There is no need here to enter into the trials and disappointments of her married life; and it is sufficient to say that her crosses were of a very common kind. Dr. Andrew Garnett was not a prosperous man; his patients were only to be found among the poor, and he got more thanks than fees for his services. To do him justice, he was generous and kindly-natured, never grudging time and pains, and always willing to help the distressed. But the home had to be kept up; the young wife was sickly and pined for fresh air; and there was no prospect of a bright future for the expected baby.

When Rose Woodburn had left the farm to become Andrew's wife, she had looked forward to a life of intense happiness And there was no friend at hand to whisper of disenchantment, or to give the timely warning that a young, exacting heart too often needs. Rose had lost her mother when she was just seventeen; and Cecily, her sister, was two years younger than herself.

The people who knew Mrs. Woodburn had said that she was a remarkable woman; and they had said, too, that Cecily was far more like her than Rose could ever be.

Rose was a dreamer, and looked at all the stern facts of life through the haze of her own fancy. Cecily, too, had her dreams; but young as she was, she never suffered them to come between her sight and the work-a-day world. It was not without certain misgivings that she saw her sister depart; for Andrew Garnett was no hero in the eyes of Cecily.

She had noticed that he did not care to go with them to the old village church. When he came to the farm to spend a Sunday, he made excuses to escape morning service, and would stroll out to meet the girls on their way home. Mr. Woodburn was a silent man, and if there was anything that he did not like in his intended son-in-law, he kept his thoughts to himself. Cecily could never ascertain her father's real opinion of Dr. Andrew Garnett.

Very soon after Rose's marriage Mr. Woodburn died, and the old home passed into other hands. Cecily found a situation in a school in Rose's neighbourhood, and the sisters saw each other every day; so that when Mrs. Garnett's little daughter was born, Aunt Cecily took the baby in her arms and vowed in her heart to be a second mother to Daisy.

"Why do you wish the child to be called Daisy?" said Dr. Garnett to his wife. "Why not give her your own name, Rose?"

"She will never be a Rose, I think," the young mother answered. "Such a wee, fragile thing, Andrew! Let her be Daisy — Michaelmas Daisy — born on Michaelmas Day."

"You sentimental women are always fond of observing saints' days," said the doctor, with a slight sneer. "I heard Cecily talking to the nurse about St. Michael and all angels. Well, you may call the little one anything that you like, Rose—only get well and strong as fast as you can."

But Rose never got well and strong again.

Dr. Garnett was never heard to speak a harsh word to his young wife. She was delicate; the baby was always ailing; the whole state of things was depressing, and he shrugged his shoulders and accepted his condition. And yet, although he said nothing unkind, the very servants knew that he felt his marriage to be a mistake, and regretted it from the bottom of his heart.

The fates were against him, he would say, with a cynical disbelief in anything higher than fate. And somehow his cool, hard way of bearing crosses pained Rose more than any rebellious outbreak. She knew that he shouldered his burdens with the determination to carry them alone. He did not believe in such a thing as spiritual aid, nor, indeed, in anything spiritual at all.

Two years after the birth of her Michaelmas Daisy, Rose said a long farewell to husband and child; and Andrew Garnett was left a widower.

The young doctor had loved his wife, not very warmly, perhaps, but still well enough to grieve for her in all sincerity. He, too, had had his share of disappointment in married life.

He had believed when he gathered his Rose that it would keep its bloom for many a year; but it was far too fragile a flower to retain its freshness long.

Rose Garnett was an over-sensitive woman, easily worried, soon depressed; and such women always grow prematurely faded. Her chief claims to beauty lay in the perfect pink and white of her complexion, and the luxuriant golden hair which had been the envy of all her girlish friends. Who does not know how perishable such beauty is, even when its possessor is blessed with a calm temperament? But Rose's nature was not calm, and her restless heart quickly made an end of her good looks.

A year after her wedding day she looked like the ghost of the bright girl who had stood before the altar of the village church; and it was not unnatural, perhaps, that Dr. Garnett should have been bitterly vexed at the change.

When the funeral was over, life went on very quietly in the doctor's small house in Holly-street. Cecily Woodburn still kept her situation in the school, although people said she was clever enough to have filled a far higher post. But there were two strong ties that held Cecily fast bound to the crowded old town of Bridleton.

In the first place she was engaged to be married to a curate who was one of the hardest workers in that busy town. It was in vain that Dr. Garnett, and even Rose, had spoken of the poor prospects of the young clergyman; Cecily had made up her mind to cling to Edgar Wyon for better for worse, and she was not a girl who could be easily turned from her purpose. Edgar was good and true, she loved him, and if they could not afford to marry for years, what of that? It was in this determined fashion that she answered all objections, and as no one could deny Mr. Wyon's worthiness, the affair was allowed to take its own course, and went on more comfortably than such affairs usually do.

The second tie to Bridleton was Michaelmas Daisy. Cecily loved the child with an intense devotion that even touched the heart of Dr. Garnett, cool and cynical as he was. Moreover, he had a secret respect for the force of Cecily's character, and the strength of her intellect, and he was not unwilling that she should take the care of Daisy's training upon herself.

"Cecily's religion is made of stronger stuff than Rose's ever was," he said to himself one day. "My poor Rose was a very feeble little Christian, who could only shed tears if I sneered at her faith. But Cecily carries a sword sharp and bright, and when her creed is attacked she can use her weapon dexterously enough; however, she is too wise to draw her blade from its sheath when it isn't wanted, a trick that too many clever women have. And on the whole we go on peaceably."

So Cecily came in the evenings to the house in Holly-street, and devoted herself to her little niece. She did not see much of Dr. Garnett; he spent most of his leisure time away from home. But when they did chance to meet, they were good friends.

And months and years passed away without bringing any changes worthy of note to Daisy. The room in which she had first seen the light had been converted into a nursery, where the child played her solitary games and talked to her dolls and pictures. The Michaelmas daisies bloomed autumn after autumn, and Daisy looked out upon them from her window with loving eyes.

"Dear flowers," she used to say, in her simplicity, "God must have made them grow on purpose to please Daisy."

(To be continued.)

SOUPS, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.

By PHILLIS BROWNE.

IT is astonishing what a prejudice roughish people have against soup. The objection is not so universal as it was a few years ago, but still it exists. I cannot but think that one reason of this is that the housekeepers who scorn it do not understand what soup really is. A friend of mine once told me that none of her girls would touch soup; they did not care for it at all. I was not astonished at this when I discovered that her only idea of making soup was to thicken the liquor in which meat had been boiled with prepared pea meal. Another lady, who sympathised with the first one in her want of appreciation of culinary delicacies, used to make it by thickening the liquor with oatmeal. On one occasion I was privileged to taste the latter preparation. I expected it would be insipid, but it was not; it was particularly tasty, for it was burnt. I sympathised with the young ladies who did not like it at all, for I decided that I could not have eaten much of that soup if I had been paid for it.

One erroneous idea concerning soup is that

it is expensive, and that in order to make it good pounds upon pounds of meat must be obtained for it. If these are dispensed with the soup will not be worth drinking. Really, however, soup is an economy. It is a mistake to make it very rich and very strong. When, as is generally the case, it is succeeded by other dishes, it should be light and pleasantly flavoured, but not strong or nourishing enough to furnish a dinner in itself. People usually sit down to dinner tired, hungry, and weary, and it is rather too much of a good thing to put a slice of roast beef or boiled mutton before them straight away. It is giving their digestive organs too much to do; they need to be set gently to work. To have light employment given them at first, and to be allowed to go on gradually to the heavy business. Sir Henry Thompson, I think it was, pointed out a little while ago, in some papers he published on food, that light liquid food was most valuable as a restorative. Those who have been accustomed to take soup, and have noticed how quickly it takes away the feeling of exhaustion, and prepares the way for the enjoyment of dinner, would be very sorry to do without it. At the same time, they would be equally sorry to make it very strong and rich, unless they intended the family to dine upon it entirely.

When I said soup was an economy, I meant that it might be made the means of preventing waste; also that when used regularly it saves the joint, and partially satisfies the appetite before the most expensive part of the dinner is touched. I daresay you have heard of the housekeeper who said to her friend, "We never have soup; we cannot afford it;" to which the other replied, "Indeed, we always have soup; we cannot afford to do without it." I certainly think the second housekeeper was the more economical of the two.

However, it is not my business now to sing the praises of soup. But I may say that I believe it would be seen on our tables more frequently than it is if the girls in a house were able and willing to make it. The secret of our not having soup is that it takes time and trouble, which servants do not always care to give. But in the good time coming, when all the girls in our homes understand and practise cookery, when our daughters would rather prepare with their own hands a good dinner for their fathers than tire their eyes in making so many useless mats and antimacassars, things will be quite different; we shall enter upon a delightful period, and we shall all live twice as well as we do now, at half the present cost.

There are three varieties of soup—clear soup, thick soup, and purées. For all these stock is required, and therefore the first thing we have to do is to learn how to make stock. For very nourishing, superior soup, and for clear soup, fresh meat is required; although it is quite true that clear soup *may* be made of weak bone stock, it is scarcely worth while to do so unless there was plenty of fresh meat left on the bones, and to buy bones roughly trimmed would cost as much as to buy fresh meat. Ordinary stock, however, that will make excellent soup for daily use may be made of the trimmings of joints, the liquor in which meat and vegetables and fish have been boiled, and even of the bones, skin, and trimmings left after a joint has been served. For nothing of this kind should be thrown away until it has been stewed until every particle of goodness has been extracted from it.

I am quite prepared to hear that girls who tried to prevent waste in this way, and to make the most of things by stewing bones and trimmings for stock, would be laughed and sneered at by certain people. Let them never mind this. When we are doing right we can bear to be laughed at, and certainly we who try to be economical are in the right. It is wicked to waste good food while so many thousands are needing it. If we have more than we require let us give to those who want, not throw away. It is a great disgrace to English cooks that they act as though extravagance meant cleverness, and thrift meant incompetency. I have noticed again and again that as soon as ever a cook acquires skill she loses her respect for quantities and prices. We will not do this in our cookery class, for we all look upon waste as sin.

Therefore let us resolve that nothing containing nourishment shall be thrown away until it has been well stewed. We will put on one side all the trimmings, skin, bone, and fat that we can collect, and as soon as we have an opportunity we will render down the fat for frying and will stew the rest for stock.

Sometimes economical cooks advise that a stock-pot should be kept by the side of the fire, and that trimmings, pieces, and scraps should be thrown into it from time to time as they come to hand; that water should be added when necessary, and thus a constant supply of stock should be provided. This plan I do not recommend. In the first place it leads to the ingredients being unequally cooked. Scraps which are thrown into the pot when the cooking is half through are not so thoroughly stewed as those which were in at the beginning. In the second place overlong simmering will spoil the flavour of our stock and make it taste unpleasantly of the pan. Whatever we have to stew should be put on freshly into a clean pan every morning; when the simmering has been continued five hours the contents of the pan should be turned into an earthen vessel and carried into a cool larder and left uncovered till wanted.

We will suppose that we have a quantity of bones and trimming, say, for instance, the bones left from a cooked joint which weighed eight or ten pounds before it was cut. Perhaps also we should have the bones of poultry or game, and two or three bacon bones; if so, we should of course make use of them, although we should do very well without them. How should we proceed in making stock?

We should look carefully over our ingredients, and trim away anything that was unsuited to our purpose. If it should happen that there was anything not quite pure and sweet we should put that aside at once. "Cleanliness is the soul of cookery," and it is particularly called for in economical cookery. We wish to avoid waste, but we are not willing to use everything. Having satisfied ourselves on this point, however, we put the bones into a perfectly clean saucepan and pour over them cold water, in the proportion of a quart of water to a pound of bones. I daresay it will be remembered that when we were speaking of boiling meat we said that when we wanted to keep the goodness in the meat we placed it in boiling water; when we wished to draw the goodness out we put it in cold water. On this occasion we wish to draw the goodness out, we therefore use cold water.

We now put the saucepan on the fire, and bring the liquid slowly to a boil. In a little while it will begin to simmer, and then we throw in a small quantity of salt, not as much as will be needed to season the soup, but a little to help the scum to rise. It is well to leave the seasoning until the stock is made, because we intend to boil the liquid down to about half its quantity, and if we add as much salt as is wanted now we shall find that our stock is too salt by the time the boiling is over, for salt will not fly away in steam, though water may. But salt will help to make the scum rise, and we particularly wish to remove the scum as soon as it appears, before it has time to boil down into the stock again. Therefore we throw a little salt in, and for the same purpose we add a cupful of cold water two or three times after skimming, and after each addition heat again and skim once more.

When we have cleared away as much scum as possible we draw the saucepan back, put on the lid, and let the liquor simmer very gently for five hours. If we wish to use it quickly, or if the weather is cold we may at the end of three hours put in the flavouring ingredients, a carrot, a leek or an onion, a clove, a little celery, a bay leaf, a bunch of parsley, a sprig of thyme, six peppercorns, and half a blade of mace for each quart of liquid. We must remember, however, that if the weather is warm stock will keep better if vegetables have not been boiled in it, and that even if they are so boiled additional vegetables will have to be added when the stock is used in order to "revive the flavour;" otherwise our soup will not taste fresh.

Bone stock boiled without either vegetables or seasoning will not taste at all good when the five hours are over, and it is poured out, and carried into the larder. Nevertheless, it will contain goodness, and we can make excellent soup of it when the time arrives for us to do so.

Perhaps the bones do not appear to be sufficiently stewed after the liquor is strained from them. They ought to look quite clear and clean, and in such a condition that when dry we should have no objection to put them in our pockets. If this be so, we may stew them again next day with a small quantity of fresh cold water, but we must on no account be persuaded to leave them in the saucepan all night.

When we want to make superior stock we take fresh meat. If we wanted three pints of stock we should need three pounds of meat—shin of beef for brown stock, knuckle of veal for white stock—and we must allow a pint of water to a pound of meat and one pint of water over. The meat is to be cut into small pieces, the smaller the better, and covered with the cold water, then salted, boiled up, skimmed and simmered exactly as recommended for bone soup. The vegetables, a carrot, half a turnip, a leek, a bunch of parsley, a sprig of thyme, a bay leaf, three or four sticks of celery, and twenty peppercorns, will be sufficient for three pints of stock.

In both these instances the liquor in which meat had been boiled, and especially the liquor in which "rabbit" or "chicken" or even rabbit bones or chicken bones had been stewed, would be much to be preferred to water if it could be had. If fresh meat were used any trimmings of meat or poultry that there might be should be thrown into the pan and stewed with the meat; they would make the stock stronger.

There is still another kind of stock which may be needed, and that is fish stock for fish soup. It may be made with the liquor in which fish has been boiled, and the bones and skin of the fish with an anchovy, an onion, and one or two cloves may be stewed in it afterwards. Fish soup should be very carefully skimmed, and it must be remembered that it will not keep so well as meat stock.

We now have our stock, which is the basis of soup, ready. The process of converting it into soup must be reserved for another lesson.

HOW TO MAKE CLEAR SOUP.

By PHILLIS BROWNE.

AVING prepared our stock, strained it over-night, and left it in an uncovered vessel in a cool larder, the next question we have to ask ourselves is, "What shall we do with it?"

There is no room for doubt here, no matter how we may proceed afterwards. The first thing to be done is to clear away the fat, which will have settled in a cake on the top of the stock. If the stock is a jelly, we may take this off more easily if we use a metal spoon which has first been dipped into hot water, and after we have taken off as much fat as we can in this way, we must wipe the jelly and the basin with the corner of a napkin which has been wrung out of hot water.

It is said that people learned in cookery know of five hundred different kinds of soup. If this be true, it is probable that a large proportion of these soups are so much like each other that ordinary people could not discover the points of difference between them. It is also probable that a goodly number are made of clear soup. Besides, cooks who can make good clear soup can make all kinds of soup; and therefore we will begin our lesson now by describing the process of clarification.

Soup is sometimes made clear with white of egg, and sometimes with raw lean meat, beef, or veal, the medium in each case being the same—albumen.

I daresay you remember that when we were talking about boiling meat we said that we put meat which was to be eaten into boiling water for two or three minutes, in order that the albumen might harden on the outside and form a sort of shield to keep in the goodness of the meat. When we boil the raw meat in the stock the albumen hardens as before, but being mixed with the liquid it takes the impurities contained there with it, and all are collected in a mass together, and can be strained away.

We must not suppose, however, that it makes no difference whether we use white of eggs or lean meat in clarifying soup. Lean meat enriches soup, white of egg impoverishes it; and it is more profitable to clarify weak stock with lean meat than it is to clarify strong stock with white of egg.

As to the quantity of meat to be used for clarification, that must depend on the weight of meat employed in making the stock, not upon the measure of liquor which we have at our disposal. The proportion of meat needed for clarification is half a pound of lean meat for every two and a half pounds of meat used in making the stock, and the quantity of lean meat needed would be no less if in making stock we had used half a pint only of water to the pound of meat. Indeed, if the liquid were very strong we should find it an advantage to mix about a teaspoonful of white of egg with the raw meat, because strong liquids are more difficult to clarify than thin ones.

We will, therefore, suppose that we have stock made with two pounds and a half of meat, and that we are going to clarify it with half a pound of lean meat freed entirely from fat and skin. How should we proceed?

We must first cut the meat into very small pieces (if we have such a thing we may pass it through the sausage machine instead), and put with it a carrot, a turnip, and the white part of a good-sized leek, or, wanting this, an onion, but a leek is much the more delicate in flavour of the two. Of course, we must wash the vegetables, scrape the carrot, and cut the turnip and the leek into small pieces. We may add also a stick of celery, half a bay leaf, a sprig of thyme and parsley, and half a dozen peppercorns.

We now pour the stock, already freed from fat, very steadily into a perfectly clean saucepan, being careful always not to disturb and also to leave behind any sediment there may be at the bottom of the vessel. We put the saucepan on a quick fire, stir the chopped meat and the flavouring ingredients into it, and keep stirring until a froth begins to form on the liquor. We then stop stirring at once, wait until the liquor rises high, draw the pan back instantly, and let it stand at the side of the fire for a quarter of an hour or so.

If we now take a little of the liquid in a silver spoon we shall find that part of it is bright and clear, and we can see the silver through it; the other is a sort of curd, mixed with vegetables and meat. This curd is the albumen which has hardened and gathered the impurities which were in the soup with it, and this it is which must be removed by straining.

Whilst the liquor is standing by the side of the fire we may prepare the strainer. A jelly bag is not the best thing we can take, because we want to pour the liquid in gently, and it is awkward to do this with a deep jelly bag. Better to take the thick flannel of which the jelly bag would have been made, wring it out of boiling water, and tie it to the four legs of a chair which has been turned upside down on a table. The vessel for the soup can be placed underneath the flannel, and the liquor can be poured on slowly and gently so as not to disturb the scum, which will serve as a filter for the soup. Now, if my directions have been followed exactly I am quite sure that a beautifully bright, clear soup will be obtained, and one that will taste pleasantly also when it has been boiled up again with salt and a small piece of sugar.

Perhaps girls feel inclined to ask, Must the flavouring ingredients be put into stock which has already been flavoured when it was made? Yes, they must. The quantities here given are for flavoured stock. If the stock were not flavoured at all, a larger proportion of vegetables would be needed. One secret of having well-tasting soup is to let it be freshly flavoured. The vegetables are put in here to revive the flavour, and the flavour needs reviving after the stock has been all night in the larder. Otherwise the soup will have a stale taste, which will be anything but agreeable.

I may say in passing that it is this necessity for reviving the flavours which makes the difficulty with tinned soups. People often say that tinned soups taste of the tin, or, in other words, the flavour is stale. If they would take the trouble to boil a few fresh flavourers with a small quantity of fresh stock, and add this either strained, or in the case of *purées* rubbed through a sieve, to the soup which is in the tin, they would find that the tinned taste was scarcely perceptible.

One point must be carefully noted in clearing soup, and that is—the cook must stop whisking *instantly* when the scum begins to rise; also, the pan must be drawn back as soon as the liquor bubbles. If the liquor is whisked too long, or boiled too long, the scum may sink down again, and the soup will be spoiled.

Another point to be noted is that the soup must not be clarified the day before it is wanted, or it will become cloudy with standing.

It is astonishing what a number of soups may be made of this clear soup. Sago, rice, macaroni, *vermicelli nouilles*, pearl barley, tapioca, and semolina may all be boiled separately, then dropped into it, and the soup will then be called after the name of the distinctive ingredient. When spring vegetables, young turnips, carrots, or leeks are put into clear soup it becomes *printanière*, or spring soup. When these same vegetables are softly stewed in butter and cut into shreds it is *julienne*. When savoury custard (cut into diamonds or stars) is put into it, it is *soup royale*. If Brussels sprouts are introduced it is Flemish soup; if crusts of bread, it is *croûte a pot*; if homely vegetables, it is *soup à la paysanne;* if poached eggs, it is Colbert's soup. And so we might go on. *jadinière, brunoise, chiffonade, macédoine, nivernaise*, and others are all clear soup, with very slight differences.

If there are any girls belonging to this class who try to follow my instructions and make some clear soup in the way I have described, I know quite well what the result will be. The soup will be excellent, bright, clear, and good, but they will feel that it has been a great trouble to make. I should not be surprised if their state of mind were similar to that of the charity-boy mentioned in "Pickwick," who, when he got to the end of the alphabet, said, "Whether it is worth while going through so much to learn so little is a matter of taste. *I* think it isn't." After all, important as cookery may be, there are other things to be done in the world, and though we might be willing to make the best clear soup for high days and holidays, it is more than probable that few would be able to give the time to it very often. Therefore, it will be an advantage to learn an easier and cheaper way of preparing it, so as to achieve very nearly, though not quite, as satisfactory a result.

The easier method is to use stock made of Liebig's Extract of Meat, instead of stock from fresh meat. A small quantity of this extract dissolved in a little boiling water will supply a clear straw-coloured liquor, which tastes quite sufficiently of meat, and which may easily be converted into excellent soup. Of course the difficulty here is the flavouring. We must so flavour this extract of meat stock that no one shall know what it was, but shall, if they think anything at all about the matter, regard it as a matter of course that the stock for the soup was made in the usual way, "with trouble and charges," to use an expression of Izaak Walton's.

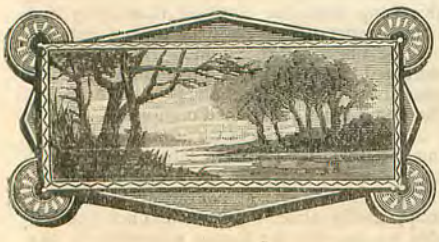
Whatever vegetables are used in flavouring this soup must be cleansed thoroughly and boiled separately. A little soaked gelatine may be boiled in the liquid, which must be skimmed thoroughly; and as soon as it tastes pleasantly, and before the vegetables are soft, the liquid must be strained off for use.

As to what flavourers we are to use in making the stock, the question must be answered by another—What flavourers can we get at the time? We need not always make our soup exactly alike. When we once get the idea we can vary the flavour according to the ingredients at our command. Supposing we

want a small quantity of soup for a small family, let us flavour a pint of water pleasantly and rather strongly by boiling in it the white part of a leek, six or eight fresh pepper-corns, and a stick of celery, or a small pinch of celery seed tied in muslin; a turnip, a small carrot, and a little parsley can be added, if liked, or an onion with one or two cloves may be used instead of the leek.

We must cleanse and prepare the vegetables before using. Also we must remove the scum from the liquid as it rises, and boil in it about a teaspoonful of good gelatine which has been soaked in water for awhile; then we dissolve a small quantity of extract of meat in fresh boiling water (I cannot say exactly how much, because extract of meat varies in quality—about a teaspoonful), strain the stock in which the vegetables were boiled, mix the two together, and add salt until the liquid is coloured sufficiently and tastes well. It should not be over brown, and it should not taste specially of the dissolved extract, but rather of a combination of meat and vegetables. When wanted make it hot, and the soup is ready. When they are to be had, a handful of green peas or a little carrot and turnip finely shred and boiled separately are a great addition to this soup. A tablespoonful of crushed tapioca may be simmered in it till clear to make a change, or it may be thickened with arrowroot. Perhaps girls feel inclined to say, "What a small quantity you have made; there will not be enough!" Quite enough for a small family—that is, for four or five people. One reason why English people do not like soup is, that when they make it at all they make it in such large quantities that they get tired of it before it is finished. They have an idea that if they make soup at all they must make a gallon. A gallon of soup! why, it would be enough for twenty people. If four persons were compelled to drink it day after day until it was finished, they would ever afterwards say they did not like soup. Let me advise girls to make a quart of soup to begin with, and if it is liked they can make a quart of another kind another day.

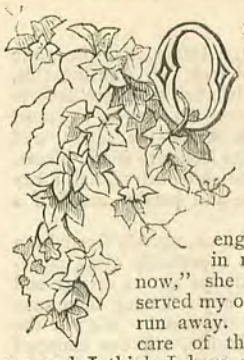
Fresh herbs are excellent for flavouring soup; tarragon leaves especially impart a delicious and quite unique flavour, although it is with tarragon as with celery seed—a very little goes a long way. Shalots and leeks are always to be preferred to onions when they can be obtained; they are more delicate in flavour. A ham bone is a perfect treasure for flavouring, but if we use it we must clarify the soup with a little lean meat or a teaspoonful of white of egg. Mushroom ketchup and prepared sauces, too, are valuable helps for flavouring soups when used very sparingly, but a soup ought not to taste of mushroom ketchup above everything. There is still another way of making clear soup, and that is by boiling broth to a glaze, adding water, and simmering gently. I fear, however, that space will not allow me to describe this now, besides which it is a little difficult for amateurs. I must, therefore, advise girls to try the plans we have been speaking of. In our next lesson we will try to make thick soups and *purées*.



MY TREASURES.

A BALLAD STORY.

Words by NELLA. Music by HENRY PARKER.



H yes, I have quite enough now. We shall be sure to find something suitable among these," exclaims a gay young voice, whose owner has been for the last hour busily turning over the engravings and sketches in my portfolio; "and now," she continues, "having served my own purpose, I must run away. I will take great care of those you have lent me, and I think I have arranged the others just as I found them—but, dear me, where did this old book come from, and what is it? Oh, some collection of the children's, I suppose," this after a hasty glance. "Well, that will do here," and so after placing the well-worn volume on the top of the other books, my light-hearted visitor departs, leaving me to spend the rest of the evening with my silent companions, my books and my work.

But, some way, I do not seem quite in the mood to settle down to any regular occupation. The sketches we have been turning over, copies of pictures seen, or places visited in days gone by, the endless questions and girlish comments of my visitor, have brought back to my memory so vividly the pains and pleasures of the time of which we learn vaguely to speak as "long ago," that I find it impossible to argue myself into the same calm, self-indulgent mood in which my girl-friend had found me.

There lies my book, a new work by a favourite author, to whose perusal I have looked forward as a pleasant ending to a busy day. There stands my desk and the open letters I really ought to answer, but, I feel ready for neither one or the other, and yet an hour ago I was so interested in both.

Ah me! it is very difficult always to let the "dead past bury its dead," and the sight of the old book, for which in the opinion of others, any odd corner will do, has banished the present, and my memory and I have gone back to old scenes and old friends.

Not quite willingly, for life is too rapid nowadays to leave us much time for retrospection, I yield to temptation; and, taking up the little volume with the worn binding and frayed edges, I begin softly turning over its pages. Yet there is little need to look, for I know its contents so thoroughly that I often find myself, in the winter evenings, half unconsciously repeating some lines, or smiling at the remembrance of some quaint drawing my book contains; but sometimes we may spare an hour for what "has been," or (saddest of all words that human lips can utter) "what might have been."

Slowly I turn over a few pages, each one bringing back in vivid colours the recollection of some pleasure or some sorrow that Time has long effaced or healed, as Time has power to do when hearts are young; and then for a few moments I pause, for the book falls open as it has often done before, and my eyes rest on a bold but imperfectly-drawn sketch of a wild-looking landscape, with a stunted tree and an old tumble-down hut in the foreground. That is a memento of one of my childish troubles, when, impatient of control, and with a firm belief in each other's knowledge of the locality, the young artist and myself started off to "make a picture" of that solitary hut, concerning which we had many wild fancies. As our elders would have predicted, the expedition ended in a severe fright, some hours of hunger, and (though we never confessed to these) a good many tears; but, sleepy and half-starved as I was brought home, I kept the little sketch, with the gift of which my companion had tried to console me. The boy artist has done good work since then, and every year I see his pictures "on the line" at the Academy, but never has pencil or brush of his produced anything that is more valued than is his little sketch in my old book. Next in order comes a card on which are written a few words in imitation of print, whilst in the middle is something that no one could guess to be what it really is, a scrap of hair; real golden hair such as the old masters loved to paint. It was cut off and gummed on that card by the chubbiest fingers belonging to the rosiest, roundest little maiden that ever gladdened mortal sight. Well, that was many years ago, and now the same fingers, chubby no longer, write fierce diatribes concerning most things and most people, and the rosy lips are drawn into a frown, but the golden hair will be golden, and will curl in spite of the system of repression to which it is subjected, so perhaps the heart out of whose bitterness the mouth speaketh may be softened in time; at least, those who like myself know something of the trials that lie between childhood and womanhood can afford to be pitiful and wait. Then covering the whole of the next page is a sheet of paper with an edge gilt once, almost black now, on which are written some verses in which years ago I and the dear ones who formed the "we" of my childish days, saw rare promise of great things to be done in the future. Well that future has come, the young poet of the past is a man now, with cares and responsibilities like other men, but his great poem is unwritten, his fame unwon. Sometimes I wonder if the old ambition has quite died out, but I never ask. I am content to know that the poet's simple faith, the poet's unaltering love for all things good and true, still exist, though the rest be but a dream.

So with gentle fingers I turn over, one by one, the leaves of my old book, sometimes smiling a little as its pictured or written pages bring back to my mind some half-forgotten jest, though the next moment the smile may die out, as I look with dim eyes on some word or sketch my tears have long ago marked. Thus I go on until I come to two or three pages, covered with cards, remarkable for the profusion of forget-me-nots and true lovers' knots with which they are adorned, and the extravagant verses written upon them—verses which even now I should not like anyone else to read; they are so wild in their flattery, so faulty in their construction, so doubtful in rhyme and metre, though there was a time when I regarded them with respect akin to admiration.

Poor Charlie! and to think that all this boy and girl love ended in nothing. To think that we have been parted so long, we *might* pass each other as strangers, though I know wherever you are you will have a kindly thought for me, as I have for you.

Then there is a very different card. One with a delicate border, over which an artist might love to linger, but

"It speaks of a vanished friendship,
That can never be mine again,"

and as I look upon it some of the old pain comes back. Perhaps there were faults on both sides; I think there were. Perhaps had the one possessed more faith, the other more patience, it might have been different, but now it is too late to alter here. Elsewhere the wrong may one day be made right; I hope—I know it will.