sang till lulled by her voice he fell into a slumber.

## HOME-MADE MOCK TURTLE.



"I AM sure that soup came from the pastry-cook's." I wonder how often this remark has been made on the home-ward journey after a little dinner, when especially the young ladies

of the party feel inclined to criticise the evening's proceedings—let us trust, not ill-naturedly. These

after-dinner criticisms, especially when conducted on the principle of plucking the beam out of our own eyes before being so anxious to discover the motes in the eyes of others, are probably one of the best means of improving ourselves. In the present day, when the difficulty of obtaining "a good plain cook" increases rather than diminishes, it becomes more than ever important for mistresses of households to understand the rudiments and principles of cookery, or otherwise the good plain cook in question, though warranted "a treasure," will not be slow to show the power she possesses.

Now I think there are few "dishes" more worthy of a little chit-chat than that grand old compound, good mock turtle soup. In the first place, it is essentially an English dish, at least I have always failed to obtain it abroad. Indeed there is a soup called mock turtle that I have often tasted in foreign



restaurants; it is a compound in which small pieces of calf's head may be found in the form of a gristly mince, but it is no more like real English mock turtle, if we may be allowed the expression, than the French green turtle is like the turtle soup at a City company's dinner.

First, with regard to mock turtle, let us try and find out wherein our home-made soup differs from the professional, and then see the reason why. As a rule, home-made mock turtle is poorer, contains meat of a different shape, and seems to lack a certain smoothness, flavour, and richness which will be always detected in really first-class soup.

First, the basis of all good mock turtle is a calf's head, or at any rate, to be practical and adapt ourselves to private houses, say half a calf's head. Now unfortunately there are many housekeepers who think it essential to economy to have their half-head served as a separate dish, boiled and covered with an unpleasant white sauce, in which cook chops up what are called mixed herbs. The tongue and brains are served in a separate dish, and the mock turtle soup so called is made out of the remains of this dish (the white sauce being scraped off), and the liquor in which the head was boiled.

So far from this being economical, I think it will be found exactly the contrary. Calf's head boiled is a dainty dish in this sense of the word, viz., people generally, or rather very often, eat it in a dainty way. My experience is that a good deal is often left upon the plates. I don't know why, but calf's head plain boiled, without some appetising accessories, is a sort of food in which very often you come to a sudden stop, and can't go on.

I will presume, therefore, that the half calf's head is intended for soup only, and as in this case every morsel will be consumed except the bare bones, I cannot possibly see any want of economy in omitting the preliminary dish.

Next, what is absolutely essential for good mock turtle besides the calf's head? I consider that the following are essential—good stock or broth, flavouring herbs consisting of sweet basil, marjoram, winter savory, and lemon thyme, some fairly good sherry or Madeira, and if the soup be thick, some brown roux or thickening.

I will now briefly run through the recognised receipt for making mock turtle, and then point out what variations may be made from this receipt, that will render it more easy of carrying out in an ordinary kitchen.

An authority recommends that the scalded head be boned, and then put in cold water and placed on the fire till the water boils; the head is then taken off, after the water has been allowed to boil for ten minutes, and is plunged into cold water. Some salt must be put in the water in which the head is boiled, and the water carefully skimmed. Next, a good-sized stock-pot is taken, into which are placed, after the bottom of the stock-pot has been buttered, four slices of raw ham, two large knuckles of veal, and an old hen partially roasted. This stock-pot is filled up with

two quarts of broth and placed on the fire to boil, and to reduce till the liquid part becomes a glaze; the fire is then quickly slackened by throwing on ashes; the glaze is allowed to become the proper colour, and the stock-pot is then filled up with water, the calf's head being placed in it, after all the rough cuticle about the mouth has been properly trimmed off. The head is allowed to boil, and the stock is skimmed, and now are added the usual vegetables—six cloves, two blades of mace, half a pottle of mushrooms, four shalots, a bunch of parsley, some green onions, thyme and bay-leaf tied together, and a little salt.

When the calf's head is thoroughly tender it is taken out and allowed to cool, the best plan being to place it between two dishes to press. It is then cut up into squares and placed in a basin ready for use. The stock is now strained and thickened or cleared, as the case may be.

If intended for thick soup, a light-coloured brown roux is used, and the soup is afterwards allowed to boil in order to throw up the butter. Next is added a purée of turtle-herbs, consisting of one-third sweet basil, winter savory, marjoram, and lemon thyme making up the other two-thirds. These are all mixed with some parsley, green onions, and green shalots, and six anchovies moistened with some broth; and the whole, after being stewed, rubbed through a tamis. A little crystallised cayenne pepper is added to the soup. Half a bottle of sherry is also added, as well as three or four dozen round quenelles and a little lemon-juice; and, of course, the flesh of the calf's head that has been cut in squares and placed in a basin.

Let us now examine this receipt. First, is it necessary to bone the head raw? I think if the soup is intended to be thick it is not, but that the head may be parboiled as it is; the meat then cut from it after it has got cold, and put between two plates to set, while the bones may be placed back in the water, which can be reduced by boiling. Of course, half a calf's head would only require one knuckle of veal, and one weighing three or four pounds would make excellent soup. Half a pound of raw ham would also be amply sufficient, and as to the old hen partially roasted, the remains of some roast fowl, such as bones or what is known as the carcase, would do practically. The usual vegetables should consist of a head of celery, a large handful of parsley, two onions, one with half a dozen cloves stuck in it, a carrot, and a turnip, or two each of the latter if small. This stock should certainly be allowed to boil down till it turns colour—*i.e.*, till it gets a light brown—the cook carefully watching the same lest it burn. The stock-pot must then be filled up with water.

Next, a little mushroom ketchup may well take the place of the half-pottle of mushrooms, but then let it be a little, and not enough to make the soup taste of ketchup. Then how about the two blades of mace, or for half a head one blade of mace? I think, as a rule, the less spice in soup the better, and I would recommend that the mace be omitted, as well as the cayenne pepper added with the greatest caution.



Perhaps the cook's chief difficulty about the soup will be the "purée of turtle-herbs." There is, as a rule, nothing a woman-cook so rebels against as the direction, "Rub through a tamis."

It will also be seen that the quantity of herbs is not mentioned. Now, of course, the soup can be made without the "tamis," and we will suppose dry herbs used, similar to those sold in Covent Garden Market, in shilling and sixpenny bottles; a large brimming dessert-spoonful of basil will be required, nearly as much of marjoram, while of the winter savory and lemon thyme I would recommend the former to preponderate, lemon thyme being a very powerful herb. With regard to the anchovies, as the cook won't use the tamis, she had better leave them out.

These three dessert-spoonfuls of herbs and a bay-leaf can be boiled separately in about a quart of the liquor, care being taken to keep the lid on as much as possible, to avoid losing the flavour. This liquor can then be strained and added to the bulk of the soup. As these herbs vary in strength, rather more than I have said in quantity can be used, and the whole of the liquor need not be added, but the soup can be tasted, and if it seems deficient in flavouring some more can be put to it afterwards. A little experience will soon teach the cook the exact quantity. This also depends upon the quantity of soup made; half a calf's head should make more than half a gallon of soup, if stock as well as knuckle of veal be added. It is usual for cookery books to say half a calf's head to two quarts of soup. I will simply mention the fact that I have often made nearly double this quantity, and found the soup as good as I should ever wish to have it.

If the soup is intended to be clear, greater care will have to be taken in its preparation; and I would recommend you to bone the head raw, and not use the

bones for the soup; though, of course, the bones should be used for some other purpose, such as gravy, &c. In clearing soup, it will be found an admirable plan to run a pound or two of shin of beef, perfectly free from fat, through a sausage-machine, and mix this with some water in which the white of an egg has been well beaten up. This is all stirred up in the soup, and the whole allowed to boil very gently—in fact, simmer would be a better word to use—and then it is strained. For this purpose beef will be found far superior to veal, as the latter is apt to make the soup look and taste greasy. To clear soup, however, this chopped gravy beef is not essential, a couple of whites of eggs well beaten up in half a pint of cold water doing very well.

With regard to the wine added, a good golden sherry is better than pale; a light, dry wine like Amontillado being very unsuitable. The best wine by far is Madeira, and as this can now be bought as cheaply as ordinarily good sherry, it is well worth while getting a bottle on purpose. A good-sized tumblerful would be required for the soup made from half a calf's head.

I think the chief points to be borne in mind in making mock turtle soup, both clear and thick, are—first, if you intend the soup to be clear, a little precaution in avoiding fat in the various ingredients in their first stages, will more than repay the trouble in the end. Secondly, "do not spoil the ship for a ha'porth of tar," in grudging decent wine to add to it when finished. Then, in the case of thick mock turtle, see that the brown roux or thickening is sufficiently baked and coloured without being burnt, and pray do not forget the important point, after the roux has been added to the soup to thicken it, of letting it boil up to throw off the butter, which will gradually rise to the surface, and must be skimmed off.

## MARCH WINDS.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR, B.A., F.R.A.S.



"MARCH WINDS and April showers  
Bring forth May flowers."

ALTHOUGH we have many proverbs relating to the weather of particular months, it is very doubtful whether even on the average of a great number of years any month is markedly characterised by special weather. Most certainly no reliance can be placed on the character of the weather of any month in any given year. February "fill-dyke" is not unfrequently a dry and frosty month; blustering March is sometimes calm and still; changeful April, dull and uniform; and smiling May has been known to be as bleak and bitter a month as any in the year. Still less reliance can be placed upon any of the characteristics assigned

to different parts of a month. March, according to one proverb, "comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb;" while another proverb asserts the precise reverse, insomuch that some assert that the true law is that if March does not come in like a lion and go out like a lamb, he comes in like a lamb and goes out like a lion. But quite as often as either March comes in and goes out like a lion, with a lamb-like mid-interval; or he comes in and goes out like a lamb, the middle of the month being lion-like. And, as I have said, it happens occasionally that the whole month is quiet, save for an occasional moderate breeze. These statements are by no means ventured at random. I have before me as I write weather records for more than half a century last past, and side by side with them Gilbert White's summary of the weather from 1768 to 1792; and in these I find all