

amount of determination on my part to carry it on to completion. However, I persevered, and hung the skin on the rocks to dry.

I then resumed my painful task of yesterday, and about noonday finished the grave. Having wandered about until I had found a few plants growing on the sand amongst the rocks, I transplanted them, hoping thus to obliterate all trace of the newly-turned soil; with the same intention I covered it with dried seaweed, so fearful was I of leaving any sign of my presence; then, kneeling, I lifted *my heart in prayer*, and wept as I thought of the loss of late companions and my own utter loneliness!

After lingering a short time, I resolved to enter the nearest ravine in search of some kind of wood with which to construct a bow. I had often made them in my childhood's days when *playing* at what had now become a sad *reality*, and doubted not I should manage to produce one that would at least be of some use as a defence. This ravine was, as I expected, the bed of a torrent now dry, and I had some difficulty in climbing the steep ascent amongst stones that rolled from under my feet at every step. I cut a stout stick from one of the few straggling and stunted trees that had got a foothold in this uncongenial soil, and went *slowly* on my way, keeping a sharp look out for snakes! Gradually the incline became less abrupt, and, the ravine now assumed more the character of a valley, and was tolerably wooded. I judged it wiser to divert my course and direct it to the top of the cliffs, instead of penetrating further inland. I hoped to obtain a glimpse of the wreck from a higher elevation, as well as to gain some idea of the configuration of the land around.

To accomplish my purpose I was obliged to scale the rocks at the side of the ravine, and after many a slip, and one or two falls, I had reached half-way, when feeling tired I was glad to sit down to rest for awhile. But not many minutes had I sat when I distinctly heard the sound of a footstep. Paralysed almost with fright, I crouched behind a piece of rock that jutted out, hoping thereby to hide myself. The steps approached, coming down the ravine from the interior; no doubt the savage, for such I concluded it to be, had caught sight of me from the distance, and was coming to me. In vain I tried to hope he would fail to discover me, hidden as I was. Nearer and nearer drew the soft quick steps; presently they ceased, apparently just about where I had turned aside to mount to my present position. A moment and then again the dreaded sound! Yes—he had evidently traced me! How nimbly he seemed to be leaping from stone to stone! Ah, better, a thousand times better, to have shared the fate of my friend, than have been saved, only to become the prey of some horrible cannibal! Shuddering, I buried my face in my hands. I dared not look up! Nearer and nearer, then a bound, a joyous bark, a large tongue licking my hands and face, and in an instant my arms were round the neck of Wolf, Major Lindsay's faithful hound, and

I was shedding glad tears of joy as I felt myself no longer companionless!

It was not until afterwards I could understand how the poor dog had found his way to land. One day, on walking along the shore, I saw some pieces of wood and a broken oar. When Wolf came to them he stopped and howled piteously, and ran about in an excited manner. I had no doubt then that the boat in which the major had left the vessel had been dashed to pieces here, and the dog, who doubtless had jumped in after his master, had managed to swim to land, but being at some distance from my landing-place, he had not found me until the following day. How I wished he could tell me what he had seen in his rambles!—for he had evidently been reconnoitring; but of one thing I felt hopeful—he surely had not met with any human being, or he would have been killed or captured.

The remainder of the ascent seemed comparatively easy, with my four-footed friend by my side, and all my fatigue was amply rewarded by seeing stretched before me a green sward gently rising towards the interior, whilst at my feet the ocean rolled in all its splendour.

My intention being in the first place to look for the wreck, I approached the edge of the cliff, thereby disturbing an army of sea-gulls, who whirled round and round, filling the air with their discordant cries. The cliffs being very high, I judged it prudent to go on hands and knees, and, indeed, on nearing the extreme edge to lie down. I then perceived that the face of the cliff was covered with ledges resembling that which formed my sleeping-place, with this difference, that all were not protected with an overhanging rock; and furthermore I also saw, what was rather a pleasurable excitement to me, that these ledges were covered with sea-gulls' nests, in which I observed numerous most tempting-looking eggs. I felt like a second Tantalus, for how could I take possession of any of these? The nearest was at least six feet or more out of my reach. I forgot the wreck and all else for the time in my desire to obtain a few. You may think me rather greedy, my reader, but remember I had had nothing for my breakfast but a few hard pieces of biscuit soaked in water, as I was afraid to begin the meat so soon, not knowing when I might replenish my store; moreover, I had been working hard. I tried if my staff would reach: it was long enough just to touch the eggs, but that was not of much use. I sat cogitating a few minutes, and then, running back to the ravine, I cut a few twigs, and tied my handkerchief into a bag, the mouth of which was kept open by means of these twigs. I fastened it to the end of my staff, and in this manner succeeded in securing a few eggs, crushing many more in the attempt.

Whilst consuming my eggs, which, by the bye, were very strongly flavoured with fish, I examined the interior of the land. Whether I was on an island or not, I had not obtained a sufficient height to tell, but I was inclined to believe it was such from the fact of the land gradually ascending on all sides

towards a mountain dimly visible in the distance; between which and the shore ran a range of low hills, whence the valley descended and ended in the rocky ravine. Turning now my attention seawards, I distinctly saw the unfortunate vessel stranded on the rocks at the farther side of the small island before mentioned. Again crawling to the edge of the cliffs I carefully surveyed the shore, and there remarked one or two objects which certainly were not rocks. Had it not been that they were so motionless I could have imagined them to have been sheep or pigs. What they were, however, I could not then decide, unless, indeed, I left the manufacture of my bow; and on second thoughts I deemed this the wiser plan, for might not these things, whatever they were, be washed away by the tide? I therefore continued my way along the cliffs in the hope of finding another descent to the shore. After walking, as I supposed, about half a mile, I discovered a second ravine, and by this quickly gained the beach, cutting on my way a suitable bough for my bow.

So great was my curiosity that I hastened my steps, but had some little difficulty in making my way; the shore being very rough, I had to jump from rock to rock or wade through the pools of water. As I went along I met with another sad relic of the shipwreck in the body of a sailor. He had a pair of pistols in his waist belt, which I transferred to my own, and on searching his pockets I found, as a matter of course, a pipe and tobacco. I dragged the body above high water mark, and then continued my way, soon seeing at a little distance from me the objects that attracted my notice from the cliffs. They were lying in exactly the same position as they were when I first saw them, therefore I concluded they were not living beings; but my delight was great on discovering that one of them, which had the appearance of a fat pig lying on the sand, proved to be a bag of barley-meal, and, though thoroughly drenched, I doubted not I should find means of drying it. Next to that was a roll of sail cloth. Evidently the ship was breaking up, and many of its contents were likely to be washed away, and such as were too heavy to float would be lost. I could not help grieving to think of this, and that I had no possibility of reaching the vessel!

The remainder of the day was spent in housing or hiding my newly-found treasures; but I cast wistful eyes to the island, as I knew each day as it passed would see the loss of articles that might be of service to me, since the gradual destruction of the wreck had commenced.

(To be continued.)

THE RIGHT WAY OF MAKING TEA AND COFFEE.

"TEA can be made rightly nowhere but in the British Islands. Perfectly—it can be made in no house but mine, and by no person but myself!"

This is the opinion held by a great many modern British housewives. They do not

express it in so many words, but they hold it most tenaciously. You may tell them that the Chinese and the Russians imagine that they also can make the beverage in question, but the ladies will regard this as a sign of ignorance in the poor deluded foreigners, which has been foolishly pandered to by travellers. You may deal out a side stroke, and inform them that though they make tea they cannot make coffee. This point they will yield, and admit that if those who profess to know speak truly, the French can make coffee better than they; but what is coffee? It is on tea that they stake their reputation, and they judge of the intellectual and moral qualities of every visitor who comes to the house, by the extent of his or her appreciation of their children and their tea.

If these ladies are made happy—and, above all, if they are led to maintain their present high standard of excellence by this inner consciousness of skill—I cannot say that I see any harm in it. They can make a good cup of tea. There is no doubt of that. I make fun of them here, but I assure you I should not do so if I were in their presence. I should accept their tea with gratitude; and I should be most effusive in my expression of appreciation of it. I should also inquire with profound humility by what process this wondrous result had been attained. As the process was described, I should note carefully whether it differed from my own in any particular. If it did, I should remark to myself, with deep satisfaction, that my friend did not know everything; she had to learn one or two things yet.

For now I will confess it—I also am a British matron, and I also am proud of knowing how to make tea. Let those, therefore, who wish to learn the one perfect way in which tea should be made, listen to me.

It is very easy to make good tea if only people will take the trouble to attend to two or three little details concerning it. First, there is the tea itself. If this is not good of its kind we may give up our attempts at once, for we shall never succeed in producing the fragrant, agreeable, mildly stimulating and cheering beverage which all Englishwomen love, and the majority of brain workers rely upon. For tea has had its triumphs, and "has been honoured among beverages." Hawthorne called it "an angel's gift;" Miss Mitford said she could lie awake all night drinking it; De Quincy, who used to drink it from eight o'clock in the evening till four in the morning, wished he could obtain it from "an eternal teapot." Last but not least, during the conflict recently waged in Egypt, the British troops were led on to victory on tea. If you read your newspapers, you will remember that when the final march on Tel-el-Kebir was made, each soldier was provided with a quantity of ammunition, two days' rations, and a *water bottle filled with tea*. A few years ago those bottles would have been filled with rum, but Sir Garnet Wolseley is a wise man. He believes not in rum, but in tea.

A good cup of tea can never be obtained from the cheap, inferior, adulterated teas which are sold at "a tremendous sacrifice;" and which it has been proved consist in some cases of leaves which have been already used, dried and rolled into shape; or of tea dust, which has been mixed with clay and other substances, and manipulated into the form of the leaf. True, there are genuine, "clean" teas of full body, though not of very delicate flavour, to be had at a low price; but very cheap teas are not to be recommended. Of course, if people have accustomed themselves to drink beer as an accompaniment to raw onions and red herrings, they may rejoice in Saryune Congou also; but we should scarcely say that they were discriminating tea-drinkers. In this case, as in most others, a good article commands its

market value; and if we try to get it for less than it is worth we walk deliberately into a trap prepared for the ignorant and the unreasonable.

What, then, are we to do? We may be able to appreciate a cup of good tea when it is made, yet not be able to select it judiciously. Our course lies clear before us—we must purchase the tea of a respectable dealer who has a reputation to maintain, and who will not for his own sake supply us with an inferior or adulterated article.

Given, then, the respectable dealer, what variety of tea should we ask him to supply us with? This must depend on individual taste. Some people have a preference for one kind of tea only; others believe that flavour and body are best obtained from a suitable mixture. I incline to the latter opinion; moreover, I like to mix the varieties myself. To buy tea already mixed calls for the exercise of more trust in a very worthy class of the community than I possess.

The finest green tea is the purest tea obtainable in this country, and it is also the sort most liable to adulteration. Green tea is scarcely ever used alone, and its use at all is much less frequent now than formerly. The usual proportion for a mixture of black and green tea is four or six parts of black to one of green tea. When taken strong, green tea is most injurious.

As a guide to those who are in doubt as to the variety of black tea to be chosen, I quote the following passage taken from Dr. Edward Smith's work on Foods:—"Of black teas Congou should be preferred for economy, and also as a foundation for a mixed tea. A higher class of tea for ordinary use may be composed of three parts of Congou and one part of Assam or Oolong; whilst for the best kinds a mixture may be made of one part of Kaisow and three of fine Souchong; or of two parts of Kaisow, three of Souchong, and one of Oolong orange-flavoured Pekoe, or fine Assam; or equal parts of Souchong, Kaisow, or flowery Pekoe may be taken."

For my own part I may say that for many years I have used the following mixture, which I have found both excellent and moderate in price: one pound of Moning Congou, a quarter of a pound of Assam, and a quarter of a pound of Orange Pekoe. Here the Moning Congou supplies the body, the Assam the flavour, and the Pekoe the aroma. I am quite aware that this mixture would be pronounced by old ladies living in the country too "yarby," or herby. This is a matter of taste. If this objection is raised, it would be very easy to decrease the proportion of Pekoe, substituting a larger portion of Assam if this were allowed. Many grocers mix Moning and Kaisow, and thus furnish an excellent tea. Whatever kind of tea is selected should be closely rolled and should not contain much stalk.

One detail should be borne in mind by all who mix tea for themselves. It is that the different varieties should be mixed and put into the canister a few days before using, in order that the flavours may blend together perfectly. It is perhaps scarcely necessary to remind housekeepers that tea should be kept either in tin canisters or in wooden boxes lined with lead sheeting. The box or canister should be closely covered to prevent the escape of the aroma.

Next to the tea comes the teapot. I believe many skilful tea-makers are of opinion that an earthenware teapot is to be preferred to a silver or metal one. With this opinion I cannot agree. I think that tea yields its strength and flavour more readily in a metal than in an earthenware vessel, and the only advantage connected with the use of earthenware is that it can be more easily cleaned than the other. It goes without saying that

good tea cannot be made in a dirty teapot, but I see no reason why a metal pot should not be kept in good condition. Each time tea is made the leaves should be emptied out as soon as done with, the teapot rinsed with clean boiling water, and dried thoroughly inside as well as outside. Before the tea is made a little boiling water should be poured into the pot to heat it, then poured off, when the quantity of tea required ("a teaspoonful for each person and one for the pot") may be put in. Pour over from half to three-quarters of a pint of boiling water, close the lid, put the pot in a warm place, cover it with the indispensable cosy, and leave the tea to brew; then fill the pot with boiling water, and it is ready.

There is a diversity of opinion as to the length of time needed for drawing tea. I have been told that the Chinese do not allow it to brew at all. They use plenty of tea, pour boiling water on, and draw it off immediately. It is to be presumed that they can procure it more easily than we, and so do not need to study economy. It is, however, a mistake to suppose that all tea should alike brew for ten minutes before the pot is filled with water. Tea of fine quality may stand for ten minutes or longer with advantage, but coarse common tea should not stand more than five minutes, or the infusion will be bitter instead of being fragrant. The longer the tea brews the more *theine* is extracted from it; and theine is the injurious part of tea. It is said that tea which has been long brewed is more likely to induce sleeplessness than is tea which has not long been made.

Everyone knows that "unless the kettle be boiling, filling the teapot spoils the tea." Not everyone knows, however, that if tea is to be enjoyed in perfection it is necessary that the water should be freshly boiled. Water which has been in the kettle all the afternoon is quite unfit for making tea, and if such water be employed the lively aromatic flavour of the most superior tea will be destroyed. Tea tasters are most particular to use only water which has been newly boiled.

Many people have a prejudice in favour of putting a little carbonate of soda into the pot to help the tea to draw. If the water is exceedingly hard this is allowable, but otherwise the practice is not at all permissible. Soda makes tea black and bitter, but it quite destroys fragrance and flavour. If blackness, irrespective of flavour, is wanted, why not buy Saryune Congou at once, and you may have it at a cheap rate? There is no occasion to spoil good tea in order to obtain it.

If in pouring out tea it is found that additional tea will be needed, by no means put fresh leaves upon the old ones, but either empty the old leaves out entirely and make fresh tea altogether, or brew a little tea separately in a teacup, and turn this into the pot when the leaves have yielded their strength. The lukewarm water in the teapot will not draw the goodness out of the fresh tea, and, unless made separately, the latter will be wasted. The presiding genius of the teatable should also remember that so long as additional water is likely to be required, the tea should never be quite drained from the leaves.

In Russia it is usual to drink tea with lemon-juice, instead of milk or cream. The taste for tea thus prepared is one which I, for one, have not yet acquired. In England, sugar, with milk or cream, are the usual additions to the fragrant beverage.

Even at this point there is a little detail which is worth attending to. The sugar and milk will be more perfectly blended with the tea if they are both put in before the tea instead of after it. Perhaps you think this is fancy on my part; but try both ways, and see if I am not right.

So much for the right way of making tea. We now come to coffee.

So far I have had the feeling that I was addressing critical readers, who were disposed to challenge the correctness of every word, and who thought they knew quite as much as I about the right way of making tea. Now, however, I assume a different attitude. If my readers (excepting perhaps an occasional one here and there) are not humble-minded and abashed they ought to be so, for though English people may make tea properly, they cannot make coffee, and it is quite a rare thing to find coffee in England that is fit to drink. Nevertheless, if you have good materials and proper utensils, it is exceedingly easy to make good coffee. The materials are freshly-roasted coffee-berries, bought whole; the utensils are a coffee-mill for grinding the berries (just before they are to be used, and not earlier) and a tin cafetière, such as is to be bought, of any size, at every ironmonger's. With this cafetière you can without difficulty make delicious French coffee; without the cafetière, you can make what we may call excellent English coffee, and that is all.

It is not often that I say that particular utensils are required to produce particular results. I am sure that all who know me well will acknowledge that I am always ready to save expense, and that I continually advocate economy. I know quite well that it is "bad workmen who quarrel with their tools," and I have a great admiration for the historical cook who made a baking sheet out of an old iron tray, and a fish fryer out of a worn-out wire sieve; but I maintain that if you want to make real French coffee, you must have either an ordinary cafetière or a cafetière l'excellente.

Of course, good, wholesome, agreeable English coffee can be made with the coffee-pot usually found in English kitchens; and as thousands possess the one who will never think of purchasing the other, I will first describe how good English coffee should be made with the coffee-pot we all know so well. I will then show how the cafetière should be used, arriving lastly at the superlative degree of excellence in the cafetière l'excellente.

All coffee should be freshly roasted and freshly ground if it is to yield its full aroma. A machine can be bought for roasting coffee at home, but as few housekeepers would care for the trouble of this, it should be remembered that coffee should be bought in small quantities at a time: that care should be taken to have it freshly roasted; that it should be kept in a closely-covered tin; that it should be heated in the oven for a few minutes before being ground, and that no more should be ground at one time than is needed for one supply. Whatever kind of coffee-pot is used, these details should be observed with regard to the coffee. Also, I may add that Mocha coffee is the best, and that small berries are to be preferred.

Many people mix chicory with their coffee. There is at the present time a preparation sold under the name of coffee, which consists of nothing but chicory and burnt sugar. Chicory is harmless, I believe; it gives colour and a certain body to coffee, and thus is an economical addition to the coffee-pot; but it is not coffee, and people who make a practice of using it have probably no idea of what real coffee is. The proportions of chicory and coffee usually taken are a quarter of a pound of chicory to one pound of coffee.

The white and shell of an egg are sometimes mixed with ground coffee in order to "clear" the solution. If eggs are allowed, they answer their purpose excellently, and should be mixed with the ground coffee before the boiling water is poured on. They can, however, be dispensed with.

There is a good deal of difference of opinion

about the quantity of coffee which should be used in making the beverage. This must, of course, vary with the degree of strength required. Thrifty housekeepers who consider strong coffee injurious, declare that a teaspoonful of coffee is sufficient for half a pint of water. Ordinary individuals will, however, in all probability prefer to drink coffee made with a heaped tablespoonful of coffee to the half a pint of water. If café au lait, or three-parts coffee and one part milk is wanted, only half the above measure of water should be used, and the coffee (which will then be strong) should be weakened with milk, but never with water. If coffee and chicory are preferred, three tablespoonfuls of the mixture will be needed for a pint of water.

Whatever the quantity may be, put the coffee into the coffee-pot and pour over it the requisite measure of boiling water. Let it stand a minute or two, then put it back on the fire, and bring it gently to the boil. Take it off, pour out a cupful, and return it to the pot from a good height. Repeat this operation twice. Throw a tablespoonful of cold water into the coffee, let the pot stand by the side of the fire for three or four minutes, then strain the liquid through muslin into the heated vessel from which it is to be served, and send it at once to table.

Now for making coffee with the cafetière. On no account stint the coffee. French people always use plenty of the fragrant powder. An ounce of coffee to a breakfast-cupful of water will be about right.

First fill the cafetière with boiling water, let it stand a minute or two, then pour it out. Put the coffee (heated in the oven, and freshly ground, remember; these details are important) upon the perforated bottom of the upper compartment; press this down with the piston, and put the strainer on the top; then pour on gently and gradually as much boiling water as is required. Put the cover over the spout of the cafetière to keep in the steam and fragrance; or, if this is wanting, fill the end of the spout with soft paper to prevent their escape. Cover the cafetière and leave it in a hot place for a few minutes, and when the coffee has drained from the upper compartment into the lower one the coffee is ready for use.

There is no difficulty here, is there? Yet here is good coffee, as good as we need desire. Mixed with sugar and scalded milk it is café au lait; when very strong, and without either sugar or milk, it is café noir; with cognac, and sugar to taste, it is café gloria.

If we decide to drink this coffee with milk, there is still an important point to be considered. The milk must be quite hot, but it must be scalded, not boiled. That is, the milk must be put in a jug, the jug set in a saucepan of water, and thus heated over the fire. No one who had not tried would believe what a difference attention to this detail makes in the flavour of coffee.

French people generally use the cafetière l'excellente in making coffee. This cafetière is in two parts. The lower part is a sort of coffee-pot made of silver, copper, tin, or porcelain, and the upper part consists of a bell-glass with a closely-fitting cover, which, when reversed, forms a stand. The bell-glass, with the coffee in it, is placed over the coffee-pot; the water in the latter is heated by a spirit-lamp. As soon as the water boils it rises into the glass and draws the strength out of the coffee. When the lamp is drawn away the liquid descends once more, and when the lamp is put back it rises again. Thus the coffee may be infused two or three times, according to the degree of strength required.

Coffee made with this machine is so superlative that I cannot attempt to give an idea of it. I have not fully described this method of

making coffee thus because I do not know of any place in England where *l'excellente* is sold; and those who are fortunate enough to have the opportunity of procuring it in Paris may obtain with it a paper with full instructions for use. I may, however, say, for the benefit of those who are thus fortunate, that it is advisable to boil the glass before taking it into use, as this will prevent it breaking or cracking. Also, it is a good plan, after making coffee in it, to leave about half a cupful of made coffee in the lower part, to which the hot water next day can be added. By so doing the coffee each day is made with a weak solution of coffee instead of with plain water, and thus additional strength is secured. I have been told the French *garçons* always adopt this plan.

There is also a German machine on much the same principle for making coffee. It is greatly valued by those who own it, and it serves to give a little pleasant employment to ladies who would, perhaps, but for it have little to do. This cafetière consists of two vases connected by a syphon. The one vase contains water, the other coffee. A spirit-lamp is put under the water, which, when heated, flows into the vase containing coffee, and thus the beverage is produced. Here, again, I have not described the process in detail, and for the same reason as before. I may, however, warn intending purchasers that this very interesting little machine is liable to explode unless carefully used. Both the French and the German machines are used for making coffee in the drawing-room.

A friend of mine, who resided many years in Turkey, told me that the coffee there was the freshest and most delicious he had ever tasted. The Turks allow from two to three tablespoonfuls of coffee to each small cup required.

By the way, I ought to have said that many of the Turks, and also many of the great coffee makers of the South of Europe, do not grind their coffee—they pound it in a mortar, as the flavour is supposed to be preserved better by this means. The Turks boil the measure of water needed in a saucepan; when the water boils they put in the coffee, let it boil up three times, then if the beverage is intended for Europeans, they drop in a piece of hot charcoal or coal to settle the grounds. If, however, the coffee is intended for Turks, grounds and all are poured into the cup, and very frequently the whole mass is drunk as it is.

Coffee is a highly stimulating and most refreshing beverage, and there is no doubt that if only it could be well made, it would furnish an excellent and agreeable substitute for alcoholic drinks. As I feel what a benefit this would be to the community, perhaps I may be allowed (after describing all these elaborate ways of making coffee) to conclude by saying that when other utensils are wanting, very good coffee may be made in a plain jug, especially if that jug has a cover. This is how it should be done. Heat the jug by filling it with boiling water and draining it. Put in the coffee (a heaped tablespoonful for a pint of water), pour on boiling water, stir the infusion thoroughly with a spoon, then let it stand in a hot place for four or five minutes. Strain it through a hot flannel bag into another heated jug, and serve with an equal quantity of scalded milk.

I think it was Pope who said that "coffee makes a politician wise." Not politicians alone, but other workers would show their wisdom if, when wearied and exhausted, they would seek refreshment in a cup of coffee thus simply made, rather than trust to that "invisible spirit of wine," of which our greatest poet has said that "If it had not a name, we might call it Devil."

PHILLIS BROWNE.