

sembly. For was not Miss Johnson, the rich Manchester heiress, whose diamonds were the talk of the house, coming? and had not Gwenny and Irene got new Paris dresses for the occasion; dresses whose rich elegance would utterly eclipse the simple "nun's veiling" of pale blue which was all Cissy had to wear? Would not the girls be almost ashamed of her simplicity?

But the girls were too much engaged in their own affairs to have any thought to spare for their little country friend; indeed, they even forgot to offer her a single flower out of all their own abundance, and if it had not been for the proffered help of their maid, poor Cissy would not have fared very well. But Hortense, who had been completely won over by Cissy's unflinching gentle courtesy (which was such a strange contrast to her young mistress's imperious ways), came to the rescue, and her deft French fingers soon transformed the plain and rather ill-fitting dress into a charming *toilette*, and when the girl was finally arrayed in her re-modelled gown, her abundant hair dressed simply and becomingly, her mother's row of pearls—her only ornament—round her throat, there was plenty of justification for Hortense's voluble stream of French compliments and gushing admiration.

She looked just what she was; a sweet, innocent English maiden, modestly self-possessed, and Cissy soon found that for that evening at least she need have no lack of either attention or admiration. Gwenny and Irene were radiant in their elegant French costumes, and Miss Johnson was there blazing with her much-talked-of diamonds, but there was more than one that evening who found simple Cissy Nelson more attractive than them all.

Of these Mr. Baldwin was one, and when he was not devoting himself to Miss Johnson—or rather to Miss Johnson's diamonds, as Gwenny remarked, spitefully—he was generally to be found by the side of Cissy, who sat most of the time quietly in a retired corner of the drawing-room.

Gwenny saw it all with a darkened face and rage in her heart. She had not expected this of Cissy! It was all very well to have her with them as a guest whom they could patronise and be kind to in their careless way, and who would act as a sort of admiring chorus to all that she and Irene did; but to have the girl setting herself up as a rival, and working in this bold way to attract admiration was more than she could bear. She would not have believed Cissy capable of such conduct, and certainly a stop must be put to it.

(To be concluded.)

AMERICAN COOKERY.

By DANLEY DALE, Author of "Spoilt Guy," "Cissy's Troubles," &c.



AKES and pies are commonly supposed to be the chief features of American cookery, but, like most sweeping assertions, this is only true to a certain extent. They are very fond of both, but it is only the country folk and the lower middle classes who indulge in these concoctions at almost every meal; the upper classes live very much as the upper middle classes in England, only better, for Americans are exceedingly fond of good living. In the country the chances are you will meet the

inevitable pie at breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper; and you are certain to find an abundance of cakes of all kinds, hot and cold, for breakfast and tea. The cakes are always accompanied by molasses, honey, or syrup, which is poured over them, and eaten in large quantities; indeed, Americans are very fond of sweet things, and molasses and syrup are quite as popular as the pies and cakes. One of the most commonly used syrups is maple syrup, made from the sugarmaple, or, as it is more correctly called, rock maple; this is usually eaten with hot buckwheat cakes for breakfast or tea. Another favourite syrup is called French honey, and is made as follows:—Take one pound of white sugar, six eggs, the juice of four lemons, and a quarter of a pound of butter; put these ingredients into a saucepan, and stir over a slow fire till the mixture is as thick as honey. Serve when cold. These syrups are also largely eaten with milk puddings.

Besides buckwheat cakes, waffles and griddle cakes are sure to form part of an American breakfast or tea. There are various kinds of waffles—hominy waffles, rice waffles, Indian waffles, and mixed waffles. Griddle cakes, too, can be made of various materials—Indian corn, rye, buckwheat, squash, or hominy; but the one thing needful for griddle cakes is that they be fried, and for waffles that they be cooked in waffle-irons, which are something like two miniature frying pans joined together, into one side of which the mixture is poured, and then covered with the other side; the irons are held over the fire for a minute or two and then turned, and held for another minute or two; the waffle is then cooked, and must be kept hot until served. Ordinary waffles are nothing more than a thin batter, with a little butter and a teaspoonful of cream of tartar and half a teaspoonful of soda and salt added, and then cooked in the above way. Some people add sugar, and butter them before serving. Baking powder will do as well as the cream of tartar and soda. To make rice or hominy waffles, add to the batter as much rice or hominy as you have taken of flour. Indian waffles are rather more troublesome, as you must first of all boil a pint of milk, then pour it on to a quarter of a pint of Indian meal and a tablespoonful of melted butter (by which we mean butter melted, not a mixture of butter and water and flour), then heat the meal thoroughly, and, when cold, add half-a-pint of flour, a little salt, two eggs, and a teaspoonful of baking powder. Butter the waffle irons, heat them, and then pour in enough of the mixture to cover the iron, and proceed as above.

Griddle cakes are made much in the same way, but their speciality is that they are fried. For hominy griddle cakes, which are very good, add a pint of milk and a pint of flour to a pint of warm boiled hominy; beat up two or three eggs and add to the mixture, then fry them, and bear in mind griddle cakes are very thin. Americans call sponge cakes, buns, and all small cakes, biscuits; our biscuits they call crackers. In travelling in America, it is well to bear this in mind, for if you ask for a biscuit sure as fate some home-like cake will be brought to you.

Baltimore biscuits, for instance, as will be seen from the following recipe, are what we should call cakes. Take a quart of flour, and rub a quarter of a pound of lard well into it. (N.B. We should substitute butter for lard, but the recipe says lard.) Mix enough water to make a stiffish paste with this flour, first adding a little salt, and then beat it with a rolling pin for half-an-hour, or until the dough snaps; break it into small pieces, roll it as thin as a wafer, prick it all over with a sharp fork, and then bake in a quick oven till it is the colour of a cracker, that is, of a biscuit.

Hot rolls and different kinds of bread, some

very nice, are also items of an American breakfast. Boston brown bread is very good, and here is a recipe from an American lady for making it, copied *verbatim*:—"Two cups of Indian meal, three cups of Graham flour, half a cup of white flour, one pint of sour milk, one half-cup molasses added to milk, one teaspoon saleratus—salt. Steam three hours in a tin steamer, covered tight. Don't let the water stop boiling. Make quite thin. If one pint of milk is not enough, add a little more."

Before we leave the subject of cakes, we will give a recipe for Hartford election cake, from a Hartford lady; a cake evidently not lightly to be made, we mean not to be slurred over, though it is to be made lightly, for it is a work that cannot be adequately accomplished in one day. It must be begun, so says our recipe, early in the afternoon; the hour is not mentioned, so that may, presumably, be left to the convenience of the cook; all that is necessary is that "by ten o'clock the next day, possibly later," the cake be light enough to add the rest of the ingredients. For on the first day you must take four pounds of flour, half a pint of yeast, a pint of milk just warm, and part of the shortening. You will require two pounds of shortening in all, half butter and half lard. Mix the above ingredients thoroughly, work them in a bread pan, cover them up, and set them in a warm place to rise. At ten the next morning, or "possibly later," mix in the rest of the shortening—five eggs, a little brandy and wine, two pounds of raisins, half a pound of citron, and some spices, mace, and nutmegs. Cover again, and set in a warm room, but not near a fire, till the next morning, and then bake in a moderate oven. These quantities are sufficient for five or six loaves.

Pie in America is applied to fruit tarts as well as to meat pies. They have squash pies, apple pies, orange pies, lemon pies, apricot pies, chocolate pies, and pumpkin pies, besides many others. Pumpkin pie, we are told, when well made is excellent, but the excellency depends entirely on the making, and not at all on the pumpkin, which has no flavour of its own, but is capable of absorbing any flavour it pleases the cook to give it. A very good pumpkin pie can be made as follows, and pumpkin pie is one of the most popular of pies in America:—Take a pint of milk, one egg well beaten, one cup of stewed pumpkin, half a teaspoonful of ginger, a little salt, cinnamon, nutmeg, and half a teacup of molasses, with sufficient sugar to make it very sweet. Mix these together, and put them into a pie-dish, cover with a good light crust, and bake in a moderate oven; or, if you wish to be very American, line a "pie-plate" with paste, then put in the fruit, and add the top crust. Most American pies are made round, and in this fashion. Their meat pies and game pies are much the same as ours, but perhaps more spiced and flavoured, and fruit is often added for this purpose, which, to English taste, is not an improvement, but Americans have strange ideas about eating fruits or sweet things with meat; for instance, an American would not consider roast turkey worth the trouble of eating unless it were accompanied with cranberry sauce, which, after all, is no stranger than eating red currant jelly with hare and roast mutton, or apple sauce with goose or roast pork. Another popular pie in America is squash pie. A squash, be it known, is a fruit of the gourd kind, grown in America, indigenous to Massachusetts. Pumpkin might be used instead of the squash, and then the following recipe could be tried in this country:—Take a large pint of strained squash (or pumpkin), and add to it a quart of boiled milk, two cups of sugar, three eggs, two crackers (*i.e.*, biscuits) pounded and sifted, a few drops of lemon, half a teaspoonful of ginger or powdered cinnamon, and an ounce

of butter melted in hot milk. Stir the spice and salt into the squash first, then add the biscuit and sugar; when these are mixed, pour in half the milk, stir well, and add the remainder, and lastly the eggs. Bake in a deep pie-dish, lined with crust.

One of the first things which strikes a stranger on taking his first meal in America is the way in which that meal, be it what it may, is served. He will find, instead of having one plate put to him, he will have at least half-a-dozen, one usual-sized plate to eat off in the centre, and six little ones ranged round it, like planets revolving round their sun. One of these little plates will be just large enough for a tiny pat of butter, another will hold some syrup, another a griddle cake or waffle, another some salad, and, should the meal be breakfast, and our traveller call for some boiled eggs, these will be brought him, and, instead of egg-cups a glass, into which he is to break the eggs and mix them well up before eating them, if this process has not been done for him, which is highly probable. A glass of iced water is a regular accompaniment to every meal.

We must not forget to mention a purely American dish, which is constantly to be met with, called fish-chowder; there is corn-chowder also, chowder being a kind of soup, but fish-chowder is the more popular.

Skin and bone two pounds and a half of any kind of fish, boil the bones for ten minutes in a pint of water, slice and fry a quarter of a pound of pork and one large onion; cut into slices, as if for frying, a pint of potatoes; then cook the pork and onion for five minutes, add a tablespoonful of flour, some salt and pepper, and boil for another five minutes, stirring all the time; then add to this the water in which the fish bones were boiled, and strain all on to the potatoes and fish; boil for a quarter of an hour, then add three crackers (biscuits) and half a pint of milk—the crackers must be soaked in milk first; boil and serve.

Corn-chowder is made with green corn,

which, by the way, is very much used in American cooking for soups, puddings, cakes, bread, and entrées. Here are one or two recipes.

For oyster corn-cakes, grate one dozen ears of green corn, add to it two eggs, a tablespoonful of flour, a quarter of a pound of butter, mix well together, and add plenty of salt and a little pepper; make the mixture up into cakes, the size of an oyster, and fry brown.

To make a green-corn pudding, grate a dozen ears of green corn, and add milk enough to make a thin batter; add a tablespoonful of sugar, and bake for half an hour. This is really the same as hasty pudding, only made with green corn instead of flour. A piece of butter added before baking is a great improvement. Indian corn, rice, hominy, corn flour, macaroni, rye, buckwheat, and oatmeal all enter largely into the composition of American dishes. They are fond of vegetables, and have various ways of cooking them, like the French. For instance, they will make rissoles of parsnips, and fry them in egg and bread crumbs; stew celery, and serve it with cream sauce; escallop cauliflower in the same way English cooks escallop oysters, with Bechamel sauce and grated cheese; boil, and then mince, spinach, cabbage, or lettuce, and fry it in butter, season it well, and serve it garnished with hard-boiled eggs. Tomatoes, too, enter largely into American cooking, and, indeed, almost all dishes are improved by a little tomato; they are excellent scalloped, or broiled, or fried, or stewed, and then put into a flat dish and covered with bread-crumbs, and baked for a few minutes in a quick oven.

A delicious dish, the recipe for which came from America, can be made with tomatoes in the following way:—To a pint of tomatoes, skinned and pulped, add a quart of macaroni swelled in water, and a pound of cold minced game, or chicken, or any white meat—game of course is best; season well, add a tablespoonful of grated cheese, a quarter of a pound

of butter, a little mace; place the whole in a pie-dish, cover with bread crumbs, and cook in the oven till well browned; then serve.

This is an excellent dish for luncheon, or that most difficult of meals, a tea-dinner. Tomato soup is very good; indeed, the Americans are great in soups, which they make of fish and vegetables as often as of meat. Clam soup is a common dish in America. Clam is a shell-fish, in shape like our oyster, and tins of clams can now be bought in England. For clam soup, take twenty-five chopped clams, to their liquor add two quarts of water, and boil slowly for an hour, and then add a quart of milk; mix five tablespoonfuls of flour, with a good sized piece of butter, and stir gently into the broth, then beat up three eggs, and add them carefully or the soup will curdle, for which reason the milk must be warmed separately before it is added to the broth; now strain out the clams to make it clear, and serve at once. Pepper, salt, and a little chopped parsley should be added before the milk is poured into the broth.

Black beans are often used for soup, but as few English palates are educated up to black beans, we do not give a recipe for it.

There is a plant called okra, which is used a good deal in America as well as in the West Indies, where it is indigenous; the fruit is contained in a green pod, and it is these pods which are used for cooking purposes. It is made into pickles, and may be bought in England. It is sometimes stewed or scalloped, but is best stewed with tomatoes, taking half the quantity of tomatoes that you have of okra, then pare and slice both; add a little pepper, salt, and butter, and stew gently for half an hour.

Of course okra, green corn, clams, and squash are far better when they can be had fresh than the tinned specimens we get in this country, so of these purely American dishes it would be unfair to judge unless they were eaten in America.

A KING'S DAUGHTER.

By ISABELLA FVIE MAYO, Author of "Her Object in Life," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE CALM.



WHAT a dreary arrival in Bath that was! Margaret had to manage all the details of the journey herself. Her father seemed not so much quiescent

as torpid. She doubted if he even noticed that when they exchanged the steamer for the railway, they travelled third-class. For there was

certainly no fear of Margaret's not practically realising that all things must be changed with them. She hoped Mrs. Esselton would not mind receiving them in this lowly fashion. Perhaps she would not come to the platform to meet them. But anyhow, it could not be helped. "The right thing must be done," thought Margaret. For her own feelings, she had none on the

matter, being far too thoroughbred to care whether she sat on cushions or not, and far too right-minded to shrink from the "common people." They had only one fellow passenger, a vulgar, overdressed woman, who evidently would have liked to shut up all the windows, and who was accompanied by a little undisciplined child, whom she allowed to ramble up and down the carriage, and who showed inclination to peep into Margaret's sandwich basket, and to wipe its sticky fingers on Margaret's dress. But Margaret could recall first-class fellow passengers who had clearly had as much vulgarity and selfishness in their souls, though slightly veneered by acquired manners. "And perhaps this woman's grandfather was an honest man than mine," she reflected.

And what was this going to Bath to be? Was it to be only a visit, as had been first arranged by Lord Fowls? or would it end in their settling down there? What would happen? Margaret remembered the old French proverb, "There is nothing certain but the unexpected." And yet, what could happen any more to her? There are times when

a dreary fog settles down on life, enclosing us in its grey walls so that we do not see where we are to take our next step. Well, then there is nothing else for us to do but to stand where we are, erect and patient—and wait.

And this was Bath; and there was Mrs. Esselton, with her quick grey eyes, glancing along the line, only to meet Margaret's with the kindest recognition. Margaret forgot all about the third class carriage in the revulsion of feeling caused by confronting the face which she had known only in association with her brief heyday of love and joy. Did Mrs. Esselton notice it? Ah, that she did, and drew a sigh of intense relief, for there are some lessons which it is far better all should teach themselves than require to be taught of others. Pleasant and genial acquaintances had the lady and the girl always been; but now they had not been with each other for half an hour before they knew that henceforth there was a new and a stronger tie between them, the tie of their mutual love for Lord Fowls, and of their mutual loss. Nobody in the whole world could be to the Honourable Mrs. Esselton what