

Very soon I found out the solution of the mystery. There was a wedding, and there was bridescake, and I made friends again with Maysey, and we both were in white, and "Uncle Schmidt" said something about being "de broud papa zom day for his dear, dear Gvaynee, ven it vas to be dat zom happy day for hair." And Polly laughed and cried at once, and I saw Aunt Jane kiss her on the stairs; and Aunt Judith after the breakfast embraced Aunt Jane, and said something tearfully about everybody wishing people well in a thing where there was so much risk—"like dying, sister Jane; your future is settled then, and you don't change; and it's the same when you're married."

Herr Schmidt somehow got possession of his own house again at the end of the quarter, and he and Aunt Jane lived there, when they came back after the honeymoon. They wanted Aunt Judith to be with them, but she excused herself on the ground of not wishing to witness her sister's married troubles. Being

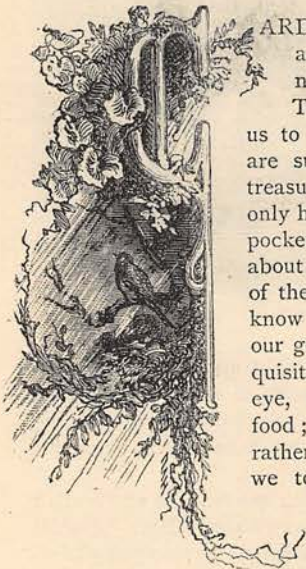
already partly provided for by the rent of our old house, she advertised for, and found, a situation as "confidential housekeeper to a widower of large means—society, not salary, the chief object." Her duties there could not have been very heavy, for she found time to write letters many pages long, sympathising with Aunt Jane, and expressing a hope that everything might be for the best.

For my part, I thought Aunt Jane needed little of such sympathy, when our small circle was formed on the winter evenings round the fire—I with my lesson-books leading me up more rugged paths, as I grew from quiet year to year: Herr Schmidt turning his blue glasses often and untiringly towards his gentle, helpful wife: Aunt Jane talking cheerily of old times by her own home fireside. At last she would look at her watch, and nod to me—bedtime, alas! And after my two kisses I always thought of auld lang syne, and laughingly made my last good night to my uncle—"Ich liebe dich, Herr Schmidt."

GWENDOLINE.



SOME LITTLE-USED VEGETABLES.



ARDENERS and greengrocers at the present time tyrannise over us English people.

They make it possible for us to go into places where we are surrounded with vegetable treasures of all sorts, and if we only have a little money in our pockets, there is no difficulty about our becoming possessed of them. But we do not quite know how to make the most of our good fortune. Our new acquisitions are pleasant to the eye, and doubtless good for food; but the question becomes rather interesting, "What are we to do with them?" For instance, there are lentils. Their praises are sung on all hands. They are ancient enough, for

we remember reading that Esau sold his birthright for a dish of them; besides, we are told how valuable they are—more nourishing than beefsteak, and almost as digestible as water-gruel. We are all anxiety to become robust and healthy by means of them.

Very good soup may be made from them, for one thing. As I have already said, lentils are exceedingly nourishing in themselves, so that we need not be anxious to have meat-stock for the soup; but if it

should happen that there is in the house the liquor in which a piece of bacon, or pickled pork, or beef, or, best of all, a ham or a ham-bone, has been boiled, that will be excellent for the purpose. If this is not the case, there will at any rate be the rind cut off from rashers of bacon which have been used for breakfast, and three or four strips may be scalded and scraped well, in order to free them from all impurities, then stewed for the sake of their flavour.

A good deal of time will be saved if the lentils (say a breakfast-cupful) can be soaked over-night in plenty of cold soft water; and if the water is in the least degree hard, a small piece of soda about the size of a lentil may be put with it. If any lentils float on the surface of the water, they should be removed and thrown away, as these are not good. In the morning, drain away the water, and put the lentils into two quarts of the liquor in which meat has been boiled, or, wanting this, into cold water. Put with them the scalded bacon-rind, three moderate-sized onions, one of which has a clove stuck into it, two carrots, two turnips, and a *bouquet garni*—that is, a bunch of parsley, a sprig of thyme, and a bay-leaf, tied together with twine. Add also some outer sticks of celery: If celery is going to be used for cheese, the best part (the hearts) can be taken for the cheese, and the outer sticks used for the soup. If there is no celery, a penny packet of celery-seed for flavouring can be bought of the corn-dealer, and about half of it tied up in muslin and put into the liquor. The celery must not be omitted, for it improves the flavour of the soup so much.

When all is ready, boil the ingredients gently together for about three hours, stir the soup now and then, and skim it occasionally to take away the thick, dark scum that will rise to the surface. If the lentils are of good quality, and have been soaked, they will be soft in about an hour, but it will be better to boil them longer. Strain the whole through a wire sieve into a large basin, pick out the *bouquet garni* and the celery-seed if that has been used, and rub what is left on the top of the sieve—lentils, vegetables, and all—patiently through the sieve with the back of a wooden spoon. If the lentils are sufficiently boiled they will not be difficult to force through, and they may be moistened occasionally with some of the hot liquor to make them pass more easily.

In heating the soup the second time it should be stirred every now and then, to keep it from burning to the bottom of the stew-pan.

Some people think it an improvement to add a little curry powder to lentil soup, but this is a matter of taste. For my own part, I think it is very much nicer without it. A slice of fresh butter, however, stirred into the soup is a valuable addition, especially when water, not stock, has been used. I believe the real name for this soup is Chantilly soup; but whatever it is called, it is very good, and *tastes* as if it were strengthening—indeed, no one would guess from the taste that it was made without meat. It ought to be about as thick as good pea-soup, and if, owing to varying causes, the liquor should be reduced so much that the soup is thicker than this, a little more liquor should be added to make it of the right consistency. Small pieces of fried or toasted bread should be sent to table with it.

If it has been forgotten to soak the lentils over-night, they may still be boiled as before, but they will take a longer time; and in order to accelerate the cooking, it will be well to pour in every half-hour half a small tea-cupful of cold water. The liquor must be made to boil up again each time the water is added.

So much for lentil soup; now for lentils to be served as a vegetable. For this the lentils should be washed, soaked, and boiled as before, in about three times their bulk of water. When they have boiled for about half an hour—that is, when they are tender without having broken at all—they should be drained, then returned to the saucepan with a good slice of butter, a little pepper and salt, and about a table-spoonful of vinegar. They must be shaken over the fire for a few minutes till quite hot, and are then ready for serving. They are very good put into the middle of a dish and surrounded with fried sausages. This is a favourite German dish. Sometimes an onion or a shallot chopped small is fried in the butter before it is put with the lentils, and celery is frequently boiled with them to improve the flavour.

I have been told, although I must confess I have not tasted them, that potted lentils are very good, spread on bread-and-butter or toast, and eaten as a breakfast relish. It is made of lentils boiled as a vegetable, allowed to go cold, then mixed with an equal quantity of finely-grated bread-crumbs, and

beaten to a paste with butter. The remnants of dressed lentils may be used in this way, or, if preferred, they may be made into a salad to be eaten with cold meat. For this, the boiled lentils are put upon a dish, tossed lightly with a salad mixture made of pepper and salt mixed with three parts of oil to one of vinegar, and ornamented with water-cresses or endive.

Speaking of endive reminds one that it also is a vegetable that is not so generally known as it deserves to be. It is very pretty, with its green and yellow curled leaves, and is valuable because it is plentiful and cheap in winter, when salad vegetables are scarce and dear. It needs to be very carefully washed in several waters, because it is so full of grit, to say nothing of insects that lie concealed in the folds of the leaves. The outside green leaves are always cut away, for they are not used, and it is best to cut the stalk and spread the yellow leaves out before washing them, so that the business may be done thoroughly.

The French always like to have what they call a *chapon* with endive salad—that is, a crust of bread rubbed with garlic and tossed energetically with the dressing. Many English people, however, strongly object to the flavour of garlic, even when it is so slight as this; and those who are of this opinion would do well to substitute a raw tomato cut into slices for the endive. Occasionally, to make variety, a few anchovies or sardines, or even bloaters freed from skin and bone and cut into strips, may be used as an accompaniment.

Those who, after all, consider endive too hard and too bitter to make an agreeable salad will surely relish it when stewed, for then it is most delicate, and is excellent either as an accompaniment to roast mutton, cutlets, sausages, or roast fowl, or even served alone with toasted sippets.

There is a variety of this vegetable which is even less known than the curly-leaved endive. This is the Batavian endive. In appearance it is just like a lettuce, for which a good many people mistake it; but the taste is different. It is neither so hard nor so bitter as the ordinary endive, and is particularly good for salads.

In speaking of the less-known vegetables, I must not forget the artichoke. There are two kinds of artichokes, which are entirely different from each other. The better-known of the two is something like a potato and something like a turnip. It is perhaps never so good as when made into soup, which is called Palestine soup, most likely because the root of which it is made is distinguished by the name of the Jerusalem artichoke. But the other kind, the Globe artichoke, does deserve more general attention than it receives. It is not unlike a large thistle in appearance, and I have again and again heard people wonder what it was, and how it ought to be cooked.

French cooks prepare it in most elaborate ways—fill it with forcemeat, and then call it *Artichoke à la Barigoule*; or boil it, cut it into quarters, and sauté it, then pour rich sauce over it, in *Artichoke à la Lyonnaise*. Perhaps it is presumptuous to say so, but I

must say I think these methods are more trouble than the result is worth. The Globe artichoke is never so good as when it is simply cooked, and then it is most delicious. I do not think there could be a more welcome addition to the luncheon or supper table than a boiled artichoke served with Dutch sauce; and this is the way to prepare it:—Wash the artichoke in several waters, and lay it in salt and water for an hour with the stalk uppermost. Drain it, cut the stalk even, cut a little piece off the end of each leaf with a pair of scissors, and cut away the lower leaves altogether. Put the artichoke top downwards into plenty of fast-boiling water, to which salt and a little soda have been added. Let it boil quickly until tender; it will take from three-quarters of an hour to one hour, according to the size.

It is sufficiently boiled when a fork can be thrust into it, or when a leaf can be drawn easily. Have ready a little Dutch sauce, or if preferred a little melted butter may be used; but Dutch sauce is so much superior that it is well worth the extra cost and trouble. Send the sauce to table in a tureen, and dish the artichoke on a napkin.

One word must be said about the sauce. An easy way of making it is to mix in a gallipot two table-spoonfuls of boiling water, a little pepper and salt, very little grated nutmeg, the yolks of two fresh eggs, four ounces of fresh butter, a table-spoonful of good vinegar, and half the quantity of tarragon vinegar. Put the gallipot into a small saucepan half filled with cold water; put this on a moderate fire, and bring the water to a boil, stirring the contents of the gallipot briskly and without ceasing till it does so. Take it off the fire immediately, and it is ready. It should look like smooth, thick cream.

Not every one, however, would care to use four ounces of butter and two eggs for one sauce; and when this is so, very good imitation Dutch sauce may be made as follows:—Mix smoothly together in a gallipot an ounce of butter and a small tea-spoonful of flour, add a table-spoonful of water, a table-spoonful of vinegar (tarragon vinegar to be preferred), the yolk of an egg, and a little pepper, salt, and grated nutmeg. Put the gallipot into a saucepan with cold water, place it on the fire, and stir the mixture till it thickens. Take it off the fire, let it cool a minute, add a little lemon-juice, and serve. This quantity would be sufficient for two artichokes.

The great difficulty with these sauces is the danger lest they should curdle. There will, however, be no fear of this if they are stirred over a gentle fire, and

if they are taken off as soon as ever they begin to thicken, and are not allowed to boil. If such an accident should occur, stir in the yolk of another egg to remedy it.

I should scarcely be justified in naming celery among the vegetables that are not well known. When eaten raw celery is, it must be confessed, rather indigestible; but not so when it is stewed; and not every one knows how good it is stewed. It is very wholesome, and offers an agreeable variety at a time of year when the choice of vegetables is rather limited. It is a good plan, for the sake of economy, to use the inner part only of the celery (the heart) for cheese, and to boil the outer sticks, serving them like sea-kale on toast, and pouring melted butter over them; or if the bunches are boiled entire, a little more "trouble and charges" may be given.

Celery that is not over-thick is best for stewing, and it is well to trim off the very outside sticks, which will perhaps be rather discoloured and coarse. After washing the celery thoroughly, cut off the tops so as to leave the sticks about as long as sea-kale, and trim the roots to a point. Put the celery into boiling water for ten minutes to blanch it, cool it, tie it in bundles of a moderate size, and boil it very gently in salted water till it is tender. It will take about an hour and a half. Take it up and drain it. Make the sauce that is to be poured over it. This may either be good brown sauce, made of stock flavoured with carrot and onion and herbs, and thickened with brown thickening; or white sauce—that is, white stock mixed with cream, and thickened with flour and butter. Lemon-juice is a pleasant addition to the brown sauce, and the yolk of an egg will improve the white sauce—care, of course, being taken to let the sauce cool a minute before the egg is stirred in, and to avoid letting it boil afterwards. I think any one who has taken celery prepared in this way will not be content to dispense with it for the future.

It is rather strange that, though in England excellent vegetables are plentiful, they are always put in a subordinate position. The weak point of a dinner in middle-class houses is generally the vegetables; and as to taking vegetables alone without meat, any one who did it regularly would be considered almost an object of charity. The great French cook was right who said that "the greatest single step in advance for the English family dinner would be to decree that regularly every day, either in addition to the pudding or instead of it, there should be one dish of vegetables nicely prepared." PHYLLIS BROWNE.





OTHER LITTLE-USED VEGETABLES.



T has often been a subject of wonder that the English should use so few vegetables compared with the French, and also that they should be content to cook them always in the same fashion. I think an answer might be given to this in the fact that so many recipes require an extravagant use of eggs and butter, both articles being far dearer in England than in France, and also that many people really do not know how to vary the cooking or the vegetable. I propose, therefore, to give two or three examples of neglected and excellent vegetables, which require no great skill to make them palatable and nourishing.

How many readers of CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE are acquainted with the virtues of salsify? and yet it is an easily-grown plant, and very nice to the taste. Living in the country, of course I grow it myself, and as it is in all the great salesmen's lists, I conclude it can be procured without difficulty in the market. For those who have gardens and might be disposed to try it, I give the way to cultivate it as recommended by a high authority.

Sow in March or April, in drills eight or ten inches apart, in good deep-dug soil, which has been well manured for the previous crop. Salsify does not bear transplanting well, so thin out in the drills to four inches from root to root. Take up in November, and preserve in sand in a cellar, like carrots, as many as are likely to be wanted during the continuance of frost. Those left in the ground will send up in spring stout, green shoots, which may be boiled and eaten like asparagus. I may also mention that the leaves are very valuable for healing wounds and raising blisters. For the first purpose, the leaves are dipped in cold water and laid over the wound, taking care to place the *smooth* side next the skin; a bandage should then be applied to keep them on, and the leaves changed as often as they get dry and hot. To raise blisters, the rough side of the leaves must be used.

We will suppose the salsify has been washed and

prepared for cooking, and now which way shall it be dressed? You have an egg to spare, so you can make a little batter to fry the roots in; cut them in lengths of two or three inches, boil till tender, take them out of the saucepan, pour off the water, and put the roots back, setting the saucepan on the fire for a moment to dry them, but don't let them burn; have some boiling fat ready, roll the roots in the batter, and drop them into the fat, fry a light brown, place them on a sieve to drain any superfluous fat off, and serve on a hot napkin. No sauce is required. Another way, when eggs are scarce, is to fry them like onions, and serve with a little thick gravy. For a separate course they may be scalloped. Boil the roots till tender, then cut them into pieces as big as an oyster (the salsify is called "oyster plant" in many places). Have ready some bread-crumbs, pepper, salt, and a little vinegar. Line the bottom of the dish with bread-crumbs; put a layer of salsify, with the flavouring, then more bread-crumbs; put small pieces of butter on the top, and bake in a quick oven till it looks nicely browned. Here I must endorse an observation of Mrs. Thompson, in the article on the School of Cookery, which appeared in CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE: "There is one thing an oven won't do, it won't look after itself;" and, therefore, care should be taken to examine very often things directed to be quickly cooked; ovens vary so much that it is difficult to give the exact time for cooking any dish; experience of the particular oven alone can insure success.

Nearly allied to the salsify is the scorzonera, or Spanish salsify; it differs in one respect, that it does not come to perfection till the second year after sowing; it also requires more room. The roots are dark in colour, as the name (*nera*) implies; and if this is objected to they may be scraped, but they eat better when simply washed. As I have given three recipes for frying or baking, I will give one for boiling. Put the roots into water with a little salt, and let them boil till quite tender; meanwhile prepare the following sauce:—Put an ounce of butter into a saucepan with a table-spoonful of flour, salt, pepper, a chopped onion, and minced parsley; stir well till the butter is melted, then add a wine-glassful of cream, set the sauce on the fire, and stir till it boils. Dish up the scorzonera, and

pour the sauce over, and serve it up very hot. The above quantity of sauce is sufficient for two people.

Skirrets is another old-fashioned root, which is best propagated by offsets, though it can be grown from seeds; but one root should be placed in each hole when transplanted after sowing. These should also be boiled, and may be served with melted butter, or the following sauce:—Take 1 oz. of butter, half a tea-spoonful of flour, one table-spoonful of vinegar, one of water, and the yolk of one egg, with a pinch of salt; put all these in a saucepan, and keep stirring continually; when the mixture is as thick as whipped cream it should be taken off and either poured over the vegetables or served in a tureen; in the former case a garnishing of sippets of fried bread will make an elegant dish. The sauce must not be allowed to boil.

Having mentioned several kinds of roots, I will now draw attention to some neglected leaves, and first of all to the sorrel. Why this should not be more used is quite puzzling, as it is excellent both raw and cooked, and certainly very wholesome. It is especially as an accompaniment to broiled meats that I would recommend sorrel to those who have never used it. Boil the sorrel-leaves in salted water till quite tender, drain off all the water and pass the sorrel through a *hair* sieve (a wire one should not be used for this vegetable). Melt an ounce of butter, mix a table-spoonful of flour with it, and when the flour is cooked stir it into the sorrel-pulp. If the giant-sorrel is used, the thick mid-rib had better be pulled out and the leaves coarsely shred before cooking; but this is not necessary with the finer sorts.

Sorrel soup is said to be an excellent anti-scorbutic. It is prepared in the following manner:—Shred a pound of sorrel-leaves coarsely, and put them in a saucepan with an ounce of butter, stir a few minutes, and then add a pint of very clear stock, or one quart of water if for *soupe maigre*. Let the whole simmer till the sorrel is done, add salt and pepper if necessary, then beat up the yolks of two eggs, and stir into the soup, *when you have taken it off the fire*; lay some slices of stale bread or, still better, fried sippets at the bottom of a very hot tureen, and pour the soup over. All *purées* should be served as hot as possible.

Borage is an excellent addition to salads, though we are accustomed to associate it solely with claret cup. Once sown it may be left to take care of itself, as it will come up year after year. The flowers scattered

on the top of a salad look pretty, especially if you can also add the African marigold; but what is not known is that the young stalks, peeled, taste much like cucumber, and therefore should be added to the lettuces.

Succory or chicory is too well known to need description; it is one of our handsomest wild flowers, but is grown on the Continent for the sake of roots and leaves. For the roots, it must not be sown too early, or it will run to seed; the flavour is slightly bitter, but it is very wholesome, and the palate soon gets accustomed to it; the roots may be cooked in the same way as salsify and scorzonera. For salad the roots should be taken up in autumn, and grown in a shed or cellar, excluding light and air; they soon grow, and you may begin to cut the leaves when about six inches long; do this carefully, and three or four crops of leaves may be gathered from the same root. The value of chicory for salad would be best appreciated in such a winter as the past one, when only possessors of hot-houses and forcing-pits could hope for such a relish.

Wild wood-sorrel, both leaves and flowers, may be added to our salad list, and to those who have been abroad I appeal if a *poulet au cresson* is not a thing to remember.

In a recent article in CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE mention was made of the globe artichoke, and I observed the writer omitted to mention two ways of growing it for salad—chards and gobbo. Chards are artichoke plants blanched. When the heads have been used in July, cut down the stems and cut off the leaves to within half a foot of the ground, bind them together with a hay or straw band, and earth up the stems. In a month or six weeks they will be fit to eat. If wanted for winter use, dig them up before the frost sets in, and store in sand; they will keep so for several weeks. "Gobbo" is produced by bending the stems to a right angle, and the leaf-stalks are bound over to blanch them; a lump is developed, which is eaten raw with salt like a radish in autumn and winter.

Besides the globe there is the conical green or French, the Provence, and the red and the purple artichokes; but the last three are too tender to bear any but our mildest winters; even the first two will die in such weather as we have experienced this year, as I find to my cost, having only one root left out of six fine ones. It would, therefore, be always a wise precaution to lift two or three stools and store them like dahlias before the frost sets in.

SEPTEMBER.

BROWN hues begin to break the sea of green;
 In all the valleys yellow tints prevail;
 No more is heard the song of nightingale;
 The leaves fall rustling, now, the boughs between.
 Beneath the giant oak, at morn and e'en,
 By limpid waters, rest the spotted deer;
 The heron stands upon the margin near,

And her keen eye with hunger grows more keen.
 The timid hare starts up with sudden fear
 From the brown ferns that fill the woodland vale;
 And hazel nuts shake down at every gale,
 And thrifty squirrels store their winter cheer.
 The glory of the summer time is past,
 And every day grows shorter than the last.

J. T. BURTON WOLLASTON.
