

could see, remained an unfailling topic with which to tease his wife and mother.

The engagement was not made known until two or three days later, when general suspicion was aroused by the Pelhams and Moore-Stevens leaving for England by the same train. As they steamed away from Zwischenlaken, Angela's eyes followed one particular part of the range of snowy mountains piled against the sky, with a persistence which made Eric, who occupied the little seat in the long car beside her, lean towards her, and ask what she was looking at.

"Do you see three snow-capped heights in the west, and below them a green hill with a sharp peak?" she asked, indicating with her finger.

"Yes. What then?"

"You say *that*, Eric, when it is Mount St. Beatus!" cried Angela. "The place to which we owe——"

"But we never got there," said Eric, a softened expression crossing his dark eyes, albeit he spoke teasingly.

"What does that matter?" said Angela inconsequently. "Well, after all, I suppose *you* can't feel about it as I do."

"I didn't get my sight back in that place, it is true," said Eric. "But whether we reached the top or not, Angela, Mount St. Beatus will always be a *blessed* spot to me!"

THE END.



## A TALK ON TOMATOES.

WHO would have imagined a few years ago that the tomato would be so largely employed in the kitchen as it is? for it greets us at every turn in every imaginable form. We almost wonder what we should do without it, and how we managed before it became so popular. The dishes that are presented to your notice in this paper are attractive in appearance, and although some may come under the head of good class dishes, they are less costly than may be supposed. The first is a very delicious soup, that I think has but to be tried to be appreciated. It reads as if it would be troublesome to prepare, but a trial will prove the contrary to be the case. Once tested, it will be repeated.

### *Tomato Soup.*

For this you will want a pint of pure tomato purée, an ounce of butter, the same weight of good cheese, two eggs, an ounce of potato-flour, half a pint of white stock, and the same of milk, and some salt and pepper and bread. Attention to the mode of preparation is the thing here. The purée is heated separately, and it is quite a matter of choice whether it be from fresh or preserved tomatoes; but if the latter, the watery part should evaporate, and there should be full measure afterwards. Then beat the eggs with the milk and stock, and heat over the fire nearly to boiling point, but not quite, or curdling would result. Mix this with the purée. The soup tureen is to be heated and the grated cheese put in. Then add about two tablespoonfuls of little bread dice that have been faultlessly fried and drained—golden-brown is the tinge to aim at; so simple, yet so seldom well done. A bath of fat to

cover the bread and a quick transference to a sheet of paper the moment the tint is reached, and the thing is done. The butter is to be melted in a little saucepan and the flour stirred in, then cooked for a minute, and the soup added by degrees; or the best way is to add about half a pint of the soup to the small saucepan, and to empty the contents of it into the large saucepan containing the rest of the soup, and to keep it for a minute slightly below boiling-point. The fried bread and cheese are to be put in the tureen at the very last moment. Nice as this is, there are people—and I am one—who prefer the bread handed round in the orthodox style, so that it shall not lose an iota of its crispness; but this is purely a matter of taste.

Now I will give you a hint or two on the variation of the above without in the least destroying its leading features. Does the larder contain a little cooked rice or barley? If so, add it in place of the flour, but do not omit the butter. Or is the occasion a very special one? Then you may with advantage replace the milk by cream. Another way that will please you is to cook some small sago or tapioca in the milk, and use in the manner recommended. There are not many people who seem to understand the advantage of using cheese in a small quantity as a flavourer for soups without giving an actual taste, but it is excellent for the purpose, as the above will show, though where not liked, it could of course be left out or reduced in quantity.

Here is a pie that will be new to you, and a cheap one withal. I recommend it on the ground of its nice appearance quite as much as for the sake of its small cost. Its flavour you will decide about for yourselves; but I venture to think that we shall not differ much as to its excellence and utility for general service. It is important that the meat used be underdone.

### *Tomato and Beef Pie.*

Take a deep dish, and put in enough mashed potatoes to form a layer half an inch thick, after



greasing the dish all over. Then put in a few slices of meat, not too thin, and freed from skin and gristle. Cover with a layer of chopped onion that has been either fried or partly cooked in some other way; next a layer of sliced tomatoes; season the several layers with salt and pepper, and over the tomatoes put a sprinkling of powdered mixed herbs and a dust of nutmeg. Then go over with onion again, and more meat, then tomatoes, and more of the mashed potatoes. The top should be made quite level. Now you will want half a pint of gravy, supposing you have used about three-quarters of a pound of meat. This should be from the joint, if possible, but you may substitute a little good brown stock from the bones of the joint, or if you have only a poor stock, put in a sheet or two of gelatine and a morsel of extract of meat. The cover is the next consideration. Take some of your cooked potatoes, but do not mash them; slice them evenly, and cover the top of the pie so that the slices overlap slightly, and brush over with melted butter or dripping; the former for a superior dish. Now cover, and put it in a moderate oven until heated through; then remove the cover and place in a hotter part of the oven, so that when presented at table the pie is smoking hot, and has a beautiful brown top crust.

Some will be wondering why the bottom layer should be potatoes, for it is decidedly contrary to the orthodox ways of making pies from cold meat. Just because the meat, being already cooked, should be guarded against probable hardness, and besides acting as a protection for the meat, the bottom layer of potato will acquire almost as brown an appearance as the top. There are hosts of ways of varying this. The meat may be moistened with a little thick brown sauce or gravy before the pie is made, and a "gamey" flavour, which many enjoy in combination with meat and tomatoes, is easily imparted by the addition of a spoonful of grated cheese. And some may decide on a cover of pastry. In that case the potatoes must not come next it, but should be covered with an extra layer of meat, which will flavour the crust, whereas the potatoes would only make it sad. These minor details make *such* a difference to the result of one's dishes, but are so often lost sight of, that no apology is needed for the reminder.

I should like all who may have a liking for *curry* in any form to try the one appended. It is not a type of the highest-class curries, but it illustrates a principle—viz., what may be done with scraps; for I am supposing that you are about to prepare this for breakfast, and that the larder has in it some rice left from the previous day—you have perhaps been wondering what you should do with it—and a morsel of cooked bacon. Pickled pork answers as well as bacon. Fat ham is better than either.

#### *Tomato Curry.*

Take four good-sized tomatoes, and cut them in dice. Treat a large apple in the same way, also a small onion. Fry the latter brown in hot fat, then add the apple after draining the fat off, and pour in enough stock to cover, and simmer for a few minutes; put in

the tomatoes, and after a minute or two add a teaspoonful of curry-paste, the same of lemon-juice, and salt to taste; or you may use vinegar, plain or flavoured, and by simmering a bay-leaf in the pan you get a very much better dish. Then take the cold rice, and put it in until the mixture is thick. You must stir well, and the whole must simmer until heated through and the vegetables tender. This is nice as it is, but for a more nourishing dish a couple of eggs boiled hard in another saucepan, so as to be ready at the same time, may be cut in quarters and put about the curry. Has it occurred to you that if by chance you have a spoonful of apple-sauce at hand, or a fried onion, the time for the preparation of the dish is still further reduced? I have said nothing about the bacon. It can be cut up and put in the pan just before serving, as it only wants heating through, or may be sprinkled with brown crumbs and put before the fire to brown, and used for garnishing the curry.

And here is something for your sandwiches. Do not fail to give it a trial, for it solves the cold mutton difficulty in a pleasant way, and it is really quite cheap and simple to make. It is called

#### *Tomato Paste.*

Take some cooked mutton or other meat, and prepare it with as much nicety as for potted meat of the ordinary kind; skin and gristle must be left out, but a little fat is an improvement. This is first to be chopped, then pounded in a mortar, with a little butter to moisten, and a good seasoning of salt and pepper, and a hint only of mixed spice. To about half a pound of meat allow a tomato that has been simmered whole in stock, then skinned and put through a sieve; one large or two small ones will be wanted. Add to the meat, pounding all the time; then put in the yolk of a hard-boiled egg, after passing through a sieve. The mass should be pounded to a creamy consistence. A little more butter may be needed, or cream is delicious, while there are few better ways of using up the remains of a good white sauce; but in the latter case the paste is only available for present use, whereas by using butter only it will keep for a few days in cold weather if put into little pots and covered with a layer of clarified butter. The tighter it is pressed into the pots, the better. The meat from a braise or good stew is suitable for use in this way, but the tomato should then be reduced a trifle, less moisture being wanted.

I spoke of the above as useful for sandwiches, but it is quite as good for eating with dry toast or plain biscuits.

I cannot close without calling your attention to a capital little savoury that may be concocted in next to no time, and is the very thing for those who want a tasty and digestible supper. Not the least of its recommendations is its appetising appearance. It is called

#### *Tomato Eggs.*

You will want three eggs to half-a-dozen medium-sized tomatoes, and the latter you must boil whole, either in water or stock, for about five minutes; then



you skin them and drop them in a stew-pan, in which you have fried a small onion or a couple of shalots—chopped, need I say?—then you go on stirring for a minute or two, and put in a teaspoonful of white vinegar and a pinch of powdered thyme and bay-leaf, which makes such a difference to the dish; so do not think that it is to be lightly dismissed from your calculation. Half a teaspoonful each of white pepper and pounded lump sugar are next in order, and a dust of nutmeg and a scant teaspoonful of salt. Then you add a tablespoonful of good brown gravy or stock, or, failing any on the spot, make a little with the ever-useful meat extract and boiling water. The eggs you

drop in whole, one at a time, with a brisk stir; then you stir away for a minute or two, until a very smooth mass is the result. The dish you serve this in cannot be too hot, and the garnish *should* be fried bread; but for a makeshift, when not convenient to fry, dry toast will serve the purpose. For a refined edition of this, the tomatoes must be sieved after the ingredients—except the eggs—have been put in, and the finishing off is exactly as I have told you.

I meant to speak of a dainty cold entrée, very inexpensive, though artistic, but must reserve it for another occasion. The same may be said of a good salad. Both are made from tomatoes.

DEBORAH PLATTER.



A TYPE OF ENGLISH BEAUTY.

(From a photograph by Messrs. Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.)