

HOME MADE GLAZE.

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LITTLE while ago a young friend of mine, who had come up from the country and was very desirous to learn to be a skilful cook, said to me, "There are two things in cookery that I cannot get any idea of from cookery-books; one is how to make puff paste, and the other is how

to give that shiny look to cold meat which we see in shop windows." It is said that once upon a time a certain royal personage could not understand how apples got inside apple-dumplings. In the same way, this girl could not understand how this shiny look, or glaze, was laid upon the outside of cold meats. In a paper which I wrote some time ago for this magazine, I explained, as clearly as I could, how puff pastry was made, so that I answered my friend's inquiries on that point. Now I am going to do my best to give what information I can about glaze. I hope the result of my remarks will be that the cold meats which are served at our tables will be made to look so very inviting that all the papas and brothers will say, "What a good thing it is that Mary Jane, or Jenima Ann, or whatever the name is, began to attend that cookery class—it is quite a pleasure to come home to a meal nowadays." And mind you, the papa or brother who says that kind of thing is a very sensible individual—if I were near him, I should be disposed to applaud him. When a girl has done her best to please her friends, she deserves to be praised, and it will encourage her to praise her. Some people are chary of praise and quick to blame. It is unfortunate when they are so. We all make so many mistakes, even when we try to do well, that the least we can do is to give one another credit for good intentions and to recognise success generously.

Glaze is a very thick gravy, or, in other words, a highly-condensed extract of meat. To glaze is to paint over meats of various kinds with this gravy, in order to coat them with a rich varnish which shall make them look much more inviting than they would do if this process were omitted.

Glaze may be either bought ready made (in skins, or by the pound), or it may be made at home. It may be prepared in large quantities and elaborately, so that it will keep for a long time and be at hand, not only when the cook wishes to improve the appearance of her dishes, but also when she wants to enrich a soup or a sauce. A spoonful of glaze, dissolved in the preparation, will then prove invaluable. Or it may be made simply, and in very small quantities, just sufficient for one dish. I will give instructions for both.

One word I must say about bought glaze. At the present time all sorts of wonderful preparations are offered for sale, and it is ignorant prejudice which leads people to refuse to make use of the goods which scientists have invented, and the energy and industry of others have procured for us, simply because they are new to us. But though this is an age of enterprise and of novelties, it is also an age of adulteration, and if there is one preparation which appears to invite adulteration it is glaze. Unprincipled manufacturers could make glaze of anything—I should think they could make it of old boots and horses' hoofs if they were so disposed, and no one

need be any the wiser. Of course there are plenty of respectable, high-class manufacturers who would scorn to impose upon the public in this way. Still, sometimes goods get mixed at the grocer's, and there are certain horrible possibilities connected with the business; so that, taking all things into consideration, I will confess that, for my own part, I should prefer to draw the line at glaze. I would accept almost every other sort of preserved provision, but I would either have my glaze made at home or I would be very certain of the trustworthiness of the maker thereof.

As it is easier to begin in a small way, and go on to a larger one, than it is to reverse this course, I will first describe how to make a small quantity of glaze, and say what should be done with it when made. Let us suppose that we have a ham, a tongue, or a good piece of pressed beef, and that we want to glaze it in order to make it look very inviting, we should proceed as follows:—

Take half an ounce of gelatine—the gelatine which is sold in packets will answer excellently—and soak this in a quarter of a pint of water; boil a slice of onion in two table-spoonfuls of water, to extract the flavour, and put a good pinch of salt with it. Add the soaked gelatine, and when this is thoroughly dissolved stir in a spoonful of soy and enough of the rich brown gravy which is found under the dripping left from a joint, to make the preparation a deep, rich brown colour. Stir the glaze over the fire till it is smooth and very thick, then put it into a jar ready for use. If there is no rich brown gravy to be had, a little extract of meat may be used instead. Glaze thus made will keep for several weeks, so that it is a good plan to make a little when convenient, in order that it may be ready when wanted.

When this glaze is wanted, say for a tongue or a piece of pressed beef, the first thing to be done is to trim the meat neatly, and to see that it is perfectly dry. Then take the jar of glaze (and if bought glaze is used the same method must be adopted) set it in a small saucepan, put boiling water round it, and let it remain on the fire till melted; or, in other words, melt it as you would melt glue, and, of course, do not let the water flow into the glaze. Now take a pastry brush and cover the meat evenly and smoothly, laying the glaze on rather than brushing it over, so as not to leave the marks of the brush. Let this one coating of glaze dry and then put on another, and a third if necessary, to make the joint look as if it had been varnished. When this appearance is obtained the process is complete.

I suppose no one will imagine that a joint is properly garnished simply because the glazing thereof is accomplished. On the contrary, the ornamentation is only begun. After this, there is room for the exercise of taste and ingenuity, the way is cleared as it were, the roughnesses and baldnesses of the meat are covered up, and there is scope for action. All sorts of pretty little decorations may now be introduced, and the more original these are the more likely are they to be effective. A very usual method of garnishing a glazed tongue is to lay small pipings of butter across the narrower end, and to fasten a frill of white paper round the thick end. Perhaps I can best help girls in this matter, however, by describing in detail two joints which I saw lately—a tongue and a piece of beef. The description will, I daresay, suggest ideas which, when carried out, will be a great improvement on the original.

First the tongue:—A piece of board was set close to the wall by the dresser. When the tongue was taken out of the water in which it had been boiled, it was first skinned, then placed with the root end fastened up

against this board, the tip end being at the same time skewered to the dresser. In this position the tongue was allowed to go quite cold and stiff, the result being that it acquired an elegant curved shape. The unsightly portions at the root were then trimmed away, the tongue was glazed, as I have described, and little rolls of butter (made with the two little wooden bats known as Scotch hands) were laid across the curved portion and down to the tip. These were an inch and a half apart. Very much thinner rolls of butter were then laid in transverse lines between the rolls, a large bunch of bright green parsley was fastened over the root, and this was held in its place and the stalks were at the same time hidden by the paper frill. As a further detail of ornamentation, one or two tiny drops of butter, intended to imitate dewdrops, were placed on the green of the parsley; and, last of all, sprigs of parsley, with red beetroot cut into fancy shapes, were placed round the base of the tongue. In this garniture there was nothing which could not easily be obtained in any household, and the effect was very pretty.

Now for the beef:—This was cut into a neat square shape, and it was pressed and glazed in the usual way. A large bunch of fresh parsley was then laid in the centre of the top, round this was sprinkled a ring of bright yellow aspic jelly, which had been chopped finely so that it looked like golden grain. Beyond this ring were placed four pieces of aspic, cut in inch squares, and in the centre of each of these squares was a little star of red beetroot. Round the base of the dish were sprigs of parsley and slices of cut lemon.

I have already in a paper on jellies described how aspic jelly should be made, so that my readers need not be in any difficulty about that. They will, I have no doubt, remember that aspic jelly is jelly flavoured with savouries and used to ornament various dishes. Aspic should be made much stiffer than ordinary jelly, however, because it has to be cut out in fancy shapes, and it would not answer the purpose for which it is required if it were limp and soft instead of being firm and strong. When making it, it is a very usual thing to colour one half red with cochineal, leaving the other half yellow, and the combination of the two colours has a very good effect.

The elaborately-prepared glaze of which I spoke a little while ago takes a good deal of making, but it is a very useful article to keep in any house, because it is one of those things which are always coming in handy. It will keep any length of time, and it is most valuable for enriching soups and gravies. The addition of a spoonful of this glaze will convert weak stock into good strong, tasty soup or savoury gravy, and thus it may be made the means of saving many a pound of gravy-beef and flavouring ingredients in the course of the year. When strong soup has to be made from fresh meat and vegetables, strain off the first stock and use it for soup as at first intended. Fill up the stock-pot a second time with half the original quantity of vegetables and flavourers, and boil this gently for five or six hours; strain off the liquor and let it go cold, free it entirely from grease, leave untouched any sediment which may have settled at the bottom, put it into another saucepan, boil it again briskly till it is reduced to about one-sixth the original measure, and skim it when necessary. Now turn it into a smaller saucepan and boil it again till it begins to thicken and acquire a little colour. When this point is reached, great care is required to keep the preparation from burning, and when it is like thin brown treacle, it is ready to be poured into jars for use. Second stock—that is, stock produced by boiling meat a second

time with fresh liquor, is always stiffer when cold than first stock, because this continued boiling draws out the gelatine from the materials, and it is the gelatine which makes stock jelly. Of course, if it were considered desirable to do so, glaze could be made from fresh meat which had been long boiled, and its flavour would be improved thereby. In this case it would be necessary to choose for the purpose meat which con-

tained a good deal of gelatine, such as knuckle of veal, shin of beef, hocks of pork, together with the sinewy portions and odds and ends of poultry or meat. Sometimes, also, the liquor in which meat has been plainly boiled is reduced to glaze. I think, however, that when so much trouble has to be taken to produce a certain result it is worth while adding a few necessary ingredients to make the preparation really good and valuable. To use a

very homely and well-known proverb, "It is not worth while spoiling the ship for the sake of a ha'porth of tar."

I hope that I have described with sufficient clearness the process of glazing meat and poultry. Decoration and ornamentation is work in which girls are supposed to excel, and I think that if the girls of our class will make an attempt at the business they will be very much interested therein.

CANDALARIA.

A STORY OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS. FOUNDED ON FACT.

By J. A. OWEN.

CHAPTER VII.

"THE SWEETS OF LOVE ARE MIXED WITH TEARS." A PLEASANT surprise was in store for Carita. On Saturday evening, as soon as they heard the far-off sounds of the approaching waggon, she and the boys ran down the steep bit of ground, just below the natural lawn on which the house stood, to meet the comers, as was their custom. The regular track made a long *détour* to get round the hill, in softening the ascent for the horses. Tom pulled up the span, and down from the waggon jumped Mr. Grahame. How glad she was to see him! Mrs. Grahame sat beside Eleanor. They had come back with her for ten days, as the minister needed rest; and a clergyman, who happened to be on a visit at San Juan, had promised to take duty for him the two following Sundays. This was delightful; life in the mountains seemed to be getting to mean a succession of surprises and pleasures, which would make the time she had looked forward to with so much dread, on account of the father's absence, pass very much more quickly.

To-morrow, she knew, there would be a nice little service in the living room, to which the Heaths and the Morrisises would come, John Heath bringing his concertina to lead them in the hymns; and Mr. Grahame's sermon would strengthen her, as it always had done at San Juan.

He ran up the hill with the young folks to meet the waggon at the porch.

"How long it seems since I saw you last, Carita," he said. "I do not think you have been to San Juan since you came here two years ago."

"No, I often wanted to go when the waggon went, but I did not like to ask; father has been away so often. When he was away I did not like to leave mother alone with the boys, and when he was at home I did not want to leave him."

"And now you will not come until he returns. Mr. Warner tells me he will probably come back to take you all away from us to settle in San Francisco. We shall be sorry to have you leave us."

Carita felt her heart sink at the thought, and was conscious that it would have troubled her less had she been told this about ten days ago.

The waggon pulled up. "Here, Carita, come quickly! how long you

are! And you look as though you had been asleep ever since we went away. Take some of these parcels inside."

The girl roused herself from the thoughts that Mr. Grahame's words had awakened within her breast; smiled brightly, and ran to Mrs. Warner's side to help her and Mrs. Grahame down with their things.

"I am so happy that you have come," she said, as the clergyman's wife kissed her warmly.

"Why, Carita, child! how you have grown, to be sure!" cried the warm-hearted woman; "and so bonny, too, I should hardly have known you."

Eleanor never cared to hear Carita praised. She said it spoiled young girls, and made them vain and conceited. Mrs. Grahame knew her feelings on the subject, but was determined to say what she pleased.

"The child gets plenty of cold chill and frost," she said, in private to her husband; "a little warm sun will do her good."

Three days of the Grahames' visit were taken up by a camp picnic. They went, some of them in the waggon and the others on horseback, to Choke Cherry Gulch, a wonderfully romantic cañon, or mountain pass, about twenty miles away. Of course they slept in the open. It was getting rather cold, but they had plenty of wraps and bearskins, and did not feel it.

A prolonged picnic like this is charming in the Rocky Mountains. You shoot game, fish delicious trout, gather wild fruits in plenty, and need to take very few provisions generally,

Mr. Grahame was as good a shot as he was a preacher. He had his revolver with him, which was well for one at least of the party.

They were gathering buffalo currants, a fruit like our black currants, which ripens late—the two ladies, with Alick and Ronald. Carita was mixing the bread. Mr. Grahame had just gone to his wife, who had called him to come and see a great grizzly bear that was feeding amongst the choke cherries on the other side of the stream from them, when suddenly Mrs. Warner gave a scream.

"A rattlesnake!" she cried.

Ronald had disturbed one in reaching a currant bush that was on a ledge above

him. The horrible creature shook its rattle three times and then reared its ugly head, prepared to bite. In a moment Mr. Grahame had his revolver out and shot the venomous animal right in the mouth, so that the little ball came out some inches further down, else it would have gone ill with poor Ronnie, so far away from home, with no ammonia or strong spirit at hand to act as an antidote to the poison.*

No other adventure disturbed the three days at Choke Cherry Gulch.

The ten days of the Grahames' visit seemed to fly fast. The end of October brought Philip Emerson to Pepperbox Flat on his way, as he called it, to El Paso county. It was a very round way, but no one reminded him of the fact; they were all too glad to see him.

Then the long, hard winter set in; and the ranches were shut in from the world below. More stimulating food was needed, no fish or game were brought in; but each family killed a steer twice during the winter. It was hung in a small outbuilding, and in the cold, highly rarefied air the outer skin hardened and turned black; and the meat would have kept sweet, frozen as it was, for three or four months if necessary.

Joyce often came up to Elk Lodge; she knew what a comfort her friendship was to Carita, and tried on that account to make herself as agreeable as possible to Mrs. Warner, with whom, at last, she became quite a favourite.

Stephen had written from San Francisco, just before going on board the little schooner which was to take him to the Maitailoa Islands.

Unless they hailed a homeward-bound vessel on their way, there could be no further news of him until the end of December.

In spite of deep snow which lay everywhere, Philip Emerson managed to come over to Pepperbox Flat for Christmas Day. Mr. and Mrs. Heath insisted on having the Warners also, and would take no denial from Eleanor. Their

* Near where I stayed in Colorado, a boy was saved by being drugged with raw spirit, after a rattlesnake's bite; and one was shot in the ranche by a lad, just as Mr. Grahame shot the one at the picnic. I used to wonder that the children were not more afraid of them than they were. They learned, however, to be careful in their steps through any long or tangled grasses; as did the horses and the mules.