

hands keep their youthful activity, too, far into the withering of age. And in nobly-loving natures there is a sort of immortality of youth; the warmth of affection has given more than a royal prerogative; the hand is beautiful always to the eyes that know it familiarly. The latter years only stamp it with the impress of a

longer past of tenderness, faithfulness, and bounty. It is not the "old" hand, but the "dear" hand, and it never grows older, but only more dear. He who doubts the truth of this last mystery, has not yet found out that hands, as well as hearts, have a peculiar place in our knowledge and love of one another.

NICE DISHES AT LITTLE COST.



IN the present paper we intend simply to give the outline of a few dishes, not, perhaps, more appetising than many with which most people are familiar, but which will assist those who are anxious to avoid waste, and use up scraps of all kinds to the best advantage.

Tinned foods of all sorts, as may be seen by visiting any large grocery store, are daily increasing in number, as well as in the modes of cooking. Braised meats, for instance, are now as common as the boiled and roasted of a few years ago; and they certainly deserve more notice than can be given here.

At any rate, we may take it for granted that the prejudice against the use of tinned goods is now almost a thing of the past—at least, of the many kinds that play so important a part in the garnishing of dishes; for it is quite certain that these commodities are largely used in most kitchens, both public and private, where high-class cookery is done on anything like a large scale; and by *high-class* we mean not extravagant, but good, scientific cookery.

And, as a rule, where economy is practised in every detail, the better the cooks, and the more will the great utility of these preserved goods be appreciated.

Macedoines (mixed vegetables) deserve especial mention; no housekeeper who values appearances can afford to dispense with them, for it is almost impossible to enumerate their manifold uses. Being cooked, it must be borne in mind that they only need re-heating, *not* re-cooking. It will be found that their bright colours harmonise with almost any dish, but we may refer to mutton cutlets as a typical one for our purpose. We will assume that they have been nicely trimmed, egged, coated with bread-crumbs, and fried a golden brown, then finished off with a little frill of white paper. When garnished tastefully with the macedoines we have a nice hot entrée, or an equally good cold supper dish.

Or, supposing the legs and wings of a fowl or fowls are handy, either boiled or roasted; if the former, coat them with white sauce, and dot the vegetables about *in* the sauce, and make a little pile of them in the centre of the dish. If roasted, glaze the joints, and heap the macedoines in the middle as before. We will infer that the breasts of the poultry have been eaten, and any bones and trimmings will make delicious stock,

which will be found useful in concocting *croquettes*, *rissoles*, *kromeskijs*, and the like. The three named all owe their foundation to a nice thick mince, so, if you have some good chicken stock, and any scraps of meat, mince it very finely, and add to it some ham or bacon, and a little tongue, if possible. Season pleasantly with herbs, salt, pepper, and a dash of lemon rind. It should be quite thick; if stock runs short, use a small quantity of good white sauce. The preparation must be quite cold before being moulded; if cork-shaped, and dipped in thick batter before frying, we have *kromeskijs*; if made into balls or cakes, and egged and crumbed, then fried, we get *croquettes*; if enclosed in puff pastry, we have *rissoles*. Sometimes crushed vermicelli is used instead of bread-crumbs, and here, again, remnants come in.

We need hardly add that game of all kinds can be utilised in just the same way. The stock for the foundation should, naturally, be brown, and a little red currant jelly will improve it.

Game Soups are hardly as well known as they deserve to be in middle-class families, though they are very delicious. Supposing there is a dish in the larder containing the remains of a hare or pheasant, hardly presentable in its present form; just simmer it down in any gravy that may remain, to which some stock and fresh vegetables may be added to revive the flavour. When tender, pass through a sieve.

Few people, now-a-days, fail to acknowledge the convenience of a jar of extract of meat—perhaps even more useful for enriching soups and gravies than for making beef-tea; and game soups may be prepared from a very small quantity of game if a little of this extract be used.

Boudinettes (small sausages) may be made from almost anything; the remains of any kind of cooked fish being very suitable. Take half a pound, free from bone, and mince it small, then mix with it half its weight of mashed potatoes, and a little sauce, such as parsley, anchovy, or even plain melted butter; failing that, a spoonful or two of cream. Bind the mixture, when cool, with the yolks of one or two raw eggs, according to the quantity, and dip into the whites of the eggs, and browned bread-crumbs. Fry, and serve on pieces of fried bread. This would be a good way to use up boiled cod-fish and oyster sauce left over from dinner.

Oyster Boudinettes are real dainties, and here is a good method of making them:—Melt an ounce of

butter in a saucepan, add an ounce of sifted flour, and cook thoroughly; then stir in half a pint of milk and cream mixed. Boil well, then put in the oysters—sufficient, when minced, to fill a quarter-pint measure—and season to taste with salt, pepper, nutmeg, anchovy sauce (just a dash to bring out the flavour), and a mite of finely-minced lemon-rind. Add an egg or two, and fry as before directed. Tinned oysters *will* do for these, though fresh are better, and a further improvement may be effected by simmering the beads in the liquor to extract all the flavour, then using it in place of some of the milk and cream. Garnish with tinned prawns and fried parsley.

A delicate morsel can be had from any odds and ends of game or chicken pâtés, both sold in tins. Fancy shapes of fried bread should be spread with the minced meat, then some finely-chopped ham sprinkled over, with a pinch of parsley, scalded before being chopped; or a hard-boiled egg, yolk only, passed through a sieve, can be used instead. The same scraps will make nice sandwiches, and fried bread is more suitable than bread and butter for them.

A *salad* is almost a necessity when a large table has to be spread for an evening party; here is the recipe for a good fish salad:—Flake some boiled fish, and cover the bottom of a deep glass dish, then put a layer of potatoes, boiled or steamed, and cut into thin slices. These should be intermixed with beet-root—fancy shapes—and small pieces of cooked celery. A few thin slices of pickled gherkins will render this more appetising. Mask with a thick salad dressing, and garnish with prawns, beet-root, hard eggs, and macedoines, with the green tops of the celery in the centre.

A hint on cooking fish:—those who have never steamed it are advised to try the plan; it is far superior to boiling, the flesh being firmer, and with more flavour.

Boneless Sardines may now be had at a little higher price than the ordinary kind; these may be put into a fish salad with advantage, and they make excellent sandwiches; a small proportion of mixed pickles, such as gherkins, increasing their piquancy. Any cuttings of puff pastry can be used for *Cheese Sandwiches*, for which dry cheese is the most suitable. Stilton or Cheddar will do if a fourth the weight of Parmesan be mixed with it. To a quarter-pound add an ounce of liquified butter, and the yolk of an egg. Mix well, then spread it on a thin sheet of pastry, double over, roll out, spread again, and so on until you have three or four layers of cheese mixture. Cut into fingers or triangles, brush over with the white of the egg, and bake in a hot oven.

A very good entrée can be had from the remainder of a calf's head. Cut the pieces into any shape and size, so that they are uniform; dip them into liquid butter, then grated Parmesan, next into beaten egg and fine crumbs. Repeat this a second time, then put into a frying basket and cook in hot fat for a few seconds. Serve with sauce piquante or tomato sauce.

We may say that the bread used for crumbs should

be at least two days old, and a wire sieve is far better than a grater, the crumbs being finer and uniform in size.

Cold boiled rice (and how often are a few spoonfuls left over from dinner thrown away!) may be very easily converted into delicate morsels, both sweet and savoury. Here is one of the latter, a nice little dish for breakfast, as it can be prepared over-night and cooked in a few minutes in the morning.

Rice Cakes.—Mix together equal weights of bread-crumbs, boiled rice, and *fat* meat or bacon (cooked), finely minced; then add *lean* meat, double the weight of the fat. Any kind will do, though perhaps nothing is nicer than under-done beef; veal, if stuffed, is also good. Season nicely with salt, pepper, a grate of nutmeg, some chopped parsley, and a very little cooked onion or shallot, if at hand. Just *moisten* with a little good stock, or the yolk of a raw egg, then shape them round or oval, about a quarter-inch thick, and fry, or brown in a hot oven. Garnish with fried parsley.

Cooked macaroni, cut into very small pieces, may take the place of the rice; indeed, practised cooks may make quite a variety under the same name.

A nice dish, certain to be a popular one with the male members of a family, is this. *Indian Toast*:—Make some hot buttered toast, and spread a small quantity of curry paste over each slice, and next a tiny bit of anchovy or shrimp paste. In many houses the remains of a tin, being unrepresentable, will be thrown away; this dish, if it becomes a standing one, will prevent the wast of a particle; and, as a further inducement to try it, we can assure our readers that it is a favourite "snack" at several clubs. To proceed: while the toast is being prepared, have in the oven two or three sardines, boned, spread with butter, and seasoned with cayenne and lemon-juice; as soon as hot through, lay them on the toast and serve. The half or whole of a nicely-cooked bloater can be so dished for a change.

Sauce Piquante is surpassed by few others, if nicely made. Its foundation is brown stock, thickened, and flavoured with vinegar to suit the palate. Now in a bottle of mixed pickles there are some that will be left over—the fag ends, as we may say. To half a pint of sauce, add a dessert-spoonful, or thereabouts, cut as small as possible, and note the improvement. This is very good with boiled beef.

A nice mode, and easy, of re-serving stale cake containing fruit, such as Pound or Genoa, is to slice it thinly, and make a pudding in precisely the same way as an ordinary baked bread-and-butter pudding. If carefully baked, and served cold with custard, this is exceedingly good.

We may here remind our readers that an inexpensive and rich-looking medium for decorative purposes will be found in damson cheese, its rich colour forming a pleasant contrast to pale-coloured sweets of all kinds. For instance, a dish of stewed apples looks all the better if a spot of cream is laid on the top of each, with a little piece of damson cheese, or apple jelly, in the centre; and if a small quantity of the latter

is dissolved in the syrup, and poured round the apples, quite an artistic dish is the result, and yet simple enough to provide for a juvenile party.

We will conclude with a recipe for a pudding, pre-eminently a winter one, and good hot or cold—viz. :

Ginger Pudding.—Put into a basin a quarter-pound of stale sponge cake, or finger biscuits, finely grated, two ounces of sifted flour, a pinch of salt, four ounces of castor sugar, and the grated rind of half a lemon. Mix, then add a quarter-pint of milk and cream mixed, a quarter-pound of preserved ginger, cut small, and two table-spoonfuls of the syrup, together with the lemon-juice. Beat in lastly three eggs. Pour this mixture into a thoroughly buttered mould, cover with a sheet of white paper, also buttered, and steam for an

hour and a half. Serve with a sweet sauce, or custard flavoured with the ginger syrup. This pudding may be enriched by two or three ounces of fresh butter, which should be dissolved in the milk and cream ; it must not be made hot, simply warm enough to melt the butter. Rice or Madeira cake *can* be used.

When cream cannot be had, condensed milk is a useful substitute, but, being so sweet, less sugar must be used for any dish into which it enters. Quite a plain custard, without cream, is greatly improved by the addition of a dessert-spoonful of Swiss milk to each quart. There are one or two kinds now in the market said to be preserved without added sugar, but not having tested them, we cannot say if they are as satisfactory as the sweetened kinds.

THE MYSTERY OF THE MARTYN-HENRYS.

BY LUCY FARMER.

(THE CHRONICLES OF CARDEWE MANOR.)

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

IN THE GLOAMING.



MISS GLADYS ANDERSON became Mrs. Martyn-Henry in due time, which was in the autumn of the same year that the great fire had happened. There were grand doings, and the "happy pair" went away. Many

shook their heads, and superstitious old Rachael, who lived on Mr. Hemphill's "common land," declared that there was sorrow in the bride's palm, and sore trouble of mind.

It was about two years after she was married that Mrs. Martyn-Henry came to stay with her husband at Cardewe Manor, and you never saw anybody so altered as "Miss Gladys"—so she was often called. He was much the same, only harsher-looking, and he seemed as cross as an idle man can be—which is saying a good deal. Mr. and Mrs. Cardewe were going on the Continent, and they had let Captain and Mrs. Martyn-Henry have the Manor, because it was said the captain had spent all their money—his wife's mostly, we heard.

"She should have had it tied up," said Charlie : "tied up tight. That's what Ferrett's clerk said."

"You can't expect gentlefolks to keep their money lying idle," I replied. "Tying up money is all very well——"

"Settled on her, of course, Lucy," replied my husband, laughing. "Did you think I meant put in an old stocking, as you do the threepenny-pieces for the boy?"

"You needn't laugh at the child or me, Charlie Farmer. We mayn't be clever, but we're saving. Of course Miss Gladys could have tied up her money, but she was so fond of the captain that she wouldn't. She trusted him too well."

"That's it—too well ; 'not wisely, but too well,' as

the proverb is. She'll suffer for it. I can't say I like the captain," continued Charlie, bringing down his fist on the tea-tray, and making the cups rattle. "I can't say why ; but I don't : that's all about it."

"Well, you needn't break the cups and wake the child," I said. "But what's he done now?"

"What's he done? Who can tell? He's brought back that beautiful young lady looking like a ghost. Why don't they go to Mr. Anderson's? Why don't he pay her relatives any attention? Why hasn't the captain and she been out with the hounds? There's three or four meets been held, and he hasn't turned up. Why don't he go to the parish church, Lucy?"

"Ah!" I said, "why? There you're right, Charlie ; that's what the vicar said the other day was the touchstone of human consciences. The vicar ought to know. At any rate, Captain Martyn-Henry is ashamed of himself, and is worrying that poor girl to death."

"No business of ours, I should say, unless I was on the jury," remarked Charlie. "And now I'll trouble you for some tea, Mrs. Farmer."

Next day, when I was out with baby—and a poor little lad he is—I noticed Captain Henry wandering about the cliff, measuring and dropping a line down a certain distance. Then he went down and got a boat, and with a telescope kept looking at the rock for a long time.

"He's a lunatic," I thought, "and Miss Gladys knows it. Poor young lady!"

So I told Charlie, and he laughed as usual ; but I was astonished two days after when the captain called, and asked if I would mind going up to the Manor and superintending things a little for his wife, as the house-keeper had been promised a holiday. Charlie could come too if he liked ; but they didn't want the baby.

"I won't go," said Charlie ; "you go. You can see the child every day, and cheer up Mrs. Henry, perhaps. She wants it."