

As he finished speaking, Mademoiselle Pulchérie entered with a little woman, whom she called "ma tante." She at once greeted Peter Witney, and in broken English and more voluble French explained to Mr. Barnstone and her aunt alternately how she had become acquainted with the "monsieur."

"Then *you* actually directed mademoiselle here?" said Mr. Barnstone. "If you had known, you might have saved yourself the journey. Have you any news of your nephew, madame?"

"Alas! no; he was in Africa, in the 144th of the line. He will come and find it desolate—our home. We must return, monsieur, to Dieppe. You have been an angel to us, indeed."

"Not a bit, madame, only doing my duty; in this instance a positive pleasure. Have you—pardon me—all necessaries for your journey?"

"Madame need take no journey to see her nephew," said Peter in French.

"How, monsieur? Is it possible—he is—he is dead?"

"No, madame: alive, well, and in London. He

returned with me; I will bring you to him. I met him near the old home yonder."

Then Peter, in his plain but sympathetic way, told his story, and the ladies' eyes filled with tears of joy and happiness.

"Go," said Mr. Barnstone, wiping his spectacles. "Run away, good people; I am busy."

So they went and found Antoine, as had been promised, and after awhile the three returned to Dieppe. The following month, plain good Peter Witney again crossed the Channel, and spent three weeks in France near his new friends. Lo and behold! the year after the old farm-house was again inhabited: not by Antoine, who had gone away on promotion to a commission—an officer: not by the kind aunt, for she lay in the village churchyard: but by "M. and Madame Veetnee," as they were called, who had come for "their honeymoon."

So Peter Witney, the "old bachelor," met his fate—a charming wife and some fortune—in Pulchérie Malais—all, as some think, "by the merest accident," but you and I know better.

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## REFORM IN DIET AND COOKERY.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.



THE days of our forefathers, when it was a by no means unusual thing for an English baron, or even a Scottish laird or Highland chief, to roast an ox or calf on a high day or a holiday, reform in cookery was not so much called for as now. Anybody could dine off a roasted ox. Do not smile, please, and do not misunderstand me; I mean that all kinds and conditions of individuals could seat themselves at a table where roast ox was the *pièce de résistance*, with the absolute

certainty of finding a portion to suit both teeth and taste. Desired they fat, or desired they lean, overdone or underdone, tender or otherwise, they would have but to express their wishes individually, and they would be served. And even on ordinary occasions, in olden times, the lesser *animalia*—capons, geese, turkeys, hares, the smaller deer, and lamb—were more frequently served whole than they are in our time. Anatomy was the carver's art, more than the cook's.

But these are the days of economy, of small joints and made dishes; and no small amount of skill, and some degree even of knowledge of chemistry, are needed to make them presentable, palatable, and digestible. Referring again to our "forebears," I do not think I am wrong in saying that, although their

span of existence was as short, if not shorter than our own, their digestions were healthier and their nerves stronger. This may be accounted for by the facts that they lived more in the open air, took more exercise as a rule, and had less to worry them, the struggle for bare existence not being so fierce as it is in the nineteenth century. This is only another way of saying they were hardy, and, believe me, a hardy man can live well on almost anything. Your Norwegian sailor will live for weeks on potatoes boiled in their skins, bear's beef, and seal-flesh, with pork and junk as changes; the backwood trapper never complains of the toughness or unpalatableness of the wild animals he slays; the Arab subsists on rice and dates (to a large extent), and your Scottish ploughman of the Northern counties on oatmeal and milk. I have lived with all these, and can testify to the hardness of their muscles, the brightness of their eyes, and the durability of their teeth, all of which, mark me, point to purity and wholesomeness of blood. But where will you find muddier complexions, softer, flabbier muscularity, and dingier conjunctivæ than in New York, London, and Paris—and where, tell me, do dentists flourish better than in these cities?

I say it without much fear of contradiction, that a very large amount of the dyspepsia from which, as a nation, we suffer so much, is attributable to the bad cooking of the food that is placed on our tables. It matters little to my argument who the cook is—mistress or servant, wife, or daughter, or mother—there is the food, and—yonder is the dyspepsia.

And what evils are they, I wonder, that dyspepsia

will not give rise to or lead to? It would be easier far, methinks, to answer that question, than to recount all the diseases, the troubles and sorrows, that indigestion does induce.

And how is this to be altered? Where are we to look for reform in diet and cookery? The labour of reforming a nation's *cuisine* is one from which a Hercules might shrink. You and I, reader, may write on this subject till fingers cramp, back aches, and brain grows giddy; we may preach till we are hoarse and aphonic, and yet do no apparent good. But when we have retired disheartened from the arena, probably there will recur to us the old truism—example is better than precept; and we will forthwith proceed to effect some change for the better at our own fireside. For reform in diet and cookery, it seems to me, is like charity, in that it should begin at home.

The greatest foe that reform of this kind has to fight is fashion. And another enemy is tradition: ways and plans of cooking and serving meals have been handed down to us, and we are loth to give them up, even for those that our judgment tells us are better. As a rule, that has few exceptions, most people in the matter of eating just jog along day after day in the same old style, until perhaps some form of dyspepsia warns them that everything is not right in their method of living: that they either eat too much or drink too much—I'm not referring to stimulants—that the food is served in bad style or at wrong times of the day, that dinner and supper are too late, and that, in consequence, breakfast is a mere passover. It may be the liver that gives the first signal that mischief is brewing: it may be the brain, as evinced by irritability, nervousness, perturbed sleep, or want of sleep; it may be the stomach itself, as proved by slowness of digestion or acidity, or both; or it may be the blood, which is invariably poisoned and clogged by over-eating.

I have no doubt that this paper will be read by many who are suffering from some ill-defined trouble or ailment, with which they half suspect their mode of dieting has a good deal to do. I can tell such, with the greatest confidence, that reform in diet and cookery will cure nine out of every ten such cases, and relieve the tenth.

Let me, then, remind them of a few facts. I use the verb "remind" advisedly, because I would not presume even to hint at the possibility of their not already knowing all I am going to say.

#### FACTS ABOUT BREAKFAST.

This should be in one sense of the word a hearty meal. But do not misunderstand me: to eat in the morning to repletion seriously interferes with the duties or pleasures of the day. But breakfast should be hearty, so far as a good appetite is concerned. You are not in a state of perfect health if the fluids on the breakfast-table have more charms for you than the solids—if you look more lovingly on the tea than on the toast; and you are not in good health if you sit down languidly and cold-handed to breakfast. Hands, and heart, and brain, and all are warm in a healthy man at the morning meal; he is

cheerful, bright, happy, and hopeful, and witty too, if he has any wit in him. He is, moreover, comfortably hungry. It will be a capital plan for a man such as this to begin the meal with a small plateful of good oatmeal porridge that has been boiled only a few minutes, and not into batter unfit even for fowls to eat. When, I wonder, will the unwholesome belief that porridge needs long boiling finally explode? Well, a few minutes' interval should take place between the eating of the porridge and anything else. Then the question should be what ought to come next. A morsel of good bacon, rolled and cooked, not over-crisp, done before the fire, *not in a pan*. A well-made and well-cooked sausage; a herring, kippered or hammed; a tender, tiny steak; a nice curry; a morsel of toothsome devilled beef; a broiled kidney; or a chop. Any of these, and a lightly-boiled egg to follow. How seldom we get good toast! Do not eat that stodgy stuff, damp in the centre, crisp only on the surface, and do not touch with your teeth toast that is brittle. Have it well made, scientifically made, or use whole-meal bread instead. The delightful Elia penned a most brilliant eulogy on roast sucking-pig, which, after all, is food fit only for ploughmen or sailors far at sea, and yet he died without singing the praises of toothsome toast.

Breakfast should not be a sloppy meal; the food eaten should be pretty solid, but easy of digestion—which no meat is that has not been kept long enough to be tender, but no longer—and well cooked. Tea, coffee, or cocoa-tina should not be taken until the meal is nearly finished.

I wish to take this opportunity of stating that it is my belief—and experience bears me out—that people drink far too much fluid with their meals. This is a triple error, for, first and foremost, the stomach cannot act on food deluged with fluid—the overplus must be got rid of, or absorbed, to begin with; secondly, too much fluid weakens the gastric juice, so the penalties of slow digestion are incurred; thirdly, too much fluid absorbed into the blood gives the kidneys extra work, and extra risk of becoming a prey to some of the many diseases to which these organs are liable.

#### FACTS ABOUT DINNER.

Luncheon is dinner nowadays, and dinner is nothing more nor less than a ridiculously heavy supper. If people who are beginning to suffer from dyspepsia would only believe what a comfort and happiness it would be to them, they would sit down to luncheon with the intention of making a dinner of it, no matter whether the dishes were cold or hot; they would eat enough, and no more; and they would have fruit with the meal, if fruit were to be had. Then, when the hour for the fashionable dinner arrived, they would take their places at table once more, this time with the determination to call the meal supper in their own minds, and not eat to repletion. There really is no reason why a person should not go through all the fashionable formalities of the dinner-table. None in the least; only if wise he will beware of mixing foods and mixing liquids: he will beware of

wines, and he will again beware of drinking too much fluid of any kind.

Soup and fish are badly borne by most dyspeptics. I mean in the latter part of the day. I do not see any objection to fish for breakfast, and neither do I see any reason why a basin of good soup should not form part of the matutinal meal. It would do far more good in most cases than tea, or even cocoa.

I suppose there are those who will not thank me for saying that there is far too much refinement or far too much Frenchification about the making of soups. I love an honest soup as much as I hate a doctored one. Seasoning, flavouring, and colouring do not assist digestion, and a *purée* is often more wholesome, and far more nutritious, than a clear soup, with or without its tiny morsels of floating vegetation. But, happily for the digestive organs of the community, soups nowadays are merely served to be trifled with; nobody would dream of sending his plate a second time to the tureen.

It is a pity that better and more honest soups are not to be had at large railway stations. A basin of any of the following, with stale bread, is often of more service in a nutritious point of view when travelling than a meal of vegetables and meat would be, especially as the quality of the beef or mutton is seldom, if ever, first-class at a restaurant:—Mulligatawny, ox-tail, hare, giblet, good gravy, kidney, lentil, pea, beef, or Scotch mutton broth. But at railway stations no soup should be eaten that is not beyond suspicion. *Example*: You pay one shilling for a bowl of soup, with bread, at a railway station; but if you find

force-meat balls in the bowl, it would be better to pay some one else two shillings to eat the mess for you. I cannot say that railway fare is, on the whole, very appetising, and reform here is loudly called for. Hard-boiled eggs are good for canaries, the refreshment-room pork-pie and sausage-roll an emu might eat with relish; wise travellers avoid them, and give even sandwiches plenty of sea-room.

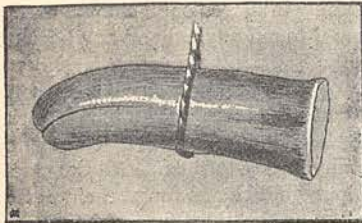
#### FACTS ABOUT MEAT.

Over-done beef or mutton is quite as indigestible as hard-boiled eggs; it should be well cooked to be healthful, but rather inclining to under-done. Roasting retains the juices of the meat; boiling does not, but the liquor in which meat has been boiled may be used as soup. Made dishes are not so wholesome or easily digested as joints, and if much flavouring or rich sauces be used they are bad indeed for the dyspeptic. Veal does not suit the dyspeptic well. The fat of beef is digestible, that of mutton less so, and that of game is apt to disagree. Much of the flavour of meat lies in the fat immediately beneath the skin.

A word about *vegetables*. The potato is king of them, but very seldom well cooked. Potatoes ought to be very well mashed, then stirred with a little milk till as white as snow and smooth withal. All green vegetables are better mashed, and they should be eaten separately, and not with the meat. They ought to form a dish, indeed, and might often take the place of soup with great advantage to the diner.

## A PILGRIMAGE TO BUDDHA'S TOOTH.

BY WILLIAM TRANT.



THE TOOTH.

THE invitation to accompany the Prince of Wales from Colombo, the modern capital of Ceylon, to Kandy, its ancient capital, to see "Buddha's

Tooth," reached me along with an intimation that punctuality must be the order of the day, as there was much to do and to see, and little time for the work.

I had looked forward to the pilgrimage to this celebrated shrine with very great interest, over and above that given to it by the presence of the illustrious personage to whom I was indebted for the privilege of forming one of the party. In the first place, there is a sort of mischief-joy in being permitted to see what is denied to most men. There are, too, the extraordinary adventures of the wonderful tooth, that have made it the most remarkable relic ever seen in the

world, excepting, of course, the "invisible hair of the Virgin Mary"—which, by the way, being invisible, no one has seen—and the "shadow of Buddha," that, so far as I know, has been seen only by Fa Hian, the Chinese traveller.

Then, too, the sublime grandeur of the Buddha himself, seen dimly through misty ages in the glimmer of the world's dawn, draws one irresistibly to the grand reformer of the past. His mythical birth, his great sacrifices, his meditation in solitude for seven years, his profound sympathies, all lend attractiveness to everything and every incident associated with his name. Above all, his "exceeding great love," that prompted him to request, "Let all the sins that have been committed fall upon me, in order that the world may be delivered," places him in the first rank of men, especially as he pretended to no inspiration or personal contact with God.

Still further, the fact that out of the thousand millions of inhabitants which it is computed people this earth, no less than 450,000,000 are Buddhists—more than belong to any other religion—should attract one