

ground, moved on silently, lost in happy meditation and oblivious to all around him. In this manner he neared the town. He was passing some broken ground a short distance outside, when a sharp sound like a whistle through the teeth caught his ear, then close behind him a whisper, "That's him," then a rush of footsteps. He turned sharply round and found himself face to face with five men; at some little distance he thought he discerned a sixth vanishing in the darkness.

"What do you want?" he said.

Without making answer four of the men seized him. He struggled violently to free himself. He was a strong man and they had no slight difficulty in holding him.

"Let me go," shouted Jack, "or it will be the worse for some of you!"

Then the fifth man, who seemed to be in command, cried in clear tones, "In the name of His Gracious Majesty King George!"

"Ah! the press-gang!" he cried in a hoarse voice. He ceased struggling; then turning his face to heaven he murmured softly, "Thy will be done!"

HOW WE MANAGED OUR WEDDING BREAKFAST.



WELCOME as flowers in May!" said I to my friend, Nora Graham, as she entered our family sitting-room; "we were just talking of you, as we want your advice on a very important subject. We were wondering if we could possibly manage to prepare our wedding breakfast ourselves."

"You see," interrupted Ada, the bride elect, "the wedding will be a quiet one, but father seems set upon a family gathering, so there will be eighteen to breakfast; and we want to

dispense with any outside help, except aunt's servant, who is coming to assist our own in waiting at table."

"Set your minds at rest," said Nora; "if you'll accept of my humble services, I'll come to assist you the day before. I know exactly what you want; you would like your viands to look and taste nice, but extravagance can't be indulged in."

"Thanks," said I. "That *is* a load off our minds. You shall be cook, and Dorrit and I your maids. Now will you please suggest a *menu*?"

"Oh! that will be comparatively easy when I know the extent of the exchequer; and there are a few preliminary hints I should like you to make note of. First, your party will include all ages, so we must try and please every one; half will be young people, so the sweets must not be spared. You could hardly have chosen a better month than August, for almost everything—in the salad and fruit line especially—is plentiful and cheap. The table can be laid overnight all but the edibles and flowers, and you young ladies can finish it off in the morning. The cake forms the centre, and be careful in arranging the dishes that they contrast in colour. Your glass, cutlery, and table-linen I know are always spotless, so we are already on the road to success. The gentlemen, I presume, will be called upon to carve, so we must reduce that to a minimum, and we'll hope that all will do justice to our good things."

Need I say that there was no opposition to a single suggestion of Nora's? and the early morning of the day prior to *the* day found her with Dorrit and myself in our kitchen, with the *menu* spread out before us.

"Listen," said Dorrit, "it reads as if the things ought to taste good:—

Salmon Mayonnaise.
Rolled Turkey. Spiced Tongue.
Duck Pie.
Savoury Eggs. Shrimp Sippets.
Pine-Apple Sponge. Chocolate Solid.
Compôte of Plums.
Raspberry Gâteau. Vanilla Darioles.

What shall we do first? I should like to commence with the sweets."

"I think," said Nora, "that you are such a chatter-box you'll be a hindrance in the preparation of our dishes, so I suggest that you just jot down the *modus operandi* for the benefit of the future Mrs. Neville."

To this Dorrit good-humouredly assented, and Nora commenced by washing the tongue, which owed its title *spiced* to half an ounce of pepper, a quarter-ounce of cloves, powdered, the same of nutmeg, and an ounce of bruised juniper-berries, which had been mixed with eight ounces of salt, the same weight of coarse brown sugar, and half an ounce of saltpetre; the tongue had been rubbed daily with this mixture for ten days. It was then put into cold water, with herbs and vegetables, Nora remarking that a few bones would improve it, or better still, a little stock.

The turkey, a plump young one, was boned similarly to a fowl, instructions for which were not given, as boning must be seen to be clearly understood; at least that was Nora's opinion, which I fully endorsed after watching the process. I may say that the legs and wings were drawn inside the body, and the bird laid flat upon the table—the back having been cut clean through—and the force-meat spread all over; it was then rolled up like a thick pudding, bound with tape, and tied in a cloth ready for boiling *very slowly* in a pot little more than its own size. The forcemeat—an original recipe of Nora's—was, she told us, generally appreciated, and far nicer, for cold dishes especially, than one in which suet had a part; the ingredients were half a pound of button mushrooms

fried in butter, six ounces of bread-crumbs, the same quantity of veal, and four ounces of ham, pounded in a mortar, seasoned with salt, pepper, nutmeg, and lemon-rind, and moistened with the butter from the mushrooms, one egg, and a spoonful of cream.

The bones were simmered with the turkey, and again until the stock had reduced itself to a pint, vegetables, herbs, and spices not having been omitted; it was then strained, and after cooling skimmed, and returned to the saucepan with a quarter-pint of milk, half an ounce of gelatine, and a table-spoonful of flour, and boiled for ten minutes; when cool, a few drops of chili vinegar and salt to taste were added, and the whole poured gently over the turkey. It was then—just before setting—very prettily decorated with cut lemons, chopped parsley, and carrots and beetroot first boiled and cut into shapes—tiny rings, diamonds, and leaves; the dish too was garnished with parsley, a few slices of lemon, and some larger shapes of beetroot.

The manufacture of the two *Duck-pies* was next proceeded with. The ducks, four in number, were jointed—the backbones removed—and fried with a Spanish onion for twenty minutes, then seasoned with salt, cayenne, and sage, and arranged in pie-dishes. The giblets were washed, and with the onion and bones put on to simmer for two hours in a quart of cold water, with a bunch of parsley and a strip of lemon-rind. The fat was then removed, and the gravy boiled up for ten minutes with a glass of port, a little mushroom ketchup and lemon-juice, salt and pepper, and an ounce of gelatine.

A pound and a half of flour, eight ounces of lard, and four of butter, with salt and pepper, two eggs, and a third of a pint of milk were used for the crust, and after an hour and a half in a moderate oven the pies emerged, so rich in colour, and so appetising in odour, that we longed to cut them then and there.

The *Salmon Mayonnaise* next received attention; the piece chosen was five pounds from the middle of a large fish, that being preferred by Nora to a small whole fish, which could not be cooked so uniformly, and was less economical than a piece every bit of which was eatable.

The sauce—in appearance similar to rich custard—had been set in a pan of broken ice for a few hours to thicken; it was poured over so as to “mask” the fish, which was laid in an oval glass dish that just held it; the base was garnished with slices of cucumber, and prawns placed as if ascending the salmon, while between each was laid a ring of hard-boiled egg, the white only, the yolks having been rubbed through a wire sieve to be used for decorating the tongue. The ingredients for the sauce were the yolks of four eggs, two boiled and two raw, a tea-cupful of oil, three table-spoonfuls of white vinegar, one of chili and one of tarragon vinegar, a tea-spoonful of anchovy essence, a little salt, cayenne, and dry mustard, and half a tea-spoonful of white sugar.

The odds and ends of egg-whites left from the salmon were then chopped into pieces the size of a pea, and used, together with the yolks, for orna-

menting the tongue, which had first been glazed and the root covered with a frill of silver paper. The dish was garnished with parsley.

From the *Savoury Eggs* and *Shrimp Sippets* we were promised four tempting little dishes. A dozen hard-boiled eggs were cut in halves, and the yolks rubbed to a paste with a spoonful of cream, a little curry powder, pepper and salt, and a table-spoonful of finely-minced boiled ham—any other meat or fish would do, we were told—and the mixture returned to the whites, made to stand upright by having a bit cut off each end; two plates were covered with watercress, and the eggs set in circles on their bright green bed.

For the sippets a small jar of shelled shrimps had been purchased at our fishmonger's; these were pounded with a little mayonnaise (as we were fortunate enough to have some, otherwise butter must have taken its place) and spread upon thin triangular-shaped pieces of fried bread, which were piled to a pyramid, a sprig of parsley filling up each vacant place.

Nora's handiwork was indeed appreciated, and she was fain to admit that with the addition of a bowl of mixed salad (with dressing served separately, as some might prefer it plain), also cucumber, and radishes, the latter being excellent appetisers, there would be sufficient variety. A tiny pat of butter was in readiness for each guest, and plenty of bread, brown and white.

“*Pine-Apple Sponge*, and *Chocolate Solid*, are first on the list of sweet dishes, so please begin at the beginning”—this from Dorrit.

“As I happen to require a custard for the foundation of each I will oblige you,” replied Nora, who had commenced to break six eggs. To the whole of the yolks, and two of the whites, she poured three pints of milk which had been boiled with three ounces of gelatine and six ounces of sugar, and returned it to the fire to thicken in a jug set into a saucepan of water. It was then divided into equal quantities, one portion receiving the addition of three ounces of cake chocolate which had been boiled in a quarter-pint of milk. This when cool was flavoured with vanilla essence, and poured into a mould to set.

Into the second basin of custard Nora emptied a small tin of “grated pine,” an American luxury which cost only eightpence. As it required no boiling, after receiving a grate or two of lemon-rind to bring out the flavour it was moulded like the chocolate; both were to be ornamented after turning out, so the moulds were put into ice mixed with salt, to hasten the “setting,” as Nora, who would be a guest at our wedding, was compelled to give the finishing touches that might otherwise have been left until the morning.

“Now for the *Raspberry Gâteau*. What is a gâteau?”

“It was originally a French gala-day cake; now, however, any dish that has a baked cake for its foundation, if served in its original shape, may be called a gâteau; and for a dainty dish it would be very difficult to suggest a prettier, and less costly, than the one I am about to make.”

A round sponge-cake, a pound in weight, was cut into slices, and, commencing with the bottom, each was soaked with raspberries and currants poured over



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"HOW WE MANAGED OUR WEDDING BREAKFAST" (p. 693).

while hot, a pound of fruit having been boiled with six ounces of sugar. Half a pint of cream was then whipped until thick, sweetened, and the whole cake covered with it, dropped from a tea-spoon, roughly from bottom to top; a little was coloured pale pink with cochineal, and a dot dropped between each spoonful of white.

For *Vanilla Darioles*, last on the list, Nora set a stew-pan containing four ounces of butter, and six of pounded sugar, on the stove, stirring until dissolved, then off the fire she beat in the yolks of four eggs and the whites of two, setting it aside to cool while she made the "short" crust for lining the dariole tins, which were similar in shape to the bottom of a tea-cup. The mixture was flavoured with vanilla essence, and the moulds half filled with it, then baked in a moderate oven. A little red currant jam was spread on each, vanilla blending better with that or raspberry than with any other kind, in Nora's opinion.

"Now," said she, "I am about to prove that I am not so wasteful as you, Dorrit, evidently imagined, when you remarked that it was a shame to throw

away all these whites of eggs." Into a large basin they were accordingly emptied—two from the mayonnaise, four from the custard, and two from the dariole mixture—and whisked until they resembled snow; eight ounces of pounded loaf-sugar then stirred gently in, and a tea-spoonful laid upon each dariole; a minute or two more in the oven, just setting and delicately browning the surface.

The remainder was used for the chocolate solid in the same way as the cream for the gâteau; this too was browned slightly in a *very cool oven*, the glass dish into which it had been turned being first wrapped in a cloth and set upon an old plate.

"There, girls! I think that completes our list, and I hope you have noticed that a little ingenuity will prevent anything being wasted; even the parsley can be dried for winter use."

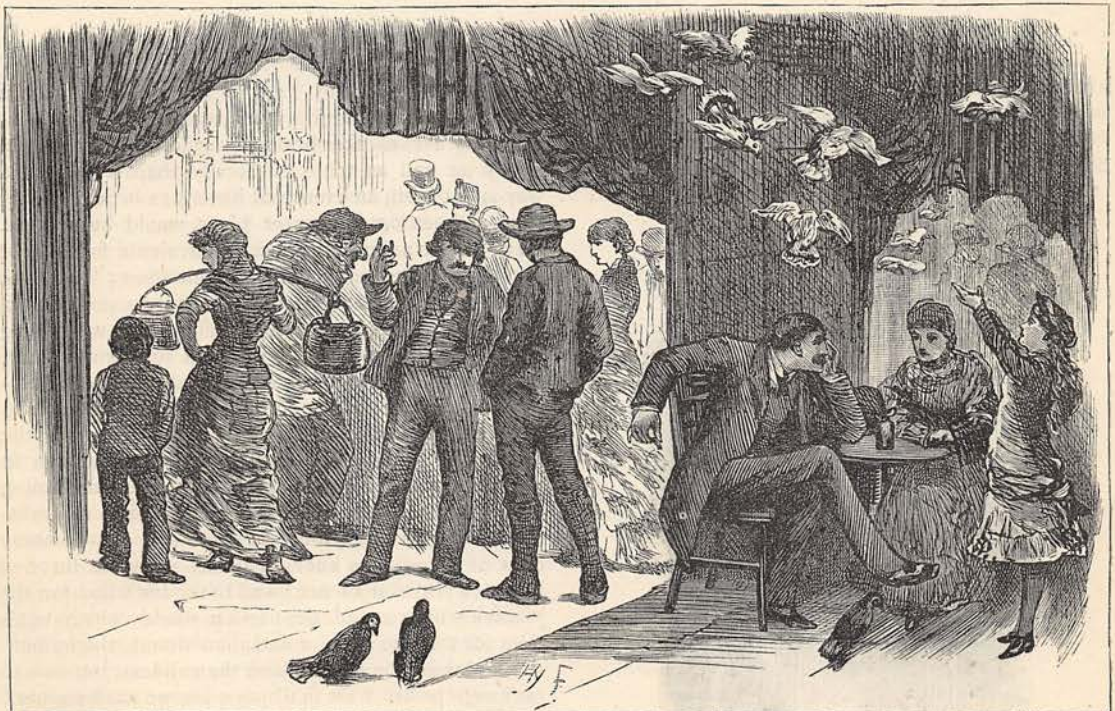
It only remained for us to thank Nora heartily for her help, which was duly acknowledged at the breakfast, and to express the hope that we might enlist her services on some future occasion.

LIZZIE HERITAGE.

FROM SNOW TO SUNSHINE.

THE wishing-carpet on which the Princes and Princesses of Persia were wont to seat themselves in those dear old times of easy travelling has, now-a-days, to be translated into various con-

ventional, prosaic, and mostly uncomfortable modes of locomotion. Ours took, in the first place, the form of an unusually rough passage across the Channel, and then a sleeping-car to Bâle, where we



MEMORIES OF VENICE (see p. 605).