

each side until it was like a narrow hall-way for us. Our clothes brushed against it, and we bent our heads. Again that simple fête-melody called us to persevere. Then, all at once, we found ourselves in a new and huge gallery, entered by the narrowest of natural doorways. From where we stood the ground sloped gradually down. Afar off we saw the entrancing, heavenly shining of daylight! And lo! a few rods from us, paralysed with fear, beside a little lantern, was a man sitting on the earth, his face turned towards us. I don't wonder that he was nearly terrified to death at seeing our dishevelled and pale selves, or that (as the poor man afterwards said) all the tales of the demons of the Bouche du Loup came whirling into his honest mind at once. But as we ran towards him he soon realised that we were mortals.

"He was a mushroom cultivator of the neighbourhood, and after we had convinced him that we were not ghosts, he heard our story in amazement and intense satisfaction at being able to end it happily for us. You know that mushrooms have to be grown in dark places to best develop. He had for some years tended several flourishing beds of them that he had planted in the darkness of this particular antechamber of the quiet Bouche du Loup. On his farm was one of the cavern's three entrances, which we saw before us at the distance of some hundreds of yards. He was accustomed to coming boldly in thus far (but no farther) every few days to look after his stock. He was very deaf, and consequently could not hear our calls, and—terrible for us to think of!—he had been on the exact point of leaving the Bouche when we came within earshot of his unconscious signal for our deliverance.

"I thought you were spectres, gentlemen! Indeed you cannot realise how terrified I was," he repeated again and again. "No, I had not heard of any visiting party to the Bouche. Heaven be praised that I came to my mushroom-bed this afternoon, and that I happened to be whistling that little air so loud! Otherwise—"

"We did not urge him to finish. With his escort

we quitted our gloomy prison speedily enough—emerging into the yellow sunset light about two miles from the place we had entered the cavern. We spent the night under his roof, and the next day, refreshed and calmed, we returned to Vilot. It proved, as we discovered on arriving at the village, that our escape had been all the less probable, our good fortune all the more wonderful, as it seems that the unfortunate man who had acted as our guide had informed his friend and another acquaintance, before leaving the village, that 'he expected to conduct the two American tourists out of the cave by the exit at M. Perrier's (the grain-dealer's) far across the mountain, and then act as our guide on a mountain excursion in the same district (of which we had spoken with him) before returning to Vilot. None of us were thus to be looked for by the Vilot folk for several days. Major Buller and I would have been dead of starvation and exhaustion in less time.

"In the course of the week another guide was found, and a search-party brought back the body of poor Antoine. He is buried at Vilot. There was no disputing his heart trouble; several peasants testified to its having at times alarmed the man. The exertion of scrambling and walking in the Bouche must have suddenly brought on a last and sudden attack of his enemy.

"After this adventure neither Major Buller nor I cared to remain much longer among the Basses-Alpes. Our Marseilles business recalled us, in any case. We sailed for home not long after. But you can decide, young people, if our adventure in the Bouche du Loup was a thing to be forgotten, as Sam here appears to suppose. And you can also tell why I wear this"—and Captain Ben held out a gold seal dangling from his watch-chain—"a wolf's head, with wide-open jaws, made in gold, as you see; and look, engraved on the creature's tongue, as it rolls out between the teeth, is the date of that escape for which we ought, every day we two live, to be thankful to Heaven. The major had a couple of these made at Tiffany's after our arrival in America, and he sent one to me on the anniversary it records."

AFTERNOON TEA.



HIS pleasant meal has now become an institution, and hostesses vie with each other in furnishing their tables with dainties pleasant alike to both eye and palate; and in presenting to our readers the following suggestions, we are catering for those who, from any cause, are unable to give a dinner or supper party, but do not find it difficult to entertain their friends at a nice meal in the form of tea.

A word, in passing, as to "the cup that cheers." Be it remembered that tea is not a *decoction*, but an *in-*

fusion—therefore, if it stands more than four or five minutes the tannin will be extracted; in which case, no matter how light in kind the edibles may be, indigestion will surely claim some of the party for its own.

Fancy Bread and *Cakes* are certain to be required, and in commencing we will, assuming that at most tea-tables there are some who dare not partake of rich cakes, give a recipe for a *Diet Cake*, than which, if properly made and baked, there are none more wholesome, and few nicer; but, as the method is different from that known as "creaming," as well as from the

still better-known one of "rubbing in" the lard or butter, we must ask for special attention. The materials are:—three eggs, three ounces of castor sugar, four ounces of sifted flour, an ounce of fresh butter, a level teaspoonful of grated ginger, and the same quantity of fresh lemon-rind, also grated. Now for the mode. Put the yolks of the eggs into a bowl with the sugar, set the bowl over a saucepan of hot water (nearly boiling), and whisk the mixture until thick; then stir in gradually the dry ingredients and the butter, which must be melted just sufficiently to reduce it from a solid to a liquid, but by gentle heat only. Last of all stir in (do not beat) the whites of the eggs, just beaten to a stiff froth. Have ready a tin, lined bottom and sides with buttered paper, pour in the mixture, which should only half fill it, and bake at once in what is known as a "steady oven:" that is, a moderate one, the temperature being even, as nearly as possible, from first to last. When a wooden skewer will leave the centre of the cake quite clean, and it feels firm top and bottom, it is done. It should be a pale brown only. The directions for this are necessarily minute, but once learned, an ingenious cook may make many varieties in the same way. Ground caraway or coriander seeds, as well as that pleasant spice, Jamaica pepper, commonly called allspice, may be substituted entirely, or in part, for the ginger in the foregoing recipe, as they all have the merit of being wholesome: indeed, they aid digestion.

Shortbread is generally liked, though usually made too rich for most people. The recipes which follow will produce real dainties, although of a plainer kind than is often met with. To avoid repetition, we may say that they all need slow baking, as the shortbread ought to be pale, although thoroughly done; if cut small into any shapes preferred, they can be handed round as "biscuits," and will keep well if stored in tins in a dry place.

For *Oaten Shortcake*.—Put into a bowl half a pound of fine oatmeal, with enough boiling milk to form a stiff paste; cover, and leave it for a few hours, then add half a pound of flour, two ounces of corn-flour, six ounces of castor sugar, and six ounces of butter, just liquefied by gentle heat; work the whole into a smooth mass with the hand, then roll it out for use on a floured board. It may be shaped into ovals or rounds, and decorated according to fancy with candied peel in strips, cut-up dried fruits, coarsely crushed sugar, or caraway comfits. The edges should be pinched with the thumb and finger, this being a distinguishing feature of shortbread. It will probably be noted that this mode is not the usual one, the butter being often simply rubbed into the flour; the fact is, oatmeal requires a long time to cook, and the preliminary soaking in the milk enables the starch cells to swell, thus rendering it more digestible.

Another variety, known as *Royal Shortbread*, is thus made:—Equal weights of flour, arrowroot, sugar, and butter are required—say four ounces of each—the yolk of an egg, two ounces each of dried cherries, almonds, and candied peel, all cut very small, and a pinch of salt. The butter is first rubbed into the arrowroot

and flour, just as in making short pastry, then the fruits are put in, and lastly the sugar and egg, the whole being well worked as before. This is very delicious; it should be ornamented with chopped almonds and fruits.

Cocoa-nut Fingers are enjoyable, and as the nut, grated and dried, may now be had of grocers, there is every facility for indulging in them. The ingredients are eight ounces of flour, three ounces each of sugar and butter, rubbed together; one ounce of cocoa-nut, and two table-spoonfuls of cream, in which the nut should soak awhile before being added to the other ingredients. The fingers should be three inches long, and rather more than half an inch wide.

German Honey Cakes are very easy to make, and a decided novelty; it is probable, however, that they will be too highly spiced for most English people, although the cakes we tasted, made exactly as described, were very good. Six ounces of honey and two ounces of butter are to be just warmed together previous to mixing with six ounces of flour, half a teaspoonful of ground cloves and nutmeg mixed, the same of chopped lemon-peel and carbonate of soda; this is covered with a cloth, and left all night, then rolled out thinly, and cut into fancy shapes. These require a very gentle oven, as does anything containing honey or treacle. A word of explanation is here necessary. We have, in previous papers, stated that the addition of carbonate of soda to cakes, &c., is useless unless it is combined with an acid. In ordinary cases this is true, but cakes or puddings into which treacle has entered are an exception, as an element of both is what we may briefly describe as a "natural acid," which, in combination with soda, creates effervescence.

Chestnut Pyramids will meet with the approval of all lovers of the nut in other forms; and when making forcemeat or sauce from chestnuts, there will be a good opportunity for a trial baking. Three ounces of chestnuts (previously baked or boiled, and carefully freed from the husk) are to be pounded while hot with two ounces of flour, two eggs, one ounce each of butter and sugar, and a few drops of vanilla essence—the last-named to be added when the mass has cooked somewhat, otherwise a good deal of the flavour will be lost. Place these in small rocky heaps, the size of a walnut, on a greased baking-sheet; brush them over with beaten egg, and bake in a rather brisk oven. They should be allowed to cool on a sieve, as should small cakes generally, and never taken into cold air immediately. We now pass on to a couple of recipes which, if carried out, will enable our readers to set before their guests something new in the bread and butter line. Both are best if baked a couple of days before cutting up, and are equally good cut into thicker slices, and toasted and buttered in the same way as the well-known "Sally Lunn's."

Hungarian Tea Loaf deserves first place. A pound and a quarter of Hungarian flour, two ounces of white sugar, and half a teaspoonful of salt are to be mixed in a large bowl; in another bowl, half a pint of warm milk (in which three ounces of butter have been melted)

is added to the yolks of two eggs, the white of one, and two table-spoonfuls of fresh barm. With this mixture the ingredients in the large pan must be made into dough with the hand, and left to rise for a couple of hours, then put into a tin—well greased, and plenty of room left for rising. The heat of the oven should be quickest at the first, and allowed to subside during the baking. As soon as the loaf is taken from the oven, brush it over with the white of an egg, beaten up with a table-spoonful of castor sugar; sprinkle it with chopped almonds, then return it to the oven to set, and lightly brown the surface. Dried yeast, half an ounce, may take the place of fresh barm; it should be “creamed” as described in our article on “Home-made Bread.”

Scotch Roll is less expensive than the above; ordinary flour, a pound and a half, is used for it, the other ingredients being two ounces each of lard and sugar; one egg, three ounces of sultana raisins, three-quarters of a pint of tepid milk and water mixed, and fresh or dried barm as above: the mode is also the same, but no tin is required, the dough being made into a roll or twist. When baked, brush it over with a table-spoonful of milk and a lump of sugar warmed together.

We will conclude this paper with a few hints on quickly-made *Fancy Bread*, and our readers will remember that expedition is necessary to insure lightness; indeed, only quick workers will be wise in attempting this pleasant task.

Under the above heading we may class *Dough Nuts*. A very inexpensive recipe is the following:—Rub an ounce of butter into a pound of flour, add an ounce of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of *good* baking powder, a pinch of salt, and, if liked, a few currants. Mix this to a very stiff paste with an egg and a little milk—as little as possible. Divide into sixteen or eighteen parts, form them into small balls, then make a hole right through each with the finger, to form a ring. These are now ready for frying, or, to be accurate, for *boiling*

in fat: the latter being sufficient in quantity to cover them, and quite hot when they are put in. A few minutes will cook them, and after draining them from the fat, and dredging with sugar, pile them lightly on a dish, and serve hot or cold. The reason the hole is made is that the hot fat may reach the centre, otherwise it would not be sufficiently cooked by the time the outside was done. In cooking they puff up, and the hole closes. These may also be made in fancy shapes—little knots, plaits, &c.

Milk Rolls are similarly made to the above, except that the milk should be tepid, and no egg is required; about three-quarters of a pint of milk will be sufficient for a pound and a half of flour; they may be made small, or the dough rolled out to the thickness of an ordinary rolling-pin, and “gashed” at intervals of two inches. When baked, break where gashed. If brushed over with beaten egg or milk previous to baking, the appearance is improved; egg gives the richer colour, but is more likely to burn. Or they may be brushed after baking; a very good “wash” is the milk and sugar one previously referred to; or milk with a morsel of butter may be used instead for rolls which are intended to be eaten with meat, in which case, of course, no sugar should be used in making them.


Another pretty-looking tea-cake is made by rolling up the dough (made as above) like a roll pudding; this is cut into slices, and baked what we may call sideways: the flat side, that is, being laid on the tin. The rolling should be loosely done, but the outer edge must be brushed with beaten egg, and lightly pressed down, or the cakes will open too much in baking. Glaze them, and sift sugar over before serving.

Scones are perhaps too well known to need a detailed recipe, but we may say that an egg improves them considerably—one to each pound of flour; and the latter, for superior scones, should be at least half Hungarian or pastry flour.

LIZZIE HERITAGE.

ON SUMMER DAYS.

RONDEAU.


 N summer days, 'neath summer skies,
 When all the world in sunshine lies,
 Through flower-spangled meadow-
 ways,
 A sweet-faced lassie often strays—
 A flower that with the flowers vies.

 Unheeded by her, upward flies
 The skylark with his song of praise;

Unheard the warm wind's whispering sighs,
 On summer days.

For she's in love, if I am wise :
 And, with the love-light in her eyes,
 Beside the stile, where first his gaze
 Had shown his heart, she lingering stays,
 And dreams until the sunshine dies,
 On summer days.

GEORGE WEATHERLY.

