

we got him into a cab and took him to the hospital, where I waited until he was put to bed. Before I left, I asked the house-surgeon to give a shilling to the poor girl—Mary Kennedy was her name. He readily did so, and she went off to sleep in "Old Walter's" lodging-house in Fulwood's Rents.

When at last I got home, I found my wife waiting anxiously for me. However, when I told my story she forgave the delay, and in talking over the strange circumstances of the night we forgot for the time our own troubles. My wife insisted that something good would come out of the matter, and at eight o'clock next morning she roused me and made me set off for the hospital. As I was on my way there, my eye was caught by an advertisement on a hoarding:—

"ONE HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD.

"A Gentleman of unsound mind has escaped from the M—Private Asylum. The above reward will be paid to any person finding him and restoring him to his friends."

Then followed a description which exactly tallied with the appearance of my patient. Everything was now clear to me, and I fairly ran to the hospital.

Here, however, my hopes were damped, for I found that Policeman Z had gone there before me and told a story very different from the true one which I have narrated, and had actually gone the length of warning the authorities against me. The solicitor whose address was given in the advertisement had been sent

for, and the worthy constable had evidently determined to brazen it out and secure the £100. I saw the house-surgeon, and told him the whole story. He thought for a few moments, and then said, "We must get that girl at once."

I went myself immediately to the wretched den where she had stopped, and brought her back with me. A very short examination before the solicitor settled Policeman Z's case; and an hour afterwards I was able to go back to my wife with more money in my pocket than I had had for many a long day.

But that was not the best of it. I visited my patient—who was no other than the wealthy baronet, Sir Charles Frampton—every day. He seemed to take a strong liking for me, and when he was well enough to be moved his friends proposed that I should take him under my care. He was perfectly harmless, and after residing abroad with us for a couple of years, he so far recovered that he was enabled to dispense with my services, and to manage his own affairs. He showed his gratitude, however, in most princely fashion: settled an annuity on poor Mary Kennedy (she had previously been liberally rewarded by his friends), and bought me the practice which I still hold. From that day everything has prospered with me, and I am now rich enough to leave the work to my eldest son, and amuse myself in writing some of the curious incidents of my life, not the least strange of which is the providential occurrence in the Gray's Inn Road.

A. M.

## A "NICE LITTLE DINNER."

BY A. G. PAYNE, AUTHOR OF "COMMON-SENSE COOKERY," ETC.



THE present season of the year is essentially one of good cheer—of the good old-fashioned English sort, consisting more of substantial dishes suitable to cold weather than of light French entrées, which are in reality adapted for warm climates rather than an English Christmas. It is not often that our cold season sets in so early as it did this winter; and of all dinner parties given throughout the year, perhaps none is so well known as the nice little dinner given on the 9th of November last to a number of distinguished guests assembled at the Guildhall on the occasion of that feast of feasts, the Lord Mayor's dinner. But here let me pause—I say that feast of feasts; and let me at once explain that the chief feature of this feast, and the one that makes its reputation so world-wide, is not that it gratifies the mere animal appetite, but that it affords a far higher enjoyment, namely, "the feast of reason and the flow of soul." It is not, however, my province now to enlarge upon the real *bonne-bouche* of the entertainment, the eloquence of the distinguished statesmen who annually accept the well-known hospitality of the chief of our great City dignitaries, but simply to run over the bill of fare which was placed before them on

the last occasion of this almost national event, and to consider if we cannot ourselves pick up some practical hints that may benefit our own more humble establishments.

I will first give the bill of fare exactly as it was presented to the guests, who, I believe, numbered somewhere about 900 at the last great City feast on Lord Mayor's Day:—

GUILDHALL, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 9th, 1880.

MENU.

POTAGES.

Tortue, et Tortue Claire.

RÔTS.

Dindes à l'Anglaise.

Perdreaux.

Faisans.

Oisons.

RELEVÉS.

Petits Poulets Rôtis. Dindonneaux Piqués.

Chapons en Galantine. Dindes Braisées. Pâtés de Pigeonneaux.

Pâtés à la Périgord. Jambons de York.

Langues de Boeuf à la Moderne. Roularde d'Agneau.

Quartiers d'Agneau. Barons of Beef.

ENTREMETS.

Salades de Homard. Buissons de Crevettes.

Gelées à la Séville, Gelées au Vin.

Crèmes à la Vanille. Chartreuses aux Fruits.

Petits Pâtés de Noël.

Meringues à la Crème. Gâteaux à la Bagatelle.

Crôutes à la Nemours. Pâtisserie à la bonne Femme.

Fruits et Glaces.

Our first impression may possibly be, why is it always necessary to have our bills of fare in a foreign language? There is, however, one crumb of comfort to John Bull, particularly seasonable, and that is that the most substantial of all the dishes in the *menu* in question seems to have no foreign equivalent. Let us first, at the present beef-eating season, congratulate ourselves on the fact that the distinguished *chef* who prepared the above repast cannot find the French for "baron of beef." Unfortunately, I observed, I wish to be practical—and while priding ourselves on our "baron," what would Mary Ann say were we to bring home a "baron of beef" for to-morrow's dinner? A good-sized "baron of beef" is like a gigantic saddle of mutton, being two sirloins joined, the weight sometimes being as much as 100 lbs.—a joint that would, to say the least, be somewhat inconvenient to roast in an ordinary close range. So let us return to our bill of fare. First, the two soups, thick and clear turtle, are, like our "baron," not easily prepared in private establishments, except turtle made from dried turtle-flesh, a description of the proper mode of making which would require an article all to itself. The next point we notice is that we have no fish, and I think those who really appreciate "turtle" will admit that this delicious amphibious creature is quite fish enough in itself for all practical purposes. Then we see that game follows. The old fashion of serving game and poultry—to many the nicest part of the dinner—after a long series of entrées, followed by joints, is here departed from, and rightly so. The *rôts* are as follows:—Turkey, roasted English fashion, partridges, pheasants, golden plover, and goshings, or, as they are more often called, green geese. I would here remind you that a green goose has no stuffing, but is cooked like a wild duck; indeed, sage and onion would be terribly out of place early in a big dinner. Next come the *relevés*—roast chickens, young turkeys larded. Turkey is a dry meat, and is much improved by being larded. Larding, I need scarcely explain, is threading little strips of fat bacon through the flesh so that a little piece of each end of the strip of fat sticks out, the centre being in the meat. This is, of course, done before roasting, and has the effect of keeping the meat moist. Remember, in larding, to think of which way the meat will be cut, and lard across, so that the strips of bacon are cut across and do not appear whole, otherwise you would have lumps of fat appear on your plate.

The next dish—*Chapons en Galantine*—is, I fear, beyond the ordinary cook's art. I will briefly describe it. It is a boned capon, stuffed with a forcemeat made from veal, fat bacon, calf's udder, mushrooms, eggs (mixed with truffle), and tongue, and a good deal of seasoning. It is tied up tight and allowed to get cold; it is then cut into thin slices, and aspic jelly is usually served with it. Braised turkey is a turkey cooked in a large stew-pan or braising-pan, the turkey being first covered over with very mild fat bacon—bacon that has never been smoked—and some stock being added, with onions, carrots, a little garlic, thyme, bay-leaves, &c. The turkey should be cooked slowly,

and the liquor in which it is cooked should be strained off and reduced by boiling, and poured over it. Some vegetables boiled in the liquor may also be served with it. This is a good way, though a troublesome one, of cooking an old and tough turkey—not that we mean to insinuate that old turkeys were used on the occasion to which we refer. *Pâtés de Pigeonneaux* are simply patties made with young pigeons, and we may learn from this the well-known fact to good cooks that good pigeon-pie cannot be made from old pigeons. The young pigeons must, however, be sufficiently old to be plump. *Pâtés à la Périgord* depend chiefly upon the *Périgneux* sauce. The flesh of a young hare is very good for the purpose, simmered with sliced truffle. The sauce is made from truffle trimmings, which can now be cheaply bought in tins; these trimmings are allowed to simmer gently in some good gravy, with some lean ham, thyme, and one or two bay-leaves. The whole—*i.e.*, the meat cut up small, and the sauce, which must be reduced and thickened—is mixed up, and the patty-cases filled with it.

The ham and tongue need no comment. *Roularde d'Agneau* is a saddle of lamb boned and stuffed with forcemeat, rolled and tied up, then covered with fat bacon, and braised for some time in rich stock, in which some sweet herbs, celery, &c., have been placed. This should be allowed to get quite cold in its liquor, so as the flavour of the liquor settles in the meat, on the same principle that a ham should be allowed to get cold in the liquor in which it has been boiled. When quite cold, take out the roll, remove the stock clinging to it as well as on the fat bacon, and smooth it over with some strong stock nearly set till the outside presents an even surface. When this is again cold, egg and bread-crumbs the whole, and make it hot in a very brisk oven. Some of the stock in which it was cooked can be strained and served with it, being poured round and not over it. I will pass by the quarter of lamb, the baron of beef, and the lobster salad; next follow *Buissons de Crevettes* or, literally, a bush of prawns. The best way of serving prawns, so that they look ornamental, is to cut off the end of a lemon so that it stands upright, and then stick in the prawns by the prong from the head side by side, till they assume a bell-like shape and entirely conceal the lemon. Little pieces of double parsley may be used to fill in the chinks, and parsley placed round the base of the dish. The orange jelly, wine jelly, and vanilla cream we will pass, and simply explain that *Chartreuses aux Fruits* are preserved fruits served up in a shape—*i.e.*, they are placed in a mould and turned out. The chief point to be observed is to make them keep their shape without being too much set. The next dish is very seasonable. *Petits Pâtés de Noël* is simply another name for Christmas-pies, or rather mince-pies; and as by this time the mincemeat is already made in every well-ordered household, any recipe for making it would be out of place. *Meringues à la Crème* are cakes of whipped white of egg and sugar baked, hollowed out, and filled with cream. *Gâteaux à la Bagatelle* are cakes of some sort, but what sort I do not know. Probably *à la bagatelle* means they are very light

—possibly sponge-cakes. *Croûtes à la Nemours* are pieces of bread fried in butter a light brown, nice and crisp, like rusks, with a slice of some rich preserved fruit placed on them. *Pâtisserie à la bonne Femme* is another sweet about which I am not certain. Perhaps our "maids of honour" will translate it—*i.e.*,

a rich sort of cheese-cake for which Richmond is famous.

I have described this famous national feast of November last to the best of my ability from simply perusing the bill of fare. I trust that I have been able to give my readers a fair idea of it as a whole.

## WHAT TO WEAR.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS. BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.



WITH the New Year comes generally a variety of social gatherings, in most of which children, and young people not yet out, take their part. I will, therefore, describe a few pretty frocks I have seen preparing. For a fair

child blue is always becoming, and a new sort of elastic jersey, woven like the openwork of silk stockings, looks pretty in this colour, worn with a skirt of nun's cloth, or voile religieuse, of the same shade, made with a folded scarf-tunic; beneath this a short tunic, forming two points in front; the skirt box-plaited. Soft white Chinese silk, trimmed with lace and pearls, is as charming as any combination I know, made with three gathered flounces edged with lace; a tunic caught up in the front with satin ribbon, and bordered with lace, headed by a row of close-set pearls; the high bodice gathered in a succession of circular drawings at the neck, drawn in at the waist, the all-round basque forming box-plaits; a ruff at the throat of lace and pearls; the sleeves to the elbow slashed on the outside, the slashings bordered with pearls. To be really fashionable, a child's dress cannot be too picturesque; and even for evening, little pish frocks are being made with capes just reaching to the shoulders, and a ruff at the throat. The two colours which are most affected are brick-red and peacock. People less artistically inclined choose white plush, or pink, or blue. The skirts are generally plain, with a balayouse peeping below. The white sleeves, coming to the wrist, are often cut on the cross, leg of mutton fashion, with loops of satin ribbon forming a trimming round the armhole; the bodices pointed in front, laced at the back; a band at the neck, and a ruff above it. Plain bodices occasionally, too, have a linen cape bordered with lace reaching to the shoulders, and cuffs

to correspond turning upwards at the wrist. Stockings matching the colour of the dress exactly are *en règle*, and dainty shoes; the hair flowing on the shoulders or plaited.

For older girls pretty dresses are made of white (not cream) Indian muslin, trimmed with lace, and also of Spanish lace, now made in cream, pink, and light blue. The skirts are mostly short, or of only a walking length. The mode of arrangement is simple, but skill is required in draping the tunic or over-skirt. A puffing or a flounce borders the edge of the skirt, and the Spanish lace net meets this, forming a long tunic in front, and a draped elongated puff at the back. The bodices are often banded, and made *à la bébé*, gathered. Wreaths are superseded for quite young girls by a flat band of some small flower and leaves, laid just at the back of the curls, or by a tiny bouquet on one side, which is secured by an invisible wire passed to the back of the coil.

Young ladies in evening dress wear long gloves, and require no bracelets. Armlets instead of bracelets are coming in, possibly because a bracelet does not look well over a glove, and above the elbow they have a chance of being seen. Young people wear mittens except when dancing, and with long sleeves they are most suitable. Cashmeres and thicker materials of the kind have the fulness of the skirt mounted in tiny box-plaits all round alike, and these are met by a series of gatherings, below which the skirt trimmings start; this gives great slimness to the figure. But with all this fashion for slimness there is danger that young people should neglect to wear a proper amount of under-clothing. Doctors tell us over and over again that in our climate it is most necessary to wear flannel; but the rising generation will not see the necessity, because it tends to make their figures look fuller. The folly of this can hardly be represented too strongly. There is no cosmetic in the world like health, and nothing so necessary to beauty as health. Colds and a low temperature of body give a pinched, hard look to the face, besides laying the seeds of most of the illnesses which mar the enjoyment of life. It is very difficult to be happy without health, and surely it is madness to sacrifice so much for so little. Good plain food, suitable clothing, and regular exercise are among the best preservatives of youth. Besides, vests and warm underclothing are now made of the thinnest fabrics; if silk is too costly, and merino too thick, adopt