

he was suffering, could she allude to the tragedy in that light way? He motions her to a chair; and with the laughter still dancing in her eyes and dimpling her sweet face, she sits down and recounts.

"You must know, Sir Painter, that many years ago my dear innocent father was seized with a passion for business, and persuaded an equally inexperienced friend to enter into a gigantic scheme with him for supplying London with iced soda-water at some abnormally small sum per bottle."

He bows. Yes, he recollects the doctor having alluded to the scheme in some reminiscence.

"Somehow," she continues demurely, "the soda-water fell flat. It is a laughing matter now; but it wasn't so, by any means, at the time. Poor papa lost a very large sum of money; and, what he felt far more, his friend lost a very large sum too. He never forgave papa—except, that is, till he died the other day." And her face, from which the laughter had momentarily faded, again becomes dimpled over with irrepressible smiles.

"I see," murmurs Lionel, with his heart, sunk to an abysmal depth, feeling like lead. "And so he came to think better of his churlishness, and now has died, and left a will in the doctor's favour?"

"Yes," whispers Doris.

"Made over those thousands and thousands of which David spoke?" continues Lionel, as if the words would choke him.

"Dear David! How papa will exult!" murmurs Doris, with another irrepressible little gurgle of laughter. "Yes, thousands and thousands!" she assents, lowering her voice in an awe-stricken whisper.

"Ah!" he groans, as his worst fears are confirmed.

"Of the empty soda-water bottles, you know," she continues softly. "Now, wasn't it too elaborate a joke, Sir Painter?"

"What!" he almost shouts, as he takes a sudden step forward, the revulsion of feeling sending the blood coursing like wild-fire through his veins.

But she has risen, and is already at the door. "Here's the dear legatee come to look for me," she says as she opens it, and takes her father's hand in hers. "You shall tell him how David took his joke, while I run away and look after the chairs being taken out into the garden. And as to your picture, Sir Painter"—here her musical voice became very

earnest and subdued—"I can't tell you all I think of it; but, as I said before, if you ever *should* require any good advice—" The rest of the sentence was lost, for she had tripped down the stairs, and passed out of the house into the summer air like some sweet melody.

Then Lionel seizes the astonished doctor by the hand, and forcing him into a chair, tells him from out of the depths of his heart the story of his love for the maid Doris. And the doctor, returning the honest grip of his hand, abruptly asks—

"And you really do take an interest, Lionel, in ancient fossil remains?"

"I—yes, sir; certainly!" replies the bewildered lover.

"Then, perhaps, you'll have the goodness, my boy, to regard me in that light," he says, with a merry twinkle of the eye, "and let me pass the few remaining years of my life in your home. I mean, if your suit be successful, you must take up your residence at Bella Luce; for I can't afford to part altogether with my little girl."

And then, with feelings too deep for utterance, Lionel again wrings the kind hand that is stretched out to him, and leaving the doctor to inspect the picture, goes whirling out of the house like a tornado, and tears off in pursuit. It is just at the end of the water-lane that he overtakes the object of his quest, threading her way daintily amongst the dog-roses and brambles; and there and then, in a voice which thrills her gentle heart with emotion, he tells her a tale of an artist who loved an island maiden with all the passion of his soul, and with his arm stealing round her waist, asks her for good advice as to the course the artist should pursue.

What advice was given is not reported. Rumour says that it came rather indistinctly: it being impossible for lips to acquit themselves with anything approaching to justice of two tasks at once. That it must have been good advice is, however, clear; for not only is the artist alluded to making very decided headway in his profession, but he is also wedded to the most blithesome little wife in an island where blithesome little wives abound—a fact attested by the musical laughter which now comes echoing from out of the shady alcoves of Bella Luce garden, and anon rippling from the deck of the *Lively Polly* over the dancing waters of Moulin Huet Bay.

## HOW TO MAKE "GAME PIE" WITHOUT GAME.



Y universal consent the present season of the year is a convivial one. In almost every rank of society some little addition is made to the usual bill of fare. The baron of beef, the boar's head, and the woodcock pie ornament the sideboard in the palace, while even the workhouse can boast of at least one good substantial dinner, though it be but "once a year."

There are few dishes that may be said to "come in more handy" than a nice game pie. I mean a pie that will keep good for months. It forms a capital breakfast dish, it is equally good at lunch, and at an early hour in the morning, after a walk home through the frosty air, notwithstanding the excellent dinner at our friend's house of beef, turkey, and plum pudding, appetite will often revive in a most remarkable way. What then is nicer than a slice of cold game pie?

First of all, have you ever eaten any game pie that may be called a professional one? Those of you who have will remember that, notwithstanding the high class establishment that manufactured it, nevertheless a very large proportion of the pie consisted of forcemeat.

The fact is that were game pies to be made of real game, and that too in abundance, the pie would become so expensive as to be beyond the reach of all except epicurean millionnaires.

The late Mr. Francatelli recommends the following to be used for one game pie. He commences his receipt thus:—"First bone a turkey, a goose, a brace of young pheasants, four partridges, four wood-cocks, a dozen snipe, four grouse, and four widgeon; then boil and trim a small York ham and two tongues," &c. The least that can be said about this receipt is, that if the pie is not a good one it ought to be. A very excellent game pie can be made by using the flesh of cold rabbit, or, still better, cold turkey. I can assure you that if you follow my directions you can make a pie so nearly resembling game pie that not one really good judge of cooking in a thousand would be able to tell the difference.

The first point is to make some proper flavouring spices, which, when once made, if placed in a glass-stoppered bottle will keep good for many years, and will probably last for many, as a *very* little indeed goes a long way. I do not know of anything in cooking that so repays the trouble of preparing as the flavouring spices I am going to describe how to make. A little pinch, not so much as will cover a threepenny-piece, makes all the difference in meat pies and puddings, especially when a few larks have been added, between a plain one and a high-class rich one, and owing to the quantity used being so small, the cost is almost nil.

Take an ounce each of bay-leaves, marjoram, sweet-basil, and thyme, and see that these herbs are thoroughly dry. They can be dried in the oven after being carefully wrapped in paper. Next add to these two ounces of cloves, two ounces of white peppercorns, one ounce of mace, and one ounce of nutmeg. These must all be thoroughly pounded with the herbs, and the whole sifted through a sieve, and then placed in a glass-stoppered bottle for use.

These herbs have a most marvellous property of giving a gamey flavour to whatever they are mixed with, and, as I have said, this quantity will probably last a private family for the rest of their lives. The spices can be bought at any grocer's, and the herbs can be bought at Covent Garden Market, and elsewhere, in small sixpenny bottles. I need scarcely add that the remainder of the herbs not used can be utilised for making veal stuffing, or flavouring mock turtle soup.

Indeed mixed sweet herbs are often made of a mixture of marjoram, basil, and thyme; and if you want to make flavouring spices in a hurry, three ounces of mixed sweet herbs can be substituted for one ounce each of marjoram, thyme, and basil. I would also remind you that you can make half, or even only a quarter, of the quantity I have mentioned.

Next with regard to the forcemeat for our game pie. Take a pound of calf's liver, the lighter the colour the better. Soak this a little in water, cut it up into small pieces and dry them. Next get a pound of fat bacon or ham, cut it up and place it in a frying-pan, with a good-sized onion sliced up, a brimming dessert-spoonful of chopped parsley, and, if you like, two or three beads of garlic. This latter is a matter of fancy; I prefer it myself, but then there are many who cannot bear the flavour of garlic. Fry the onion a light brown, but do not burn it or let it get black. Next add the calf's liver and a tin of mushrooms, and fry it all till the liver is thoroughly done.

Put the whole in a large basin or mortar and pound it up, mixing in a brimming tea-spoonful of our flavouring spices, and, say, half a tea-spoonful of cayenne pepper. If the spices and herbs are stale, more than a tea-spoonful must be added.

If you now taste this mixture you will find you have got a game pie already. In fact, the only thing to be compared to it in flavour is the back of a grouse. I may, however, here add that the tin of mushrooms, though a very great improvement, is not absolutely essential.

Next you had better either send the whole mixture through a small sausage machine, or rub it through a wire sieve. Both of these utensils are absolutely necessary in every kitchen where economy is at all studied.

This forcemeat should now be pressed down in a basin, and put by for use. Before leaving this subject of liver forcemeat for game pies, let me give you one or two further hints. When you intend making this forcemeat, always try and get a few livers from your poulterer's, such as pheasants' livers, hares' livers, goose or turkey livers, &c., and if they are not too high add these to the calf's liver. It is a wonderful improvement, and of course helps considerably to assist the gamey flavour.

We have now our two pounds of liver forcemeat, and we must add to it two pounds of meat. Of course if we can afford the meat of real game all the better, and when this is the case I should recommend you to put double the quantity of game to that of forcemeat. Thus, 2 lbs. of forcemeat, 2 lbs. of the flesh of a pheasant, and 2 lbs. of the flesh of hare or grouse, would make an excellent pie.

It is, however, rarely the case, except in some parts of the country, that we can afford to be thus lavish with game. Try, therefore, the following cheaper substitute. Take a couple of rabbits, and boil them in the usual way. Cut all the flesh off the bones, and put the bones back into the liquor in which they were boiled, with an onion and some trimmings of celery to boil away. When reduced to about a quart, strain off the liquor, and let this liquor boil away till it is almost a glaze. You don't want much, for the quantity we are going to make is not more than a tea-cupful. Remember, too, that this liquor when cold must be a very hard jelly indeed, or our pie won't keep.

Next let us turn to our meat. This must be cut up into small pieces, the largest of which, when composed

of firm white meat, should be about as big as the top of the thumb down to the first joint. When we cut the pie, we want to see pieces of meat in it whole, which cuts white, and contrasts with the darker-coloured forcemeat.

Be very careful in cutting up this meat to remove every particle of gristle, skin, bone, &c. The flesh of a couple of rabbits will do very well, or you can get the meat for our game pie from a variety of things. For instance, you can mix the flesh of a rabbit, fowl, turkey, hare, duck, of course any kind of game, &c. If possible, however, try and have some good-sized pieces of meat, that will look white when cut; otherwise—*i.e.*, if you only use up, so to speak, the scrapings of cold birds—the whole pie will have the appearance of being all forcemeat.

Next, having got our two pounds of forcemeat and two pounds of meat, mix them all together, adding our half-pint, or rather less, of stock made from the bones, which stock when cold must form a *very hard jelly*. This is most important. Press all down into whatever dish or dishes are going to be used, and either cover with a rich crust of puff paste or cover with clarified butter, and put by in a cool place.

If you want this pie to keep, of course you must adopt the latter course. The best dishes for keeping this cold game pie are small, deep, oval dishes, in which the sides are quite perpendicular to the bottom. The meat of the pie, too, should be at least three inches in depth. The meat should be well pressed down in the dish, and the dish placed in the oven for a little while. Take care the top does not dry over and get discoloured. Then, when the mixture is hot, press it down very thoroughly, and pour some clarified butter over the top so as to completely cover it to the depth of half an inch. Put a lid on the dish, and cover it round the edge of the lid with a slip of paper moistened with gum or white of egg. These dishes are made on purpose, and are known as Yorkshire Pie dishes.

These pies will keep good, especially if you have not forgotten the cayenne and spices, for several months, if kept in a cool place. They are by no means expensive, and make an excellent dish, always ready at hand for breakfast, lunch, or supper.

If, however, you wish to cover the pie with a pastry crust, you of course cannot expect it to keep, as the crust will get bad. In this case, of course, you would not use any clarified butter at all; but, instead, you must have some more stock, that when cold will become a jelly.

Fill the pie-dish nearly full; pour a little stock over the top to keep the top moist, and also cover the top with some thin slices of fat bacon or ham, which should be pressed down on the meat; this will prevent the top getting dry while you bake the crust. Cover the pie-dish with some good puff-paste. Egg it over with a brush, with a yolk of egg, and make some leaves of pastry and put on the top.

When the pie is baked, and the crust done, take it out, and, when cold, fill the pie up to the very top of all with gravy that is a jelly. Pour the jelly, when *nearly*

cold, through a hole in the top of the pie, by means of a funnel, and let it set gradually inside, but be sure to fill it up to the top. When the pie is cut in slices, this jelly will join the pie itself to the crust.

Next wrap a clean napkin round the pie-dish, and place it on a dish with some parsley, and, if possible, get the head of a pheasant or partridge with the feathers on, and stick this head on the top of the pie by means of a small wooden skewer.

This game pie, I can assure you, is most delicious, and by no means expensive.

In order to clarify butter proceed as follows:—Take, say, half a pound of butter, and oil it in a saucepan—an enamelled one is best. You will now see some scum float on the top; this must be carefully skimmed off; when no more scum rises, pour the butter into a basin carefully, so that the sediment which you will see settled at the bottom of the saucepan does not run in with it.

Only the clear oil must be poured off. This is clarified butter, and is used for covering all kinds of potted meats, &c.

There is one more dish that I will describe, which will probably be a novelty to most. They are called Italian fritters, and are made from the forcemeat I have been describing how to make.

Take a little of the liver forcemeat flavoured with the onion, mushrooms, garlic, parsley, celery, and all the flavouring spices made as above. Roll some of this into little balls, and then flatten them till you get a little piece of forcemeat about the size of an oval picnic biscuit. Flour these, and dip them into some stiff batter, and throw them into smoking-hot fat deep enough to thoroughly cover them. As soon as the batter is a light brown—a question, if your fat is thoroughly hot, of a few seconds only—take them out, drain them on a napkin, and serve with fried parsley.

It is sometimes an improvement to cut two very thin strips of cold boiled bacon fat, not thicker, if possible, than a five-pound note, and lay a thin strip on each side of the lump of forcemeat before you flour it. Then flour, dip in batter, and proceed as before. These fritters are more like Kromeskies; the bacon has the effect of making the fritter more moist. Fried parsley should always accompany fritters of this description.

And now, in conclusion, as the festive season is approaching, let me once more remind you of laying in a small stock of preserved cherries and angelica. Preserved fruits, such as apricots, peaches, &c., are now cheap, good, and useful. Pile them up in a dish in a pyramid shape, pour their liquor over them thickened with a little corn-flour, and coloured pink with a few drops of cochineal, and then stick the preserved cherries in all the corners, and cut little strips of green angelica and stick them in the fruit itself.

This is a pretty dish, that can be always kept in the house, and if you don't thicken the syrup, can be got ready in a couple of minutes. The addition, however, of the red preserved cherries makes so much difference in the appearance of the dish.