

the remembrance of her words could be—something which he could treasure to the last day of his life.

The resolution settled his mind, and having resolved, the best thing was to carry it out at once, which he did as soon as he got to his lodgings. He wrote a letter, in which he fully admitted his fault, saying that his unworthy envy of Mr. Matson's happiness had been the sole cause of his ungenerous return. He went on to say that her sympathy and kindness in the time of his misery and degradation had kindled a passion which had been intensified by what he had learned in the last few days. He asked her to pardon the avowal, which he had only made in extenuation of conduct otherwise unpardonable, and assured her that she might rely on it that now, whatever might be the sacrifice to himself, that passion should be merged in true loyalty to herself and the man of her choice.

The letter finished, a strange but welcome sense of relief possessed him. Whatever happened, he was

sure of this: that she would now know his true mind towards her; and he judged—in this instance rightly—that his declaration would go far to explain much that must have seemed strange to her. Then he sealed and directed it, intending to post it the first thing in the morning. But when morning came a letter was waiting for him which caused him to reopen his own to Madge to insert a postscript. The letter was from the solicitors, announcing that, in consideration of the hardship of his case, the Government had awarded him a gratuity of a thousand pounds as compensation for his unjust imprisonment. In his postscript to Madge he told her of this gift, and added that he had instructed Bax to apply the sum in repaying what she had already spent for him and to pay what was still outstanding, and that he hoped she would not look upon the repayment as any lessening of his obligation, which was more than money could ever repay.

END OF CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

SOME CULINARY DAINTIES FOR BAZAARS.



GOOD-MORNING, Bessie; can you spare me half an hour? I have called with reference to my bazaar stall."

"Of course I can, and anything that will further your laudable object in the way of theoretical or practical help is yours to command."

"Many thanks, but I want nothing but advice this time. I have made up my mind to do my little single-handed. I am pretty clear about the general arrangement, and with a

few hints on finishing touches, the touches that you give so admirably, I shall manage."

"Well, dear, first tell me what is the task you have undertaken. When last we met, you know, you were doubtful whether you would help at the dairy stall, or the fruit and flower stall, or confine your attention to cakes. Which is it?"

"Oh, cakes! Aunt Mary will supply me with the 'plain goods,' as she calls them, and send me a fresh supply daily. The affair only lasts three days. I want now something pretty and uncommon, that will look fairly fresh at the end of the time, if a generous British public do not clear all off before. I think you know what I mean. I must avoid that messy look that some fancy cakes seem to acquire after a few hours' exposure. They are quite nauseating, I think, and I would rather stick to the plainest penny buns that were ever made, than set such on my stall."

"Quite right, too; but that 'messy look' is easily avoided; it is simply a matter of forethought—certainly not of cost."

"Supposing, for a start, you give me some hints,

which I will transfer to paper. The benefit of your own recent experience in the same line is what I should like."

"You shall have it. I think it a famous notion for each saleswoman to confine her attention to one class of goods. See what scope there is for artistic display; and you are especially fortunate, with such a dainty dairy stall on the one hand, and fruit and flowers on the other. Everybody ought to make a triple purchase. But to business. In my humble opinion there is much in a name. How will these do?—Tit-Bits, Floral Cream Cakes, Fruit and Jelly Cakes, Gold and Silver Sandwiches, Irresistibles, and Motto Short-Bread."

"They sound good; but will there be enough variety?"

Bessie smiled, and remarked that the possibilities of that number in the hands of some people would be great.

"Think," she went on, "what you may do with the short-bread. The bread itself is made from that recipe of my Scotch friend Jennie: you have it."

"Yes, and often make it. A pound of fine flour and rice flour mixed, the grated peel of half a lemon, two ounces of chopped candied peel, half a pound of butter and six ounces of caster-sugar, with a top decoration to taste in the shape of candied peel and other good stuff. I have that 'pat,' have I not?"

"You have, indeed. For the present, then, just suppose your bread to be made and cut in all sorts of shapes and sizes with plain or fancy cutters, or without cutters for that matter. I would make some diamonds; they will give you plenty of edge for the mottoes. 'Good luck to all,' 'Peace and Plenty,' 'Short and Sweet,' 'For Auld Lang Syne,' and many

others, are quite suitable, and you will evolve original ones suited to the occasion from your own fertile brain."

"I will try; but how are they put on—with sugar-plums, I suppose?"

"That is one way, and does very well. There is nothing novel about sugar plums, but they always sell, for nobody fears to give 'goodies' of that sort to little folks. Vary the colours, though. And you might have some of those little silver sweets that confectioners sell. They must be stuck on—after baking, of course—with a morsel of icing sugar beaten up with a little white of egg into a paste. If you fear a shaky hand, draw the motto faintly in pencil first. And let your motto be golden brown so far as the baking goes."

"Ah! that dainty golden brown that the writers of the cookery books seem to assume is produced as by magic. And I expect the stuff will break just because I want it very shapely."

"Roll it a shade thicker than usual—say half an inch, and let it lie in a cold place for a time, then slide it from your board on to your tin, and leave it on the tin to get cold before you touch it, and you will be safe."

The next thing was the sandwich mixture.

"These will sell well," said Bessie, "at least, mine did. One mixture is yellow and one is white. For the first you want equal weights of butter, sugar, flour, and the yolks only of eggs, with a few drops of yellow colouring, and be sure to select the richest-looking yolks for it. The other half is made with precisely the same weights of material but with whites of eggs. There, those items are easy to remember; and as to the method, it is the same as for nine-tenths of all the rich cakes. The butter and sugar must be creamed, and the more you beat the more cake you will get for the same money; there is nothing like getting in all the air you can. Then the yolks and more beating; you will be glad for someone to lend you a hand here if you do your duty by your cakes."

"And my flour, of course, must be stirred in with the light touch indispensable to the excellence of the cake," concluded Eva.

"Quite so; and when you come to No. 2, bear in mind that you can't get the whites too stiff before they go in, and you can't mix them in too carefully."

Eva then learnt that the shape of the tins was important, or in forming the sandwiches there would be fragments. The depth of the cake should not exceed an inch and a half when baked, just right for the width of the pieces, and the length should be double the width.

Then came the decoration.

"For this," said Bessie, "you want some small white cream fondants, which you will buy at the confectioner's, and some silver sweets such as you will get for the short-bread. These are to form a border, and you may either stick the silver on the sweets, or put them between, or as you please. The centre you fill up with little pieces or thin strips of candied orange-

peel, or any nice yellow crystallised fruits; for this occasion I should choose the latter—a quarter of a pound will do the lot. Then the filling. That is the crowning delight; a sort of cream and custard in one. You want the yolks of four eggs to half a pint of milk, and some sugar and orange flavouring. This you thicken over the fire in the orthodox fashion, and when it is cold you stir in a quarter of a pint of whipped cream, and you will be astonished at the quantity that will serve for. Spread them well, and put the tops on as gently as you can."

Eva exclaimed that those were an assured success in her opinion, and she pictured them reposing on a dainty dish with gold lace-paper under them, and some fresh green leaves twined about the dish.

The Tit-Bits were an old friend with a new face.

"You want," said Bessie, "some bun dough; your auntie will make that, I expect. Ask her to make it as if for currant buns, only with chopped raisins—there is a 'bull' for you—and when it is light and ready for baking, just to roll it out and spread some bits of butter over—about two ounces for a pound of dough—then to give it a few folds and rolls—like puff paste, I mean. Then you will make it into little rolls and spirals, twists and plaits, nests and knots, coils and horseshoes, and anything else you like: you may get quite a lot from a quarter of dough, or even from half a quarter. Then you brush the tops with beaten egg-yolk, and over goes some crushed sugar, not powdered, and as many chopped almonds as you can afford; that is the feature. With a sharp oven and a sieve to cool them on, they are good. Then you cut them through and spread them, and here is the mixture. Honey, mixed with chopped almonds for one piece, and whipped cream, or thick Devonshire, or any other clotted cream, for the other. And you must bake the almonds first."

"Golden brown, as usual, I suppose?"

"Yes, and mind they are dry. Turn the tin about and they are soon ready; the front of the fire will do, but the oven is better; those you may prepare in advance. I need not tell you that you must blanch them very carefully."

"I think I see your aim; some of the good things must be eaten on the spot, and some may be carried home. If auntie should make me some of her Bath buns, I will get her to concoct some small ones of fantastic shapes. Oh! I remember that dough is soft, and has to be laid out with a spoon. Never mind, though; they could be cut through and spread like the others, and would quite earn the name of Tit-Bits, would they not?"

"They would, indeed, and you could spread some of them with the sandwich cream I gave you; and there is no reason to confine yourself strictly to honey and almonds: you might try any fruit jelly, with some grated cocoanut. Variety should be your main point."

The "Floral cakes" came next.

"For these," said Bessie, "you make a good sponge-cake batter, and bake in little dariole moulds with flat bottoms, so that they look like miniature flower-pots when turned out. When they are quite cold you

scoop the middles out to leave a sort of wall all round and a firm bottom. Then put a morsel of apple jelly in and fill them up with whipped cream; real cream, and none of your sham stuff. As to the flavouring, please yourself, but there is really nothing like vanilla. May I present you with the flowers? They are the crystallised ones I told you of. I will write for all the sorts—rose-leaves, violets and orange flowers; an ounce of each will go a long way. I would colour some of the cream pink, and use the orange petals on it. The roses, of course, look best on white cream, and a pale green is a very pretty ground for the violets; but if you think the people would avoid it—for some won't touch artificial green dishes, you know—then dispense with it."

Eva gladly accepted the offer, but her face rather fell at the mention of scooping out the middles, and she murmured something about not liking to waste.

Bessie explained that the crumbs were to be utilised in making the "Irresistibles," so an apology was soon forthcoming. Eva was rather given to jumping to hasty conclusions.

"In some people's eyes these will be the gem of the collection. I see that you hardly realise anything dainty owing its existence to crumbs; a cake from fragments seems so far removed from a pudding of the same kind; but try them. Equal weights again; sugar, chopped or ground almonds, pounded ratafias, and the despised crumbs; and enough yolks of eggs to make a nice moist, but not a sticky paste, that can be rolled out on a board. These you shape as you like, and bake them in a very cool oven; or rather dry them—they want just crisping up, nothing more. Then you take three and spread No. 1 with apricot jam, and the next with raspberry jam, or jelly if you can get it, then the top goes on; a sort of sandwich, you see."

"Is that all?"

"No, there are two ways of finishing them. They may be dredged with various coloured sugars, or meringued. You know how to do that. An ounce of caster-sugar stirred into every white of egg after it has been beaten to a froth, then you put it on roughly with a knife, or from an icing bag with a pretty pipe, and brown it faintly in the oven. The advantage of meringuing is that everything looks so large as well as inviting; you could double the price after that little treatment."

To detail the last recipe was a simple matter. Bessie explained that the little fruit and jelly cakes were a sort of miniature pudding or tipsy cake. Some deep, small moulds should be used, and the cake mixture might be sponge or a richer one; for herself, she followed a recipe for a plain Madeira cake. Then a little fruit syrup, bright in colour and of nice flavour, should be warmed and poured over to soak them, after which the only thing to do was to whip up some jelly when on the point of setting, and pile it round them, a tiny heap being placed on the top. The cake mixture was to be coloured pale pink.

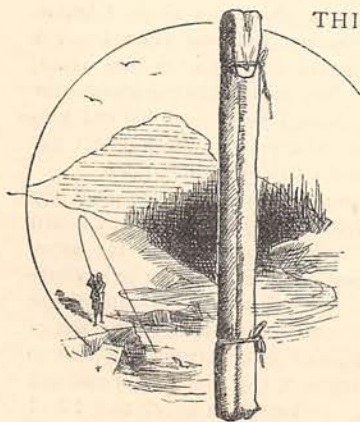
"What jelly do you advise?" queried Eva.

"It depends on the syrup; with red-currant or raspberry, vanilla or maraschino jelly is delightful; or if strawberry syrup, you won't go wrong with lemon jelly. Don't make them too moist, and put each on its own little plate: they look so inviting. I once tried the effect of blackberry syrup and apple jelly, and I thought the combination very good. I must not forget cherry syrup either; with almost any jelly that will be liked. But how we have chattered! I can't stay for more this morning. Let me know if you require any further help."

With this the girls parted, Eva very eager to test the excellence of her friend's dishes.

DEBORAH PLATTER.

MY FIRST SALMON.



THINK it is Sir John Colquhoun who says that no one can be considered a true sportsman until he has shot his stag, killed his seal, and landed his salmon. Some may be inclined to question the necessity of the second qualification, and to substitute an eagle or a heron in place of the seal to complete

the trio of fish, flesh, and fowl; but none can object to the last condition. The salmon reigns supreme among the tribe of fish, and few can forget their first capture of a "monarch of the flood."

A few years ago I was staying at Braemar, in Aberdeenshire, during the month of August. We had permission to fish some ten miles of the Dee, from "the Linn" to Invercauld Bridge, the beginning of the Balmoral water. The Dee, like most Scotch rivers, is more of a spring than an autumn stream for salmon; indeed, it is comparatively rare to secure more than a few fish in the back part of the season. One morning, however, we found that the heavy rain of the preceding day had raised the water a few inches, and the weather being still somewhat dull, we resolved to walk up to the Linn and have a cast at the upper