

tomato pureé, or I would suggest for variety the addition of any of the usual sauces, parsley, onion, celery, &c.

Cheese pudding, or cheese porridge, made by adding cheese to baked potatoes, with a little milk if liked, is worthy of consideration; this may be served as it is, or pressed into a dish and slightly browned for the sake of appearance, but will be more digestible *minus* this treatment. *Boiled* potatoes will *not* do; a potato cooked in its skin *alone* contains all its original saline constituents; and these, as previously stated, are specially demanded in combination with cheese.

I have not tried fish sauce with cheese added, or fish and cheese pudding, both of which are pronounced excellent; and grated cheese with stewed tripe is said by the professor to be very good; but I may here suggest to any vegetarian readers who are *au fait* in the concoction of vegetable soups and pureés into which milk enters, that they make trial of cheese, by dissolving it in milk, with or without the potash, according to individual requirements, and adding it just before serving the potage. Those who appreciate *Cauliflower au gratin*—viz., a nicely cooked cauliflower coated with thick white sauce with grated cheese in, will find many other vegetables equally good similarly served.

I feel that these suggestions will lack completeness if I omit a reference to toasted cheese and Welsh rarebit, perhaps the most familiar and popular forms

of cheese cookery, as well as the most indigestible as *ordinarily* prepared; the toasted cheese is often cooked by so fierce a heat, that it is so hardened and toughened that the moment it begins to cool it resembles india-rubber; and in the case of the Welsh rarebit, the rapid boiling ensures similar hardening of the cheese, and also robs it of its nourishment. Justice compels me to state that I know *no* way of making toasted cheese pure and simple any other than indigestible, but cheese *can* be digestibly cooked by stewing. Supposing you have in your saucepan a little milk (which may be advantageously thickened with flour, or *whole-meal* for brown bread eaters): let this boil, then add the cheese, and don't allow it to boil again, simply dissolve it. Those with whom eggs agree can add one well beaten with the cheese; it will cook in a few minutes at the reduced temperature, and be found a very excellent dish. It should be poured over or served with some nicely made toast. Tomato conserve is a good flavouring medium for the above.

In conclusion, I am well aware that many very delicious cheese dishes, especially such as have a pastry foundation, are omitted from this paper, and purposely, as I have excluded all such as are outside the pale of digestible dishes; for the same reason I have discarded cream, although it usually enters into the composition of dishes of cheese, my object being to draw attention to *unusual* varieties of cheese cookery.

A PEEP AT A RUSSIAN FAIR.



IF the traveller in Russia should happen to find himself in the interesting old city of Moscow during the month of August or September, he should on no account miss the opportunity afforded him of paying a visit to the world-renowned fair of Nijni-Novgorod.

Modern railways, which have brought distant countries so near together, have shorn this great mart of some of its former splendour and importance; and with the gradual disappearing of the various distinctive national costumes—which are getting woefully Europeanised—is departing one of its most interesting features.

But in spite of these drawbacks, the great fair will well repay a visit, and a day spent in the midst of its

busy traffic will leave an interesting and unique recollection in the mind, which will amply reward any discomfort and fatigue that may be incident to the journey.

Let me try and describe a day we spent one August in this great market.

Nijni-Novgorod—Lower New Town (there is another Novgorod a little south of St. Petersburg)—is situated 410 versts, or 273 miles, from Moscow in an almost direct easterly line. The town boasts several hotels, but as we did not hear very favourable reports of these, and as they are said to be uncomfortably crowded during the time the fair is being held, and not to be altogether comfortable quarters for ladies, we preferred to follow the usual plan of travelling down by the night train, spending a long day at the fair, and returning the next night to Moscow. (N.B.—I have been told since that some of these hotels are very fairly comfortable, and we might well have ventured upon the experiment of spending a night there; so it may be that the guide-books we consulted—not always reliable—had been maligning them.)

One hears a good deal about the comfort and

luxury of railway travelling in Russia, and we are told of its being superior to railway travelling in any other part of the world. Tastes differ; but so far as my own experience goes, I have no hesitation in saying that the railways in either England or America are vastly better, especially for night journeys. To be sure, in Russia the sleeping-carriages provide extremely comfortable linen-covered chairs, which make either a luxurious lounge or most restful seat. But the berths provided by the Great Northern Railway here, or the Pullman cars in America, are far superior, while the toilette accommodation on a Russian train is of the scantiest and shabbiest. It is a chance whether you find a sufficient supply of water to perform even the most perfunctory of ablutions.

Then again for day travelling. As each compartment—or in the undivided carriages what corresponds to a compartment—has only one window—and that a rather high one—where anywhere else you have three, the view, as may be well imagined, is very much circumscribed; and if the traveller wants to make the most of the view of the country as he is carried along, he is compelled to assume an upright position, which is decidedly fatiguing. But perhaps the Russian railway companies have come to the conclusion that the very flat and monotonous districts through which their lines run do not offer much attraction to the traveller's view.

And add to these disadvantages the extreme slowness of the trains and their great unpunctuality—for a train to be an hour late in arriving at its destination seems to be a usual occurrence—in time one grows never to expect to be punctual.

The "fast train" that runs from Moscow to Nijni-Novgorod, leaving at 8.30 p.m., takes thirteen hours—or rather is *timed* to take thirteen hours—to make the journey of 273 miles. I suppose in England six hours or so would serve to accomplish the task.

The station is some distance out of the town, and is quite distinct from the one for St. Petersburg. This seems to be the rule in Russia, where each railway company erects its terminus without ever consulting the convenience of travellers by making the various stations adjoin. Thus in Moscow the lines to St. Petersburg, Nijni-Novgorod, and Warsaw, all start from termini several versts apart.

We drove to this outlying station in the hotel omni-

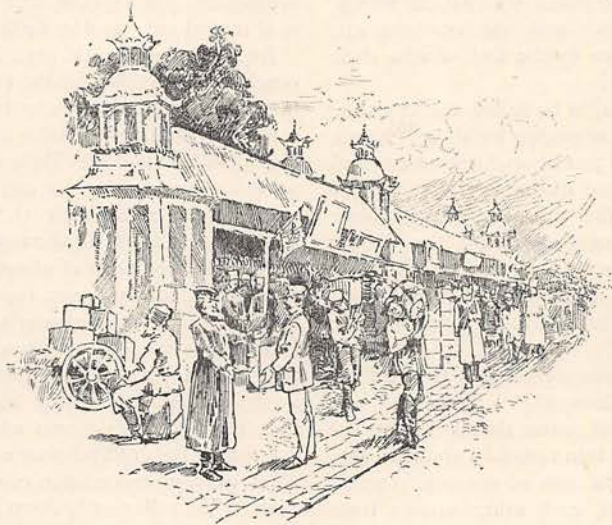
bus drawn by four horses harnessed abreast; secured three linen-covered lounges for the night journey; and then prepared to make ourselves as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. The night was not too hot for sleep, so that the time passed tolerably quickly, and with morning light one felt comparatively rested and refreshed.

With morning one saw at each station a rather strange but very welcome sight, particularly as toilette accommodation "on board" was noticeable by its absence—viz., a row of four or five women at each end of the platform, each provided with a stand holding a brass basin and a saucer full of varieties of scented soap. Each had also a tall ewer of fresh water and a pile of beautifully clean towels, fringed and embroidered. Thus, should the traveller have taken the old-maidish precaution—as I confess to having done—of providing himself with a sponge, comb, &c., a very tolerable toilette could be made at the cost of a few kopecks—twopence or fourpence, as your generosity prompted you

to give. And a good washing of face and hands in cold fresh water after a night of travelling is more refreshing than those who have not tried it can well imagine. It refreshed us even more than the glasses of tea—always good in Russia—which we consumed at various stations on the line, at the moderate cost of twopence each. For be it observed that, time being apparently of little consequence in Russia, the stoppages at the various stations are generally from ten to twenty minutes, so that you have time to take a leisurely breakfast or lunch without the hurry and bustle which seem inseparable from travel in England.

The weather was close and heavy when, after a rather weary time, we at last sighted Nijni-Novgorod and alighted at the station, where, at a very fairly good restaurant, and under the care of an obliging waiter, who undertook the charge of our cloaks, &c., for the day, we made a tolerably good breakfast. Then we sallied forth and made our way along the rough, dusty, and unpaved streets in the direction of the great fair. The houses that lined the road were mostly low, one-storeyed wooden erections, bearing the stamp of poverty; and in the dust and dirt unkempt children were playing quite happily with the pigs and dogs which seemed to abound.

We passed several trains of country waggons—heavy



CHINA TOWN.

awkward vehicles, which seem to be almost all wheel and frame work, with very small capacity for carriage; skirted the dirty little Lybed river which divides the town into two parts, and finally reached the goal of our journey—the great fair itself.

Part of this huge bazaar stands upon a sort of small island surrounded by a canal, which has been constructed as a preventive of fires, which are not infrequent, and which are liable to do great damage. But the shops overflow far beyond this island; and the long streets of one-storeyed buildings, running mostly parallel or at right angles, seem interminable. The roads in the fair itself are paved with cobble stones, rough, dusty, and uneven; and the *trottoirs* are laid with bricks worn down by the feet of who shall say how many generations?

The Governor's house might be called the entrance to the fair, and is quite an imposing building. Below it is a large restaurant, and just beyond a great covered bazaar. Here a band played during certain times of the day, and the effect of the various stalls with their merchandise was not altogether unlike the Palais Royal—for many of them were kept by Frenchmen or Germans, and the wares had often a distinctly Western look, and bore Brussels, Paris, or even London trade marks.

But interspersed with these were stalls that looked much less familiar and homelike. Here was one where Russian furs were sold; some simply the dressed skins, and others made up into tasteful caps and garments; others were for the sale of ornaments made of malachite, lapis lazuli, and other stones from Siberia; knitted goods from the East, which looked

rather like weak imitation of Shetland work; silver trinkets from Armenia, presided over by handsome and picturesque Armenians or Circassians; and stalls for all manner of fruits and outlandish cakes and confectionery, the appearance of which was not *too* tempting to the Western eye.

And here temptation assailed us; and though we knew we were only on the outskirts of the fair, we could not resist investing in some of the tempting wares: a seal-skin cap, otter trimmed, which we bought for just about one-third of what we should have given in England; some silver trinkets for keepsakes; some quaint little scent-bottles—Parisian, as it turned out; and so forth.

And let me remark here how needful it is when purchasing anything for the traveller to be always on his guard against being cheated; for the tradespeople are quite prepared to take him in at every possible turn; will name the highest price which they can persuade him to pay for any article, and, if possible, will palm off upon their victim imitation malachite, silver, and so forth, for the real article.

One common form of cheating we found was to ask a certain moderate price for something which might take the would-be purchaser's fancy, and when, after a little hesitation, the article was taken, we would find that the price had risen—three, five, or seven roubles, as the case might be—the bland merchant declaring that the higher price was what he had named from the first. This difficulty we obviated after it had been tried once or twice upon our confiding innocence, by making the seller write down the exact sum he mentioned at first, so that there might be no mistake; and this plan we found to succeed perfectly.

The real Eastern method of buying and selling obtains largely here, and you are almost invariably asked some preposterous price for any article, which it is quite out of the question to pay. You then mention a far lower sum, which the merchant, with much injured gesticulation and much glib talking, which in all probability you do not understand, declares to be quite impossible for him to entertain for one moment. He then lowers his own price a little; you raise yours; and finally, after a great deal of haggling and much waste of time, you may perhaps come to an agreement, or perhaps you may not, in which case the proper thing is to make a feint of going away. Then you are usually followed and brought back, with the offer of a further reduction, and probably in the end come to a mutual understanding.

This haggling goes a good deal against one's tastes and ideas at first, and it was some time before I could rid myself of the notion that we were beating down these merchants in a most shabby and unmerciful fashion, and their injured tones and looks filled me with a sort of shame.



WHERE FURS ARE SOLD.



NIJNI-NOVGOROD.

But when the bargain was finally struck a change would usually come over the seller's face. A look of bland satisfaction would replace the injured and discontented expression, and we would part with a sweeping bow of content on his part.

And to do them justice, these Russians—no matter how wishful they might be to take advantage of us—we never knew to try and back out of a bargain when once it was struck. From a drosky-driver upwards we always found that they honourably kept to their agreement.

Outside the bazaar—whose attractions had detained us for a considerable time—the streets extended in tantalising lines until one did not know which way to turn because of the abundance of distractions on all hands.

Here were numberless shops for furs, where you could buy all manner of dressed skins—astrachan, sable, ermine, mink, raccoon, wolf, bear, &c. Here if you chose you might invest in a warm lining for a great-coat from fifteen roubles to three hundred—a tolerably wide margin. Some of the garments already made up, especially the black sable, were quite superb, and the prices—quality considered—extremely reasonable.

The old-world plan of the tradesmen of one calling congregating together seemed the fashion in Nijni. One part of the fair—and a very important one, too—was set apart entirely for the sale of tea, and was known as China Town. This has quite a "Celestial" appearance, with its pagodas and Chinese shop signs. Here we saw stall after stall whose only merchandise was tea—tea in pound packages; tea in dainty little painted canisters; and endless twenty-pound bales

sewn up in sheepskins. This latter was mostly what is known as "caravan tea," having been brought from the far East across the desert on camels, and is supposed to be much superior to any other sort. This will fetch twelve roubles a pound—that is *nominally* thirty-nine shillings, in *reality* twenty-one shillings in English money.

In former days the Chinese used to flock to the fair to sell their tea, but they have ceased to come now, and we looked in vain for the sight of even one blue-bloused, pig-tailed individual with the "child-like and bland" countenance. The tea trade of Nijni is not so flourishing as it once was when the importation of sea-borne tea was prohibited.

But if we saw no Celestials anywhere, other nations were well represented, and the distinctive national costumes have not wholly disappeared. The majority of the busy crowd wore European dress, but among them we saw unmistakable hook-nosed and not too clean-looking Jews from the Bosphorus; Kalmucks with their coarse, forbidding faces; Astrachans; handsome Circassians and Armenians; eagle-nosed, hatchet-faced Persians in their inevitable fezzes; and many others in picturesque confusion.

In some neighbourhoods of the fair you come across lanes or alleys of a distinctly inferior kind, where roughly made clothing, common domestic utensils, cheap books, and icons, &c., are to be sold; where unsavoury dainties assail the nostrils with their odours, and where the crowd is far from clean or fragrant.

Again, you come across a bright-faced lad hawking minor wares in a basket slung to his neck—match-boxes, books, cheap icons, different coloured wooden

balls that fit into each other, and such-like small matters ; or a clean, pleasant-faced old woman with a basket-load of wooden spoons of quaint shapes and devices, with whom you really have not the heart to haggle, and so meekly pay her what she asks, for the sake of her bright face and cheery chatter, of which, perhaps, you understand nothing but the number of kopecks she names as the price of her wares.

And so on through endless streets and lanes until the mind is almost bewildered with the profusion of tempting articles spread around—Persian embroideries ; Bulgarian needlework ; Parisian trinkets ; malachite, amber, lapis lazuli ; silver ornaments (which are “hall-marked” with the figures “84” instead of our lion) ; picture books ; scented soaps in all kinds of devices ; confectionery ; lamps and candlesticks, &c. ; an endless variety, until one’s purse grows light, and one begins to feel it is high time to flee from further temptation.

It is said that £16,000,000 sterling pass annually through the hands of traders at this fair, which continues at its height from the beginning of August until the middle of September ; and authentic records state that it was held so far back as 1366.

Perhaps it is inevitable that in time the importance of this huge bazaar should diminish, as the facilities of railroads increase and distant countries are thereby brought nearer together. But as yet no European railway runs further east than Nijni, and the fair still continues the great institution where East and West meet annually to exchange their various wares and commodities.

Much of the merchandise is conveyed by the river Volga now, which is crowded with modern-looking steamers and craft of all sorts—busy steam-tugs ; heavy barges laden with fruit, hay, grindstones, iron, and so forth ; huge well-boats for the conveyance of live fish ; and heavy-prowed craft characteristic of Russia.

Much merchandise, too, is brought overland painfully long distances, being conveyed by the strings of

wooden carts one sees, with their dejected horses and travel-stained drivers, who have probably been *en route* for many a weary week, or even month, and who all look as if a “wash and brush-up” were a luxury only known—if ever—in the dim ages of the past.

When we had explored the fair pretty thoroughly, and had put ourselves within measurable distance of bankruptcy, we wandered down to the river, chartered one of the heavy-prowed boats which ply as ferry-boats, and crossed over to the other side, whence we climbed the stiff hill that overlooks the town. Here the heat was great, and it was pleasant to sit on the dry grass and rest one’s weary feet and listen to the whirring and chirping of the grasshoppers around, while one could enjoy the splendid bird’s-eye view of the town below, with the great fair occupying the angle of land formed by the junction of the two rivers, the Volga and the Oka—both busy and crowded, and both lying blue under the summer sky.

A little lower down a many-arched bridge spans the Volga, which we crossed on our return, and which was one unceasing stream of slow-going carts or hurrying droskies, with here and there a carriage and pair of well-groomed horses, unmistakably the property of some private gentleman. And so once more through the uncleanly and unsavoury crowds of Jews, Astrachans, Tartars, and Moujiks, and through the tempting bazaars, until we reluctantly found ourselves outside at last, after a long day which had passed only too quickly.

Then by drosky to the railway station, where we collected our various purchases and recovered our belongings from the waiter who had good-naturedly taken charge of them for us ; then, after some refreshment and a makeshift sort of toilette, we again took our places in the waiting train, secured each a comfortable lounge for the night, and at 8.30—just twenty-four hours since leaving Moscow—we steamed slowly away from the noise, heat, and dust of the great fair into the cool darkness of the summer night.

THE STRONGER WILL.

By EVELYN EVERETT GREEN, Author of “Monica,” &c.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

A SUMMONS.

“I AM so disappointed about brother,” said Ethel, with a great sigh.

“So am I,” returned Cuthbert, stroking Don’s silky head. “I never guessed but what he’d come as soon as ever Parliament stopped.”

“I can’t think why he doesn’t,” cried Ethel, looking thoroughly aggrieved. “Mother says she doesn’t think he would care to come.

Vernon says he isn’t wanted here : but that’s not true, I’m sure ; and Cousin Florence laughed, and

told me to ask Uncle Oliver ; but I think she was sorry.”

“And you did ask Uncle Oliver, didn’t you ?”

“Yes, I begged and coaxed as much as ever I could ; but he only teased me and laughed at first, and said little girls had to learn to do without big brothers ; and when I wouldn’t give up, he got rather vexed, and said he could not do with teasing obstinate little girls, and sent me out of his study. I don’t understand it a bit. I can’t think why they are all so unkind about brother. It makes me very miserable.”

Two big tears stood in Ethel’s brown eyes as she

