

as it happened I was standing on one foot, the other being raised in the act of stepping, and was fortunately only knocked down and struck by some of the flying *débris*, receiving slight injuries in the leg and back.

"Picking myself up I jumped across the woodwork, and, fearing another explosion, tried to drag poor Burton out.

"Well, we got him out at last, and carried him to the laboratory. One of his arms had been blown off, and he was so fearfully mutilated that I snatched up a cloth that I saw lying near, and covered him up as well as I could. He was still sensible.

"Then the doctor came and examined him.

"'Is there any chance of saving his life?' I asked.

"'No,' he said, 'not the slightest—it is impossible that he can live: he will last out his strength, but he is a doomed man. Just feel his back; you will then judge for yourself.'

"Under the circumstances the only thing that could be done was to inject morphia. But there! it didn't seem to do a bit of good. For five long hours the poor fellow lingered in agony, and then came the end. It was not the first explosion that mortally wounded him, though it shattered one arm and part of the other: it was the second explosion that just did for him, and that was

caused, I suspect, by his struggles on the floor in trying to extricate himself.

"The other poor fellow, Bird, died too; in fact, he was worse hurt than Burton, although I did not know it at the time.

"Some of the effects of the explosion were very curious. For instance—Burton was blown clean out of his shoes, for they were left standing together side by side. The table he was working at was riddled all over with holes, just like a colander. Lawrence, who had on ordinary clothes, had all the nap taken off the surface of the cloth, and his coat was crammed all over with tiny splinters of wood.

"I can't tell you the cause of this explosion—Burton was a most experienced hand; but I suspect that he had too much in his sieve. Men get so accustomed to danger that they *will* run risks; and when one hand gets killed, another is always ready to take his place. Why, I have no doubt that they would go about in their ordinary boots, and even smoke, were they not so carefully supervised."

We who follow peaceful callings are inclined sometimes to quarrel with the humdrum nature of our daily tasks. Let us rather be very thankful that our lines have fallen unto us in pleasant places, when we remember the incessant peril to which those are exposed who face death in the manufacture of explosives.



## TWO PRIZE RECIPES.

### I.—THE MOTHER'S FRIEND.



TIME of preparation—  
twenty minutes.

Time of cooking—  
two hours.

Cost—about 1s. 3d.

Sufficient for six  
persons.

*Introduction.*—The  
dish about to be de-  
scribed is not only

economical as regards its cost, but, in addition, requires but a small portion of time for its preparation, and this latter is often of the greatest importance to a cook when she happens to be the mother of a family, or the head of a household in which money is not plentiful, and where, in consequence, much work falls to the share of its members. But to the matter in hand:—

*Ingredients.*—Two pounds of leg of beef, one large carrot, one moderately large onion, one

tablespoonful of tapioca, one tablespoonful of bread-rasings—the family baker would always supply the latter with the daily bread if so requested, and they should be kept in a dry tin ready for use—and half a tablespoonful of vinegar, or a small glass of claret. Cold water. For seasoning, use the following:—Three cloves, six allspice, a quarter of a nutmeg grated, and a teaspoonful of salt; also a liberal sprinkling of pepper.

*Method of Cooking.*—Into a large brown earthenware jar, with a close-fitting lid, place the beef, after having carefully washed and cut it up into convenient sized pieces. Next pare the onion, and prick into it the three cloves. Scrape the carrot, and cut into dice or long strips. Let the vegetables be put into the jar, and now sprinkle over all the seasonings. The bread-rasings are next put in—they are intended to give colour to the dish. The tapioca is added just before the cold water, of which sufficient should be used

to nearly fill the jar. Cover all with the lid, but do not put that on in the usual way. Reverse it, and be cautious in removing it, or else hands may be burnt. The best way is to raise it up with an old knife or fork. Place the jar in a very hot oven, and then the meat will quickly boil. Directly boiling-pitch is reached, gentle simmering is quite sufficient, so the oven may be allowed to cool down. Gentle simmering should continue for two hours, and the jar need not be touched during that time.

When the contents of the jar are dished up, the meat will be deliciously tender, and the dark brown, thick gravy will be very enjoyable.

## II.—ARABIAN STEW.

*Ingredients.*—A small shoulder or neck of mutton, two teaspoonfuls of chopped parsley, one teaspoonful of chopped thyme and marjoram mixed, three or four eggs, some vegetables that are in season (these vary according to the month), salt and pepper, two pounds of flour, three-quarters of a pound of suet, chopped very finely, and some water.

*Method.*—Mix the suet with the flour, add half a teaspoonful of salt, and mix into a stiff paste with some cold water.

Bone the mutton; place the bones in a saucepan with some water to stew for the gravy; wash the parsley and herbs, and dry them well in a clean cloth (this makes it easier to chop them finely); boil the eggs hard, place two yolks on a plate, and set them aside for garnishing; chop the remainder roughly,

and mix with the parsley and herbs, and season with salt and pepper, place this mixture in the mutton, and roll into a good shape. Prepare the vegetables (for September): half pound of mushrooms peeled, one small vegetable marrow, peeled and the seeds taken out and cut up; two or three carrots scraped and cut in rounds; one and a half pounds of scarlet-runners, remove the strings, and cut into diamonds; one onion *if liked*, this must be peeled and placed in a small basin and covered with boiling water for five minutes before slicing up finely; place the pastry on a well-floured board, and roll it out until large enough to enclose the meat and vegetables, tie it loosely in a cloth which has been wrung out in boiling water and floured lightly; have ready a saucepan of boiling water, place the meat in it, and let it boil gently for four hours; at the end of this time take it from the saucepan, take off the cloth carefully, and place it on a very hot dish, grate the yolks of the eggs over it, and serve quickly, pour the gravy round. To make the gravy, place two ounces of dripping or butter in a saucepan, add to it one and a half ounces of flour, salt and pepper to taste, mix well over the fire until brown, stir in the stock (made from the bones) by degrees, boil well to cook the flour.

The above is a very economical dish, as none of the goodness of either the meat or vegetables escapes, and the meat will be found remarkably savoury and tender.

If the meat should be fat, cut off any fat that is not required, to render down for dripping.

MARY ROEBUCK.



## MRS. PITKIN'S PEDIGREE.

BY HILTON HILL.

### CHAPTER I.— "VAULTING AMBITION."

T fifty, Jacob Pitkin was a moderately well-to-do cheese factor, as well as a respected, contented, genial old bachelor.

On the shady side of forty, Lavinia Drip was a governess in the Earl's family; a well-preserved, prepossessing, haughty-

spirited, discontented spinster.

It is the custom in the Staffordshire village

of Mope to give a dinner every midsummer to the poor and needy, as well as the sly and greedy. At these feasts the better-off folk delight to assist as carvers, waiters, and stewards.

On one of these gormandising occasions, Jacob was a carver and Lavinia a waiter at the same table. Jacob was naturally slow, Lavinia, intuitively quick; with the result that Jacob could not carve as fast as Lavinia could serve. She repeatedly urged him to make haste with his carving. He grew red in the face, became more and more nervous, and finally gashed his thumb.

With many profuse and sympathetic apologies for unduly hurrying him, Lavinia bound up Jacob's wound with her dainty cambric

