

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.

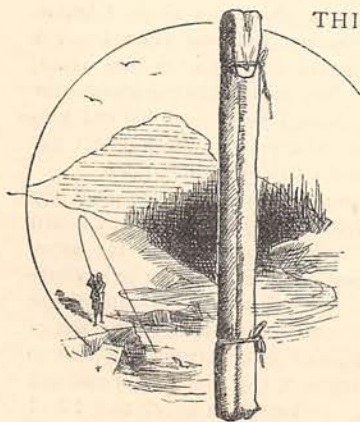
"What jelly do you advise?" queried Eva.

"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.

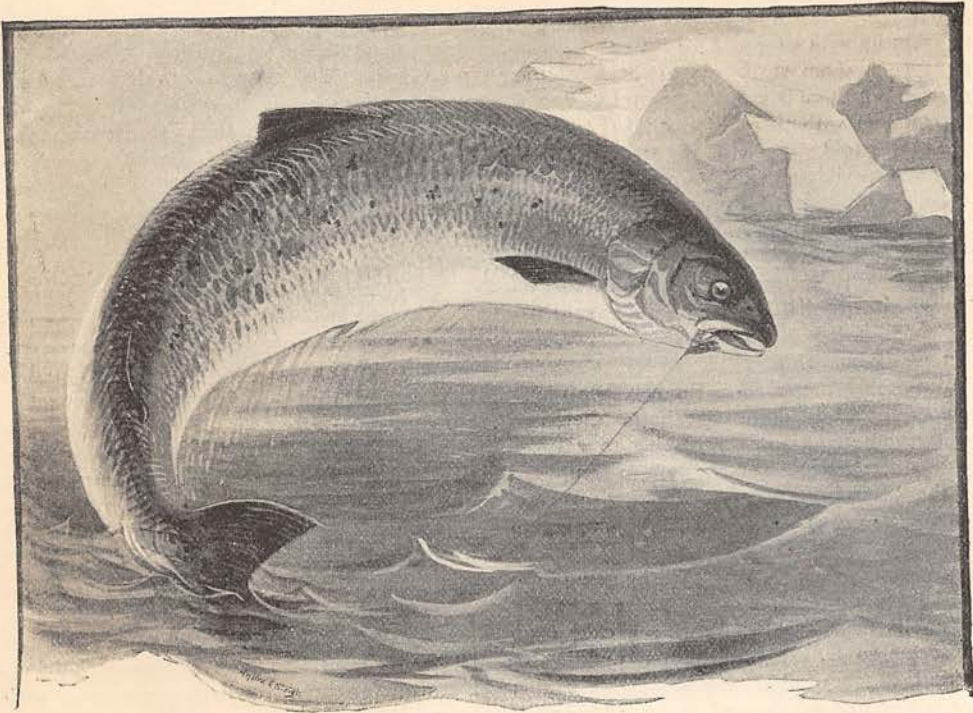
MY FIRST SALMON.



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



"BEGAN TO LEAP WILDLY IN THE AIR" (p. 821).

pools, leaving the lower stretch about Invercauld for the evening fishing. For a couple of miles our road was a gradual ascent, with the river below us on the right, and beyond it the richly-wooded valley of the Quoich, stretching away north to the base of Ben-a'-Bourd, one of the loftiest of the Cairngorms. Three miles of walking brought us to Corriemulzie, where we stopped for a few minutes to see the cascade. Shortly afterwards we reached the picturesque village of Inverey, where we had a glimpse of Ben Machdui and his companion peaks, with their crests wreathed in mist. Skirting the river's bank for another mile, we were at the Linn.

A few salmon were leaping at the neck of the gorge, but as it was almost midday we had no time to spend in watching them. A couple of rods were quickly fitted up, and we began to cast at once below the Linn. I had put on a small woodcock-wing and hare-ear as a bob-fly on the chance of picking up a brown trout, and at one of the smallest pools which we fished a slight boil in the water showed that a fish had risen to it. The salmon did not touch the hook, so I reeled in, put the small lure at the tail, and took another cast. Again the fish rolled lazily up, but hardly attempted to reach the fly. I gave him a third chance. But it was in vain, and not another fish did we see stirring, though we lashed every pool with great care. It was somewhat disappointing, as the water looked in capital ply, and we had hoped that the rain would have put the salmon on the move.

A short distance below Inverey I left my friend to

fish the water down to Braemar while I trudged away to our favourite beat above Invercauld Bridge. Here I had arranged to meet another friend at six o'clock, but as I was before my time he had not yet arrived. Relying on him, I had left some tackle with my companion at Inverey, and had with me only one cast, three flies in my cap, and a Jock-Scott on the end of my line. Two or three hundred yards above the bridge the river made a slight bend, below which the water was rough and broken, a number of boulders appearing in the stream. Above the bend was a long still pool, but as the upper part of it could only be fished from the northern shore I had to be content with the lower portion. Where I stood the grass broke off suddenly in a steep scree of gravel down to the water's edge. Creeping down the slope, I began to cast, and the line was not fully out when I got a rise. Giving the fish a rest, I came over him again, and there he was, tumbling and splashing about over the fly. Had I struck hard I must have hooked him somewhere, but in the excitement of the moment my presence of mind—and the fish also—was gone.

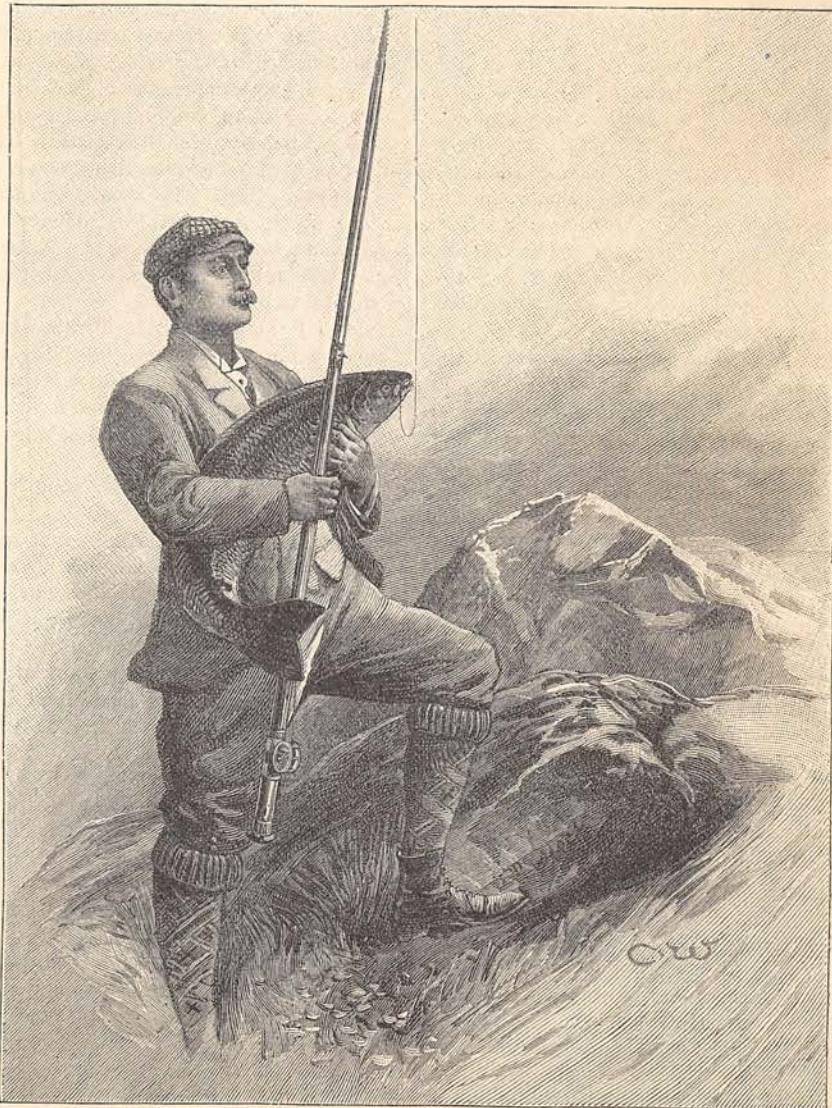
A few minutes afterwards I was glancing over my shoulder to see if my friend was in sight when I heard a flop in the stream behind me, while at the same moment my rod snapped and I was almost jerked into the water. The widening circles in the middle of the pool showed clearly where the fish had risen; but of course he was off, and I had just grasped the line to draw in the broken portion of the rod when I realised that the fish still held. I saw with a shock that I had

but five feet of hickory in my hands, and was *alone with my first salmon!* The fish rushed straight to the other side of the river and then away up the pool, the reel spinning like an electric top. I had, of course, no control over his movements, and was in terror that he might try to go down stream and be lost in the rapids below. There was not a person in sight, and I had to follow the salmon as best I could along the bank. The upper part of my rod, which had slid down upon the rings, was prevented from running to the fly by a knot on the line, and the weight of this portion acted to a certain extent as a check upon the fish.

At last the brute stopped his rushes and began to leap wildly in the air. At every spring I thought his hold was gone, but the hook was well fixed, and by degrees he became weary of his fruitless efforts to escape. My difficulty then was that, owing to the

entanglement of the line which kept the top part of the rod in its position, I could not reel up beyond a certain point; with a five-foot rod, thirty feet of line were still out. What was I to do? The salmon was now quite exhausted, and was lying on his side with a look of utter dejection. Slowly mounting the bank, I brought his nose nearer and nearer to the stones at the edge. The moment he felt the touch of the rock he gave a whisk of his tail, and the line being taut—for I saw he was too weak to break it—he only succeeded in wriggling himself half out of the water. I saw my chance, so, dashing down the slope, I was just in time to seize him by the tail as he was turning out into the stream. Climbing the bank with the fish in my arms, I threw him down in triumph on the grass, and a blow on the head with a stone ended his existence.

ERIC.



"I CLIMBED THE BANK WITH THE FISH IN MY ARMS.